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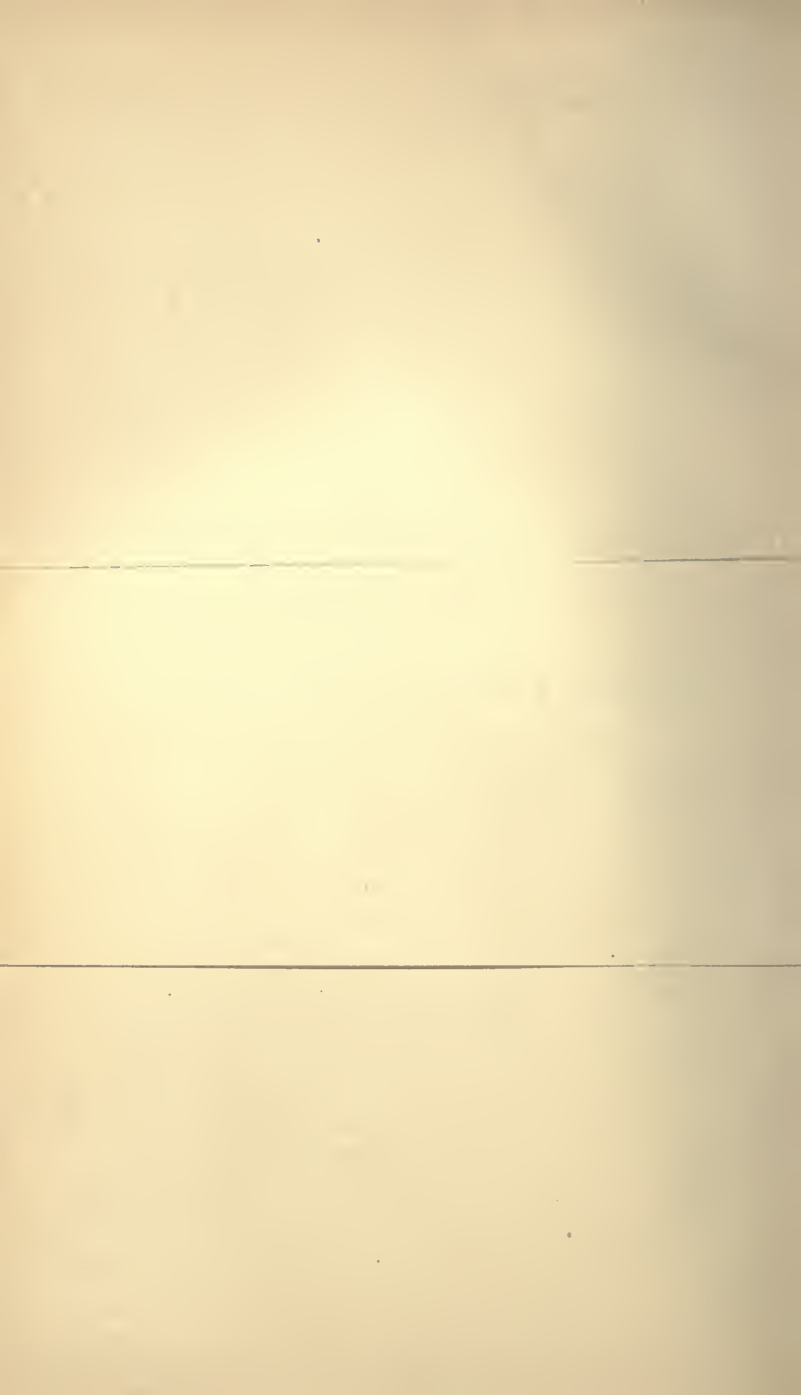
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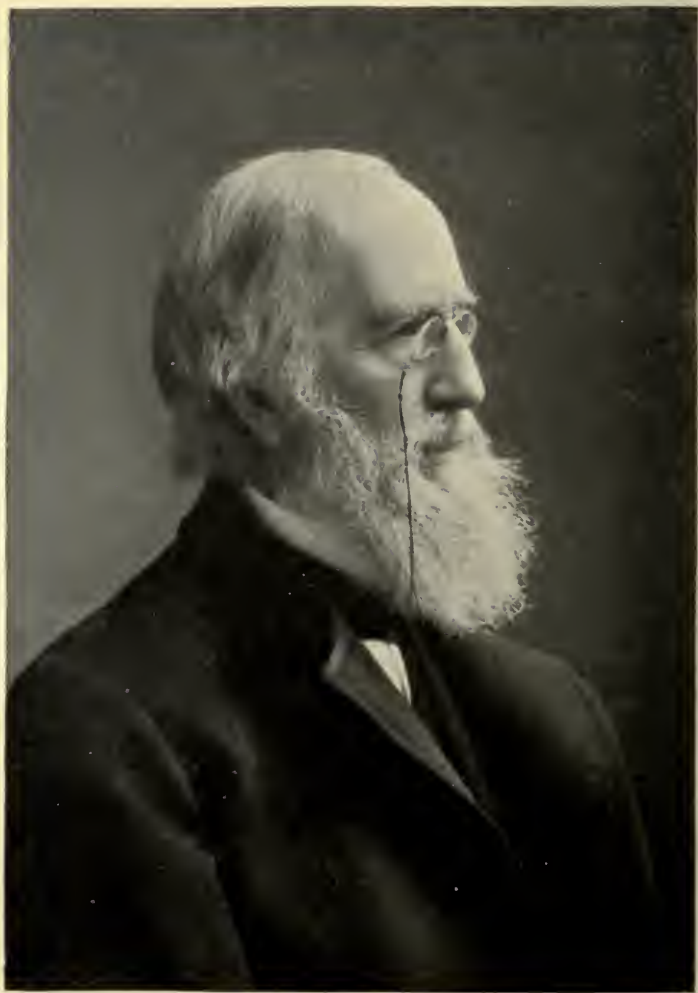


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Please make the following corrections —

- 9th page, 12th line from bottom, for *mother* read *mothers*.
- 72d page, 12th line, for *a letter* read *letters*,
- 104th page, 10th line, for *1893* read *1883*.
- 152d page, 8th line, for *profession* read *procession*.





John Hooker

Æ. 78.

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Some Reminiscences of a Long Life

WITH A FEW ARTICLES ON MORAL AND SOCIAL SUBJECTS
OF PRESENT INTEREST

By JOHN HOOKER
///



Hartford, Conn.
BELKNAP & WARFIELD
1899

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TO I. B. H.

WHOSE ENLIGHTENING AND INSPIRING COMPANIONSHIP
FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY

HAS MADE MY LIFE WELL WORTH LIVING AND FULL OF PLEASANT MEMORIES,

I Dedicate this Book.

J. H.

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PREFACE.

I HAVE been at work at these reminiscences in a very leisurely and intermittent way for the past two years. I had at first an idea of writing a series of articles for one of the Hartford papers, which would be sure of a local acceptance and not invite any critical notice, in which I should give my recollections of some men and things that had fallen within my observation or experience. But I had not gone far in gathering materials for this purpose before the idea, aided by frequent and most friendly suggestions from my friends, grew into that of a book. So I began upon the present work, printing as I went, indeed printing the introduction before I had written much else. It has been a pleasant occupation of many spare hours, but with not infrequent doubts whether the book would interest the public or be any credit to me. I knew at the outset that with my unobserved life within the narrow domain of the law, wholly out of the way of knowing the men who are most before the public eye and impress themselves most on the public observation, I could not expect to interest anybody but the few who knew me personally, and perhaps the men of my own profession throughout the state; and as I progressed with the work I have repeatedly felt like stopping where I was and abandoning the whole undertaking, giving what I had written to our city papers. Still, I kept on until I became satisfied that I could not fill the volume with matters purely reminiscent, and I decided to avail myself of the opportunity which the space thus left gave me to insert some brief articles on subjects, mainly moral and social, now pending before the

public, in which I felt a deep interest. When the body of the book had been printed I put the sheets into the hands of my greatly-esteemed friend, Dr. Henry Barnard, to read. He had frequently before expressed much interest in my work. He is six years older than I, has been all his life a leader and authority throughout the country in educational matters, and is greatly interested in all matters of state and local history. A few weeks later he wrote me as follows: "June 1, 1899. Dear Mr. Hooker: The advance sheets of your 'Reminiscences' have proved most interesting. In fact, I have read nothing else since they came into my hands. Very many of the pages I could easily adopt as a better expression of my own recollections of men and affairs than I should be able to produce. . . . The book I am sure will pass into the permanent historical literature of Connecticut." With this great encouragement I have better heart for submitting my book to the criticism of the public.

Mr. Julius Gay of Farmington, a gentleman of great intelligence with regard to local and state history, has, at my request, prepared an article on the social life of Farmington in the early part of this century, which is printed in the appendix. I am sure it will be read with much interest, and it is particularly pertinent to these Reminiscences as it was in that village that all my early life was passed.

INTRODUCTION.

In compiling and preparing for the press these reminiscences of my life, I have not attempted to place them in chronological order, nor indeed to make them auto-biographical. They are largely made up of what I have observed of men and occurrences in the quite limited space in social life in which I have moved, with something of my own experiences and with occasional rambles into the world of humor, on the edge of which I have always lived. I shall devote but a few introductory pages to my own early life, which will probably interest few but my near friends, and, perhaps, the good people of Farmington, among whom I was born and brought up, so that those who have known me in my later professional life may find it more interesting to omit wholly this introductory chapter and begin at once at the one which follows.

I was born in the town of Farmington, Connecticut, April 19th, 1816. My father was Edward Hooker, who was the fifth in direct descent from Thomas Hooker, the first minister of the First (now Center) Church of Hartford, and whose son Samuel was the second minister of the church in Farmington, whose pastorate of thirty-six years closed with his death in 1697. My mother was Eliza Daggett of New Haven, who was first cousin of the mother of Roger S. Baldwin, Governor of Connecticut, of William M. Evarts, and of Senator and Judge Hoar of Massachusetts, all of whom thus became my second cousins. My father graduated at Yale College in 1805, and was afterwards a tutor there, and in the South Carolina College at Columbia, South Carolina, finally settling in Farmington, where for a few years he kept a private classical school, and later retired from all active employment, except that of cultivating an extensive farm which he had inherited. He died in 1845, at the age of 61.

I was married on the 5th of August, 1841, to Isabella, the youngest daughter of Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher. She is still living (1897). We have had four children, two of whom, Dr.

Edward Beecher Hooker and Alice, wife of John C. Day, are living. Of the others, one, Thomas, died soon after birth, and Mary, afterwards Mrs. Henry E. Burton, died in 1886, aged 40. We celebrated our golden wedding on the 5th of August, 1891. I shall speak of that occasion more fully in the body of the book.

I attended the district school of my native town until I was about ten, when I entered the Farmington Academy, kept by Simeon Hart, a noted teacher of the time, where I fitted for college, entering Yale college when I was sixteen. My preparation for college was greatly aided by the private instruction of my father, who was a rare classical scholar for that day, and who began to drill me in Latin and Greek at quite an early age. My college course, however, was never completed. I was taken ill before the close of my second year, and had a long course of typhoid fever, upon my recovery from which I began too early the attempt, by hard study, to overtake my class, the result being an injury to my eyes that compelled me to discontinue my studies, and has afflicted me all my life. The college, later, granted me a degree. My class graduated in 1837, and my name stands with the rest on the catalogue.

In my uncertainty what to do, and in the probability that I should have to follow an active outdoor life, and in the hope, too, of benefiting my general health, I went on two voyages, one to the Mediterranean and one to China, both before the mast. On our return voyage from China, when in the mid-Atlantic, near the latitude of the lower West India Islands, our vessel was overhauled and taken possession of by a Portuguese pirate. I devote a chapter to this adventure in the body of the book.

After my two years of sea life I took up the study of law, and was admitted to the Hartford County Bar in 1841. I opened an office in Farmington, was married later in the same year, and resided there until the fall of 1851, when I removed to Hartford, where I have lived ever since.

In January, 1858, I was appointed by the judges of our Supreme Court the reporter of the court, which office I held until January 1, 1894, thirty-six years. With the surrender of this office I retired from all business, and have since been en-

joying the quiet and peaceful life of one whose work is done, and who, in full readiness, is waiting for the summons to a higher life.

I will, in this introductory chapter, give a little account of old Farmington and of the people and their country habits as I saw them in my boyhood. The changes in social conditions and habits since then are undoubtedly greater than all the changes from the early settlement of the country down to that time.

Those who have visited the village of Farmington have been struck by its exceeding beauty of situation. It lies along the lower slope of a mountain side, with a broad and green meadow of rich cultivated land below, through which winds a river of considerable size, with its banks fringed by a growth of trees. I think I am not extravagant in saying that few hills ever looked down upon a more lovely valley, and few valleys ever looked up to more beautiful hills. Here my eye learned very early to dwell with delight upon the view of mountain and meadow that constantly met it. My father was a great lover of beautiful scenery, and early cultivated in me a love of nature that has all my life been to me what a love of fine music is to a cultivated ear.

The beauty of the village is greatly increased by the fine trees along its principal streets. It is a pleasant reflection to me that a large part of these trees were planted by me or through my instrumentality in my boyhood and early manhood. I do not include a few very large old trees that are still standing. I was an enthusiast with regard to such improvements, and persuaded other boys to join with me in much of the work, particularly that on Main street. All the trees on High street and the New Britain road were planted by me without their help.

The stately and venerable church still stands upon the village street, well along in years when I attended it as a boy, but hardly touched yet by decay. Social changes have affected it, but nature has dealt with it very kindly. It was built in 1771, and to this day, over one hundred and twenty-five years, the cedar shingles which were then put upon the roof are doing good service still. So much for honest material and honest

builders. I am glad to be able to record the fact that my grandfather was one of the building committee.

The pews in my boyhood were all square, with high straight backs, very uncomfortable to hold one's self up against. There were no stoves or other mode of heating, but the house was in winter literally as cold as a barn. Every family carried a footstove, which was passed along from one to another, while heavy overcoats and shawls did what they could for our comfort. It was my regular business, when I got old enough, to carry the footstove, and I once, in a crowded state of our pew, had to sit on it, absorbing for the time, and quite uncomfortably, the heat that was intended for the pew-full. The clergyman often preached in his overcoat. One advantage of the chilling atmosphere was that he had to gesticulate a good deal to keep himself warm, thus making his delivery more impressive. We had at the time the high box pulpit, and it was probably on one of the cold days that a specially active and earnest preacher, who turned one way and the other in the narrow pulpit as he vociferated toward the different quarters of the house, excited the wonder of a little girl who was taken to church for the first time, and who asked her mother on the way home why they didn't let that man out, when he was trying so hard to get out and was hollering so. There was also, while the old pulpit remained, a huge sounding-board right over it, which I used to look at with childish wonder, sometimes thinking it might come down on the preacher; but more often thinking of it as an image of heaven, or of some heavenly thing; placed there for its moral effect. It disappeared with the old pulpit, but whether it came down or went up I never quite knew. Modern slips also early took the place of the old pews. It was all well to have these changes made, but there was one that I look back upon with great regret. I remember well the crown, brass or gilded, that was on the top of the steeple. We were a colony of Great Britain when the church was built, and the people placed the crown there as a token of their loyalty, and there it had stood for nearly or quite fifty years after we had won our independence. After so long a time it had ceased to be an offensive reminder of royalty and had become only a very interesting relic, and it would have grown more and more in-

teresting with the passing years. If the people of the town had it there to-day they would not part with it for its weight in gold. But some foolish democratic whim tore it down. I forget what year it was, but I must have been ten years old, which would make it as late as 1826. But if the crown had to come down, it is a marvel that nobody felt an interest in preserving it. It should have gone to the historical society. As it was, it disappeared and has never since been seen. The old pulpit I remember seeing in the rear of a house opposite to the old cemetery, where it was used for some domestic purpose, a hen-house, or something of the sort, and probably it has long ago gone for firewood.

The old church, then known to us only as the "meeting-house," was well filled every Sunday. People came from a great distance, and the teams which brought them were tied to posts on the edge of the green. The present horse sheds were built many years later. People came from what is now Plainville, from White Oak district, from Unionville, and from the Avon road, more than half the way to Avon. Avon was then a part of Farmington, and was called Northington. There were in the rear of the church two small one-story houses, belonging to the ecclesiastical society, called originally "Sabbath-Day Houses," but in my boyhood called "Sabba-day Houses," where the people from out of town used to go on Sunday noons to eat their lunches. There were open fireplaces and great wood fires, and it must have been not only very comfortable after sitting all the forenoon in the freezing air of the church, but very pleasant socially, as the farmers and their wives met and exchanged gossip. These houses were abandoned after the church was warmed. For a while they were let to poor families; one, I remember, was occupied by a negro family for a while, but I do not remember what finally became of them.

Rev. Dr. Porter, then plain Mr. Porter, was the pastor of the church when I was born. He baptized me, as he did also my son. In the record of his baptisms stands, in 1816, "John, son of Edward Hooker," and in 1855, "Edward, son of John Hooker." When my son was baptized my wife and I were members of the Fourth Church in Hartford, but, with the ac-

quiescence of our pastor there, we brought him to Farmington, that he might be baptized by our beloved Dr. Porter. It is a remarkable fact that Dr. Porter was a Farmington boy, and his first settlement was here in his native town, and here he continued his pastorate for over fifty years, dying here in a good old age, and buried here among his people. He was a great man; not an orator, but a thinker, a calm, clear-headed, self-sustained expounder of Christian truth. If he had been a lawyer he might have made a great chief justice.

He used to come to the district school that I attended and catechize us on Saturdays. We got so that we could reel off the greater part of the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, though we sometimes made blunders, as where one boy that I was told of, in answer to the question "What is baptism?" replied that it was "an outward and *miserable* sign of inward sanctification."

It was the day of doctrinal preaching, and I once heard Dr. Porter say to my father that he intended to preach one doctrinal sermon every Sunday. There were then two regular sermons in the forenoon and afternoon of Sunday, and an extemporaneous address in the evening; a pretty severe demand upon both body and brain of the preacher.

It was a beautiful incident of Dr. Porter's pastorate, that from his birth in Farmington, and his long settlement in the ministry there, he came to know the family histories, and he was often very felicitous in his remarks at funerals and weddings. At the latter he would often say to the bride, and perhaps to both, I married your father and mother, and at funerals he would have some most tender remembrances of the early life of the one who had passed away. I remember that, at the funeral of an old man who had been poor and thriftless and unrespected, but whom Dr. Porter had known from his boyhood, he gave a quiet reminiscent talk that could hardly have been surpassed for pathos and tenderness. He always at funerals found something interesting to say of everybody. He did not seem to fall back on his ingenuity, but on his early memories and lifelong acquaintance.

One remark of Dr. Porter at a prayer-meeting greatly impressed me at the time, and has dwelt with me as a comforter

all my life. Our weekly church prayer-meetings were held on Thursday afternoons, the daytime being taken to enable the church members who lived at a distance to attend. I made it a rule to attend when I was able. But as my business increased, and very often called me away from home, my attendance became infrequent. At one of the meetings I expressed my regret that I was not able to attend the meetings more, but that it seemed out of the question for me to do so, upon which Dr. Porter got up and said, "There is a passage in the Psalms that our brother ought to bear in mind. It is, 'Blessed is he that condemneth not himself in that which he alloweth.' A great many people cannot get time for religious exercises without neglecting other imperative duties. A mother is busy from morning till late bedtime, attending to her children and her family duties, and cannot get the half-hour that she greatly desires for reading her Bible and for prayer. Well, don't let her worry about it. Let her do faithfully her family work, and if she can get no time for anything else, let her not condemn herself, but make up her mind to allow these unavoidable duties to take all her time."

My father was very fond of Dr. Porter, and for a great part of his life was one of his deacons. He was himself worthy of a sympathetic and respectful notice, but, as his son, I will say only a few words about him, and those only with regard to matters that illustrate the early times in which I lived. He was very particular about all religious observances, always having family prayers in the morning and evening. He used, at the morning service, to read from Scott's commentaries on the Bible, taking each division of the comments on the chapter he read, namely, "notes" and "practical observations." This made the service rather long, and, as I thought it then, rather dull; but my young mind took in a great many religious impressions that I should be sorry to have lived without. We always kept Saturday night as a part of Sunday, and Sunday night as the beginning of week-day life, and a happy deliverance from the confinement and rigor of Sunday. I remember how I used to watch at the western window for the setting of the sun, and used to think it an unkind ordinance of nature that made the sun set so late in the lovely summer days, when we so wanted to be out.

My father was an open-minded man, and wished to know the truth, especially in public affairs, and he took the Connecticut *Courant* and the Hartford *Times*, both weeklies, (there were no dailies then, not even in New York, I think,) and we, his children, grew up to read both papers to see what each side had to say. Perhaps this is the reason that I have never been able to be much of a partisan. I never cared much for names. I wanted the right thing done, and was always willing to help any party do it.

Among the old men whom I remember seeing in my boyhood, no one was more notable than Gov. Treadwell. He lived in a red house close by the large rock in the front part of the Norton place. I remember once calling at his house with a line from my father, when I saw him at dinner, which he left for a few minutes to attend to me and my message. I could not have been over ten years old. I think he died very soon after.

As to remembering old people, I find that I have seen a person who must have seen a person who saw the first settlers. My grandfather on my mother's side, Henry Daggett, was born in 1740, and died at the age of 90 in 1830. He could easily have seen in his boyhood some very old person who in his boyhood had seen the first settlers. This seems to bring them very near to us — but three lives between.

It was while I was a school boy that the Farmington Canal was devised and constructed. It ran from New Haven to Northampton in Massachusetts. I remember well Mr. James Hillhouse of New Haven, who was one of its principal promoters, going through Farmington with a large boat on wheels drawn by several pairs of horses, full of New Haven gentlemen, with a band of musicians and flags flying. I think they stopped over night at our village, and the next day went on to other towns on the route. This I suppose to have been before the canal was made, and to get up an enthusiasm for it. The canal was used quite largely by people who were passing between New Haven and the towns on the route. I have gone to New Haven by it with my father when the boat was well filled with passengers. It was not long, however, before it was found to be poorly supported, and finally its bed was taken for the canal railroad, and the canal, as such, was abandoned.

The digging of this canal brought the first Irishmen that our state had known to do the work. I remember well the first one I saw. I was on my way to school when I met him. He stopped and said to me, in a brogue I could hardly understand, "Do you know who I am?" I told him I did not. "Well," said he, "I am a wild Irishman, just over." I told of this when I got home, as I would if I had seen a wild zebra in the street.

Among the interesting things that I remember is the postmaster and postal service of my early life. Dea. Samuel Richards was the postmaster, a picturesque object in the social landscape and in my memory. He was tall and slim, and very straight, wearing the old knee-breeches that then lingered among the survivors of an earlier time. He was very precise in his manner, and punctilious in the discharge of his official, religious, and social duties. He lived in a large house near the north end of the street, and the post-office was in his front hall. I often went there to carry or get letters. The letters that were waiting to be called for were stuck into tapes that were tacked crosswise upon the wall. I remember his telling my father that they hoped soon to have a mail twice a week to New York. I infer that there was then only a weekly mail there. There was then and for a long time after a mail every other day to New Haven. A stage started at Hartford and passed through Farmington, and went thence to New Haven, carrying the mail, going one day and returning the next. Postages were graded according to distance, and were a great burden upon business and friendly correspondence. To any western town (and even the middle states were then "the West"), the postage was twenty-five cents, with eighteen and three-fourths, twelve and one-half, and six and one-fourth for shorter distances. This continued down to 1840. The young lady to whom I was engaged to be married lived in Cincinnati, and we exchanged letters every week. Prepayment was not then required, so that I had to pay my own postage and hers. As each letter was twenty-five cents, it cost me half a dollar a week, where now the postage would be but four cents. Still, I think it was a good investment. A curious feature of the system then existing was that a separate postal charge was made for every piece of paper

contained in the letter. You were constantly asked, when you brought a letter to be mailed, whether there was more than one piece of paper. It was impossible for the officials to discover, and so there was a great temptation to lie about it, and probably a great deal of lying was done. The absurdity of the rule was in requiring two separate bits of paper, no matter how small, to pay double postage, and yet allowing very large sheets, no matter how large, to go for single postage. This led to a common device in scattered families, of starting large sheets with all the family news, and passing them along till they had gone the rounds of the family, each one adding its own news.

Among the things that greatly interested me as a boy were the annual militia trainings. These were held on the "green," the large open space in front of and about the "meeting-house." There was a very impressive looking company of "grenadiers," in brilliant uniforms, a company of troopers, and a large company of "militia," of all sorts of arms and all varieties and conditions of clothing. The training lasted all day. The soldiers brought their own dinners, except that large pails of punch or some other very palatable preparation of liquor, were brought upon the ground, which we boys were always allowed a good drink of. This was before the temperance movement was started or had made much headway. While the troopers were eating their luncheons, we boys were allowed to get on their horses and gallop about the streets. They were generally old farm horses, and often jaded ones, but their gay trappings made them seem to us like veritable war horses.

I have spoken of the liquor-drinking habit of the militiamen. It was the general habit. I remember well riding in a cart one day with our principal workman, when he took a swig from a rum bottle, which he always took with him when he went off for a day's work, and his saying, as he set the bottle down, "What could we do without rum? A man can do twice as much work with it as he could without it."

There are few things in which a greater change has been made than in the modes of starting our fires, as well as of making a light. In my boyhood we had no matches but sulphur ones, made at home, which we used with flint and tinder-

box. We always took great pains to provide at night for a morning bed of coals in the kitchen fireplace. Our cooking was then, and for a long time after, done in an open fireplace, the baking being done in a large oven. If, as often happened, a family got out of live coals, some one went to a neighbor's with a fire shovel to get coals enough to start a fire. I remember the first matches that I ever saw. I was a school boy, and one of the older boys brought to one of our evening entertainments a new mode of striking a light, at which we all looked with the greatest curiosity. There was a case holding a quantity of matches, and a phial, into which the match was dipped, when it at once began to blaze. I doubt whether the telephone when it came seemed to the people a greater advance than those matches seemed on the old mode of making a light.

There was a very pleasant, but simple, social life in my early days in Farmington. Neighbors came in frequently to sit and chat of an evening, when apples and walnuts were always brought out, together with cider, of which every cellar had a good supply. The monthly meetings at the village library, held on Sunday evening, were a special time for the meeting of the elders, who spent the evening together in the librarian's parlor, while the kitchen was occupied by us boys. Family visits were common. Near relatives of my father and mother used to come every year, bringing their entire families, and staying several days, and we returned the visits in the same way.

I was born in the closing years of what Dr. Bushnell has called "The Age of Homespun," but clearly within that age. The people living in the village of Farmington were mostly farmers, and all of whatever calling were more or less engaged in farming. The lands that constituted the farms lay in part on the mountain and in part in the broad meadows. The latter were used mainly for hay and for planting; the mountain land was used for pasturage, orchards, and woodlands. The families made and consumed their own butter and cheese, and raised their own pork, and, to a considerable extent, their beef and mutton. My father kept a large flock of sheep, and the spring washing and shearing was quite an event for us boys. The wool was sent to the carding and fulling mills, and the cloth

made up for our winter clothes. A tailoress came around regularly to make them up for us. We knew little of fashions, especially of any change in them, and it was not till near the time I went to college that I began to have tailor-made clothes. My father always had a tailor-made suit for Sundays, which would last him several years. Such a thing as ready-made suits was never heard of. The wool, when it had been carded, was brought back to the house to be spun. We kept a large spinning wheel in the kitchen or near it, at which a woman, hired for the purpose, spun the rolls into yarn, from which our stockings were knit by the women of the family. Knitting was a universal industry among the women, and when they were spending an afternoon or evening together they all brought their knitting. Quilting parties were also very frequent and very lively. The ladies of the first families used all to spin. My own mother, though well educated and refined, and coming from one of the best families in New Haven, would frequently spend an hour at the spinning-wheel. Pumpkin pies were a great favorite. Large crops of pumpkins were raised in the meadows among the corn. I do not remember to have seen a squash pie, or even a winter squash, till I was a grown man. Anthracite coal was then unknown, and cooking stoves were a novelty and very rare. We had a large kitchen fireplace, and wood fires about the house in open fireplaces, consuming a great quantity of wood, all furnished by our woodland. My father's house was one of abundance, yet it could hardly be surpassed for simplicity of living.

There used to be several lawyers in the town, its commercial and legal business about the beginning of the century being very considerable. These had all gone before my day, except Lemuel Whitman, a man of considerable legal and political intelligence and at one time a member of Congress, but, as he grew old, a cynical, unsocial man, who sat all day in his office reading the papers, not mingling at all in the affairs of the town, nor making himself useful in any way. He walked across the street to his office, and back to his house to eat and to sleep, taking, so far as one could see, no exercise at all. At last he died in a fit, in fact was found dead. At his funeral the late Rev. Mr. Fessenden made some remarks at the grave. He was

not very adroit in getting upon his feet when he found himself off them. Not thinking much beforehand what to say, he fell into the old rut of such occasions, and, alluding to his very sudden death, spoke of him as "cut off in the midst of his *use* —, of his *use* —, of his — of his — *activity*." Poor Mr. Fessenden did not mend the matter much by substituting activity for usefulness, for there probably was not in the town a more useless or inactive man. I allow myself to tell this story because not only is good and lovable Mr. Fessenden gone, but there is not a single member of Mr. Whitman's family left, either at Farmington, or, as I believe, anywhere.

I occasionally, when a boy, went into the town meetings, where the town affairs were often vigorously discussed and sometimes wrangled over. The selectmen were allowed one dollar a day for the time actually spent in the town business, and were held to a very strict account of what they had done to earn the money. I remember one of the farmers who was opposing some outlay which he thought was unnecessary, remarking that "if you touch a man's pocket you touch him all over." Gen. Solomon Cowles often presided at these town meetings, and deserves a passing notice. He was a tall, fine-looking man, with white hair, and impressed one as a man quite above the ordinary until he opened his mouth to speak, when his pompous manner and misuse of language and absolute ineffectiveness of speech, disposed utterly of the impression which one had got from the first observation of him. He must have been at this time not far from eighty years old. At one of the town meetings he was appointed on a committee to attend to some public business, when he arose to ask to be excused, and said that he was "getting very old and superannated." At an ecclesiastical society meeting over which he presided a motion was made for the placing of large blocks of stone at each end of the church for the women to step out upon from their wagons. The motion was not in writing and so he had to frame it for himself as he put it, which he did in these words. "Gentlemen, those of you who are in favor of erecting a mode of ladies getting out of wagons under the idea of a horseblock, will please to say 'aye'."

In looking back to my boyhood I should speak of the exist-

ence of slavery in our southern states, and the apathy of our northern states about the matter, with the universal disregard of the rights of the colored people. Negro was always spelled then with two "g's." The black man seemed to have no rights as a man. He was often kindly regarded by humane people, but such a thing as his having the rights of a man was hardly thought of. In church he sat in the negroes' pew, a pew close by the door in the lower part of the house or in the gallery. I remember once when I was a small boy seeing the stage for New Haven come from the north and stop at Phelps's hotel (where Miss Porter's school is now) to take in passengers. There came in it a very decently-clad black man, on his way to New Haven. Capt. Goodrich, one of New Haven's aristocracy, was waiting at the hotel to take the stage. As he was about to get in he saw the black man inside. With an oath, he ordered him out, and commanded the driver to take him out. The driver compelled him to get out, and Capt. Goodrich got in and the stage drove off, leaving the black man standing by the hotel door. This man had as good a right to his passage as Capt. Goodrich, and his treatment was a high-handed outrage. We boys looked on, and could not help feeling a sympathy for the black man, but somehow it did not strike us that it was anything more than an unreasonable thing on Capt. Goodrich's part; that the rights of a man were assailed we hardly thought. After the stage had gone, Mr. Phelps feared that some blame would be attached to his acquiescence in or possible abetting of the act, and he got up a wagon and drove the man to New Haven. When the anti-slavery movement came along it met not only with ridicule, but with persecution. Its opponents did not entertain a doubt of its ultimate failure. As the *New York Nation* says of the time, it was a few fanatics on one side and all society on the other. Harrison Grey Otis, a Boston politician of the time, said, "There is not a possibility of this fanaticism making any headway. Why, look at it; all the journals of the country are against it, except one Boston paper that is published by a crank and a nigger." Yet that crank survived for many years the overthrow of slavery. We had here in quiet and orderly Farmington some outbreaks of the persecuting spirit. I was attending an anti-slavery meeting in our town hall when

a stone as large as one's fist was thrown through the window behind the speaker, and, just missing his head, went across the hall, striking the wall on the other side, but fortunately hitting no one. It might have killed one whom it had chanced to hit. Farmington was a place where there was a good number of abolitionists, who harbored escaping slaves, so that many of the latter were seen here; and some of them settled here. There probably never were firmer or more determined people than these anti-slavery men; and the town had many as determined opponents of their cause. I was about that time superintendent of the noon branch of the Sabbath-school, and one Sunday a very respectable colored man came into the school. He was not a fugitive slave — I forget what brought him there. Not caring for the public sentiment, and wishing to do a kind thing, I asked him to go over to church with me and sit in my pew. He did so, but the moral shock was very great. One of the church members said I had done more to break up the church than any thing that had happened in its whole history. But it was not long after this that Dr. Porter exchanged one Sunday with Rev. Mr. Pennington of Hartford, a negro as black as a native of Guinea. Yet the church has survived both shocks.

I shall devote a chapter of my Reminiscences to this black preacher, who afterwards became Rev. Dr. Pennington. He was all the while a fugitive slave, though none of his Hartford people suspected it. He afterwards confided the fact to me, in order that I might negotiate with his old master for the purchase of his freedom, which, after a long delay, was accomplished. The whole makes a very interesting chapter in the history of slavery.

It was while I was living at Farmington that the case of the *Amistad* occurred. A Cuban schooner of that name was transporting some forty freshly arrived slaves from Havana, Cuba, where they had been purchased by two Spanish planters named Ruiz and Montez, to their plantations on another part of the coast, when the slaves rose up and overpowered Ruiz and Montez, killed the captain, and took entire possession of the vessel. They knew nothing about navigation or geography, but did the best they could to work the vessel in a northerly direction. After about two weeks they were found by one of

our revenue cutters at the east end of Long Island Sound, and were taken into New London. Here the negroes at once found friends and protectors, and, after being detained in prison several months, and finally declared free by the courts, they were brought to Farmington, where they became an object of great interest to the people for many miles about. Comfortable quarters were provided for them, with a large schoolroom, where they were taught the rudiments of knowledge and something of our language. Some of them were very bright and learned quite rapidly, and all were well behaved and orderly, and seemed to take much interest in the strange things which they saw, and were very grateful for the kindness shown them. They were put under no restraint, but were allowed to go about the streets. They came from Mendi, in Africa, where a mission was afterwards established, and most of the negroes returned there. They were mostly young men, with a few girls. The Mendi Mission was kept up for a long time by the American Missionary Association, but through the death of the missionaries, under the sickly climate and from other causes, it gradually lost ground, and the great expectations that were entertained with regard to it have never been realized.

I will close this hasty review of the observations and experiences of my early life by mentioning one later incident that it has always since been pleasant to me to remember. I have mentioned the fact that Rev. Dr. Porter was a native of Farmington, and was brought up there, and that his first settlement after completing his studies was over the church there, the pastorate of which he held for over fifty years, finally dying there. It was a case almost without a parallel. What I am about to mention fits in so well with this unusual case that I feel fully justified in speaking of it.

When I left Farmington to reside in Hartford the church was considering the matter of employing an assistant pastor for Dr. Porter. At this time quite a number of the people of the town, with Miss Sarah Porter's name prominent among them, sent me an urgent written request that I should give up the idea of going and remain in Farmington, and one of the leading men of the church called on me to see whether I would consider a proposition from the church to give up the law and be or-

dained as a clergyman, and be an assistant, and, finally, the successor of Rev. Dr. Porter in the pastorate of the church. He seemed to think I could be ordained at once, and not have to go through a theological course; and perhaps he was right, for to sit for many years under Dr. Porter's preaching, as I had done, was equivalent, I think, to a course of theological study. I did not, for what seemed to me to be decisive reasons, give any encouragement to the idea, but it is a curious incident of the matter, that if I had been settled over the church as its pastor, two Farmington boys would have had pastorates there, one succeeding the other, Dr. Porter for over fifty years, and I for fifty more. My life has been continued so long that I could probably have made up the fifty years.

NOTE.—The case of the *Amistad* negroes is one of so great interest that I append a more detailed account of it, which was published a few years later by a resident of Farmington, who was familiar with the facts.

On the 26th of August, 1839, Lieutenant Gedney, U. S. N., in command of the brig *Washington*, employed on the coast survey, boarded a mysterious schooner called the *Amistad* near the shore at Cullodon point, on the east end of Long Island. He found a large number of Africans and two Spaniards, Pedro Montez and Jose Ruiz, one of whom announced himself as the owner of the negroes, and claimed Lieutenant Gedney's protection.

The schooner was taken into the port of New London. After an examination by Judge Judson of the United States District Court the Africans were committed for trial for murder on the high seas, at the Circuit Court to be held at Hartford, September 17th. There were 42 in number, viz.: 38 youths and men, three girls, and one boy. They were all sent to the jail in New Haven.

When it was ascertained that the negroes were recently from Africa, and had been illegally bought at Havana, Cuba, to be enslaved, and that they had risen upon their enslavers and recovered their liberty, much interest was excited in the public mind. It was seen at once that somebody ought to act for these strangers. Accordingly a few friends of freedom met at 143 Nassau street, New York, and Messrs. Simeon S. Jocelyn, Joshua Leavitt, and Lewis Tappan were appointed a committee to receive donations and employ counsel; and they immediately made an appeal for funds and engaged the professional services of Messrs. Seth P. Staples, Theodore Sedgwick, Jr., and Roger S. Baldwin. An African interpreter was secured, and Messrs. Leonard Bacon, H. G. Ludlow, and Amos Townsend, Jr., of New Haven secured suitable instruction for these benighted pagans.

At the Circuit Court at Hartford, September 18, 1839, Judge Thompson stated that the killing of the captain of the *Amistad* was not a crime against the law of nations, connected as it was with the slave trade.

The Africans were then taken back to the jail at New Haven, for the District Court, to be held in November, to decide the question whether they

were entitled to their liberty. And that court decreed that the Africans should be delivered to the executive of the United States to be sent back to Africa.

The Hon. John Quincy Adams had, at the solicitation of the committee, consented to act as senior counsel, and the cause was finally argued by him and Mr. Baldwin before the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, February and March, 1841; and a part of a letter addressed to one of the committee gives the result:

" WASHINGTON, March 9, 1841.

" *To Lewis Tappan, Esquire, New York:*

" The captives are free! They are to be discharged from the custody of the marshal, free. 'Not unto us—not unto us,' &c. But thanks in the name of humanity and of justice to you.

" J. Q. ADAMS."

The Africans were removed to Farmington, Conn., to the residence of Austin F. Williams, where they remained under the instruction of Professor George E. Day, until they left this country.

Accompanied by Mr. Tappan, eight or ten of these negroes were taken to several of the principal towns in Massachusetts and Connecticut, where public meetings were held and collections made. The proficiency which had been made by these strangers under such unpropitious circumstances in reading, spelling, arithmetic, &c., greatly interested the communities. At last, a passage having been secured for them in a vessel bound for Sierra Leone, a farewell public meeting was held in Broadway Tabernacle, New York, Lord's day evening, November 27, 1841, when, after devotional exercises, instructions were given to the missionaries under appointment, the Rev. William Raymond and wife and the Rev. James Steele, who were to accompany the freed Africans back to their native land. Parting counsels were given to these returning Mendians, some of whom took part in the exercises, and this was the preparation for the mission work at Mendi, in Africa.

The first public movement made with reference to doing something to carry the Gospel to Africa, and for the aid of colored people in America, was by the Rev. James W. C. Pennington, the colored pastor of the First Colored Congregational Church, Hartford, Conn., who called a meeting in his own church, May 5, 1841, at which a committee was appointed to call a general meeting of the friends of missions, which was held in Hartford, August 18, 1841, to consider the subject of missions to Africa. This was the origin of associated society work for Africa, and some of the antecedents of the American Missionary Association, which has done so great and good a work for the freedmen, Chinese, and Indians.

REMINISCENCES.

TAKEN BY PIRATES.

I have mentioned the fact, in my introductory chapter, that I was compelled to abandon my college course, after pursuing it for about two years, mainly because of a very serious weakness of my eyes, brought on by excessive study, in the attempt to overtake my class after a long course of typhoid fever, and when not fully recovered from my illness. The state of my eyes not only disabled me in my studies, but seemed likely to defeat my plan for a professional life. It seemed to me that I must spend at least a year or two in outdoor life, and as I had from early boyhood almost a passion for sea life, I concluded to try a few months on the sea, with a possibility that I might spend my life on it. The town of Farmington, where I was born and brought up, though an inland town, was almost like a seaport in its relation to sea life. A firm of five brothers, of great energy and ability, owned ships and became large importers of foreign goods, which they sold at wholesale, the retail merchants of Hartford going to Farmington to buy their goods of them. These goods were not brought to Farmington, or at least beyond what was needed to supply the wants of the vicinity, but were generally delivered to the purchasers in New York, and from there sent to Hartford. The five brothers made themselves large fortunes for that time. Several of the Farmington boys went to sea in their ships. One of them named Mix became a sea captain, and I remember him well as he walked the street in his blue roundabout or pea-jacket. An uncle of mine, a wayward brother of my father, went before the mast for some time in one of their vessels, and often told of his adventures. My only brother is now a retired naval officer. He entered the navy when the war broke out in 1861, having before been a sea-

captain in the merchant service. With all my desire to try a sea life, and with a feeling that, as I might decide to follow it, it was indispensable that I begin at the bottom, I shipped before the mast on board a brig bound to Spain for wine and fruit, the entire voyage taking four months. Soon after my return, in 1836, I shipped as a foremast hand on board the bark *Marblehead*, owned in Boston, but sailing from New York, for China and other East India ports. I was gone on this voyage about fourteen months. I had many interesting adventures on both vessels, but will tell of only one of them.

On our way home from China, with a full cargo of tea, one morning when we were in mid-ocean and about opposite the most southern of the West India Islands, we were sailing with the wind on our starboard quarter, and with a heavy sea left by a hard blow of a day or two before. As my watch came on deck we saw the captain on the forecastle, watching very intently with his glass a vessel that lay off a few miles on our weather bow. After a while he gave an order to call all hands, and when we all appeared he said: "Men, that is a pirate." We could now see her distinctly. She was a schooner with raking masts and a heavy mainsail, and was lying with her sails flapping, and was evidently waiting for us. We kept on our course, watching her intently and anxiously. We were utterly unable to defend ourselves if she should attack us, as we had only two guns, which had not been fired since we left New York, and were too old and rusty for use, and had very few weapons of any sort, while the pirate's crew were probably five times the number of our own. When we got within about a mile of her, she filled her sails and bore down upon us. When near enough she hailed us and asked who we were and whither bound, and what we had on board. As we had nothing that the pirate could take, the captain answered the questions truly. She then said "Heave to, while we come up on the lee side." She was on our weather side, and with the heavy sea running, could come near us only on our lee side, which was then the larboard side. The captain ordered the man at the wheel to port the helm, which brought the sails shaking in the wind, and the ship, except for her headway, to a standstill. The pirate then dropped astern to come up on the other side. When

directly astern of us, and perhaps half a mile behind us, the captain ordered the man at the wheel to bring the ship before the wind again, and very soon we were surging ahead and leaving the pirate quite a distance behind us. But immediately she threw out more sail, and came sweeping down upon us like a hawk upon a bird. When she got near enough she fired a shot over us from a long-tom, which swung on a pivot in the center of her deck, and at the same time the pirate captain called out to us through a speaking trumpet: "Heave to, or we sink you." Our captain ordered the man at the wheel to put the helm down, and in a few minutes the sails were shaking in the wind again. There was too heavy a sea running for the pirate to come alongside, and she lowered a boat, and with an officer, either her captain or first mate, and a full boat's crew, she came up under our lee and called to have a rope ladder lowered. Our captain was in a frenzy of excitement, and told the men to seize handspikes and knock the men down as they attempted to come over the ship's side. But we had a first mate who had in his youth been a privateersman in South American waters, and who now seemed to be in his element. He called out to the captain: "Captain Christie, you are crazy. We can do nothing but let them come. If they choose to kill us we can't help ourselves, and they will surely do it if we make a fight. If we let them come, there is a chance that they may not hurt us." Right at this point a very grotesque incident occurred, and helped to relieve a little the strain we were under. Our cook, the only black man on board, had gone to his caboose, and was boo-hooing like a frightened calf. The mate, hearing him, went to the caboose and broke in upon him with, "You d—d nigger, what are you blubbering about? You afraid they'll kill you? They may kill us white folks; but a nigger will sell. They'll never hurt you — they'll only take you to market. Now, stop your d—d blubbering." The men had lowered the rope ladder to the pirate boat, and the officer came on board, followed soon after by all the men. Our captain met the officer as he came on board in a perfectly polite way, and the officer touched his hat to him as he stepped on deck. The officer was evidently a Portuguese. He was tall and very erect, and a perfect gentleman in his manners. The captain took him upon the quarterdeck,

and they walked back and forth for about ten minutes. The men, in the mean time, came over the ship's side and sat on the rail, having brought up the painter of the boat and fastened it to a belaying pin. The officer talked good English, and the men generally could understand enough of it for what talk we attempted. When it seemed probable that they were not to kill us, they became quite friendly and ready for a joke with us. Our men, now about three months out of Canton, had used up all their tobacco, as sailors always do on long voyages, and were crazy after more. So, as soon as they began to feel easy about the throat-cutting, they asked the pirate crew for tobacco. The pirates, seeing that our men were out, gave them all they had, and some of them had their pockets full. The pirate officer and our captain at last got through their talk, and came forward together. We were all standing about amidships, waiting rather anxiously for the next development. Pretty soon the officer said that he had sprung one of his spars in the late gale, and asked what spare spars we had on board. We had a large number of rough pine trunks for repairing our spars that were lashed to ringbolts on each side of our long boat, that was itself lashed to ringbolts about amidships. To these spars were lashed all our water casks, probably ten on each side, and about half of them still full. The pirate officer told us to unlash the spars on the larboard side so that he could examine them. His men did not offer to help us, but we went at it, with him standing over us. The ship was rolling heavily, and as we cast the casks adrift it was all we could do to keep out of the way of the full ones, which could be held in place only by being blocked with billets of wood, and which seemed every instant to be ready to break away as the ship rolled. With the greatest difficulty we got them all unlashed and blocked up, and the spars open for his examination. He measured several of them and finally said that there was no one which satisfied him, and that he would look at those on the other side. So in utter exhaustion we had to go through the same struggle with the others. But at last we got them all unlashed and laid open for his examination. Luckily, he here found one that would do, and he made us get this over the ship's side, with a long rope fastened to it, by which his men were to tow it over to their vessel. The pirate then ordered his men to go down to their

boat, and, touching his hat most politely to our captain, he said "Good day, captain, I will settle with you for that spar the next time I see you."

Thus ended this adventure. I had some other very exciting ones, and some of much danger, in this East India voyage and on the one to the Mediterranean. But they are hardly worth spending time upon.

FLORA SLAVE CASE.

In 1845 I was living in the town of Farmington, Conn., having begun the practice of law there in 1841. At that time I received a letter from Rev. Mr. Hemingway of Suffield, in this state, requesting me to come up there and help him look up some evidence in an important slave case in Virginia. It appeared that a large number of slaves in and about Fincastle, in the western part of Virginia, had brought suits, claiming their freedom. They were the descendants of a negro woman named Flora, and of her two daughters, all then dead, who had always claimed to be free women and to have been kidnapped from Connecticut soon after the Revolutionary war. None of the present negroes had any idea about Connecticut, but the name of Suffield had come down by tradition as that of the place where Flora had lived. Under the settled rule of slave law, the child followed the condition of the mother, and if Flora and her daughters were free, all their descendants were entitled to freedom. Under a merciful provision of Virginia law, the slaves were allowed to sue as paupers, the state relieving them of all the ordinary costs of a suit. There were four suits, the slaves being held by four different masters. The cases were, by agreement of counsel or by order of the court, tried together. On receiving Mr. Hemingway's letter I went to Suffield, and with him made inquiry among the very old people of the neighborhood, and found that they had a clear recollection of the following facts:

A man named Hanchett, who had been a captain in the Revolutionary army, kept a small country tavern just out of Suffield, within the town of Southwick, Mass., immediately after the war. He was a desperate character, and the terror of the region. There lived in Suffield a respectable black man named Exeter, with his wife Flora and two little daughters.

Hanchett had once tried to carry off Flora and the children, but Exeter had fought him off. Some time later, when Exeter came home from his day's work, he found them gone. He knew that Hanchett must have taken them, and implored him to bring them back, and on his refusing to do it, begged him to tell him where they were. Twice the poor fellow went off on long journeys, tramping and begging his way, only to find that Hanchett had fooled him, and at last he died without ever knowing what had become of them. A warrant was got out against Hanchett, but he kept over the Massachusetts line, and finally, in part from want of satisfactory evidence, the prosecution was abandoned, and the whole matter was dropped from public attention. Flora and the children were never traced.

Hanchett had now long been dead, and very few people of the time survived, and only those who were then children. We got memoranda of the recollections of some twenty of these and sent them to the lawyers in Virginia, who had a commission issued by the court for the taking of their depositions. Mr. Samuel S. Cowles of Farmington was appointed commissioner, and I attended as counsel, Mr. Hemingway assisting me. A Mr. Wisor, a Virginia lawyer, attended in behalf of the defendants. There being four suits, he required that separate depositions be taken for each case. The difficulties attending the taking of the evidence can hardly be exaggerated. The deponents were, of course, very old, several bed-ridden, many quite deaf, and some with failing memories, and all in a condition to be embarrassed by cross-examination. Mr. Wisor, however, acted very fairly, and did not take any undue advantage of this state of things. We succeeded in getting a considerable body of substantial evidence, which we sent to the Virginia lawyers. The cases had been tried before, mainly upon the fact that Flora and her children had been purchased in the city of New York and brought into Virginia in violation of some law of Virginia, and the jury had disagreed. I never understood fully this part of the case. The suits now came on to be tried again, and the lawyer had the Suffield depositions to use in them. This trial resulted in a verdict for the negroes.

Their counsel in Virginia were John T. and Francis T. Anderson, brothers, who were in practice at Fincastle, the county seat of Botetourt County. They at once wrote me of

the success of the suits, and that the negroes had at once been to them, proposing that they hire them all out for a year, and that their earnings should go to pay their lawyers and the Connecticut expenses, and they requested me to send on a bill for my services and for all the money paid out by the friends of the negroes in getting the evidence. None of us had thought of getting any pay, not even for the considerable expenses that we had incurred, but I made out a reasonable bill and sent it on. The next I heard was that the cases had been carried up to the Supreme Court of the state, on some exceptions taken on the trial, and finally they wrote me that the higher court had set aside the verdict and granted a new trial. Two or three further trials were had, in the earlier of which the jury disagreed, but, finally, on a later trial, brought in a verdict against the negroes. Their counsel carried this verdict to the Supreme Court on exceptions taken on the trial, but that court affirmed the judgment. This ended the case, and the poor negroes remained in slavery until set free by President Lincoln's proclamation, some ten years later.

I felt a great admiration for John T. Anderson and his brother Francis. Both are dead and buried at Fincastle. If I should ever go there, I should look up their graves with a tearful interest. They were leading lawyers in that part of Virginia, and Francis was afterwards a member of the Supreme Court of the state, where he served twelve years before his death. Of the fate of the negroes in their new life of freedom I have no knowledge.

SUI GENERIS.

The only time that I ever kept school was in finishing out a term in the Farmington Academy which had been begun by a college friend, who, for some reason, was not able to finish it. It was, I think, in 1838. Among my pupils was a very stupid boy who was studying Latin, in the hope of finally going to college. This purpose he wisely abandoned soon after. He was one day reciting to me in Sallust. The passage was one where the author describes in much detail one of the leading conspirators who was with Catiline in his conspiracy. After mentioning many traits of his character, he closes by saying,

“in short, he was *sui generis*”—a man of his own kind, or a peculiar man. The boy went along pretty well till he came to this passage, which he translated thus: “in short, he was *sui generis*—a kind of a hog.”

Every one familiar with the Latin language will see at once how the blundering boy got that meaning out of the words.

The same boy, at another time, translated *capaces feminae* (meaning women of capacity), “capacious women.”

THE OX THAT RETURNED FROM THE TICONDEROGA EXPEDITION.

The incident I am about to relate is not a reminiscence of my own, but was told me by my father, and is well worth preserving.

In 1758, during the old French war, a number of the Connecticut young men, sons of farmers, went to Ticonderoga with yokes of oxen to assist in the transportation of war material and supplies. My grandfather, Noadiah Hooker, living in Farmington, and then twenty-one years old, went on with a yoke of his father's oxen.

The following extract from the journal of Augustus Hayden, I think of Windsor, who seems to have gone on in the same way, appeared in the *Hartford Courant* of October 12, 1889:

“July the 28th our escorts were escorting the teams from Fort Edwards to Halfway Brook, and the enemy lay in ambush for them, and when the escort had got against them the enemy rose up and fired upon them and killed twenty-six men. There is about fifty in all that are missing. There was thirty-six teams. They was all killed but one, and they knocked off his horns. The loadin was all destroyed.”

My grandfather's oxen were among the teams, and he was to have gone with them, but was ill that day, and another young man took his place. This young man was killed, and it was supposed that the oxen were killed. The enemy lying in ambush was, in large part, Indians, who were fighting on the French side. My grandfather, as his team was now gone, soon after came home to Farmington. On the following Thanksgiving Day, about four months after the slaughter at Ticonderoga, as he was on his way to church he heard an ox lowing

from the bottom of the hill on which his house stood and coming up the hill. As he got nearer, he saw it was one of his Ticonderoga yoke, that had escaped the general butchery. The ox had been browsing his way along for the four months, and had had to swim across the Hudson. It was a marvelous piece of intelligence on his part, and a very pretty bit of sentiment that had led him to time his arrival for Thanksgiving Day. He was a great favorite the rest of his life.

The horns of the ox were not broken, showing that Mr. Hayden's impression that all the cattle were killed but one, and that the Indians broke off his horns, was not correct.

MARTIN CAIRNS.

Martin had, in 1850, been for several years the messenger of the court room at Hartford. The Superior Court and the County Court were held in the same room, and he was messenger for both. He had been quite attentive to his duties, and the members of the bar thought it fitting that they should give him a testimonial of their regard. A committee appointed on the subject concluded to get something for his wife, and accordingly the money raised was placed in the hands of Mrs. Thomas C. Perkins and Mrs. D. F. Robinson, who bought with it two nice dresses and a shawl. The presentation was made in the court room one noon, during the session of the Superior Court. Judge Ellsworth, who was holding the court, took the noon recess a half-hour earlier than usual to accommodate us, and staid himself to witness the proceeding. The members of the bar, the officers of the court, and the law students of the city were generally present, as public notice had been given. I was appointed to perform the ceremony of presentation, and, in making it, read the following lines, which I had hastily prepared.

It should be stated in explanation of some points made in them that we had recently had our court room refitted with new carpet and new furniture, and that Martin, who took great pride in the improvement, was constantly on the alert to prevent tobacco-chewers from spitting on the carpet, and whenever he saw this happen, or from the person's known habit likely to happen, was in the habit of placing one of the spittoons

before the tobacco-chewer. This led to many jokes on the subject. He had an interesting boy, about ten years of age, whom he occasionally brought to the court room with him, and who happened to be present at this time, giving a happy effect to the allusion to him. It is also to be stated that the court messenger was then appointed by the judge of the County Court, who, being annually elected by the legislature, changed with every change in the politics of the state, and as he changed the messenger was very likely to change. Martin, however, had given so good satisfaction that he was kept in through several changes of administration.

The Hartford lawyers, good friend Martin,
 Whose favor specially thou *art* in,
 Have deemed it just, and no less pleasant,
 To give to thee a little present;
 And knowing where dwells thy life of life,
 Have made it, through thee, to thy wife.
 For her thou lovest most of all
 We bring two dresses and a shawl.
 Take them, friend Martin, to thy home,
 Where she is waiting till you come;
 And as she meets you with caresses,
 Hold up the shawl and both the dresses,
 And ask her from the Bar to take
 A present for her husband's sake;
 And with them give our wishes true
 For all that can bless her and you.
 And may'st thou long, friend Martin Cairns,
 Rejoice in her and many bairns,
 Till, furrowed by no mournful tears,
 Your face shall furrowed be by years;
 And till your hair, at last grown gray,
 Shall round your brow like snow-wreaths play.

Thou well hast borne thine office, Martin,
 And distant be the day of parting.
 May'st thou preserve thine honest station
 Under each new administration;
 For who but thee would look so *sharp* at
 The man who spits upon the carpet?
 And who but thee would wait so soon
 On such offenders with spittoon?
 Old Justice's halls who'd dust so neatly?
 And who of errands run so fleetly?
 And who could show such merry *heart* in
 His duties as our Merry Martin?

Then may thy virtues, like a charm,
 Long death and politics disarm;
 And though the arm of each be bared,
 By both be thou in mercy spared,

Till thou, an old man, may'st with pride
 Perhaps see here *thy son* preside
 A judge (such things do oft occur),
 Or rule our State as Governor,
 Then, with thy heart with God at peace,
 And waiting patient thy release,
 Old death, that messenger so grim,
 Shall take our messenger to him.
 Then thee to Heaven may he transport,
 Humbly to wait in *Heaven's court*,
 And those whom thou on earth hold'st dear,
 May all, in *new robes*, there appear.

Martin made a genuine Irish speech in reply, closing with one of the best bulls that an Irishman ever got off. Speaking of the great regard that he entertained for the members of the Hartford bar, and had always felt since he knew them, he said: "Before the present was given me I felt just as I do now, but now I feel fifty times more so."

The General Assembly at this time sat, every other year, in New Haven, and many of the books from the various state offices at Hartford had to be carried down. They were generally sent under Martin's care, who took them to the state house at New Haven and then went to the Tontine hotel to put himself at the service of the state officials, who generally staid there. He felt the importance of this duty greatly, and, in view of the necessity for occasionally signing his name, had early set out to learn to write his name, which, I believe, was to the last the limit of his education in penmanship. By taking time for it, and with considerable motion of his tongue, he was able to write his name quite readily. On one of these occasions at New Haven he walked up to the clerk's desk at the hotel with quite an important air, and spread out his name upon the register. A Hartford man who arrived with him and knew his limitations in the matter of chirography, said to him, just as he finished the entry of his own name: "Martin, won't you write my name, too?" Martin turned around to him and said: "Write your name, sir? You wouldn't have me commit forgery, would you?"

HOW I BECAME A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.

The "Fugitive Slave Law," which was passed by Congress in 1850, created great alarm among the colored people of the North. Many of them were runaway slaves, and of course they had great fear of being discovered and captured, but the

free negroes, as well, were alarmed lest they might be seized and carried off as slaves, the law giving the claimant a great advantage over the black man, by compelling the latter to prove his right to his freedom, which he might not be able to do if away from home, while the question was to be decided by a single magistrate of about the grade of a justice of the peace, and that finally and without appeal, the law providing that if the magistrate found for the claimant he was at once to issue an order, under which the claimant could immediately transport him out of the state. The law even appealed to the cupidity of this low grade of officials by allowing them a fee of but \$5 in case of a decision for the negro, and of \$10 in case of a decision for the claimant, the larger fee being put under the thin cover of compensation for his added trouble in having to make the order for the delivery of the negro to the claimant.

This act was but the culmination of a growing aggressiveness on the part of the slaveholders in the assertion of what they claimed as their constitutional rights, and of an obsequious concession to their demands on the part of Northern politicians. This state of things kept the blacks who were in fact fugitive slaves in a constant fear, though until this act was passed the free negroes were in no great danger of being seized and carried off as slaves. For several years before the passage of the act Rev. James W. C. Pennington, a full-blooded negro, was the pastor of a congregational church of colored people at Hartford. He was a faithful pastor, and very much respected by the clergy of the city, as well as by the people generally. No one knew or suspected that he was a fugitive slave. But a short time before the passage of the act he came to me for a most confidential consultation and advice. He told me that he was a fugitive slave, and that he had never divulged the fact to any of his people in Hartford, nor even to his wife, and that it was known to nobody but the Quaker friends in Pennsylvania who had sheltered him at the time of his escape, and had afterwards aided him in getting an education. The fact was withheld from his wife, however, mainly to save her from disquieting fears. He told me that in his studies, in his domestic life, and in the discharge of his parochial duties, he was burdened with harrassing apprehensions of being seized and carried back to slavery. He disclosed the fact to me that I

might attempt to negotiate with his master for the purchase of his freedom.

He was born the slave of Frisbie Tilghman of Hagerstown, Maryland, and remained his slave until he ran away, when he was eighteen years old. He was now about forty. The name which he now bore was an assumed one; his name as a slave was "Jim Pembroke." After his escape he found protection and assistance in a Quaker family in Pennsylvania, whose kindness he had ever since remembered with the greatest gratitude. He had already, in a stealthy way, learned to read a little, but here he began those studies which, ever since pursued with unremitting ardor and industry, had made him a man of intelligence and something of a scholar. After a while he entered the Christian ministry, and was licensed and ordained as a minister, and, as I have before stated, was now settled over a congregational church of colored people at Hartford.

That he could preach quite acceptably I knew, as I had often heard him, and at one time Rev. Dr. Porter of Farmington had exchanged with him, and the people of the quiet old town had been astonished, some of them shocked, by seeing one of the blackest of men in their pulpit.

After two or three consultations it was decided that it was best for him to go to Canada and remain while the negotiation was pending. After he had left the city I wrote to Mr. Tilghman, stating that I did so in behalf of his former slave, "Jim Pembroke," who was then out of the country and beyond his reach, but was willing to pay a small sum for his legal freedom. I took care, of course, to give him no intimation of his adopted name, nor of his place of residence. Mr. Tilghman wrote me in reply that "Jim was a first-rate blacksmith, and well worth \$1,000," and that as servants were then very high he could not take less than \$500. He also stated that he had learned that Jim was making himself useful in the world, from which I inferred that he had some knowledge of his being a preacher, and probably of the name he was bearing, and perhaps of his place of residence. The sum demanded was much beyond Mr. Pennington's ability to pay, and on my informing him of Mr. Tilghman's demand, we decided that it was not safe for him to return to Hartford, but that it was best for him to go to England, where he would find many friends among the abolitionists

there. He did so, and was abroad about two years. He found warm friends wherever he went, and on visiting Heidelberg, in Germany, was made a doctor of divinity by the university there. This honor he accepted in a graceful speech (or possibly written communication), in which he declared his personal unworthiness of it, but accepted it as the representative of his race. When the Fugitive Slave Law was passed, in 1850, which, of course, made it out of the question for him to return to America as a fugitive slave, he was in Scotland. At this time it was generally known that he was a fugitive from slavery, this fact creating a wide interest in his case and drawing to him great sympathy. He frequently wrote to me, and I kept him advised as to the state of things here. Soon after this some friends in Scotland determined to take the matter in hand and raise the necessary money to secure his freedom, whatever might be the amount required, and appointed a committee to attend to the matter and correspond with me on the subject. Upon hearing from the committee that they wished me to renew the correspondence with Mr. Tilghman, and to pay him whatever he should finally insist upon, I wrote him, stating that Jim was now in England, and would not return unless his freedom was secured, and asking what was the lowest price he would take for his freedom. A stranger replied, stating that Mr. Tilghman was dead and that he was his administrator, and that in the circumstances, as he desired to close up the settlement of the estate, he would take \$150. He added that, as administrator, he had no power to manumit, but could only sell the slave, and the purchaser could manumit, and wished me to name the person to whom the bill of sale should be made. Mr. Joseph R. Hawley, since our senator at Washington, was then my junior law partner, and he at once went to Maryland, carrying the money (a larger sum than was necessary had been sent me by the Scotch friends), and, by my directions, took a bill of sale to me. I thus became a slaveholder, and the owner of a doctor of divinity. On receiving the bill of sale I held it for a day to see what the sensation would be, and then executed a deed of manumission, which I had recorded in the town records, where it may be found in Vol. 76, page 356, under date of June 5, 1851. It set free "my slave, Jim Pembroke, otherwise known as Rev. James W. C. Pennington, D.D." It stands on record there for the wonder of future generations.

After Dr. Pennington's return to this country and settlement over a church in New York, he attended at Hartford a meeting of the colored people that had been regularly held for several years on the first day of August in commemoration of the emancipation of the slaves in the English West India Islands, which took effect August 1, 1834. I attended this meeting, as did a few other white persons, and about two hundred colored people of both sexes. It was held in a grove in the suburbs, a platform having been erected for the speakers. Dr. Pennington was welcomed as their old pastor, and was one of the earliest called out, the call passing around for "Rev. Dr. Pennington." After he had spoken they saw me in the crowd, and a clamorous call was made for "Mr. Hooker." I went upon the platform, and prefaced my short speech with a few words, as follows: "Before I make a speech, my friends, I want to set you right about an error you have just fallen into. You all know that Mr. Pennington was once my slave. Now it is one of the elemental principles of slavery that the slave can own nothing. Everything that he acquires, or thinks he acquires, passes through him to his master. Even the mule that he got with his own earnings belongs to his master. Now when I set Mr. Pennington free I merely took my hands off from him — merely let him go. I did not give him anything. Thus the doctorate of divinity, which, as his master, I owned, remained with me, and did not go by his manumission to him, and I hold it still. So, when you next call us out on an occasion like this, I want to have you call for 'Rev. Mr. Pennington' and 'Rev. Dr. Hooker.'"

THE DOG-FIGHT SUIT OF RHODES *vs.* WELLS.

In February, 1857, the case of Henry E. Rhodes *vs.* Seth and Oliver Wells was tried in the Superior Court at Hartford before Chief Justice Church and a jury, and made a good deal of sport for the bar, a large number of the lawyers of the city attending. The *Daily Times* in its report of the case says:—"This action was the last scene of a dog-drama which was got up some two years since in the ancient town of Wethersfield. 'Strike my dog and you strike me,' is an old saw, and this affair proved its applicability in these latter days. By some means two

bull-dogs engaged in a fight; they fought as such dogs always do, and, as not infrequently occurs, the dog fight was but the forerunner of a man fight. Rhodes, getting rather too severely beaten in his opinion, brought his action to recover damages. Much evidence and of a conflicting character was introduced, but the jury seemed to be of the opinion that but little blame could be attached to the defendants, and rendered a verdict in their favor."

During the first day of the trial my sense of humor found so much to enjoy that I could not resist the temptation to scribble some rhymes about the case, which I passed about the court room for the amusement of the lawyers, and, the case going over to the second day, I carried them home and in the evening completed them. The next day Mr. William W. Eaton (since our senator at Washington), who was then clerk of the court, begged the lines of me to insert in the *Times*, where they appeared that evening. There are various hits, or attempted hits, in them which will not be understood by lawyers who have come upon the stage since, and which, therefore, need explanation. Martin Welles, the leader for the plaintiff, was a man of great legal learning and ability, and of rare elegance of diction, but of bad temper, morose and sullen, and with little friendly regard for him on the part of the bar. Francis Parsons, who was with him, was a man who got into the law by some mischance, of the highest principles, yet disliking the practicing of law, and above all abhorring all fights of men or dogs. Mr. Hungerford was an old bachelor, immersed in the law, and hardly breathing anything else, living wholly out of society and very careless about his clothing or personal appearance. Mr. Toucey, who had been Attorney-General of the United States, was a man of great dignity of bearing, cold, impassive, and unbending, and quite out of place among the humorous incidents of the trial. Charles Chapman, the junior counsel for the defendants, was in his element in the case, keen, witty, enjoying its humor to the utmost, and making a great part of it. He had just been defeated as the Whig candidate for Congress by Loren P. Waldo, afterwards judge of the Superior Court. During the campaign he had made speeches in which he ridiculed three Free Soil speakers who held meetings together about the state, John M. Niles, Gideon Welles, and Amos M.

Collins, describing them as "a Demarara team — two mules and a jackass." Judge Church, who presided, was a short man, whose face, as he watched the trial, was full of twinkles, showing his enjoyment of the humor, with a sense of his duty to preserve his judicial dignity. Mr. Waterman was the sheriff, and made proclamation of the opening and closing of the session. His voice was almost terrific in its strength and volume, and it was a common remark among the lawyers that it was no fiction that he made proclamation to the whole county. With these explanations I come to the lines.

"Beware of Dogs." — Phil. 3:2.

Dogs and dog-fights, in doggerel lays,
To sing, my epic muse essays;
Be mine the labor, hers the praise.

Beneath October's mellow sun,
In Wethersfield a deed was done ;
Oh, deed of deeds! oh, sight of sights!
One bull-dog with another fights!

As from the rape of Helen grew
The war which mighty Troy o'erthrew,
So here, a bull-dog shook a pup,
Another bull-dog straight took up
The quarrel; and the two dogs fought
As dogs on such occasion ought.
Meantime their masters swore and hollar'd;
Then each the other struck and collar'd;
One broken head, one bloody jaw,
The parties part, and go to law.

Like seed upon the waters cast,
Forgotten long, but found at last,
So after lapse of many days
Occasioned by the law's delays,
The famous suit is brought to trial.
The legal angel opes his vial;
(That is to say, friend Waterman
Shouts to the world that court's begun;)
The judge with dignity assumes
That seat which no one more illumes;
Solemn and grave, except the twinkles
That now and then light up his wrinkles.
Within their seats twelve solemn triers
Sit listening to as many — liars.
(The counsel here I don't include,
This would of course be understood.)
Along the table, learnedly,
Five lawyers sit the case to try —
On one side two — on th' other three —
In numbers matched unequally,

REMINISCENCES.

Like, in the fight, the one dog who
 Fought a bull-dog and puppy too.
 There sits, severe and cold, the ex-
 Attorney-general, whose specs
 Alone can into mystery pry
 Farther than many a lawyer's eye.
 Then comes the jurisprudent sage
 Adorned with learning as with age;
 Who knows by heart each legal saw
 And preaches you to death on law;
 With coat unbrushed and hair awry,
 Yet heart serene and humor dry;
 Whose life and heart no wife e'er blest,
 Yet never heaved a kinder breast.
 To make a "Demarara team,"
 Friend Oily Gammon's on the scheme;
 A man who knows all legal wiles,
 Yet wears the while such winning smiles,
 He'll talk a jury's eye teeth out,
 Nor they suspect what he's about.
 Oh, happy that the public call
 Could spare him from the nation's hall,
 And leave him here to try this case,
 As well as try another race.

On th' other side, of gravest port,
 Sits an ex-judge of County Court,
 Who seems to view this strife of dogs,
 Much as a Hebrew looked on hogs.
 No one can doubt we godly are
 When we have *Parsons* at our bar.
 Beside him sits the plaintiff's leader,
 Th' expert and wary special pleader,
 Who proves that truth the adage tells
 That says truth lies at bott'm of *Wells*;
 Though some who claim to know have said
 Truth sometimes gets up to his head.

Thus marshaled stood they — and they fought
 As in such case such lawyers ought.
 The parties watched, with gaze intense,
 The fierce assault, the firm defense;
 And as the battle this way swayed
 The other party looked dismayed;
 Then, as the scales turned, full of joy
 He clapped his hands, and cried "stee-boy."

And thus the drama found its close
 In the same scene in which it rose;
 The parties' bull-dogs 'gan th' affray.
 Their lawyers' squabbles closed the day.
 Thus ended in a fierce logomachy
 What had begun a fierce dogomachy.

MORAL.

My tale has this impressive moral —
 Never back up your dog in quarrel.

GIDEON HALL.

The later generation of lawyers who did not know Gideon Hall of Winsted, in Litchfield County, will find it difficult to realize that such a man ever had a place at the bar, and, above all, that he should ever have been elected a judge of our Superior Court. His air was always an assuming one, and his language, especially in court, where he always seemed to wear a barrister's gown, was stilted and pedantic, and often irresistibly laughable in his efforts to be impressive. In examining a witness he almost always prefaced his inquiry by the remark, "I will now propound to you this interrogatory." Having inherited a moderate property, he was able, with such practice as he had, to keep a very respectable position in the village where he resided, and in which he lived from childhood to his death at near the age of seventy. At the time he was appointed to the bench our judges held office for terms of eight years, and were nominated by a caucus of the members of the General Assembly who were of the dominant political party. This mode of supplying our judges was happily soon after abandoned for our present one of having the governor nominate them and the General Assembly confirm. Mr. Hall had a weak ambition for the place, and got it by a vote of the caucus. His term on the bench was an utter failure.

I know of nothing that better illustrates the intellectual idiosyncracies of the man than a report which he made while at the bar, in 1865, in a divorce case in which he had been appointed by the Superior Court a committee to hear the evidence and find the facts. The report itself is worth preserving for the amusement of the bar. The case was that of Phoebe J. Tibbetts *vs.* Luther C. Tibbetts. I omit the first part of Mr. Hall's report. After stating some of the facts, it proceeds thus:

"I further find that, till his acquaintance with the said Mrs. Neal, in the fall of 1862 or thereabouts, the respondent's deportment as a husband towards the petitioner was kind, but that from that time prospectively the respondent's former affection for the petitioner became gradually diminished; until now, largely attributable to the acts and intrigues of an unscrupulous woman, the petitioner, wholly blameless for the result, has become the subject of his strong aversion; and that, before strangers and on public and other occasions, in a con-

temptuous and offensive manner, and without cause, he has repeatedly assailed the petitioner with language and epithets cruelly severe and opprobrious. He refused to acknowledge her as his wife, and declared that he would never live with her more; that he would no longer furnish her with support or provide for her a home, and that she might go to her brother or to the Devil. He has accused her of robbery and burglary, and sneeringly called her 'that woman,' 'deceitful,' 'treacherous,' 'miserable creature,' 'wretch,' and 'liar.'

"I find also that since his acquaintance aforesaid with the said Mrs. Neal, protracted and often-recurring interviews between her and the respondent were held, in evening and daytime, clandestinely and alone, in his and her private apartments, and with doors frequently locked; and their reciprocal caressings and kissings and street ambulations, and her persistently offensive intrusion, and improper advances and attention to the respondent in presence of his wife, and to her exclusion and grief, by him unrebuked, but tolerated and approved, were, as between the said Mrs. Neal and the respondent, of common occurrence. And that, also, on two different occasions, the said Mrs. Neal, unattended by her husband (or friend save the respondent), and the respondent, in the absence and without the knowledge of the petitioner, traveled in company, and at his expense, by land and water, and in their transit by the latter mode, taking passage by steamboat in adjoining rooms, with door intercommunication direct; and, when unknown in certain hotels in which they were guests, they registered their names as 'L. C. Tibbets and Lady.'"

Judge Hall died several years ago, and left no children or other near relatives who would feel hurt at my account of him.

MARTIN WELLES.

Martin Welles was a striking figure, as well as personality, at our bar. He died in 1863, in his 75th year. In an obituary sketch of him in 30 Conn. Reports, p. 607, I thus described him:

"Mr. Welles had an intellect of great original force and vigor, disciplined by a thorough education, and well furnished by professional and general reading. He had at command an

elegant and classical diction, while a stately form and dignified manner gave an impressiveness to all he uttered in his forensic and public addresses. The great feature of his character, however, was his will, which, for a firm and inflexible resoluteness, has rarely been surpassed. Strong and clear as was his intellect, the decision of character for which he was remarkable was less the result of intellectual conclusions than of the determinations of his will. With him to resolve was to execute, and his resolution only gained strength from the difficulties which the attempt to execute it encountered. His inflexible adherence to his own determination almost necessarily brought him into conflict with others, and, as he had little tact in dealing with men, and never understood how to conciliate an enemy, he never became a popular man, even among his political friends, and in consequence failed to attain in public life those high positions in the state or nation which, with so great abilities, he might otherwise easily have secured, and his failure to attain which was always a disappointment to him.

He rarely gave up a case that was decided against him until he had pursued it to the extreme limit of the legal remedy, and submitted to a final adverse decision only as to an accumulated wrong that he had no further power to resist."

Soon after the above was published, Judge Butler, in the Supreme Court (then an associate judge, afterwards Chief Justice), leaned over the bench and said to me that he had been reading my sketch of Mr. Welles, and that my picture of him was a perfect one, and that he had been greatly entertained by it.

Mr. Welles had so often had cases decided against him in the Supreme Court that he had come to feel a personal dislike for all the judges, and was in the habit of calling the court "a hospital of incurables."

He told me that he made it an invariable rule never to accept as a referee any person who had ever in any circumstances decided a case as referee against him.

At one time he had a case in the Superior Court in which he claimed for the plaintiff a right to make or keep up a dam across a small stream. The court made a finding of the facts, and decided the case in his favor. The defendant, however, carried the case to the Supreme Court, and that court reversed

the judgment of the lower court, and denied the right of the plaintiff to maintain the dam. When the decision was announced at the opening of the court one morning, Mr. Welles was present. He had expected a decision in favor of his client, and was fairly livid with rage as he heard the adverse decision announced. Wisely he seized his hat and bolted out of the court room. Every one saw the state of mind he was in. After he had gone, I scribbled the following lines, and handed them up to the Chief Justice:

The court below, as it would seem,
Decreed that plaintiff dam the stream ;
But this 's reversed on last resort,
And now the plaintiff damns the court.

The Chief Justice was greatly amused, and handed the squib to the other judges, who laughed heartily over it, and thence it came to the lawyers who were sitting within the bar, and, finally, got into the next day's papers.

CHARLES CHAPMAN.

Charles Chapman was, in his time, the most brilliant advocate of the Connecticut bar. Only the older members of our profession can have any personal recollection of him, as he died in 1869. He was at that time seventy years old. In an obituary notice of him, prepared by me for the law reports and published in the 35th vol. of Conn. Reports, I characterized him as follows:

“ Mr. Chapman seemed to be in his natural element in the trial of causes before a jury. The more desperate his case the more he seemed to be inspired by it. His resources were inexhaustible. His power in addressing a jury was very remarkable. In the examination of witnesses and the sifting of evidence he had no superior; it seemed impossible for a falsehood to elude him. His sarcasm, when he thought the occasion demanded it, was terrible. He had command of a masterly English, which he compacted into sentences generally of finished eloquence, often of dramatic power. His wit was always keen and ever in hand; nobody approached him in readiness of retort. He did not move his hearers, as the greatest orators do, by being profoundly impressed himself

and carrying them along by sympathy. The process with him was wholly intellectual. Cool himself, and with a perfect comprehension of the subtlest springs of human feeling and action, he played with his audience like a magician. Wit, pathos, humor, invective, fancy, logic — all seemed to combine and take their turn in sweeping everything before them. In his delivery he was entirely natural, and his manner unstudied. He was very social in his nature, a remarkably good talker, and incomparable and inexhaustible as a story-teller. Many of his felicities of speech and story will long survive among the festive traditions of the bar.”

His perpetual flow of humor was well characterized by a rough countryman who one day was listening outside the bar to his talk to the jury, and was shaking with laughter. I knew the man well, and as I passed by him on my way within the bar, he said to me, “What a tremendous wiggle that creetur has to his tail.”

To a sanctimonious Baptist clergyman, whom he was cross-examining as a witness, and who had said in reply to a question as to his calling, that he “aimed to be a humble candle of the Lord,” Mr. Chapman said, “A dipt candle, I suppose.”

In the old days of the County Court there were two brothers named Watson, from East Windsor, who had for a long time been in a quarrel over the division of their father's property, and who each had a suit against the other in almost every term of the court. The case was much like the old feudal quarrels, in that each kept a band of retainers, who always came to court with their chiefs, and were always their witnesses, no matter what the case was. At the trial of one of these cases the witnesses of one of the parties were sitting in a long row on a bench along the wall, just outside of the bar, the railing of the bar covering up from view all below their waists. Mr. Chapman, who was standing counsel for the other party, was addressing the jury. He commended the patience of his client, who had so much to bear from his malicious and litigious brother, who brought a suit against him at every term of the court, “and (said he) what is very remarkable, he brings the same set of witnesses with him at every trial. No matter what the case is, there always comes the same set of

loose fellows to testify for him. Why, gentlemen, look at them; there they sit — familiar as a gallery of family portraits." Mr. Chapman said nothing of the other party that the opposing counsel could not have said of his own client, but he was not embarrassed in his invective by this hazard.

He was one day asking the court to allow him to amend a writ in which he had discovered a serious error. At that time it was not so easy as in later years to get the court to allow an amendment without paying costs to the other party. Mr. Chapman closed his address to the court upon the subject with this "amended" quotation:

"To err is human; to allow an amendment of an error without cost is divine."

He told me that once in his early experience he was trying a case before a justice of the peace, and had to cross-examine a young woman brought as a witness by the other side. She had sharp, black eyes, was full of quick temper, and was greatly irritated by his cross-questioning. At last she stood mute, and refused to answer. Mr. Chapman repeated his question, but she still stood defiantly mute. He finally appealed to the justice, who told her that she must answer. At this she let off an answer that was enough to take one's head off, and said, "Have you got it now, Mr. Nimblechops?"

One of the finest incidents that I ever saw in the court room was what occurred in the trial of the action of Case *vs.* Marks in the Superior Court, about the year 1850. Miss Case, the plaintiff, was a school teacher in one of our country schools, and had, in some way, incurred the hostility of Marks, who set out to ruin her reputation and compel her to leave the school. The slander was of the worst conceivable kind. After bearing it a while, she brought a suit against him for it, and Mr. Chapman was her principal counsel. The court room was crowded with people from the town. Miss Case was a very modest and sensible looking girl, whose mere appearance was enough to show the extreme improbability of Marks's charge being true. Marks was a very tall, lank man, not at all prepossessing in his appearance. He set up the truth of his charges, and brought a set of vile-looking men to testify for him. They were thoroughly broken down by Mr. Chapman's cross-examination, and her innocence was made clear by other evidence. In Mr.

Chapman's address to the jury he gave Marks a terrible ex-coriation. I have never heard a more terrific invective. The whole audience, outside of Marks's friends, was with him. In the midst of it Marks, thinking a little bravado would help him, rose up, high above the heads of the crowd, and scowled at Mr. Chapman. He sat in the rear of his counsel, at the other end of the table, bringing him a little in Mr. Chapman's rear, and some ten feet from him. Mr. Chapman did not see him for a moment, but the excitement in the court room was noticed by him, and he turned a little and saw the tall, ungainly figure of Marks. He was taken aback for an instant, but very quickly gathered himself up, and stretching out his right arm and pointing his finger at Marks, he turned to the jury and said in a slow, shrill voice: "Gentlemen of the jury, behold the brazen statue of a SLANDERER." He kept his arm outstretched and his finger pointing, and would have stood so long as Marks had kept his position, but the latter soon began to settle down slowly, and finally got into his seat. The jury, of course, gave the plaintiff their verdict, and it was a heavy one for that day. One of the jurymen told me that Marks's attempted bravado added five hundred dollars to the verdict against him.

About 1845, when I had been about four years at the bar, I brought a suit for a Mr. Deming of Farmington (I then lived in Farmington) against a horse jockey, whose name I forget, which was afterwards tried in the Superior Court. I was alone for the plaintiff, and Mr. Chapman was employed by the defendant. The case was a very clear one for my client. It appeared that the defendant, who was a regular horse-trader, called on Deming with a fine-looking pair of black horses which he wished to sell. Deming said that he wanted a pair of gentle family horses. The defendant told him that these were just the ones — that his daughter, but thirteen years old, had several times driven them, and that they were perfect family horses. The first time they were brought up for Deming to take his family to ride, they started off before the people could get in; knocked down a gate-post, and ran a mile before they were stopped, having utterly demolished the carriage. We found evidence, and had it at the trial, that the only driving of the horses that his daughter had ever done was to sit in the

carriage and hold the reins while he had walked backwards a few rods in front of the team. When Mr. Chapman came to address the jury there was not an honest word that he could say, and so he entertained them for an hour with horse stories that kept them shaking with laughter. Finally he took up the subject of my horse — a fine animal, but singularly marked, having a white face and breast, and a darkish red color over the rest of the body. "Gentlemen," said he, "did you ever see Brother Hooker's horse? You go into his stable and see him in his stall, and you would swear that he kept a red horse; you see his man lead him out, and you'd swear that he kept a white one. You see him coming into the city in the morning, and you would swear that he drove in with a white horse; you see him driving home at night, and you'd swear he drove home a red one." At every available point he would bring in the refrain, "Red behind and white in front," at every repetition of which the jury would explode with laughter. With this amusing episode he concluded his address to the jury. When I came to reply, after alluding to his anecdotes as having left him no time for argument, I said: "My Brother Chapman has entertained you very greatly, gentlemen, with an amusing description of my horse, and especially with his frequent refrain of "Red behind and white in front." All I will say in reply is, that if, when he was a boy, his father had more often made him look red behind and white in front, it would have been better for his morals."

The jurymen and all the audience burst out into a loud laugh, and Mr. Chapman's pyramid of stories was all toppled to the ground. We got a good verdict, after the jury had been out but a few minutes.

A few years after I was arguing a case before the Supreme Court, with Mr. Chapman against me. There were some horse-trade elements in the case, and something that I said in my argument brought to his mind this little passage between us. He interrupted me by saying, "Hooker, tell the court that story about 'red behind and white in front.'" "Oh," said I, "that has nothing to do with this case." "Well," said Chapman, "the Chief Justice is fond of a good horse, and of a good horse story." Chief Justice Butler spoke up, "If it's a good horse story, Mr. Hooker, give it to us." So I told the

whole story, and the Chief Justice laughed over it till it seemed as if he would fall out of his seat.

RICHARD D. HUBBARD.

The character of Governor Hubbard, both professional and personal, has been sketched by me in an obituary notice of him in Volume 50, Conn. Law Reports, p. 604. I shall here speak only of certain personal qualities that were but little observed by the public, and which it is specially proper that I should notice in these reminiscences, as they brought us into very friendly personal relations.

Governor Hubbard came to the bar about a year after I did, and we were thereafter fellow-members of the Hartford bar. I observed his progress in the profession with most brotherly interest, and, though he soon outstripped me in the race, it never occurred to me to regard his greater success invidiously. I saw less of him for the first ten years, as I was then living in Farmington, but I often met him in the court room, and on my removal to Hartford we became warm and faithful friends. Among letters that I received from him, especially in the latter part of his life, I find several among my papers that I am sure will be read by the profession with interest, as exhibiting the fine qualities of his nature that I have adverted to. I take them by their dates, and with no attempt (except in one case) to give my side of the correspondence. Indeed, my letters to him were probably not preserved by him. The letters often show the occasion that called them out, and where they do not I thought it not best to occupy space with stating the but half-remembered occasion.

HARTFORD, April 20, 1874.

My Dear Hooker:

I write to tell you how glad I am you are going to Europe — almost as glad as if I were going myself. No good fortune can come to you that I will not rejoice in. God go with you, my friend — bring repose to weary nerves and cudgelled brain — bring you back in health and safety, and preserve in your memory a kindly recollection of him who now bids you a loving adieu. May the ocean, perfidious to others of late, be kindly to you.

Believe me, with the most friendly regards, very truly yours,

R. D. HUBBARD.

HARTFORD, Sept. 16, 1874.

God bless you, John Hooker, and welcome home. Your friendly words are beyond price. I used to rub against and know something of you when you were in practice.* But you seem to me, since then, to have held yourself aloof from your professional associates, which I have often and much regretted. Nevertheless, I have never allowed my regard for you — which is greater than you know — to diminish one hair's breadth.

I cannot see and feel and lay hold of the life beyond as you do. I know not if it be those glorious things for the elect which glorious old John Bunyan saw in visions, and those dreadful things for the non-elect which John Calvin eviscerated from his infernal brain; or, on the other hand, that "infinite azure" of Prof. Tyndall's, if anybody knows what that means. But what I do know is, that in what remains of the little span of the life that now is, whilst I agree with you in few things, or, at least, in few theological dogmas, I love you in all things as a man whose heart and life are infinitely better than his theology.

Accept, my dear fellow, a thousand assurances of friendly regard from the poor groundling whose eyes see not the things which you see, and whose ears hear not the things which you hear, but whose eyes are not blind and whose ears are not deaf to the least proof of affection from his friends, and least of all from you, John Hooker.

Ever and truly yours,

R. D. HUBBARD.

JANUARY 1, 1875.

God bless us both, my dear John. The year of grace, '75, has overtaken us. *Eheu fugaces*, etc. It seems like yesterday or the day before that you and I took a ride together from Farmington in. 'Twas some petty business that we had there. For the life of me I can remember nothing of it. Only I know that, whereas before you had seemed to me all polar, you then opened up all tropical. You have forgotten it. Well, no matter.

'Twere something if I were ambitious, as the great cardinal was, to have such an "Honest Griffith" as you for a "chronicler." But no more of that "an thou lovest me." The earth is all glorious to me still, and the heavens infinitely deep and blue. I would not willingly come to "a little earth for charity" as yet. Nor would I have you. But if I should out-tarry you, trust me for a kindly word, my good fellow, if heart and brain survive.

Sam. Bowles is a trump, and publishes the best paper in the United States. God save all such, and let Ben. Butler go to his own without delay or hindrance, and with him all such as he.

Your friend,

R. D. HUBBARD.

* Referring to my acceptance of the office of Reporter of the Supreme Court in 1858, and my final withdrawal from ordinary practice in court.

HARTFORD, Nov. 29, 1876.

My Dear John Hooker:

Health and benedictions! Yours with enclosure this moment received. Enclosure reserved, as per your advice, to accompany my cigar this evening.

Meanwhile, the blessings of the heavens above and the deep that coucheth beneath, and all other blessings in store for the elect (among whom I doubt not you are numbered), rest upon your honest head and thinking brain. Your friend,

R. D. HUBBARD.

SUNDAY EVENING, Dec. 3, 1876.

My Dear Hooker:

[The letter is mainly taken up with a discussion of some points suggested by the "enclosure" referred to in the last letter. It then proceeds as follows:]

Meanwhile, the years fly like weavers' shuttles; the almond tree blossoms and the sun westers, and *cras ingens iterabimus æquor*. See all that remains of my scanty Horace, brought to mind by the little that remains of my poor self. But what little remains, my dear fellow, and while that little remains, believe me, with the sincerest assurances of regard for one whose heart and mind I believe to be as honest as the day, and whose faith, unlike mine, lays hold on the high heavens—

Most truly your friend,

R. D. HUBBARD.

Mr. Hubbard became Governor of the state at the beginning of 1877. The following note is in reply to one I sent him, congratulating him on his accession to the office.

HARTFORD, Sunday, Jan. 7, 1877.

My Dear John Hooker:

Any kind word from *you* provokes me to a kind acknowledgment, and so I thank you, my good friend, for your too appreciative note.

I was never intended for public life, and, I begin to think, for little else of any account. But hold me always for your friend and admirer and believe me, my dear fellow,

Most sincerely yours,

R. D. HUBBARD.

I find that I preserved a copy of a letter which I wrote Governor Hubbard in April, 1878, and insert it here as necessary to the understanding of his reply:

HARTFORD, April 7, 1878, Sunday P. M.

My Dear Governor Hubbard:

I like your Fast Day proclamation. It is first-rate. Do you, successor (and more and more worthy one) of the sturdy Puritan governors of Connecticut, turn your thoughts inward and study yourself, so as to

observe that your governorship (which may the Lord continue for many years) is doing a certain fine moral work upon you? I have seen and rejoiced over it for many months. You are feeling the *responsibility* that the office carries with it, and are meeting it nobly. Even to my most friendly observation you have seemed in time past not wholly unwilling to shirk a good many responsibilities that rested on you as a member of society, and especially as a foremost man.

You would have knocked down a knave if he had jostled you; but you did not seem to feel as if you had any special call to go around with a lantern and hunt up dishonest men in their hiding-places, and especially to pull off your coat and tug at the world to turn it over right side up. Well, now has come to you a special opportunity, and you seem both to see it and to feel its responsibility. I thank God for it all, and am glad that my humble vote helped to make the majority that elected you.

Macte, puer, novâ virtute.

May the Lord bless you, dear Governor, and bless you long as Governor, and thus bless the world, and with the rest your friend,

J. HOOKER.

SUNDAY, April 14, 1878.

I do introvert, my good friend, and much more than you think, and I find myself without any real length, breadth, or depth; but when *you* praise me I grow for a moment in my own estimation. There does not live on the earth a creature I would have asked to vote for me, even by the remotest hint or indirection, but I wish you could know how much pleasure it gave me when I learned I had your vote.

I am a shirk. I know it. No one else knows it so well. I can't tell you with what a reluctance, what a drowning bark, I came to my office. Being obliged to enter on its duties I have discharged them with independence and honesty. So much I dare say—beyond that I dare not. I have been ambitious not to shame the friends who have supported me. I have no other ambition. I was not made for a great man, or for public position. I lack all the elements necessary for public life. In other words, I am a shirk. That's just the plain truth, and I cannot make myself other than I am.

Now, my good friend, ten thousand thanks for your too kind words. Coming from you, I prize them as if they were of gold. I know you see beyond the curtain what I cannot. You touch the heavens while I grope under them. *Serus redeas*, etc.

With a world of friendly regards and grateful acknowledgments,
Truly your friend,

R. D. HUBBARD.

Governor Hubbard, in his first message to the General Assembly, stated in very strong terms the injustice done to mar-

ried women in respect to their property by the law as it stood, being the ancient English law with a few recent modifications; and soon after he sent for me and requested me to draft a bill for a public act securing equal rights to women with regard to their property with the rights of men with regard to theirs. This required a fundamental change in the law of husband and wife, and an abandonment of the old idea of the superior rights of the husband. I drew the bill with much care, and on its being submitted to Governor Hubbard, he accepted it without change, except that a section in which I had provided for direct conveyances and transfers of property between husband and wife, he thought, in spite of safeguards which I had thrown about it, presented an opportunity for defrauding creditors, and this section was stricken out. This was the act of 1877 with regard to the property rights of married women, an act which very soon received, and has ever since held, the full acquiescence of the legal profession and the public, and still holds its place on the statute book without material change.

After the bill was passed my wife sent a copy of it to my friend Samuel Bowles, editor of the *Springfield Republican*. In his reply, dated March 28, 1877, he speaks very strongly in approbation of the act, calling it a great step forward, and says:

We owe its success, first, to the right of the matter; second, to the agitation of the whole question, which has disseminated the perception of that right; third, to you and your husband in particular; and, fourth, to the fact that you had in Connecticut this year a governor who was recognized as the leading lawyer of the state, a genuine natural conservative, who yet said the measure was right and ought to go. It is this last element that has given Connecticut its chief leadership. It is a bigger thing than it seems at first, to have an eminent conservative lawyer on the side of such legislative reform. With such things going forward in national politics and such a sign in the heavens as this in Connecticut, we ought to be very happy, and I believe I am — spite of debts, hard work and fatigue, and more or less chronic invalidism. At any rate, I salute you both with honor and with affection, and am very faithfully yours,

SAM'L BOWLES.

Mrs. Hooker sent a copy of this letter to Governor Hubbard, from whom she received the following reply:

EASTER, April 1, 1877.

My Good Friend :

'Twas a " Good Friday " indeed that brought your friendly message. And what a gracious and dainty epistle Sam. Bowles does know how to write ! He is a good fellow, upon my word ; full of generous instincts and ideas. He ought to be at the head of the London *Times*, and master of all the wealth it brings. Add to this that the Good Physician should heal him of his " chronic invalidism," and then — well, what's the use of dreaming ?

Thank yourself and such as you for what there is of progress in respect of women's rights amongst us. I do believe the bill is a " great step forward." " Alas," says our friend Mr. Robinson, " it has destroyed the divine conception of the unity of husband and wife." As divine, upon my soul, as the unity of the lamb and the devouring wolf. Half the abasement of woman has been and is due to theology. Out upon it ! half of it, I mean ; and live the better for the other half. Pardon me, my good friend, that I am skeptical. I believe in half as well as I know how. God help my unbelief, for I grope.

But enough of this. I salute you, my good friend, with a thousand salutations of respect and admiration. I do not agree with you in all things ; still less with St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians ; but I cannot tell you how much I glorify you for your courage and devotion to womanhood. I am a pretty poor stick for anything like good work in the world ; but I am not without respect for it in others. And so I present myself to yourself and to your good and noble husband, whom I take to be one of the best, with my assurances of affection and esteem.

Do you think your husband would ever have written that Epistle to the Corinthians ? I trow not.

Thanking you for your kind letter, I remain, my dear madam,

Yours very truly,

R. D. HUBBARD.

Governor Hubbard, in one of his letters, speaks about his dissent from my theological dogmas. It is only justice to myself to state that our occasional conversations on religious subjects were almost invariably practical and personal. I never held with any tenacity, certainly in my maturer life, to the Calvinistic dogmas, and certainly never pressed them upon him. Perhaps I cannot better present to the readers of this memorial of my friend the kind of talks we had together on religious subjects than by giving an account of a conversation one evening at his house, about 1875. He had invited me to dinner. Mrs. Hubbard was absent, and after dinner Governor Hubbard sat down with me by the parlor fire, and we spent

the whole evening in talk. Our conversation ran over a wide field, but when we got upon the subject of religion we spent a large part of an hour upon it. He told me of the impossibility of his seeing "beyond the veil," as I seemed to do, while at the same time fearing those dreadful realities that the orthodox theology had so long held and taught. I told him that we could never have our eyes opened to divine truth except by doing our full duty to God and man. The Scriptures told us that it was by doing the will of God that we came to know the truth of God. Now (said I) it is very plain to me how you ought to begin if you would get this knowledge. You are an Episcopalian. How simple a thing for you every morning to get your family together and read with them your form of morning prayer. It is a very different thing from what it would be to begin with making an extemporaneous prayer. Just think of it; your children never heard you pray. I would not have that true of myself and my children for all the wealth that could be showered upon me. You don't know what a saving influence it might have upon your children. He replied that he did not feel as if he could do it. We talked it over at a good deal of length, he receiving most kindly and in an interested way what I had to say; but I came away with the feeling that he would never make the experiment, and I think he never did. A friend told me not long after that Governor Hubbard had told him of our conversation.

A few years before his death there came into Governor Hubbard's life a deep sorrow — too deep to admit of any direct allusion to it on the part of the friends who would gladly have comforted him. I wrote him the following note:

March 30th.

Dear Hubbard:

Remember that my wife and I love you dearly.

Affectionately,

J. H.

There came this answer.

April 1st.

My Dear Friend:

I wish I could thank you and your wife as you deserve. But words are beggarly, and I am perplexed beyond measure.

God bless you, my dear Hooker.

I shall remember your goodness with love and gratitude to the end.

Ever and faithfully yours,

R. D. HUBBARD.

Governor Hubbard died, after a short but severe illness, on the 28th day of February, 1884. The General Assembly was then in session, and on the announcement of his death eloquent addresses in eulogy of him were made in each house. At a meeting of the Hartford bar, called on the occasion and held on the 29th of February, and quite fully attended, after several addresses had been made by other members of the bar, I arose and made some extemporaneous remarks, saying that after so much had been said, and well said, about Governor Hubbard's transcendent abilities, it was hardly worth while for me to occupy their time with remarks upon that subject, but that I would speak of the affectionate side of his nature, of which the public knew but little, and of him as my personal friend, telling them of the overflowing cordiality of his occasional letters, and of his rarely writing me on professional business without adding, by way of postscript, an affectionate word. I then passed to another subject, upon which I spent most of the time that I occupied, and in which I was listened to with very close attention. After the meeting was closed one and another of the older members of the bar came to thank me for what I had said, and one leading citizen, not of our profession (there were many citizens present outside of the bar), asked me to give him my speech, taking it for granted that I had it written. I told him that it was wholly extemporaneous and that I had not a line of it in writing. He then asked me if I could not write it out. I told him that I thought I could without difficulty while it was fresh in my mind. He then begged me to do so, and to put in every word that I said with regard to Governor Hubbard's attitude toward religion and the future life. When I got home I at once wrote out my remarks, and found no difficulty in following both my line of thought and the language I had used. My remarks (not including the introductory part of my address) were as follows:

"I now come to a subject which I approach with much hesitation, and which I think I should not have ventured to touch but for the way having been opened for me by an allusion made by our Brother Sill a few minutes ago, in the closing part of his address. He spoke of the "halting faith" of our friend. I have long and sadly known of Mr. Hubbard's want of religious faith, and have endeavored to lift him up into a clearer

perception of spiritual truths. The spiritual part of his nature he had never cultivated. He had a reverential spirit, but it was towards objects worthy of his admiration and reverence that presented themselves to his sight or vividly to his imagination. Always an anxious questioner of the infinite, he seemed to get no response that he could interpret. He was pre-eminently a truth-loving man; he hated shams and pretenses; and if he could speak to us to-day he would say, "Tell the truth about me if you say anything." I am sure he would wish me to say just what I am saying.

"To him the future life was all uncertainty. With all his imagination he could not see beyond the veil and fill the seeming void with realities. And so he came to dread that life. He loved this life — this green and beautiful earth — its intellectual enjoyments, its social delights, not a little its mere animal life, and did not want to leave it for another world of which he knew and could conceive nothing. He has often told me this. A few summers ago he spent some time at Newport, taking with him his family and his equipage. On his return he said to me: 'Hooker, I have had one of the pleasantest summers of my life, but over it all there hung a shadow. The question kept coming into my mind, How long will this last? and what then?' In commenting a few months ago upon a poem of mine which appeared in the papers, in which I had expressed a longing for the other life, he said: 'How can anybody, with this green earth around him, be wanting to go over into the unknown world?' To me that world does not seem like an unknown one. I live in it, it seems to me, more than I do in this. It is as real to me as this.

"Now with that world so near and so real to me, my mind has been filled, ever since I heard of Mr. Hubbard's death, with the thought of his experiences over there. I could not dwell on his eloquence, or his legal ability, or any of the things which his eulogists are so eloquently saying of him. I have been able to think only of where he is in that spirit world that was so uninviting to him. What has he found there? What is his condition there? I have wished, with inexpressible desire, to be there with him. It seems to me that I could hold his hand and steady and guide and comfort him there; that he would not seem so much to be in a strange place if I were there with him.

“ Well, I should not have thought of saying all this if I had not been prepared to follow it up with words of comfort and hope. I was brought up on a stern old theology that, in considerable part, I utterly repudiate. I believe profoundly, it seems to me that I *know* as if God himself had revealed it to me, that our probation does not end with this life. As a progressive religious thinker has well said: ‘ We are placed in this world to be *trained*, not to be *tested*.’ All bitter experiences in the other world I believe to be reformatory. They may be of long continuance, but I believe there will be sweet fruit in the end. It is a dreadful mistake to lay up a burden of sin in this world; its weight will be terrible upon the soul over there. But our friend had a great soul — reverential, truthful, just, generous, affectionate — and such a soul will soon find something in that spiritual world to which it will be drawn and which it will draw to itself. His progress may be slow, but it will be constantly an ascent. He had the most important elements of a great character, and character there becomes everything. I do not believe in any doctrine of imputed righteousness. The soul must work its slow way up into a high spiritual character of its own. And that such a soul as his will do this I feel sure. So I think of our friend with sadness, but with a calm trust and an expectation only of good, and if I shall tarry much longer upon the earth I shall expect to be welcomed over there by a bright spirit, which, if I do not recognize it in its new form, will say to me: “ Why, I am your old friend, Dick Hubbard.”

Governor Hubbard was buried on Monday, the 2d day of March. On the Sunday preceding I wrote and sent to the *Courant* of Monday morning, where they appeared, the following verses, with which I close these reminiscences of my friend:

TO R. D. H. — MARCH 1, 1884.

Silent thou liest in death's solemn calm,
 Shaming the tumult in our breasts ;
 For 'tis the shadow of the lofty palm,
 Not cypress, on thee rests.

From earthly pain set free and earth's defilence,
 Thou liest with thy dear hands folden ;
 Thy speech in life was silver, but thy silence
 To-day is more than golden.

The halls which have so oft thy triumphs seen,
 Mourn their great victor passed away ;
 Yet in triumphant life thou ne'er hast been
 Such victor as to-day.

Oh, questioner ! who found in earth's dim ways
 No answer to thy mind's deep quest ;
 Art thou not lighted now by the clear rays
 That shine upon the blest ?

Hast thou not found th' immortal stream that flows
 To heal the earth-stained souls of men ?
 And Him, who for us went to death, and rose,
 And loves all souls as then ?

MR. HUBBARD'S OBITUARY ADDRESSES.

Mr. Hubbard's addresses at the bar meetings called upon the occasion of the deaths of members of the bar were often exceedingly finished and elegant. He never offered any perfunctory eulogy, and, indeed, rarely spoke on those occasions unless the decedent had passed a long and honored professional life among us, or had qualities which commanded his admiration and affection. At such times his remarks were of surpassing interest and his language gave one a new conception of the richness of our English tongue. Yet he never seemed to attempt to be an orator. He spoke in a low voice, without gestures, and with the utmost simplicity of manner. One who has listened to him at such times can appreciate what I lost in outliving him, and thus never getting that loving notice of me which he promised in one of the letters that I have given in my sketch of him, in case he should "out-tarry" me. His fine addresses are wholly out of sight of all but the lawyers, buried in the appendices of the Connecticut Law Reports. If any choose to look them up, and they will well repay the search, the most noteworthy among them are those of Charles Chapman in vol. 35; of William Hungerford, in vol. 39; of Chief Justice Seymour, in vol. 48; and of Loren P. Waldo, in the same volume. The concluding part of his address upon Mr. Hungerford is one of such rare beauty and interest that I give it at some length. Mr. Hungerford died in 1873, at the age of 86. He was more like the traditional English lawyer than any other lawyer whom our state had known. He never married. He never mingled in politics or went into society, and

he never held or sought office. He was wedded to the common law and familiar with all its abstrusities. As Mr. Hubbard said of him in an earlier part of his address, "His weapons were a full equipment from the strange, heavy old armor of Littleton and the Year Books down to the most cunning and newly-contrived fences and foils of forensic warfare." He had not the slightest oratorical power, nor even a pleasing voice, yet few lawyers were listened to so attentively by the judges or made an equal impression upon them. He sat all day and all the evenings in his office. Among his much-read books no one was so well worn as his Bible. Mr. Hubbard, in his address, had been presenting in much detail the admirable points of his professional and private character, and had expressed his belief that he was "the most learned lawyer at the bar of this state." He then proceeded as follows:—

And now when I consider this long life closed—these many years ended of eminent labor in the highest ranks of the forum—and nothing left of it all but a tolling bell, a handful of earth, and a passing tradition—a tradition already half past—I am reminded of the infelicity which attends the reputation of a great lawyer. To my thinking, the most vigorous brain work of the world is done in the ranks of our profession. And then our work concerns the highest of all temporal interests, property, reputation, the peace of families, liberty, life even, the foundations of society, the jurisprudence of the world, and, as a recent event has shown, the arbitrations and peace of nations. The world accepts the work, but forgets the workers. The waste hours of Lord Bacon and Sergeant Talfourd were devoted to letters, and each is infinitely better remembered for his mere literary diversions than for his whole long and laborious professional life-work. The cheap caricatures of Dickens on the profession will outlive, I fear, in the popular memory, the judgments of Chief Justice Marshall, for the latter were not clownish burlesques, but only masterpieces of reason and jurisprudence. The victory gained by the counsel of the seven bishops was worth infinitely more to the people of England than all the triumphs of the Crimean war. But one Lord Cardigan led a foolishly brilliant charge against a Russian battery at Balaklava, and became immortal. Who led the great charge of the seven great confessors of the English church against the English crown at Westminster Hall? You must go to your books to answer. They were not on horseback. They wore gowns instead of epaulettes. The truth is, we are like the little insects that in the unseen depths of the ocean lay the coral foundations of uprising islands. In the end come

the solid land, the olive and the vine, the habitations of man, the arts and industries of life, the havens of the sea and ships riding at anchor. But the busy toilers which laid the beams of a continent in a dreary waste, are entombed in their work and forgotten in their tombs.

Yet the infelicity to which I have alluded is not without its compensations. For what, after all, is posthumous fame to him who brought nothing into this world and may carry nothing out? The dead leave behind their reputations alike with their estates. A man may be libeled to-day as a fool, a fanatic, and a knave, and to-morrow his libelers sneak into his funeral procession, and the chief magistrate of forty millions of freemen begs the honor of two feet of space at his obsequies. It is the old story — the tax which posthumous fame so often pays for its title — a garret and a crust in life, a mausoleum and statue afterwards. What avails it all? We may justly console ourselves with the reflection that we belong to a profession which above all others shapes and fashions the institutions in which we live, and which, in the language of a great statesman, “is as ancient as the magistracy, as noble as virtue, as necessary as justice,” — a profession, I venture to add, which is generous and fraternal above all others, and in which living merit is appreciated in its day, according to its deserts, and by none so quickly and so ungrudgingly as by those who are its professional contemporaries and its competitors in the same field. We have our rivalries — who else has more? — but they seldom produce jealousies. We have our contentions — who else has so many? — but they seldom produce enmities. The old Saxons used to cover their fires on every hearth at the sound of the evening curfew. In like manner, but to a better purpose, we also cover at each nightfall the embers of each day’s struggle and strife. We never defer our amnesties till after death, and have less occasion, therefore, than some others to deal in post mortem bronzes and marbles. So much we may say without arrogance of ourselves — so much of our noble profession.

No better proof and illustration can be found than in the life just closed — a life clear and clean in its aims — full of busy and useful labors — void, I dare believe, of offense toward God and man, and crowned in its course with that three-fold scriptural blessing — length of days, and riches, and honor.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

Mr. Bowles, as editor of the *Springfield Republican* and as a great journalist, was too well known in his lifetime, and is too well remembered, to need any notice from me. It is only as a warm-hearted personal friend that I wish to speak of him. He was a good hater, but was one of the truest and best of friends, and it was my felicity and that of my wife to know this gracious side of his nature. We had, one or the other of us,

sometimes both together, letters from him, written often only to convey his good will, but sometimes to tell us, in an exasperated way, what he thought of some public men and measures — these letters, however, often freighted with a large contingent of kindly feeling for us. Almost all were written at a moment of release from overburdening editorial care and work, or when, overburdened with such work, his mind sought relief in friendly correspondence or companionship. I shall omit all that do not bear directly on these personal relations. Those which I publish were, with one exception, written within the last four years of his life. The earlier ones, so far as they have been preserved, deal more with political and reformatory matters in which he was in hearty sympathy with us. I give one of these earlier letters, addressed to Mrs. Hooker. The Governor Brown to whom he refers is Governor B. Gratz Brown of Missouri, to whom she had written an earnest letter on woman suffrage, which he had strongly advocated.

SPRINGFIELD, April 19, 1872.

My Dear Mrs. Hooker:

I thank you for sending me your note to Gov. Brown. I have taken a copy of it, and, unless you forbid me before, I shall publish it in the *Republican* next week. It is a good item in the general agitation, of which there has got to be a good deal more than you imagine before the end is achieved. You will get nothing from any party this year. Such a revolution as we propose is not won in a day or a year. It is a long road and through much prayer and labor. But your hope and courage are splendid, and I watch their demonstrations with much interest.

I am yours very cordially,

SAM'L BOWLES.

In the fall of 1874 I spent a Sunday with him. My wife was spending the winter in Paris, and I felt a great desire for a few hours of his companionship. We spent the whole day at his house together, intermingling rest and conversation. I arranged to go back Monday morning by a very early train, getting my breakfast after I got home. On going to my room I found some refreshments for the early morning on a stand by the head of my bed, with this note: "Dear J. H.—Break the egg into the tumbler, stir, and drink it. Come again, and we won't talk of anything serious. I am ashamed to have spoken of my light troubles. S. B."

Early in 1875 Mr. Bowles had on his hands a very serious libel suit, brought by one Phelps, upon whose transactions he had commented very severely in his paper. He felt the burden of the suit greatly. At this time he wrote me this letter:

SPRINGFIELD, April 22, 1875.

My Dear Mr. Hooker:

Come up Saturday and spend this Sunday with me. I am very much absorbed in my great libel suit. But I want you now for two reasons — first, as a distraction and comfort, and second, to see if I can't squeeze a little help out of you. I want all the legal knowledge of my learned friends, and all their aid and comfort. It is a good suit and we have a good case. My chief anxiety now is to make the court let in our evidence. Anyway, come up.

Yours very cordially,

SAM'L BOWLES.

The suit came to trial soon after, and resulted in a victory for Mr. Bowles. I had left for Europe in May, joining my wife in Paris, where she had spent the winter. While there, seeing in the *Weekly Republican*, which I had sent to me while abroad, that he had gained his suit, I wrote him a letter of congratulation. I had written him, before leaving home, of my intention to go abroad for the summer. In my letter from Paris I had commended his pluck in fighting the libel suit, and told him of my lack of the fighting spirit and my disposition to run away like a coward rather than stay and fight. He replied as follows:

SPRINGFIELD, June 18, 1875.

My Dear Mr. Hooker:

I am indebted to you for two very kind and sympathetic notes. They did good in the full measure of their intent. It was a great victory in the libel suit—a greater one every way even than appears on the surface. We should have had the letter of the law as well as the spirit, but the spirit was so sweeping that it killed the letter, and set up the *Republican* before our local public as no other incident in its history ever did.

I am ashamed not to have seen you before you went. I did not realize that your time had come, and the preparation for the suit which was very much in my own hands, absorbed all my spare time and thought during the spring.

I am struggling, as usual, with an adverse head. "You know how it is yourself." But I peg away after my incoherent fashion, and don't seem to have the slightest "encouragement of death."

I am glad both you and your wife are over there. It is the best place for me also. But I cannot well get away this summer, though there is a chance that I may repeat last year's run. By the way, is your wife to remain abroad next winter, and if so, where? Tell me that when you speak next.

I hope Switzerland will restore your self respect. I never knew a man who pretended to be such a coward, however, that could fight so like the devil when the hour came. I would bet odds on you against the whole Beecher family now.

Mrs. Bowles joins me in heartiest remembrances to both Mrs. Hooker and yourself. If you come across any of our children or grandchildren in Europe, embrace them for us. Anyway, believe me always

Very cordially yours, SAM'L BOWLES.

My wife and I returned from Europe in the fall of 1875. The next letter from him that I find is as follows:

SPRINGFIELD, Dec. 21, 1875.

My Dear Hooker:

* * * I wish you and Mrs. Hooker would come up to see us, together or one at a time. You are pretty absorbing people, and if you come together I might have to set you to quarrelling with each other by way of relief to myself. Tell madame I think "the cause" is growing, but I don't believe we shall elect a woman president next time. Moody and Sankey don't seem to have helped Brooklyn very much.

Yours very cordially, SAM'L BOWLES.

On the 7th of January, 1876, I received the following telegram from him:

You and Mrs. Hooker come up to-morrow and make us happy.

SAM'L BOWLES.

On the 31st day of July, 1876, I received the following note from him, in reply to an urgent invitation that I sent him to come down and see us:

SPRINGFIELD, July 31, 1876.

My Dear Hooker:

I could neither go to you nor answer promptly, being at Boston trying to make a president for Amherst College. My family are scattered about the country in various places, and between running these various detachments and a daily newspaper, and keeping myself in tolerable harmony, I find very little spare time on my hands. Nevertheless, I am very glad you want to see me. I certainly want to see you, and I will, somehow and somewhere, before the year gets on to ripeness.

I hope you are making up your mind to Tilden's election. It looks to me almost as certain as the fall frosts.

With much regard to Mrs. Hooker, I am yours very heartily,
SAM'L BOWLES.

The next letter I find is the following:

SPRINGFIELD, March 26, 1877.

My Dear John Hooker:

Won't you send me a copy of the law which you and Gov. Hubbard have got through the legislature on the rights of married women? What I see of it indicates a real and healthy advance, the greatest triumph of the new dispensation that has yet been achieved.

Yours very cordially,
SAM'L BOWLES.

My wife sent Mr. Bowles a copy of the law, and an interesting letter from him in reply and one from Governor Hubbard to my wife on the subject, are given in the chapter on Governor Hubbard, *ante* pages 57, 58.

A little later Mr. Bowles wrote me as follows in reply to an urgent invitation that he make us a visit:

SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 16, 1877.

My Dear Mr. Hooker:

It is hard to resist such an invitation, but it is impossible now to accept. Mrs. Bowles worried herself because of a sick grandbaby into her own bed, and hasn't left her room for three weeks, and I have become so miserably dyspeptic this summer that I cannot trust myself to another table and another bed. But if Saturday is a tolerable day and I am in a half-tolerable condition, I shall go down on the 12 o'clock train and spend the afternoon with you. I *do* want to see you and get new comfort by fresh contact with good people.

I am yours very cordially,
- SAM'L BOWLES.

Mr. Bowles came down and spent the afternoon with us. I find no later note from him. A few weeks later he had a paralytic stroke and lived on, at times more comfortable, but in constant restlessness and discomfort, and often great pain, until January 7, 1878, when he died. He had given my name to his family among those of friends whom he wished specially invited to his funeral. A very interesting memorial service was afterwards held, to which my wife and I were invited, and which was largely attended by his friends.

A strong, earnest soul, that had had an intense hold on life and on public interests, and was ready for any contest that the assertion of the right made necessary, but with a constant, and sometimes pathetic, outreach for sympathy and companionship, passed to the greater life when he departed.

SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.

Soon after I came to the bar (which was in 1841) I read with great interest in one of our American magazines a review of the life of Sir Samuel Romilly, an eminent English chancery lawyer. The memoir was in two volumes, edited by two of his sons; one of whom, Sir John Romilly, was afterwards Master of the Rolls. Sir Samuel was born in 1757, and died in 1818. Not being able to find the work in this country I sent to London for it, and after procuring it read and re-read it with great interest.

Sir Samuel was of Huguenot descent, of a family that fled from France to England at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. His later ancestors were jewelers, who acquired considerable property, and he received a good education, though not a university one. He entered Gray's Inn as a student for the bar when twenty-one years old, and after admission to the London bar pursued his profession with great success, attaining the foremost rank at the chancery bar, his professional gains at the height of his practice being said to have averaged £14,000 a year. He was a man of the highest professional and personal honor. In the course of his advancement he had reached the point where, at the next vacancy, he was regarded, and regarded himself, as entitled to the position of Lord High Chancellor. The memoir is made up largely of extracts from his journal, and it appears from frequent entries upon it that he was looking forward with an honorable ambition and pride to the Lord Chancellorship. As is generally known, the Chancellor presides in the House of Lords, and has an important influence on legislation. When, at last, the expected vacancy came, the king, George IV, sent for Sir Samuel, and told him that he was prepared to put the great seal into his hands, but that if he did so he should expect him to do what he could to secure the passage of an act that was pending before the Lords, and which he desired to have passed. It was

some act extending or strengthening the king's prerogative, and was not approved by Sir Samuel. He said to the king: "I know, your Majesty, what the act is. I have already considered it, and I cannot support it." The king replied that he could not have the great seal except on the condition of his supporting it. "Then (said he), your Majesty, I decline it." And thus he let the great office pass to other hands — understanding clearly that his loss of it now was a final sacrifice of it. And he never had another offer of it.

He was in Parliament for several years before his death (1818), and while there introduced, and to a considerable extent worked through, the series of enactments known to this day as "The Romilly Acts," the object of which was to mitigate the severity of the criminal law of England. When he began the church and all society were against him. It was the nearly universal belief that the letting up on the punishment of crime would only increase crime. A few thinking men were with him, but he was substantially alone in his undertaking. He began with introducing a single measure, which was voted down overwhelmingly. At the next session he introduced the same bill again, and another for another amendment of the law. The latter would be voted down by an overwhelming majority, and the former by a reduced majority. After a while they began to fall in, and then at every session one measure and another would be carried through. At his death a considerable part of the legislation that he sought had not yet reached success, but it was all so well on its way that the whole was soon after carried through.

I regarded Sir Samuel with so great admiration, and indeed reverence, that I determined if I ever went to England to look up his sons, and especially Sir John, then a chancery judge, and to visit his rooms in Gray's Inn and his professional haunts. No Englishman has gone into my life as he has, unless I place by his side Dr. Thomas Arnold, of whose memory I am equally a worshiper.

In 1857 the British government had some important litigation in the Superior Court at Hartford. It grew out of a large contract with Robbins & Lawrence, of Hartford, for the manufacture of breech-loading rifles for the English army. The case was heard at very great length before a committee, and

in one form and another went five times to our Supreme Court. A Mr. Whittaker, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a practitioner at the New York bar, was general counsel for the British government, while I was retained as local counsel. As the case grew more serious and difficult, Thomas C. Perkins, Esq., was employed with me, and later, Franklin Chamberlin, Esq. Mr. Whittaker was an English lawyer who came to New York to practice his profession. During the pendency of this litigation, which lasted several years, I spent a summer in Europe. On my informing Mr. Whittaker at one time when he was in Hartford of my intention to do so, he said that he could give me a letter of introduction to friends in London, and that when he got home he would write some for me. Not long after a package of letters came, and with them one to myself, in which he said that he had sent me, among others, a letter to his cousin, Sir John Romilly. The letter to Sir John I then read, and found it addressed him as "Cousin John." In it he spoke very kindly of me as a lawyer of Hartford, and as having been retained by the British government in an important case in the courts there. I can hardly express my surprise and pleasure at having the way thus opened for me to the Romilly family. Mr. Whittaker explained to me his relation to Sir Samuel when I next saw him. His mother was sister of the wife of Sir Samuel, and he himself had spent months in his family, and he and Sir John had been playmates in childhood, and later, schoolmates.

Of course I set out, soon after reaching London, to avail myself of Mr. Whittaker's letter to Sir John. It was now in the early summer. The court over which Sir John presided was known as the Rolls Court, as his title was "Master of the Rolls." It was a chancery court of the higher order. I went to the court room a half hour before the time of opening court, and found his secretary in the parlor attached to the court room, to whom I made known the object of my call. He said the judge would not come in till a few minutes before the time for opening the court, and advised me to come in in the afternoon, just before the adjournment, after which the judge would be at leisure. I did so, and sat a half hour looking on with great interest as he dispensed justice. When the hour of adjournment was reached the court was formally adjourned till the

next morning, and the judge disappeared through a private door near the bench, that led into the parlor. Another door opened into the same room from the public part of the court room, and, after waiting for a few minutes, I went to it and rang the bell. His secretary appeared and asked me to walk in and take a seat. I handed him the letter for the judge, which he carried to him in an inner parlor, which seemed to be his private room. Very soon he came back and said the judge wished me to come right in. I did so, and he received me most cordially. He was glad to hear from me about his cousin Whittaker, and I told him of my great admiration and reverence for his father. This greatly interested him, and we spent a half hour in talking about Sir Samuel. In this conversation he told me some of the facts which I have before stated, and particularly about his labors in Parliament for the improvement of the criminal law. With regard to these he mentioned this occurrence: Sir Samuel, after years of labor in the cause, had reckoned confidently on carrying through a certain very important measure, the passage of which was the more important as he was expecting to leave Parliament. When the vote was taken it was defeated. He felt it keenly, and in a short speech upon some motion which he made in the matter, told the house how disappointed and depressed he felt. "But (said he), my labor has not been lost, for the effort that I have made and which has failed, will inspire some other man to make an effort that will succeed." This utterance has vibrated in my soul through nearly forty years, a perpetual inspiration. I shall be well paid for the trouble I have taken in writing out this story if I can pass on its inspiration to others.

DR. THOMAS ARNOLD.

In my early manhood I read the life of Dr. Arnold by Canon Stanley. It was made up largely of his letters. The volume was large and, with the little time I had for such reading, I had it on hand for nearly two months. As I neared the end of it I remember thinking how I should have liked to have it run on indefinitely, keeping me for years in the companionship of the noble man, and permitting me to drink constant drafts of inspiration from his life and thoughts. No two Englishmen have gone into my life as Dr. Arnold and Sir Samuel Romilly have done. Of the latter I have just spoken.

In the summer of 1872 I was in England with my daughter, Mrs. Burton, her cousin, Miss Kate Foote, Rev. Dr. N. J. Burton, and Senator Joseph R. Hawley. We were at one time all together at Bowness, on Lake Windermere, and arranged for a drive through the lake district to Keswick, about twenty miles. As we passed through Ambleside we learned, by inquiry of our driver, that by going a little out of our way we could pass by Fox Howe, the favorite residence of Dr. Arnold. His widow, the driver told us, was living there, with an unmarried daughter. We soon reined up before the gate, from which a carriage drive led to a tasteful stone mansion, which stood among wooded and picturesque grounds. After sentimentalizing a few minutes over the scene I asked them if any of them would go in with me. They all declined and thought it would hardly do for me. But I told them I was going to call, even if I had to do so alone. They agreed to wait for me, and I went in at the gate, and was soon at the door. Upon my ringing the bell a servant came to the door, who told me that Mrs. Arnold was in, but was at breakfast. It was now about 9 o'clock. I took out my card and wrote on the back of it, "Will Mrs. Arnold see for a moment an American gentleman who worships the memory of Dr. Arnold?" I was shown into a parlor, and in a moment Miss Arnold, a lady of about fifty, came in, reaching out her hand most cordially to me, and saying that her mother was greatly pleased with my call, and would be in in a moment. And very soon the old lady came in, reaching out both her hands, and with the tears rolling down her cheeks. I have to confess that my cheeks were wet all through our brief interview. She seemed delighted at my visit, and hardly willing to let me go. She showed me a portrait of Dr. Arnold, the best, she said, that was ever painted of him, and gave me a photograph of it; also the desk at which he wrote and the chair in which he used to sit at it. I had to hasten my departure, as my party would get impatient, but I had in the brief quarter of an hour that I spent there one of the most tender and inspiring experiences of my life.

I told my friends, when I got back to the carriage, what a delightful time I had had, and what they had lost, but I am strongly of the impression that if we had trooped in as a company of tourist sight-seers it would have vulgarized and utterly spoiled the whole affair.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

Mr. Evarts was a classmate of mine at Yale, in the class of 1837. We were second cousins, and in vacations he was occasionally at my father's house in Farmington. He and Colton of our class made, with me, a trio who were specially intimate, one or the other of them being my very frequent companion in my walks. There was at that time a great propensity among us all for pun-making — the more extravagant the pun the better, and there was very little scruple about appropriating each other's puns. One morning after breakfast Evarts and I were taking a walk together, and, in passing through Meadow street, I saw across the way a house with a very long stoop extending out from its rear end. Said I, pointing to it, Evarts, that is a stoop-endous house." "Good," said he; "good." We passed on, and soon got round to our rooms. The next morning Colton called at my room right after breakfast, and asked me to go for a walk. I started out with him, and asked him where we should go. "Let's go down this way," said he, pointing towards Meadow street. "Oh (said I), I went down there yesterday morning and would rather go some other way." "No (said he), let's go down there." So I yielded, and we started in that direction. As we came to corners he elbowed me around them, and finally got me into Meadow street, opposite the house with the long stoop. "Look there," said Colton, "that is a stoop-endous house." "I know it is," said I. "But that is not your pun." "Well," said he, "I own up. It isn't my pun; it's Evarts's." "Evarts's pun?" said I. "No, it is not. It's mine, and I made it to Evarts only yesterday morning." "Good!" said he. "Why, Evarts came to my room yesterday evening just before dark, and asked me to go to walk. I told him I did not feel like it, but he pressed me, and I started out. 'Where shall we go?' said I. 'Down this way,' said he, pointing in this direction. 'No (said I); one of my last walks was down there. Let's go another way.' 'No (said he); I want to walk this way.' So we started off, and he navigated me around the corners, till we found ourselves here, when he pointed to that house and said, 'Colton, that's a stoop-endous house.'"

The Linonian Society at Yale celebrated in 1853 its centennial anniversary. Mr. Evarts delivered the commencement

address before the alumni. It was a fine address, full of eloquent passages. At the commencement dinner he sat on the platform with the faculty and numerous invited guests. The name of William Wyckham, the founder of the Linonian Society, was specially honored on the occasion, and was displayed in large letters on the front of a balcony over the platform, which was filled with ladies. Just as we got seated at dinner Professor (afterwards President) Porter came to where my class sat, and asked me to speak to the toast of Wyckham, which I, not very wisely, consented to do. He told me that I should not be reached till I had had ample time to think the matter up, and that I should follow John Van Buren, who was to respond to the toast to the "Linonian Society." I at once began to get together what little scraps of thought I could on the subject, and before the speaking had laid out a little speech which I thought would do. My anxiety over the matter, however, spoilt my dinner. One of my points, and really my best one, was to refer to the name of Wyckham where it was displayed on the front of the balcony as being placed "a little lower than the angels," and "crowned with glory and honor." But as the speaking went on, one and another of the speakers, reminded by the prominence of the name of Wyckham on the balcony, and with the general inclination on the occasion to allude to him as the founder of the Linonian Society, used up one and another of my scanty points, until I had none left but the allusion to the angels, and I thought that I could, at least, call attention to him in that place of honor, and leave him there and sit down. What occurred to bring my embarrassment to an acute stage is very well told in an article on Hon. Henry Barnard as the "Nestor of American Education," in the *New England Magazine* for July, 1896. The article illustrates Mr. Barnard's readiness and ability as a speaker by an account of what he did on this occasion. It had mentioned the fact that he was an enthusiastic member of the Linonian Society, and had been its president, and that John Van Buren was to respond to the toast to the "Linonian Society," as Rev. Dr. Bacon was to that to the "Brothers in Unity," the rival society. It then proceeds as follows:—

“ Dr. Bacon eulogized the work of his own society and pointed with pardonable pride to the Brothers in Unity, whose distinguished services to their country had entitled them to the honor of a place in the portrait gallery of eminent graduates. Having lauded the work of the Brothers, he proceeded in a vein of light satire to speak of the ‘ trifling services of a few other gentlemen whose pictures he saw around him,’ referring to the members of the Linonian Society, and closed by looking steadily at the portrait of the founder of the Linonians for some moments with a puzzled expression, and saying slowly: ‘ Wyckham! Wyckham! I fail to remember at this moment why he should have a place of honor on these walls. I have heard his name mentioned, however, as the founder of some literary society while a student.’

“ For some reason Mr. Van Buren left the platform before the conclusion of Dr. Bacon’s address, and failed to respond when called by the chairman. The Linonians, however, were not dismayed. Promptly the call for ‘ Barnard ’ came from all parts of the hall; and the young orator brilliantly responded to the unexpected summons to duty. The great occasion, the splendid audience, and the unbounded enthusiasm of his companions, aroused his best powers, and for a generation his speech was the boast of his fellow Linonians. In a few choice sentences he emphasized the estimate of Dr. Bacon in regard to the Brothers in Unity, and manfully acknowledged the indebtedness of posterity to such able and noble men. Then rising to the platform he had thus constructed, he painted in still more glowing colors the labors and triumphs of Linonians, naming Kent, Hillhouse, Calhoun and others, reserving the founder of the society for his closing. Wyckham’s portrait hung just below the front of the ladies’ gallery. Pointing towards it and looking reverently at it, he stood for some time unable to proceed on account of the tremendous cheering of the Linonians, joined by the entire audience. ‘ What shall I say of him whose memory is revered by all Linonians?’ said he, when quiet was restored. ‘ If it be true, as has been lightly said to-day, that his only claim to glory is that he founded our society, even Linonians will be satisfied when they know that for that supreme work so full of beneficence to humanity he has been placed “ but a little lower than the angels.” ’ ”

Mr. Barnard sat down, and the audience renewed its applause. When this was over the toast to "William Wyckham" was read, and it was announced that Mr. Hooker, of the class of 1837, would respond to it. I had to get up, but could not think of a word to say about Wyckham that had not been said, and was delivered from my terrible strait only by the sudden thought of that story about Evarts. So I said that William Wyckham had been abundantly honored by the speakers who had preceded me, who, in fact, had utterly used up all the material that I had mentally gathered for use in my speech. "But (said I), as I see my classmate and friend, Mr. Evarts, on the platform, I will give you a little incident of our college life that I think will interest you." I then told the story, which, at its close, drew out a prolonged roar of laughter and applause. After the applause had subsided, I added: "We have all been listening with delight to the eloquent periods of the orator of the day. I should have enjoyed them with the rest, but for a painful thought that haunted me all through. It was the fear that some of the finest of those passages may have been — borrowed." This brought out a new response from the assembly, in the midst of which Mr. Evarts arose and walked to the front of the platform, the applause bursting out again as he did so. When the noise was over, he said very quietly: "I remember very well the incident that Brother Hooker mentions. Indeed, the story is one of my favorite ones, only as I tell it I stand where he puts himself, and he stands where he puts me."

HENRY WARD BEECHER AND REV. DR. PARKER.

A serious controversy arose in 1852 between Mr. Beecher and Rev. Dr. Parker of New York, growing out of something which Mrs. Stowe had published with regard to the latter. Dr. Parker had been for many years a Presbyterian clergyman in New Orleans, and had been regarded, though originally a northern man, as a defender of slavery. Mrs. Stowe, after writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," published a book called "The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," in which she presented slavery by a vast number of quotations from southern orators and writers and from newspaper advertisements. Among these quotations and comments upon them she had published something

which Dr. Parker regarded as libellous, and he put the matter into the hands of a New York lawyer to demand a retraction and to threaten a suit for a libel if it were not made. I am unable after so long a time to find what precisely the matter claimed to be libellous was, and it is not important to the part of the controversy of which I shall speak.

Dr. Parker before this had left New Orleans and was now residing in New York. Mr. Beecher undertook the negotiation with him for an amicable settlement of the matter, to which he seemed inclined. It was at first proposed that a joint card should be published, but this was given up and an exchange of letters was proposed. Mr. Beecher then drew up a form of both letters and submitted them to Dr. Parker, expressing his confidence that Mrs. Stowe would be satisfied with the letter which he had drawn as Dr. Parker's to her. Mrs. Stowe had given Mr. Beecher an outline of such a letter as she was willing to write to Dr. Parker. These two letters soon after appeared in a New York paper, with that of Dr. Parker signed by his name. Not long after they appeared Dr. Parker came out with a card denying that he ever signed the letter that purported to come from him, and charging Mr. Beecher with putting his name to it without authority. The matter attracted great attention in New York, and all the papers took up against Mr. Beecher in the matter, especially when he admitted writing Dr. Parker's name at the bottom of the letter, and they seemed to regard it as substantially a forgery on his part. He had then been settled in Brooklyn but a few years, and had not acquired the position of respect and influence which he gained a few years later.

Dr. Parker's lawyer published an article presenting a legal view of the case against Mr. Beecher, which greatly aided and strengthened the popular verdict against him. In these circumstances it seemed to me that a legal view of Mr. Beecher's side of the case was greatly needed, and would be very helpful to him. I accordingly prepared the following article, which he published in the *Independent*, and afterwards in the *New York Times*. He and Mrs. Stowe were delighted with it, and he soon after wrote me that it had turned the whole tide in his favor, not merely completely exculpating him, but leaving Dr. Parker

open to most serious animadversion. I insert my defense of him in this book in part as being one of the interesting experiences of my life, and in part as an interesting and important incident in the life of Mr. Beecher.

The public, chiefly from good nature, but partly from indolence, will be found very ready to adopt the conclusion that Dr. Parker and Mr. Beecher have honestly misunderstood one another, and that neither has been guilty of misrepresentation. Such a verdict, while it totally exculpates Dr. Parker, not only from intentional wrong, but from all indiscretion, leaves Mr. Beecher, though with integrity untouched, yet convicted of great, and perhaps criminal, imprudence. Can it be his duty to acquiesce in such a verdict, when his position, if the public will patiently examine it, will be found impregnable?

The question of fact between the parties is precisely such a one as lawyers are discussing every day in court; and a member of that profession, in a communication to the *New York Observer* of October 14th, in which he advocates the cause of Dr. Parker, has presented precisely the style of argumentation that ought to be applied to the case. As a member of the same profession, the present writer asks the candid attention of the public to the following suggestions, which he regards as decisive in favor of Mr. Beecher.

But before proceeding to the argument, let us spend a moment in considering *what was the precise act of Mr. Beecher?*

1. The *Journal of Commerce*, in an article of a good deal of fairness on the subject, says: "To say the least of the matter, it was highly imprudent thus to affix another's name." And, again: "The facts to support the use of another's signature to documents ought to be very clear and undoubted before it is done." And the public generally have regarded the matter as prominently a case of *signature*, and of signature to *documents*, thus attaching to the transaction the odium of an unauthorized *signature of a contract*, making it a sort of mitigated forgery. Now the correspondence was not of the nature of a contract, to be operative between the parties, deriving its life from the signature of the parties. It was merely a *matter for publication*, the original letters being of no consequence after the publication. It was just as if one clergyman should request another to draw and publish for him a card, expressing his thanks for a donation party, or as if one man should draw and publish an advertisement for another, or as if one of a numerous committee should publish a notice of a meeting, and should sign the names of the other members. These things are done every day. In all these cases there should be authority, express or implied, for the act; but the matter of the *signature* becomes a totally different thing from what it is where the paper signed is a contract, that is to be preserved as such, and to have an operation on the rights of the parties as such.

2. It seems to be taken for granted that the letters were drawn by Mr. Beecher, *with the signatures omitted*, and in this form discussed at Dr. Parker's study, and that Mr. Beecher afterwards, at home or somewhere, sat down to the deliberate and special act of affixing Dr. Parker's name. This does Mr. Beecher great injustice. What is the fact? Mr. Beecher suggested that a correspondence be substituted for a joint card which had been under consideration and Dr. Parker left the study that he might be alone to draw it. Could there be clearer authority than this for Mr. Beecher to write out a supposed correspondence? He does so, and as he drafts the letters *writes straight through the names*. He writes Mrs. Stowe's name as well as Dr. Parker's. He does this because he was writing, not a contract, but an article for a newspaper, and it was an object that both parties should be able to look at it, just as if they were reading it in a newspaper, that they might see how it would strike them. This we suppose to be the reason; but if it were not, and if, indeed, it were done without a reason, still it does not alter the fact. The correspondence thus complete is shown to Dr. Parker. He makes no objection on the ground that his name has been thus written; neither party thinks of this as important; they merely discuss the character of the letters, and, as Mr. Beecher claims, they were approved and agreed on for publication; as Dr. Parker claims, they were qualifiedly approved, and were to be further considered by him. But the fact is not denied that the letters were twice read by Dr. Parker, were handed by him to Mr. Beecher, and by Mr. Beecher carried away to be sent to Mrs. Stowe for approval. Mr. Beecher's error then — if there was any — was not in using Dr. Parker's name; it was simply in *publishing* the letters, or, rather, in *prematurely* publishing them. This is a very different thing from an unauthorized use of another's signature. Whether Mr. Beecher was in the right or in the wrong, the act done by him should not be confounded with that of "signing another man's name to documents."

It is, then, doing great injustice to Mr. Beecher to endeavor to fasten upon him the odium of even an "imprudent" use of another's name. He is in no manner blameworthy unless he published the letters without authority from Dr. Parker, either actually given or supposed by him to have been given.

Now, as no conceivable motive can be found for the unauthorized publication of the letters, but, on the contrary, every motive applicable in the case against it, especially as it would only worse embroil the controversy, which he was desirous (no one can doubt sincerely) to settle, and as Mr. Beecher himself declares that he understood the fullest authority to have been given, no one, who has any candor or good sense, can fail to acquit him of all intentional wrong, even if entirely satisfied that Dr. Parker did not, in fact, give such authority. Here the matter might be left, with perhaps no very serious damage resulting to either

party, since the public, with too much real and intentional injustice daily before their eyes, have little time or patience to follow up and remember unintentional and accidental wrong.

But upon the question on which Dr. Parker and Mr. Beecher are at issue, viz.: as to whether the former did in fact assent to the letters and authorize their publication, the case is entirely clear for Mr. Beecher.

And now what is this exact question?

And here we are to observe that there can be no question but that the letters, *when their form was fully agreed on*, were to be *published*; that is, that both parties understood them as *intended for publication*. This is evident from the following facts: 1. They were substituted for the card, which it is agreed was to have been forthwith published. 2. Dr. Parker's constant demand was that he should be *set right before the public*. 3. Mr. Butler understood that the letters were to be published, although he supposed (of his own conjecture simply) that they were to be further considered by Dr. Parker before publication. 4. Dr. Parker does not deny that they were intended for publication, but simply that he did not assent to them in their present form. If, therefore, the letters were assented to by Dr. Parker, they were properly published. The question is, therefore, narrowed down to the simple one, whether Dr. Parker assented to them in the form in which they were published.

That we may see still more clearly what is the question between the parties, let us look at the affirmations of each.

Mr. Beecher affirms that Dr. Parker approved the letters, subject to his counsel's approval (and, of course, Mrs. Stowe's adoption of her letter without alteration), and authorized their publication. Dr. Parker affirms (letter to Professor Stowe, June 30th) that the letters "were not written, nor signed, nor sanctioned" by him, and that they were published "without his knowledge or consent"; and (letter to *Observer*, July 31): "I agreed to have it *under advisement*, and encouraged the expectation that, *with some modification*, we might settle the whole matter *by some such method*," and "I could *never have been induced* to sign them as they were, nor to accept of Mrs. Stowe's letter as satisfactory," and (letter to *Observer*, October 4), "I said to him *distinctly* that they would *have to be modified*." (A strange case for an honest misunderstanding.) Here, then, is the issue between the parties; now let us look at the circumstantial evidence.

1. If Dr. Parker was simply to have the letters under consideration, and to consult upon with his legal adviser, *why did he not take a copy of them?* He says in his letter to the *Observer* of July 31st that he took no copy, and does not know certainly whether the letters published are the same (that is, precisely the *same*) that were written at his study. Now, how could he have had the letters under advisement — much more,

how could he lay them before his counsel, without a copy? It is to be borne in mind that the question to be considered was not the general one whether there should be an amicable settlement; all were agreed on this; but the minute and particular question what exactly that settlement should be. It turned wholly upon details, upon the use of one word rather than another, and upon shades of meaning. It was clearly impossible to have considered and consulted upon the matter without a copy. It may be said that his counsel would see the letters, since it was agreed that Mr. Beecher should call and show them to him; but would Mr. Butler, from such hasty perusal, be able a day or a week after to sit down with his client to an intelligent and critical examination of the letters? Much more, could they frame and fit in the various "modifications" which Dr. Parker had told Mr. Beecher, as he says, would have to be made, and which it was, of course, for Dr. Parker to propose? Clearly not. It is to be remembered that Dr. Parker does not pretend that at the time of the interview he requested Mr. Beecher to send him a copy of the letters afterwards, or that any arrangement was proposed under which Mr. Beecher should call on him again with the letters, or under which the letters themselves should be sent to him; but it seems admitted that Mr. Beecher took his final leave, carrying them with him, and leaving Dr. Parker (according to his claim) to consider and take counsel, as well as he was able, without the originals or a copy, and inform Mr. Beecher of the result.

2. If Dr. Parker was to have the letters under consideration, and to lay them before his counsel for advice, *why did he not directly after call on his counsel for advice?* Bear in mind that he has shown much impatience of delay up to this point; letters have followed letters in quick succession. Here, according to his claim, is a step in the settlement which he seems so anxious to effect, *that is left with him for determination*, and the whole settlement is to wait for that determination. Would he not at once call on his counsel for advice? And that for two reasons: One, to avoid loss of time, and the other, to avail himself, as he had no copy, of his own and his counsel's fresh recollection of the contents of the letters. He admits that it was agreed that Mr. Beecher should go at once and read the letters to Mr. Butler, and he had no reason to doubt that he had done so. Yet we find no evidence that Dr. Parker called on his counsel at all during the fourteen days that intervened between the interview of June 10th and the publication of the letters on June 24th. Dr. Parker himself has not claimed that he did so, and the fact is so vitally important that he would have claimed it if the truth would have allowed; but, on the contrary, he says in his letter of June 30th to Professor Stowe, twenty days after the interview: "I am not aware whether Mr. Beecher saw my counsel or not; I have made repeated efforts to see him (Mr. Butler) *since my return*, for I have been

absent," etc. It is plain, then, it was not till after the publication of the letters that he attempted to see his counsel, and then only because of their publication; and, as we understand the facts, he left town shortly before the publication, having done nothing toward a determination of the matter which he claims was submitted to him, and in precisely the manner of one who had nothing to do on the subject.

And here it cannot be said that he expected Mr. Beecher to call again. *First.*—Dr. Parker does not pretend that it was understood that he was to do so. *Second.*—Had this been even proposed, Mr. Beecher would at once have informed Dr. Parker that he was to leave home immediately, and could not possibly call again.

These two facts, of his retaining no copy, and not attempting to consult his counsel, show not only that the letters were not, in fact, to be held under advisement, but that Dr. Parker did not understand that they were so to be held. So much for the theory of an innocent misunderstanding.

3. If Dr. Parker did not assent to the letters, then we find the parties involved in this absurdity: The card of Mrs. Stowe had been "tinkered" until it was made on the whole acceptable to Dr. Parker. Mr. Beecher, however, does not exactly like it, and finally, at his suggestion, it is thrown aside, and a correspondence substituted that Dr. Parker "could never have been induced to sign," and which he told Mr. Beecher "distinctly would have to be modified." Mr. Beecher had gone there for the sole purpose of effecting a settlement on some terms. Nobody can doubt that he was sincere and earnest in the matter. This settlement, really on the eve of being effected by means of the card, he voluntarily throws aside, and leaves the matter all open—to rest on a correspondence that Dr. Parker distinctly dissented to in its present form, and only encouraged the hope that it might be a basis of future settlement. And this, too, when he was just leaving home for an absence of several weeks at the West, and could not possibly call on Dr. Parker again. This is too absurd to be believed, and can be explained only by the supposition that Mr. Beecher understood him to agree to the letters, when, in fact, he "told him distinctly that they must be modified." But can it be that Dr. Parker could have thus expressed his dissent, and Mr. Beecher not have known it? And can it be that Mr. Beecher would fail to get his explicit assent or dissent to the letters, and in such a manner as to leave no room for doubt?

4. If Dr. Parker told Mr. Beecher "distinctly that the letters would have to be modified," and could never have been induced to sign them as they were, or to accept of Mrs. Stowe's letter as satisfactory, is it not in the highest degree absurd that Mr. Beecher should have sent them to Mrs. Stowe for approval, when, after obtaining that approval, they would have to be altered to suit Dr. Parker, and sent on a second time

for her approval of the modifications, making the first act an entirely nugatory and foolish one? It is perfectly clear that Mr. Beecher would have insisted that Dr. Parker state the modifications which "must be made," and that his side of the correspondence be definitely settled before the letters were sent to Mrs. Stowe. It is absurd, too, that Mr. Beecher should have gone to Mr. Butler, and that, too, by agreement with Dr. Parker, as the latter admits, for his approval of the letters in their present form, when Dr. Parker "could never have been induced to sign them as they were, or to accept of Mrs. Stowe's letter as satisfactory." This fact is enough to put the question at rest forever.

5. Another remarkable item of evidence on the point in issue has recently been furnished by Dr. Parker himself in his letter to Professor Stowe of June 9th, and which had been overlooked until a copy of it was published by him. This letter seems to have been written shortly after the interview with Mr. Beecher. (At least Dr. Parker claims this, and probably correctly; but, if so, there is a mistake in the date, as the interview occurred on the 10th of June, and the letter is dated the day before.) In it he says: "Your very kind note of the 7th has just come to hand. But an hour before receiving it I had a friendly interview with the Rev. H. W. Beecher, *an interview that seems to me to promise an amicable arrangement.*" Now, let it be borne in mind that Dr. Parker has from the first been making an effort to get a satisfactory acknowledgment from Mrs. Stowe. He frequently uses the expression that all he demands is simple justice, to be set right before the public, and the like, showing that he was the party asking something of Mrs. Stowe, rather than Mrs. Stowe of him. In the interview with her brother, her card, offered by her as her ultimatum, and which she directed to have published without alteration if Dr. Parker did not accept it, had been, contrary to her directions, thrown aside and a correspondence substituted. This correspondence Dr. Parker (as we claim) approved, but it was wholly uncertain whether Mrs. Stowe would approve it, though highly probable that she would. It is accordingly sent to her with her brother's recommendation. Very soon after Dr. Parker writes the above letter to Prof. Stowe, and in it speaks of the interview as "seeming to promise an amicable arrangement." Now, what is this but the language of one expecting with some confidence a favorable conclusion, which he much desires, from another — of one waiting for something outward and independent of himself, rather than for a decision of his own mind? At any rate, it is at all the language of one who had already made up his mind that he could never be induced to sign the letters as they were, nor be satisfied with Mrs. Stowe's letter? Remember that it is not pretended that Mr. Beecher gave Dr. Parker any encouragement to expect any modification of the letters or any further concession. The question is pending with Mrs. Stowe whether she will adopt the letter written in her name. In

these circumstances Dr. Parker writes to her husband, not only that he hopes for an amicable arrangement from the interview, but that he "*desires nothing but the simplest and plainest justice*, and will not intentionally make a particle of unnecessary trouble." Is this the language of a man who had just come out of an interview with the feeling that he could never be induced to sign the letters as they were, and who does not pretend that any encouragement whatever had been given him that they would be modified, and who had just "told Mr. Beecher distinctly *that they must be modified*," or is it the language of a man who is in a good humor and is waiting in confident expectation for the assent of the other party to terms of settlement already acceded to by him — that settlement having long been an object of desire and pursuit, and now so nearly and probably attained?

So much for the evidence furnished by the conduct of the parties, and by the probabilities of the case, which, as the parties contradict one another and Mr. Butler's letter throws no light on the question (since his expectation that the letters would be further passed upon by Dr. Parker was grounded, as is admitted, only on his own conjecture, and not on anything said by Mr. Beecher), is the only reliable evidence in the case. But it is said that Dr. Parker *could have had no motive* for denying the letters if he had in fact approved them, and that this absence of motive is a strong fact in his favor. On this point we will say a few words.

1. The inquiry after the motives is generally important in cases like the present; but the absence of any discovered or plausibly-conjectured motive is never sufficient to disprove a fact that is sufficiently proved by other evidence, nor to warrant the conclusion that some secret and unsuspected motive may not have existed.

2. If no motive can be discovered, then this fact must be simply set off against the absence of all conceivable motive on the part of Mr. Beecher for the conduct with which he is charged.

3. We can suggest the following as a possible motive: It would be an object with Dr. Parker, for the sake of enhancing damages in his suit, to make the injury received appear as aggravated as possible. Nothing would serve this purpose better than to convict Mrs. Stowe and her brother (acting as her agent) of this fraud. We can see at once that if Dr. Parker had succeeded in proving these letters a forgery, and then had gone on with his suit, this inexcusable wrong would have added immensely to his damages. Every lawyer knows this to be a common artifice of unscrupulous litigants. But we think Dr. Parker incapable of such deliberate villainy as this, and suggest it only to show that a motive strong enough may be conjectured with some plausibility. The real explanation we think to be the following:

4. The interview, Dr. Parker says, was a friendly one, and Mr. Beecher says that they were in the best humor. Both parties were

sincerely desirous of a settlement, and Dr. Parker was willing, with Christian magnanimity, to accept of easy terms. He is in a persuasible mood. Mr. Beecher, as thousands can attest, is a little magnetic in his influence. In these circumstances Dr. Parker, perhaps unwarily, assents, but fully assents, to the letters which he now disapproves and disavows. He is satisfied, and thinks no more of the matter till they are published. When the letters appear, his friends (some of them maliciously disposed toward the other party) express their surprise that he could have assented to such a settlement.

As illustrations of the mode in which his friends probably "dealt" with him, we would cite the following: The *Christian Observer* of Philadelphia, in an editorial under date of October 2, 1852, says: "We read the letters with amazement! We were surprised that Dr. Parker should permit Mrs. Stowe or any one 'to set' him 'right before the public' in the style of Mrs. S.'s letter, or that he should ever ask to be 'allowed' to publish such a letter." The *New York Observer*, in an editorial under date of October 7th, says: "The publication of these letters took the friends of Dr. Parker by surprise. Many had feelings of profound contempt for a man who could sign himself 'yours, with unabated esteem,' for a woman who had pursued the course of Mrs. Stowe," etc.*

Dr. Parker could not but be affected by such opinions from his friends.

He at once tells them that he did not fully assent to the letters, — expected some modification of them, — had no idea that they would be

*Lest the foregoing paragraph should be misunderstood, I add a word of explanation. These extracts are from papers of later date than Dr. Parker's denial to Professor Stowe of any authority given Mr. Beecher to publish the letter. I refer to them only as showing the feeling of his friends as they read the two letters published by Mr. Beecher, and which they undoubtedly expressed freely to him when they met him. There were undoubtedly comments of the same general character in the New York papers at the time, but I did not, when I wrote the article, take the trouble to look them up. There can be no doubt that he at once encountered severe criticism from his friends, for what they regarded as his pusillanimity in signing the letter. All this must have operated on his mind, and led him a few days later to write Professor Stowe as he did. Mrs. Stowe's reply, leaving the whole matter to her brother to deal with, led Dr. Parker to postpone all action in the matter, as Mr. Beecher had gone West and would not return for several weeks. When finally he did return, Dr. Parker, instead of communicating with him, after a while published a card, disavowing the letter and denying Mr. Beecher's authority in the matter. This brought the matter before the public, and it was at once taken up and commented on by all the public papers, as we see it to have been by the extracts I have given from papers of October 2d and 7th. The legal argument of Mr. Butler, Dr. Parker's counsel, appeared in the *New York Observer* of October 14th.

published till he had seen them again, etc. He dwells on this thought till he brings himself almost, perhaps quite, to believe it, and finally gets committed fully to this assertion, and so has to stand by it now. This supposition accounts perfectly for what must have seemed to most people an unaccountable fact, namely: that he did not at once come out with a card disavowing the correspondence. His letter to Professor Stowe of June 30th, six days after the publication, in which he says that he does not like to do this, as they may have been published by mistake, furnishes no sufficient explanation, as he could have stated this in his card, thus correcting his own position before the public and charging no impropriety on the other party. Especially would he have done this when Mrs. Stowe referred him in reply to her brother, who was to be absent for several weeks longer, during which time the error could not be corrected unless in this inoffensive manner by himself. This is the more striking when we consider that he finally gave the matter publicity in the worst possible form, without ever having ascertained whether they were published by an innocent mistake, when he knew that Mr. Beecher's failure to write him on his return might be owing to forgetfulness, or possibly to the neglect of Mrs. Stowe to communicate with him on the subject. It seems to us that he wrote to Professor Stowe, thinking that Mrs. Stowe, not informed of the particulars of the interview with her brother, and not able to ascertain them easily in his absence, would probably at once, under her husband's advice and in a spirit of conciliation, agree on a revocation of the letters, and a public card to that effect, explaining the matter as a misunderstanding, and that Mr. Beecher, on his return, would not think it worth while to disturb the arrangement. But her reference of the matter to her brother—the very man whom he wished to avoid, and of whose absence he was attempting to avail himself—completely defeated this object. This explains why he did not follow up the matter with Mr. Beecher on his return, but preferred to leave himself in (what he regarded as) a false and mortifying position before the public for two months longer rather than to meet him on the subject. It is true he had reason to expect a communication from Mr. Beecher; but in such a position Dr. Parker would not be very likely to stand on ceremony, or wait long for such a communication. If conscious of being in the right, he would have gone at once to Mr. Beecher. Thus the matter stands,—Dr. Parker all the while reluctant to take it in hand till the unwise eagerness of his friends gets it before the public, and he is thrown into a necessity of abandoning his indecision and assuming boldly his present attitude.

We sincerely believe this explanation of Dr. Parker's conduct to be the true one. But, if we are mistaken, it does not affect our previous argument.

Mrs. Stowe a few days afterward sent me this note:

DEAR JOHN:— I have just read your defense of Henry against Dr. Parker's charge. It is the best piece of bricklaying I ever knew. I cannot thank you enough for it.

Affectionately,

H. B. S.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY'S 50TH BIRTHDAY.

Miss Anthony became fifty years old on the 15th day of February, 1870. She had for many years been devoted to the cause of woman suffrage and a leader in the movement, and had had the earnest sympathy and aid of my wife in that service. A Mrs. Phelps of New York city, a lady of wealth and culture, was a strong friend of her personally and of her cause, and gave an elegant reception to her and her friends on the occasion. My wife left home to attend it at noon on the day before, stopping at New Haven over night, and getting to Mrs. Phelps's house about ten the next forenoon. I was intending to devote the 14th to some important and absorbing law work in my study at home, and had just got fairly started upon it in the forenoon when my wife came in with the earnest request that I would write some humorous lines for her to read at the reception. She had an unbounded faith in my power to turn off such lines on almost any subject and upon very short notice. With a great desire to please her, I pushed my law papers aside and appealed for inspiration to the muses. Alas, my appeal was in vain. My mind was so possessed by the law matter that had got rightful possession of it that I found it useless to try to break away, and especially to escape into the field of fancy, and finally went back to my law. Just before dinner my wife looked in to see what I had written, when I had to tell her of my total failure. She was greatly disappointed, but accepted what seemed the inevitable, and after dinner went to the railroad station to take passage for New Haven. After she had gone I went back to my law, but felt so much touched by her disappointment, and by her look of half reproach, that I found no attraction in my law, and, finding that if I could send her a poem by the six o'clock mail it would get to New York just in season for her to find it on her arrival at Mrs. Phelps's the next morning, I went to work with a will to accomplish this very

gratifying result. I had my son, then a lad of fifteen, hold himself ready to run in to the post-office with it, and by half-past five I had written and copied the poem, and he posted it in season for the evening mail, and the next morning my wife, to her great surprise and gratification, found it waiting for her when she got to Mrs. Phelps's. The poem was read by her at the reception, was exceedingly well received, and was afterwards printed in a periodical which Miss Anthony published. It would hardly be worth inserting here, but for the circumstances which give it a picturesque framing, and a place among the pleasant reminiscences of my life. Here are the lines:

FOR THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF S. B. A., FEBRUARY 15, 1870.

- What! Fifty years! Who would have guessed it!
 You shouldn't, Susan, have confessed it.
 Yet so it must be. Fifty years
 Have smiled their sunshine, wept their tears,
 Since, cold with frost and white with snow,
 With wintry winds the news to blow,
 The earth gave welcome, glad yet wild,
 To thee, her own prophetic child.
 Were there no portents, no wild throes
 Of nature, fifty years ago?
 No quakes of earth, no clash of stars,
 As earth received our maiden Mars?
 Ah none there were; yet I feel sure
 Thy Quaker mother, calm, demure,
 Wondered sometimes at thy unrest,
 And feared thou wert a babe unblest.
 She thought 'twas stomach-ache, it may be,
 Or other common ill of baby,
 And little dreamed what thou wert dreaming,
 Nor weened what thou, unweaned, wert scheming.
 Ah, fearless Susan, even then
 Thou saw'st in dreams us horrid men —
 Our laws made only for aggression,
 Thy gentle sex in sad repression,
 The boys unlovely, girls unloved;
 No wonder thy young heart was moved,
 And that thou vow'dst an infant vow,
 Which thou has kept from then till now,
 To keep us savage men indicted
 Until that dreadful wrong was righted.

Susan, thou well that vow hast kept ;
 No nun in lonelier cell e'er slept ;
 On lonely ways thy walk thou'st taken ;
 All common earthly joys forsaken ;
 — Sweet home, to none more dear than thee,
 The charm of prattling infancy,
 All that thy loving heart could bless,
 Thy heart of rarest tenderness.

Well, Susan, thy success is sure ;
 No hoary wrong can long endure,
 When faith and courage such as thine
 Are consecrate on such a shrine.
 Thy faith and courage shall prevail
 Against our jointed coats of " male,"
 And we shall find how great the blunder
 We didn't long ago go under,
 And (gospel lovers) help displace
 The reign of *law* for that of *grace*.

That time will come ; may I be there to see.
 That time will come ; and there may Susan B.

THE GREAT ROTHSCHILD AT PARIS.

In the summer of 1857 I spent several weeks in Paris, and while there went with a lady friend to St. Germain. On our way back we stopped at Meudon, for the purpose of visiting the tomb of Josephine at Rueil, about two miles from Meudon, an omnibus running there from the station. On our way back there sat next me in the omnibus a portly man of about sixty, whose features were of a decidedly Hebrew cast, who, seeing that I was a stranger, very politely pointed out to me one and another object of interest on our way. He spoke very good English. On arriving at the station an official at the gate refused to allow my companion and myself to go through upon our tickets, stating in his rapid French some objections that I could not understand, and in my poor French could not persuade him out of, the point being apparently that we ought not to have stopped on our through tickets without some memorandum from the conductor. In the emergency I thought of my Hebrew friend, who was near, and applied to him. He went with me to the gate-keeper and before he had hardly spoken the gate was opened and we were let in with a very deferential

bow from the gate man. I turned and thanked the Hebrew gentleman and we passed in. While we were waiting in the station for the train to come along a lady, who had witnessed the proceeding, said to my lady companion, "Do you know who that gentleman is who got you in?" She said she did not. "Why (said she), that is the great Rothschild." So I had had, to negotiate my little matter with the gate-keeper, the great financier to whom kings and emperors go in their straits.

REV. DR. BURTON.

It has been a great felicity of my life to have known Nathaniel J. Burton. He was my pastor at Hartford for many years, and during most of that time I was one of his deacons. I have never in my life heard the English language used with such elegance and power. His vocabulary was so full and rich that he could take his choice as he wrote of all the available words of the language, and never failed to use that word which, above every other, even in the finest shades of meaning, fitted his purpose. He was a man of a strong, deep nature, inclined to self-depreciation, and sometimes to depression, but wonderfully open to inspiration, and rising under it to the highest range of thought and speech. He was also one of the most delightful of companions, with a marvelous faculty of narration and characterization. He and his wife were members of our family for nearly two years. During this time we had at table a perpetual flow of humor, to which Mrs. Burton contributed, she being one of the brightest and wittiest of women. He was especially felicitous in narrating his own experiences and observations, but never was a mere story-teller. That part of our table or evening entertainment usually and unfortunately fell to me; but his contribution as a hearty laugh did more for the general amusement than any story-telling could do, for it was of that infectious kind that invariably put the table in a roar. Any one coming in while he was in a hearty laugh would find himself laughing with us in spite of himself, without having any idea what we were laughing at. Nothing could exceed the hilarious times that we had together. A stranger, certainly a sanctimonious one, would have had his doubts whether such an inclination to hilarity was consistent

with the deep, earnest religious thought and feeling that after all was the predominating feature of his life, and I trust was not wholly wanting in mine. I can see no such inconsistency.

He was a man of the greatest tenderness of heart, and was especially fond of little children. He could hardly pass a baby wagon in the street without stopping to look at the baby and often to talk to it. His manner at baptisms and at the funerals of little children seemed like the infinite tenderness of the divine heart.

In the spring of 1867 I went to Florida with him, going by a sailing vessel to Savannah and returning by a steamer from Charleston. We were gone about six weeks, and in an account of his tour, which he gave his people at an evening meeting, he spoke of it as the pleasantest tour he had ever taken. Afterwards, in 1872, we traveled in Europe together for several months. Nothing could exceed his agreeableness as a traveling companion. He took in the sentiment of things everywhere and was filled with it—the vastness and restlessness of the ocean, the grandeur of the Alps, the picturesque quaintness of old English streets and by-ways, their historical associations, and the places where great events had occurred, especially great events of patriotism and courage and self-sacrifice. I never knew a man more easily and profoundly affected by these things, and he was constantly increasing by them his rich store of material for his sermons and addresses. He was very sensitive to the moods of nature and nobody had such an ear for its voices. I have known him to sit an hour in the woods with a friend, while neither spoke to the other, and at the end of the hour say — “What a good time we have had.”

With all his wonderful power of speech and writing, there was yet in him a degree of inertia that constantly made him put off the preparation of his public addresses until he felt the irresistible pressure of an absolute necessity, and then he would arouse himself and astonish his friends by his power of execution. This is really a not uncommon quality of genius. When passing a pleasant evening with congenial friends (and nobody enjoyed such occasions more), he seemed unwilling to break away, and, if left to himself, would chat for half the night, forgetful of parochial and pulpit claims upon him, and with full knowledge that he must pay for the luxury by super-

human effort by and by. Some of his greatest successes were accomplished under such a strain, when the case seemed almost a desperate one. Many illustrations of this habit and quality could be given, but a single one will suffice. At the Yale College commencement in 1870, he was appointed by the General Association of Connecticut to deliver at the next commencement the sermon known as the *Concio ad Clerum*, the subject, always prescribed, being in this case some branch of the Sabbath question. Another clergyman was, in accordance with' custom, appointed as his substitute. The following college year had nearly reached its end and the next commencement was less than two weeks off, and he had not put pen to paper in the preparation of his expected sermon. When now he saw the time for its delivery so near at hand, he felt as if he could not undertake to write it, and sent a letter to the secretary of the association at New Haven, requesting him to notify his substitute of the fact. The secretary wrote him that it would not do at so late an hour to throw the duty on his substitute, and that they must rely on him for it. This was while he was a member of our family, and my wife and I had done what we could to persuade him to undertake it, but without success. We pressed him all the harder on the receipt of the secretary's letter, but it got to be the Friday night before the Monday evening, when the sermon was to be delivered, and he had not yet begun upon it. At last he said that if we would get a supply for his pulpit the following Sunday he would devote that day to writing it. My wife said at once that she would set out the next morning to find a supply. She took a carriage Saturday morning, and, before noon, came back with the report that she had secured two clergymen for the purpose. Still Mr. Burton did not feel in the spirit of work, and did not begin till Sunday morning. He then sat down to it and wrote all day. The next day (Monday) he wrote till noon, then took the train to New Haven, and all the afternoon wrote in his room at the hotel; and in the evening he delivered a magnificent discourse, before a full house of clergymen, who gathered around him at the close of the services to tell him of their admiration. Among others, Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon hurried up and said, "Why, Burton, where have you been all these years, that we haven't known more about you?" It was spoken of throughout the state as a

wonderful performance. It was long, and easily made two sermons, which he afterwards delivered in his own pulpit.

I have called him Mr. Burton up to this point. He, soon after, received a doctorate of divinity from some college, I forget what one. No degree was ever more worthily bestowed.

I have spoken of his remarkable vocabulary and of the elegance and power of his language. I cannot forbear to give my readers a specimen of it by a brief extract from his address on the death of Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, a mighty man among the Congregational clergy of Connecticut. It was delivered before the General Association in 1882, and is to be found in the published volume of Dr. Burton's "Yale Lectures and other Writings," at page 441. It is as follows:

It has been said that falling in love amounts to a liberal education, and I put it down, therefore, as the first thing wherein I was profoundly beholden to this man, that he furnished me an object on which to pour myself forth in a practically unlimited way. In my judgment the principal thing in the world is its men and its women. Great and dear is this green month of June; great the overarch of heavenly blue; great the careering night with its embellishment of stars; great and solemn the outstretch of astronomic spaces; great, and also bewitching, that everlasting march and miscellany of phenomena which constitutes our environment here. Nevertheless, let the heart speak, and the greatest interest in God's whole round of fascinations is the people. Multitudes of them I have never gotten hold of in any visible way; but I take a sense of them stretching away beyond my horizon, and I have a feeling of their company present and to come. Many of them to whom I do have access are not superfinely made up, but, then, no more am I; so that they and I have a good deal of mutuality, and I humbly look for more; but among the many of all sorts who constitute the grand total of mankind, there emerges now and then some bulky personage,—bulky and balanced and supreme, and full of the very energy of God, in whom is summed and typified the scattered potentialities of man; so that the rest of us spontaneously take him up and point to him, saying: "There we are; there play our thoughts, orderly and beautiful; there moves our majesty; there shine we at our best; there is told forth the ultimate stature of man on earth." . . .

We look to young men for these hero-worshippers in the main, but a number of times in my later years I have found myself caught in the same gracious fury; and I have always been grateful to Dr. Bacon that he was born of such a sire, and so diligently amplified himself as his many years went on, and built himself up so four-square, proportionate,

and solid in character, and, withal, made so few mistakes, that I could dwell upon him in my heart with more than contentment, could fire up over him on occasion in a total conflagration of good feeling, and can contemplate him now in his completed life as one looks back to some old-time masterpiece, some picture, some poem, some cathedral, some oratorio. Oratorio I say, for a well-rounded and true life is really a musical product; it touches us as melodies touch us; it has in it the secret law of harmonies; it coasts the infinite, as all great music does; it takes diverse ranges of expression, and it is an organized unit of life most impressive and delightful to the beholders.

Dr. Burton spent a year in Europe in 1868 and 1869. While abroad he wrote a series of letters to one of our Hartford papers, which were read with great interest by his many friends, and extracts from which were printed in the volume of his "Yale Lectures and other Writings," from which I have already quoted. I cannot give a better idea of his pleasant style of narration, with pen or tongue, than by inserting a paragraph from one of those letters telling of a night that he spent with a Catholic priest at Zermatt on the Swiss mountains. He had walked alone from Visp to Zermatt, about twelve miles. He seems, as he entered Zermatt, to have had the company of a German, who could talk a little English, or to have fallen in with him there. It was now Saturday evening in the month of October.

Arriving at Zermatt just at nightfall, I found the two hotels closed and nailed up for the season, and the rest of Zermatt nothing but log huts and the like, where cows hold the parlors and spare rooms and a man holds up where he can. It was Saturday night, too, and my German kindly informed me (for German is the language of that region) that no one in the place spoke English; and I knew to a certainty that I did not speak German. So much for traveling in the Alps in October. However, under a certain inspiration, I happened to think of the Catholic priest, and remembering that that class do not ordinarily have a very numerous wife and family, so that their homes are not very overrunning, and remembering with what care they hunt a soul among the mountains, I considered it not unlikely that the Zermatt father would take me in for a single night. So I said "Priest" to my German, and he led the way to the rectory, and went in and told my story, I following and standing in mute appeal while he did it. Whether it was his German or my face, or a special providence, I do not certainly know; but the round-faced good father motioned to me with smiles that he would accept me, and I then motioned with smiles that I would accept him. So I sat down, and

after a considerable period of silence, his silence being conducted in German and mine in English, I took from my pocket three little lexicons (German, French, and English), which I always carry with me in these foreign countries, and tumbled them down before him in hopes that he would find something in them that he could say. After a few minutes' search he looked hard at me and said: "Coffee?" I shook my head for "No." In the course of five minutes more of search, he faced me again and said: "Eggs?" I said "No," and then proceeded to shake my head steadily for the next three minutes, which he soon understood to signify that I did not want anything at all. So that was settled. Pretty soon, and after a little skirmishing, I pointed to myself and said, "Priest." He evidently thought I lied. Then I pointed to myself and said, "American priest"; but he looked me over, and didn't find the proper ear-marks of any sort of priest, and was not a bit moved by what I had said. He knew I was an impostor. His face showed that that was his opinion of me. It was unfortunate that I had used the word "priest" perhaps. At last I raised my voice, pointed to myself the third time, and said, "Protestant priest"; and instantly he sprang to his feet and took my hand, and shook it in a prolonged and cordial manner. We had now reached open sailing; so I took out my passport, written in French, which he could understand, and gave it to him, and thus he got my name and exact place of residence, and a general assurance that I amounted to something. From that we went on the whole evening talking through the lexicon, and gesturing and laughing when we failed altogether to understand each other, his housekeeper, a powerful woman, pausing occasionally in the middle of the floor as she passed through to witness the show. At last I started for bed, assuring him by pointing to the figure 6 on my watch that I should leave for St. Nikolaus at that hour in the morning, and saying to him that he would be in bed by pointing to his bed standing there in the room, and laying down my head in my hand and shutting my eyes. And as I thought I might not see him in the morning, I filled my hand with coin and extended it to him open, that he might take what he liked. He hesitated, and took a single piece. But I still held it out, and he took one more. Then I shut it, thinking the fun had gone far enough, — just far enough. I slept well enough in his little house, all browned by the weather, with brown boards inside, and great stones on the roof, and the fairest of white curtains to keep Matterhorn and the rest of them from looking right into my face while I was asleep; and in the early morning, after giving him my card and taking his, I put out into the cold and windy valley, he following me to the gate with his prayer-book in his hand (as his little church in the yard was already calling him and his villagers to early prayer), and bidding me adieu several times over; I liking him, and he, I hope, liking me; I having testified of my confidence in him by appealing to him in my necessity, and he hav-

ing signified his confidence in me by opening to me his doors; he thinking me a poor heretic, I suppose, and I thinking him one, though I thought he was a good-looking one, and did not care a brass farthing, in fact, whether he was a heretic or not just at the moment when I felt the pressure of his kindly hand in farewell, and as I took a final look at the chimney of his old house as I went over the hill. I'm afraid the fellow will get into heaven in spite of his Catholicism; and Zermatt, being fifty-five hundred feet above the level of the sea, he is about half-way there now. The other half will be the tug for him; but he'll make it, I'm inclined to think.

Mr. Burton died on the 13th day of October, 1887, in the 62d year of his age. He has left no mourner, outside of his immediate family, to whom his death brought a greater bereavement and a more abiding sorrow than it brought to me.

I find in the volume of his addresses the following fragment, with no explanation of the occasion of its being written or in what connection. I take it to be a soliloquy of some intense mood in his later years. It makes a fitting conclusion of this notice of my deep-souled friend.

Heaven is rest and joy, and it requires the heart to interpret that and grasp its immeasurable meaning. Oh! when I am tired; when my body is unstrung and my soul is jaded, and my hopes flag and my ambitions flicker in their socket; when the night does not refresh me, and the morning does not cheer me; when the song of birds is heavy music, and all the trees of the field seem chastened, and the brooks are weary and creep and gurgle and lament; when the beauty of women is vanity to my eyes, and I can see no dignity in the faces of men; when the friends of my youth are scattered and dead, and my eyes are evermore striving to look beyond the distant horizon as for some country far away; when long-gone forms crowd my memory, — the young, the old, the beautiful, the reverend; when my sympathies are pensive and retrospective, and I live with the dead whom I knew more than with the living whom I know; when the winds complain and sob at my casement all the day; when the love and the hate, and the efforts and delights of men seem small and empty, — oh! when I am tired, and sad, and worn out, I know what is intended by the promise of rest and joy in heaven.

CAPT. BAKER.

In the early summer of 1867 Rev. Dr. Burton and I fell in with Capt. Obed Baker, who was master of a bark in which we sailed from New York to Savannah. Dr. Burton, as I have stated in the last chapter, was my pastor, and we were very intimate friends. After his death, in the fall of 1887, I wrote for one of our Hartford papers an account of our voyage with Capt. Baker, and of my later acquaintance with him. The whole was a very pleasant experience on my part, and I can not do better than insert entire the article as it appeared.

About twenty years ago Dr. Burton and the writer went to Florida together, being gone about six weeks. We went by sailing-ship from New York to Savannah, being ten days on the passage, it being a part of our object to have the voyage. The captain of the vessel was a Cape Cod man, about forty-five years old, who had followed the sea from his boyhood, and was now a fine specimen of a thorough sailor. He had at first been unwilling to take us, as he did not usually carry passengers, and doubted whether he could make us comfortable; but he yielded to our urging, and we found our accommodations very satisfactory. The captain was very attentive to us. He was fond of telling stories and of hearing them, and we spent many hours with him in that beguiling occupation. He held perfect command of his crew without ever being boisterous, and, though not at all a religious man, he was free from the habit of profanity that is so common among seamen. We judged him to be a man of respectable life, and he was greatly attached to his wife and children, whose photographs he took much pleasure in showing us.

The second day out we suggested to the captain that, as one of us was a clergyman and the other a deacon, we have a blessing asked at our meals. He readily acceded to it. There were four of us at table,—the captain and mate, and Mr. Burton and myself, we being the only passengers. Each meal for the rest of the voyage was prefaced by a "grace." Our third day out was Sunday, and we proposed to the captain that we have a religious service on the quarter deck, to which the crew should be invited. He cheerfully acquiesced. So the crew was called aft, and the captain and mate attended with them. Mr. Burton read a chapter in the Bible and made a prayer, and I then gave the sailors a fifteen-minutes' talk. I had in my youth spent nearly two years upon the ocean, and was able to talk to them in the vernacular of the sea. The second Sunday we had a like service.

After reaching Savannah we spent two days on shore, and before we left went back to the vessel to take leave of the captain, to whom we had become really attached. In our talk with him he said that he had enjoyed

our company greatly, and that if either of us desired to go with him again to any part of the world where he was bound, he would be glad to take us for the mere cost of our board. We, in closing, told him of the great interest we felt in him, and appealed to him, with an earnestness that came from the depths of our hearts, to become a religious man. He thanked us for our kindly interest, but I could not see that much impression was made upon him.

I did not see the captain again for two years or more, when I met him in the street in New York. He seemed greatly pleased to meet me, inquired after Mr. Burton, and told me he was having a new bark built, of which he was to own a share, and in which he had had two commodious state-rooms constructed for passengers that would always be open to us. He added that they should probably have to name the vessel after a person who had taken the largest share in it; but that, if he did not insist upon it, he should call it the "N. J. Burton." As a matter of fact, the vessel had finally to take the name of the principal owner.

I heard nothing more of our captain until three or four years later, when, on inquiring at the shipping office in New York where he always reported, I learned that, in the general collapse of our shipping interests, he had lost all he had, that the vessel had been sold to pay its debts, and that he had gone back to his home on Cape Cod. I at once wrote him there, and got the following reply:

"DEAR FRIEND HOOKER:—Yours is at hand. I was glad to hear from you. I am happy to say that I am in good health. I should be very glad to see you at any time you can make it convenient to come this way. I have thought of our passage often, and the agreeable company I had with me. Please give my love to Mr. Burton. If I ever come that way I shall take particular pains to see him and hear him preach.

"In relation to my worldly affairs: I went to sea until I lost all I had, and more than all I owned, as I was responsible for the gain or loss on one-half of the bark. The interest and the insurance, with the dull times for vessels, ran me out. I came home and settled up my affairs, and have nothing. I shall be forced to go to sea again if I can get a vessel, which it is not easy to get without money to buy an interest.

"However, I do not complain. Before I left the sea, about two-thirds the way across the Atlantic bound to Gibraltar,—the time and place I never shall forget,—I found a rich Father, the owner of the cattle on a thousand hills. Through the riches of His grace I was led to the only true source of peace and happiness, in being born again through our Lord Jesus Christ, to be washed from all sin by the shedding of His blood. And God in His love has kept me at the cross from that time to this, for my own good and His glory. You know all I would say on this subject. It is a story that never can be told in this world.

"Please write me when you get this.

"Yours, as ever,

OBED BAKER."

I wrote him at once, and promised to go and see him. The next summer I went to his Cape Cod home, and found him full of faith and peace. I stayed with him over night in his little cottage, which a savings bank was to take possession of in a few days under a mortgage

which he had no means of paying. He had borrowed the money to put into the vessel he had last commanded. I went almost wholly to hear him tell the story of his religious experience. It was a very interesting one. His disgust at a profane and irreligious passenger, the only one he had, drove him to reflection as to his own condition, and in the solitude of his state-room, and the wider solitude of the ocean, he prayed for light and guidance, and they were given him.

It must not be inferred that the captain's acquaintance with us had any determining influence upon his life. I have said that he was fond of his family; his wife was a pious Methodist. Many influences combine to produce such results. I am thankful if we contributed even a mite towards this one.

The captain never went to sea again. Our shipping interests were too depressed to offer him a place, and he had no money to buy one. He was unfortunate, too, in having had no experience in work ashore, except perhaps in some of those callings that are connected with shipping, and which then shared the depression of the latter. He died not long after, but died in unabated faith and peace.

Great souls I have no doubt pressed around Dr. Burton as he entered the spirit world; and when they had had ample time for their greeting, I feel sure that one modest, unassuming, but delighted spirit came up, and gave him a tearful and hearty welcome, and a sailor's grip of the hand.

THE DANSVILLE SANATORIUM.

I spent the summer of 1880 in Dr. Jackson's Cure at Dansville, in the state of New York. I needed rest and renovation, and found them there. I have rarely enjoyed a summer more. It was one of absolute idleness, which had generally been intolerable to me, and of very great social enjoyment, the other patients being very largely people of education and intelligence, and often clergymen and other professional men, and many among the women being teachers. There was an utter absence of all affectation or show, and we lived together in a very simple and unceremonious, yet very decorous way. Dr. Jackson, who started the establishment and had conducted it for many years, had had great success in dealing with the cases that came to him. He gave no medicine, but relied wholly on diet, baths, and massage. He was now quite old, and was just about to give up the care of the establishment to his son, the present Dr. Jackson, who, with his wife, a well-educated and experienced physician, and some other

medical aid, is now carrying it on. There was at this time a magazine, devoted to the matter of health, and called "The Laws of Life," published monthly by the institution, which had a large list of subscribers, made up mainly of old patients of the institution. The main building was three stories high, and about one hundred and fifty feet in length, and had now stood many years. Not far from it and connected with it by a covered passway, stood a modern building of considerable size, which contained a large hall, in which lectures were delivered and public meetings held, and where a chaplain, kept by the institution, preached every Sunday, or procured some clerical patient to preach. A prayer-meeting was held there every Thursday afternoon, and once a month a meeting of all the patients in what was called a "Health Convention," at which one and another told of his progress in health, the speeches frequently running into the humorous and giving us generally a very entertaining hour. At one of these conventions a refined young lady from Brooklyn, N. Y., told how she came two years before completely broken down in health from fashionable living, and had now grown to be the vigorous woman which we saw her to be. She had not been home during the two years, and told us how her sisters would probably turn her around and comment sarcastically on her large waist. But she said she was glad it was so large in spite of their criticism. When she sat down I made a short speech, in the course of which I begged our friend who had just spoken to remember for her comfort that it was Judas Iscariot who said, "Wherefore is this great waste?" The family met every morning for family prayers, which were attended by nearly all the patients, and were very pleasantly conducted, all who felt disposed taking their turn in presiding. The patients generally were people of moderate means, earning their living in the world, and were almost all progressive thinkers and earnest in moral purpose. No fashionable people came there, none of the sort that frequent Newport and Saratoga, and make an offensive show of their money and pride; but it was a society that I enjoyed beyond any other that I had met with in any place of public resort. I ought to state that many old patients, now in health, came back to enjoy a summer's rest there, while often with an invalid came a husband, or a wife,

or a daughter, as a companion, making a large proportion of our family mere summer visitors, but of a most congenial sort. I made here some friendships, especially among women whom I met there, that I shall always cherish.

Two years after I left the institution, the main building, which, as I have said, was built of wood and quite old, was burned to the ground, the occupants all escaping, but very little of value being saved. By great effort Liberty Hall was saved, and a meeting was the same day held in it, in which the old doctor made a ringing speech, declaring that the Cure would certainly rise out of the ruins in new beauty and strength. Notice of the fire was published far and wide, in some of which the familiar term applied to such a fire, "gone up," was used. I at once wrote the following verses and sent them to Dr. Jackson, and they were printed in the next number of the "Laws of Life," which was devoted to an account of the fire and to friendly communications received from old friends of the institution. They were as follows:

GONE UP, JUNE 26, 1882.

"Gone up," dear old Cure, in the clutches dire
 Of the fiery dragon ;
 As Elijah went up with his steeds of fire
 And flame-wrapt wagon.

You had seen the old Doctor grow old and retire,
 And you must go too ;
 So you burned yourself up on a funeral pyre,
 Like a widowed Hindoo.

Old home of the best sanitarian science !
 You dear old rookery !
 We mourn for you gone, with your many appliance
 For common sense cookery.

We mourn you for all your dear old memories
 Of a life ideal ;
 And for all your hate for nonsensical flummeries,
 And things false and unreal.

But stands the old hall, of free-speaking fame,
 The ruins among ;
 The maddened sweep of the greedy flame
 Could not silence her tongue.

And from her goes forth no word of gloom,
 But a trumpet voice,
 That declares the dry bones in living bloom
 Shall again rejoice.

For thou, dear old building, wert only the shell
 Of the grand old Cure ;
 The child has not breathed that shall hear its knell,
 Nor the oak in the acorn begun to swell
 That shall longer endure.

Before October, 1893, a massive and capacious fireproof building of brick had been erected in the place of the burned buildings, and the first day of that month was assigned for a meeting of the friends of the institution for its dedication. The new building was much larger on the ground than the old one, was five stories high, and was supplied with every modern convenience for such a cure. I attended the meeting for its dedication, and read some lines which I had hastily prepared, and which I thought appropriate and reasonably entertaining. They were an address to Hygeia, the Goddess of Health. The meeting was largely attended, and many interesting and some very entertaining speeches were made. I was assigned for the late afternoon, and was immediately preceded by a Dr. Whitaker, who spoke of the importance of making the institution a pre-eminently Christian one, and closed by declaring that, "We come here to dedicate this new building to God and not to the heathen Goddess of Health." My name was called and I arose to do the very thing that Dr. Whitaker had just been reprobating. I stated the subject of my poem and prefaced the reading of it by begging the audience to take my heathenism in a Pickwickian sense, or else to remember that we were in Liberty Hall, where even a heathen had a right to be heard. My lines were as follows:

TO HYGEIA, THE GODDESS OF HEALTH.

Fair Goddess, who on Eden once descended,
 Thou should'st thenceforth with human life have blended ;
 But blundering Adam had a dreadful fall,
 That, spraining all his joints, has lamed us all.
 And now our lives are one perpetual moan ;

Indeed, we hear "the whole creation groan";
 Man's but a bundle of sore ills and woes,
 All through, from top of head to tip of toes;
 His eyes are made half useless by myopia,
 His crowded toes a perfect cornucopia;
 His knees are shaky and his back in pain,
 His nose is sneezy and befogged his brain;
 His liver strikes, and takes a surly rest,
 His stomach joins the strike and won't digest;
 His temper grows suspicious and splenetic;
 His troubled dreams are all of woe prophetic;
 His bloom of face is half consumption's hectic,
 And at his best he's but a sour dyspeptic.
 Dreadful these woes, yet ages has he had 'em,
 On thy account, thou wretched father Adam;
 And Eve's as well, for she, thine own *derivative*,
 Begun by breaking God's command prohibitive.

But thou, Hygeia, hast great gifts for men,
 And we would woo thee back to earth again;
 For thine abode this palace we have reared,
 On this fair hill, so long to thee endeared;
 Here where thy Prophet toiled so long and late,
 His life to thy high service consecrate;
 Here where, sustained by truth and iron will,
 He fought for thee, and stands thy champion still.

All honor to the brave and grand old Doctor!
 No pill inventor, nor of drugs concocter;
 Who found his remedies in nature's wealth,
 And to a code reduced the laws of health;
 And made his title as a prophet sure
 By wonders wrought, by miracles of cure;
 And when wise ignorance smiled and grew satirical,
 And sneered at all his methods as empirical,
 He only added miracle to miracle.
 In this grand pile be double honors blent;
 Hygeia's palace and his monument.

And where in all the wide world can be shown
 A spot more worthy, for Hygeia's throne?
 Where could her palace on a lovelier scene
 Outlook, than on these meadows broad and green?
 On what fair height could its fine majesty
 So well display itself to charm the eye?
 What hill e'er stood as guard o'er vale more sweet?

What vale e'er knelt at nobler guardian's feet?
 Not fairer fair Mt. Ida her watch kept
 Over old Troy that in her shadow slept ;
 Nor Mt. Cyllene o'er Arcadian Greece,
 Nor Athos o'er the Ægean Cyclades.

And then these woods, all up the ascending mount,
 With winding walks, and seats, and gushing fount ;
 Inviting all to take their clambering way
 Into their shade from out the garish day ;
 These woods, as lovely as a poet's dream,
 Worthy of Plato and his Academe ;
 Not old Parnassus, famed as Muses' haunt,
 Had charms that poet's verse could better vaunt.

For thee, thy hall, oh Goddess, in its pride
 Of strength and beauty, opes its portals wide ;
 Here come and for the centuries abide.
 Its walls no storm can shake nor fire consume ;
 Massive, it waits as for the final doom.
 Here, as the ripened ages pass away,
 Let earth be blessed by thy benignant sway.
 Banish the sins with which the earth is rife,
 And raise men to a purer, nobler life.
 Breathe o'er our troubled souls thine heavenly calm,
 Life's arid wastes shade like a shadowing palm,
 And for its moans, fill earth with an exultant psalm.

LOOSING THE ASS.

When I removed to Hartford my wife and I became members of the Fourth Congregational Church, of which Rev. William W. Patton was pastor. A few years later, about 1855, a Congregational church which had been organized in Chicago desired to obtain him as its pastor, and sent a committee to confer with him, and to lay the matter before the members of our church. Congregationalism had never been established in Chicago, and Mr. Patton was regarded as a very desirable clergyman for the enterprise. At the head of the committee was a Mr. G., a native of West Hartford, in this state, who went west in early life as a Congregational minister, but who had for many years been living in Chicago as a retired clergyman on a comfortable property left him by a brother. He was now old and not very vigorous, but full of earnestness in the

effort to establish a Congregational church there. Mr. Patton himself thought favorably of a removal to Chicago, but desired, as did the committee, that his church should fully approve of the arrangement. A meeting of the church was, therefore, called, and very largely attended, and was addressed by Mr. G., who told of their need of just such a man as Mr. Patton, and of the field as one of great usefulness for him. He spoke in an appealing and rather tremulous voice, and wound up by saying, "Brethren, you remember how, when our Lord was about to make his triumphant entry into Jerusalem, he sent forward two of his disciples for an ass that they would find tied, and just so he has sent us; and, as he told them, if they were asked why they loosed the ass, to say that the Lord had need of him; so say we."

It was fortunate that a literal application of the illustration to our good Mr. Patton was not generally thought of by the audience, else there would have been an outburst of laughter. As it was, I found it difficult not to lead off in one.

THE ONION-STEALER.

Mr. Henry Mygatt of Farmington, an old friend, called at my office in Hartford some thirty years ago, and while there I asked him to go over with me to the court-room across the way, where a trial for murder was going on. He did so, and we sat some half hour listening to the trial. I forget the name of the accused man. After we came out Mr. Mygatt said that he well remembered the man on trial, and told me this story:

The man lived in Wethersfield when he himself was a boy, that being his own birthplace, and was the mate of a small sloop that belonged in Wethersfield, and ran with cargoes of country produce to New York. His father let him go on the sloop on one of her trips to New York and back. He was about ten years old, and it was a novel and very interesting experience to him. The sloop was loaded with onions, tied up in strings, with a large onion at the bottom and tapering up to quite a small one at the top. When the cargo was taken out at the dock in New York the mate went below to pass the onions up through the hatch to a man on deck, who received them and passed them on to another. The mate, thinking

himself not observed, broke off the large onion on each string as it passed through his hands, and threw it into a large basket that he had behind him. The boy, however, was where he could see it all, and was astonished at the dishonesty of the mate, for he saw clearly that it was stealing, and of a very base kind, as the mate had charge of the cargo for the owners. The incident made a great impression on his mind, but his father soon after removed from Wethersfield, and he had never seen the mate since or known of his history, till he now saw him in the prisoners' dock on trial for murder. The man was convicted on his trial and sent to the State Prison.

I have often told this story in Sabbath-schools as an illustration of how little beginnings in crime lead finally to great crimes, and to the State Prison or the gallows; and as such an illustration it is worth preserving.

A SUMMER IN GUILFORD.

The summer of 1889 my wife and I spent at Nut Plains, an outer district of the town of Guilford, in this state, and about two miles from the village. The house was a large, hospitable-looking farm house, that was some hundred years old, and had been the home of the Foote family, in which Rev. Dr. Beecher found his first wife, and which now belonged to and was occupied by a descendant of the family. Great trees between the house and the street, and along the highway, gave the place an attractive look, and marked it as an old home of thrift and comfort. The Foote family was one of uncommon intelligence and refinement, and the large parlor with its great fireplace had been the scene of frequent and notable gatherings of interesting members of the family and their friends. The place was full of rich and inspiring associations.

Back of the old farm house and along the highway there lay a wide stretch of farm land, that in its better days had been highly cultivated and productive, but which now, in the less prosperous condition of farming interests, was still very inviting to the city wanderer, and was made picturesque by the flowing through it of a large brook, or small river, which crossed the street some twenty rods below the house, the ground gently descending to it, in which a boat was kept for the diversion of the family and its visitors, and which, where it

passed through the wide pasture higher up, made a place for the cows to wade in in a hot day, adding a charming feature to the landscape.

Our great enjoyment of the place and the people is well expressed in the following extract from a letter written by my wife near the close of the summer, to our daughter, then in Europe:

We have really had an ideal summer. The absolute peace of this country home and congenial household has been restful beyond measure, and to be able to wear a morning dress all day long, not expecting a call from one week's end to another, you can see for yourself what this must be. L——, the mother, is an uncommonly interesting woman; so graceful in form and motion that to see her pick beans and flowers alternately in her home garden, and cooking the one and arranging the other, both with deft hands, is a pastoral study; while our table chat with the Cambridge scholar and her bright young sister, the mother keeping up her part, is worthy of the old Nook Farm days. It is delightful to see how good blood tells. These Footes are a people by themselves in their literary accomplishments, their good sense and fine breeding, and this old homestead almost talks to you from its very walls of the days gone by. I never felt more sure of spirit companionship of the highest order, and your father thinks few parlors in all the land have gathered a more noble company. I do hope you can spend a month at Nut Plains some time, and read the autobiography of your grandfather Beecher on the spot where so much that is interesting in his life occurred.

While we were at the farm my wife wrote Mrs. Stowe of our enjoyment of the place, and told her how our little granddaughter, Isabel Hooker, who spent some time with us there, found constant delight in wandering over the fields, and especially in playing about the stream, and spoke of the pleasant memories that she herself must have of the place, as she in her childhood had often made long visits there. Mrs. Stowe's memory of later events was beginning to fail, but she had a clear recollection of incidents of her early life, and it was pathetic to observe how, as she lost her hold on present things, she dwelt with delight upon those which had impressed her in childhood. Soon after writing her my wife received from her the following letter:

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 14, 1889.

My precious Sister:

I have read your note over four times. I wish I could be with you in your pleasant visit at Nut Plains, where some of the most joyous days of

my childhood were spent. All the things that you mention I have done over and over again when I was a wild free young girl, and never got tired of doing them. The room I slept in for the most part was the first right-hand room as you get to the top of the front stairs ; the second was the spare chamber for company, where many long-remembered pleasant people lodged, among others a Miss Mary Caldwell, very beautiful, and very sweet and kind to me. The room directly facing the head of the stairs was Aunt Harriet's and Grandma's. It had two large comfortable beds for them. I sometimes slept with Aunt Harriet in her bed and always enjoyed it, as she kept me so nice and warm. Then there was the colored woman, Dine. She was a great friend of mine and we had many frolics together. She told me lots of stories and made herself very entertaining.

Then there was the graveyard on Sandy Hill, the other side of the river, where I often walked. It had a picket fence all around it then, with a gate, so that I could easily get in and read the inscriptions on the grave-stones.

Yes, I did enjoy all the things that you say Isabel enjoys, and enjoyed them to the full, especially throwing stones into the river from the bridge. Sometimes I varied this by throwing in chips and bits of paper, and watching their downward voyage.

Well, dear sister, I must close. When you come back no one will welcome you more warmly than

Your loving sister, HATTY.

My wife soon after wrote her brother, Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, then living in Brooklyn, New York, a long letter about our life at Nut Plains, and enclosed Mrs. Stowe's letter for him to read. He wrote the following letter in reply:

BROOKLYN, Aug. 22, 1889.

My dear Sister :

I have read your good long letter from Nut Plains with deep interest and thank you for it. It recalls vividly the scenes of my early childhood. At seven years of age I went there from Easthampton, L. I., and after that I went there again and again. But Grandmother, Aunt Harriet and Uncle George are there no more to greet me as of old ; they have gone to a better world. I recall as with present vision all the scenery to which you refer and the little river. I should be glad to see them again. So, too, the little graveyard rises before me and recalls past years and relatives.

I should be glad to attend the fifth semi-centennial of Guilford in September, and have been specially invited to come. What I shall do I have not decided.

All that sister Harriet says as to memories of the past at Nut Plains

expresses my own feelings. That mother Roxanna will be at the semi-centennial and an illustrious multitude with her, as you suggest, I do not doubt. Love to all, from your affectionate brother,

EDWARD BEECHER.

THE WOMEN FOUNDERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

In October, 1883, the Center Congregational Church of Hartford celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. This church was that of which Rev. Thomas Hooker was the pastor, and which he had led across the wilderness from Newtown, now Cambridge, in Massachusetts. The celebration was held in the Center Church, and lasted two days and evenings, a very large assemblage attending each of the services. A large picture by Cole was placed conspicuously in front of the gallery, representing the members of the church making their way through the wilderness, with their pastor at their head, and his wife borne on a litter.

Mr. William R. Cone, who had been appointed to preside at the meetings, had requested me to be sure to attend and to be prepared to make a speech at one of the evening sessions, and I had promised him that I would do so. But about two weeks before the celebration I went to Dansville, in the state of New York, to attend a gathering of the friends of Dr. Jackson's Sanatorium there, at the opening of a large new building which had been erected in the place of one burned the year before. Of this I have spoken in an article on that institution. *ante*, p. 101. While there, just as I was about to leave for home, I was taken quite ill and was confined to my bed for more than a week, and until after the celebration at Hartford had gone by. I was greatly disturbed by my inability to be at Hartford on so interesting an occasion, and at last resolved to write some lines to send on and have read by some friend for me. I at once set about writing them in pencil on my bed, and was able to sit up long enough to copy them in a readable hand. I mailed them, with a brief line, to my wife, who received them on the afternoon of the second day, and they were read the following evening before a crowded house by my son, Dr. Hooker. His brief speech, with the lines, was printed in the published report of the proceedings, from which I take the following account of what occurred:

Mr. Cone said : Mr. John Hooker, a worthy descendant of the first pastor of this Church, we hoped to have heard to-night, that we might from this living link imbibe somewhat of the spirit of his ancestor, the Rev. Thomas Hooker. His health does not permit him to be here, but I will call upon his son, Dr. Edward B. Hooker.

Dr. Hooker said : It is a matter of regret that Mr. Hooker is not here to say himself the word that should be spoken by a descendant of Thomas Hooker. But as it is fitting on this occasion that some one bearing the family name should speak, to me a few hours ago was relegated the duty of saying a few words.

And the thought that comes to me, after laying flowers on our ancestor's grave, after contemplating the shaft raised to the memory of the noble men who came with him and on which is inscribed their names, after listening to the address of the afternoon, is this : While honoring the fathers from whom we have come, we must not forget the mothers. They alike braved the dangers and endured the privations of that early time ; their earnest prayers and cheering words sustained the men in hours of distress and gloom.

That courageous woman, borne tenderly on a litter, too weak to walk or ride, too brave to be left behind, may well be compared to the Ark of the Covenant which the children of Israel bore with them in their journey through the wilderness to the promised land. She was really a sacred emblem of all that was pure and holy. And the women founders of New England, unknown to fame, were really the conservators of the purity and spirituality of the church and society, and to them we owe as great a debt as to the grand men whom history loves to commemorate and honor.

Let us, therefore, honor our fathers and our mothers, that our days may be long upon the land which the Lord our God hath given us !

Filled with the same thought, my father, unable to be present, has sent me these lines to read :

THE WOMEN FOUNDERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

Ye grand men of our early day,
 Who here for freedom made a way,
 With faith and prayer and quoter Word,
 Yet coat of mail and girded sword ;
 Who laid in strength the founded State,
 And o'er it sat to legislate ;
 And oft in magistracy stood
 Before th' admiring multitude ;
 Who felt th' inspiring sense of power
 And thrill of the victorious hour :
 And saw afar that grateful fame

Would cherish every hero's name ;
 — The schoolboy at his lesson reads
 Th' inspiring record of your deeds ;
 The public eye on canvas sees
 Your conflicts fierce and victories ;
 The monumental shaft is reared
 To keep your names for aye revered.

But there were hearts of purest gold
 Whose tale of courage ne'er was told ;
 True heroes, who no armor wore,
 Yet shared the perils that ye bore ;
 Braving, with courage none the less,
 The savage and the wilderness ;
 Clothed with no power in church or state,
 No word in worship or debate ;
 With faith-lit brow and helping hand,
 Asking but by your side to stand ;
 Who had no hope a later day
 Its tribute of renown would pay ;
 Who made their sad self-sacrifice
 Before no world's admiring eyes ;
 Of men's remembrance thinking not,
 Content to toil and be forgot.

Ah, when the heroes of that time
 Are numbered on God's book sublime,
 High on the roll of that true fame
 Many a gentle woman's name,
 Which earth had cared not to record,
 Shall stand writ *Valiant for the Lord*.

THE IDEAL WOMAN.

The *Union Signal*, a paper published in Chicago by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, sent private requests to a number of gentlemen to give sketches over their names of what they thought the "Ideal Woman." I sent the following, which was soon after published, with others, in the paper, and was copied by other papers. It is so honest an expression of my real opinion that I think no one will regard it as out of place here.

No man ever grew up with more reverence for a fine woman than I have never lost that reverence; but my idea of what constitutes a fine

woman has materially changed. I used to think her essential qualities in youth were sweetness, delicacy, and modesty, and in after life, a home-loving wifeliness and Madonna-like motherliness. Fifty years of observation and reflection have taught me that a woman grows nobler and truer to herself and all her obligations who, still faithful and loving in her home relations (for her heart will always be there), is yet full of intelligence on all matters that are interesting the public, — full of a sense of the value of her sex in its relation to social progress, — full of an appreciation of her rights as a human being, inspirable by inspiring thoughts and influences, and a power for good in the community in which she lives, and perhaps in that larger community that makes up the nation to which she belongs.

She is to me the noblest woman who, without mere personal ambition or self-seeking of any sort, and with a great spirit of helpfulness toward all the wronged and suffering, limits the field of her work only by her ability and opportunity, making these and not any conventional rules the test of what God meant that she should do. That a woman may be all this and yet not lose a particle of her wifeliness or motherliness, or of her sweetness and delicacy, is a matter of absolute knowledge with the writer.

ADDRESS AT REV. DR. PORTER'S SEMI-CENTENNIAL AT
FARMINGTON.

The fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Rev. Dr. Noah Porter over the Congregational Church in Farmington was celebrated on the 12th of November, 1856. I had been baptized by him and brought up under his most wise and intelligent ministry, and was invited to attend and take a part in the public exercises. I was then living in Hartford. The old church was compactly filled by his parishioners and friends, and he delivered a sermon of great interest in the forenoon. A bounteous collation was prepared by the ladies of the church for the noon recess, and the afternoon was devoted to public addresses. There was a large representation of the clergy of the neighboring towns, as well as of old parishioners of Dr. Porter who lived at a distance. The sermon of Dr. Porter and the addresses delivered were afterwards printed in a pamphlet, which is preserved by the Farmington people with much interest.

Prof. Denison Olmsted of Yale College was the speaker next before me. The fact that he was a professor of astronomy explains some of my allusions to him. He remarked, by way of introduction, that he had not the honor of being a native

of Farmington, but that, when eight years old, he accompanied his mother from East Hartford, the place of his birth, to her new home in Farmington, where he lived the rest of his childhood, and that he did not know till then that the world was so large. At the close of his address, which was full of interesting reminiscences of that early time, I was called on by John T. Norton, who presided, to address the assembly. The speakers who preceded me had occupied the pulpit, but when I arose to speak I asked the chairman to allow me to stand in the deacons' seat below the pulpit, but he insisted that I should go into the pulpit. My remarks, as they appear in the pamphlet, were as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN:—

You have persuaded me against my better judgment to occupy the pulpit for my few remarks. The deacons' seat is all that, in this house and on an occasion so suggestive of old recollections, I had supposed my courage would be equal to, and as the old awe of my childhood is reviving within my breast, I feel that my undertaking is one of no little peril.

Our friend, Professor Olmsted, has just told us that, while he cherishes fondly the remembrance of his early life in Farmington, yet he can not claim the honor of a birth here. I am one of those whose pride and privilege it is to have been born here, and that birthright I shall never sell or surrender. I love this ancient town. It seems to me that no hills ever looked down upon so beautiful a valley—as if no valley ever looked up to so beautiful hills. I love its people; I love its history; and as Paul claimed his birthright as a Roman citizen, so shall I, wherever I may be, always proudly claim my birthright as Farmington-born. Our friend has also told us that when he came with his mother from East Hartford, his birthplace, to Farmington, he was surprised to find the world so large. It is a great comfort to us of so little knowledge, and a great encouragement to all young learners, that one whose telescope nightly penetrates infinite space, and who knows more about Neptune than some of the old settlers know about Farmington, should once have been so ignorant of the limits of even this little earth as not to know it was so large as from here to East Hartford. And how fitting that one who has thus known both extremes of knowledge should come here to speak words of eulogy of one who has known both extremes of moral goodness, who, beginning with original sin, which is something worse than the negation of all good, has gone on in goodness till he has attained a point of moral excellence beyond which a mortal cannot hope to pass.

An occasion like this suggests much that is grave; but the committee of arrangements, a few minutes ago, sent me word that they must depend

upon me to be humorous in my remarks. A very pleasant suggestion, coming with such authority, to one who is just rising to speak with his mind all charged with most solemn matter, and who was hoping that at least in so clerical a presence as this he might pass himself off for a grave and solemn man. The occasion, however, has put to flight most of the fledglings of mirth. There is too much *humor* in my eye for humor in my heart. Dry wit needs a dry eye.

After all, I suppose, whether I am grave or mirthful, so long as I speak at all, I shall have answered the purpose for which I was called to this duty to-day. I suppose the real object in bringing me out, as also brother Clarke, whose name I see is on the programme, and perhaps some others who were born and brought up in this village, is that we may show to this assembled multitude and to all these strangers what excellent boys have grown up under Dr. Porter's preaching. It is only one of the modes adopted by the committee of doing honor to him whom we all delight to honor. The mode is ingenious, and I am very confident will be successful.

Prof. Olmsted told us of his early recollections of the old pulpit, with its heavy green hangings, the great sounding board, and the high, square pews. All these things in the form in which our fathers' fathers left them, before modern improvement had profaned the ancient sanctuary, are most vividly impressed upon my imagination. That high pulpit, with the great curtains of the arched window behind it, and its heavy trimmings, seemed to my infantile fancy to "outshine the wealth of Ormus and of Ind." And the huge sounding board! I never fully fathomed the great depths of its meaning. I supposed it represented something that St. John speaks of in the Revelation, probably the third heavens; but I could never determine exactly what. And the great, high, square, unpainted pews! How fresh is my recollection of them! The sides were so high that we children, who generally sat on the foot-benches in the middle, were in little danger of having our attention distracted by observation of what was going on in the outside world. It is said that truth lies at the bottom of a well, and if so, we little urchins on our low foot-benches might well be regarded as burrowing after it.

And that day was the day of cold meeting-houses, and of foot-stoves. I remember well how I used to carry my mother's foot-stove to and fro on many a winter's Sunday; and I have a most vivid impression of one winter Sabbath when our pew was very full and I had to sit during all a very long service on a foot-stove, and the great inconvenience I experienced therefrom. My sensations seemed to contrast strongly with those of the ladies near me, who, wrapped in their furs, yet shivered from want of the heat which I was so reluctantly absorbing. "My heart was hot within me." My indignation almost boiled over. But I had self-command enough to preserve a serene and sanctimonious countenance suited to the solemn character of the place.

I have often thought that our modern system of heating our churches is furnishing us physical comfort at great moral sacrifice. Now the superabundant heat makes the minister languid and the audience sleepy; while in old times the people were too cold to sleep, and the preacher, unable to wrap himself up so closely as his hearers, was compelled to gesticulate earnestly to keep himself warm; thus producing a great impression on his audience. It was like the master of assemblies hitting heavy blows with his hammer on the nail he was driving. It must have been some such preaching as this, in one of the high and box-like pulpits of that day, that led a little girl, taken to church for the first time, to ask her mother on her way home "why they didn't let that man out when he was trying so hard to get out and hollering so."

My early impressions of Dr. Porter are of a most holy and venerable man. I remember him in the pulpit on Sunday,—in the Sabbath-school, coming in just at the close of our recitations, to talk to us children, or occasionally coming a little earlier and hearing some of us recite,—and in our schools of a Saturday forenoon, catechizing us. He was then a young man, yet to my childish fancy older and graver and more solemn than he looks to-day. He was then plain Mr. Porter, yet is in no manner magnified to my maturer imagination by the doctorate. How I remember my awe of him as the high priest of our sanctuary. I shall never see another so holy a looking man while I live.

And I have a most pleasant early recollection of our good Mrs. Porter. She is here with us but will not forbid my alluding to her. She reigned not merely by constitutional right, as the wife of our pastor, but by a more direct and not less divine authority, through her hold upon our hearts. She will not be offended, I know, when I tell how well I remember her *cookies*. I used often, of a Saturday afternoon, to go to Dr. Porter's to play with a son of his who was my schoolmate, and at such times good Mrs. Porter never used to forget the injunction to "feed the lambs." As I was partaking of the elegant collation at the hall this noon, it occurred to me that while the good Doctor had been inculcating religious truths, his good wife had with plentiful moral inculcations mingled a good deal of practical instruction in domestic matters.

But those good old days have passed away. The old pulpit has gone, with a good deal of the theology that was once preached in it. Let them both go. The pulpit inspired me with awe, but some of the theology with a deadly fear; a fear which, thank God, has since given way to a more intelligent trust and to some measure of that love that casteth out fear. The old high pulpit has gone, and in the place of it we have this raze. The old square pews have *slipped* out of sight. The old sounding board has come down (or gone up, I hardly dare say which), and with them have passed away men and women dear to my early years,—figures in a grand old picture,—to be succeeded by others still more

dear, or represented by a few still living, and who have grown only more dear and venerable. Beautiful things of the past have gone; but beautiful things of the present have come. It is all fitting, all well allotted, all pleasant and beautiful. I would make no change. Our good pastor, upon whom I once looked with childish awe, has long been to me an object of manly and familiar love. The child's awe is pleasant to look back upon; the familiar love is pleasanter to possess.

I should love to occupy some time in notices of some of the venerable men of my early and later recollection, and it was to this point that I had purposed to direct my few remarks when the mandate of the committee reached me; but, as others are to speak, and there are but a few minutes for each of us, I will deny myself the pleasure and relieve you of what might be in my hands the tedium of such discourse, and close with simply saying of our beloved Dr. Porter,—to me one of the earliest remembered and the latest cherished of them all,—may he return late to heaven; may his declining years be illuminated by the beckoning rays of the waiting glory, and may his departure be, whilst amidst the lamentations of his people, yet in the fullness of his own joy. And in heaven may we, his people, be permitted again to sit at his feet, our clearer vision only showing us new reason for venerating and loving him.

CHIEF JUSTICES WILLIAMS AND STORRS.

Judges Williams and Storrs were judges of great ability, and probably the ablest chief justices that we have had upon the Supreme Court of our state. While both were so superior and filled so well the high judicial positions which they held, they were strikingly unlike in their mental characteristics and habits. Judge Williams had retired before I became the reporter of the court, in January, 1858, but I held that office under Judge Storrs for over three years. I thus came to know him well, but I had often argued cases before Judge Williams in both the Superior and the Supreme Court. Judge Storrs died on the 25th of June, 1861, at the age of sixty-six. Judge Williams died on the 15th day of the following December, at the age of eighty-four. Obituary notices of them, prepared by me, were printed together in the 29th volume of the Connecticut Law Reports, and were followed by a comparison of them, and a contrast of their more striking peculiarities. This sketch, now buried in the appendix of the half-antiquated volume, may be of interest to many of the readers of these reminiscences, and I therefore give it a place here.

In bringing into so close proximity these brief notices of Chief Justice Williams and Chief Justice Storrs, both so eminent in the exalted positions which they occupied, it becomes very natural to compare them, and to throw into contrast their more striking individualities. While belonging in common to the list of great chief justices, they were yet very dissimilar. Indeed, two men of superior intellects and of the same general tenor of life could hardly be found more unlike in the leading characteristics of their minds. That of Judge Storrs was polished in the highest degree by classical study and a lifelong familiarity with the best English literature, and his utterances were always in the most elegant diction of the schools. The mind of Judge Williams had derived from his collegiate education little but discipline, and he generally spoke and wrote in a condensed and vigorous Saxon, with little regard to the balance of his sentences or the grace of his periods. Judge Storrs had a mind of extraordinary penetration that could look down the deepest abysses of thought without agitation, and could explore the profoundest depths without losing its way. Judge Williams saw whatever he was looking after without seeming to search for it, the nearer and the remoter all coming before his mind alike, as obvious truths which it was a matter of course for everybody to see. The mind of Judge Storrs was stimulated and excited by the adventurous character of any mental exploration; that of Judge Williams found everything so plain before him that he was never excited by any consciousness of great intellectual effort. Judge Williams came to his conclusions by a single step, and with something like intuition, and looked about afterwards for his reasons, and then, less to satisfy his own mind than to convince his associates on the bench or the public in his written opinions. Judge Storrs, in seeking his results, moved along down the line of a close logic, and reached his conclusions by a prior consideration of the reasons. The writer can hardly conceive anything more exquisite than the movements of his mind, as it was feeling its way along through a maze of perplexities, in the consultations of the judges which it was his privilege to attend as reporter of the court. Both were men of strong common sense. With Judge Williams this common sense dictated the result and left his reason to defend it; with Judge Storrs logical reasoning worked out the result and then an almost unerring common sense came in to test it, and to prevent the too common mistake of taking what seems a necessary logical conclusion as a safe and correct one in so practical a matter as the administration of justice. The mind of Judge Williams was eminently practical; that of Judge Storrs more inclined to the speculative. The one would have made a successful worker in almost any department of labor that required a vigorous and self-reliant intellect; the other would have made a philosopher of the best age of philosophy. Judge Storrs had read law more extensively, and was more familiar with the whole range of law as a science; Judge Wil-

Williams had dealt with it as a practical thing, rather inhaling it as an atmosphere in which he lived, than systematically pursuing it as a study. Judge Williams rarely hesitated in his conclusions, and if he did, seemed to desire only time for reflection, and to care little for consultation with others. Judge Storrs worked easily to his conclusions, but was always glad of an opportunity to compare his views with those of his brethren. Judge Storrs would sometimes let considerations of policy enter his mind; Judge Williams never. The mind of Judge Williams seemed to work by a law of its own, so that even without the control of his high moral qualities it could hardly have gone astray; that of Judge Storrs seemed to involve the whole aggregate of his faculties, so that with a bad heart he would have made an unsafe judge. Where a case seemed to Judge Storrs imperatively to require a decision which some general principle seemed almost as imperatively to forbid, he would find his way to the predestinated result with surprisingly little injury to the general principle. The writer hardly knows what Judge Williams would have done; but he thinks he would have drawn upon his courage more than upon his ingenuity. The manner of Judge Storrs on the bench was more courteous and affable. The quiet firmness of Judge Williams approached very nearly to sternness; yet the former would often, especially in his later years, manifest an impatience under a lengthy argument that the latter would never have shown under an inexcusably tedious one. Judge Storrs was never very fond of work, and in his later years was a little too much inclined to avoid it. Judge Williams never knew what self-indulgence was, and worked through the allotted hours with no thought of his own ease. Judge Williams must have made an able judge at the outset. To Judge Storrs the training of judicial experience was more necessary. The judicial qualities of Judge Storrs would be called splendid,—a term which seems hardly appropriate in such a connection, yet is perfectly applicable here; those of Judge Williams were great in the true sense of the term, but with no quality of brilliancy. Both brought honor to the exalted office which they held, and have left to their associates and to the profession, not merely great examples for imitation, but a burden of increased responsibility in preserving the high character of the judicial office.

MY DESIRE FOR A JUDGESHIP.

While pursuing my legal duties, and especially as I began to get into a respectable practice, and better able to take the measure of myself, I conceived the idea of fitting myself thoroughly for, and ultimately obtaining, a seat on the Supreme Court of the state. This became my sole ambition. I would not have gone to the United States Senate if I could have had

an unanimous election to it. My taste ran wholly to the law. Still, I had no idea of attaining the position for many years, if at all, as it was then the practice, more than now, to place our older lawyers on our highest court, a practice which seemed to me a very proper one. My present opinion is that it is better to take for judicial positions our young men, who have good judicial qualities, and let them learn the trade and perfect themselves by experience, beginning in our courts of lower grade, and passing in gradation to the higher. With all my ambition for a judgeship I felt that, if a vacancy should occur when I was of proper age, I could not become a seeker of the office, but it must substantially fall into my hands. It had become a fixed principle with me that I would never raise myself an inch by putting my foot on another man's neck. I therefore kept on my legal practice, with no fret over this matter, and no knowledge on the part of my professional brethren that I had any thought in this direction.

Thus things stood when, in January, 1858, I was offered by the judges of our Supreme Court the place of reporter of its decisions. This office I accepted, and found it greatly to my taste. It was a great pleasure to me to hear the best lawyers over the state argue pure legal questions, and, greater still, to hear the cases discussed by the judges in consultation. There could not be a better law school, and I availed myself of its opportunities with great avidity. I felt like postponing all thought of a judgeship until I had perfected myself in the law in the position that I was in.

In June, 1861, Chief Justice Storrs died very suddenly. Judge Hinman, then the next senior judge of the court, would, as a matter of course, be elected to the chief justiceship, but this would leave a vacancy in the associate membership of the court that would be filled from the outside. The Legislature, then sitting at Hartford, was just closing its session, and there was no time for the ordinary canvassing to determine who should be elected to fill this vacancy. The death of Judge Storrs had been announced in both houses, and eulogistic addresses made, and it was understood that the Republicans, then a majority of both houses, would that evening determine whom they would the next morning elect. Some Hartford gentlemen, I learned, were interesting themselves in securing

my election to the place, and I went into the city to ascertain what was being done. I there learned that it was the nearly unanimous determination of the members to elect me the next morning. I was extremely perplexed over the matter. The very position that I desired was, without a suggestion from me, brought to me as a free gift. I could not conceive an election under more favorable circumstances. On the other hand, the matter had come up suddenly, and with no time for consideration on my part, while I desired greatly to avail myself a few years longer of the great advantage that I had for learning law in my position as reporter of the court. On the whole, I dared not venture yet upon the judgeship, and told the leading members that I could not accept the office. The next morning both houses elected Thomas C. Perkins of Hartford, who declined the appointment. They then elected Judge Thomas B. Butler of the Superior Court, and Elisha Carpenter to a judgeship in the Superior Court to fill the vacancy made by the promotion of Judge Butler. The former made an able judge of the Supreme Court, and, ultimately, its chief justice, and the latter began a judicial career which lasted for thirty-two years, and was one of great usefulness and honor.

In 1864 Judge Sanford of the Supreme Court died. The Legislature was then in session at New Haven, and there was ample time for filling the vacancy with deliberation. At that time Mr. H. K. W. Welch, one of our best lawyers, was a member of the House of Representatives from Hartford. He was a fine man and one of my best friends. I had known before of his ambition to get upon the Superior Court, and I now learned that he was fairly and honorably availing himself of his opportunity, as a member of the House, to get a nomination by the Republican caucus for the vacancy on the Superior Court that would be created by the elevation of Judge Park of that court to the Supreme bench. His plan of having Judge Park appointed to the higher court necessarily involved my exclusion from that place. There were, in fact, several aspirants to a place on the Superior Court, all of whom favored the elevation of Judge Park to the Supreme Court. This created a combined interest against my nomination to the Supreme Court. I kept no watch over the matter, and am not certain who the other aspirants and their friends were. At this time,

a lawyer, who was a member of the Senate, wrote me, "It needs only an assent on your part to give you an unanimous nomination," and proceeded to urge me to assent. Soon after Richard D. Hubbard, who had been attending hearings at New Haven, came up to Hartford and to my house, expressly to get my consent to the use of my name, and said that all the profession desired my appointment, but that it was the general opinion that I would not accept it, and that all that was wanting was a favorable word from me. It seemed to me that the time I had waited for had come, and that it was best for me to take the office if I was not thereby doing a great disfavor to my friend Welch, and I told Mr. Hubbard that I would at once see Mr. Welch, and if he consented to yield the opportunity to me I would allow my name to be used. Mr. Welch was the next day to return from New Haven for the week, and I went in to see him. I stated the whole case to him, and my utter unwillingness to disoblige him. He said that it had been for years his ambition to get upon the Superior Court, as it had been mine to get upon the Supreme, and that what seemed to him his opportunity had now come, and was, he thought, within his grasp; that he felt sure of the nomination of the caucus, after it had nominated Judge Park for the higher court, and that he would feel that I brought him under a great personal obligation to me if I should not interpose in the matter. I felt entirely unwilling to take any attitude that would embarrass his plans, which seemed to me well laid and sure of success, and I so told him. I at once wrote Mr. Hubbard, not wholly abandoning my candidacy, but placing such conditions and qualifications upon it that he wrote me that it was equivalent to refusing the office, and left him no opportunity to make any effort in my behalf. The caucus was called early the next week, and Judge Park was without serious opposition nominated for the Supreme Court. This ended all personal interest on my part in the contest, but I was compelled to witness the discomfiture and great disappointment of my friend Welch, for, when the ballot was taken on the nominee for the Superior Court vacancy, he was defeated. I never, however, regretted that I had stepped aside for him, for if I had been elected I should always have felt that he might have had the place but for me, and should not have enjoyed the position

thus obtained. I felt this to be my final opportunity to go upon the Supreme Court, and declined the nomination with that feeling.

My ambition for the place was not a mere conceit that I should fill it well, but I had been urged to it by numerous letters from some of the ablest lawyers over the state, and had been strongly advised by the judges of the Supreme Court to go upon the court whenever there was an opportunity, and I am certain that I should have been warmly welcomed to their companionship there. I received a letter a few days later from Judge William D. Shipman of the U. S. District Court, in which he expressed his regret that I was not elected to fill the vacancy, and the leading members of the profession, as I met them about the state, of all political parties, expressed to me a like regret, and said that I would have been unanimously nominated if it had not been an understood thing that I would not accept.

It is a little aggravation that I might in all probability have attained the chief-justiceship. Judge Park became chief justice in 1874, and Judge Butler, who went upon the court when I might have done so in 1861, became chief justice in 1870, the latter being at the head of the court four years, and the former fifteen years. Though the ambition of my life was defeated, yet there are good reasons for all that happens, and I have no doubt I have been a happier man, and as much respected, and very likely have had more friends, which is better than all the rest, for remaining in the less laborious and less responsible, and yet very enjoyable position, of reporter of the court. And besides, I do not feel at all sure that I should have made a success as a judge.

MY SUPREME COURT REPORTERSHIP.

In January, 1858, I was appointed by the judges of our Supreme Court the reporter of the court. The place had been held for the three years next preceding by William N. Matson, who now resigned. The duties of the office were very much to my taste, and I readily accepted the appointment. The Connecticut Reports had then reached the 25th volume, a part of which had been prepared by Mr. Matson, and was being

printed under his superintendence. I completed this volume, and, with an explanatory note, issued it as my first. I held the office until January, 1894, thirty-six years, having during that time got out thirty-eight volumes. At the October term of the court at Hartford, in 1893, I handed in my resignation, which was as follows:

To Chief Justice Andrews and the Associate Judges of the Supreme Court of Connecticut:

I hereby resign my office of reporter of judicial decisions, the resignation to take effect, with your assent to the delay, on the 1st day of January, 1894.

In retiring from this office, which I have held for thirty-six years, I desire to express my sense of obligation to you and your predecessors for keeping me so long in office, and for the familiar and exceedingly pleasant companionship to which I have from the first been invited. I wish to express also my great respect for the court and for the members who have composed it, and who seem, as I look back over the years, to be a constantly moving procession. I have reported the decisions of seven chief justices and fifteen associate judges. My attachment to some of them has been very great, and it has rarely occurred that one has left the bench, or above all has passed from earthly life, without a feeling of personal bereavement on my part. Now that I am the one to withdraw, I leave my best wishes for your welfare and happiness.

“ Respectfully and truly yours,

JOHN HOOKER.”

This I handed to the judges in their room before the opening of the court. On the opening of the court the chief justice read it and the following response on the part of the judges:

“ In accepting the resignation of the reporter, the judges of the court desire to express not only their high appreciation of his services to the state, but the warm sentiment of regard and attachment which he has inspired not only in them, but, as they well know, in their predecessors in office, during a long course of years.

“ Mr. Hooker began his labors as reporter in 1858, and by far the greater part of the whole series of Connecticut Reports has been his work. From the first to the last of these volumes he has shown a rare mastery of the power of analysis and discrimination, as well as of concise statement and clear expression.

“ The judges part from him with sincere personal regret and only consent to his retirement at his earnest and repeated request.”

The chief justice then announced that the bench had appointed James P. Andrews to succeed me, his appointment to take effect on the first day of the following January.

I ought to state that in making out the seven chief justices whose opinions I had reported, I included Chief Justice Waite, who retired just before my appointment, but a part of whose opinions came into my hands to be reported. The other six chief justices were Storrs, Hinman, Butler, Seymour, Park, and Andrews. The fifteen associate judges were Ellsworth, Sanford, Dutton, McCurdy, Carpenter, Phelps, Foster, Loomis, Pardee, Beardsley, Granger, Torrance, Fenn, Edw. Seymour, and Baldwin.

My connection with the court for so many years was exceedingly pleasant to me, as was also the opportunity it gave me to make the acquaintance of the lawyers all over the state, and to listen to the arguments of the ablest counsel in many cases of great interest.

It was not long before later appointed judges were my juniors, and for the last twelve years of my tenure of the office I was older than any of the judges. When I was appointed the judges were Chief Justice Storrs and Judges Hinman, Ellsworth, and Sanford. They at once took me into a familiar personal relation, and very soon recognized what they regarded as a special faculty for dealing with puzzling questions of law. The familiarity to which I was thus invited continued and increased as I grew older, and for the last half of my thirty-six years in the office I had an exceedingly enjoyable companionship with the judges. The judges of this period were Chief Justice Park and Judges Carpenter, Loomis, and Pardee, with Judges Granger and Beardsley a part of the time in the court, and coming less than the others into the "family," as we called it. To the ordinary very interesting incidents of a session of the court were added this pleasant social feature, and the frequent meetings of the judges at the capitol for consultation were occasions of much hilarity until they settled down to business. All were very responsive to humor, for which my modest store was always taxed, to which Judge Loomis was always ready to contribute, and to which Judge Pardee, never leading off in sallies of his own, yet responded with the keenest and pithiest wit of us all. In this

judicial family I had all the recognition of a member. I was frequently asked to help disentangle some almost impenetrable complications of facts and law, and to refer them to decisions in our own and other courts that bore upon the cases. I also wrote a large number of opinions, sometimes in cases of special difficulty, and sometimes only to help some judge who was ill. I find that there are in the volumes which I published over fifty opinions which I wrote. These opinions were always read carefully to the judges and considered by them. They had nothing to do with the deciding of the case. That had already been done and the preparation of the opinion assigned to one or another of the judges, who adopted the opinion which I wrote as his own. One of the most interesting and difficult of the cases in which I wrote the opinion, and to which I should refer with most satisfaction as showing my mode of doing such work, is the case of *Andreas vs. Hubbard*, 50 Conn. R., 351, a chancery case of great perplexity and difficulty, in which the opinion was written for and stands in the name of Chief Justice Park. I also wrote the opinion in the case *In re Mary Hall*, 50 Conn. R., 131, which sustained her application to be admitted to the bar. This also stands in the name of Chief Justice Park.

I felt much doubt whether it is right for me to state these facts, and, if right, whether it is in good taste, and asked the opinion of my warm friend, Judge Loomis, who is the sole survivor of the judges of that time, and he wrote me the following letter a few days later:

HARTFORD, June 30, 1897.

My Dear Mr. Hooker:

You ask me whether it will be entirely proper for you to refer in your Reminiscences to the very intimate relation in which you stood to the judges of the Supreme Court when you was its reporter. During my time on the court you were older than any of the judges, and we were all glad to have you present at our consultations and to avail ourselves of your long familiarity with legal principles and reported cases. While we should all have been very sorry to lose you from the reportership, for which you had a special aptitude, we should have felt great satisfaction in seeing you on the court, even at the head of it, where, I believe, you would have been had you not, with characteristic generosity, withdrawn your candidacy in favor of a friend. I

can see no harm that can come from a knowledge of these facts, and good reason why you should have the credit of them.

Very truly your friend,

DWIGHT LOOMIS.

There are special reasons why I desired to give to the public the facts which I have stated. My whole taste was for the law, I found myself specially adapted to the understanding and applying of legal principles, my sole ambition was for a seat on the Supreme Court. I twice had such a seat pressed upon me when, for reasons that were decisive with me, I declined it, and I had spent my life in the subordinate and unnoticed position of reporter of the court. If I had gone upon the bench when I had the opportunity I should in all probability ("undoubtedly," the judges told me) have been at the head of the court for several years. If I had been appointed to that position, which I consider the most honorable in the state, far more so than the governorship, my family would have had the pleasure of that high association with my name. It would have been a pleasant memory for me to leave. It would not have been without gratification to me in my old age, though for that I care but little.

In closing I find I can give a pleasant illustration of Judge Pardee's humor, which, as I have before said, was always responsive, and never intrusive or merely spontaneous. As I grew old I occasionally yielded to the inclination to doze at my desk in the court-room. This was a very venial offense, especially in one in my position, where there was no responsibility for the decision of the case that was being argued. At a social gathering to which I was invited with the judges the matter of my relation to the court was spoken of. I remarked that I was the Homer who recorded in a legal epic the achievements of the judicial Agamemnons. "Yes," said Judge Pardee, "and *aliquando bonus Homcrus dormitat.*"

NOTE. I cannot find a better place than this to mention, what I desire to state somewhere, that in the reprint of several of the volumes that I issued most serious errors of type occur, which most persons who notice them will be likely to hold me responsible for. Among others is the occasional printing of Judge Sanford's name with a *d* in the middle. I beg the profession to remember that I am in no manner

responsible for those errors. There were some errata noticed in my original volumes, but these were all corrected in the reprints.

SOME INCIDENTS OF MY REPORTERSHIP.

During the thirty-six years that I held the office of reporter of judicial decisions I kept note-books in which I entered everything pertaining to the cases tried, and made notes of incidents in court or pertaining to the court which seemed worthy of preservation. It has occurred to me that I might make an interesting chapter of these incidents. Many of them are entertaining and some of them are quite serious in their character. I think the members of the legal profession will be glad that I have gathered and preserved them.

When I entered upon the office in 1858 Judge Storrs was chief justice. He was a man of very fine classical culture, as well as of a most thorough knowledge of law, and presided over the court with great elegance and dignity. One of the earliest terms of the court was held at Norwich. The court-house at that time (it was soon after burned) was on one of the upper streets of the city, making a laborious climb for the chief justice, who, with only ordinary height, carried considerably over two hundred pounds of flesh. One day the judges, on their way up together for the afternoon session, decided a case from Fairfield County that they had fully discussed before, but had not finally disposed of. I was not with them, but soon after I got into the court-room the chief justice leaned over the bench and handed me the following note:

“Super viam dolorosam inter Waureganum hospitium et templum justitiæ, Suprema Curia pro Correctione Errorum decedit advisare Superioram Curiam pro comitatu Fairfieldiæ, ut in casu *Solomon vs. Wixon* novus trial debet concedi; et Park, Judex, scribet curiæ opinionem.”

After I had read it he said that he could not think of any Latin for “new trial,” and I must write in the proper word. I asked him if “nova quaestio” would do. He thought it would, and I wrote it in, and copied the note in my book. I thought, however, on more reflection, that “nova auditio” would have been better, but I let it go as it was.

His description of the steep street as a "*via dolorosa*" shows what it was to him to climb it. On the way down one day he was trying hard to hold himself back, when he said to me that he ought to wear a breeching to go about the Norwich streets. Judge Ellsworth one day said of the city that you step out of one man's cellar into another man's garret. But as a compensation for this difficulty of climbing its steeper streets, Norwich is the most picturesque city in this state, and I think in all New England.

It has from the first been the custom, and is so still, to have the terms of the Supreme Court opened with prayer. Judge Storrs told me that, a short time before, in opening a term at Brooklyn, then the shire town of Windham County, Rev. Mr. Tillotson, a Congregationalist clergyman of Brooklyn, prayed that God would be with the judges "and overrule all their decisions."

The court was sitting at Middletown in 1858, and a case came before it in which one Brainerd was plaintiff and in which he sought to have a sale set aside into which he had been fraudulently drawn by the defendant. Brainerd claimed to be weak-minded and to have been imposed upon by the defendant; and a committee to whom the case had been referred had found that he was weak-minded. Charles Chapman was his counsel, and he had pressed this point. Charles Tyler for the defendant claimed that he was a shrewd, money-making fellow and sharp enough to cheat any lawyer in the room who should try to make a bargain with him. While Tyler was speaking, Brainerd came in and sat down by Mr. Chapman. Tyler stopped and looked around at the two, and then said to the court: "There now — there is the very man himself. Nobody who should look at these two together would hesitate a moment to say that Brainerd is much the most intelligent-looking of the two."

In a consultation in 1858 over a usury case, Judge Storrs told of a case in the state of New York, where the statute was so plain that the jury were compelled to bring in a verdict against the plaintiff, while the justice of the case and their sympathies were all with him. While compelled to sustain the

defense, they expressed their opinion of the defendant by a verdict that they "found the issue for the defendant and that he was a great rascal." He also quoted a remark of Dr. Dwight's in one of his college sermons, that "all reason was against usury laws, but all experience in their favor."

In a consultation on a will case in 1860, Judge Storrs said that Chief Justice Daggett used to say that in Connecticut a will was good if it was made at any time before the bell began to toll for the funeral.

In the suit of *Persse & Brooks vs. Watrous*, argued in the Supreme Court in 1861, the plaintiffs were the owners of a water power in Windsor Locks and of a mill upon it. One of the lawyers remarked that it was a fair presumption that the partner Persse furnished the money and the partner Brooks the water power.

Here is a judicial remark upon a practical question in legislation that is worth preserving. In the course of an argument before the court in 1861, Mr. Parsons was speaking of the difference between public and private acts in the mode of passing them, when Judge Ellsworth remarked that private acts, appropriating money or making grants, are generally passed without being sent to the governor for approval; but that Governor Wolcott always claimed that all the action of the legislature on private resolutions and grants should be submitted to the governor. He said, however, that they were not in all cases, even in Governor Wolcott's day, and have very generally not been since. Here Mr. Hubbard remarked that the governor had lately in some cases taken it upon him to veto private acts. Judge Ellsworth replied: "I know it, but the question has not been settled whether his veto amounted to anything."

In a case argued by Mr. Hungerford at Hartford, a party to whom certain real estate had been conveyed, finding a disadvantage in the ownership, as it involved certain liabilities, had executed a formal disclaimer of title and put it on record. Mr. Hungerford contended that the disclaimer had no legal effect, and said it reminded him of a story he had heard about

how a man secured his neighbor's fat turkey. He took the turkey to the neighbor's house and told him he was looking for the owner; that the turkey had flown into his parlor and broken a looking-glass worth twenty-five dollars, and he wanted the owner to pay the damage. "Well," said the owner, "don't bring him here; he don't belong to me." So the man took him home and roasted him for his dinner.

Sometimes a little secret history of official proceedings is interesting. I find a note in my book giving the following account of a proceeding on the part of the court which called out considerable comment at the time. It was in June, 1867. The legislature was in session and had before it a bill for taxing the income from United States bonds that were themselves exempt from taxation by the terms upon which they were issued by the general government. The validity of the act was questioned and a concurrent resolution was passed by the two houses requesting the judges of the Supreme Court to give an opinion on the subject. The court was then in session and at noon on the day the resolution was sent to them the judges gave the matter some consideration and decided to excuse themselves from giving the opinion requested. I was not present at their discussion, but the chief justice requested me during the afternoon session to prepare a decorous reply to the legislature with reasons for their declining to give the opinion. I asked him what reasons were to be given. "Oh (said he), you must think them up. Write the best thing you can and hand it up to me, and I will read it to the judges. It is not a proper thing for us to do — that is the whole of it." The afternoon session was just commencing, and a case came on at once for argument, and I was compelled to think the matter out with a vociferous lawyer making a speech directly over my head. I took paper and pen and worked through the task in a little over an hour. Here is what I wrote:

To the Honorable General Assembly, now in session:

The undersigned, judges of the Supreme Court of Errors, have had under consideration the resolution of your honorable body requesting the opinion of the judges as to certain proposed legislation

for the taxation of the income of the bonds issued by the United States and held by inhabitants of the state.

There are in our minds so strong objections to the practice of asking, on the part of the legislature, and of giving on the part of the judges, opinions in advance as to the validity of contemplated legislation, that we feel it to be our duty, without intending any disrespect to your honorable body, to decline to give the opinion requested.

1. Such action on our part would be clearly extra-judicial. It would be a case purely of advice and not of judgment. There are no parties before us and nothing for us to adjudicate in any sense of the term.

2. Our action being extra-judicial, and really rather our individual than official action, it cannot be of any binding character whatever. No judge of the Supreme or Superior Court, in any case hereafter before him, would be bound by our opinion. We ourselves should not be bound by it. Being merely advice it would be in contemplation of law, and probably in fact, of no more authority than the opinion of any other five experienced lawyers; except, perhaps, as we ourselves if sitting upon any such case might be inclined to adhere to an opinion which we had expressed.

3. So far as our opinion would be regarded as having authority, and so far as we ourselves would be influenced by it in any future case before us, there are the more serious objections to our giving such an opinion upon a purely *ex-parte* hearing, with no arguments of counsel, no searching investigation of the principles involved, and only the conclusion that we can best arrive at upon a comparison of our several impressions on the subject in a consultation among ourselves.

4. There are grave reasons for regarding such extra-judicial action as invalid, both from its conflict with our judicial duties and from its conflict with the legislative duties of your honorable body. As to the latter it is clear that the judiciary cannot properly mingle in, or in any way interfere with, your separate and independent rights and duties of legislation. As to the former it is very clear that any expression of opinion on our part becomes a prejudgment of a question that may come before us or other judges of our courts for adjudication between litigating parties, where the parties would have a right to our unbiased judgment. It is believed that in the states where the practice prevails there is some constitutional provision for it. In one of the states where there was a statute authorizing either branch of the General Assembly to submit questions with regard to the validity of legislation to the Supreme Court for its opinion, the judges were of the opinion that the statute itself was unconstitutional.

5. It is, perhaps, proper that a word should be said with regard

to the precedents which already exist for such action in this state. In two instances within a few years the opinion of the judges as to the validity of acts or proposed acts of the legislature, has been asked by the legislature and given by the judges. Both these cases were of acts of great importance, the one affecting the right of voting, and the other of citizenship, where an immediate opinion was needed, and where the points involved could not well be reached by ordinary litigation. Both were cases where we might without impropriety or any offense have declined to give the opinions requested; but we thought it better, without intending to establish or confirm a precedent, to give the opinions.

We beg your honorable body to accept, in the assurance that nothing disrespectful is intended, our conclusion to decline to give any opinion upon the question submitted to us.

I supposed that of course the judges would read the paper over and make suggestions, which I should embody in a second draft, but they all accepted it as it was, without changing a word, and it was at once signed by the five judges and sent to the General Assembly. The judges who signed it were Hinman, C. J., and Butler, McCurdy, Park, and Carpenter.

On the 19th of November, 1867, I made the following note in my reporter note-book:

The judges, reporter, and two or three members of the New London County bar, dined to-day with Judge Park. We had a fine dinner and an uncommonly pleasant time. Mrs. Park is a beautiful woman and very attractive in her manners. Judge Carpenter had brought on his wife and was staying at Judge Park's. The house is delightfully situated on the high bank on the east side of the Thames, about a mile from the center of the city, at what is called Laurel Hill. The view of the river from the house is very fine.

In a case at New Haven, while Judge Dutton was at the bar, he appeared for an ignorant Irishman to resist an application for a new trial. The counsel for the plaintiff in error made the opening argument, and when Mr. Dutton rose to reply the chief justice said: "We do not care to hear you, Mr. Dutton." Upon this his client arose, and, walking to the front, said he should insist on his right to be heard, that he was there with a good case, and that it was the duty of the

court to hear him. He kept on, growing more and more earnest and voluble as he proceeded, and it was all that his counsel could do to convince him that the court had decided the case in his favor, and to induce him to sit down.

In a case at Bridgeport the counsel for one of the parties had stated in his brief that his client had been "commorant" in certain places named, applying to him the term "commorant" half a dozen times in his brief of two pages. The printer had in every case printed it "cormorant," and the counsel had failed to notice the error until the copies were distributed among the judges.

Chief Justice Hinman died February 21, 1870, at the age of sixty-eight. At a meeting of the Hartford County bar, at which addresses were made by several of the lawyers, I said a few words, which I find reported in a paper of the next day. I cannot better give my view of the judge's character, or the circumstances of his last illness:

Mr. Chairman: I think the hearts of us all are touched by the death of Judge Hinman. We have long been familiar with his presence in the Superior Court, and as the presiding judge of the Supreme Court, and he has had in a very large degree our confidence as an able and upright judge. I feel myself that I have sustained a personal loss in his death. As reporter of the court for the last twelve years, I have been probably more familiar with him than most members of the bar. While he was not a man with whom I should have naturally formed an intimate friendship, for we disagreed about almost everything but law, yet brought by my official duties so much into his society I came to respect and esteem and love him, and we have been for several years very warm friends. We talked up very frequently and very good naturedly almost everything that we differed about, from politics to Congregationalism and Episcopacy. As a judge he was remarkable for his vigorous common sense. I have never known a man who had more. A bench composed of several judges, as is ours, contains men of various mental constitutions, and such a man as he forms an indispensable member of such a court. At the end of a long consultation among the judges, he would come in with a vigorous, incisive and decisive common sense that seemed to settle the question. He had a large knowledge of law (for, as he told me, he never forgot what good law he had once read), and was always able to refer readily to the principle that was to govern a case, and yet his opinion seemed to be rather the expression of

common sense than of law. He had no fondness for legal casuistry, and a not very nicely discriminating mind. His honesty seemed to be rather constitutional with him than to come from any very nice conscientiousness. He seemed to go right because he could not help it. After hearing a complicated case, it seemed as if he had only to shake his head, and let his brain settle to a level, and the case was decided and decided right. He never seemed to have an anxiety as to how he would come out, as he felt sure he would come out about right, and he never worried himself very much afterwards for fear he might have gone wrong. His very freedom from anxiety was a guarantee against any perturbation of his mind or error of his judgment.

He was taken ill at New Haven while the Supreme Court was in session there two weeks ago to-night, and the next morning was advised by a physician whom he called in to go home, as he might be ill for a few days, though no one supposed the matter to be serious. He was to take the eleven o'clock train, and I left him at the hotel and went into the court-room at nine. A little before eleven I went to the hotel to help him off and to go with him, if he desired, to the railroad station. I had some pleasant talk with him as I was helping him pack his carpet-bag, but as he thought there was no need of my going to the station with him, I took leave of him there. The last thing as I was going I said to him, "Well, Judge, I hope this illness won't amount to much, but I have always feared that some short illness would carry you off. There must be a last time and that generally comes when we don't expect it. Now I want to feel that you are ready to go." "Oh," said he, "Mr. Hooker, I believe I am ready. Good-bye." And these were the last words that were ever exchanged between us. I supposed that he was getting better, and was taken entirely by surprise on hearing of his death last evening. I am sure the bench has lost an able judge. I know that I have lost a good friend.

Chief Justice Butler died on June 8, 1873. He had been hopelessly ill, and had sent in his resignation three weeks before his death, so that the legislature, which was then near the close of its session, might select his successor. The legislature at once elected Judge Origen S. Seymour of the Supreme Court to the place of chief justice, and Judge John D. Park of that court to be chief justice on Judge Seymour's becoming seventy years of age, which would be on the 9th of February, 1874. The new chief justice presided at the June term of the court at Litchfield, where he resided, and on the evening of the first day gave a tea party at his house for the court and its attendants. I find this note under date of June

11th in my note-book: "A very pleasant tea party last evening at Chief Justice Seymour's. Present all the judges and myself and wife; also Mrs. Judge Carpenter, George C. Woodruff and wife, Edward W. Seymour and wife, and Judge Seymour's family, consisting of himself and wife and his daughter, a very pleasing and agreeable lady." My wife and I had driven up in a private carriage, and after the term closed started westward on a month's journey.

Chief Justice Seymour retired on the 9th of February, 1874, and Judge Park became chief justice. His last term was that held in Fairfield County on the 27th of January of that year. The bar of Fairfield County gave him an elegant banquet on one of the evenings of the term. There were present the governor of the state, Judge Park, the chief justice-elect, the other Supreme Court judges, the reporter, several of the judges of the Superior Court, Judge Woodruff of the United States Circuit Court, and a large number of the members of the bar, including several from other counties. Mr. James C. Loomis presided, and after the supper was over made the opening address. He gave as the first toast "Our Chief Justice." To this Judge Seymour responded as follows:

I stand here to-night on the eve of separation from pursuits to which during a long life I have been devoted. I have enjoyed my professional life at the bar and on the bench, and I do not and cannot look with indifference upon my approaching separation from these duties.

I, however, make no quarrel with the constitutional provision under which my retirement takes place. "The days of our years are three score years and ten;" when those years are accomplished, nature craves a brief period of repose between, on the one hand, the active duties of life, and its final close on the other.

I submissively bow, therefore, to the law of the land, believing it to be in harmony with the law of nature, but at the same time I cherish the memories of professional life, and part from it with fond regrets, and I will occupy your time a few moments this evening in suggesting some particulars wherein the lawyer's life among the varied pursuits of mankind is regarded by me as a favored one.

I was admitted to the bar in my native county of Litchfield in 1826, and I at once found myself in possession of a privilege which I then thought might be peculiar to myself, but which I afterwards found was common to all young lawyers, to wit, the privilege of fellowship on free

and easy terms with the elder brethren. I well remember the pleasure of these associations and the help I derived from them. It is pleasant to recall the names of the giants in those days when I was a stripling — Bacon, Miner, Huntington, Beers, Boardman, the Churches, and Smith. When I found myself in a snarl, and that happened to me semi-daily, I always found relief in the ready and cheerfully given counsel of these, my venerable seniors.

It is a truth familiar to us all, that lawyers, young and old, high and low, rich and poor, associate together with great freedom; not perhaps that we love one another more than the medical faculty, but our business brings us constantly into association with our brethren; our labors are not isolated, but performed in public and in each other's company, whereby we become thoroughly acquainted with each other. No man can conduct a complicated cause in court without showing to his brethren what manner of man he is. If he has mind, industry, learning, and culture, he shows it; his temper and disposition will show themselves. If he has integrity and truthfulness in him, they will appear. If, on the contrary, he is a sham, everybody will see it. The practice of changing partners as associate counsel brings lawyers into the most intimate relations with each other. It is amusing to notice gentlemen who are opposed to each other in the morning almost to personal altercation, in the afternoon engaged as associates, and at once as familiar and intimate with each other as the Siamese twins. We become therefore thoroughly acquainted with each other and wear no masks in each other's society.

In this connection, if time allowed, I would like to describe the bar meetings of olden time, which had a lingering existence fifty years ago, but those old-fashioned gatherings could not be conducted on temperance principles, and upon the advent of the temperance reformation they "took the chills" and died out. But the chief attraction of the profession lies in the inherent dignity of the law itself, controlling as it does, by its silent power, the moving masses in all their various relations and interests — in the equity, calm wisdom and dispassionate justice of its precepts — in its noble history in the past, and in the services and accomplishments of its living professors.

The bar has always drawn to itself the best talent and highest culture of the country, and hence the contests of the bar, conducted by skillful and learned counsel, furnish scenes of intense and instructive interest. The marvelous and varied powers of the human mind are in these contests called for and developed in a manner and to an extent unequaled on any other arena.

I readily recall many such scenes, as lively and dramatic as the inventions of Shakespeare's genius. I would not be understood, however, as saying that the court-room was exactly "paradise regained."

The scenes are generally animated, spirited, and varied; sometimes, however, dull and stupid, sometimes disgusting, exhibiting human nature in its most revolting form; and the members of the bar have much thankless labor, many sleepless nights and bitter disappointments.

But it is in his library that the true disciple of the law finds his highest satisfaction. He can here interrogate the masters of jurisprudence, ancient and modern, upon the matter he has in hand, and will seldom fail of getting an appropriate answer. I yield no blind obedience to authorities and precedents. Law is a progressive science. When it is said that law is the perfection of reason, it is not to be understood that all the utterances of judges and jurists are such. There are mistakes and errors in the past which the present may correct, and there are mistakes and errors in the present which it is to be hoped the future will correct, but, taken as a whole, a law library is replete with sound truths, applicable more or less directly to the various living issues pending before the courts, not mere abstract truths worked out in the closet, but truths upon which learned arguments have been heard at the bar, and learned consultations had by the bench, so that all available learning on the subject is brought forward and has received its due weight. It is difficult to overestimate the value of the well-weighed opinions of such chancellors as Hardwick, Eldon, and Kent, and of such judges as Mansfield, Ellenborough, and Marshall.

Among the most cherished memories of my professional life is the intimate acquaintance which I have enjoyed with all the eminent jurists who have adorned the bench of the state during the last fifty years. I need not recite their familiar names in this assembly, but you will permit me, occupying the position I do, to repeat the names of those who have filled the high office I am about to lay down, *nomina clara*, each of which upon bare mention suggests all the virtues pertaining to their high judicial position.

When I came to the bar the chief justiceship was held by the learned Hosmer, followed in quick succession by Daggett, Williams, Church, Waite, Storrs, and Hinman, and then by my immediate predecessor, the lamented Butler, companion, friend, brother. In this, his native county, he needs no eulogy from me. In the reports of his judicial opinions he has raised to himself a monument, *aere perennius*. Allow me in conclusion to propose as a toast, "The memory of the honored dead of the bench and bar of the state."

This toast was drunk in silence, all standing. Governor Ingersoll replied in a most eloquent speech to a toast to the "Governor of the State." Other addresses were made by Judge Park, the new chief justice, Judge Foster, Judge Woodruff of New York. G. H. Hollister, and Mr. White of Dan-

bury. Mr. Sumner of the Bridgeport bar, who was judge of probate for the district, read the following poem, which he said had been written the day before at the suggestion of a leading member of the bar:

I knew, I knew, these lively chaps would stop at nothing short
Of seeking in this dreadful strife the court of last resort;
In other words, the court that waits the drainage of life's cup,
And then inquires for all his pranks how much the man "cuts up."

I tell you when you probe the Court of Probate, you shall find,
In consequence of consequence, it isn't far behind;
It wants a man of parts, be sure, to understand the rules,
To care for all the widows and the infants and the fools.

I magnify my office then, as everybody should,
And say that, in a quiet way, I am doing heaps of good;
It's all the speech I'll make for my constituents' dissection,
You'll see in only two months hence there'll be a new election.

But this is neither here nor there; I chiefly rise to say
How pleased I am to meet our proud fraternity to-day,
And help entwine a graceful wreath around his honored brow,
Who, having fought a noble fight, puts off his armor now.

Thrice blest the man who, counting up his three score years and ten,
Presents a model in himself unto his fellow-men;
And in the plenitude of all his varied, ripened powers,
Beholds a gladsome retrospect of unneglected hours.

And gazing forward can discern a pleasant pilgrimage
Adown the smooth declivities of a serene old age;
Assured that when his day is done, he shall but sink to rest,
As summer sun, with all his radiant banners, in the west.

E'en such the man whose patriarchal presence here we greet,
As round the festive board to-night his fond disciples meet,
To here pronounce o'er him our benedictive word, "Well done!"
And for ourselves uplift the prayer, "God bless us every one!"

Let wiseacres and shallow fools deny the truth who can,
The thorough lawyer can but be, and is, the thorough man;
What cultured gifts must all combine and in his being blend,
Not all mankind I ween are fit to gauge or comprehend.

What arduous toil, what anxious care, how vigorous the school
Wherein our jealous mistress holds us subject to her rule,
Is ours who strive our best within this sphere of life to go,
Let those, and those alone, recount, who best can feel and know.

I've made a brief upon this point, and from statistics say,
 The lawyers, of professionals, do most for smallest pay;
 The average lawyer — overhaul the record and be sure —
 Works always hard, lives pretty well, and goes to Heaven poor.

And yet we lead a pleasant life, the company is good,
 And gentle fellowship obtains within our brotherhood;
 Exceptions but confirm the rule, and, take us all together,
 A nobler band, I dare declare, were never bound by tether.

And all the world, whate'er it says, respects the legal calling,
 And must confess that but for us its state would be appalling.
 The very man who finds in our pursuit the biggest flaw,
 If he can boast a boy with brains, will have him study law.

My time is up — a health to all; and unto him, ere while,
 Our honored chief, who now returns to join the rank and file,
 Long life — and when in heavenly courts he stands at last, be then
 His children's children's proudest boast — illustrious Origen!

At the same session of the court in Fairfield County the case of *Bailey vs. Bussing* was argued. Mr. H. S. Sanford, one of the counsel, in his argument remarked that the case had been in court eighteen years, and was now carried for the fourth time to the Supreme Court, and commented on the attenuated thread of life that was left to it. He then said: "The late Chief Justice Storrs in one of his opinions quotes, very pertinently, two lines from one of Watts's hymns. So in this case I go to the same authority for two lines that bear very directly upon the present case:

"Oh, Lord, on what a slender thread
 Hang ever - last - ing things."

The quotation made by Judge Storrs is in the case of *Hoyt vs. Smith*, 27 Conn. R., 68.

At the next session of the court at Norwich, Judge Park, now chief justice, invited me to dine at his house, and I find this entry under date of March 11, 1874:

"I took dinner at Judge Park's, meeting there Judge Carpenter, who is staying with him, Webster Park, the judge's brother, and three ladies who had been invited. An excellent dinner and a sociable and enjoyable time. Mrs. Park is a beautiful woman, and full of vivacity, and fond of hospitality. The judge is full of plain common sense and bears his new honors as chief justice very modestly."

An incident that would have come very pertinently in my chapter on Charles Chapman would have been overlooked entirely but for a newspaper account of it which was published in 1874, and which I had preserved at that time in my notebook. The case of *Collins vs. Hall* was tried in the Superior Court at Hartford in 1843, Mr. Chapman being counsel for the plaintiff and Governor Ellsworth for the defendant. This was some time before Governor Ellsworth went upon the Supreme Court, and while he was in general practice. The suit was brought to recover the value of a horse called "Black Prince." Mr. Chapman was always in his element in a horse case and brought all his skill and all his wit to the service of his client in this case. It appeared that the horse had been employed for many years in carrying the mail from Hartford to Barkhamsted, and later was turned out to fatten in a pasture, and finally by some means came into the hands of the defendant. The plaintiff, the original owner, had never got his pay for him, and brought this suit for it. Mr. Chapman had been extolling the horse extravagantly, and Governor Ellsworth in reply advised him to write a suitable epitaph for such a rare horse. Governor Ellsworth had been governor of the state for four successive years, but was finally defeated for the first time in 1842. The winter following, and just before this trial, his horse had run away with a sleigh dragging at his heels, and before he could be stopped had plunged into the Connecticut River and was drowned. Mr. Chapman, after the suggestion that he should write an epitaph on the horse, took his pen, and before Governor Ellsworth had finished his argument wrote these lines, which in his closing argument he read to the court and jury:

A faithful steed who long had served,
And never from his duty swerved,
Had drawn for years o'er hill and dale
The Hartford and Barkhamsted mail;
Who never in his youth or prime
Was even once behind the time,
And e'er, though always poorly fed,
Was proud and stately in his tread;
At last was taken from the stage
Because of his advancing age,

And turned to range and feed at will
Upon a barren Hartland hill.
He fattened there, grew sleek and nice,
And would command 'most any price,
When he, in latter part of fall,
Was led away by David Hall.
The owner never since that day
Has seen the horse or got his pay,
And thinks it don't surpass belief
That the "Black Prince" has died of grief.
Just so another prouder horse,
Whose master had run off the course,
So deeply mortified was he,
He sought the bottom of the sea,
By plunging in the river's bed,
And that proud horse, he, too, is dead.

During the March term, 1876, at Norwich, I had one of my not infrequent dinners at Judge Foster's. I find this note in my book: "Had a very pleasant dinner party at Judge Foster's, consisting of Judge Loomis, who is staying with Judge Foster, Judge Pardee, and myself, Mrs. Foster being the only lady present. Mr. Halsey was invited, but was not able to come. Nobody does up such hospitalities quite so handsomely as Judge and Mrs. Foster." The judge was living very handsomely in a fine residence in the upper part of the city.

Judge Foster had a remarkable verbal memory, and was able to quote largely from the standard poets and the English and Latin classics, greatly enlivening his conversation, which was always brilliant, by the most apposite quotations. During the September term of the court in Bridgeport in 1876 one of the counsel in arguing a case quoted the well-known passage, "The discretion of the judge is the law of tyrants," and ascribed it to Lord Brougham. After he had finished his argument, Judge Foster called his attention to his error in ascribing the passage to Lord Brougham instead of Lord Camden, and then gave the entire paragraph from memory, as follows: "The discretion of a judge is the law of tyrants. It is different in different men. It is casual, and depends upon constitution, temper, and passion. In the best it is

oftentimes caprice; in the worst it is every vice, folly, and passion to which human nature is liable."

Judge Foster retired on the 13th of November, 1876, having attained the age of seventy. I find this note with regard to the matter in my book: "Judge Foster's retirement is a cause of general regret, and to me of absolute sorrow; I have come to feel so great an attachment for him and to enjoy his society so much."

I find this note in my note-book, under date of May 30, 1877, the May term of the court at Litchfield having closed the day before: "The judges and reporter spent all the forenoon in looking over the magnificent 'Echo Farm' of Mr. Starr, a mile east of the village of Litchfield, upon his invitation, partaking of a very nice collation of coffee, ice-cream, and cake just before we left. The farm is very interesting — magnificent improvements, splendid stock, the finest of farm-buildings and machinery. Mr. Starr is wealthy and an earnest Christian man. It was a visit of great interest to me."

At the January term in Hartford in the year 1878 I have a note of the attendance of the court upon the inauguration of Governor Hubbard. It was the last session of the General Assembly in the old State House, and near the last of the session of the Supreme Court in the court-room there. The judges went up to the Representatives' Hall over the court-room in a body, with the reporter and clerk of the court, the sheriff preceding, and took seats that had been reserved near the speaker's desk. Lieutenant-Governor Loomis presided over the joint convention of the two houses, Speaker Briscoe sitting by his side. The governor soon came in with his staff, the latter in full military dress, and after a prayer by Rev. Mr. Parker of the South Church, Governor Hubbard read his message, a most admirable document. A little before five the judges returned to the court-room and proceeded with a hearing that had been suspended. My admiration and affection for Governor Hubbard made the occasion one of great interest to me.

During the same term at Hartford, the judges and reporter were invited to go at 2 o'clock to Colt's Pistol Factory to see

the operation of the Gatling gun, then gaining great notoriety, under the explanation of Dr. Gatling, the inventor. Carriages were furnished for us and we went down after dinner, getting back at twenty-minutes before four. We were greatly interested in observing the working of the gun and hearing the explanations.

At the January term in Hartford in 1879 the Supreme Court met for the first time in its fine hall in the new capitol — a large and elegant room. Rev. Mr. Twichell of Hartford opened the session with a dedicatory prayer.

The term at Bridgeport in October, 1880, was made painfully memorable by the fact that Judge Carpenter had just had a stroke of paralysis, and was lying in a critical condition. Judge Hovey of the Superior Court was called in to sit in his place.

At the term held at Hartford in May, 1882, the celebrated case of Mary Hall's application for admission to the bar was argued and decided. This was but fifteen years ago, and yet such is the progress of public sentiment in favor of opening all professional and industrial pursuits to women that such an application would now encounter little opposition, and perhaps attract but little attention. It was then regarded as of very doubtful result. Many lawyers who would not have objected to the enactment by the legislature of a law authorizing the admitting of women to the bar, were yet very strongly of the opinion that such a statute was necessary. It had been so decided in Massachusetts, in Illinois, and by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. Our statute authorizing the admission of attorneys was, with no important changes, nearly two hundred years old, and made no distinction of sex, but substantially authorized the appointment of any person found qualified. Of course it was claimed that that statute had never contemplated the appointment of women, and this had to be conceded. Miss Hall had been examined in the regular way by the committee of the bar, who had reported to the bar that the examination was satisfactory, and the bar had voted to admit her, subject to the opinion of the Supreme Court on the legal question whether, as a woman, she could be admitted

under the statute. The bar also appointed two of its members to argue the case, Mr. Thomas McManus in favor of the application, and Mr. Goodwin Collier against it. Judge Beardsley, before whom the case came in the Superior Court, reserved it for the advice of the Supreme Court. When the case came on in this court I argued it, on behalf of Miss Hall, with Mr. McManus, and Mr. Collier made an elaborate argument on the other side. It was heard on the 5th of May, and the judges held it under consideration till the 19th of July, when they decided in her favor, Judge Pardee alone dissenting, and he only on the ground that a new statute was necessary. The judges who constituted the majority were Chief Justice Park and Judges Carpenter and Loomis. Judge Beardsley of the Superior Court, who sat at this term in place of Judge Granger, who was unable to attend, was absent during the argument of this case, but told me afterward that if he had been present he should have been in favor of granting Miss Hall's application. This decision was a great step in the direction of the recognition of the rights of women.

In June, 1891, Judge Loomis retired, having reached the age of seventy. He resided in Rockville, in Tolland County, and the bar of that county gave him a banquet in Rockville at which the other judges and the reporter were invited, and a large number of the older lawyers from the other counties. Mr. B. H. Bill presided, and after a very handsome opening address presented Judge Loomis, who spoke as follows:

Mr. President and my Brethren of the Bench and Bar:

I wish I could frame my response in as elegant a manner as the resolutions just presented have been framed and engrossed by the Tolland County Bar. I heartily thank its members for this beautiful testimonial, and I thank you all for this striking manifestation of your affection and esteem, which has deeply touched my heart and kindled a gratitude that can never grow cold. I also owe you many thanks for your kindness in the past. During the twenty-seven years that I have continuously occupied a seat upon the bench, I have been treated with great consideration and respect by all the members, young and old, of the bar of the state, and by all my brother judges without a solitary exception. Whatever measure of success I may have attained on the judiciary, I owe in no small degree to the stimulus and encouragement you have thus afforded. And yet, while I confess the pleasure

and satisfaction your kind appreciation has given and will give me during the remainder of my life, I feel unworthy the high praise you have so freely bestowed.

I have always carried in my mind a lofty ideal of what a judge should be, and yet at the same time I have felt an humiliating consciousness of falling far short of my ideal; and were I called upon to decide the question, I should have to find that your commendation fits the ideal judge better than the real one. My ideal judge is one possessing rich and varied stores of learning; a conscience void of offense toward God and man; a patient judgment, unclouded by prejudice or passion; a love of truth whatever it may be as it comes from the lips of witnesses or from books of the law; and a moral courage that disdains the least intimidation, and rejects as unlawful intrusion all outside advice or influence not fairly belonging to the case. This last qualification was grandly illustrated by Lord Chief Justice Coke, who, in the reign of James the First, resisted so manfully the unjust assumption of kingly prerogative. The following question was put in behalf of the king to the judges:

“In a case where the king believes his prerogative or interests concerned, and requests the judges to attend him for their advice, might they not stay proceedings till his majesty has consulted them?”

Most of the judges made haste to say “Yes, yes, yes,” but Chief Justice Coke said: “When the case happens, I shall do that which shall be fit for a judge to do!”

Could I have realized the fond picture constantly in my mind and heart, I should have been much better satisfied with my career as a judge. As my official life work is finished and all further opportunity for me has been foreclosed, I now turn hopefully and confidently to my beloved brethren still on the bench to avoid my many mistakes and to realize the lofty conceptions of the judicial office which I have portrayed. I have always had a high regard for the legal profession, and my ideal of the true lawyer is almost identical with that of the judge. The lawyer needs the same rich stores of learning, the same conscience and love of truth, the same manliness and disdain of intimidation. And having this high conception of the legal profession, I have always combated the unreasonable prejudice which has at times existed against it. This prejudice must have been strong in Shakespeare's time, as evidenced by the dialogue between Dick, the butcher, and Jack Cade. Says Dick, “The first thing we do let's kill all the lawyers.” Says Cade, “Nay, that I mean to do. Is not that a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? That parchment being scribbled over should undo a man. Some say the bee stings, but I say 'tis the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing and I was never mine own man since.”

Our own colonial records also afford evidence that the general court had grave apprehensions on account of the prospective increase of lawyers, for in May, 1729, an act was passed, with a preamble, reciting that many persons of late had taken upon them to be attorneys at the bar, so that quarrels and lawsuits were multiplied and the king's good subjects disturbed, and providing "that there shall be in the colony eleven attorneys and no more, viz.: three in the county of Hartford and two in each of the other four counties."

I ought to remark that the medical profession as well as the legal has been the object of popular prejudice, and of a similar character. Dr. James Hamilton has said of his profession: "When people are ill they call us in like angels, but when they are well they kick us out like devils." Since my admission to the bar I have noticed with pleasure that this prejudice has been gradually growing less and less, till now it has almost disappeared.

In this connection it may not be inappropriate to relate an incident of my early practice in this town. As in the contemplation of the constitution I am approaching my legal dotage, a little legal anecdote may be expected. When I came to this town in 1847 these valleys and rocks had never heard the voice of a resident lawyer, and as I came without any previous call from the people I was for a time looked at through the blue haze of distrust and apprehension. Soon, however, I had a client, and brought a suit before a leading justice in the Vernon part of the town. The defendant, true to the instincts of the people, scorned to employ a lawyer, and so he conducted his own case. I opened and closed the argument with zeal, if not according to knowledge, and as I sat down there was a hush in the room to hear the decision. The justice said, "I give judgment to the plaintiff," and a feeling of satisfaction and pride was just rising within when I received a sudden shower-bath from the stern utterance of the justice, who, looking me in the face, said: "I decide this case for the plaintiff, but it is not owing to anything you have said, sir." I doubt whether this incident can fairly be cited to illustrate an unreasonable prejudice against the legal profession, for I remember that, like many a young lawyer of that day, I talked very loud, although I stood not over four or five feet distant from the justice whom I addressed.

Chief Justice Tindall was once asked whether he regarded a certain person as a sound lawyer, and he replied: "You raise a doubtful point; whether roaring is unsoundness?" With me it was a manifest case of roaring, but it was sound!

I remember another thing also calculated to excite prejudice; I drew a very long writ containing many different counts for the same cause of action. I ought to congratulate myself for getting off so well.

I was much amused recently on reading the record of a case against

an English lawyer, decided in 1596, who was tried for using too many words!—a most improbable offense from our standpoint, especially in the Supreme Court, where so much is submitted on briefs. The record alluded to shows that the offending barrister had made a replication covering 120 sheets of paper, when sixteen would have been ample. The judge who called him to account and found these facts, ordered that the offender be taken into custody, and that a hole be cut in the replication and his head thrust through the hole, and that he be led around bare-headed and bare-footed with this enormous replication hanging about his neck, written-side out, and that he be set at the bar at each of the three courts around Westminster Hall, and in addition he was ordered to pay a heavy fine.

Since the passage of our new Practice Act, which was designed to simplify proceedings, I have noticed that the pleadings are much longer than they were under the common-law system; but there is no danger, I trust, that any pleader will equal the English precedent in the face of such a warning. Much prolixity comes from hasty work and from the feeling that too much is always safer than too little. This is applicable to pleading, not to a banquet. Upon this principle a lawyer in drawing a complaint against a common carrier, set forth the duty of the carrier in the words of the law, that he must carry safely and make good all losses except those arising from the act of God, etc.; then he alleged that the loss was not caused by the act of the aforesaid God, but solely by the act of the defendant. Our ideals, whether as judges or lawyers, make no provision for mistakes, but "to err is human," and judges are as thoroughly human as lawyers, and hence our mistakes are many.

In my early practice at the bar, there lived in this town within a mile of the place where we are, a man by the name of Bruce, who carried a very homely person but a very level head. He often served as juror—usually as foreman. I brought a pauper case to the County Court. There was at the time a vacancy in the judgeship of this county, and a judge from an adjoining county presided. Bruce was foreman of the jury; I had perfect confidence in my case and presented it as well as I could. But the charge was directly against all my positions, and I thought I was gone up sure, but felt some relief when the jury reported that they were not agreed. The judge warmed over his charge again and again and sent the jury back for further consideration, till they came in the third time still "not agreed," when they were discharged from the case. Anxious to know what snag had got into the case, I asked some of the jurors how they stood, and they said they were all for the defendant except Bruce; that they tried hard to induce him to agree on a verdict for the defendant, telling him that he was bound to take the law from the court, but he replied that he knew he was bound

to take the law from the court, but he was not bound to take damned nonsense!

I do not believe there is a state in the Union where the relations of Bench and Bar are more agreeable and harmonious than in this state. I hope and trust it may always be so. If a judge harbors ill-will towards counsel or counsel towards the judge, some injustice is the sure result and the dignity of the court will be greatly impaired.

Of course, a little pleasantry is permissible, and is not inconsistent with proper dignity. A case was on trial before a Judge Green, when counsel cited as an authority upon the point in issue, "Browne on the Statute of Frauds," but he pronounced the name of the author, Browne-e, when the judge suggested that he ought not to sound the "e," saying that his own name (Greene) ended with an "e," and he asked the lawyer how he would pronounce that. The lawyer replied; "That depends upon how your honor decides this case."

Owing to the lateness of the hour and the general interest to hear our distinguished friends who are present, I forbear making the further remarks I had contemplated and will only add that in my retirement I shall have to forego the pleasure of your friendly greetings as often as I have heretofore enjoyed them. But I shall keep you all in fond remembrance and cherish to the last hour of my earthly life a lively interest in everything affecting the honor and dignity of the bench and the bar.

On the 5th of August, 1891, occurred the golden wedding of my wife and myself. I shall devote a chapter by itself to this occurrence. The judges of the Supreme Court were holding a meeting for consultation at the capitol all day, and in the afternoon came in a body to the hall where our friends were gathered, to participate for an hour in the festivities of the occasion. There were also present ex-Chief Justice Park and Judge Loomis.

Edward W. Seymour, a son of Chief Justice Origen Seymour, and one of our most eminent lawyers, was appointed a member of the Supreme Court in 1889, and discharged his judicial duties with great ability. On the 16th of October, 1892, he died very suddenly at Litchfield in the sixtieth year of his age, after an acute illness of only twenty-four hours. His funeral took place at Litchfield, October 17th, and was largely attended. My own personal relations with him had for a long time been very pleasant, and his death was to me a personal affliction. My wife went up with me to attend the

funeral. A very warm tribute to his memory was written by Judge Fenn in a *Winsted paper*, which is well worth preserving and which I copy here:

“Last Sunday morning at Litchfield there passed from weekday toil into Sunday rest, from work so consecrated that it was worship, into eternal peace, as pure a soul and as gentle as ever parted from earth to enter heaven. One who speaks from a torn heart because he loved him living, and loves him dead; one who met him in delightful social intercourse four days last week, the last time on Friday, in seeming health, full of life and its interests, and to whom the telegram announcing his sudden death came with shocking agony, can neither be silent nor speak with a calm dispassionate utterance, in such an hour. Edward W. Seymour lies dead at the age of sixty in the town in which he was born, and on the street where he had always lived. The oldest son of the late Chief Justice Origen S. Seymour, he inherited the rare judicial temperament, the calm, candid, impartial judgment, the love of mercy-tempered justice, so essentially characteristic of his father. Educated at Yale College, a graduate of the famous class of 1853, studying law in his father's office, entering into partnership with him, early and frequently called to represent his town, and later his senatorial district, in the General Assembly, a useful member of Congress for four years, having in the meantime, by devotion to his profession, as well as by natural ability, become the acknowledged leader of the bar in the two counties of Litchfield and Fairfield; certainly it was the principle of natural selection which, three years ago, led to his choice as a member of our highest judicial tribunal, the Supreme Court of Errors of this state. While of his services upon that court this is neither the time nor place to speak with fullness, it has been the privilege of the writer to know them somewhat thoroughly, and because of such knowledge he can the more truly bear witness to the rare spirit of fidelity to duty, to justice, to law, as a living, pervading, and beneficent rule of action, with which, whether upon the bench listening to and weighing the arguments and contentions of counsel, in private study, in the consultation room, or in the written opinions of the court which bear his name, the high duties of that great office have been sacredly discharged. When Chief Justice Seymour died, Governor Richard D. Hubbard, in a public address, declared: “I think we can all say in very truth and soberness, and with nothing of extravagance in eulogy, that we have just lost the foremost, undeniably the foremost, lawyer, and, take him for all in all, the noblest citizen of our state.” If it be too much to say this of the son whose years were almost a score less than those of the father, surely it is not too much to affirm that never did son tread more worthily in the footsteps of an honored parent, and never did untimely death break truer

promise than this which has deprived our state of those years of ripened usefulness, which would have made the career of the son as fruitful in honor and all good, and good to all, as that of the sire. But God knows best. Certainly, to him who lies crowned with the beatitude of Christ upon the pure in heart, it is well."

Judge Fenn, who wrote this eulogistic notice of his friend, has been with him in the spirit world since the summer of 1897. So the profession moves on.

I have referred in a former chapter (*ante*, p. 128) to a habit in which I indulged myself in the later years of my reporter-ship, of taking a few minutes' nap at my desk in the courtroom, when the room was warm and the argument long and tedious, and have mentioned there an exceedingly witty remark of Judge Pardee's about it. This habit was a subject of frequent jocose allusion on the part of the judges, though their own occasional lapses in this respect saved me from anything but the most good-natured reference to it. I have too often seen even a chief justice doze to feel any great compunction about it. But Judge Granger, who was the humorist of the court, at least so far as very ready but rather uncouth rhyming was concerned, would very frequently toss me a squib about it if he happened to find me napping. I generally handed him up an answer. Some of these squibs I find I entered on my note-book. One afternoon, during a very long and very tedious argument, I fell into a doze with my head thrown back from which I awoke myself by a snore. Immediately a paper came down from the bench with this on it:

The clock pointed to the hour of four;
The lawyer read from books of ancient lore;
The reporter started up and said, "I snore!"

I at once handed it back with this written underneath:

The judge scowled at the lawyer — "What a bore!"
Then looked at the reporter with "Encore";
Then at the lawyer looked again and swore.

To this a few minutes later came the following rejoinder:

And all the court concurred, and swore
That never had there been a bore
That on their nerves so harshly wore,
And wished that they with John might snore.

On another like occasion Judge Granger sent me the following lines:

John sleeps a strong sleep; no snooze can be deeper
Than the slumber that falls on this champion sleeper.
There is none that can beat him in sleeping by day,
Except the old chaps who are mentioned by Gray,
Who sleep 'neath the shade of the elm and the yew,
Unmindful of sunlight and moonlight and dew,
And heed not the fall of a state or a star;
So John sleeps along midst the din of the bar.

I scribbled the following reply, and handed it to Judge Granger. It is to be observed that he was an enormous smoker, always (except when sitting in court) having a cigar in his mouth; also that he was a great card player, and that he was immensely fond of stories and jokes; and it must be confessed that he had no fondness for hard thinking:

In an easy arm chair sits
Judge Granger when at home;
Turning his feeble wits
To this and that by fits,
Wherever they choose to roam,
Now law, now cards, and now and then a "pome";
With frequent savory drinks,
And most unsavory jokes;
One thing never,
He never thinks;
One thing ever,
He ever smokes.

Not long after this I caught Judge Granger in a sound sleep in his seat with the judges, and drew a likeness of him as he lay back with his mouth open, his appearance presenting a most tempting object for a caricaturist. Underneath it I wrote, "Taking a Judicial Attitude," and on his waking I handed it to him.

On a later occasion he handed me down the following lines, signing them "Hans Breitman":

Oh, Shonny, how you vas?
Vy dond you gone to sleep?
Your hies dey seem to vink
Shust like you took some trink.

I dinks you petter sthop
And take von leedle naps,
'Twill petter make you veel,
Shust like some Scheidam Schnaps.

I might add many more extracts from my note-book of the same general character with those I have given, but I have already made my chapter too long. It has saddened me very much as I have looked over my notes of the arguments of counsel and the decisions of the judges, with my record of incidents of interest, to see how almost all the lawyers and judges have gone over to the majority. Judge Granger has been in his grave for nearly three years, and not one of the judges of ten years ago is now living except Judge Loomis, who several years ago retired and is now spending his old age near me at Hartford. Not one of the judges, and I think but three of the more recent lawyers, lived to my present age (82, April, 1898). John T. Wait of Norwich is my senior by about three years. With this exception, I am now the oldest lawyer in the state, and I have for several years been the senior member of the Hartford bar. My long life as reporter of the court has been an exceedingly pleasant one, free from the anxiety that counsel feel in the trial of their causes, and from the responsibility that lies heavily upon the judges, while the social life was very enjoyable. There could not be better company than that of the judges, especially in their consulting room and at the tables of the hotels, while the cordiality of the members of the bar throughout the state, with their occasional elegant hospitality, brought a large element of the holiday into my working life. To one who is educated to the law, and who takes readily to fine critical work, is satisfied with a fair salary, and has no great ambition for a leading position and for fame, I know of no more satisfactory life than that of a reporter of a Supreme Court — a life very satisfactory as it passes and very satisfactory to look back upon. I count it a felicity to have been called by Providence to the very place that I filled for so many years, and which I retired from when seventy-eight years old, against the urgent request of the judges that I should continue still longer in the office.

SOME OF MY JUDICIAL FRIENDS.

During the thirty-six years that I held the office of reporter of judicial decisions I was on the most friendly terms with all the judges of the Supreme Court. I have spoken in the last chapter of our very pleasant personal relations. With Judge Carpenter and Judge Loomis, who for many years lived in the same city with me, and who both retired some time before I did, I kept up a constant and very enjoyable intercourse. The former died in the spring of 1897, and Judge Loomis is now the last survivor of that pleasant company. He lives near me, and it is one of the pleasures of my old age to chat with him. But there were several other judges with whom I had a delightful intimacy. There are obituary sketches of them all in the law reports, most of them prepared by me, but in my brief notice of them here I intend to speak only of their personal qualities, those traits that specially drew me to them, and which led them to a ready appreciation, very likely an over-appreciation, of those qualities in me which commended me to their special favor.

JUDGE DAVID C. SANFORD was the first of the judges to whom my heart went out with a real affection. He was elected to the Supreme Court in 1854, and was, therefore, on the bench when I became its reporter in 1858. He died in 1864, at the age of sixty-six, after ten years of judicial life. During that time he did excellent service as a judge, and acquired in the highest degree the respect and confidence of the profession and the public. But it was the moral side of his character that specially drew me to him. He abhorred all wrong doing and every transaction that bore any taint of fraud or even of unfairness. It was so hard for him to conceive why any man should do wrong that he was regarded as sometimes too severe in inflicting upon criminals the penalties of the law. Liquor selling stood high with him, as with me, on the list of crimes. But in his social intercourse he was the most kindly of men. I have often partaken of the hospitality of his delightful home in New Milford. Indeed, an intimacy grew up between our families that was a source of great pleasure to us both. He was a singularly handsome man, yet seemed hardly

conscious of it. He was very modest and unassuming, deferential in his manners, and very quiet in his demeanor. He was not a brilliant man, nor of commanding ability, but as a judge he brought to the service of the public an honest mind, great patience in hearing cases, and thoroughness of investigation and consideration in deciding them. We felt that on great moral questions we stood side by side. As we met and shook hands it seemed as if we were exchanging salutations as members of a brotherhood that the world knew little of, but which we ourselves understood very well.

I find in my notebook under date of October 7, 1862, this little entry with regard to a visit at his house. The court had just closed a session, at Danbury for Fairfield County: "I rode from Danbury to New Milford on Tuesday evening with Judge Sanford, and spent the night and the next forenoon at his house. I had a very pleasant visit. I thank God for such Christian men and Christian families. They are the salt of the earth."

It was in the quiet of domestic life that his character disclosed itself in its greatest beauty. He loved his home. The ambitions of men he knew little of. Indefatigable in the discharge of those public duties which so frequently called him from home, he returned thither with a love which no honors of public life could impair. His thoughts lingered about the earth as he was departing from it only because of those so dear to him whom he left behind. On his deathbed he said to his pastor: "The fear of death has passed away, and all my attachments to the world are broken; the only remaining affection I have is for those I love best, and it is hard for one to depart who is bound to earth by such ties as I am." While he lay sinking gradually and waiting for death he said, "How gently Christ is leading me," and again and repeatedly remarked, "How gently I am let down." His family told me, after his death, that while he thus lay waiting, he said, "Give my love to John Hooker." His affectionate remembrance of me when the earth was receding from his vision has ever since dwelt with me as a great benediction.

I wrote an obituary sketch of Judge Sanford for the 32d volume of the Connecticut Law Reports. With its closing paragraph I close this brief notice of my friend:

I knew him intimately, and know that he would have preferred to leave behind him the record of a true Christian life rather than that of an able and honored judge, and that these pages should express and perpetuate his tribute to Christian faith rather than ours to his honored memory. It is the happiness of the writer that, in making it a tribute to both, he can indulge his own love for the man and for the faith which adorned his life.

JUDGE LAFAYETTE S. FOSTER was one of my special friends. He was at almost every point unlike Judge Sanford, yet both were very dear friends. Judge Foster was an elegant gentleman, a man of the world, familiar with public men and public positions, a brilliant conversationalist, and an able and impressive public speaker. He had three times in his early professional life been the speaker of our state House of Representatives, had been in large professional practice in the eastern part of the state, and for the twelve years before he took a seat on our Supreme Court had been a senator in Congress from this state, and for a part of the time the president *pro tem* of the senate. He enjoyed public office and his intercourse with public men. With all this he was a man of the highest moral tone and unapproachable by any corrupting influence. I had known him in a general way for several years, but it was not till he came upon the court in 1870 that I became intimately acquainted with him. He was at that time sixty-four years old. I was ten years younger.

Judge Foster had just before married as his second wife Miss Martha P. Lyman of Northampton. She was a woman of striking personal beauty and of great elegance of figure. I have rarely seen a woman to whom could better be applied the words "Incedo regina," which Virgil puts into the mouth of Juno. A pleasant little incident with regard to her occurs to me, which ought to be preserved. It was prior to her marriage to Judge Foster. A man was on trial in the Superior Court at Hartford for murder, and during an intermission of the trial she came into the court-room with a gentleman friend. A few of the lawyers who were idling there knew her, and came up to greet her, and among them was Thomas Perkins, who was one of her special admirers. As we gathered about her Mr. Perkins said, "Here is a poor fellow who has

killed one man, and is put on a trial for his life for it, but Miss Lyman counts her victims by the score and no one thinks of putting her on trial." Said another, "But the law requires that she be tried by her peers; pray where will you find her peers?" "Oh (said Mr. Perkins), the nine muses and the three graces would just make a panel." "Ah (said the other), but they would be disqualified by envy."

When Judge Foster came upon the Supreme Court we found our way to each other very soon. Aside from our official relation we got up a little fraternity of our own. When the court sat at Norwich he often took me home to dine with him, and frequently got up an elegant dinner for all the judges. His long life at Washington, which his wife had shared with him, had enabled them to entertain their guests with great elegance. When the court sat in the other counties my seat at the hotel table was always next to his, except when his wife was with him, when she sat next to the judge and I next to her. I remember at one time at Bridgeport, one of our busiest little cities, she came in from a walk and sat down to dinner. I asked her where she had been. She said she had been about the city, and that it seemed to her as if nothing was going on. "Oh, Mrs. Foster (said I), it may have seemed so to you, but it was only because everybody suspended business as you went by."

Judge Foster was a graduate of Brown University at Providence in the class of 1828, and took the highest honors of his class. He brought from his classical studies a mind fraught with classical associations, which were always at his service, though never brought obtrusively into his conversation. Whenever the judges dined out together he was always the elegant man of the party, elegant in presence and manner and speech. Yet he had no affectation of manner, nor any assumption of superiority. He was very appreciative of everything bright in others and very responsive to others' wit, but he was always a good listener and never an intrusive talker. In England he would have been accepted as the finest specimen of an English nobleman. He had the best qualities of an English courtier, but without a particle of the flexible morality that is so generally imputed to that class of men.

I have mentioned in a former chapter (*ante*, p. 143) an instance of his recitation of a long paragraph from Lord Somers. He was always able to correct the errors of the rest of us in any matter from the English classics, and to supply for us any passage that we needed, and yet always without a particle of pedantry or any apparent consciousness that he had done anything worth noticing.

Judge Foster retired from the court in 1876, on attaining the age of seventy. He died four years later of a congestive chill, after an illness of only two days. He had been in fine health and I had reckoned confidently on his living to a good old age. I had thought that in the leisure of our closing years we should be much together, he renewing the bright talk of the years gone by, and I listening to the stories, of which his memory was full, of the events of an eventful professional and public life. His knowledge of public men was very extensive and no man could tell better what he had seen and known of them. It is now eighteen years since I have heard that voice to whose accents I listened with so much interest and affection. It is a great comfort to know that I shall before long hear it again.

CHIEF JUSTICE ORIGEN S. SEYMOUR was one of the judges of the Supreme Court to whom I became greatly attached. He was born in 1804, and died in 1881, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, having retired from judicial life eight years before on reaching the constitutional limit of seventy years. He was born and always lived in Litchfield, the county seat of the most picturesque county in the state. He loved its mountains and forests and lakes, and no less the plain and sturdy people who lived upon its hills. He had a great love of nature. The beautiful landscape on which he daily looked was like daily food to him. There were few things that he enjoyed more than driving with friends over the charming region about Litchfield and calling their attention to the beauty of the scenery. He loved flowers. His growing crops, the ripening fruit upon his trees, were watched by him with less of pecuniary interest than of almost poetic enthusiasm.

While possessed of a rare knowledge of law and of almost unerring judgment in the administration of it, it was the manifest kindness of his heart that brought so many men to

love him. He was wholly without pretension. He was never opinionated. He had no self-assertion. It would hardly be possible for one to be more unassuming than he. It was in a great measure this lack of all assumption that gave him such a hold upon the people about him. Juries always trusted him when at the bar. All who knew him felt certain of him as a man of "simplicity and godly sincerity." His simplicity of manner was but the natural garb of the simplicity of his heart. Yet, with all this he had a rare shrewdness. He was a good judge of human character and motives. He could not be imposed upon by pretenses and plausibilities. He saw through such artifices as quickly as through sophistries in argument.

It was his general custom before he came upon the court, and while a member of it, to entertain the judges and reporter at a bountiful supper at his house, where we met his wife and family. These were very enjoyable and memorable occasions. When the court sat at Litchfield I frequently took my wife with me to enjoy a visit there. She was born in Litchfield, Rev. Dr. Beecher being at that time settled over the Congregational church there. Judge Seymour was an Episcopalian, but had been a warm friend of Dr. Beecher, and always had a warm welcome for any of his family.

I conclude this sketch of the judge by quoting the closing paragraph of a sketch of him which I wrote soon after his death for the 48th volume of the Connecticut Law Reports. It tells of his golden wedding in 1880, a memorable occasion, which my wife and I attended with great interest.

On the 5th day of October, 1880, Judge Seymour and his wife celebrated their golden wedding amidst their relatives and friends, many attending from all parts of the state and some from other states. The occasion was one of exceeding interest. It brought into deserved notice the charming home life which, with its support and solace and inspiration, had underlain his laborious professional and public life. Throughout the day, which was hallowed by a tender and impressive communion service at the church in the morning, the venerable pair, serene and saintly, received the homage of reverence and affection; while Nature, loved by them both, seemed eager to show her gratitude by an unmeasured tribute of flowers. The autumn day was suggestive of the reced-

ing year and of ripened lives, and to him it proved far more than the golden bound of the half century. Before the next autumn came he had passed, in the beauty of his life's completeness, from the earthly into the eternal years.

JUDGE DWIGHT W. PARDEE was the last of my judicial friends with whom I came into a special companionship. He was six years younger than I. He came upon the Supreme Court in 1873, served two terms of eight years each, and retired at the end of his second term at the age of sixty-eight. He died four years later at the age of seventy-two. It was in the early part of his term that both Judge Seymour and Judge Foster had retired, each dying soon after. Thus he was on the court for sixteen years during my term as reporter. He lived at Hartford, not far from the capitol, in which I had my office, and was very frequently at my room, partly as a matter of friendship, but mainly to talk over his cases with me. He rarely failed to come in and read to me the opinions he had written, and to ask for my close attention and criticism. He was a very able judge, but yet had a great desire to see how what he wrote would strike another mind familiar with the case. After his death I wrote a sketch of him for the law reports, which appears in volume sixty-three of Connecticut Reports.

I intended, in these notices of my judicial friends, to speak only of their moral and social qualities and particularly of those traits of character which specially attracted me, but Judge Pardee was a man of so great ability as a judge and of so fine intellectual qualities that I depart from my rule so far as to give a passage from my sketch of him which particularly describes him in these higher relations.

Judge Pardee had in a high degree the judicial faculty. He was never embarrassed by the complicated facts that overweight so many of the cases that go to our higher courts. He was able to precipitate, as by the touch of an alchemist, the questions of law which they held in solution. With a quickness of apprehension, often thought incompatible with a proper judicial deliberativeness, he had a remarkable soundness of practical judgment and a great sense of justice. Though never led astray by any fondness for speculation, he had a rare faculty of dealing with

novel questions and exploring new regions of legal inquiry. He had less book learning than some less able judges, but had a clear comprehension of legal principles and a thorough mastery of the law as a science. His opinions are written in language of great condensation and vigor, which was often epigrammatic and quaint in its incisiveness and point, always clear, always freighted with meaning, and, without being in the slightest degree ambitious or inclined to be ornate, was yet of a high literary quality. No verbiage ever burdened anything which he wrote or uttered; no weak word or thought ever came from his lips or his pen. He was quiet in his demeanor, not at all self-assertive or demonstrative, positive in his views, but never aggressive in declaring them, a shrewd and intelligent observer of public men and public affairs, but keeping his comments, sometimes caustic, always keen and racy, for private conversation. He had a fine sense of humor, and was often a witty contributor to the entertainment of a dinner party or a circle of friends, but it was generally by way of reply to the remarks of others and upon the suggestion of the moment. He was never a talker in the ordinary sense of the word. He was of the highest moral tone. No one ever imputed to him an unworthy motive. He was a man of absolute and most scrupulous integrity, and had the unlimited confidence of the public as such. He was a liberal giver to worthy charities; his gifts, often large, being made where practicable in a way to avoid public observation. No man could be more free from ostentation or pretense; none of plainer or simpler habits.

It was this man, of keen observation, of shrewd knowledge of human nature, of sound judgment, of an eminent judicial faculty, and, withal, of most kindly feeling, that I had for my near neighbor and very frequent companion for the latter years of my official life. His house was a pleasant resort for me, as well as my room a much-sought resort for him. It is not strange that, as earlier choice friends departed, I should have come to reckon with almost confident hope and with great affection on a continuance of our friendship for many years, especially when retirement from all business should bring us abundant leisure for it. His sudden death in 1893 was a great shock to me. I was at that time at the World's Fair at Chicago, and was not able to attend his funeral.

My sketch of Judge Pardee in the law reports closes with

this brief personal paragraph, which expresses, better than I can in any other way do, my great affliction in his death:

The death of Judge Pardee gave to the whole community a sense of loss, but to the writer of this imperfect sketch of him it brought a great personal bereavement and sorrow. We had been pleasantly acquainted from our early manhood as brethren at the Hartford bar, with a high esteem for him on my part; but during the sixteen years that he was a member of the Supreme Court, I being then its reporter, there grew up between us a very fond friendship. To no one, outside of my own family, did I look for companionship in my declining years so much as to him. It is with a sense almost of desolation that I think of his returnless absence. And it is among my pleasantest thoughts that we shall soon meet in a renewed and abiding companionship.

JUDGE HUNT AND THE TRIAL OF SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

Susan B. Anthony, the great woman suffrage advocate and reformer, was tried for illegally voting at an election for representatives in Congress in 1872, in the United States Circuit Court at Canandaigua in the State of New York, before Judge Hunt of the Supreme Court of the United States. His conduct of the case was so utterly against the law and so unjust and oppressive that his name ought to go down to posterity with those of Jeffreys and other infamous judges who have been pilloried by history. I will do what I can to effect this. Immediately after the trial I wrote and published the following review of his course, which I insert in these Reminiscences as worthy of a place here and as putting on record my abhorrence of the man. It is impossible to suppose for a moment that he could have any doubt of the well-established principles of law which he was setting at defiance; if he had such doubt, he was totally unfit for a place in any respectable court.

In the recent trial of Susan B. Anthony for voting (illegally, as was claimed, on the ground that as a woman she had no right to vote — a point which we do not propose to consider, though we have a very positive opinion in favor of her right), the course of Judge Hunt in taking the case from the jury and ordering a verdict of guilty to be entered up, was so remarkable, so contrary to

all rules of law, and so subversive of the system of jury trials in criminal cases, that it should not be allowed to pass without an emphatic protest on the part of every public journal that values our liberties.

Let us first of all see precisely what were the facts. Miss Anthony was charged with having knowingly voted, without lawful right to vote, at the congressional election in the eighth ward of the city of Rochester, in the state of New York, in November, 1872. The act of Congress under which the prosecution was brought provides that, "If, at any election for representative or delegate in the Congress of the United States, any person shall knowingly personate and vote, or attempt to vote, in the name of any other person, whether living, dead, or fictitious, or vote more than once at the same election for any candidate for the same office, or vote at a place where he may not be lawfully entitled to vote, or vote without having a lawful right to vote, every such person shall be deemed guilty of a crime," etc.

The trial took place at Canandaigua, in the state of New York, in the Circuit Court of the United States, before Judge Hunt, of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The defendant pleaded not guilty—thus putting the government upon the proof of its entire case, admitting, however, that she was a woman, but admitting nothing more.

The only evidence that she voted at all, and that, if at all, she voted for a representative in Congress, offered on the part of the government, was that she handed four bits of paper, folded in the form of ballots, to the inspectors, to be placed in the voting boxes. There was nothing on the outside of these papers to indicate what they were, and the contents were not known to the witnesses nor to the inspectors. There were six ballot-boxes, and each elector had the right to cast six ballots.

This evidence would undoubtedly warrant the conclusion that Miss Anthony voted for a congressional representative, the fact probably appearing, although the papers before the writer do not show it, that one of the supposed ballots was placed by her direction in the box for votes for members of Congress. The facts are thus minutely stated, not at all for the purpose of questioning their sufficiency, but to show how entirely it was a question of fact, and therefore a question for the jury.

Upon this evidence Judge Hunt directed the clerk to enter up a verdict of guilty. The counsel for the defendant interposed, but without effect, the judge closing the discussion by saying,

“Take the verdict, Mr. Clerk.” The clerk then said, “Gentlemen of the jury, hearken to your verdict as the court has recorded it. You say you find the defendant guilty of the offense whereof she stands indicted, and so say you all.” To this the jury made no response, and were immediately after dismissed.

It is stated in one of the public papers, by a person present at the trial, that immediately after the dismissal of the jury one of the jurors said to him that that was not his verdict, nor that of the rest, and that if he could have spoken he should have answered “Not guilty,” and that the other jurors would have sustained him in it. The writer has no authority for this statement beyond the letter mentioned. The juror, of course, had a right, when the verdict was read by the clerk, to declare that it was not his verdict, but it is not strange perhaps that an ordinary juror, with no time to consider or consult with his fellows, and probably ignorant of his rights and in awe of the court, should have failed to assert himself at such a moment.

Probably the assumption by the judge that Miss Anthony in fact voted did her no real injustice, as it was a notorious fact that she did vote, and claimed the right to do so. But all this made it no less an usurpation for the judge to take the case from the jury, and order a verdict of guilty to be entered up without consulting them.

There was, however, a real injustice done her by the course of the judge, inasmuch as the mere fact of her voting, and voting unlawfully, was not enough for her conviction. It is a perfectly settled rule of law that there must exist an intention to do an illegal act, to make an act a crime. It is, of course, not necessary that a person perpetrating a crime should have an actual knowledge of a certain law which forbids the act, but he must have a criminal intent. Thus, if one is charged with theft, and admits the taking of the property, which is clearly proved to have belonged to another, it is yet a good defense that he really believed that he had a right to take it, or that he took it by mistake. Just so in a case where, as sometimes occurs, the laws regulating the right to vote in a state are of doubtful meaning, and a voter is uncertain whether he has a right to vote in one town or another, and upon taking advice from good counsel, honestly makes up his mind that he has a right to vote in the town of A. In this belief he applies to the registrars of that town, who upon the statement of the facts are of the opinion that he has a right to vote there, and place his name upon the list, and on election day he

votes there without objection. Now, if he should be prosecuted for illegal voting, it would not be enough that he acknowledged the fact of voting, and that the judge was of the opinion that his view of the law was wrong. There would remain another and most vital question in the case, and that is, did he intend to vote unlawfully? Now, precisely the wrong that would be done to the voter in the case we are supposing, by the judge ordering a verdict of guilty to be entered up, was done by that course in Miss Anthony's case. She thoroughly believed that she had a right to vote. In addition to this she had consulted one of the ablest lawyers in western New York, who gave it as his opinion that she had a right to vote, and who testified on the trial that he had given her that advice. The act of Congress upon which the prosecution was founded uses the term "knowingly"—"shall knowingly vote or attempt to vote in the name of any other person, or more than once at the same election for any candidate for the same office, or vote at a place where he may not be lawfully entitled to vote, or without having a lawful right to vote." Here most manifestly the term "knowingly" does not apply to the mere *act* of voting. It is hardly possible that a man should vote and not know the fact that he is voting. The statute will bear no possible construction but that which makes the term "knowingly" apply to the *illegality* of the act. Thus, "shall knowingly vote without having a lawful right to vote," can only mean, shall vote knowing that there is no lawful right to vote. This being so, there was manifestly a most vital question beyond that of the fact of voting, and of the conclusion of the judge that the voting was illegal, namely, did Miss Anthony vote knowing that she had no right to vote?

Now, many people will say that Miss Anthony ought to have known that she had no right to vote, and will perhaps regard it as an audacious attempt, for mere effect, to assert a right that she might think she ought to have, but could not really have believed that she had. But whatever degree of credit her claim to have acted honestly in the matter is entitled to, whether to much, or little, or none, it was entirely a question for the jury, and they alone could pass upon it. The judge had no right even to express an opinion on the subject to the jury, much less to instruct them upon it, and least of all to order a verdict of guilty without consulting them.

There seems to have been an impression, as the writer infers from various notices of the matter in the public papers, that the

case had resolved itself into a pure question of law. Thus, a legal correspondent of one of our leading religious papers, in defending the course of Judge Hunt, says: "There was nothing before the court but a pure question of law. Miss Anthony violated the law of the state intentionally and deliberately, as she openly avowed, and when brought to trial her only defense was that the law was unconstitutional. Here was nothing whatever to go to the jury." And again he says: "In jury trials all questions of law are decided by the judge." This writer is referred to only as expressing what are supposed to be the views of many others.

To show, however, how entirely incorrect is this assumption of fact, I insert here the written points submitted by Miss Anthony's counsel to the court, for its instruction to the jury.

"First — That if the defendant, at the time of voting, believed that she had a right to vote, and voted in good faith in that belief, she is not guilty of the offense charged.

"Second — In determining the question whether she did or did not believe that she had a right to vote, the jury may take into consideration, as bearing upon that question, the advice which she received from the counsel to whom she applied.

"Third — That they may also take into consideration, as bearing upon the same question, the fact that the inspectors considered the question, and came to the conclusion that she had a right to vote.

"Fourth — That the jury have a right to find a general verdict of guilty or not guilty, as they shall believe that she has or has not been guilty of the offense described in the statute.

This certainly makes it clear that the question was not "a pure question of law," and that there was "something to go to the jury." And this would be so, even if, as that writer erroneously supposes, Miss Anthony had openly avowed before the court that she voted.

But even if this point be wholly laid out of the case, and it had been conceded that Miss Anthony had knowingly violated the law, if she should be proved to have voted at all, so that the only questions before the court were, first, whether she had voted, as charged, and secondly, whether the law forbade her voting; and if in this state of the case a hundred witnesses had been brought by the government to testify that she had "openly avowed" in their presence that she had voted, so that practically the question of her having voted was proved beyond all possible question, still the judge would have had no right to order a verdict of guilty.

The proof that she voted would still be *evidence*, and *mere evidence*, and a judge has no power whatever to deal with evidence. He can deal only with the law in the case, and the jury alone can deal with the facts.

But we will go further than this. We will suppose that in New York, as in some of the states, a defendant in a criminal case is allowed to testify, and that Miss Anthony had gone upon the stand as a witness, and had stated distinctly and unequivocally that she did in fact vote as charged. We must not forget that, if this had actually occurred, she would at the same time have stated that she voted in the full belief that she had a right to vote, and that she was advised by eminent counsel that she had such a right—a state of the case which we have before referred to as presenting a vital question of fact for the jury, and which excludes the possibility of the case being legally dealt with by the judge alone; but this point we are laying out of the case in the view we are now taking of it. We will suppose that Miss Anthony not only testified that she voted in fact, but also that she had no belief that she had any right to vote; making a case where, if the court should hold as a matter of law that she had no right to vote, there would seem to be no possible verdict for the jury to bring in but that of “guilty.”

Even in this case, which would seem to resolve itself as much as possible into a mere question of law, there is yet no power whatever on the part of the judge to order a verdict of guilty, but it rests entirely in the judgment and conscience of the jury what verdict they will bring in. They may act unwisely and unconscientiously, perhaps by mere favoritism, or a weak sympathy, or prejudice, or on any other indefensible ground; but yet they have entire *power* over the matter. It is for them finally to say what their verdict shall be, and the judge has no power beyond that of instruction upon the law involved in the case.

The proposition laid down by the writer before referred to, that “in jury trials all questions of law are decided by the judge,” is not unqualifiedly true. It is so in civil causes, but in criminal causes it has been holden by many of our best courts that the jury are judges of the law as well of the facts. Pages could be filled with authorities in support of this proposition. The courts do hold, however, that the judges are to *instruct* the jury as to the law, and that it is their duty to take the law as thus laid down. But it has never been held that if the jury assume the responsibility of holding a prisoner not guilty in the face of a charge from the judge

that required a verdict of guilty, where the question was wholly one of law, they had not full power to do it.

The question is one ordinarily of little practical importance, but it here helps to make clear the very point we are discussing. Here the judge laid down the law, correctly we will suppose, certainly in terms that left the jury no doubt as to what he meant; and here, by all the authorities, the jury ought, as a matter of proper deference in one view, or of absolute duty in the other, to have adopted the view of the law given them by the judge. But it was in either case the *jury only* who could apply the law to the case. The judge could *instruct*, but the jury only could *apply the instruction*. That is, the instruction of the judge, no matter how authoritative we may regard it, could find its way to the defendant *only through the verdict of the jury*.

It is only where the confession of facts is *matter of record* (that is, where the plea filed or recorded in the case *admits* them), that the judge can enter up a judgment without the finding of a jury. Thus, if the defendant pleads "guilty," there is no need of a jury finding him so. If, however, he pleads "not guilty," then no matter how overwhelming is the testimony against him on the trial, no matter if a hundred witnesses prove his admission of all the facts, the whole is not legally decisive like a plea of guilty; but the question still remains a question of fact, and the jury alone can determine what the verdict shall be. In other words, it is no less a question of fact for the reason that the evidence is all one way and overwhelming, or that the defendant has in his testimony admitted all the facts against himself.

The writer has intended this article for general rather than professional readers, and has therefore not encumbered it with authorities; but he has stated only rules and principles that are well established and familiar to all persons practicing in our courts of law.

This case illustrates an important defect in the law with regard to the revision of verdicts and judgments in the United States Circuit Court. In almost all other courts an application for a new trial on the ground of erroneous rulings by the judge is made to a higher and independent tribunal. In this court, however, an application for a new trial is addressed to and decided by the same judge who tried the case, and whose erroneous rulings are complained of. Such a motion was made and argued by Miss Anthony's counsel before Judge Hunt, who refused to grant a new trial. Thus it was Judge Hunt alone who was to decide whether

Judge Hunt was wrong. It is manifest that the opportunity for securing justice, even before the most honest of judges, would be somewhat less than before an entirely distinct tribunal, as the judge would be prejudiced in favor of his own opinion, and the best and most learned of judges are human and fallible; while if a judge is disposed to be unfair, it is perfectly easy for him to suppress all attempts of a party injured by his decision to set it aside.

The only remedy for a party thus wronged is by an appeal to the public. Such an appeal, as a friend of justice and of the law, without regard to Miss Anthony's case in any other aspect, the writer makes in this article. The public, thus the only appellate tribunal, should willingly listen to such a case, and pass its own supreme and decisive judgment upon it.

The writer cannot but regard Judge Hunt's course as not only irregular as a matter of law, but a very dangerous encroachment on the right of every person accused to be tried by a jury. It is by yielding to such encroachments that liberties are lost.

LIFE AT NOOK FARM.

In 1853 I purchased, with Hon. Francis Gillette, who had married my sister, a farm of a little over one hundred acres, lying just outside of the limits of the city of Hartford, on the Farmington road. It had belonged to William H. Imlay, who had held it for thirty years or more, and was called "Nook Farm," this name having been given to it because the river, now called Park river, curved about the southern part of it in such a way as to leave some thirty or forty acres within the nook. At that time there was a comfortable farm house quite a distance in the interior, but no other dwelling house. The city limits were extended a few years later and the whole farm taken into the city. It has now five city streets, well filled with city houses, the southern part containing several factories.

I built a house for myself on a street which we opened and called Forest street, Mr. Gillette occupying for three or four years the farm house and later building a large and very pleasant house on the same street. The neighborhood where we lived still kept the old name of "Nook Farm," and that name remained a familiar one for many years, and has hardly yet disappeared. The early comers were generally family or personal friends, and we lived like a little society by ourselves — each



John Hooker

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of us making free of the others' houses, and each keeping open house, and all of us frequently gathering for a social evening or to welcome some friendly visitor, often some person distinguished in political, literary, or philanthropic life, who had come to some of our houses.

There was a curious thread of relationship running through our little neighborhood. As I have already stated, Mr. Gillette and I were the first settlers, and Mrs. Gillette was my sister. Soon after came Thomas C. Perkins, an eminent lawyer of the city, whose wife was sister of my wife. Then came Mrs. Stowe, another sister, who at first built a house on another part of the farm, but subsequently came to live close by us on Forest street. My widowed mother early built herself a cottage next my own house. Elizabeth, daughter of my sister Mrs. Gillette, married George H. Warner, and she and her husband settled close by us. Next came Charles Dudley Warner and his brilliant wife, he being the brother of George H. Warner just mentioned. Joseph R. Hawley, then my law partner, but since a general in the war and senator in Congress, met at my house, and afterwards married, Harriet W. Foote, a cousin of my wife. They also settled in our immediate neighborhood. Rev. Dr. Nathaniel J. Burton and his wife were for two years members of my family, becoming family connections by the marriage of my daughter to Dr. Burton's brother. This daughter also settled close by us. Still later, Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) built, and has ever since occupied, a residence near us, his wife being the daughter of a very intimate and much loved friend of my wife. I ought not to omit William Gillette, then a boy growing up among us, the son of my sister, who has since become distinguished as an actor and playwright.

A writer in the *Hartford Post* many years later wrote an article on the life at Nook Farm. The old life had then essentially passed away. Some who filled large places in it had died or moved away, while with the city's growth to the westward, new families had come in and we had well-filled city streets in the place of the strictly rural region of thirty years before. The article is written by a very friendly pen, I think by one of the editors of the paper, and speaks of my own family in so complimentary terms that I feel much doubt as to the good taste of

availing myself of it for my present purpose. But it is so accurate in its description of the neighborhood life there, and it is so pardonable that I should love to be well spoken of, that I insert the article in full just as I find it in the paper:

In the social and intellectual life of this city Mr. Hooker has borne no small part. Aided by his gifted wife, his home early became the center of a group of cultured people, who recognized in their host and hostess a charm of manner and grace of conversation beyond what is often permitted even the most cultivated to enjoy.

There are some persons in Hartford whose recollections of Nook Farm and of its simple, gracious, and delightful hospitality thirty years ago, are among the pleasantest of their social memories. The place itself, sequestered and yet not remote, was beautiful for situation, and furnished for comfort with a rare tact and taste. Mr. and Mrs. Hooker were in their prime, — cheery, radiant, optimistic, and full of sympathy with every intellectual and moral movement that betokened progress. The faces and figures and voices of their bright and beautiful little children gladdened the household, and gave it an atmosphere of holy domesticity.

To be admitted into that family circle was to be made free therein, for freedom was its striking characteristic. Dullness could not abide there; whatever gift or talent one had was somehow elicited and magnified. The brightness, versatility, and ever-kindling intellectuality of the hosts were commingled with such gentleness, sweetness, and Christian kindness that the guests were ever stimulated, encouraged, and refreshed.

There was no gossip, but incessant discussion, keen but kindly controversy, and the flashing to and fro of wit and humor. If any person of promise came to Hartford then, he or she was likely to be somehow drawn into that abode of truest culture. There Nathaniel J. Burton was at home, and there for long periods made his home, most loving and beloved. He was a radical then in politics and religion. The wiseacres could not quite understand that brilliant, audacious, eloquent genius. But at Nook Farm his great mind and great heart were understood. His glory shone there.

When Charles Dudley Warner and his wife came to Hartford, it was the most natural thing in the world that they should be "at home" with "the Hookers," and there they first disclosed



Isabella Beecher Hooker

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their intellectual and social charms. There was heard the imperial power of her musical gift, and there was felt the power of his keen, subtle, humorous intellect.

What evenings one remembers there in the society of such men and women! If Hartford has ever, before or since, had a brighter, sunnier, healthier, more hospitable or quickening spot than Nook Farm in those far-off days, it has been fortunate indeed. Great clouds were gathering in the political sky, but the inmates of that home regarded them with a faith and hope and courage that were contagious. Great excitement and tumults were abroad, but there was the peace of a certain glorious confidence in God and humanity.

Many a heart looks back to that time and that home with profound gratitude for the privilege of freedom in such an enlightened, cultivated, quickening, and altogether beautiful household. The war, as it went on, drew all loyal hearts into its vortex, and made great social changes. Head and hand were busy, here or there, and, before they were aware, friends were scattered, homes broken, and the old order changed. The hosts went out into larger ways. The guests also. But they who knew Nook Farm then can never forget it, — never cease to bless it and its brilliant, noble hosts.

OUR GOLDEN WEDDING.

Our golden wedding, which occurred on the fifth day of August, 1891, was of course a day of great personal interest to us, but was also, through the large attendance of our friends and the very kindly and extended public notice taken of it by our city papers, made an occasion of public interest. I shall avail myself in the space which I shall devote to it, very largely and perhaps wholly of notices of it given by the papers and of letters from friends. My readers will, I trust, bear in mind that the affection of friends easily runs into extravagance of expression at such a time, and that even editorial tributes take on something of the prevailing hue, while I am sure they will pardon me for finding in all this overpraise the evidence of a genuine and earnest love, and such love I value beyond all tributes to any intellectual ability. The *Hartford Post*, in an editorial notice of our golden wedding, after speaking of me professionally in a very friendly way, says:

Add to these attributes his wide acquaintance and the personal esteem in which he is held, and it is no wonder that it can be said of John Hooker that he is the best-loved member of his profession in the state to-day.

No office in the gift of the people could give me the satisfaction that I feel in enjoying in so large measure the affection of my professional brethren and the public. Another passage I cannot forbear to quote from an article in the *Courant*, which pays, I fear, a too generous tribute to those qualities which have brought to me the warm personal regard of my fellowmen. I have never sought their votes for office, but I willingly accept their suffrages in this form:

John Hooker's sterling probity, legal ability, and refined intellectual tastes, his ready wit, his literary gift in both prose and verse, and his unstained and winsome personal character, have long made him widely known, respected, and loved, not only in Hartford, but throughout the state. In respect to his wit, he is famous for his stories and sayings, his tendency in this regard being once happily hit off by his commensal, the late Charles Chapman, who declared him "a puritanical wag." Few come to his years who are so universally valued and beloved of their fellowmen, whose influence has made so unswervingly for righteousness.

Numerous letters were received by us before the reception, a few of which I will insert. I am sure the following will interest my readers:

SOUTH ASHFIELD, MASS., July 16, 1891.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I shall not be able to "call" on the day of your golden wedding, but will send my love with congratulations and good wishes now, lest some mishap prevent me as the day draws near. I mind well how you were made known to me in the breaking of bread under your own roof-tree many years ago, and can truly say that the glow I brought away in my heart has not yet fallen away to white ashes. I can even tell you what we had for dinner, — men's stomachs have a large memory, — but, better still, I mind my warm and noble welcome. So I shall come again in the spirit as a guest, and shall know it is Bible-true that in all true weddings like yours, when the golden wedding day comes round by God's high grace, then the glory of the maiden of twenty, shall we say, cannot be seen by reason of the glory

which excelleth in the good old wife of seventy, while husband and wife together are changed from glory to glory as by the spirit of the Lord.

Time will have done this for you when the good day comes round, and I only wish I could be there to clasp your hands and say by that token what my pen cannot write.

Indeed, yours,

— ROBERT COLLYER.

WOODMONT, CONN., July 21, 1891.

DEAR MRS. HOOKER:—Of course I shall attend the golden wedding, August 5th. You may make me groomsman, usher, or helper of any sort.

It was forty-two years ago last May that I came to John Hooker's office in Farmington, Conn., to study law, and made acquaintance with his beautiful young wife, who, nevertheless, seemed to me a very mature lady. It was my intention to spend but one summer, or, at the most, but one year in the East, and then go to Wisconsin with my beloved friend and classmate, Guy McMaster of Bath, Steuben county, N. Y. I stayed in Hartford and Guy stayed in Bath, dying there about four years ago, having been long an honored and able judge, following precisely in the footsteps of his father.

Thanks to the invaluable friendship of John and Isabella Hooker, I went to Hartford under the best possible auspices, and in due time, through them, met that very sweet and noble woman, Harriet Ward Foote. You and John have every year and every day since been the best and truest of friends, with loving words of commendation for every honorable ambition and brotherly and sisterly sympathy in every misfortune and affliction. What a multitude of people thank God they have known you both! A great many of them are in heaven, but the others will surely be well represented on the 5th.

Edith joins me in the heartiest congratulations and good wishes.

Sincerely yours,

JOSEPH R. HAWLEY.

ON THE TRAIN GOING TO DUXBURY, MASS., July 28, 1891.

BELOVED QUEEN ISABELLA:—Alas! when you and the Apostle John stand up to receive the congratulations of your world of friends upon that golden day, I shall be in the national capital by previous engagement of long standing, and so must miss one of the rarest pleasures that ever beckoned to one, like a friend's

hand from the mirage of Delectable Mountains. Once I deliberately lost the happiness of meeting James Russell Lowell, one of my most beloved poets, because we temperancers were holding a convention; but it costs more to miss sharing in the joy of an ideal pair whose lives and work, whose purposes and achievements, predict the perfectibility of home and church and state.

I go to Washington on a Beecherian errand, — a Protestant sister seeking the Catholic Total Abstinence Society of the United States, in annual convention assembled, to ask in my capacity of fraternal delegate from the National W. C. T. U., that these earnest men and women send fraternal delegates to our White Ribbon Convention of the World's Women Temperance Workers in Boston in November next. So I shall be consoled, although obliged to miss the nectar and ambrosia of your golden feast, where wit, wisdom, and great-hearted love for humanity will mingle, by the reflection that in my work-a-day years I am trying to help carry out the beautiful teachings of you and yours.

In common with all the intelligent and, to some degree, right-minded of the human race, let me send to our King John and our Queen Isabella the love, the gratitude, and the good-will of one who expects to be happier in heaven, as she has been on earth, because you are there. Health, peace, perfection be your own, here and beyond, prays

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

The *Hartford Courant* of August 1, 1891, four days before the reception, contained the following cordial notice of it:

The social event of next week will occur on Wednesday afternoon and evening, when John and Isabella B. Hooker will receive their friends at the City Mission Rooms on Pearl street. The occasion will be the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding. In addition to the hundreds of invitations sent to people in this city, one thousand have been mailed to those living in other places in this country and Europe, and the response has been such as to assure the attendance of a large number outside Hartford. The invitations read as follows:

John and Isabella Beecher Hooker cordially invite their friends to call on them (without presents) at No. 234 Pearl St., Hartford, Conn., from 3 to 9 o'clock Wednesday, August 5th,—the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage.

1841—1891.

While it was at first intended to make the anniversary, in view of the generous size of the rooms, a formal reception, it is now hoped that it will take the shape of an old-fashioned tea-party, and one of the features will be the presence of the grandchildren of the family friends. At five o'clock all the little ones will be served a supper in the lower hall of the building, and at six o'clock the older folk will sit down to supper in the upper hall. Mr. and Mrs. Hooker will receive, seated under a tastefully-arranged bower placed in the large hall, thus preventing the fatigue incidental on standing for so long a time. Above the platform will hang portraits of representatives of both branches of the house, among them likenesses of older members of the Hooker stock, of Mrs. Stowe and Henry Ward Beecher, a portrait of Mrs. Hooker as a bride at twenty, painted by the Rev. Jared Flagg, father of the Hartford artist, Charles Noel Flagg, another of John Hooker at the time of his silver wedding, the painter being Matthew Wilson, and an oil painting of Mary Hooker Burton, who may be regarded as the patron saint of the City Mission, the picture being the work of Caroline G. Rogers of Troy.

General Hawley will act as master of ceremonies, and will no doubt make appropriate remarks at the supper. Music will be furnished by Messrs. Richard and William Wander. During the evening the guests will be handed a card, upon which are printed the words of Dr. Bacon's fine hymn, beginning "Oh God, beneath Thy guiding hand," which will then be sung by the company.

Another interesting feature of the occasion will be the presentation of a bride's loaf to Mrs. Hooker by the Equal Rights Club of Hartford. This is in recognition of the fact that Mrs. Hooker has been president of the Connecticut Woman Suffrage Association since 1869, and Mr. Hooker its efficient and faithful treasurer. The presentation will be made by Mrs. Collins, the mother of Dr. Peltier.

In one of the two parlors will be gathered the representatives of the lady managers of the World's Columbian Commission, of which Mrs. Hooker is a member; in the other the distinguished woman suffragists who will be present. Among those of the former who will come may be mentioned Mrs. Trautman of New York, first vice-president of the commission, Miss Buselle of New Jersey, Mrs. French of Massachusetts, and Miss Daily of Rhode Island. Of the suffragists, Susan B. Anthony, Rachel F. Avery, Caroline G. Rogers, and Mary S. Howell, all leading members of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, will be on

hand to offer felicitations to their old-time and long-lived friends. The Rev. Edward Beecher and wife will also be in attendance.

This anniversary of an old and honored Hartford family, which on both sides of the house is so well represented and adorned in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. Hooker, after a half century of good works and gracious living, is an event of unusual interest, and doubtless a host of friends will give them a royal greeting and hearty congratulations next Wednesday.

The *Springfield Republican* of August 2d contained the following friendly notice of the approaching reception:

Next Wednesday will be the golden wedding day of as rare a couple as Hartford knows and loves, that of Mr. and Mrs. John Hooker, who will on that day meet their friends for a brief hour of greeting and congratulation on having passed a half century in each other's company as husband and wife, and for purposes more far reaching than has fallen to the lot of the ordinary wedded couple. It would be difficult to imagine a pair more widely dissimilar in the line of intellectual activities, or more closely united in their earnest efforts for the betterment of the race, whether it was for the abolition of slavery or the urging forward of the reforms of the later days. John Hooker is to-day, without question, the best loved man of his profession in the state. . . . But if he is held in the highest esteem by the profession to which he belongs, in the higher walks of social and intellectual life of the city he has always had a place which few can hope to obtain. His activity in all good causes, his independence in thought, and his ready willingness to put forth that thought when needed, is recognized, and no man is better known by those who have benefited by his work.

The following card which I sent to the *Courant* on the 2d of August, will perhaps make plain the thoroughly unceremonious and democratic character which we intended to give to the occasion :

To the Editor of The Courant :

To prevent misapprehension with regard to the golden wedding of Wednesday, please permit me to say to our friends that in view of the very large number who have informed us that they will attend, it is desirable that, if equally convenient, and es-

pecially if they bring children with them (which we desire), they call in the afternoon between 3 and 6, leaving more room for the many who can come only in the evening. Also, that the family friends, the guests from out of town, and the ladies assisting in receiving and at the tables, will sit down to tea together from 6 to 7, taking also that hour for rest. It is impossible, of course, to make the invitation to this simple entertainment general. Then from 7 to 9 we will receive evening visitors. Mrs. Hooker and I reach out with great interest and sympathy towards young women who, as teachers, as artists, as seamstresses, and clerks, and in other industries, are supporting themselves, and often others who are dependent upon them, and of these we have invited a large number. The old servants of the family will be there as guests, and the honest traders with whom we have long dealt, and their wives and children.

The evening will close at 9, by the singing of hymns and a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher. Any who call in the afternoon will be welcomed again at this time if they choose to come. The whole affair will be unceremonious, and there will be no ushers.

JOHN HOOKER.

The *Courant* of August 6th contained the following extended notice of the reception which took place the evening before :

The Hooker golden wedding reception, which took place yesterday afternoon and evening at the City Mission rooms on Pearl Street, was unique and one of the most noteworthy social gatherings which ever occurred in Hartford. Seldom has a more distinguished company of people been brought together in this city, and in addition to this the whole occasion was marked by a cordiality, spontaneous good-fellowship, and unconventionality which made it enjoyable and significant. The arrangements were noticeable for good taste and felicity of effect, and reflect great credit on the ladies of the City Mission, aided by Mrs. George Warner and Mr. and Mrs. William Lorenz. Down stairs, Wright Hall was used for a supper room, two long tables being spread with sandwiches, cake, fruit, ice cream, and coffee, and the entrance hall was prettily fitted up, as was the business office. Ascending the steps, the large reception hall was given up to the inflowing guests. At the farther end of this spacious room Mr. and Mrs. Hooker sat on a dais over which evergreens were tastefully draped,

while the dates 1841-1891 were prettily worked below the greenery in rustic lettering. Mrs. Hooker wore a dress of silver-gray silk, with point lace overlaid with gold, the gown having been made for her silver wedding, and her queenly and beautiful appearance was subject of common remark throughout the reception. Beside Mr. Hooker sat the venerable Dr. Edward Beecher, and his wife occupied a similar position with regard to Mrs. Hooker. The walls were gracefully hung with golden-rod, nasturtiums and black-eyed susans and other blooms. The Lucy I. Church parlors, opposite the large hall, were devoted to a family picture gallery. Here hung portraits of John Hooker, of Isabella when a young wife, of Mr. and Mrs. Hooker, parents of John, the latter painting being retouched by the skillful hand of Mr. Charles Noel Flagg, so that the dear old lady's face looked benignant under silver hair, and of John Hooker's grandfather and grandmother, these last being drawings. The west wall showed a crayon of Mrs. Stowe, a painting of little Isabel Hooker, daughter of Dr. E. B. Hooker, by a Japanese artist; on the south wall were two handsomely framed diplomas, certifying to the election of Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Hooker to a membership in the Columbian Commission; and in the east parlor was a large portrait of Henry Ward Beecher.

Shortly after 3 o'clock the invited guests began to arrive, and by 4 a large number of people were distributed among the various rooms and halls. The number steadily increased up to 6 o'clock, when there was quite a thinning out, the nearer family friends, however, and the relatives remaining. About half-past 5 Mrs. Virginia T. Smith, in behalf of the Equal Rights Club of Hartford, made a speech, presenting a bride's loaf covered with fifty shining gold dollars. This cake was afterwards cut up into small pieces and placed in envelopes, which were for the asking for all who wished this souvenir of the occasion. Mrs. Hooker rose and responded. She stated that Mrs. Collins, who had intended to make the presentation, was unable to do so, but had written her a note in which she said that it was better to give her old friends, the Hookers, a little taffy now than epitaphy hereafter. Mrs. Hooker referred to the warm response which made all her work and anxiety over the reception doubly repaid, and she was followed by Mr. Hooker, who made a characteristically witty speech, which was heartily applauded. A cordial invitation was extended by the Hookers to all who could to remain through the supper hour and to listen to some quartette singing by Messrs. Wander, Maercklein, Wright, and Bur-

dick. All these gentlemen rendered a number of songs with good effect, and Mr. Wright of the Center Church gave several base solos, his fine voice being much appreciated and applauded. A unique feature of the evening was the presence of John Hutchinson, of the famous old-time Hutchinson family of singers, who was introduced by General Hawley, and who gave, in a voice still clear and sweet, some favorites of long ago, among them the banner piece of the Hutchinsons, "The Old Granite State." After supper for an hour there was a lull in the attendance, and an excellent opportunity was offered to circulate more freely, to meet and greet the many famous and fine-looking men and women who fell into groups, sat or stood or walked from room to room. Then the numbers began to swell, and from 8 to 9 the rooms were crowded with a brilliant assemblage composed of Hartford's leading citizens, and of many from abroad known throughout the land. Shortly before 9 o'clock General Hawley addressed the company, saying that the reception would close by the united singing of the hymns printed on cards which were handed to one and all, and by remarks and a prayer by Dr. Edward Beecher. At the top of the card in gold letters was to be read: "Golden Wedding Hymns, 1841-1891, J. H. and I. B. H." The hymns selected were Dr. Leonard Bacon's "Oh God, beneath Thy Guiding Hand," and Fawcett's "Blest Be the Tie that Binds." The hundreds present took hold with a will, and the result was hearty and inspiring. Then the aged Dr. Beecher, who only a few years ago miraculously recovered from a serious accident, spoke with beautiful simplicity. It was, he said, a time of the loving sympathetic communion of friend with friend, of family with family, of warm social intercourse. But the sunshine of God was needed over and above this sunshine of friendship, and he believed that the divine leading was to be seen in the coming of Thomas Hooker to Connecticut, in his founding Hartford, and in the honorable and blameless lives of these his descendants who were there present. He followed his happy little address by a heartfelt prayer, and then gave the benediction, after which the gathering rapidly broke up.

Thus closed an evening which it is safe to say those present will long remember for its delightful informality and its atmosphere of genuine brotherliness. It was just the kind of a reception which draws people together in an uncritical spirit, and it was a testimonial of the respect and love in which the leading representatives of this old and honored Hartford family are held

by their fellow citizens and the country which they have made better.

Among the numerous friends from out of town who attended may be mentioned the following: William M. Evarts and Miss Evarts, William Lloyd Garrison, John Hutchinson, the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, the Rev. Charles E. Stowe, Dr. Edward Beecher and Mrs. Beecher, Miss Grace King, Miss Helen Clark of *Poet Lore*, Mrs. Frank Osborne, regent of the Daughters of the Revolution of Illinois, the Hon. Lynde Harrison and Mrs. Harrison of New Haven, Judge V. B. Chamberlain of New Britain, Professor Brown of New Haven, J. L. Hunter of Willimantic, B. H. Bill of Rockville, Mrs. W. F. Rogers, president of the Equality Club of Meriden, the Hon. S. W. Kellogg and Mrs. Kellogg of Waterbury, Mrs. Julius Gay of Farmington, Dr. Bulkley of New York, and Colonel and Mrs. Frank Cheney of South Manchester.

The World's Columbian Commission at Chicago was represented by Mrs. Ralph Trautman, first vice-president, Mrs. John Pope and Miss Ellen A. Ford of New York, Miss Mary E. Busselle of Newark, N. J., Mrs. Jonas H. French of Boston, Mass., Miss Charlotte Field Dudley of Providence, R. I., Miss Frances S. Ives of New Haven, and Miss Couzins of St. Louis, secretary of the board.

Among the leading woman suffragists present were Susan B. Anthony of Rochester, N. Y.; Caroline Gilkey Rogers of Troy, N. Y.; Mary Seymour Howell of Albany, N. Y.; Rachel Foster Avery of Philadelphia, Pa.; Kate Trimble de Roode of Covington, Ky.; Mrs. Edward Beecher of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sara Winthrop Smith of Cincinnati, O.; Charlotte Porter of Philadelphia.

Among the hundreds of Hartfordites who attended the afternoon and evening receptions were noted General and Mrs. Hawley, Judge and Mrs. Shipman, Professors Hart and Pynchon of Trinity College, the Rev. Drs. Parker and Graham, the Rev. Frank L. Shipman, the Misses Stowe, the Misses Ely, Mrs. Samuel Colt, the Hon. William Hamersley, Mrs. John Parsons, and Mrs. Webb, Dr. E. B. Hooker, Rodney Dennis, Atwood Collins, and W. E. Collins.

The *Hartford Times* of August 6th said:

A half century of happy wedded life; five decades of usefulness; fifty golden years of love and labor side by side; these were fittingly celebrated Wednesday afternoon by the Hon. John

Hooker and his wife, Isabella Beecher Hooker. It was such a golden wedding as is not often seen and seldom, indeed, falls to the happy fortune of husband and wife to celebrate. Some thousands of people were present, in the afternoon and evening; and a more mixed and curiously representative gathering than that of the evening, especially, is never seen. It was mostly a dress reception, and the general aspect of the great crowd was not merely respectable and becoming, but fashionable and stylish; yet mingled with the great stream were sub-currents and little surface eddies of very plain, sensible, homespun folk, mostly of an elderly aspect, and not a few celebrities from near and far. The most striking and interesting person in the reception room (excepting, of course, the bride and groom) was the Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher of Brooklyn, author of *The Conflict of Ages*—an elder brother of Mrs. Hooker, born in 1804. Notwithstanding his age Dr. Beecher seems in good health and vigorous yet. Less than two years ago, in a rude and violent crowd at a railway train, he was thrown under the wheels and had one leg so badly crushed that it had to be amputated; a trial which he bore with singular cheerfulness and patience, and from which he rallied as quickly as would most men of far fewer years.

A queer and quaint-looking elderly figure in the crowd was John Hutchinson, one of the survivors of the Hutchinson Family, of New Hampshire, vocalists, who with Judson, John, Asa, Abby, and Jesse, and all the rest, used to give popular concerts, along in 1845, and later. His long hair, almost white now, fell down over his shoulders, parted behind in two divisions, and an immensely broad Shakesperian shirt collar lay wide over his shoulders. This quaint vocalist gratified the large company by singing some of the family's old and popular songs.

It was a notably pleasant gathering, commemorating a pleasant and unusual occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Hooker may well feel gratified at such a demonstration of the interest and respect felt for them by the people of Hartford."

The *Hartford Post* of the same date said:

John and Isabella Beecher Hooker! These are the names which Hartford honored herself in honoring Wednesday. Fifty years have come and gone since their union was cemented. What changes have taken place since then! How different the Hartford of 1891 is from the Hartford of 1841! And no two people have

given a greater impetus to the intellectual growth and broader thought in Hartford that these fifty years show than Mr. and Mrs. Hooker. Mr. Hooker comes of the best colonial stock, being the sixth lineal descendant of the Rev. Thomas Hooker, who founded Hartford. He is a native of Farmington, this state, where he was born April 19, 1816. His father, Edward Hooker, himself a graduate of Yale and a fine scholar, aided his son in his preparation for college. Mrs. Hooker may also with reason boast of her colonial ancestry, for on her mother's side she is a grandniece of Rufus King, of revolutionary fame. She was born at Litchfield, Conn., February 22, 1822, and was four years old when her father, Lyman Beecher, went to Boston. When she was in her 12th year her family moved to Cincinnati, Dr. Beecher having been elected president of the theological seminary. Four years later she came to Hartford, where her sister, Mrs. Perkins, lived; and here it was that she first met Mr. Hooker.

The *Courant* of the same day contained the following editorial on the subject:

The reception held by Mr. and Mrs. Hooker yesterday in commemoration of their golden wedding was an event which Hartford will long remember. In spite of its occurrence in the season when a large number of our citizens are absent from the city, the attendance was immense and must have been deeply gratifying to the noble and distinguished people thus honored. The causes for such a gathering are on the surface. The name of Hooker is an historic one in this community. Moreover, the present representatives of the family have lived long, useful, and unselfish lives here and have won distinction in different fields of activity. It was fitting and natural therefore that the completion of a half century of their married joys and sorrows should be signalized in a manner more public than is common on such occasions. It was also fitting that the country at large should furnish its quota of kindred spirits, men and women, who have been of benefit to their fellow creatures and have won a good name. But while the gathering was remarkable for the brilliancy and fine quality of the guests, it was also democratic in the best sense. All classes met with the one desire to give honor where honor was due. And the spontaneity and homeliness of some of the features of the occasion were at once a testimonial to the native dignity

and simplicity of the hosts, and a recognition of their worth on the part of their cityful of friends and well-wishers.

Such testimonials from our journalists, and the great one from the public in its large attendance upon our reception, could not but be very gratifying to Mrs. Hooker and myself.

SOME FURTHER INTRODUCTORY MATTER.

I wrote my introductory chapter, giving an account of my early life in Farmington, and had it put into type, before I prepared much of what follows it in the volume. I have since thought of sundry incidents of that period of my life that will, I think, interest my readers.

I will, first of all, correct an error in that chapter on page 13. In speaking of the old crown that had since pre-revolutionary times kept its place at the top of the church spire, and which was taken down about 1826, I stated that it had not been preserved, but had disappeared and been lost. Mr. Chauncey Rowe, a lifelong resident of Farmington, and a year or two my senior, informs me that the crown was made of copper, and that when it was taken down it was melted and made over into a star, which was put in the place of the crown on the spire and remains to this day. Mr. Rowe also informs me that the shingles on the old church, which are still in service there after more than a hundred and twenty-five years, are of pine and not of cedar, and he gave me one recently taken from the roof in making some repairs, which I am preserving with much interest.

Among the incidents of my boyhood that greatly impressed me at the time, was a great Methodist revival. There had been no church of that denomination in the village, and I do not remember just how the interest was awakened, but I think it began with the labors of some earnest Methodist exhorters, who held a series of meetings in a schoolhouse at the north end of the village. It took in very few of the regular Congregationalists, who were constant attendants on the ministrations of Rev. Dr. Porter, but seemed to get hold of almost all the laboring classes and poor people, the great majority of whom rarely attended church, and it probably did

much good among them. The Methodist denomination is now one of intelligence and respectability, with its institutions of learning and well-educated ministry, but at that time it had, at least in Connecticut, a low grade among religious denominations as to the intelligence and social position of its members. Their evening meetings, which, during the revival, were held almost every evening, filled the schoolhouse to overflowing, and were often attended by me with a boyish interest in what seemed, and probably was, the extravagance of the performances. Women spoke, in exhortation and prayer, as freely as the men, an utter novelty to me then, but the beginning of a vast improvement in the conduct of our prayer meetings. Some very grotesque blunders were made by some of the speakers. There was one who was very prominent among them, and who came to be quite an authority in religious matters. His name was Warren. He was a shoemaker by trade, but had some time before taken up, as incidental, the practice of Thompsonian medicine. Through this practice he had come to be known as Dr. Warren. When the religious excitement came along he was one of the first to be reached by it, and he very soon became a vehement exhorter, after a little while going to other towns, and becoming recognized as one of the leading revivalists of the denomination. When he began to preach he easily got the title of Reverend, and as he had already that of doctor, he became Rev. Dr. Warren. I never heard a more impetuous exhorter. He spoke in a high key, and would draw long breaths between his sentences that could be heard over the room. I heard a plain Methodist say of him that his ideas came so fast that he could not find words for them; still he made out to find big words as he wanted them. On one occasion he was leading in prayer at a schoolhouse meeting, and prayed that God would pour out His spirit on the town "as He poured out the water in the antediluvian flood." There was one of the brethren who used to pray "for the fatherless and the widowless." One young man was praying to God in a most earnest way that they might all be prepared to die, and proceeded thus: "Oh, Lord, we don't know when we shall be called away. 'Xerxes the great did die, and so must you and I.'"

The Methodists, with such help as they could get from their fellow townsmen of other denominations, built a very modest church on a corner of the village green, where I have often joined them in worship, which, within a few years, has been burned down. The Methodist clergy of the district used occasionally to hold their quarterly meetings there. One of these meetings was the occasion of a very amusing incident. The clergy were sent out for dinner among the Methodist brethren and sisters, who always got up a special dinner for them. One of the most devoted of the Methodist women was Mrs. Fredus Reed, who took home two of the brethren for dinner. Her husband was a hard drinking and exceedingly profane man. He had that morning been arrested by a constable for profane swearing, and had been taken before a justice of the peace to be tried, and the case had not been concluded when Sister Reed sat down with her reverend friends to her nice dinner. Soon after they began one of the clergymen said, "Where is Brother Reed?" "He had some important business to attend to," said Mrs. Reed, "and could not be here." "I am sorry," said the clergyman, "that Brother Reed should let any business keep him from attending our delightful meeting and taking dinner with us now." "Well," said Mrs. Reed, "it is some law business of importance, and he could not regulate the time of it for himself." "What," said he, "does Brother Reed go to law? I am very sorry for that. I think our Christian people should not go to law." "Well," said Mrs. Reed, "if you must know, he's hauled up before a justice of the peace for profane swearing."

This Fredus Reed was swept in by the great Washingtonian temperance movement of about 1840, and signed the pledge, and became one of the temperance exhorters. I remember that at one time he was at my house in Farmington and was talking about the certainty that he should always keep his pledge. My wife said to him, "Mr. Reed, you must not trust to your own strength, you must rely on God's help." He replied, "I don't want God's help, nor that of anybody. I am strong enough myself." "Then," said she, "you will surely fall." "I have no fear of it," said he. It was not long before he fell, and became a sot again, and so remained until his death a few years later.

When I was a boy there were several slaves left in Connecticut, though I do not now remember seeing one in Farmington. The legislature, in 1784, passed an act making all slaves born in the state after March 1, 1784, free on becoming twenty-five years of age, and in 1797 an act making all born after August 1, 1797, free at the age of twenty-one. Slavery was not absolutely abolished until 1848, at which time there were only six slaves surviving. There must have been in my boyhood quite a number, as in 1830 one needed to be only fifty-six years old to be a slave. Probably many had been emancipated. But, though I do not remember to have seen any slaves, I used occasionally to hear some of the old slaveholders tell about their experiences under the system. Gad Cowles kept the principal store in Farmington. He must have been born about 1780, and lived to be about seventy-five years old. I remember his telling about his going after a slave to Hudson on the Hudson River, which was a great port for landing cargoes of slaves as they were brought in. He bought a stout, finely-built black man, about twenty years old, and, putting a rope around his neck, tied the end of it to his saddle, and, as he said, "trotted him all the way home." He described him as a man he could not trust. "Why," said he, "I was one day going to give the fellow a sound whipping with a cart whip, and made him stand off so that I could get a good sweep of the whip, when the rascal ran away, and it was two weeks before I caught him again."

A very grotesque incident occurred about this time at Gad Cowles's store. Farmington was not only the center of a large trade with all the surrounding towns, but Gad's store, as I have said, was the principal one in the village. It was in a large brick block of two stories and a high attic. Each story and the cellar were filled with his goods, the attic being devoted to agricultural implements. One day in the early summer a young man from Burlington came to the store to buy some farming tools, and Gad sent him up to the attic to pick them out for himself. There was a trap door in the floor of the attic, with another directly beneath it in the story below. These both opened upwards, but they were old and a good deal worn. The Burlington man, in walking about in his stumbling way, came upon the upper trapdoor, which gave

way under him, and let him down upon the next trapdoor, which, in its turn, gave way and let him headlong down into the store below. Gad was at the time waiting on a lady customer, when the man came down upon them, striking a nest of brass kettles, and bending them out of shape, besides breaking his own ribs, as well as seriously injuring himself internally. Gad, who was an irascible man, swore at him for his stupidity, and said he wished there had been another trapdoor that opened into hell. However, he was a very kindly man, and when he saw how badly the man was hurt, he had him taken over to his own house, where he kept him for half a year before he was well enough to be taken home. He had a long course of illness, and came very near to his death. At last, about midwinter, it was thought it would be safe to take him home, and his brother, who was stone deaf, came with an open farm sled and a pair of horses, a feather bed and blankets being laid upon the sleigh, that he might lie comfortably and be kept warm. There was a good deal of snow on the ground, but a warm rain had softened it all and filled the brooks and ditches with froth. On the way home the brother drove through one of these brooks to water his horses. On getting to the gate at home he called out to his two sisters to come and help get his brother in. They came rushing out, and when they got to the sleigh they said, "Where is he?" The brother twisted around to get a back look, and saw at once that the sleigh was empty. All were horrified, and the brother drove back on the road as fast as he could. When he reached the brook where he had watered his horses, he found the invalid lying in the water, with his head just out of it, but wet through and almost frozen. He was taken home, where he had a course of fever, which it took him till the next summer to recover from. With the warm weather of summer the poor man was able to get out and walk about a little in the sunshine. Just after he began to venture out he went to a neighbor's, where they were about to hang a good-sized dog. Their barn was on a hillside, with the roof on the back side coming to the ground, and a high front on the other side. The dog had a rope around his neck, which was brought over the ridge of the roof and fastened to one of those frames that the joiners nail on such roofs when they are shingling. Our invalid wanted very much

to see the whole proceeding, and climbed up to the ridge of the roof, where he could see the dog pushed off and hanging by the rope. But, alas, just as the dog was pushed off, and his weight pulled heavily on the rope, the wooden frame flew off and caught the poor man between the legs and carried him headlong over the high side of the roof. The dog escaped unhurt, but our invalid had some of his bones broken and was laid up for another long spell of illness. I never learned anything of his later history.

The practice of private watching with sick people was in vogue when I was a boy. I think such a thing as a trained nurse was unknown in Farmington, if anywhere else. No matter how desperately ill a person might be, his own family took care of him during the day, and the neighbors came, one after another, to watch at night. The family, during the day, would engage the watcher for the night. I think the service was always a neighborly gratuity, to be repaid in kind if there should be need. I remember being requested when I was fourteen to watch with Edward L. Hart, a schoolmate of about my own age, and a nephew of Simeon Hart, who kept the village academy, and with whom Edward made his home. Edward was very sick with some kind of fever. I got to the house about nine o'clock, was instructed carefully as to the medicines to be given, and then was left alone for the night in the sick boy's room. There were two medicines to be given him alternately every half-hour, three drops of one and a teaspoonful of the other. I had an awful struggle with an almost overpowering drowsiness, but kept awake and faithful to my duties till about midnight. I was then administering the regular medicine, as I supposed, when Edward screamed out that I had given him the wrong medicine, and I found that I had given him a teaspoonful of that of which I should have given him three drops. I supposed I had killed him, and at once rushed up to Mr. Hart's room and burst in, exclaiming, "Oh, I have given Edward the wrong medicine." Mr. Hart sprang up and ran down stairs in his nightgown, and I explained at once what I had done. The boy, in the meantime, was bent up with pain. In a moment Mr. Hart gave him a strong alkali (the medicine was a sharp acid), and the poor boy was at once in a state of wild explosion, enough to have

strangled him, and it was a wonder how, in his weakness, he lived through the strain. His condition was now so critical that the family staid up and took charge of him for the rest of the night, and I went home and to bed. The doctor was sent for, and he said the treatment had apparently helped him by clearing the foul matter out of his stomach, and from that time he began to get better, and before long was well.

In connection with this matter of private watching, a good story is told of Governor Roger S. Baldwin when a young man. My grandfather, who lived in New Haven, was quite old and feeble, and friends of the family came at night to watch with him. Mr. Baldwin, who was a near relative, took his turn. He got there about bedtime, and the family explained to him fully about the different medicines, and went to bed, leaving him to his solitary watch. There were four different kinds of medicine, one to be given every quarter of an hour. Mr. Baldwin gave the old gentleman the first dose and then seated himself comfortably in a rocking-chair, waiting for the next quarter-hour to come. As he sat waiting he suddenly opened his eyes and it was broad daylight. He sprang to the old gentleman's bedside, expecting to find him dead, but he was sound asleep. He woke him, and asked him how he felt. "Oh," said he, "what a refreshing sleep I have had." This was all the old gentleman needed, and he began to get better at once. Mr. Baldwin did not like to have his neglect of his patient known, and poured out into the slop-pail about as much as he would have used if all the medicine had been properly administered, and it was several years before the real facts became known. The family, who had no suspicion what had happened, were loud in their praise of Mr. Baldwin, as having benefited the old gentleman greatly by his faithful care of him.

There is a further incident that I have always remembered with much interest, and which is well worth preserving. Horace Cowles, in my youth, was one of the immovably upright men of the town. He had the public confidence in the highest degree as a man of probity. No man could settle an estate more intelligently or more honestly, and he was often employed in such services. But, with it all, he was not a popular man. He held very strong views as to the enforcement of laws against crime, and was unyielding in his views

on matters of political and moral reform. Among those who thoroughly disliked him was a very profane old gentleman, who lived near the center, who seemed thoroughly to hate him, and who could not refrain from sometimes assailing him with insulting language as he went by. It turned out that all this time this old gentleman, who had a large property, had made his will, and had made Horace Cowles his executor. Mr. Cowles dying before he did, he made a new will and appointed some other person executor, but during those years of his violent and insulting attacks upon Mr. Cowles he had not dared to trust anybody else to settle his large estate.

I gave an important incident of my sea life in a former chapter (*ante*, p. 27), and did not intend to speak of any other, but a few matters occur to me as worth relating. I sailed from New York for Canton in the barque *Marblehead*, about four o'clock in the afternoon in May, 1838, going out of the harbor side by side with the ship *Brooklyn*, bound, like us, to Canton. We lost sight of her when it became dark, and the next morning could not recognize her among the many sails that we saw in the distance. We did not see her again until we made Java Head, and were entering the strait between Java and Sumatra. There we found the *Brooklyn* going with us, side by side, as we had left New York harbor. We found, on exchanging very cordial salutes, that she crossed the line the same day with us, was off the Cape of Good Hope the same day, and made the island of St. Paul in the Indian Ocean the same day, and now had made Java Head with us, and yet we had never seen her. This illustrates the difficulty of one ship pursuing another over the broad ocean. Our cruisers in our late war had a long pursuit after the *Alabama*, and for several weeks without any success.

When we passed the Cape of Good Hope it was in July, the very middle of the southern winter. We had snow storms and cold rains, and much of the time very severe gales, and all the while heavy weather. After leaving the neighborhood of the Cape Verde Islands we had run in a straight line towards Cape Horn, till we reached a point about half way between the capes and about three hundred miles south of the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope. Head winds compelled us to take this course. At last we got a fair and strong west wind, and,

heading to the east, we ran for twenty-five days in a straight course. The captain would get an observation whenever a bit of blue sky showed itself, but had to depend largely on the casting of the log. We had now reached the middle of the Indian Ocean, and the captain came on deck at dark and told us that he thought we should make the island of St. Paul in the course of the night, and ordered us to keep a sharp lookout. About midnight we saw in the distance a blazing light, which we took to be that of a whaler trying out oil, and the captain gave orders to heave to and lie till morning. When the morning broke there lay the island about three miles off. This was exceedingly good navigating over such a stretch of water and in such weather.

While on this part of our passage the gale became so severe that we could carry nothing but reefed topsails, and finally we had to lie to and leave the ship to take the brunt of the storm as she could. This "lying-to" is effected at sea by putting the fore and main topsails at a different angle, so that one is filled one way and the other the opposite, by reason of which the ship lies still. The helm is then lashed in a certain position, and all hands go below, often for a day, sometimes for two or three days.

When we reached Java Head an official of the Dutch government, to which the island of Java belongs, came off in a boat, and with a good deal of pomp and ceremony, to examine our papers. He was a native Javanese, with a stove-pipe hat on, that some sea captain had given him, a long-skirted coat, the gift of some traveler, some very short duck pantaloons, and no vest, collar, or shoes. He apparently did his business very well, but he was one of the most comical sights that I ever saw, and all the more so for his utter unconsciousness that he was not exceedingly well got up.

We staid a week at Batavia, the city of Java, hoping to get some freight for Canton. We were nearly in ballast. We finally got a part of a cargo of sandal wood, which was to be used by the Chinese solely in burning incense to their god "Josh" — a rather curious business for a Christian ship.

In going from Batavia to Singapore, where we went for more freight, we had to pass close through the strait between

the islands of Borneo and Sumatra. This region was at that time and had long been infested by native pirates, who used to go about in fleets of sailboats, called feluccas. Many stories were told of their attacks upon ships. We had a sailor on board who had been a good deal on vessels sailing there, and who gave this story of one of his experiences. The ship was an English one sailing from Bombay for Canton. When off Borneo a fleet of feluccas swarmed down upon them and very soon the deck was full of the pirates. The captain and crew fought them, but were overborne by their numbers, and were finally compelled to retreat to the poop deck, which was over the ship's cabin and much above the main deck. The steward's storeroom was directly below the cabin and accessible from it. The captain sent the steward down to bring up his bottles of wine, of which he had a good supply, and threw them all over the deck. They, of course, broke, and the deck became covered with broken glass. The pirates, being all barefooted, could not find a place to step, and very soon all fled over the ship's side, abandoning all attempt to take the vessel. While we were in that vicinity our ship got aground and lay so for three or four hours. While we lay there a large fleet of feluccas came off and hovered about us for a half-hour, but finally went away.

An incident of some interest, and, perhaps, worth telling of, occurred on my first voyage. This was in the brig *Fortune*, which went to Malaga on the south shore of Spain for a cargo of wine, raisins, and almonds. The wine was stowed at the bottom, acting as ballast, and on top of it was a great quantity of raisins in boxes, of shelled almonds in boxes, and of almonds in the shell in large gunny bags. When we were in the neighborhood of the Azores a storm, which had been brewing for a couple of days, came down upon us with great violence. It was about the 20th of September, and the storm was the one we call on shore "the Equinoctial." I think it is only a matter of superstition that leads us to so regard and name it. However that be, it deserved in our case all the severe terms we could apply to it. In the course of it our brig sprung a serious leak in her bows, and the captain finally decided that we must lighten her forward. We broke through the bulkhead that separated the fore-castle from the hold, and, forming

a line to the ship's rail, passed out bags of almonds and boxes of shelled almonds and raisins and threw them over the ship's side. We kept this up for two hours, and the bags and boxes floated behind us as far as we could see in the thick weather, looking, as they rose and fell, like an enormous sea serpent following us. The sailors who were stationed in the fore-castle, thoughtful of the interests of the rest as well as of themselves, opened all our chests, and, crowding our clothes together in the middle, emptied boxes of raisins into one end and boxes of shelled almonds into the other, till the chests were full; and we all had all the raisins and almonds we could eat for the rest of our voyage home.

While we were at Canton, on my second voyage, our ship lay at Wampoo Reach, a stretch of river a few miles below Canton, where all the foreign ships lie, occupying over a mile of the river. They remain at anchor here during the whole time, the masters being rowed up to the city by their boats' crews, and the cargo being brought down by lighters. The vessels lie so near together that the crews get somewhat acquainted, and each is asked, and is generally ready to tell, what sort of captain and officers he has, and whether he has a comfortable life on board. There was one Captain *D.* of the ship *P.*, who had among us all a very hard reputation as almost a monster of cruelty among his men, working them unmercifully and inflicting blows and cuffs as his pleasure or temper inclined him. We got all this from his men, who complained bitterly of him. He and his ship were still there when we left, and I heard nothing further of either. He was at this time about thirty years old. Over thirty years after I was attending our Supreme Court at Litchfield, and at dinner at the hotel I found myself sitting by the side of stranger, who proved to be a man of intelligence, and had evidently seen a good deal of the world, and who had the manners of a gentleman. We soon got into conversation, and it came out that he had been a sea captain in his early life and had made numerous voyages to Canton in command of the ship *P.* Here, then, was the old terror of the sailors of my time, the redoubtable Captain *D.* of my early memory. I did not let on that I had once been a sailor, and had seen him and his ship at Canton, and had brought away and always retained a bad opinion of him. I let

him treat me as a gentleman, which he did perfectly, and kept the grotesqueness of the incident all to myself. I have thought it best not to give his name or that of his ship in full, but the initials that I have given are the correct ones.

In looking back from time to time on the period which I spent upon the sea, especially that of my East India voyage, I have always felt thankful for that experience. To one brought up at ease in a refined family with no experience of the hardships of life, it was a school of manliness and self-reliance and courage. The labor was generally hard and often very severe, and sometimes involved great exposure and serious peril, to be met only by a resolute and unflinching determination to do faithfully what was required to be done. It was a great place for discipline and no place for shirking or cowardice. But we had much that was very enjoyable. The vast, restless, indomitable sea was always most impressive, and sometimes awful in its grandeur. One can never come away from a year's life in its constant presence the same man that he was before. Its varying moods make a perpetual study, while there is a thrill in the sudden meeting with other voyagers in the wide expanse where we had felt an oppressive sense of loneliness, and the brief exchange of salutations with them as they pass us, seeming to come out of the unknown and to go away into it. And there is something that fills the imagination in the vast outspread of sails that a ship carries, like the wings of a mighty bird. And it is with no small sense of more than human power that one at a ship's helm turns the vast mass this way and that at his will. I took my turn at the wheel, and was often thrilled by the quick obedience of the huge ship to every motion of my hand. Steamers have now very generally taken the place on these voyages of the old sailing ships, and with them have gone the old grace of motion and beauty of swelling canvas. While the change is of vast benefit to the world, one who indulges in sentiment over it could almost mourn as Burke did over the passing away of the age of chivalry. All these things get idealized as they recede into the remote past. But I remember with great satisfaction the real hardships and dangers of the life, and not the least that on the way home from the East Indies we were taken by a Portuguese pirate, and were in momentary expectation of being butchered.

I have devoted a chapter to this incident (*ante*, p. 27). I have all my life long been a more manly man for these hardships. I would not have exchanged those two years for any two years at home, however wisely I might have spent them, both for the greatly-needed benefit to my health, and as a part of my education for my place in the world. There is one thing that would not often be considered in such a case, and that is the knowledge of naval matters that one gets, and could get in no other way, which might be of great advantage to him. The knowledge that I acquired of ships and navigation has repeatedly proved very useful to me in my profession of the law, and would have been much more so if I had lived in a seaport town. After all, I should hesitate about advising a young man, whose health or special circumstances did not require it, to take an East India voyage. It would be a life not only of hardship and danger, but of serious moral peril. There could not be a wider open door for vice. But the vice is of the lowest and least attractive kind to a young man of any delicacy or refinement, to say nothing of moral principles. It had no attraction for me. I was as safe from its contamination as if I had been sitting by my father's fireside. In view of all I gained, physical and moral, during my life at sea, it was a wise and kind Providence that led me to that signal experience in my life.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

In the western part of the town of Farmington there lived in my boyhood a farmer named William Cowles. He had a large and well-cultivated farm, and two sons, Ezekiel and William. He was one of the best of men, and never failed in all states of the weather to attend with his family our Congregational Church in Farmington village, some three miles distant from his home. His sons grew up to be the same sort of excellent men that their father had been. It is of them that I am to narrate an interesting occurrence. I use their true names, as I desire that they should have the credit of what I relate.

Before their father's death the two boys had married and their father had built for each a comfortable dwelling-house on

the farm, on the same highway with his own house and not more than eighty rods from it and from each other. Here they lived as if one family, working together on the farm and paying all their expenses from the common fund. After their father's death they continued for a while to live in the same way, but soon after concluded to divide the farm between them. They estimated the value of the houses and the different lots, and took the advice of judicious neighbors on the subject. At last they settled upon a division which they thought fair, and nothing remained but to execute the deeds. The night after this settlement Ezekiel, the elder, went to bed, but found that he could not sleep. His mind was filled with the thought of the transaction, and the more he reviewed it the more it seemed to him that he had received more than his share. This troubled him so that as soon as he was dressed in the morning he started for his brother William's to tell him how he felt about it. On his way he met his brother, who had gone through the same experience, and had come to the conclusion that he had received more than his share, and was on his way to Ezekiel's to tell him so. I believe that in the circumstances they finally decided to let the division stand as they had agreed upon it. However that may be, the incident stands as a most striking case of brotherly affection and unity, as well as of an unselfish and predominating spirit of justice. History has immortalized the names of Damon and Pythias as those of devoted and self-sacrificing friends, but the names of these brothers are well worthy of what little I can do in these Reminiscences for their preservation and honor.

A very similar case, perhaps only an Arabic legend, has been charmingly told of in verse by Clarence Cook, and I cannot forbear to place its heroes in pleasant association with mine. The poem is entitled *Abram and Zimri*. It is as follows:

Abram and Zimri owned a field together —
A level field hid in a happy vale ;
They ploughed it with one plough, and in the spring
Sowed, walking side by side, the fruitful seed.
In harvest, when the glad earth smiled with grain,
Each carried to his home one-half the sheaves,
And stored them with much labor in his barns.

Now Abram had a wife and seven sons,
But Zimri dwelt alone within his house.

One night before the sheaves were gathered in,
As Zimri lay upon his lonely bed
And counted in his mind his lonely gains,
He thought upon his brother Abram's lot,
And said, "I dwell alone within my house,
But Abram hath a wife and seven sons,
And yet we share the harvest sheaves alike.
He surely needeth more for life than I ;
I will arise, and gird myself, and go
Down to the field, and add to his from mine."

So he arose, and girded up his loins,
And went out softly to the level field ;
The moon shone out from dusky bars of clouds,
The trees stood black against the cold blue sky,
The branches waved and whispered in the wind.
So Zimri, guided by the shifting light,
Went down the mountain path, and found the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,
And bore them gladly to his brother's heap,
And then went back to sleep and happy dreams.

Now, that same night, as Abram lay in bed,
Thinking upon his blissful state in life,
He thought upon his brother Zimri's lot,
And said, " He dwells within his house alone,
He goeth forth to toil with few to help,
He goeth home at night to a cold house,
And hath few other friends but me and mine "
(For these two tilled the happy vale alone) ;
" While I, whom Heaven hath very greatly blessed,
Dwell happy with my wife and seven sons,
Who aid me in my toil and make it light,
And yet we share the harvest sheaves alike.
This surely is not pleasing unto God ;
I will arise and gird myself, and go
Out to the field, and borrow from my store,
And add unto my brother Zimri's pile."

So he arose and girded up his loins,
And went down softly to the level field ;
The moon shone out from silver bars of clouds,
The trees stood black against the starry sky,

The dark leaves waved and whispered in the breeze.
 So Abram, guided by the doubtful light,
 Passed down the mountain path and found the field,
 Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,
 And added them unto his brother's heap ;
 Then he went back to sleep and happy dreams.

So the next morning with the early sun
 The brothers rose, and went out to their toil ;
 And when they came to see the heavy sheaves,
 Each wondered in his heart to find his heap,
 Though he had given a third, was still the same.

Now the next night went Zimri to the field,
 Took from his store of sheaves a generous share
 And placed them on his brother Abram's heap,
 And then lay down behind his pile to watch.
 The moon looked out from bars of silvery cloud,
 The cedars stood up black against the sky,
 The olive-branches whispered in the wind ;
 Then Abram came down softly from his home,
 And, looking to the right and left, went on,
 Took from his ample store a generous third,
 And laid it on his brother Zimri's pile.
 Then Zimri rose and caught him in his arms,
 And wept upon his neck, and kissed his cheek,
 And Abram saw the whole, and could not speak,
 Neither could Zimri. So they walked along
 Back to their homes, and thanked their God in prayer
 That he had bound them in such loving bands.

GROWTH IN UNSPIRITUALITY.

For many years I was a regular attendant on Rev. Dr. Burton's Park Church prayer-meetings, almost always taking a part in them. I was at the time a deacon in the church. I used occasionally to read some article which I had written during the week, working out some practical religious thought, though I more often presented the matter in a conversational way. I find some of these monographs among my accumulated papers, and decide to insert one here, partly that my friends may see my manner of dealing with such subjects, and partly because the subject is one of the greatest religious im-

portance. I retain the title which I then gave it, "Growth in Unspirituality." This well expresses my subject, though I use in it a word which is hardly recognized by the dictionaries.

In my boyhood and early manhood I used to hear the doctrine taught, from the pulpit, in the Sabbath-school, and in the religious papers, that the Holy Spirit, the voluntary and gratuitous interposition of which was considered essential to the soul's salvation, was a most sensitive thing, easily grieved away, and grieved away by the soul's mere indifference; and, when once withdrawing, departing forever, and leaving the soul, even in earthly life, in a moral death, from which it could never be rescued. Fifty years of study of God's word and of prayerful inquiry and reflection have brought me to believe that the Holy Spirit is patient beyond all our conceptions of patience, persistent, never discouraged, ever watching for an open door into the heart, and never leaving a human soul while life lasts. I fully believe that those lines so often sung express an absolute truth, and were inspired by this very Holy Spirit — that,

" While the lamp holds out to burn
The *vilest* sinner may return."

But in accepting this doctrine we are letting drop out a ground of most potent appeal to non-religious men, and one that has often been effectively used, and which addresses itself to the fears of men; and an address to men's fears has often been, at least apparently, the only one that could move them. They were told that they might, by shutting up their hearts against the entrance of the Holy Spirit, grieve it away, and be abandoned by it, and left stranded and hopeless; and that while they were wholly unconscious of it; doomed already without knowing it.

Now, while I far prefer to appeal to men's love rather than to their fears, I freely admit that an appeal to their fears is entirely legitimate, and that the terrors of the Lord should never be laid out of consideration, and in many cases should be pressed, in all their awful solemnity, upon the attention of the inattentive and indifferent and careless soul. And I admit,

too, that my view of the patience and persistency of the Holy Spirit in its pursuit of us in our indifference and wanderings does take away a most weighty consideration that might often be very effectively used in our appeals to the non-religious.

But there is another principle at work, the potency of which should be considered, and which to my apprehension supplies all that we need as a ground of appeal to men's fears. And that principle is this: That while those who seek after a spiritual life grow in spirituality, those who are indifferent to it are all the while growing more and more unspiritual — more and more hardened. We do not stand still. Motion is life, and stagnation is death. The air above us is full of winds, and the sea beneath us is full of tides; and our bark, as we float on the sea of life, is never stationary — or never long so. All souls are moving, upward or downward. No man is quite what he was ten years ago. Now this growth in spirituality, or in unspirituality, is not wholly the result of the operation upon us, or withdrawal of operation, of a supernatural power. It is in a great measure an entirely natural operation. A faculty used and cultivated *grows*, and a faculty not used shrinks and perhaps disappears. Darwin, in his *Origin of Species*, shows clearly how in animals and plants, individuals of the same type, placed in new surroundings, under new necessities, develop into different species. While there is great dissent from his views as to the origin and development of man, yet all the world agrees to his general views as to the growth, through the special use of some organs and the entire disuse of others, of totally different organisms out of the same parent organism. But we see this abundantly illustrated in human beings. Everybody understands it. Now, by this same natural law the cultivation of our spiritual nature leads to a growth and strength of that nature; while the neglect of its cultivation, and especially a course of life that tends not merely not to promote our spirituality but to promote our non-spirituality, as surely leads to the growth and strength of an unspiritual nature.* We see this illustrated strikingly by the fact, often remarked upon, that a great many more young

* Emerson says: "The force of character is cumulative; all the foregone days of virtue work their health into us."

people, in proportion, become religious than middle-aged and old people. Reasoning on general principles we might expect the fact to be otherwise. Young people are full of animal life; full, too, of golden expectations from mere earthly life. The world as it lies before them has a great charm for them. They have not reached the age of reflection and disillusion. The old people, on the other hand, have found how false is all that glitters; they have been sobered by seeing the sad reality of things, by the loss of those near to their hearts, by the deaths of companions around them. They have reached the age of reflection, and often have abundant leisure for it. Yet they do not often yield to the pressure of religious truth. They never entered upon a spiritual life, and so they have constantly moved away and away from such a life. They have moved further and further away from the point of impressible contact with spiritual influences.

Now undoubtedly there is a corresponding movement during all this time on the part of the Holy Spirit; so that, while this downward growth is in great measure a natural one, yet there are also supernatural influences at work. The life of the man who seeks for a high spiritual life is a perpetual prayer to God for his help in it; and that help will be given. The life of the man who has no desire for a spiritual life is a perpetual rejection of spiritual influences; and while those influences may still follow him, yet as the door of his heart becomes more and more closed against them, those spiritual forces are of less and less value to him, and may become less and less active in his behalf.

We have, then, a terrible truth here that we can press with great effect upon non-religious men; for is it not a terrible one? What misfortune can be greater than that of a constant receding from the reach of divine influences, of a growing impenetrability of the heart. Yet we see it all about us. There is no mistaking the fact that this man and that whom we meet in the intercourse of life has no spiritual experience whatever — no conception of what spiritual life is. I remember when at Washington a few years ago that I went one Sunday morning into the large office of the hotel and took a seat for the very purpose of studying the characters of the throng that filled the wide room. Men were standing about in groups, talking

earnestly, so that I often easily caught enough to know what it was about. There were probably some members of Congress, some lobbyists, many politicians. From almost every quarter came up an occasional profane expression, and the talk was evidently all on secular matters, while most of the men themselves looked hard and greedy and self-indulgent. I said to myself, among these hundred people I cannot see one that I think is a religious man. It is true this was an exceptional gathering and place, and there may, after all, have been here and there a good man among them; but get together a hundred men on some secular occasion, and how much profanity will you hear? How much low ribaldry? How much that goes to show that in the vast majority God is not in all their thoughts? And yet this spiritual life is all that there is of life that is really worth having. It is all that will survive death — all that will constitute our life in that world that is so near to all of us.

How we should struggle to preserve our natural faculties if we found ourselves in danger of losing them. And yet what would the loss of them be by the side of the loss of our spiritual faculties? To me the face of nature is full of wonderful beauty. It seems to me no enthusiastic lover of music ever enjoyed the finest musical performance more than I enjoy looking upon a beautiful landscape. Well, suppose I found my sight prematurely failing, and all this panorama passing away from my saddened eyes forever. What would I not do for the restoration of my sight? What skilled oculist, however far away or expensive, would I not seek? Yet what would the loss of my earthly sight be to the loss of all spiritual vision! I have a near relative, of about my own age, who has been a clergyman all his life, who from early youth has been an enthusiastic lover of music and is a performer of rare excellence upon a violin. He hardly goes anywhere without taking his violin with him. Well, for nearly twenty years he has been gradually losing his hearing. But he could still hear the strains of his own violin, and while at the concerts he attended he lost some of the notes, he could yet hear enough, by sitting near, to get great enjoyment from the performance. But at last his hearing is utterly gone. The concert becomes only a pantomime, emitting no sound. His beloved violin makes no audible response to his

familiar and appealing touch. Now, what would he not have done to save his hearing? What remedy, however costly or difficult to be procured, would he not have sought for and applied? Yet what is this loss of hearing to the loss of all power to hear the whisper of God to the heart? And what is it to lose the spiritual sight and the spiritual hearing both? To feel that the whole heart is sealed against spiritual light and spiritual voices.

It is as the Evangelist says, "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

"However sharp the thorns of poverty,
 The pangs of parting, failure's bitterness,
 The pain of filling loving eyes with tears,
 Thou shalt not fear them. Thou shalt dread but this :
 To know thyself as vile among the pure,
 With men of honor know thyself untrue ;
 To feel debased before the climbing hills,
 Abashed amid the still, aspiring wood,
 And unresponsive to the beckoning sky ;
 To wish that God were not, and restlessly
 To seek remoteness from his influence,
 Until the spirit's garden grows awaste.
 — Embrace all ills but this, and find them sweet !"

DR. JOHN CHAPMAN.

One of the most interesting and one of the noblest men I ever knew was Dr. John Chapman of London. He was one of my best friends. I first met him in 1872, and when again abroad with my wife in 1874 and 1875 we were much at his house, which was indeed our home in London. He was then, and had been for many years, the principal editor of the *Westminster Review*, which was described by an English writer as "the mouthpiece of the most advanced and the most respected thinkers of the day, and, by reason of the breadth of thought, the enlightenment, the toleration, and the spirit of progressive inquiry in the cause of reason and truth which pervaded its scholarly pages, no less than by the attention directed to scientific subjects and the consideration given to art as an indis-

pensable part of human education, as occupying the position of the leading organ of the liberal and philosophical school of the time." During our Civil War the *Westminster Review* stood firmly and unwaveringly on our side and did a great deal to turn the best public opinion of England in our favor. Since then Dr. Chapman's articles, especially on social and political subjects, have commanded public attention and had a wide and positive influence. I was told in London that an article in the review on the administration of affairs by the government in India had led to a serious modification of the political plans of the ministry. This article was at first attributed to John Stuart Mill, the first political philosopher in England, but Dr. Chapman told me himself that he wrote it. He was all this while a physician in large practice. His habit was to get up at five o'clock all the year round, make himself a cup of coffee, and work with his pen till nine o'clock, when he ate his breakfast with his family, and for the rest of the day was a hard-working physician.

He was intensely interested in all the reform movements of the day — in the extension of the franchise among the common people, in woman suffrage, in sanitary improvements, in methods of benefiting the poor, and in wider education. He set to work earnestly to rescue the many charitable foundations which had been perverted from their original purpose and become the prey of those who should have been their protectors. He gave great offense, and injured himself in his professional standing, by the conflict which he went into with some of the physicians who were getting the benefit of these perversions. It was a strange anomaly that in the midst of all this he was an utter disbeliever in the existence of a God and of a future life. It is surprising that, with the want of belief in all that I valued most, I should have been drawn to him or he to me. Yet he became my very warm friend, and told a friend of mine that if I lived in London he should want to have me for his most intimate friend. I asked him at one time how he could care so much for making people happier and better if this short life was all. He replied that he desired it all the more for this reason, for if this life is all he wanted to have people get the most out of it. I was at dinner one day at his house, sitting on his right hand, while a colonel in our army sat on his left. My

wife sat at the lower end of the table with Mrs. Chapman and two other ladies. By some means the subject of prayer was spoken of, and the colonel, who proved to be a Swedenborgian, spoke very strongly of its good effect on the suppliant, even if it did not bring the answer sought. Dr. Chapman then turned to me, saying: "Let us hear what Mr. Hooker says." At this I entered on something of a discussion of the whole matter, all conversation at the table being dropped and all listening to me. What I said was substantially this: "I cannot be at all sure that we shall get what we pray for. It may be the very best thing for us not to get it. But back of the whole question lies the great question whether there is a God to hear our prayer. It seems to me that I can say that I am sure there is. My whole life has been spent in dealing practically with questions of proof, and I have learned to have confidence in the movements of my own mind. I cannot go into processes here; I can give you only results. But I could not feel more sure that God exists and controls earthly affairs if I could see him with my eyes or feel his hand taking hold of mine. And, if God exists, I cannot doubt that he is omnipotent and all-wise as well as supremely benevolent; and such a being, sending us into this hard world as his children, would not fail to keep a fatherly interest in us and would love to have us pray to him." Dr. Chapman, restrained by delicacy from coming into serious conflict with his guests, yet told us of some of the experiments that had been made with regard to prayer, which seemed to show that it had signally failed in those instances. My wife told me after dinner that Mrs. Chapman, who listened attentively to our talk, told her that if she could believe as I did she should love to pray.

I never saw Dr. Chapman after 1875, though I occasionally had a letter from him. A few years later he removed to Paris, still keeping up his editorship of the *Westminster Review*. He soon got into a large practice there, which he continued till his death in November, 1894. I do not know his exact age at that time, but he must have been over seventy. He had conducted the review from 1851 — forty-three years. An interest-sketch of him is given in the *Westminster Review* for January, 1895.

Dr. Chapman was a man of exceedingly fine presence — six feet tall, well filled out and erect, and with a countenance of the highest manly beauty. It was full of benignity and yet full of strength.

There was a brilliant circle of scientists and litterateurs who from time to time served under him as contributors to the review. Among them was George Eliot, who was for a time his assistant in the editorship. There were also Herbert Spencer, George Henry Lewes, James and Harriet Martineau, and others well known in the literary world. I met a parlor full of them at an evening entertainment at his house.

Dr. Chapman was buried at Highgate Cemetery, near London, in the midst of his contemporary workers, and close by the grave of George Eliot. The obituary sketch of him to which I have referred contains the following passage, which is well worthy of quotation here:

During the forty-three years of his editorship of the Review — a task phenomenal in one man's life, joined as it was to the onerous work of a large medical practice — Dr. Chapman used his incomparable intellect, his remarkable powers and his indomitable energy to maintain the reputation of the Review with the excellence of its earlier teaching, and his most fervent wish when he died was that it might continue to be so maintained, not alone for the sake of the glorious associations of the past, but for the sake of the liberalism of to-day and of generations to come — maintained as a steadfast organ of the broader ideas, the wider views, of human interests of which he was so fearless a pioneer, and in whose cause he labored ceaselessly, at immense personal sacrifice, for so many years.

It is not possible here to do more than allude to the many rare and admirable qualities of his nature — singularly sweet qualities which endeared him to the friends whose unspeakable privilege it was to know and be associated with him. Neither can more than a passing reference now be made to his great services to medicine and his many valuable discoveries in that science.

Dr. Chapman may justly be characterized as an exceptional man of an exceptional age, and those who knew him intimately must revere his nobility of character and his staunch fearlessness of conscience, even as they admired the uncommon order of his physical presence and his great mental gifts. To those his name

will be synonymous with all that is good, with all that tends to promote civilization, and with all that is best for humanity at large.

THE KEARSARGE.

One of the most romantic incidents of our late war, and of intense interest and great satisfaction and pride to us of the North, was the fight between the United States cruiser *Kearsarge* and the Confederate ship *Alabama*. It occurred off Cherbourg, France, on the 19th of June, 1864. After a fierce contest the *Kearsarge* sank the *Alabama*. The *Kearsarge* herself in 1894 was wrecked upon a rock in the Caribbean Sea, where her bones have ever since lain bleaching. A most interesting visit which I paid to her in 1890, as she was undergoing repairs at the navy yard at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, will, I think, make a very proper subject of notice in these Reminiscences. It should, however, be preceded by an account of the fight, which so many are too young to remember and which has hardly yet taken its full place in history.

A writer in the *Springfield Republican*, early in February, 1894, gives the following graphic account of the fight, taken from the lips of a sailor who was in it and who was at the time a coxswain on the *Kearsarge*. It is given in the vernacular of the sea, and I preserve the language in which the old sailor told the story:

We were laying in Flushing, Holland, on a Sunday, when the consul had a dispatch from Cherbourg, saying that the *Alabama* was there. The coronet was h'isted and a gun fired to call the crew aboard. When all hands got aboard, the captain had all hands called aft and told us of the dispatch, and said: "Boys, I'm going down to fight the *Alabama*, and I expect every man of you to do your duty when we get there." This was received by the officers and men with three hearty cheers, and in less than an hour we were steaming down across the North Sea for Cherbourg, where we arrived on Tuesday afternoon about one o'clock.

We steamed up to the east entrance of Cherbourg harbor, which has a breakwater three miles long. We lowered our third cutter, and sent her ashore for information. We got a good view of our antagonist as we was pulling by. I was cox'en of the cut-

ter. After we returned, about 4 P.M., there was a boat came off from shore with a request, sent out by Capt. Semmes through the American consul, that if Capt. Winslow would stay out there twenty-four hours he would come out and fight him, and that he wouldn't detain him over forty-eight.

We waited from Tuesday afternoon till Friday afternoon, when the crew began to get discouraged, and wanted to get in and board her in the night. The captain had them all called aft again, and said: "Boys, don't get discouraged. I know Ralph Semmes. He sent word that he would come out and fight me, and he is coming. Something has detained him longer than he expected. And, boys, you've got to do the fighting. It isn't your captain that can do it, but your captain's boys." This caused the boys to give the old man three rousing cheers, and all went forrid, knowing that they'd got to fight.

On Sunday, June 19th, the captain was on the quarter deck with his Bible to hold service, which was customary on Sunday, when the man on the topsail yard hailed the deck, and said: "Out there she comes." The captain called his boy, and said: "Boy, take my Bible, and bring up my sword and revolvers. Officer of the deck, beat to quarters. Quartermaster, port your wheel. Officer of the deck, let her go fast. Quartermaster, steady." Our course then caused us to run right away from the *Alabama* off shore. We could not account for this, but we knew the captain was right in whatever he did.

After getting off shore about nine or ten miles, the captain ordered the quartermaster to starboard his helm. We now headed right in the direction of the *Alabama*, which we were anxiously watching, when, about nine hundred yards away, the first shot was fired from the *Alabama*, followed by thirteen others, some striking alongside, some going through the rigging clear of everything; but no damage was done as yet. "Quartermaster," called the captain, "starboard your helm a little. Steady."

We were now within about eight hundred yards of each other. The order was given to fire as soon as we got our guns to bear. Bang went the little rifle on the forecastle. We watched the course of the shell, and saw it strike. Then the forrid pivot, the after pivot, and two broadside 32-pounders, which failed of hitting the mark. The captain, coolly walking the deck, said: "Men, there's a ship to fire at. Don't fire your shells into the water, but see what you're aiming at. Aim before you fire." Which good advice the men accepted, and from that on they

always let the smoke clear away from the enemy's ship before they fired, and then they could tell what they were firing at.

And now the ball was opened in good style. Shot was screaming over our heads. Shells were exploding uncomfortably near. One shell went through the smokestack. We were struck but very few times, mostly in the rigging. One of the shells struck the sheathing that covered the chain, cut the chain, and dropped into the water. A few minutes after another struck us, went through the planking, struck an iron sheathing on one of the timbers, and dropped harmlessly overboard. I was first loader of a 11-inch forrid pivot. Charley Reed was first sponger. I should think they fired three hundred and fifty shot and shell at us, and we had fired about a hundred and seventy-five. One shell lodged in the stern post and one in the plank sheer. We were struck in all twenty-eight times, —thirteen in the hull and the remainder in the rigging. Some of the *Alabama's* shells would go screaming over our mast-heads, and some would strike short. When we had been fighting about forty minutes, one of our shells cut away the *Alabama's* mizzen halyards, which caused her flag to come part way down. A few minutes afterwards a 11-inch shell from the forrid pivot struck her mainmast. After the firing had been going on about fifty-five minutes, the *Alabama* kept off to run for port, knowing that she was whipped. Finding that they couldn't get away from us, they hauled their colors down, and we received orders to cease firing. But in a few minutes another gun was fired from the *Alabama*, at which our captain said: "Give them another shot, boys. I guess they haven't got enough yet." This caused a broadside to be fired from the *Kearsarge*, with such deadly aim that they jumped on the mizzen boom and held up a white flag as a signal to cease firing, as the battle was evidently over for good.

They immediately lowered a boat, putting in twelve wounded men, and sent them to the *Kearsarge*, with a message by the officer in charge that they had surrendered, and asking for assistance, as they were sinking. The officer asked permission to go back and rescue the men, as he had his boat manned, which request being granted, they pulled towards the sinking ship, which sank before they reached it. They rescued a few of the officers in the water. We succeeded with our two boats that wern't stove in rescuing seventy-four. The English yacht *Deerhound* came down among the men, and Capt. Semmes, swimming

alongside, called out: "I'm Captain Semmes; for God's sake, save me!" He thus escaped on the *Deerhound*.

After the battle, and we got the men aboard our ship, each man picked out a man from the *Alabama* about his own size, and offered him the use of a suit of his clothes. I might say, gave him a suit, for I never see mine again. As soon as they got dry clothes on, the bo'sen's whistle was sounded, calling all hands to "splice the main brace." As soon as our crew had gone round, the *Alabama's* crew was called to "splice," and to see which could put in the neatest splice. Immediately after this the *Alabama* men were distributed round our different messes to take dinner, which was served in abundance, as the cook had been told that we were going to have company.

At four o'clock that afternoon the prisoners were all paroled, and, in their parting from our ship, the remark was frequently made: "Boys, if we'd knowed what kind of treatment we'd a received, you wouldn't a had to fight us as you did." That was their feelings after getting whipped.

I went on board the *Kearsarge* as an ordinary seaman, became an able seaman, then the cox'en of the third cutter, and was made captain of the foretop and master's mate after the engagement.

This graphic account of the fight from one who was in the thick of it is well worth preservation, and I do what little I am able in my unpretending book to effect this. My own visit to the *Kearsarge* was, as I have stated, in the summer of 1890. After her loss at sea in 1894 this incident, very interesting to me at the time, came back to my mind with a special interest, and I sent the following communication on the subject to the *Hartford Courant*:

To the Editor of the Courant:

There are few of our people who were old enough to be thrilled by the incidents of our late war who did not feel a pang at the news of the wreck of the *Kearsarge* a few days ago. To the writer, who had had the privilege of walking upon her deck in tearful affection and reverence, it brought a great sorrow. The story of her desperate fight with the *Alabama*, the rebel cruiser which had become the terror of our merchant vessels, in which the *Kearsarge* sank her antagonist, is known to every one as a matter of remembrance or of history.

In the summer of 1890 I spent several days at the Portsmouth navy-yard visiting a naval officer stationed there, who was an old friend. The *Kearsarge* was then in dry dock there undergoing repairs. She was high and dry above the water, supported by props of timber. I looked at her with great interest; but it was a painful sight to see her out of her native element and stuck up in the air so awkwardly and painfully. It seemed as if she must groan from the pain and the indignity.

The day before I was to leave, the repairs on her bottom had been completed, and she was to be hauled out of the dock into the stream. My friend took me on board and introduced me to Capt. Crowninshield, who was in command of her, and got permission, which was readily granted, for me to stay on board during the operation. The captain received me very graciously, and introduced me to several of his officers, who were a fine-looking set of men. When introduced to the captain as Mr. Hooker of Hartford, he asked me if I was of the family of the Rev. Thomas Hooker, who was the founder of the city. I told him I was the sixth in direct descent from him. He then told me that he was from Salem, of an old Puritan family. He seemed greatly to value New England blood and traditions. His wife soon after came on board, and he had chairs brought to the quarter deck for us. It was a curious incident that, on being introduced to her, she asked me if I was related to a certain lady, mentioning the name of my wife.

A dry dock, which probably few of your readers have seen, is a capacious structure built upon the land, and so placed as to receive the depth of water from the sea that will float the vessel that is to be repaired. It is provided with a huge double gate on the seaward side, which opens outward, and, when the dock is full of water, the vessel is hauled in through the open gateway. When she is in the gate is closed, and powerful pumps throw the water out, and, as the vessel settles down, supporting props are placed under her, so that, when the water has disappeared, she stands high and dry resting on her props, and with all below her water-line accessible for repairs. The hauling of a vessel out of the dry dock is merely the reversing of the process. The huge double gate, of course, could not be opened until the outside pressure of the water had ceased, which could only be when the dock was full of water again. The water was, therefore, let in through several small gates. It took nearly an hour to thus fill the dock. As the water rose about the props of the *Kearsarge*

and began to relieve the pressure of the props, a conscious tremor seemed to run through her as if she felt its friendly touch and her returning buoyancy, and, when she fully floated and the props were removed, she seemed to feel that she was in her native element again, and to move about like a giant waking from sleep and stretching himself. When the dock was filled with water, the large gate was opened outward, and she was hauled out into the stream. Up to this point the engineer in charge of the dock had directed the whole operation; but now the captain assumed command, and the ship was worked around to a place at a dock, where she was made fast. The whole operation took about three hours.

The officers took great pride in the fame of their ship. On a large brass plate in front of their quarters was the date of the fight with the *Alabama*. I asked the captain if the same planks were on the deck, and he said: "Yes, the very same." And I walked up and down the deck thrilled with the thought of what the ship had done for the country.

Capt. Crowninshield was expecting to be ordered at once to the coast of Honduras, and I saw by the papers a few days later that he was so in fact. It was now August, the time in that region for deadly heat, hurricanes, and yellow fever, and I could not help feeling anxious for him and the fine fellows who were officers under him. He returned safely, but how many of his officers I do not know. I felt the more anxious because I learned that not long before the ship had been ordered in midsummer to the coast of Africa, and while there had lost by yellow fever eight of her officers and fifty-three men, the surgeon, whose services were of the greatest importance, being one of the first victims.

SAMUEL MOSELEY.

When I entered college in the fall of 1832, the Farmington canal was in operation, a few years old, but nearing its final failure and abandonment. At this time it furnished, what seemed to the public of that time, a very convenient and pleasant mode of traveling, far in advance of the old stage coach. Most of the people who went to New Haven from any of the towns upon its line went by passenger boats. These were day boats altogether and had spacious saloons running nearly the

length of the boats, with rooms at the ends for cooking and other domestic work and for the boatmen to sleep in. These saloons were very comfortably fitted up for the passengers to sit about in, as well as take their meals in, and made the passage to New Haven, which was accomplished in a day from most points on the canal, a very agreeable opportunity for social enjoyment, as well as for reading if one preferred it.

When I went down at the beginning of the fall term and the college year I went by a canal boat, and four of my school-mates who were joining the class went with me, as well as a few others from other places on the line. My mother also went with me, to see to getting me settled in my room. Half of a spacious house which had belonged to my grandfather fell to her by his will, and my father had built an addition to it in the rear, and had a good-sized sitting-room and bedroom made for me in the second story of the addition. While we were on our way down my mother asked me if I had seen a young man among the passengers named Moseley, who was going down to join my class. She told me that she had had quite a talk with him and was much interested in him. She said he told her that he was 20 years old (I think) and had worked on his father's farm till a year or two before, when he decided to prepare for college and to study for the ministry. His father, he said, was not a religious man, and was very strongly opposed to his going to college, and, above all, to his being a clergyman; but that his mother, who was a very religious woman, had set her heart on his studying for the ministry, and he had been persuaded by her to prepare for college. My mother's account of the young man greatly interested me, and I sought him out among the numerous passengers. I found him a tall, gaunt, awkward man, who had seen very little of society, and was wholly without cultivation, yet evidently was full of kindness and with a certain light of consecration on his plain face. I was at once drawn to the man in pity for his disadvantages and in sympathy with his earnest devotion to doing good. This warm sympathy went on through many years of college and later acquaintance.

When we came to our daily recitations in Latin, Greek, and mathematics, it was very obvious that he was very poorly fitted for college. His Latin and Greek greatly troubled him, and

his very natural recourse was to me, whose very kindly disposition towards him he had by this time thoroughly tested. Fortunately for me, my father, who was a rare Latin and Greek scholar, had drilled me in both those languages from an early age, so that when I entered college I was probably as thorough a scholar in both those languages as most young men are when they graduate. It was thus easy for me to help Moseley in his Latin and Greek lessons, and it was a great pleasure to me to give him the help. I soon saw that he needed a warmer vest for the winter than the one he had on. I had a very warm one that was somewhat worn, but which my mother had thought enough for my daily wear for the approaching winter; but I got out a very nice one which she had intended for my Sunday wear and put it on. I then sent a line to Moseley, asking him to come to my room. On his doing so I got out the old vest, and said I, "Here, Moseley, is a very warm vest, but getting old, and I shall not wear it any more. Would you like it?" He put up both hands, and exclaimed: "Wonderful! wonderful! I was just thinking what I should do for a warm winter vest, and now the Lord has sent me this." It was all we could both do to keep the tears from coming. Well, he put on the vest, and as I daily saw him wearing it I had a constant reminder of the slight kindness I had done him and of the spirit of gratitude and trust in which he had received it. I speak of trust, for he seemed to regard all good that fell to his needy lot as coming directly from the Lord.

His home was Westfield, in the state of Massachusetts, and Farmington was about half way between that place and New Haven. As a matter of economy he was in the habit of walking the whole distance, stopping over night at my father's house in Farmington. Occasionally I walked down with him from my own home, my father sometimes carrying us half way and leaving us to walk the rest. On all these tramps his invariable rule was to carry a package of tracts, and leave one at the door of nearly every country house that we passed. Wherever he was, or in whatever circumstances, he could never forget the duty that he owed to his fellow men and to the Lord.

Moseley kept on till the completion of his four years at college. I was compelled by a partial failure of my eyesight to leave college at the end of two years, spending those two

years in voyages about the world, of which I have given some account in the preceding part of this volume (pp. 27, 192). I therefore saw little of him after his sophomore year. But I was told that he remained the same poor scholar, and had a low position in the class at graduation. He studied theology in the usual way and was licensed to preach.

After becoming a licensed preacher he began to preach wherever he could get the opportunity, hoping, like other young preachers, to get a call to some country pulpit. Before he left the seminary he had become engaged to a very worthy young woman, whom he had met at a New Haven commencement, but who resided in one of our country towns. Of course she was looking forward anxiously to the time when he should get a call and they could be married. Well, the poor fellow preached very dull sermons, that nobody seemed to care to hear, and not only month after month went by but year after year, and found him still at his quest. At last, however, he received a call to the church in Burlington, one of our smallest and poorest towns. He and the young lady were delighted at this final success, and immediately made their plans for their marriage, and for going to housekeeping after he had been ordained. A council was called, according to the congregational usage, for the purpose of examining him and approving his settlement and ordaining him. Among the neighboring churches called on to send their pastor and a delegate to the council, the church at Farmington, under Rev. Dr. Porter, was included, and I was chosen as the delegate to accompany our pastor. I attended the council with great interest, as I had known of my friend's long and anxious waiting for this opportunity to begin the pastoral work for which he had for so many years been preparing himself, and which had so long been his dream. At the council Rev. Dr. Porter presided, and Mr. Moseley was thoroughly examined by it as to his theological soundness, which came within the most exacting standards. The church and society were then asked if there was any opposition on the part of the people to his settlement over them. Upon this some of the men of the church appeared and read a paper signed by a considerable minority of the members, stating, in a kindly but very positive way, that they thought his

preaching dull and uninteresting, and especially as not calculated to reach the younger portion of the people, that his sermons impressed the elderly women very favorably, that the society was very small and poor, I think considerably less than a hundred members in all, including the women, and that so large a minority as dissented would very seriously affect his usefulness and his comfort. The opposition did not seem to be factious, but very evidently was thoroughly in earnest and likely to continue so. After the hearing the council was left by itself to consider the matter. Each clerical and lay member was asked in his turn for his opinion. I gave mine in favor of his settlement. With all my doubts whether it was on the whole best for the church and society, I could not but be affected by great sympathy for my friend and by my knowledge of his history and my confidence in his devotion to his work; besides which, as the church in its poverty could not hope to secure a man of more than the most ordinary ability, it seemed to me it might try to get along with him, and, perhaps, all his opponents would be won over by his saintliness of spirit and his faithfulness as a pastor. But a large majority of the council, including the wise and good Dr. Porter, voted against his installation. Poor Moseley was then called in to hear the conclusion. He came in, and Dr. Porter briefly reviewed the situation, and in the kindest and most sympathetic terms told him of the unfavorable decision.

Moseley was deeply affected. I think there were few dry eyes in the room. He said he had been for years preparing himself solely for preaching the gospel, and after long waiting had had this call. "But," said he, "it is manifestly God's will that I should not be settled here. I accept his will without complaint. I had feared, in view of the opposition as it disclosed itself, that you would think it best not to install me. I accept your conclusion as a wise one and as expressing the will of God in the matter." The council then made up its record and adjourned, and poor Moseley was left to inform the young lady whom he was to marry of the defeat of their hopes, and to begin another long tramp in quest of a settlement.

I saw but little of him after this. He got an opportunity to preach for a short time as an agent, I think, of the Bible Society, and two opportunities to supply for a few months a

vacant pulpit. But neither of the latter opportunities brought him a call to a parish, and his marriage was necessarily deferred from year to year. At last, before he was forty, he lay down and died. I do not know the illness that caused his death, but he was a disappointed and broken man, and wearied with his hopeless quest. He was a man of lovely consecration of life, but lacking in vigor of intellect. It was a great mistake to take him from a life of industrial labor when so old, and to send him through college. As a farmer or carpenter he would have made one of the best of country deacons and have led a very useful life. His unbelieving father, who opposed his attempt to get a college education, was in the right, and his pious mother, whose heart was set on his preaching the gospel, was in the wrong. The young lady to whom he was engaged lived unmarried for many years and finally died at the threshold of old age.

I never regretted my kindness to him. There are few things that I look back upon with more satisfaction. I shall soon meet him in the other world and shall look with more than the old kindness on the plain face that will then be lighted up by a new consecration and by a happiness that he never knew here.

GENERAL B.

I prefer not to give the full name of the person about whom I write. *B.* entered college with me at Yale and staid there till some time in sophomore year, when he went to the military academy at West Point. He had been promised an appointment there, and was studying at Yale only to improve the interval and make his education more complete. His whole ambition was for an army life and military glory. He came from one of the Connecticut country towns, and his mother, who was a widow, was possessed of but small means, which she gladly expended for him, though, so far as I could learn, she had little sympathy with his love of military life. At West Point he was a faithful student, and graduated with honor, receiving a lieutenancy in the army. In the Mexican war he did good service and rose to the rank of captain. In our civil war he became a general, and died a few years after the war.

I was never much drawn to *B.*, and yet while we were in college together there grew up between us quite a friendly relation. As a matter possibly of some honest thinking, but more, I think, as one of military spirit and bravado, he avowed from the first an utter disbelief in all religious creeds, and would, I think, have called himself an atheist. I had occasional arguments with him on the subject. He occasionally wrote me after he got into the army, sometimes alluding to his unchanged religious opinions, my reply presenting earnestly my own opposing convictions.

In the summer of 1841 I was a member of our House of Representatives, the legislature sitting that year at New Haven. To my surprise, one day *B.* called on me there. After a cordial meeting, he told me that some of his friends were going to bring before the legislature a resolution giving him a sword, in recognition of his gallantry in the Mexican war, and while he did not like to appear as a personal applicant for it, he desired to interest his friends in the matter and secure their friendly services, and that it was with great pleasure that he found that I was a member of the House. After hearing somewhat in detail his account of what he had done in the war, in which he made out a pretty good case, I said to him: "Now *B.*" (I could call him only by his old and familiar name of *B.* without prefixing the "Captain"), "you know how I abhor war, and this Mexican war I have utterly disapproved of as iniquitous, though as an army officer you, of course, had to go into it, but I cannot vote for having the state give you a sword. If it were some other person than you I should not only vote but speak against it." He was, of course, greatly disappointed, but expressed the hope that I would not vote against the resolution. I finally told him that I would not vote at all, but when the vote was taken would go out of the House. The whole thing failed, I think, by an abandonment of the effort on the part of the captain.

Many years later General *B.* (who had become a general in our civil war) was stationed at Boston, in charge of the erection or reparation of some fortifications in Boston harbor. While he was there I met him in the street, and he at once told me of his being stationed there, and asked me to go

with him down the harbor to the work of which he had charge. I went with him and spent a large part of the day with him there. He then told me much of his later life. He had married a few years before a lady whose acquaintance he made, there (I think a Boston lady), and had a little boy about a year old, who was the delight of his life. Many other incidents of his life he mentioned that would not be of general interest. After my return home, perhaps a year after, I received an agonized letter from him, telling of the death of this child, his only child. I wrote him in reply what comforting suggestions I could make, and spoke of the greater consolation one would find who had a settled religious faith. He replied that he would tell me just what had happened, which he knew would interest me. He said that the child was taken very ill in the night with, I think, membranous croup, or something very quick and fatal, and that he at once sent for the doctor, but he thought the child was dying and remembered that it had never been baptized. In his horror at the thought of it, he sent a servant in great haste for the Unitarian clergyman at whose church he and his wife attended, and then, at once, came the thought that perhaps Unitarianism was not the true religion, and he sent another servant for a Congregational clergyman. (He had been brought up in a Congregational family.) Before either servant had returned, or the doctor had got there, he thought the child was surely dying, and he caught up a basin of water, and, dipping his hand in it, laid it on the forehead of the child, saying in solemn voice: "Henry, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The incident was almost a grotesque one, but it shows how deeply fixed, even in an estranged and denying and perhaps blaspheming heart, are the truths that one is taught by parental instruction and example to accept in his childhood. I never heard from General B. again and have no knowledge how far the revived faith of his childhood remained by him and affected his future belief and life. He died not long after. He had seen the wars for which he had in early life expressed to me a great desire, and had attained an honorable rank in the army, but not the great military distinction that had been the sole ambition of his life.

WILLIAM H. IMLAY.

In the summer of 1852 the public heard with astonishment of the failure of William H. Imlay of Hartford. He had been regarded as the wealthiest man in Connecticut, and though he was known to be borrowing money rather largely at the banks, no one thought that he was seriously embarrassed. He had on his hands large operations that required the use of much money. He was rated as worth over half a million, which was then a very large estate.

He retained me as his counsel the year after I removed to Hartford, and thus I saw a great deal of him. He had extensive real estate in the northern part of Michigan, and a year or two later took me with him there to examine the property and his titles, and on our way he told me many very interesting things with regard to his own history.

His father held an important public office at Washington, in which he had the handling of considerable public money. He was a generous liver, given to hospitality, and careless about money. He died when William was about fifteen, and upon his death it was found that he was short in his accounts about \$10,000. This was a shocking occurrence for those early times. His bondsmen, who were some personal friends, had to make good the amount. William was the oldest of quite a family of children. Of course the family had nothing, and this boy of fifteen had the great burden of the support of his mother and the other children fall on him. With her help he got the place of a clerk in a store (a grocery, I think), and worked with the utmost faithfulness, turning in for the family support all he got. He had to work from daybreak till late in the evening, and he told me that often, when he got home for the night, he was so utterly tired out that he could not undress, but threw himself on top of the bed and slept in his clothes. In this way he struggled on till the other children were able to earn something and the family needs were less. In this severe school he had acquired habits of industry and economy and learned the ways of business. When he became of age he got into a profitable business (I forget what it was, or where), in which he accumulated over \$10,000. Who could have blamed the poor boy for putting all this into his business, or

investing it for the benefit of the family? But with a high sense of honor he took it all and paid his father's bondsmen for what they had had to pay out for him. He settled in Hartford early in life, and all the remainder of his life was spent there. After he became wealthy he was persuaded to invest \$50,000 in the Atlantic Dock Company of Brooklyn, N. Y. He told me that the other owners, there were but some half dozen in all, assured him that \$50,000 was all that he would be called on to furnish. The undertaking was a magnificent one, promising great returns, but requiring the use of a very large amount of money. A large amount was raised by the sale of bonds, a portion of which Mr. Imlay took as security for further advances, and was able to sell only by putting on them his personal guarantee. At last, tired out with the perpetual draft on his money and his credit, he told me that he offered the other members of the company \$75,000 if they would take his stock, assume his obligations, and let him off; but they would not do it. Just at this time a son-in-law, who was in the paper-making business, failed, and Mr. Imlay was on his paper as endorser for \$175,000. The whole made too heavy a load for him, now getting on in years, to carry, and he saw no way but to assign. Still his credit was perfect and nobody suspected that he was seriously embarrassed. This was in the summer of 1852.

It was not till this time that I was retained by Mr. Imlay as his counsel, and there are some incidents connected with the matter that I think will be interesting to the younger members of the profession, and not without profit in the lesson that they furnish.

I removed from Farmington to Hartford in September, 1851. I had looked about for an office there in the preceding May. Mr. Imlay was at that time building the stone front edifice on Main street, opposite the old State Capitol, that has ever since been occupied by the State Bank. I looked over the offices in this building, and thought very favorably of two rooms in the third story, and went to see Mr. Imlay about them. They were then lathed but not plastered, but I could easily see what the rooms would be. I called on Mr. Imlay at his office, ascertained the rent, and agreed to take the rooms in the fall. He was to have a lease drawn and ready for me to

take when I came over. He preferred to make the lease for but two years, stating that he should undoubtedly be ready and glad to renew as long as I desired to stay. I assented to this. When I came over to occupy in September, I very soon went to Mr. Imlay's office for my lease, and he handed me one drawn by his clerk, which I took to my office to examine. As it did not provide explicitly for all that I thought I was entitled to, I carried it back to Mr. Imlay and stated my objections. He yielded to my view of the matter, and said he would have his clerk draw another lease. The next day his clerk brought in another lease, which, on examining it, I was not quite satisfied with, and I took it to Mr. Imlay to have it made right. I expected him to be irritated by my pertinacity in the matter, and he remarked, after hearing what I had to say: "It seems to me you are pretty particular, Mr. Hooker." "Yes, Mr. Imlay," said I, "I am. The lease is an important one. I may occupy the rooms twenty years, and I want it made exactly right. Suppose you let me draw the lease for myself and show it to you." He consented to this, and I soon drew the lease with much care and carried it to him to examine. He approved my draft and we executed the lease in duplicate. Sometime in the following winter he came to my office to get some conveyances drawn, but with that exception I did no business for him, and, indeed, rarely saw him, till the following summer. About the middle of that summer (1852), I went to Newport, R. I., with my wife, for two weeks, leaving a notice on my office door of the time of my return. At this time Mr. Hawley, since our Senator in Congress, was my junior partner, but he was also away on his summer vacation. The next morning after my return Mr. Imlay called at my office and told me that he had some very important business that he wished to put into my hands. He said that Mr. Toucey (afterwards Attorney-General at Washington) had been his counsel, but that now he wished me to be so. He then reminded me of what passed between us about my lease, and asked me if I thought he took offense. I told him that I thought he was somewhat irritated by my particularity in the matter. "No," said he, "I was not. So far from it I said to myself, there is just the man to do business for me," and he said that he had waited very impatiently for two or three days

for me to get back from Newport rather than have any one else do the business. He then told me of his great pecuniary embarrassment, and that he had decided to make an assignment for the benefit of his creditors; and on talking over the persons who were proper for assignees, he settled on Mr. George Beach, president of the Phoenix Bank, and myself. There was a relative in New York whom he decided to put on with us, but he was not willing to take the position unless all the work could be done by Mr. Beach and myself. The amount of work brought upon the assignees was very great and lasted for several years. Mr. Beach took entire charge of the account keeping and of the handling of all moneys. I took charge of all the law business and drawing of papers, while we both had frequent consultations with Mr. Imlay and with each other. What I had to do in court and in my office occupied a great part of my time, and would of itself have constituted a very respectable professional business for the time. The era of great fees, of what I may call unconscionable fees, had not then reached Hartford. I will only add that Mr. Imlay afterwards made me one of his executors, and on his death, in 1858, I had his complicated estate to settle. The estate paid all its debts, but very little was left for his children, who, unfortunately, had been brought up in the expectation of a considerable inheritance, and with very little idea of self-dependence.

MY BICYCLE ACCIDENT.

In September, 1895, I was run over by a bicycle, and with a broken hip kept on my bed for eight weeks, and for several weeks more got about only on crutches. It is a marvel that, in my eightieth year, I could sustain such an injury and ever get about again without crutches. I have, however, entirely recovered and take long tramps, of which I am very fond, without any difficulty. The young man who ran over me was one of our best young men, and was distressed over the injury he had done me. He stopped to help me, and desired to watch all night with me, besides frequently calling to see me, and finally, though he had but a trifle of property and a small salary for clerical work in one of our manufacturing companies, he

insisted on paying the special expenses which my condition made necessary. Soon after I began to get about I sent the following article, giving the particulars of the accident and some observations on the general subject, to one of our city papers:

As most of my city friends know, I was run over by a bicycle some time ago and very badly hurt. It was eleven weeks ago. For eight weeks I lay upon my bed; and I have since walked with crutches, with a fair prospect of complete recovery in a few weeks. I think, therefore, that in what I may say about bicycle accidents I may be regarded as looking at the matter from a practical point of view, and perhaps as speaking with some authority as an expert.

The young man who ran over me (of whose personal character and attentiveness to me since the accident I cannot speak too highly) was coming up Laurel street at a high rate of speed on the 20th of last September at twenty minutes after six in the evening. It was getting dusky, but persons could easily be seen a few rods off. Laurel street crosses Farmington avenue, our great western thoroughfare, which then must have had many persons walking upon it as I was. The young man's first mistake was in thinking that he could safely and justifiably keep on across the avenue at his high rate of speed, and pass on up Laurel street. When he reached the avenue he rang his bell. I was just crossing Laurel street on the other side of the avenue and did not hear the bell or get any intimation of his approach. If he allowed himself to consider the tinkling of his bell as putting on pedestrians any obligation to take notice and keep out of his way, or any warrant for relaxing at all his vigilance, this was his second mistake, and a very great one. I will say more of this further on. When he reached the track of the electric road he saw me just a little way on the Laurel street crossing. Here he thought that by pressing a little he could pass ahead of me. This was his third and most disastrous mistake. He should without hesitation have slacked up and gone behind me. I generally walk with a quick step, and at this time was hurrying a little because I was late in getting home. He did not allow for this, and the consequence was that his large wheel struck me with terrible force. I was thrown with great violence upon the stone crossing, the wheel and its rider going down with me. No person crushed to a quick death was ever more suddenly and incompre-

hensibly overwhelmed and seemingly extinguished than I was. I did not know whether it was an explosion of dynamite or the last convulsion of nature. I only knew that I was crushed by something.

I go into these details because the case presents so many elements of an ordinary "bicycle accident." I do not care to consider any of them except the ringing of the bell. A short time after I was hurt an old gentleman on Pearl street was crossing a side street on the walk when a wheelman, going with great rapidity on Pearl street, turned into the side street, and rang his bell as he did so to warn the old gentleman of his approach. This wheelman was also one of our best young men. The old gentleman, hearing the bell, stopped and looked about him to see where the wheelman was. The latter had not expected him to stop and in consequence of his doing so struck him with much force, knocking him down and injuring him seriously. The newspaper paragraph which told of the incident stated that, as the wheelman had not expected the old gentleman to stop, the bystanders thought he was not in fault.

It is evident from this case, and perhaps from my own, that there is a prevailing idea among wheelmen that whenever they have rung a bell a part of the responsibility for his safety passes to the pedestrian, and that it is in large part his fault if he gets run over. What can put this case more strongly than the Pearl street incident? There the old gentleman heard the bell, making it, so far as that goes, a clear case for the wheelman. But he stopped to look about when he heard it, and here he made a fatal error. But who would not naturally stop and look about? And how would it have been if the old gentleman had been deaf and had not heard the bell? The bell is rung to be heard, and yet it was his hearing it that doubled his danger. How would it be in the case of children? How in the case of a timid woman?

There is no rule that can be properly adopted but that which puts on the wheelman the absolute responsibility for his movements, without the slightest abatement of his vigilance after he has rung his bell. The sidewalk belongs to the pedestrian, except at the street crossings, where he shares his right with the passing vehicles, which, however, have no right to pass at a rate of speed which endangers pedestrians. Wheelmen have no more right than they to pass these crossings at a dangerous rate of speed, especially in view of the fact that they move so noiselessly as not to be observed so easily as an ordinary carriage or wagon. What

then is to be the rule with regard to their speed in the streets of a city? It is that they shall not move at a rate which will not leave them at every moment in entire control of their wheels, so that they could instantly turn them or alight from them. It does not need a city ordinance to require this. The law is ample without any city action. Any greater rapidity of motion would be a want of care, for which the law would hold the wheelman both civilly and criminally responsible. If I had been killed by my wheelman, as I might easily have been, there can be no question but that he could have been held for the crime of manslaughter, and fined and imprisoned for it.

ANARCHY AND ITS PHILOSOPHY.

In the bitter controversy between laborers and employers my sympathies have been with the laboring class, who, I think, do not get a fair share of the product of their labor. I have spoken and written on their side, asserting their right to strike where they had any just cause of complaint, and expressing my greater apprehension from organized capital than from organized labor. I have never, however, approved, or even regarded with patience, the violence of strikers in preventing other needy and willing workmen from taking the places they had vacated, and I regarded with abhorrence the dastardly and murderous conduct of the anarchists in Chicago, who threw bombs among the policemen who were endeavoring to hold their violence in check. A number of them were convicted (as their friends claimed, on indecisive evidence) and were executed. This was in 1887. A few days later I sent the following communication, over my signature, to one of our city papers. I insert it here as containing some ideas that I think very important, and which I am glad to leave in permanent form behind me.

Anarchy has no excuse for its existence in a country like this. It should be dealt with, in its outbreaks, with a strong and unsparing hand. It has, however, its philosophy, or what it claims to be such. The men who have just suffered for the most atrocious of murders were not men thirsting for blood or spoil, but were acting upon an idea which seemed to their ill-reasoning minds fundamental to the welfare of the laboring class. Let us see, now, just what that idea is.

This idea (I cannot call it a principle) is based upon a social principle that has come to be, within more or less of limitation, a very generally accepted one. It is expressed in the familiar maxim that that government is the best which governs the least. It is the rule that government should do nothing, either helpful or compulsory, that can safely be left to the voluntary action of the citizen. It finds an apt illustration in the change of policy in the New England states with regard to church membership and church attendance. Every person was at first required to attend church, and later to belong to some religious society ; but finally these laws were repealed and the whole matter left to every man's voluntary action. An eminent clergyman of that time says, in a letter written forty years later, that he fought with all his might against a change which was one of the greatest blessings which God ever sent to the churches. Some able articles have been written against the policy of requiring oaths, official or in courts of law, the idea being that men will be more likely to tell the truth under an obligation to themselves and where put upon their honor, than where the fear of the law is substituted for conscience. The same rule is applied to the laws of trade, a term which is used to express a natural law which trade finds for itself. Secretary Lamar expressed very well the free-trade side of this question, in a recent speech in New York, in which he said that "artificial and legislative restraints are as ruinous to commerce as they have ever proved to be fatal to human thought and human freedom." There is a philosophy here worthy of respect and study.

Now this principle the anarchists, partly in a most visionary way, and partly recklessly and dishonestly, have pushed to a pernicious extreme. They seem to have the idea that if society were no longer compacted by legal pressure it would still cohere and prosper. They are not seeking to escape the restraints of law that they may have a free course of robbery and murder. They think, or try to think, that men not crushed by bad laws, but left to themselves, would get a fairer share of the good things of life, and so would be more contented and therefore would not wish to rob others ; that there would be no men so much above the mass as to have the power to oppress them ; that men would be happier, and therefore full of good temper and good will, and that self-restraint on the one hand and public spirit on the other would take the place of the restraints and exactions of the law. Now let us see exactly what are those essential principles of social organization that a society built up in the most voluntary way would

necessarily adopt, and thus let us see whether it is not an utter fallacy that such a society as the anarchists are advocating and working for could exist.

1. It would be absolutely necessary that there should be a *police force*, to protect persons and property. We might concede all that the anarchists claim with regard to the effect of this equal opportunity for all men in making them unselfish and kind and just, and yet, knowing what we do of human nature, it is absolutely certain that there would be some bad men in the community. There would be beastly passions in search of prey, rapacity that would rob, craft that would cheat, and violent temper that would strike. No matter how few these bad men might be. If there were only ten in a city they would make a considerable police force necessary. It could not be known in what part of the city they would lurk or ravage, and therefore all the city would have to be patrolled. Thus at the very outset, by the most absolute necessity, the new society of the anarchists would be establishing for its protection a police force, the very name of which is hateful to them.

2. The mere possession of personal and property rights would require a system of laws for their protection. It would be necessary that rights be defined. If conveyances are made, there must be certain formalities of execution and registration. There must be a record of wills and an administration of estates. There must be a record of marriages, even under the loosest marriage contracts, else neither titles nor descents could be traced. All this would require chosen legislators to make the laws, and courts to expound and apply them, and officers to put them in execution. There would have, too, to be a code of criminal law. Then there would grow up a system of civil and criminal procedure, which would have to be as complete for a simple state of society as for a more complex and extended one. Then we should have, what the anarchists detest, courts of law, administering what they equally hate, a system of law.

3. This civil system would necessarily involve a large outlay, which must be met by taxes. The less there would be for courts and policemen to do, the less might be the cost of maintaining them, but it would in any event be considerable. This cost must in some way be drawn from the community. If there were a community of property, and the cost were taken from the common fund, it would not alter the case, being the same thing in effect.

We have given here only the absolute essentials of the simplest social order, omitting everything that a more advanced and complex state of society would demand and add. The necessity of these makes it evident that anarchy, which is the absence from society of all legal power to compel or restrain, cannot co-exist with society itself, and that the conception of any kind of social order built upon anarchy is as wild as any conception that ever found expression in an insane asylum.

There are, no doubt, great evils that have attached themselves to our social system, like barnacles to a ship. It is not strange that men who find themselves hedged in by hard conditions or overborne in the struggle of life should feel exasperated at the surfeiting success of other men, no better than they, who have been able to take advantage of or to create circumstances which have put them in a condition not merely of luxury, but, what is specially exasperating, of power—power in controlling legislation and trade, a power unscrupulously and often oppressively used, and which too often and too successfully sets at defiance the law and its tribunals. They see such men robbing their fellow-men and escaping all just retribution. There is, in fact, something very close to anarchy at the upper end of the line. It is no wonder, then, that these beleaguered men look out from their dens with the ferocity of tigers. They deserve wide sympathy, and they have it. Thousands of our best men and women are expending thought and feeling and effort in their behalf, and would join with them in every legitimate and reasonable effort to right these wrongs; but when they resort to arson and murder, they are both repelling sympathy and frustrating the best efforts for reform.

I have watched with much interest the progress of socialism in Europe. The socialists, where standing upon their true principles, are at a vital point the antagonists of the anarchists. Karl Marx, their greatest thinker, and until his death their leader, laid it down as a fundamental principle of socialism that it was to reach its ends by *evolution* and not by *revolution*. It differs also from anarchy in this, that it would add to the powers and functions of government, while anarchy would overthrow the whole. There is nothing in common between them but the sense of a wrong done to the laboring class by the present condition of society. While there seems to me much that is impracticable in the theories of the socialists, yet their discussions of social problems are not only harmless, but useful as educating them and en-

couraging patience and hope. There is a great advantage in holding up before a people a high, even if it be an unattainable, ideal. The church has for ages been quickened and elevated by its dream of a Millennium, and society owes a debt to those who, in the words of scripture, "dream dreams." It all helps to lift human life in some measure out of its hard materialistic conditions. The socialists in this country have, however, been so confounded with the anarchists in the public opinion as to have met a general condemnation with them, and probably many among them would hardly know how to classify themselves. The public has done them a wrong and itself an injury in not listening with some patience to what they have had to say, and availing itself of their readiness to antagonize disorder and anarchy.

It has been my object thus far to simply state the case, and not to discuss remedies. To do the latter would require more space than I can now ask. But I will say briefly—(1) That the one remedy for all political evils in this free country, and a remedy open to all laboring men, is by *the ballot*. Its patient, intelligent, and concerted use by men who think they are disadvantaged by political conditions, will, if that disadvantage is positive and considerable, surely in time remedy the evil. (2) But the great remedy for what seem to laboring men the disadvantages of their lot is to be found in the personal improvement of each one's self, and not in any political or class movement. It is a noticeable fact that men who, like Herr Most, are loudest in their talk about the wrong done to laboring men, are enriching themselves out of their earnings by selling them all the liquor they can be induced to drink. I know nothing more encouraging than the determined action of a large organization of the labor element in favor of temperance. There is not a man, however humble in life, who, if he will be temperate, virtuous, and industrious, cannot, with ordinary health, secure to himself and his family reasonable comforts. It is susceptible of demonstration by statistics that the money spent by laboring men for liquor and tobacco would, if expended for their families, or put aside for future contingencies, make want practically unknown. All political remedies put together will not compare with this.

TAXATION.

The subject of a system of taxation that shall be just and equal in its theory, and effective in its operation, is one of great

difficulty. Nothing is more unacceptable to our taxpayers than a graded income tax, yet no tax can be more just, and few taxes arouse greater complaint than a legacy tax, which seems to me, with certain restrictions and limitations, a very just one. The English inheritance tax goes much further than ours, as it taxes all inheritances, while that of my own state, and I think those of other states, tax only bequests that fall outside of the line of descent. No estate would be of much value if there were not a probate court to settle it and a system of laws to determine its settlement, to say nothing of the courts of law which aid the administrator in the collection of its debts and the securing of its just rights where disputed. In the evasion by large property owners of their just taxes, and the unequal burden thus thrown upon the small holdings of poorer men, as well as upon all honest taxpayers, I have come to think favorably of the principle of laying but one tax, and that on real estate, the burden becoming justly distributed over the entire community in the rents they pay and in the cost of the products of the land, while the landowner would be largely relieved by the exemption of his personal property, and there would be no room for the evasions that make the burden of taxation fall so unequally, as well as add seriously to the cost of searching for property and of collecting the taxes. An ideal system would be that of the ownership of all land by the state, and the collection of taxes by the rents paid for it. But while this would be an easy thing to do in a case where society was starting new and individuals had acquired no separate rights in land, it seems impossible to devise any mode of substituting such state ownership for that of individuals where the rights of the latter have been for centuries recognized and established. The time may, however, come when such state ownership will be considered so essential to the public welfare, and so just in itself, that a disruptive and arbitrary transition, with some attempt to do justice to the individual owner, may be regarded as a smaller evil than the continuance of the inequitable system that has long sucked, like a vampire, the life blood of society. At my advanced age I do not expect to see anything better than a patching up of our present system, by such occasional legislation as will help us to improve it.

There has been a great outcry against the taxing of the evidences of debt, as representing only an obligation of the debtor to pay, and especially where the debtor is secured by the mortgage of property which itself pays a tax, as where a debt is held and taxed in an eastern state when secured by property situated and taxed in a western state. This is called by its opponents "double taxation," a phrase which they regard as sufficient to condemn it. A few years ago I sent to one of our city papers the following article on this subject, the reasoning of which I still regard as sound and as worthy of serious consideration. I will add that in my youth there was a law in this state making a man's "faculty" the subject of taxation — that is, the particular power of making money which a man's occupation gave him. It was repealed more, I think, than fifty years ago. There would be a serious difficulty in making a just valuation of this faculty, but there was a large element of justice in it. Some things that I say in the article which I append bear upon this point.

The matter of taxing notes and other evidences of debt is a perplexing one. The writer is not prepared to show any clear way out of the perplexity. But it will help us if we strip the question of some of the irrelevant matter that obscures it, and see exactly what it is.

The common mode of outcry against the taxation of such property is to call it "double taxation." The matter of double taxation does not, I conceive, touch the real question. The *Courant* quoted approvingly a terse illustration of what it conceived to be double taxation from one of the lawyers who discussed the question before the committee, as follows: "I sell a mule to my neighbor for \$40, and he gives me his note for that amount. Here is only one mule; why should the \$40 be twice taxed?" This illustration shows its own fallacy. Suppose the mule died, then there would be no mule at all, and yet the question would remain exactly as before, shall my forty-dollar note be taxed? It is perfectly good, and constitutes a part of my estate. The question in every aspect of it is simply whether notes *are a proper subject for taxation*. The fact that there is certain property in which the borrowed money was invested, or certain property mortgaged to secure the note, is the mere accident of the case. In the vast majority of cases it would be impossible to trace the

investment of the money borrowed. It may have been lent to some person who expended it in paying his old debts ; it may have been loaned on merely personal security ; it may have paid for a house that has been burned ; all these are mere accidents.

The fallacy in the double taxation argument grows out of the fallacy of considering *tangible property* as the thing specially protected by the law, and, therefore, that which should alone be charged with the expenses of supporting the government. Let me illustrate. Here is a hard-working mechanic who owns the house he lives in, worth \$5,000, and that is all he has. A fellow townsman has \$100,000 money at interest, but owns no tangible property. The mechanic pays a full tax on his house, his fellow townsman pays no tax whatever. No ingenuity of argument can make this anything else than a seeming injustice ; no legislation anything else but a real one. It is especially hard on the mechanic because he has to pay a higher tax in consequence of the other paying none, while the latter could pay his large tax, if it were laid, much more easily than the mechanic his small one. Now as to the protection which the richer man receives ; there is an expensive system of police which protects the person of the rich man, a protection really more important to him than that of the poor man because there are many more chances that a man supposed to have a pocket full of money will be knocked down in the night and robbed. The rich man's office, and house if he has one, are much more likely to be broken into by burglars than the poor man's house, so that here he gets more protection from the police. Further, it is a great benefit to him that all his many debtors are protected by the law in their persons, their property, and business, and a great benefit to him, if his debtors do not pay, that he has the whole system of legal administration to apply for the collection of his debts. If any of his debtors die, there is a careful administration for the benefit of creditors of the property which he leaves, in the probate court. Now transplant this man with his \$100,000 of notes into the center of Africa and suppose his debtors to be members of a tribe of savages. What is his own life worth to begin with? And as to his debtors, half of them might be killed in some savage fight with no probate court to settle their estates ; and if he undertook to collect what the other half owed him, there not only would be no courts to help him, but the chance would be that they would roast him for a barbecue. Here all that makes his \$100,000 notes worth that sum in this country and worth nothing in the savage one, is that expensive machinery

of society for which he is paying nothing because his notes are not tangible property.

Let me make another illustration. A man has two sons and a farm worth \$5,000 and \$5,000 in money. One son takes the farm, the other desires to have his \$5,000 put into a complete education for the bar. He enters upon the practice of law with five times the earning capacity of his brother on the farm ; yet his brother pays the full tax on his farm and he pays none. Well, now suppose him to turn out to be a very brilliant man — another Richard Hubbard perhaps — and after a few years to be earning \$20,000 a year, all of which (beyond his living) he puts out at interest. The farmer keeps on paying his full tax. The brilliant and successful brother pays nothing. Now look at what protection this lawyer gets. He gets first the protection of his person, greatly endangered by the fact that he is supposed every night to be carrying home a hundred dollar fee in his pocket. Again, what brings to him all that great business? The fact that there are organized courts where civil rights can be enforced — a most expensive part of our social machinery. Who would go to him for advice as to his rights if there were no way to enforce those rights? Who would go to him to draw a will if there were no probate court to administer estates? What value would be his great forensic abilities if there were no courts in which to use them? What would be the value of all his investments in notes if he had no legal means of collecting them? Put him down in that savage country where we sent the other rich man, and with all his abilities he couldn't earn a dollar. Is it so then that the whole protection of government expends itself upon tangible property? Is it so that nothing but tangible property should respond to the call of government for the means of maintenance? It is as clear as day that this question can only be answered in the negative.

The question then is (and the whole question, so far as theory goes), whether notes and other evidences of debt are of such a nature that they ought to be taxed. It seems to me there can be but one answer to this question.

But there remains this further question — whether such a tax can be enforced. Here is the sole practical question in the case. The law making notes taxable will be easily evaded — a constant temptation to perjury — and the result will be a great inequality after all. It seems to me that the danger of perjury should not be seriously considered. A man must settle that with his own conscience ; he will find chances enough to perjure himself on the

witness stand and in other ways if he has not conscience enough to restrain him. I would, however, add a few provisions to the law that would help to secure its enforcement. I would, first, add to the general oath now taken upon each assessment list (or embody in it) a special oath as to the notes held by the taxpayer. Second, I would make the law more peremptory in requiring assessors to add to a tax list whatever amount of money at interest they suppose to be kept back, allowing the taxpayer to appear, and upon special oath and examination have it reduced. Third, I would have any property of that kind kept back from taxation, that may be discovered within ten years (perhaps by the disclosures of a man's inventory on his death) subject to a large forfeiture, say of 25 or 50 per cent.

JOHN HOOKER OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

My uncle, John Hooker, who was a leading lawyer in South Carolina, died on the 28th of July, 1815, at the age of forty-one. I was born a few months later and was named after him. He was a brother of my father, about ten years older than he, and graduated at Yale College in 1796, my father graduating in 1805. He went to Columbia, in South Carolina, at the age of twenty-eight, and in the thirteen years that he lived there had risen to a front rank at the bar of the state. He married in Columbia, but left no children. Chancellor DeSausure, of South Carolina, one of the greatest jurists that the country has produced, was his warm friend, and wrote the epitaph which appears on his gravestone in the churchyard of the principal Presbyterian church in Columbia. It is as follows:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN HOOKER.

He was a native of Farmington, and graduate of Yale College, in the State of Connecticut. He settled in South Carolina at the age of twenty-eight years.

Possessed of an acute logical mind and a sound judgment, guided by the purest integrity, he became a very eminent member of the bar of South Carolina. The public respected him for his virtues; the court esteemed him for his talents and learning; his brethren loved him for his amenity and kindness. In private life his unassuming deportment, his active benevolence, and the purity of his affections endeared him to a large circle of friends, but above all to the beloved partner of his life and her family.

This excellent man was summoned to immortality by his Creator, whom he humbly adored, on the 28th day of July, 1815, aged 41 years.

A lady, a cousin of mine, who was teaching in South Carolina forty years ago, told me that she met Chancellor DeSausure, then an old man, at a party one evening, and that he came up to her and introduced himself and said that he learned that she was a niece of John Hooker, and then went on to speak of him in the highest terms, and told her of their great friendship and of the anguish that he felt over his early death. Mr. Hooker's widow came north the spring following his death and spent the summer of 1816 at my father's house. I was born in April of that year, so that she saw much of me as a baby. In 1872, when I was fifty-six years old, I saw her at her home in Newberry, South Carolina. She had not seen me before since I was a baby. She had married a Dr. Glenn, some time after my uncle's death, who owned and was living on a plantation in Newberry. He had since died, but one of her sons, a married man, was living on the plantation. The war had swept away much of the wealth of the South, and especially that part of it invested in slaves, and this family had suffered with the rest. There was, however, a pathetic remnant of the old plantation life, which could not adapt itself to the new conditions. I wrote Mrs. Glenn, from Florida, of my desire to visit her on my way home and had received from her a most earnest request that I would not fail to do so. When I reached her home she threw her arms around my neck and cried. I found that her marriage to my uncle was the great event of her life, and that she carried in her heart a constant remembrance of him. She could not talk too much about him. She remembered my father, also, with great interest; and I stayed two days at her house, spending my time almost wholly with her, but looking about with great interest upon the fresh marks of a state of society that was fast passing from observation and would soon be a matter only of history.

While at Columbia I was introduced to a middle-aged lawyer as Mr. John Hooker. "Why," said he, "there was a very distinguished lawyer of that name who lies buried in the churchyard close by." I then told him that he was my uncle and that I was named for him. He replied that he had never known Mr. Hooker, as he died before he was born, but that he had left a great memory among the members of the bar.

The South Carolina State *Gazette* of August 1, 1815, says of him:

Mr. Hooker had been several years practicing here as a lawyer. He already ranked among the first of his profession and was rapidly rising to still higher eminence, and there is no doubt but the highest honors of the country awaited him. Of the utmost benevolence of disposition and benignity of manners it was impossible to know without esteeming and loving him. Active and indefatigable where he could be useful (and no one had a greater capacity for usefulness), he injured or offended no one. His virtues were of that sterling unaffected kind that give a grace and value to life. It will be long before the chasm his death has made in our society can be filled up. The solicitude so strongly expressed for him during his last illness, by almost every individual in this place, was an evidence of the universal esteem and affection which he had acquired.

The period during which my uncle lived in South Carolina, from 1802 to 1815, was one in which the public conscience was very little touched with regard to slavery, and yet he would never, during all his life there, own a slave.

My father, immediately after his graduation in 1805, went to South Carolina to study law in his brother's office, and with the intention of settling there as a lawyer, in partnership with him. About a year later he was invited to a tutorship in the South Carolina University and carried on his legal studies in connection with his college duties. After spending about a year in the college he went north for a visit home, and while there was invited by the faculty of Yale College to take a tutorship at the college. At the end of two years there he settled at Farmington, in this state, his native place, his parents desiring that he should give up his plans for a professional life and live upon the ancestral farm, taking care of them in their old age. It is to me a curious matter of speculation what would have become of me if he had settled in South Carolina and probably married there. Indeed, it is a curious matter of speculation where he would have stood in the fierce conflict that grew up between freedom and slavery. He always hated slavery, and, I think, could never have become a defender of it. At a

dinner at Columbia, while he was residing there, at which several invited guests were present, he gave as a toast, "May the time come when there will not be a slave in the land." No one seemed to take offense, though one elderly gentleman replied that he hoped he should be under the turf first.

My father kept a minute daily journal of all his life, from his graduation in 1805 to about 1820. At the time of his brother's death he was living in Farmington, and I find this entry in his journal, under date of August 14, 1815:

Oh, what a sea of sorrow has in one moment overwhelmed me, and those dear aged and infirm parents! The mail from the South arrived this afternoon, and our friend the postmaster, who is always feelingly tender towards those in affliction and ready to share in their grief, hastened to me with letters conveying to us the woful, heartrending intelligence that our dearly beloved and affectionate brother John is no more. I am lost in astonishment. I hardly seem to know if I am awake. I almost flatter myself it is a dream; only I see before me the black-sealed letters and hear the half-suppressed groans of others and observe their desponding looks and sighs and tears. Oh, most merciful God, have compassion upon us. Mercifully give us consolation from above. Sanctify to us this visitation of thy Providence, and do not let it be in vain.

The casual reader will probably find little in this account of my uncle to interest him, but I have felt that it was due to his memory that in this retrospect of one who entered the world just as he left it and succeeded to his name, a few words should be written, both as a testimonial of my profound and affectionate regard for his memory and as a means of preserving some brief record of his short but earnest life. He had not reached that age when his name, whatever his promise, could have gone into history, and no recollection of him could be preserved except by some such inadequate record as this. It was too strong and brave a life to pass wholly out of the knowledge of men.

A WORLD POLICE.

In the fall of 1884 my wife and I were invited to address the annual meeting of the Connecticut Agricultural Society to be held at Meriden. I prepared a short address occupying but a quarter of an hour in its delivery, while she, as was expected, delivered the principal address of the occasion. Her subject was "Woman's Work in Sanitation." The printed report of the meeting says that "Mrs. Hooker spoke over an hour, without notes, holding the fixed and interested attention of the audience." My address was on the moral questions growing out of the existence of filth diseases, and the duty of Christian nations to unite in policing the whole world against their outbreaks. It was as follows:—

Robert Ingersoll, in one of his audacious speeches, in which he discusses not only the mistakes of Moses, but the mistakes of the Deity, has said that, if he were making a world, he would make health and not disease contagious. That is, if a healthy man should come in contact with a man who has the small pox, he would have the latter catch health of the healthy man, and not the healthy man catch the small pox from the sick one.

It seems at first sight a little strange that a God who is omnipotent and benevolent and all-wise should not have made some such arrangement in planning his universe; but the difficulty undoubtedly is that God is *all-wise*, as well as omnipotent and benevolent. We wonder often at the slow progress of moral ideas in the world, when God might enlighten and quicken and elevate human hearts by the exercise of his spiritual power. How can he let the world groan so long under moral evils, under ignorance, under oppression, when by the exercise of his power the world might be filled with light and righteousness and peace? Why has he let those powers of nature which man is now employing for such beneficent uses lie so long undiscovered? Why are we at the present day kept in ignorance of powers of nature that a later generation may discover, and with them work out results far more astonishing than any that our own day of great invention and discovery has known?

A plausible explanation of it all, possibly the true one, is found in this — that it is for man's highest good that he *work out* his own salvation. If everything were done for us, we should always remain mere children. Necessity is the mother not only of invention, but of all wholesome industry.

In the tropical regions nature is luxuriant in its productiveness. Man's wants are few. He needs little clothing. He needs no artificial heat. He becomes indolent and thriftless and improvident. In the midst of the wealth of nature he is actually poorer than the Northern man who has to force his crops out of a reluctant soil, and to encounter and provide for the cold of the long northern winters. This necessity makes him vastly the superior in every quality of manhood of his luxurious and indolent fellow-man of the tropics.

So if God did for us, in the progress of discovery, in the progress of liberty, in the progress of his own truth, what we now have to do so laboriously for ourselves, we should not have a tenth of the moral stamina that we now acquire by scientific and social and moral and Christian work. The need of the world puts upon us a great moral obligation, and we never rise to such grandeur as when we try faithfully and with God's help, sought and given, to meet that obligation. God never meant to leave us the flabby creatures that we should be, both mentally and morally, if we had no busy lives to lead, lives of duty, lives of earnest work.

And so in this matter of disease. If disease did not tend to spread itself; if, as Mr. Ingersoll amused himself with imagining, disease had but to reach out and touch a healthy man, and it would disappear and its victim be well again, we should lose out of our lives a great opportunity for humane and benevolent work; we should find in the prevalence of disease and mortality no call upon our sympathy and benevolence and self-denial. As in the case of the king's evil, which the superstition of past ages supposed to be curable by the mere touch of the king, all that would be wanted would be the mere perfunctory act of touching the diseased man, when he would arise and take up his bed and walk.

But not only should we lose out of our lives this beautiful spirit of helpfulness and sympathy towards others, but should lose a great moral education in the loss of the necessity of keeping our own persons and families and dwellings clean and wholesome. A perpetual vigilance against the inroads of disease gives us a mental and moral alertness, a constant spirit of thoughtfulness and forecast that tend to elevate and strengthen our manhood. God's providence is a blessed thing to trust to where that is our only refuge; but a man who is a man will be, as far as he is able, a providence to himself and his household.

But there is another great lesson to be learned from the fact that disease springs into life and activity whenever the conditions are favorable for it. Of all our diseases the class called *zymotic* is the most numerous. You will find it largely represented in the monthly statements of our State Board of Health. These diseases are otherwise known as "filth diseases," and are often so designated. That is, these diseases have their origin and sustenance in filth. Now if filth were harmless, if a family could wallow, as swine do, in a perfect pool of filth, and no harm come from it, how many would do so? We find it now, even with the pressure brought to bear upon them by public opinion, self-interest, and the Board of Health, very difficult to make some of our city people live in cleanliness that is much above that of pig-stys. But filth, if physically harmless, would yet be as noxious *morally* as it now is. It would still be the indication and the promoter of a *low civilization*. It would still accompany and promote the loss of self-respect, the practice of vice, and barbarism generally. Indeed, the low state of the physical condition caused by filth is a great promoter of intemperance, by the craving which it causes for stimulants, and this not in the lower classes alone, but among those whom we call respectable. Indeed, the very word "filth" has come to have a moral meaning, as we speak of the filth of vice, and the Scriptures constantly apply the term "filthy" to the depraved. The necessity, then, for the sake of health of getting rid of filth is a great helper of civilization, the handmaid of virtue and godliness. The apostle, who understood this well, has said that "cleanliness is next to godliness."

But we come to a still greater lesson. God has meant to bind his earthly children into a great human *brotherhood*. The apostle has said that when one member suffers all the members suffer with it. This was not intended so much as a statement of a fact, as of a great moral principle. God meant that we should all suffer together, as if we were one large family, thus imposing upon us all the duty of looking out for our fellowman and his needs. There never was a meaner rule of life than that which I have so often heard expressed, that "I take care of myself, and if every other man would do the same thing it would be all that is wanted." But other men will not take care of themselves. Perhaps they are crippled, or broken down in health, and cannot. More likely they are intemperate or vicious and don't try—in the last case involving their innocent wives and children. The

poor we have always with us, and probably always shall have. And when they come to suffering they must be helped ; and God has given the opportunity for it to their more prospered fellowmen as a precious opportunity that they cannot ignore or neglect without a moral loss to themselves.

And when the wretchedly poor, left to live in crowded apartments and in filth, find disease breaking out in their midst, then comes the penalty to those who have neglected them. The disease spreads like a fire. It does not spare your family nor mine. If a fire is started in a city, no matter in how mean a quarter, every mansion on its aristocratic streets is in some danger. Nobody knows where the fire will stop. What was it to burning Chicago whether the fire started in a palace or a hovel? We are put, then, under bonds to look out for the condition of our poorest and most wretched fellowmen—under a bond with a *great penalty*. Our fellowman is our brother, and in neglecting his welfare we neglect our own. We may forget him, but the pestilence that he breeds and fosters will not forget us.

And this leads me to suggest something that I verily believe will be seriously considered by Christian nations before long, and I trust come into practical operation before we have gone far into the next century, and which has in it an inspiring element of grandeur and of millennial promise. The whole world is tending towards a vast *unity*. The telegraph and steamship have brought us close together. London was farther from New York fifty years ago than Japan is to-day. We are having world expositions and world conventions, and men have ceased altogether looking upon a foreigner as in the old sense an alien, much less as an enemy. Now I think we shall before long have a *World's Police*. And this world's police will deal with the world's filth as the board of health of a city deals with its foul and crowded alleys. Cholera originates in the delta of the Ganges about 100 miles north of Calcutta. Indeed, it may be said to have its perpetual home there. It has existed there for centuries. It is a low, undrained region, swarming with an idle, dirty people whose dwellings are full of filth. Occasionally the disease becomes specially virulent and breaks its accustomed bounds and starts on its devastating sweep around the world. The loss to the world by one of its great progresses, like that of a monarch from the infernal regions, is beyond easy computation. In Bombay alone 150,000 lives were destroyed by it in 1820. We have seen how the

inhabitants of lower France and Italy have fallen before it during the past summer. Its ravages may be far greater in Europe and in this country the coming year. Its victims can be counted only by the hundreds of thousands. And then add to this the pecuniary loss, the injury to business, the actual outlay in dealing with disease. Its cost can be counted only in hundreds of millions.

Probably half this loss of money, to say nothing about lives, would pay the whole cost of clearing up the foul spot where the disease has its home, and stamping it out of existence.

I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but let me give it to you as my prediction that before many years all Christian nations will unite in policing the world, and in taking in hand these plague spots wherever found, and cleaning them up, with as much authority and determination as a city board of health cleans up the foul places of a city.

And when that time comes, not only will the health of the world be better, but there will have been a great step taken in the acknowledgment of a human brotherhood. Where Christian nations join in a work of so universal interest and benefit where will be the spirit of war among them? The time will have come when, as Tennyson says —

“The war drums throb no longer and the battle flags are furled,
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.”

And when, as he says again —

“The kindly earth shall slumber, wrapt in universal law.”

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

The admission of women to an absolute political equality with men is so sure to come and that at a not distant day, that I do not care to use any of my space in its advocacy. The arguments for it are well known, and are absolutely unanswered, while the actual trials of the experiment in some of our western states, and in several foreign countries, have proved it to be of very great benefit to the communities in which it has been established. Nothing stands in its way but prejudice and the selfish schemes of politicians, and both will yield to the constant pressure of the advancing reform. I introduce the subject here to put on record for the honor of my memory my own earnest approval of the reform, and the fact that I have

worked earnestly for it for many years. I have no fear to stake my whole character as a man of some foresight and judgment upon the proposition of its general acceptance and establishment in the first half of the twentieth century, and then of a prevailing wonder that there had ever been any other system thought of.

I will add here, as strongly expressing the view of one of the best known and most respected of our women, a few words from a recent address of Clara Barton at a New England meeting of the friends of the cause :

I believe I must have been born believing in the full right of women to all the privileges and positions which nature and justice accord to them in common with other human beings. Perfectly equal rights—human rights. There was never any question in my mind in regard to this. I did not purchase my freedom with a price ; I was born free ; and when, as a younger woman, I heard the subject discussed, it seemed simply ridiculous that any sensible, rational person should question it. And when later the phase of woman's right to suffrage came up, it was to me only a part of the whole, just as natural, just as right, and just as certain to take place. And whenever I have been urged, as a petitioner, to ask for this privilege for woman, a kind of dazed, bewildered feeling has come over me. Of whom should I ask this privilege? Who possessed the right to confer it? Who had greater right than woman herself? Was it man, and if so, where did he get it?

There is once in a while a monarch who denies the right of man to place a crown upon his head. Only the great Jehovah can crown and anoint him for his work, and he reaches out, takes the crown, and places it upon his head with his own hand. I suspect that this is, in effect, what women are doing to-day. Virtually there is no one to give her the right to govern herself, as men govern themselves by self-made and self-approved laws of the land. But in one way or another, sooner or later, she is coming to it. And the number of thoughtful and right-minded men who will oppose will be much smaller than we think ; and when it is really an accomplished fact, all will wonder, as I have done, what the question ever was.

Clara Barton represents the early devoted workers for this reform. The present generation can hardly realize what insulting epithets were heaped upon them by public speakers

and the press. A leading religious paper called them "a few discontented women." I heard a clergyman from the pulpit denounce them as "desecrating the name of woman," and nearly all the papers held them up as unsexing themselves, and as dissatisfied that they had not been made men. And yet these women were among the noblest of whom history has ever recorded its admiration. So far from being discontented with their sex, they felt in it a power to work for the progress of the world that they longed to use for the world's good, and which would fill a want by which all the social forces were weakened. They were far from being insensitive to the ribald attacks that were made upon them, but bore up under them as the martyrs of old bore up under their persecutions. It is only by such crucifixions that the world is redeemed. Those days of insult have passed away, but most of those early workers have gone to their rest and reward, and the later workers are treated with a respect which shows clearly how their cause has advanced in the public estimation.

It is greatly to our discredit as men that we have left the self-sacrificing women who have worked for this reform to struggle alone, without the sympathy and active aid that we could so easily have given them. There have been a few noble men who have been their earnest helpers, such as Garrison, Phillips, Beecher, Curtis, Higginson, and others, but the great majority of men have either actively opposed the movement or have regarded it with absolute indifference. And yet the end to be attained, a perfect democracy and a purer government, have been matters of the supremest importance to men as well as to women. I think the journalist or public man who is leaving a record of opposition to this reform is leaving a stain upon his memory which his children will mourn that they have not the power to efface.

SPIRITUALISM.

More than twenty years ago I became convinced, upon the fullest and most careful examination, that modern spiritualism is based on fact and is of great importance. That opinion I have held ever since, only confirmed by my later observations. I have no doubt that there have been many cases of delusion

and some of fraud, but I gave consideration only to phenomena which upon the severest test I was satisfied were genuine. I joined no spiritualist society, as I did not feel willing to make myself responsible for what other spiritualists might say or do. But my position in the matter was well known by the public.

In December, 1888, the ministers of Hartford, who then held weekly meetings for conference, at which the clergy of all denominations were invited, and which were generally well attended, invited me to address them at their next meeting on Spiritualism. I thereupon prepared an address which I read before them, and to which they listened with respectful attention and apparent interest, asking me numerous questions at its close. A few days later I received a letter from Hon. Edward W. Seymour, a leading lawyer of Bridgeport, and soon after elected a judge of our Supreme Court, stating that he had heard of my address before the Hartford clergy, and that he was greatly interested in the subject, and asking me to bring the address with me when, a week or two later, I was to attend a session of the Supreme Court in Bridgeport. I did so, and Judge Seymour got up an evening meeting in the court room, at which three of the five judges of the court attended and several of the lawyers, with their wives, with one of the city clergymen. I read the address and all seemed to listen with much interest and respect.

I cannot now present the subject to the readers of my Reminiscences in any better way than by giving that address, with some abridgment. It was as follows:—

A spiritualist is one who believes that disembodied spirits may communicate with spirits in the flesh. The question whether they have done so, and may do so, is wholly a *question of fact*, like any other question of fact presented in a court of law, or in business, for men to consider and decide. It is to be determined by *evidence*. There is a great presumption against the existence of such intercommunication, growing out of the very strong belief to the contrary which has so long and so extensively prevailed. But this affects only the question of the *quantum* of evidence necessary to establish the fact. In the face of such a presumption there must be a great preponderance of evidence in favor of the spiritualistic theory. After the question of fact is settled in favor of that theory, there will remain a large

practical question of much importance with which every person must deal for himself. This question is, to what *moral use* shall the fact be put? It may take the form of a series of questions: How are my religious opinions to be affected by it? How my teachings? How far are we to accept the statements made by spirits on the other side as to their condition and experiences over there? What is the philosophy of spiritualism? These are questions of great importance and interest, but it is useless to touch them until we have first settled the question of *fact*. I will limit myself on this occasion wholly to this question. In doing this I propose to confine myself to facts that have fallen under my own observation, and I shall, to make the matter clearer, present them by classes—taking generally only a representative fact or two from each class.

And *first*, as the lowest class of phenomena, I take purely *physical phenomena*, by which I mean the manifestation of a mysterious force that has, so far as we can see, no connection with intelligence. About three years ago my wife and I were invited by a friend in this city, a widow, to spend an evening at her house and meet an elderly lady who was visiting her, and who belonged in the western part of the state of New York. I came afterwards to know the lady well. She had uncommon mediumistic gifts, but she exercised them solely for her friends, and never for compensation. She was professedly, and seemed to be sincerely, a Christian woman. Her trustworthiness, however, does not become an important factor in the case. We met in the parlor of our hostess, where there was a grand piano, which I was told weighed over a thousand pounds. It stood against the wall on one side of the room, and at about the middle of the wall on that side. There were present one gentleman besides myself, and five ladies, including the medium. We all stood up by the piano, except one lady who played upon it, and put our hands on top of it. Very soon the large end of it began to move out into the room. As it did so the top board, which projected over the sides about two inches, began to rub against the wall at the smaller end of the piano, and I went there to try to move it out a little way. I applied my whole strength, but could not move it. As soon as I desisted it moved out of itself, till it was a few inches from the wall. Then the whole piano began to move out slowly, and by hitches, till it had reached the middle of the room. On its way it stopped several times and lifted up its side, resting wholly on its legs on the

other side, and on reaching the middle of the room again lifted itself up in the same way, the feet rising several inches from the floor and remaining so for several seconds. To make sure that there was no optical illusion I stooped down and passed a book through the space between one of the upraised feet and the carpet. During all this time no one was lifting at all, our hands were merely resting on top of the piano. When all was over we undertook to roll the piano back to its place, and it was all we could do with our united strength.

I could give you many facts that belong to this class of what I call unintelligent force. But phenomena of this class are of but little interest except as they show the reality of some force entirely external to ourselves. It may be some undiscovered natural force—electricity, perhaps. But they have an important relation to spiritualism in this, that they are a part of a great variety of mysterious phenomena, and no mode of solution can be accepted which does not cover them all; and when one is found that seems manifestly to cover them all, it is greatly supported by the fact that it does so. It is the weakness of the anti-spiritualistic explanations that each set of phenomena has its separate explanation, which cannot be applied to any other set. Thus fraud, mind-reading, an occult natural force, have each a very limited application, while the facts demand some general theory.

I come, *secondly*, to a higher class of physical phenomena—higher in this, that they are operated by a manifest intelligence. This class includes, and may be illustrated by, *rappings*, through which intelligent communications are made. These have often been used in private families, where some member has been found to have mediumistic gifts. The alphabet is repeated, and at some letter a rap is heard. To this letter are added, in the same way, another and another, till a whole sentence is wrought out. I have received most interesting and characteristic communications in this way. In many cases I have had name after name of departed friends spelled out to me, as being present, and that in a strange city, where the medium did not even know my name. Where the medium is a public one there is room for a suspicion of fraud or for the explanation of mind-reading, as the message may possibly be a manufactured one, or the name may be got by mind-reading. But I have seen many cases where neither of these explanations could possibly apply. This I will illustrate by a single case. I could give scores. I was spending a

few days with a friend in Providence. A lady, a member of his family, had become a medium, and at dinner every day we had raps indicating the presence of spirits. There were thus named to me numerous friends, whom none of the family knew. One day I left the table early to finish a letter which I wished to mail, and came back as the members of the family were leaving the table. Said my host, "You did not stay to meet your friends. Do you know anybody by the name of Edward Hart?" "Yes," said I, "he was my lifelong friend, the husband of my own cousin, who died recently." "Well," said he, "he came while you were gone, and gave his name, and said it was for you." Here, observe, there was no room for the mind-reading theory; while a fraud in the case is so remote a possibility as to be entitled to no consideration.

I come, *thirdly*, to slate-writing. This I place next in the list because it seems to me to be absolutely unexplainable upon any other than the spiritualistic theory. The Seybert Commission concluded that it was all a fraud—the slates being exchanged by sleight of hand or the writing being done by the other hand of the medium (one hand being occupied with the holding of the slate). No one who has watched the proceedings with an honest purpose can, I think, possibly admit either of these explanations. I spent an evening with the medium Slade, a few years ago, at a friend's house in Hartford. I carried my own slate, a new folding one. In the first place he told me to write on a paper the name of some spirit friend from whom I wished to hear. I did so, and the paper, without being shown to him, was by his direction crumpled up in my hand and laid on the table, where it lay untouched during the performance that followed. This requirement on his part was a suspicious one, and if the communication which it brought had been an oral one, would have destroyed its value. But the important thing was the getting of a communication written upon the slate. I could not see that the theory of mind-reading could help in that matter. A bit of slate pencil was put inside the folded slate, and Slade, standing on one side of the table, held one corner of the slate with his right hand, and I on the other side the opposite corner with my left hand. His left hand was then laid on the table and my right hand put on top of his. The gas was then lowered, but not turned entirely off. It was easy to see all the nearer objects about the room. I soon heard the pencil scratching inside, and when it stopped the gas was turned more fully on. Slade had not moved—the slate

had not moved from my grasp. And within it was a brief affectionate message signed by the initials of the friend whose name I had written. The friend was a young lady to whom I had done many kindnesses during three or four years of a decline, and she has come to me, or appeared to do so, more frequently than perhaps any other friend on the other side.

A few years ago I went with a friend in Boston (a Congregational clergyman, who was much interested in the investigation of spiritualistic phenomena) to a Mrs. Philbrick, a woman in whom he had confidence, and who seemed to me to be trustworthy, who was, however, a public medium. I was introduced to her by my friend, but she knew nothing whatever of me except my name thus given her. In this case I used her slates. An open slate, with a bit of pencil on it, was held under the top of the table, she holding it on one side of the table and I on the other, her other hand laid on the table, and my other hand on hers. The gas was turned wholly off, or so nearly so that the room was dark. Soon the scratching was heard. After it stopped and the gas was turned on, we found a long message, nearly filling the slate, addressed to my wife by her first name, and signed "P. W. D.," the initials of the name of a dear friend of hers who had died a year or two before. What is noteworthy here is, that while the communication seemed to come almost certainly from Mrs. D., it yet stated that a certain person (whose name she gave) would soon come over. This person has since died, but not till nearly ten years after this. After this we took other slates and in the same way got several messages from departed friends, another to my wife, one to myself signed by a familiar name, and I think two to my friend. Those intended for myself or my wife were characteristic, and alluded to incidents that a stranger could have known nothing of. I could fill many pages with such statements. There would be none, however, more striking than these. I have regarded the theories of mind-reading and of fraud as entirely at fault as explanations of these phenomena. If the matter written had been in my mind, so that the medium could have read it all there, how could it have been got upon the slate? But the matter, so far from being in my mind, was every time a surprise to me.

I take, *fourthly*, in the ascending scale, *oral communications* through trance mediums. I class with them written communications. This class of spiritualistic phenomena is to me the most interesting and the most convincing, and I shall dwell upon it

more at length than I have upon the others. I shall not attempt to reduce them to any particular order, but shall select a few out of a great many with reference to their clearer exclusion of the idea of mind-reading, and with less reference to their value than to the proof which they give of a supra-mundane origin.

About eight years ago a gentleman was staying at my house who proved to be a rare medium. He had no suspicion of it (that is, he said so), though he told us of some strange experiences that he could not understand, and of his frequently hearing raps in his room, especially in the night, that he could not account for. He professed not to believe in spiritualism, and seemed inclined to materialistic views. At the request of my wife and myself he had several sittings with us. He would go into a state of unconsciousness or apparent sleep, and after an hour come out of it with no knowledge (as he declared and we believed) of what had happened while he was in that condition; but he had given us communications, apparently from spirits, of which we had taken quite full notes, giving us names that we knew well, but which it was hardly possible that he could have known of (and he declared that he did not), and often names of which we knew nothing, but which he recognized as those of old friends of his who had departed. He had been brought up in a family of little cultivation, and certain errors of speech had become imbedded in his English, and were constantly appearing in his ordinary conversation; yet some of the communications, purporting to come from educated minds, were expressed in the best of English, with no intrusion of his inaccuracies. One evening Samuel Bowles, formerly editor of the *Springfield Republican*, who had died not long before, came. He and I had been great friends. He always called me "John," and in his frequent spiritualistic communications, in different places and before different mediums, he generally so addressed me. I asked him who were with him. He named several persons, and among them Dr. Smith, a Springfield physician, who had died a short time before. I said a few words to him, to which he replied, stammering a little as he spoke. I had known him slightly, and knew that he had an impediment in his speech, but it was wholly out of my mind. It is stated to be a general, perhaps universal, rule, that spirits returning to earth put on the old earth conditions. I have seen many illustrations of this, but not enough to safely generalize from. Soon after Dr. Smith came my wife said, "I am glad to meet you, Dr. Smith; I have often heard of you, but never saw you." Said he, "I met

you once, Mrs. Hooker." "Why," said she, "I have no recollection of it." "Yes," said he, "I met you in London." I could not at the moment recall the fact, and my wife was totally unable to, and we passed on to other communications. I very soon, however, recollected the circumstances. My wife and I were in London in 1875, and she went into a shop on Regent street to make some purchases, while I went on to attend to another matter, and was to call for her there on my way back. While returning I overtook Bowles and Dr. Smith, and we stopped and had a chat. I had not before known that they were in the city, or indeed that they had left home. After a while I said to Bowles that my wife was in a shop near by, and he must step in and see her. So he came along, and Dr. Smith with us. She was sitting at a counter looking at some goods. Bowles shook hands with her very cordially, but Dr. Smith was merely formally introduced, and then stepped back and waited at the door. This little incident (of Dr. Smith's coming in) my wife had totally forgotten, and could not recall it after I stated my recollection of it. I cannot see how any theory of mind-reading can explain this occurrence. I suppose mind-reading to be the reading of what is *then in one's mind*—of what the mind is *then doing*, and not of what is laid away in the memory and perhaps substantially forgotten.

Nearly twenty years ago I made the acquaintance, at the home of a friend in a neighboring city, of a young lady whom I will call Julia Brown. She was about twenty-five years old, belonged to one of the best families in Brooklyn, and was finely educated and of very bright mind. She was just entering upon a hopeless decline. There grew up a warm friendship between us, and from that time till her death, some five years later, I was able to do much for her comfort, for which she seemed very grateful. No friend from the other world has come to me more frequently. It was she whose communication appeared on the slate held by Slade and myself, before mentioned. In 1883 I was in Boston, and went with Rev. Mr. H., an old college friend who was greatly interested in these investigations, to a sitting at the Berry sisters. Some things I have since seen stated tending to discredit them, but I knew nothing of them at this time, and their trustworthiness does not become a very important factor in the matter that I am to state. There were, I should judge, twenty or more people there. All sat around a long, narrow table, like a dining-room table, which it probably was. My friend introduced me to a man whom we met at the door, but my mere name was all that was

mentioned. There was no one in the circle that I had ever seen before, except my friend, and he sat at quite a distance from me. I had a lady on one side of me and a gentleman on the other. We were requested to join hands. All had sheets of note paper and a pencil laid before them. The gas was then turned off, leaving us in total darkness. There was not a sound or an apparent motion in the room, except of the pencils writing on the sheets of paper. Presently I heard a distinct whisper in my ear, "I am Julia Brown." I was amazed. I had never had such an experience before. I said, in the lowest possible whisper, "Won't you repeat that?" The voice then whispered, with perfect distinctness, "I am Julia Brown." I whispered again, "Julia, if that is you, touch me on my right temple." Immediately there were two little pats on my right temple. Then a gentle hand played with my hair and again patted me on the forehead. Soon the gas was turned on. I took up the note paper, and there was on it a message addressed to me and signed "Julia Brown."

Nearly ten years ago I made a contract with a florist by which he was to hire of me a piece of land in Hartford for a nursery and garden, with a small house upon it, with the expectation of purchasing it at a price agreed, but without a binding agreement that he should purchase, as he felt that he could not safely come under such an obligation. After a while he wanted to have me build a greenhouse on the lot and thought it indispensable that he should have one. I had just been subjected to a heavy loss as surety for some friends, and so had no money to spare, and there was a serious risk that he might not be able to buy, in which case the greenhouse would be a useless piece of property to me. The matter was held by me for consideration. I had not spoken of it to a human being, not even to my wife. Just then the wife of a friend of mine, who was a writing medium, told her husband one morning that she felt impelled to go to Mr. Hooker's — that she could not say for what purpose, but that the influence upon her was very strong. He at once got up his carriage and drove her to my house. Both my wife and I were out. She then felt herself impelled to write something. She took a sheet of paper and wrote a message, signed "Francis Gillette" (my brother-in-law — not long deceased — and who had once owned this land with me and knew all about my affairs), in which he addressed me as his "tender-hearted brother," and advised me not to let myself be induced to help another man who was better able to take care of himself than I was to take care of him. I

came in, and the lady said to me, "Here is a message for you ; perhaps you can understand it, but I have no idea what it means." I read it and said, "I understand perfectly what it means." This decided me not to make the investment. And the wisdom of the decision was clearly proved a few months later, for the florist had an offer of a place as superintendent of a cemetery in Springfield on a good salary, and told me that he should have felt that he must accept it and leave Hartford, even if I had built the greenhouse. It must of course be understood that for my statement of how the lady was impressed and what she did, up to the time when I came in, I have had to depend on her own and her husband's statements. I will further state that the message could have had no other meaning or application than the one I gave it, as there was no other matter then under consideration with me that involved the raising of money or the helping of anybody.

In the financial crash of 1875-76 a firm of my personal friends and relatives, who were engaged in a large real estate undertaking failed most disastrously. I was holden as their surety to a large amount. Their real estate was all mortgaged to various savings banks, and I held a second mortgage for my security. I took the property and struggled with the load two or three years, losing several thousand dollars more in the attempt, and finally surrendered it all to the mortgagees. I found myself no longer able to hold my own dwelling-house, and after a long effort to carry it, I put it into the hands of a broker to sell. For three years he tried to sell it without success, and there was no way but for me to give it up on a heavy mortgage which I had some time before put upon it. The mortgagee was willing to take it, as it was well worth the debt, even in the very depressed condition of real estate at that time. Accordingly I prepared a deed and executed it, and held it ready to be delivered to the mortgagee. It then occurred to me that a friend of mine, who had no house, might be willing to buy an undivided half of the place at a low price, and that we could together carry it,—the house being of ample size for two families, with extensive grounds. I proposed it to him. He said it was a generous offer and that he would talk with his wife about it. My intimate friend, Governor Hubbard, an eminent lawyer, had died a few weeks before this. While the matter so stood, a lady whom we knew called on me and said that the previous evening she had been at a *séance*, and that Governor Hubbard announced himself and said,

“Tell John Hooker to let there be no foreclosure and no division.” She said none of them knew what it meant, but perhaps I should, and that she had brought it exactly as it was uttered. I told her I knew what it meant. I decided to hold on to the property a little longer. This was early in April. Before the 1st of May a stranger desiring to settle in Hartford, found that this house was for sale, looked at it, and bought it, giving all that I could have hoped to get in the depressed condition of real estate, but several thousand dollars more than the mortgage. I cannot see how there could have been any mind-reading here, while there could have been no fraud; at least there seems no room for any suspicion of it. It is to be noticed, however, that the message speaks of a “foreclosure,” while no foreclosure was thought of. It was to have been merely a *surrender* of the property to the mortgagee—the result being of course the same as if there had been literally a foreclosure, that being the ordinary mode of getting possession by a mortgagee.

There resides in Hartford a middle-aged woman, Mrs. M., who practices “magnetic healing.” During the past ten or twelve years we have employed her many times in our family for massage treatment and have come to know her well, and to have great confidence in her honesty. She professes to be controlled by an Indian girl named Minnie and sometimes by another named Nicowassa. Each of these controls has peculiarities of speech (imperfect and mispronounced English), but the language of one is at certain points totally unlike that of the other. I have had many sittings with her, and have watched carefully this matter of speech, and am able to state positively that I have never found either trespassing on the other’s preserve of inaccuracies. And further, I have never known in a single instance Mrs. M., when not in a trance and speaking in her own person, falling into the particular inaccuracies of speech of either, and while she has some inaccuracies of her own I have never known her to intermingle them with the words of either control, at least in such a way as to make them noticeable. Also when speaking under control she invariably alludes to herself as a third person and never says “I” of herself. In June, 1888, I made my arrangements to go to England for my summer vacation. Two ladies, one of them a cousin, decided to go with me, and finally two young gentlemen and two more ladies—the whole party making seven, of whom I was the only one who had ever crossed the

Atlantic, which I had done several times. All were therefore dependent on me as a manager and guide. Our passages were taken and all preparations made. I proposed to my wife to go with us. (She had before spent a year and a half in England and Europe.) She said that nothing would induce her to take the voyage for so short a stay, and it was treated as a settled thing that she would not think of going. About a month before we were to sail I had a sitting with Mrs. M., when Minnie said, "I see you and your wife crossing the ocean together." (Not a word had been said about my going.) Said I, "Oh, you are all wrong there. I may go, but my wife will not think of going." "Yes, she will," she replied; "she will change her mind at the last moment and go." I took this to be a clear case of blundering, so much so that I did not even speak of it to my wife. About three weeks before we were to sail my wife went away from home to be gone about two weeks. Ten days before the day for sailing I was taken suddenly with dysentery, and was threatened with a serious fit of it, with little hope of getting up in season to sail. My wife was telegraphed to to hurry home, and came at once. By good medical and home care I got better rapidly, but was still in poor condition for the voyage. We were to leave home on Friday and to sail on Saturday. On Wednesday morning my wife said: "I am going with you; you need my care." I advised against it, but she was decided about it. She sent immediately for a seamstress to help get her clothing in order, and by excessively hard pushing she got ready and went off with me on Friday and took the whole tour with me. She had not thought of going till she woke on Wednesday morning with the sudden resolve to go.

In November, 1889, I held a note of \$5,000 which fell due on a Tuesday of that month. The maker had assured me that it would be paid, and I had made arrangements, which I could not easily change, for the use of the money. On the Thursday before the note fell due the maker wrote me from New York, where he lived, that he found he must renew for three months for \$4,000, paying now only \$1,000 and asking if I could accommodate him. The letter reached me on Friday. I wrote him by the Friday night mail that I would do so if he would send a check for the \$1,000 by the Saturday evening mail, so that I could have it on Monday morning. Sunday evening Mrs. M., the medium I have spoken of, was at my house, and went into a trance there. I had not said a word to my wife about this note matter, nor of my expectation of the \$1,000 on Monday. Mrs. M. said: "Your

daughter Mary is here" (a daughter aged forty, who died in 1886, and who has been to us many times and in a convincing way), and she says — 'Father, the letter that will come to you to-morrow will have nothing in it, but what you expect will come very soon.'" No one in the room had any conception what it meant, but I told them that I understood it perfectly. The postman the next morning brought a letter from the gentleman in New York, expressing regret that he had not been able to get the money in season to send me a draft by that mail, but that he would certainly send it by the next day's mail, and, in fact, he came up himself late Monday evening and brought me the \$1,000.

About 1845, just as I was entering on my profession; I read with great interest a life of Sir Samuel Romilly, a great English lawyer, who lived in the latter part of the last and the early part of this century. My whole life has been affected by the personality of that man, and when I was in England in 1858 I sought out his son, Sir John Romilly, then Master of the Rolls, and had a long talk with him about his father. I give an account of this interview *ante*, p. 70. I never saw Sir John again, and did not suppose that he ever again thought of me. He died a few years later. Not long after his death, I was, with my wife, spending a few days at Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher's in Brooklyn, N. Y. He and Mrs. Beecher were at that time much interested in looking into spiritualistic phenomena. One evening Dr. and Mrs. Beecher and my wife and I went together to a very respectable lady living not far off, who was a medium, and in whose trustworthiness they seemed to have confidence. Various interesting things occurred, but I will notice only one incident. The medium addressed me and said (some spirit seeming to try to speak through her) — "Sir John" — "Sir John." I could not imagine who it could be, till my wife (unfortunately for the completeness of the test), said, "Isn't it your friend Romilly?" The name had not come into my mind till then. I then said, "Is it Sir John Romilly?" The medium at once reached out her hand to take mine and seemed to answer to that name. I took the hand, shaking it rather formally than cordially, and said, "I am very happy to meet you, Sir John." The medium then said (personating him), "I am happy to meet you, but I came specially to introduce to you my father, Sir Samuel." He then (that is, the medium) made motions as if introducing somebody, and then the medium (now representing Sir Samuel) took my hand and gave it a dignified

shake, and said, "I am happy to meet you" (or substantially that), and this was all that was done. Something else came along and took the attention of the medium.

I could fill many pages more with similar cases, but these are all for which I have room. I will, however, append an article sent by me to the Grand Rapids (Mich.) *Eagle*, in 1887, in reply to an article against spiritualism by Rev. Dr. C. B. Smith published in that paper:

The Rev. Dr. C. B. Smith, a classmate of the writer at Yale, in a recent article in your paper on Spiritualism, noticed an address delivered by me on that subject before a society of spiritualists, and, while dissenting wholly from my conclusions, speaks most kindly and commendingly of me personally. It will be impossible, in any such space as you would allow me, to answer the points made by him, especially that with regard to the unsatisfactory character of the proof relied on to establish the claimed facts of Spiritualism. I will, however, present briefly two or three points which I think worthy of consideration.

1. While it would be in bad taste for me to quote Dr. Smith's words of commendation of myself for any mere personal reason, yet as I am totally unknown in your part of the country, while he is so widely and favorably known, I owe it to the cause I represent to put considerations of mere delicacy aside and to avail myself of the generous certificate he has given me. He says: "Mr. Hooker has no superior among his classmates as a thinker and a scholar. His mind is clear, keen, logical, and strong. . . . He is a lawyer of great ability. . . . There is no cant or humbug in him, and he is the last man we should suppose could be carried away by a delusion." Now, is it likely that, being such a man, and having had nearly fifty years' experience in applying evidence to facts, I should wholly lose my head in dealing with the question of Spiritualism? Let it be observed that it is purely a question of fact and evidence. If I am claiming too much for myself, let me refer to another classmate, Professor Lyman of Yale College, to whom the *Popular Science Monthly* for November devotes a whole article, ranking him among the first scientists of the country, and who has been for years a full believer in Spiritualism. He is, besides, a Congregational clergyman, and an earnest religious man. There are, in fact, no more scientific men in the world than those who have, upon full investigation, become

believers in and advocates of Spiritualism. William Crookes and Alfred Russel Wallace are at the head of the English scientists, and both, beginning in unbelief, carried on investigations which have never been surpassed for thoroughness, and became believers, and have published books in its defense.

2. My friend makes a point of the triviality of some of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and the low tone of the communications. "The gabble of fools," he calls it, and asks "if dying makes men fools." His assumption that everything that purports to come from the other side is low, or even commonplace, is utterly unwarranted. I have never heard or read anything more elevated in thought or finer in expression than I have heard from what I believe to have been disembodied spirits, and that through mediums who were unable in themselves to conceive the thoughts or use the language. But a great deal that is said is undoubtedly commonplace and trivial. What else ought we to expect from the very commonplace people who make the great majority of those who go over? We too often have the impression that there is in that world such a perpetual pressure of the sublime and awful as to expel from the mind all thoughts but solemn ones. But that world, I believe, is only another stage of existence, higher than this, but, like this, full of social life and all that enlivens social life here. In such circumstances triflers would still trifle, the ignorant would still show their ignorance, and the ascents to a higher level of thought and expression would be the exception. It is to be borne in mind, too, that these communications are generally the talk of friends with friends in a familiar way, and that they are not addressing the public, or posturing for observation or criticism. But let us compare these undignified acts of these commonplace souls with a certain other accepted manifestation from the spirit world, which the church has never thought of criticising. We are told in the New Testament that Christ after his crucifixion came back to earth as a materialized form, and that on one occasion, when several of the disciples had been toiling all night at their nets, they saw him, as the morning broke, standing upon the shore, where he had made a fire of coals and was broiling some fishes. And this, in the contemplation of the church, was the Lord of Glory, who had just completed his sublime sacrificial work, and had visited the heavenly world, the radiance of which, to him its Lord, no human imagination can conceive; and yet he comes back to earth and is seen broiling some fishes. If this had not appeared in Holy Writ, but in some

apocryphal record of the time, or had been revealed through some mediumistic agency, the whole Christian church would have scouted it as absurd to the last degree, and the Seybert Commission would have thought it too contemptible for one moment's attention. Yet when we consider the loftiness of Christ's character and the low level of ordinary human life, I am sure there cannot be found an act of a human disembodied spirit that can justly be compared to this for want of probability or want of dignity!

3. My friend thinks it ridiculous that spirits should make known their presence by raps and other physical means. But for those who know nothing about how spirits can communicate with mortals, it is very unscientific to say beforehand that it cannot be in this particular way. It is a sufficient answer to say that by these modes there have come communications which could not have come from any other than intelligent minds. The evidence on this subject is absolutely conclusive. It cannot be gone into here. But I do not hesitate to say that if any intelligent and honest-minded man could see what I have seen, he would inevitably come to my conclusions. I started upon my investigations in utter disbelief and with a great disrelish for the whole subject. My friend says of the investigators who have been convinced, "They desire to have it true, and there is only a short step between that desire and truth." The fact with the most intelligent investigators is exactly the opposite. I did not desire it to be true. I thought it a delusion, and set out to prove it to be so. And after my investigation began I held on for a long time to the theory that all of the phenomena could be explained by mind-reading; and it was not until facts compelled me to give up this theory or confess myself a dishonest man, that I yielded to the inexorable fact.

My friend speaks confidently and with an apparently certain knowledge about what is and is not in this matter. I cannot say how much careful and candid examination he has given to it (I have given a great deal); but I can say without hesitation that I have almost invariably found that those who were most positive in their rejection of Spiritualism have been those who have never given it any serious and unprejudiced examination. I cannot do better than to quote a few words from Alfred Russel Wallace, whom one of our religious papers speaks of as "a man in whom the candor of the scientific method is conspicuously illustrated."

In a recent article in an English journal he speaks of the subject as follows :

“The fact that Spiritualism has firmly established itself in our skeptical and materialistic age ; that it has continuously grown and developed for nearly forty years ; that by mere weight of evidence, and in spite of the most powerful prepossessions, it has compelled recognition by an ever-increasing body of men in all classes of society, and has gained adherents in the highest ranks of science and philosophy ; and finally, that despite abuse and misrepresentation, the folly of enthusiasts and the knavery of imposters, it has rarely failed to convince those who have made a thorough and painstaking investigation, and has never lost a convert thus made — all this affords a conclusive answer to the objections so commonly used against it.”

I have thus far dealt only with the evidence of the reality of spiritualism and of the soundness of the inference in its favor from its phenomena. A question of great importance remains with regard to its moral relations. The argument here is strongly in its favor. I cannot present the point better than by a brief and forcible article written by my wife in 1897 for the “Banner of Light,” a spiritualist paper published in Boston. The article, which is entitled “Spiritualism and Good Morals,” is as follows:—

It is sometimes said that the code of morals under Spiritualism is a loose one, and that it gives a free rein to unbridled fancies, leading to domestic separations and disorders. No one can abhor loose morals more than I, and it would disturb me greatly if Spiritualism was open to such a charge.

But I have studied it most carefully for over twenty years, and have long been convinced that, rightly understood, it goes far beyond the ordinary sanctions of what we call “Orthodox Christianity” as a deterrent from vice and an encouragement of all that is good. The hell that has been held up as a terror to evil-doers, and than which nothing could be more terrible if it commanded the belief of the mind, has yet stood before us, even those of us who most believed in it, as something vague and remote and unreal. It has practically no power as a deterrent from wrongdoing. But there is something terribly impressive and real in what we hear from those who have gone to the other world from a life of sin and wrong in this. They have told us that they are

in darkness and desolation. One who had acquired great wealth, but who had never opened his hand to help the needy or to aid the moral efforts of others, said to me, months after his death, that he had found no rest, but was blown about over a dark and desolate region, like a wisp of hay. Another, who inherited a large fortune, but had been overbearing and exacting in his dealings, and had done nothing for the needy, came to my husband most unexpectedly in a sitting at which I was present (an occurrence that was remarkable, as they had barely known each other by sight), and, giving his name, said : " Those who have not used their wealth for humanity in earth-life have no wealth in spirit-life. They are as poor as those whom they have neglected to help on earth. With my great wealth I neglected to help suffering humanity. I am very unhappy over it. I can see no way to undo the past, but I will do all the spirit-world will give me power to do. It is a dreadful thing to come into the spirit-world without one friend to say ' well done. ' "

At another sitting with the same medium, at which my husband was present, an old gentleman of great wealth who had died a few months before, gave his name and said : " Oh ! help me to the light. I never lifted a finger for humanity. I had a pleasant home, but not even a poor cabin now. I am in the dark. As I crushed humanity, so I am crushed. My ear was deaf to humanity, and now God is deaf to me. I come to you to learn. Help me to the light. " At another sitting the same person came again and said : " Oh ! how I regret that dreadful past. I wish I could come back, and open my doors, and say, ' You poor afflicted ones, come and help yourselves. ' What a blessing it would be to me. How these bonds would be broken ! To come to you brings me the only light I have had since I have been in the spirit-world. "

Can there be more awful sanctions than these to bind a man to right doing while he is in earth life ? I know nothing in the orthodox penalties that in practical effect will compare with them.

But there is one very comforting fact that we learn from Spiritualism. It is that the suffering in the spirit-world is reformatory, and not everlasting ; that erring and perverse souls, when they have suffered for a time, perhaps for years, and have come to see and feel ashamed of their evil-doing, repent, and are uplifted and forgiven, good spirits helping them to find the way to the light. And from frequent expressions of these spirits, as in the last case mentioned, they get great help from coming to us

for sympathy and encouragement. The one task given to them all is to come back here, and try to influence others to do better than they have done.

It must not be inferred that the cases I have mentioned are recent ones. They are taken from a great many that have come to me in the last twenty years.

SOME BITS OF VERSE.¹

With considerable hesitation I decide to make up a chapter of what I call "Bits of Verse." I do not pretend to be a poet. From my youth I have been accustomed at dinner parties and on other festive occasions, frequently to weave together lines which were intended to be humorous, and which generally proved entertaining in the hilarious and uncritical mood of the company, and thus I acquired a not uncommon faculty of rather easy versification; but this faculty I almost never used for any serious purpose till after I was fifty years old. The few poems which I shall here publish were all written after I reached that age. Their publication here gives me the opportunity to express not only my great desire, but my earnest request to my family, that nothing else in the guise of poetry that may be found among my papers shall ever be published. Two poems of serious intent have already been printed in former chapters, pages 62 and 112. I might greatly enlarge this collection, but it is with me a matter both of preference and of wisdom to keep it small. I commit to the charity of my friends what follows.

THE BELL TOLLED BY THE WAVES.

Far down the bay, where pass the stately ships
That come and go, a spar, with deep-toned bell,
Uprises from the waves, fastened beneath
To a huge rock that lurks in ambush there,
Waiting to gore to death some gallant ship.
The waves, confederate and ravenous,
Are yet compelled to toll that warning bell,
And mingle with their own perpetual moan
Its dirge-like monotone, that cheats their greed.

So walk our streets blear-eyed and sin-scarred men,
 Bearing unwilling on their visages,
 As if in endless moan and monotone,
 Warning of ambushed death.

TIDES.

Constant the great tides come and go,
 Obedient to the Queen of Night;
 Lord ! may my heart's tides ebb and flow
 For thee, the Lord of Light.

Earth's gravitation all forgot,
 They heed alone the heavenly call;
 Lord ! may my heart give earth no thought
 But hold thy mandate all.

Dark storm clouds hide at times the moon,
 Or she is paled by light of day ;
 In storm and calm, by night and noon,
 The great tides still obey.

Lord, thou dost oft in darkness hide,
 And give my anxious heart no sign;
 Help me to still in thee abide,
 And know no law but thine.

WAIT.

My friend in the spirit land,
 With whom I, hand in hand,
 Have walked so oft on earth,
 And till thy great new birth;
 With whom, as we sat or walked,
 Of deepest things I talked,
 And of the mysteries vast
 That we should know at last;
 Awful and vaguely told,
 Yet should one day behold;
 Thou hast beheld them now,
 Their light is on thy brow;
 No longer a veil between
 Thine eyes and the once unseen;
 No longer from thee concealed
 The awful and unrevealed;

In the shadow still I stand,
 But thou in the sunlit land.
 Oh, tell to my longing ear
 Of thy life in that new sphere !
 Oh, tell to my longing heart
 Where, near or far, thou art !
 What are seeing those eyes of thine
 That so lately looked in mine ?
 What is hearing thy ravished ear
 That so lately listened here ?
 Oh, lips that so lovingly spake,
 Can ye not the silence break ?
 Cannot the immortal breath
 Whisper the secret of death ?

Thou knowest my hunger and thirst
 How I could almost burst
 Into that unknown land,
 Nor wait the Lord's command.
 Thou knowest how here our breath
 Seems but a lingering death;
 And how my sad heart ponders
 Ever upon those wonders—
 Ever on the end of earth
 And the wondrous spirit birth.

Oh, wondrous birth and life !
 Calmness succeeding strife ;
 Joy in the place of sorrow
 And forebodings of the morrow ;
 There, the Eternal Presence,
 Here, constant evanescence ;
 There, rest in full assurance,
 Here, pain and mere endurance ;
 There, the exultant shouting,
 Here, the fearing and the doubting ;
 There, sure and blest abodes,
 Here, wandering on rough roads ;
 There, mighty organ swells,
 Here, constant tolling bells.
 Oh, rest of that land of bliss !
 Oh, weariness of this !

And canst thou not, my friend,
 Some of thy new light lend

To one who loves thee so,
 Yet waits and longs below ?
 Canst thou not feed his yearning
 With something thou art learning ?
 Some hint of the life divine,
 Some unmistakable sign ?

I watch with my every sense ;
 I listen with soul intense ;
 But not a whisper comes,
 And a chill my soul benumbs.

But out of the sky at last
 A word on the void is cast ;
 On the void a single word,
 But it comes as that of the Lord ;
 As I harken, my breath I bate,
 But that word is only — " Wait." *

THE DEATH OF GRANT.

Our victor, vanquished by th' all-conqueror,
 Lies dead ; clad was our hero but in clay.
 The strong right hand that held the avalanche
 Of battle, as th' Almighty holds the tempests,
 Lies powerless, and the arms that clasping held
 A nation to his heart, are folden now
 Upon his heaveless breast.

THE EMPIRE THAT IS TO BE.

I once in sad and thoughtful mood
 Stood in an old world solitude,
 Amidst the scattered ruins vast
 Of a great empire of the past.

But now, with feeling more intense,
 I watch the gathering elements
 Of a grand empire yet to be,
 World-clasping in immensity.
 That empire shall be Love and Peace ;
 Its sway begun shall never cease ;

* I have become entirely satisfied since the above was written, that we can have actual communication with our friends in the spirit world.

No drumbeats shall its morns salute,
 No trumpets shall their clangor bruit ;
 But, following the circling sun,
 Each day shall be with song begun ;
 A song of praise, oh God, to thee ;
 A song that shall unbroken be,
 Save by the deep-toned anthem of the sea.

AT THE PIANO.

[Verses written for a young lady friend who had come out from a crushing disappointment into a great and abiding peace.]

Before these keys responsive to my moods
 I sit, my fingers wandering at their will,
 Singing in low voice sweet beatitudes,
 And of the peace and joy my heart that fill.

Five years agoe this night here sat I singing
 Of an awaiting joy that filled my dreams ;
 The bright sun of my morning then was flinging
 Across my untrod path his golden beams.

But ah, between ! what tumult, oh my soul !
 Oh God, what cries of agony to thee !
 Thou, Christ, hast felt of human woes the whole ;
 My heart has shared thine own Gethsemane.

Yet self I conquered ; for thy grace drew near,
 And taught me sorrow was a gift divine ;
 I trod the wine-press of that vintage drear,
 But drank at last its eucharistic wine.

And so I sit to-night in a great peace,
 Touching these keys, and singing soft and low
 Of a calm joy that cannot know surcease,
 Richer than all I dreamed five years ago.

TRUTH AND DOGMA.

An outworn Dogma died. Around its bed
 Its votaries wept as if all truth were dead.
 But heaven-born Truth is an immortal thing ;
 Hark ; how its lieges give it welcoming,
 "The King is dead — LONG LIVE THE KING."

THE MODERN SPHINX.

"He is of age; ask him." JOHN 9, 21.

Woman, Sphinx of the secret yet unspoken,
On human wastes outlooking sad and dumb,
At last on Memnon's top the morn has broken,
And Memnon's voice proclaims her day has come.

And now, her long, mute, weary non-age o'er,
She calmly sits her own interpreter;
If we would have her riddle solved, no more
Of our rude guesses. SHE'S OF AGE; ASK HER.

WATER CHANGED TO WINE.

The Lord said, Bring me wine; my scanty store
Alas had none that I could bring.
I brought but water, I could do no more,
From a cool spring.

And hardly dared I to the Lord look up,
So worthless seemed this gift of mine;
When, lo, the water in my humble cup
Had turned to wine.

ALONE WITH THEE.

"Come ye apart into a desert place and rest." MARK 6, 31.

LOFD, help me, from the strife and whirl and din
Of life, to go apart awhile with thee;
E'en though it be a desert's depths within,
It will be sweetest rest to me.

My heart is weary of men's sateless greed
For wealth; of power that plays the tyrant's part;
Of bigotry, with its dead forms and creed,
And fire and fagot in its heart.

I weary of blind prejudice, whose hate
Would battle with advancing truth and right;
Loving the lark's song at the morning's gate
Less than the hootings of the night.

But most I weary of myself ; my ways
Of ill, on better purpose following ever ;
My vows so often broken ; my to-day's
Resolve, to-morrow's weak endeavor.

So let me flee into a desert place,
Where I can be apart from all but thee ;
Where on my troubled brow thy placid face
May look, and give its peace to me.

That desert place—be it of thine own choosing ;
The path that leads there may be steep and rough
And dark ; but I the way shall not fear losing ;
Thy leading hand will be enough.

Through whatsoever of trial thou see'st best
I will with gladness go to that lone place,
Where, all the world shut out, I shall find rest,
Gazing in rapture on thy face.

I shall add a very few of my humorous poems. If all that I have written could be brought together, they would make a considerable volume. A few have already been given in this volume, at pages 36, 43, 90, 103, and 104. Verses of this character, however, are generally written for some special occasion, and often all their point lies in some happy personal allusion, making their publication out of the question, and they lose much of their interest where taken out of all their surroundings and especially presented in cold type. I will add a single word of explanation of one of the poems, entitled an "Elegy on Departed Worth." Some ten or fifteen years before this was written I saw and preserved a bright little poem on the death of a favorite horse. The subject remained in my mind, but I had not seen the lines since I first came across them, and had totally forgotten the details. One night, in 1891, I had one of my not infrequent turns of wakefulness, and in casting about for matter to amuse myself, I thought of these lines, and at once began to compose verses on the same subject. I was so entertained by my work that when morning came I could not stop to dress, but threw a blanket over my

shoulders and finished the poem in season to read it at the breakfast table, where it was received with great favor. It then occurred to me to look up the old poem to see whether I had not unwittingly appropriated some of its puns. I found that my best verse, which I thought absolutely original, trenched seriously on the other poem, and I struck it out entirely. No other verse was open to objection, and I at once made a final draft of the poem for preservation. I give here a very small representation of verses that have been most warmly received at dinner parties and gatherings of my friends.

A GOOD THING DONE BY A PLUMBER.

[The public has so often allowed itself to be amused by heartless gibes at our worthy plumbers, that where one of them does a really good thing, as in the present case,-he ought to have the credit of it.]

The pipes of the palace got leaky,
 And the king for a plumber sent ;
 The plumber was smart and cheeky,
 And with ominous smile he went.

For a year kept plumbing that plumber,
 And perhaps he is plumbing still ;
 But you never saw a man dumber
 Than the king when he saw his bill.

The king was in deadly strife
 With another king near by,
 At a dreadful cost of life
 And drain on his treasury.

But he forthwith stopt that war ;
 T'was the best thing he could do ;
 For he couldn't raise money for
 The war and the plumber too.

AN HONEST BUT SHREWD COBBLER.

[Showing that the best policy does not conflict with honesty.]

An honest cobbler had twelve girls,
 With plump red cheeks and redder curls ;
 But not a boy, poor man, had he
 To help him in his cobblerie.

Early he worked and he worked late
 To feed these girls, (and how they ate !)
 The elder had become *passées*,
 The younger were well on the way ;
 But still, no beaux his threshold crossed,
 No billets-doux were brought by post ;
 Yet none of these continued slights
 Seemed to affect their appetites.
 The cobbler still worked early, late
 And still the twelve girls ate and ate.
 He o'er the problem worried sore,
 And Mrs. Cobbler even more.
 But our poor man had Yankee shrewdness,
 And was not made of simple goodness:
 Long time he schemed, and then at last
 Away his awl and apron cast,
 And moved off to another place,
 Where no one knew his trade or face,
 And there set up a shop as Plumber.

Young men touched hats to the new-comer,
 And all the girls were married the first summer.

Our cobbler then, with Mrs. C.,
 Rubbing his hands in honest glee,
 Moved back to his old home and cobblerie.

TO MY WOODBINE IN OCTOBER.

Thou pretty woodbine, fondly clinging
 About my porch, what now is bringing
 To thy soft cheek such blushes scarlet ?
 A kiss snatched rudely by some varlet ?
 Or has true love with winning art
 Found entrance to thy tender heart ?
 Surely, thy blush is not of shame ;
 No scandal can have touched thy name.
 E'en as I ask, the warm blood rushes
 To fill thy cheek with deeper blushes.
 Ah, pretty vine, in love thou art ;
 Tell me the secret of thy heart.

Thy secret thou wilt never tell ?
 But I have watched and know it well.
 I've watched, and seen too oft of late
 An evening loafer 'round my gate ;
 And know thou'st been, to thy heart's cost,
 A-chatting nights with gay Jack Frost.

ELEGY ON DEPARTED WORTH.

Old Prince is dead, that good old steed ;
 Of sheer old age died he ;
 Four sturdy legs he had, yet now
 But this poor **l e g**.

Where'er the path of duty led
 Faithful he followed it ;
 To hard or humble service called,
 He never shirked a bit.

His courage never failed at drum,
 Or march of bannered host ;
 When in the street securely tied
 He never left his post.

He loved fair woman's gentle rein ;
 His mistress was his idol ;
 Yet, though no Mormon, forth he came
 Each morning to a bridle.

No need of harsh command or blow,
 A mild word was enough ;
 And so, though he a collar wore,
 He never had a cuff.

Though of finance he nothing knew,
 Nor bankers' methods noticed,
 He always traveled with a check,
 Though always under protest.

His life was far beyond reproach,
 But gossips never fail ;
 And always, whereso'er he went,
 There followed him a tail.

But all such things disturbed him not,
He took them as a part
Of life's sure ills, and through them all
He kept a stable heart.

Though of best temper and sincere,
He had a funny way,
Whate'er you kindly said to him,
Of answering with a neigh.

But when grim death upon him called,
And beckoned him away
His eyes half closed, he was too weak
To answer with a neigh.

In his gay youth he loved the turf ;
Beneath the turf he lies ;
And o'er him waves the grass, as in
A good steed's paradise.

Though vanished from our mortal sight,
Mere vision of the mind ;
Unlike the poet's vanished scene,
He left a rack behind.

Oh, teacher of a kindly code,
From humble manger called !
No reverend preacher e'er has been
More worthily installed.

We wear, as thou did'st, on our eyes,
Blinders that dim our sight ;
Would we could travel as serene
And always keep the right.

CANDOR.

I desire very much to put upon the unpretending record of this volume an article which I wrote a few years ago on Candor. It seems to me to present a truth of great practical importance, and one which I have not seen presented by any of the writers on moral subjects. I read it to a leading doctor of divinity whom I met at a mountain resort, and he said the idea was a new one to him and very important, and that he

should avail himself of it in one of his earliest sermons. The article is as follows :

Christ came into the world on a great mission from God to men. Other great prophetic souls had lived and spoken words of inspired wisdom for the enlightenment and guidance of men. But Christ came, not merely proclaiming divine truth and illustrating it in his own remarkable life, but with a mighty power to convince and subdue, and doing mighty works to attest the reality of his mission from God.

But when he came into Galilee he encountered a resolute unbelief, and (Matt. 13, 58) "did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief."

Why was this? It was to confound just such an antagonizing unbelief that he was clothed with this special power. Why did he not exercise that power at the very place where it was most needed? The hearts that were open to receive him, the Nathaniels without guile, did not need these overwhelming proofs. They were specially needed by the men of fixed and determined unbelief—the men who clung tenaciously to old Jewish ideas—the Scribes and Pharisees, conservative, dogmatic, self-righteous, intolerant. Yet in the presence of these very men he did not many of his convincing mighty works.

And this was not a mere special occasion, governed by special reasons, and out of harmony with his general course of conduct. It accorded with his general practice and was only the application of a general principle by which he governed his conduct. See that principle more strikingly applied in his conduct after he had risen from the dead and during the forty days of his return to earth. To whom in his re-incarnated body did he go? You would say that he now had the means of utterly confounding those who had denied him and put him to death as a felon. Here he was, alive after death, the very marks of the nails and the spear upon him. How he might have overwhelmed the High Priest. How the whole Sanhedrim. Yet he does not show himself to one of them. He goes only to his *disciples*, to the very men who not only needed little persuasion, but who were almost in a credulous state of mind, and who would be the last men who could bear effective witness as to the facts. Every skeptic would at once attribute their belief to an overwrought imagination and to an eager credulity, and perhaps the earnestness of their advocacy to an interest in sustaining a cause to which they had committed themselves. The High Priest, the Sanhedrim, would say — "Why did he not

show himself to us? You, visionary and enthusiastic, are no witnesses for us. If your master has in fact returned to earth, let him show himself to us."

Yet all this while the fact that Christ had risen was an almost pivotal fact in christianity. Paul says of it, "If Christ be not risen then is your faith vain." This vital fact, so easily proved, so decisive in the conflict of the new faith with the old, so easily brought to bear with destructive force against the very citadel of Judaism, Christ forebore to avail himself of, and left the scoffers to go on into a greater depth of hardness and unbelief.

Now why was all this? There is a great philosophy involved here which I will proceed to consider and which is worthy of our most serious consideration.

And this philosophy is not merely the very simple and accepted theory that a receptive mind is more likely to be sought by the spirit of truth and a receptive heart by the inspiration of God. All this is very true and very important, but the philosophy here involved is something far more profound.

That philosophy is this. God requires of men candor. He does not ordinarily help them to it. He requires them to furnish it for themselves. Why is this? He helps men morally in many ways. His spirit is always seeking for the soul that needs help. Why then does he not help men to be candid?

Because candor is a merely human virtue. That is, it is a virtue which it needs mere common intelligence to understand and appreciate. It is like gratitude. The whole world would say that the man who is not grateful for a real service rendered him is despicable. Let a judge upon a bench deal uncandidly with a case submitted to his decision and there is not a mind so ignorant or so depraved that it cannot see that he has acted basely. Lord Bacon, as chancellor of England, took a bribe, and the whole civilized world has joined in fixing upon him the designation of the "wisest and meanest of mankind." Let two ignorant laborers who have a matter of disagreement, no matter how small, agree to leave it to another laborer, ignorant and perhaps without character, and he will at once lift himself up into a sense of responsibility and do his best to decide right, and will feel that to be unfair would be base. The mere common sense of men tells them what is right in this matter, and God demands that we have this common sense virtue.

Now the astonishing thing is, that while by common consent it is base to be uncandid in deciding a matter of disagreement be-

tween two men, yet when we come to that highest duty of deciding between Truth and Error, the majority of men, and among them many otherwise good men, thrust candor utterly aside. There is hardly one in ten of even editors of religious papers, who, in dealing with a matter in controversy, would honestly represent the opinion they are combating, or would honestly present in its exact meaning and connection some passage on the other side that they take up for criticism. Such matters are discussed on one side and the other in a manner that would call down the rebuke of the judge if a lawyer were so to deal with the side of a question that he was combating. With all its infelicities the practice of law has this felicity :— the advocate, if he has good sense, cultivates the habit of presenting to the court in the clearest and exactest manner the opposing side of the case, that it may be seen that he meets it with his argument fully and squarely. It is of no use for him to put up a man of straw to demolish. It is of no use for him to understate his opponent's case. He has a sharp clear intellect on the other side watching him, and any representation of his opponent's case that makes it appear anything less than it is, is likely not only to bring upon himself a damaging interruption from that sharp intellect but a more damaging one from the court, while there results from all the impression that the advocate has not confidence in his own position, and dare not meet the real case against him.

But far more important than the questions which are discussed between parties and denominations are those which pertain to human conduct and which every man must consider and decide for himself. To every man the question presents itself, and with a constant recurrence, What shall I think and do, and where shall I stand, upon the great questions of religion and morals and social progress, which the Providence of God is bringing before us? Each of us has a great duty to perform in deciding what we will help and what oppose. It is no question submitted to us by two controverting parties, of some small indebtedness of one to the other — a question upon which, however small, it would be base for us to be uncandid, but a question put before us by Providence, in which we are to decide between Truth and Error — God's truth and man's error. How are we meeting the question? With prejudice? With perhaps a hate that has no foundation but ignorance? Or will we say, "Show me thy truth, O God! Save me from the cowardice that fears man's opinion. Save me from the miserable conceit that I know enough about a matter that I have

never examined. Save me from the delusion that old things are the best. Save me from the worse delusion that thine own truth has been fully revealed and exhausted, and that the Spirit of Truth is not to lead us into all truth. May we follow where the Spirit of Truth leads — a leading and a following that necessarily imply progression — a constant advance into a higher and higher revelation of thy truth.”

There is a great revelation of divine truth in the Gospel. In what spirit do we study that Gospel? Have we yet comprehended it in its application to the widening spirit of inquiry and growing intelligence of the christian world? It has seemed to us sometimes very strange that the disciples, hearing Christ's own words, brought into loving companionship with him and living under the magnetism of his presence, could have failed as they did to comprehend the great spiritual character of his kingdom. But we have read all that they have recorded of the teaching and life and death of Christ; we have seen his church, so feeble at the outset, almost fill the earth with its anthems; we have seen his religion grow into an almost worldwide recognition and dominion; we have seen the operation of the divine spirit upon the hearts of men; and we cannot but know that here is a mighty power that shall make a conquest of the whole earth; and yet, are we not as much too narrow in our conceptions of what that kingdom is and is to be, of its real nature and power and of its vast comprehensiveness, as were the poor fishermen that followed Christ in Galilee? I think we are.

But a more serious question for us is — Are we willing to abide in this region of narrowness and prejudice?

THE PROGRESS OF WOMEN.

I was born in the early part of this century, and had therefore an opportunity to observe the condition of women as members of society when the laws of society determined their sphere and compressed them within it.

In my boyhood women bowed to these laws as if they were laws of nature, and hardly dreamed of calling them in question. Such a thing as a woman doctor was unknown, and it was a common joke, when they first began to be thought of, “How would you like to have your wife called up at midnight to go and see another woman's husband?” It was almost

universally regarded as a gross indelicacy for a woman to let her innocent mind touch the subject of physiology or anatomy. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, in the story of her early experiences, tells us what almost insuperable obstacles she found in her way. Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis, when she began her most instructive lectures to women on physiology, was repudiated by her own family as if she had become a profligate, and yet she was one of the most modest, as well as most cultured, women of her time. How is it now about women physicians? We all know and esteem and trust them. The country is full of them, and no physicians are better educated, or more successful in their practice, or more respected by the public.

Take the matter of women speaking in public. In my boyhood it was a thing unheard of, and the suggestion would have shocked almost every woman. The American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society was formed by abolitionists, our highest type of reformers, who left and repudiated the old American Anti-Slavery Society mainly because the latter allowed women, and especially Abby Kelly, one of the most effective of speakers, to make public addresses. One of the boldest stands taken, a few years after this, was by Anna Dickinson, who, to the general wonder and to the apprehension of our best people, began to speak against slavery at the meetings of the Republican party. I went with my wife to hear her, not merely with much curiosity, but with great anxiety as to her success. Not long after this a young lady of one of our first families, who had been very intimate with Miss Dickinson, asked her to be one of her bridesmaids at her approaching wedding. She also requested another very intimate friend to act as bridesmaid, informing her that Miss Dickinson was also to act. But the mother of the friend wrote the mother of the young lady that she could not consent to her daughter acting as bridesmaid with Miss Dickinson, because of the latter's speaking in public, which she thought utterly unfit for a modest woman to do. Yet now we have a great number of women speakers and lecturers to whom our pulpits are open, who are introduced by accomplished presiding officers, and are listened to by crowds of our most cultivated people.

In the early part of the century the industrial field of women covered only half a dozen overcrowded employments. Now

nearly or quite a hundred are not only open to them, but occupied by them. Indeed, all the industries are open to them. There are no "jail limits" known as "woman's sphere." They may do anything that they feel able and desire to do. Comparing their condition now with what it was in the early part of the century, their advance has been enormous. They live in another world from what they then lived in.

These facts are familiar and have become commonplace. We have got too far along to take much notice of them. But it is worth considering by those who are opposed to granting political rights to woman, that she has advanced so far that one more and final step into full enfranchisement will be but a short step as compared with the many steps that have brought her to the point where she is. If all that she has gained has not broken up our social foundations, and has not de-womanized her, there need to be no fear that the short final step will do it. Woman will take that step, and, with her larger intelligence and greater interest in public affairs, will be found the same wifely companion, the same devoted mother, and the same unselfish worker for the public good.

MY THEOLOGY.

It is not without hesitation that I give to the readers of my book my views on theology, mainly because I may seem to regard them as of some importance to the world. If of little importance to the public, it is yet due to myself that I be not misunderstood in the matter, and that, so far as I have arrived at settled opinions, I have the courage to state them.

From my early manhood there has been nothing that has operated as a restraining force upon me more than the fear that I might by some act or word lead some fellow-man into error of belief or life. I should be very sorry to do that here. But I cannot from that apprehension leave my position in this most important matter unavowed. I have given deep thought and much prayer to the inquiry after God's truth. I had no theory of my own with which I wished to bring divine truth into harmony. All I desired to know was, what is divine truth. In this search I may have been led into perceptions of

truth which I ought not to withhold from other inquirers. Christ said that the "Spirit of Truth" is "*to come*," and is "to lead us into all truth." This implies progress, and progress out of what is accepted as truth in one age into what a later age shall be taught as truth by the Spirit of Truth. I cannot shirk the duty of speaking for God and what I believe to be Truth.

I was born in Farmington, Conn., in 1816. Rev. Dr. Noah Porter, father of the late President Porter of Yale College, was my pastor, a man of most solid intellect and character, who would have made a great chief justice or chancellor. He accepted and earnestly preached all the dogmas of the old Calvinistic theology. My father, who was one of his deacons, accepted them all. I was brought up to believe them. I joined the church when I was a little over twenty, expressing at the time my belief in all those dogmas by accepting the creed of the church in which they were embodied.

I settled in Hartford in 1851, my wife and I joining the Fourth Congregational Church, under the pastorate of Rev. William W. Patton, who, after a few years, was succeeded by Rev. Nathaniel J. Burton. A few years later I went with Mr. Burton to the Park Church, where I remained till some time after his death in 1887. Early in my connection with the Fourth Church I was elected one of its deacons, and afterwards a deacon of the Park Church, holding the office of deacon in the two churches for probably twenty-five years. It was after I came to Hartford that I began to have most serious doubts about one and another of the doctrines of Calvinism. Some of the more obnoxious of these had already been extensively repudiated — such as the doctrine of Reprobation — and others had been seriously discredited or explained away, as that of Election. I soon came to see that everything ought to be brought to the test of the best human reason, human reason exercising itself in a sincere desire to find the truth, and seeking the aid of God in the inquiry.

While in painful suspense as to the effect to be given to the deep impressions made upon my reason, I called to see Professor Johnson (since deceased), then a professor in Trinity College, and also a preacher of rare spiritual gifts in the

Episcopal church. I knew him well and held him in high esteem, and I knew that as a preacher of that denomination he would incline to give me conservative advice. I told him how I stood towards these old dogmas — that I could not help rejecting them as against all reason and unworthy of belief. But, said I, there were grand old Dr. Porter and Dr. Beecher, the best of men, who prayed daily to be guided into all truth, and they fully believed them. How can my poorer intelligence and faith be trusted when they reject what such men believed? Shall I trust my own convictions or theirs? “Trust your own convictions,” he said. I had not gone into any detail as to what I believed or rejected, so that Professor Johnson was not committing himself to any particular of my disbelief, but I felt that I had his authority for freedom of opinion in theological matters.

I have spoken only in the most general way of my revolt against the authority of old dogmas. I will go a little more into detail.

1. *The Idea of God.* That which prevailed in my youth and was taught from the pulpit and in the Sabbath-school was one that, in my maturer years, I could not accept; which, indeed, I felt compelled to reject as a libel upon the Creator. The opening of the Westminster Assembly Catechism, which we were required to recite every Saturday in the public schools, says of God that “He made all things for his own glory.” I think this is a horrible untruth. I do not believe that God ever thinks of such a thing as his own glory. He is full of the thought of the welfare and happiness of the people he has made. His one great thought is of his universe. He has not a particle of that vanity or conceit or pride of sovereignty that we so often see in earthly rulers. The pulsations of his heart of love fill the universe with their infinite rhythm. So also the idea that has been so often taught from the pulpit and in religious books that God’s sovereignty gives him absolute and unqualified right and power over the creatures he has made, that we are but clay in the hands of the potter, is one of the misrepresentations that the Creator has suffered at the hands of theologians. God has no right to make a human being without doing the best that he can for his welfare. I know it will

seem to many theologians audacious in me to talk of the rights of men against God, but I believe that God looks on me with a more kindly regard for daring to make that statement. I think he is only disgusted with all the cringing with which so many men approach him. He does not wish us to crawl like worms of the dust, but to stand up like men, ready to give to him the service of our bodies, as his temples, as well as of our minds and hearts. It is a grand calling from God to do men's work for him, and the more we stand up as men for it the more we shall have his approval. In the most perfect humility towards God and sense of utter dependence on him, there need not be a particle of abjectness.

A great question has arisen within a few years as to the nature of God, a large number of truly religious men, and among them some of our best preachers, holding that God is only a part of nature, or rather, perhaps, is nature itself, not outside of nature as a creator of it, but as a force within it, indistinguishable from it, and, of course, not a personal being. I have never been able to settle down comfortably upon this view. If God is not a personal being I do not see how he can be a hearer of prayer. Yet I should feel like an orphan if I believed that he could not hear my prayers. Christ taught us that the Father heard us, and encouraged us to pray. This is enough to decide my own mind in the matter. Whatever we may think of the nature of Christ, we know that he had the highest spiritual perception, and as our great Teacher could not have been mistaken in a matter that he taught so emphatically and practiced so constantly and fervently. There is another consideration that has weight with me in the matter. We ourselves are a part of nature, as much so as the trees and rocks; we grow by the force of nature just as the trees do. And our minds are a part of nature as much as our bodies, and grow as naturally. Their growth is by an expanding force within them, not by an external force. Now inspiration, a force to which the human mind is susceptible and responsive, is an external force. It is not a sudden and extraordinary but yet natural expansion of the mind itself. It is an *afflatus* from without, a breathing in upon us. It is the old "enthusiasm" of the Greeks, which with them was "a god within us," not a

god abiding in us, but a god entering into us from without. Every one who has felt inspiration, and those who have felt it in the highest degree have been those who could most intelligently understand and report its operation, knows it to be some motion upon the mind from the outside. Now, if inspiration comes from a divine source, which I believe is a settled point in theology, the God from whom it comes must be something wholly outside of ourselves; and if outside of ourselves, then outside of all the rest of nature.

2. *Everlasting Punishment.* This dogma I reject with all the force that I can put into the rejection. It is a dogma that can live only as a part of a system that robs God of all his Fatherhood and makes him a remorseless tyrant. As I believe in no such God, I cannot accept this hideous outcome from that false conception of him. If God created a world of which more than half the people in it were to go finally into eternal suffering, then he is not worthy of our worship, and, indeed, may justly be abhorred. A human father that should leave his own child to grow up in ignorance and crime, would be regarded by us as a monster. God creates a child that is born in shame in the slums of London, who never hears the name of God except in profanity, and at the age of twenty is shot down in attempting to commit a robbery. Now, if God sends that boy to hell, there to remain and suffer forever, then he is no better than that unnatural father whom we all agree in calling a monster.

I put this very case to a clergyman who expressed to me his full belief in everlasting punishment, and he replied that he did not believe that boy's condemnation would be so great as that of those who had had better opportunities, but that it would be exclusion from heaven, and without end. "Why," said he, "such a young man, if taken away from his vile associates and placed in a refined Christian family, would be perfectly miserable, and, if he could run away, would go back to the slums at once. Now, God may keep up through eternity such a place as the hell for such souls, where they will be denied all rational happiness and yet will not be wholly miserable."

I replied that the supposition was to me simply horrible. That the Indian boys and girls in our Hampton and York

schools often went back to their old life as a matter of preference, but we did not hesitate to do all we could to educate and christianize them so as to lead them to a better life, and can it be (said I) that God would not do all in his power to bring men out from such degradation and up into a higher and better life? And that, too, where a child had never had any other chance? It is my full and settled belief that sinful men in the other world are taught and helped by the best spirits over there to overcome what is evil in their characters, and that, after it may be many years, they come, through penitence and earnest effort, into fitness for pure companionship and a life of love and worship.

3. *Salvation.* I believe profoundly that a man is saved by *character*, and not by any vicarious sacrifice or imputed righteousness. As a man leaves this world and goes into the next, he merely passes through a dividing door, and is in every respect the same man after the transition as before. If his life has been truly a good one, he passes at once into the highest society of that world. If it has not been so, he must linger in greater or less of darkness and distress, till, under the influence of that world and its teachers, he is brought to contrition for his evil doing, and to abhorrence of the evil and aspiration for the good.

So far as the death of Christ is a factor in his salvation, I think its whole effect is a moral one and that its operation is man-ward and not God-ward. "If I be raised up I will draw all men unto me," Christ said. Its object was, I am sure, to stop present sin much more than to pay the penalty of past sin. The Scriptures are full of declarations of God's fatherly love and mercy. If a sinful man has thoroughly reformed and has become a truly godly man, we have their authority for believing that God will not dwell on his past sins, but will readily forgive all that he has been for the joy of finding him what he is. The old Calvinistic doctrine that God must exact a penalty from the sinner or from some one for him, to maintain the dignity of his own moral government, I believe to be a terrible misconception. I heard **this** doctrine expressed from a Presbyterian pulpit a few years ago in terms that were horrible to listen to, but yet

were only a fair statement of the Calvinistic idea. I was spending a Sunday in one of the towns of central Pennsylvania about twenty-five years ago, and attended the Presbyterian church of the village, where a professor in a neighboring theological seminary preached for the day. His subject was the atonement. He described the Father as an awful sovereign appearing in the heavens and brandishing the sword of justice, and crying out, "A victim, a victim, I must have a victim!" At which Christ appeared at the other side of the heavens, and, baring his bosom, said, "Here is the victim"; upon which the Father plunged the sword up to the hilt in his bosom, and "was satisfied." I have done the preacher no injustice by overstating the matter. It was all literally as I have described it. Let those who hold to that fearful doctrine find pleasure in contemplating that awful picture. I for one believe in God as a loving Father, and see in that representation of him only an atrocious libel. I believe no theologian of to-day would dare present the doctrine of the atonement in that bald and shocking way; and, if so, it shows that the doctrine has no solid foundation and recedes before the growing intelligence of the age. The only statement by Christ of the process by which a sinner turns from the error of his ways and is accepted by God is his story of the prodigal son. Here the son, brought to the depths of degradation and want, determined to arise and go to his father. He did so, walking in his rags and conning as he went the words of confession with which he would meet his father: "Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight, and am not worthy to be called thy son." His father had doubtless been looking out for his return every day since he went away, and when he saw him *afar off* he *ran* to him and fell upon his neck and kissed him, before he had time to repeat those words of confession which he had ready. And when the son gets home he does not attempt to humiliate him before his household; he imposes no penalty, but he says to his servants, "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet, and bring hither the fatted calf and kill it and let us eat and be merry." I set this statement of Christ over against that of the Presbyterian preacher. Who can blame me for siding with Christ in the matter?

According to the Calvinistic belief, a man may have all the qualities which, according to the first psalm, will make him "blessed," and yet fail of eternal life, because as a Hebrew, or as a scientific thinker, he does not accept the atonement of Christ. Indeed, all the beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount may belong justly to him and yet he may fail of salvation. But the Scriptures are full of promises of highest rewards to good living. "What doth the Lord require of thee but that thou do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly before thy God." After naming sundry acts of a good life, they say: "He that doeth these things shall never be moved." Indeed, where Jesus is depicting in fearful language the condemnation of the wicked, he imputes to them only selfishness and inhumanity, and not unbelief—a lack of all brotherliness towards one's fellow men, and not a lack of devoutness towards God. It is a great loss to a human soul not to come into loving communion with God, and it may require years of sorrowful experience in the other life to educate such a soul into a full comprehension and enjoyment of that high relation, but if the life and character are right, the soul may expect acceptance when it reaches that life.

I would not disparage the work of Christ. He has done a wonderful work for men in his example and teaching and in his sacrifice of himself for them. What there may be in the hidden counsels of the Almighty that may have given a special efficacy to his death I do not know. All that I care to contend for here is that it is not essential to the salvation of any soul that it should have believed in and accepted that sacrifice, or indeed that it should ever have known of it. This, I believe, is essentially the doctrine of the Universalists. The sacrifices of the Jews, an important part of their religious system, and which constitute a strong argument for an atoning sacrifice in the Christian system, were made, not for the benefit of the individual who should by some exercise of faith believe in their potency and accept their effect, but for the whole people. There was never lived a better Christian life than that of Sir Moses Montefiore, and yet as a Jew he rejected wholly the idea of the atonement. I cannot believe that his soul is lost. I think it has a high place in the other world. There are no

more godly men than some of our Jewish rabbis, and yet they do not accept Christ. A godly character is essential to salvation under the atonement, whatever efficacy we may give it, and the godly character, I am sure, will in itself save the soul.

It is only as we regard Christ as human that we can find in his death that depth of sacrifice that would be fitting to the supposed result. He was a man of sorrows and had not where to lay his head. What sacrifice could it be to him, if divine, to lay down such a burdened and weary life and enter into the ineffable glory of his waiting kingdom? What sacrifice that could be compared with that of many a young man who went into our civil war and laid down his life in the defense of his country and for the liberty of men?

The church in its history has held so many theories with regard to the atonement that that now held cannot be regarded as invested with an authority that places it beyond most serious questioning.

4. *The Nature of Christ.* Perhaps there is nothing that orthodox Christians hold more tenaciously than that Jesus became the son of Mary only by a miracle, and that he was of a divine nature and "very God." The question is one of most serious difficulty, and I do not propose, in my ignorance of so much that I need to know for an intelligent study of it, to allow myself to reach, and much less to express, any settled conclusion on the subject. It is difficult to see how, if the synoptic gospels are to be accepted as absolutely correct in their statements, as to both the actions and the words of Jesus, there can easily be any other conclusion than that he was of divine birth. His language is often in the highest degree self-assertive and authoritative, while it is almost a universal rule that a human being of great superiority of endowment is modest and even self-depreciating. It is hard to conceive how Jesus can have said some things which he did without having a full sense of the divine power within him, and if he felt conscious of the possession of such a power it becomes a very strong argument in favor of his really having it, for it seems hardly possible that, with his clear intellectual perceptions, he could have been deceived in the matter. It is claimed, too, that Paul, and those of the disciples who wrote on the sub-

ject, believed in his divinity, and their testimony in all the circumstances is certainly entitled to special weight. The almost universal acceptance of that view by the Christian church for so many centuries is also in itself a high authority in the matter.

On the other side, it is said that the idea of a double nature in Jesus, part God and part man, is one so impossible of comprehension as to create the greatest improbability of it, while it is contrary to God's manner of dealing with the world and its people, which is to make use wholly of the laws and forces of nature; and that Paul, the strongest authority on that side, made on the subject this most significant declaration in 1 Cor. xv, 27, 28: "For he hath put all things under his feet. But when he saith all things are put under him it is manifest that he is excepted who did put all things under him. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all." This passage, it is contended, can mean only that the exaltation of Christ, no matter how high, was yet limited as to both its nature and its duration, and that he would not finally be embraced in the Godhead and had never been brought within it. It is claimed also that the gospels were written so long after the death of Christ that it is hardly possible for them to have been absolutely accurate in their statements, and especially in what they give as Christ's language; that the first and second chapters of Luke, which contain the exquisite story of his birth at Bethlehem, are of questionable authenticity, and are not found in a well authenticated gospel written before Luke's; that by prophecy and universal belief it was indispensable that the Messiah should be of the lineage of David, and that it was impossible that Jesus should be of that lineage through his mother alone; and that both Matthew and Luke, who alone give his genealogy, give us the name of Joseph as the representative of that lineage. In accordance with the idea that God employs natural forces to carry out his divine purposes, it is claimed that there may have been a great overshadowing power at the natural conception of Jesus, which gave to him, in his wholly human nature, a great spiritual and special quality,

which, as he grew up, unfolded into a marvelous spiritual power. And with regard to his "mighty works," it is claimed that, supposing them to have been all that they are recorded as being, they do not differ essentially from many marvelous works of some of the old saints and prophets, "who through faith subdued kingdoms, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens; women received their dead raised to life again" (Hebrews xi, 23, 24, 25); and Jesus himself declared that, under the same faith, and with belief in him, we all could do the mighty works which he did, and even "greater works" than his.

This is only an outline of the argument on both sides of the question, and I give it here, not to help in the settlement of the difficulty, but to suggest whether it is important that we should come to a settled conclusion in our own minds on the subject. Can it make any great difference whether Jesus was conceived by a miracle and so was of superhuman birth, or received at his conception a divine baptism, raising him spiritually above all other men? In either case he would be the same Messiah, the same great Teacher, the same Master, the same Lord. He will ever be the "Prince of the Kingdom of the Heart."

Edward Irving, in the height of his wonderful work in London in the early part of this century, expressed the opinion that, while the soul of Jesus was divine, his body was merely human; else, said he, how could he have been tempted as we are and how understand our infirmities? The orthodox theologians at once took him up for this blasphemous statement, as they called it, and Irving was hurried to his grave by the bitter and unrelenting persecution to which he was subjected. Several of the best Scotch clergymen were silenced by their presbyteries. And yet who now hears any English or Scotch theologian contending for the divine nature of Christ's body? As a matter of discussion, the question has all gone by. So the question as to Christ's nature, whether he was divine by his birth or raised to the summit of spiritual exaltation by divine inspiration, it seems to me, will pass by as only a subject of curious speculation and as no longer of vital interest to men.

There is much difference of opinion among good men as to the nature of God. I have referred to this in an early part of this article. Is it necessary for us to decide this point before we can worship God? Surely it is not. The questions that deeply interest us relate to his attributes — his love, his wisdom, his power, his fatherly care of us, and our dependence upon him; in a word, his moral nature. If these are understood and felt, what matter is it to us exactly what is his material nature, if I may use such a term? Ought we not to try to bring all religious people together in the service of God, and not keep them apart by dogmatic and speculative differences?

5. *The Scriptures.* It is the orthodox belief that the Scriptures are the "Word of God," and that its writers were inspired by him, and that inspiration ceased to exist with them. I heard Mr. Moody say, as he held up the Bible before his audience, "Every word between these covers is inspired." I do not think that term has any application to mere narratives, especially of ancient facts of which the writers knew nothing. This is very different from declarations purporting to have been made by God to the old prophets and by them uttered as God's word to men. They said, "Thus saith the Lord," and without doubt they believed that he spoke through them. I know of no reason why it may not have been so. I have great faith in the power of the spirit of God to speak to men through human instruments that he may control. But this is very different from the dictation of a mere narrative of historical facts, to be written out by penmen acting in a mere clerical way, and very different, too, from a spiritual guidance of the minds of the writers so that they would unconsciously be kept from error. That is all that I care to question.

What, then, is the Bible? The Old Testament is the religious history of the Jews, written by themselves, and cherished and revered as every nation would cherish and revere its own history. It is not known by whom the various books were written. It is well settled that those ascribed to Moses were not written by him. The books, for they should be called books rather than the book, were made up of a great many fragments, brought together by Jewish Rabbis and Scribes, and which came from their nature and age to be held

in great reverence by the Jews. The ancient histories of all nations have their legends, which came to fill a large place in their traditions, and which were generally the magnifying of some memorable occurrence. The Jewish history has thus its legends, more numerous and improbable from the very remote past in which the history had its beginning. The creation of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden is one of them. The stopping of the sun by Joshua is another. That can never have occurred, even if we regard it as merely a stopping of the earth in its revolution, for it would have carried the whole solar system into wreck, and besides would have been noticed and recorded by other nations, especially those who, like the Egyptians, were familiar with astronomy. The story of the deluge and the ark is another legend. Such a deluge, covering the highest mountain peaks, was a physical impossibility, while the collecting of representatives of all the animals on the earth, with provisions for their sustenance, and the preservation of their lives and the lives of all Noah's family in the noxious air of so scant and overcrowded a space and for so long a time, would have been an equal impossibility. There can be no doubt that there was a basis for the legend in the prevalence of an enormous flood on the earth, of which other nations have their traditions. The idea that all these fables were inspired by God is degrading to him and tends to produce an utter distrust of all inspiration and all Scripture. All who would have our respect for the Bible preserved, should be outspoken in their relegation of these impossible stories to the domain of legend. The New Testament is a far more modern book and is not open to so much criticism and distrust as the ancient Scriptures. But the four gospels, on which we rely for the story of the wonderful life and teachings of Christ and of his early and tragic death, were written so long after the death of Christ, and have so uncertain a history, that it is impossible to feel absolutely sure of their details, either of acts on his part or (and perhaps especially) of his words. We get from them enough to show what an exalted character Christ was, what a marvelous spiritual comprehension and experience he had, and what words of wisdom he spoke. He will always remain to us our great example, and our leader in all our efforts

to perfect ourselves in a godly life and to bring others to such a life.

I read a portion of the Scriptures every day, and while there are passages in the Old Testament that could have been written only in an age of brutality and which are horrible to read, and for the writing of which I am sure God was in no way responsible, yet I read a great deal that is wonderful in its presentation of divine truth and wisdom and in the record of the earthly experiences of godly men. The Bible has no more real enemies than those who claim for it verbal inspiration and inerrancy. The intelligence of the age will not accept this claim and the whole book is made to feel the discredit of the false assumption. The true friends of the Bible are those who look upon it as literature, and, as such, as the history of the most godly nation that lived in its time on the earth.

6. *Creeds.* I do not believe in creeds. I think it was never intended that Christian churches should be built upon creeds. Religion, as I have said before, and as our wisest religious teachers tell us, is a matter of life and not of belief. All that I would require as a declaration of faith is a belief in "the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man." I would have our covenants something like this, and with nothing more: "We desire to lead the Christian life, and we seek the help of our fellow Christians in trying to attain that life and promise them what help we can give them in their efforts to attain it."

I believe that before another century has passed, and perhaps before the next century has reached its culmination, the best religious organizations of the Christian world will have accepted a theology substantially like that I have outlined in the foregoing article. Dogmas will have ceased to dominate the religious mind. Men will have learned to love one another, and through such human love will be all the more ready to love God. All that is repulsive in the old idea of God will have given way before the idea of God's love to his children. The world grows slowly out of its old errors and delusions, but such a change of religious belief will mightily help it forward towards its redemption from the dominion of evil.

Nothing promises more for this result than the growing prevalence in the Christian world of what is known as "liberal Christianity." By this I mean religion as Christ taught it. That which is generally accepted as Christianity should have been called "Paulism." It is founded wholly on what Paul taught, and not on what Christ taught. Indeed, it is doubtful whether Christ could be called a Christian, if we judge him wholly by his teachings. The Christian world needs to revise its religious opinions. The revision has earnestly begun, and I feel confident it will continue until the religious world finds the whole of its religion in the love of God and the love of man.

MY RELIGION.

I draw a clear line between my Theology and my Religion. One is a matter for the intellect, the other for the heart. If a man's heart is right, I feel sure of his salvation, whatever his opinions may be. He may be utterly uncivilized, and even what we call a heathen, and yet, if his heart is right, I am sure that neither his ignorance nor his superstition will endanger his salvation. By opinions I mean, of course, honest opinions. A wilful perversity of thinking, a pride of false opinion, are not consistent with honesty. An honest thinker will have lost much by his misconceptions of truth, for truth is full of nutrition for both mind and heart, but he will not have lost his soul. The whole question comes to character, the importance of which, in determining one's condition in the future life, is transcendent. I do not mean to say that that character must be perfect, but it must have been making a constant and earnest effort to be perfect.

God made us merely human. He knew what a weak thing a human being is, and yet he chose to make a world that should be inhabited by such beings, and to fill it with evil temptations and opportunities. And now, when we wander away into sin, he is not watching in anger to detect us, but with the guardian eye of a father to restrain and save us, and his feeling towards us is one of sorrow, and not of that rage of which the theological professor, of whom I spoke in the last chapter, gave us such a dreadful picture. He never forgets that we are his children,

sent here to be trained, not to be tested, and is full of patience and of mercy.

Now, do not let it be supposed that I am excusing sin and helping the wrongdoer to an easier conscience and to a less restrained life. I think that no earthly calamity that can befall a man can be compared to that of a life of wilful sin. If one has been a prodigal son he may abandon his reckless life and return to his father's house and be welcomed back. His past sins will be forgiven. They will have made a scar upon his soul that it may take years of growth to efface, but God's mercy will have forgiven him. *But he must be an honestly returned prodigal. There can be no half-way reformation, no compromise between duty and self-indulgence. Such thoroughly reformed men may become some of our best men. They have been some of the best saints and martyrs in the world's history.

Now, what is the religion that has this preserving and rescuing power — the religion that is so essential to our true happiness here and hereafter? The best answer that I can find is the following passage in the Epistle of James, Chap. I, v. 27: "Pure religion and undefiled before God is this — To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Let it be noted that this is not from any of the prophets of the Old Testament, whose earnest words were all to the same effect, but who spoke before the death of Christ had, as theologians claim, brought a new element into personal religion, but was written by one of the apostles, who had been taught by Christ himself, and who stood in a position of special authority among his commissioned representatives, and was written, too, after the death of Christ had completed his earthly work for men. And this definition of the apostle brings in the two elements that make up the formula of religious life and belief that I think will ultimately be accepted by the church and become its only creed — "the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man." The latter is clearly expressed in the sympathetic and helpful visiting of the fatherless and widows, and the former in that loving obedience to God's commands which will keep one from the pollutions of sinful life. The fatherhood of God is, how-

ever, more directly declared in innumerable passages of both the Old and New Testaments, and especially by Christ himself.

And here is all my religion. I think I have never failed in brotherly love of my fellow men. The greatest pain of my life grows out of my knowledge of their many sufferings. In a book of daily religious reading ("Daily Strength for Daily Needs," a book unsurpassed for its purpose), I find that, at a place where a Christian writer is quoted as saying "Ask God to increase your power of sympathy," I have written on the margin, "I have to ask God to give me less power of sympathy." Indeed, one of the most awful mysteries that confront me in the divine administration is that of a fatherly God, whose power is unlimited, allowing his children to suffer as they so often do, and looking down calmly upon it, when my own distress at the sight is almost unendurable. I can see why he has allowed sin to come into the world. We should be miserably flabby creatures if we were kept good wholly by divine power, with no choice of our own wills. And I can only hope that in the case of innocent sufferers there is some loving and compensating purpose that in our ignorance we cannot understand. We can only hope and trust, doing constantly all that we can for the relief of the suffering and the comfort of the sorrowing, but leaving the outcome and result to God.

As to keeping ourselves unspotted from the world: I have treated this as a recognition of our relation to God, who requires it of us, and who is ever ready to help us in our struggles with temptation. "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth to show himself strong in behalf of him whose heart is perfect toward him." (2 Chron., 16, 9.) But I have often seen men of whom it might be said that they kept themselves unstained by the pollutions of the world, who yet did not clearly recognize and consciously love God. What shall be said of them? Some of the best men I have known, honest, benevolent, earnest in moral work, have yet said to me that they could not form any conception of God, and of course could not love him. And it is difficult for one to form a conception of God that is not vague, and to feel toward such an indefinite and uncomprehended being anything like

the emotions of love which a child feels for its mother who is holding it in her arms, or that two loving friends feel for each other. I got great comfort years ago from a very thoughtful sermon which I heard on this very subject. It told us that the test is this: Do we love the things that God loves? I cannot feel any doubt that I do this. It was impressed very strongly upon my mind by an experience which I had in London a few years ago. I was very intimate there with Dr. John Chapman, with whom I was staying. I have devoted a short chapter to him, *ante*, p. 205. He was chief editor of the *Westminster Review*, and a man of rare intellect and most lovable personal qualities. But he did not believe in the existence of God, nor in a future life; and at one time while I was with him, and had been admiring the clearness and apparent honesty of his mind, the thought seized me and for some time held possession of me, like the fastening of a vampire upon one's respiration, may he not be right? I wandered for a morning about the London streets at the mercy of that malign possession and looking aghast upon the possible desolating anarchy. But through it all it never came into my mind that I would escape a fearful accountability and find myself admitted to a freer and less restrained life. My whole thought was that the world must be saved by all the harder work of those of us who loved righteousness. It looked like a desperate fight on our part, but the idea of letting up a particle in the fight never occurred to me. And I came to see clearly, as if a divine revelation had disclosed it to me, that my accountability, in its most fearful aspect, was an accountability to myself, and ever since then that has been my sole sense of accountability—the certainty that in the revealing light of the spirit world I have got to look myself in the face and answer my own searching and merciless questions. God is our Father, and will look on our shortcomings with pity and mercy, but I expect no mercy from myself. Here is the Hell of bad men—self-condemnation and bitter self-reproach. I lay very ill a few years ago, but with my mind clear and intensely active, and my memory wandering like a skilled detective over the whole field of my life. I cannot tell with what comfort I was able to see that my entire life had been a morally

clean one, and that I had not been intentionally guilty of unkindness or wrong, but had been unselfish and generous and full of the spirit of helpfulness to others, while I had from my boyhood been most scrupulous to avoid leading others astray by word or example. If I had led a dissolute or dishonest life I think I should have gone insane upon the review of it.

And I think that no one who consciously and truly loves those things that God loves, and so in a true sense loves God, ever has to fall back upon his moral principles to strengthen him in his effort to do the right and avoid the wrong. He does what is right solely because he loves it, just as God loves it; he refuses to do the wrong solely because he abhors it, just as God abhors it. God never has to fall back upon moral principles. He acts only on a great, wise, loving will, and when we do the same we may be satisfied that God accepts our consecrated desires as the truest love to him, although we may have no clear conception of him as a spirit, and no conscious love of him as our Father.

Thus, by our conformity to that highest ideal of a godly life and by our spirit of love and helpfulness toward our fellow men, we illustrate in our lives that pure and undefiled religion which the apostle describes as "the visiting of the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and the keeping one's self unspotted from the world."

THE UPBUILDING OF A STATE.

The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of the first constitution of Connecticut was celebrated at Hartford on January 24, 1889. Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Twichell delivered an address of great interest in the Center Church of the city, before a crowded house, and in the evening a meeting was held at Allyn Hall, at which numerous speeches were made. I had agreed to take part in the exercises of the evening, and prepared for the purpose the following address on the "Upbuilding of a State," which I read at the meeting. I express in it some ideas which I think very important, and am glad to put myself on record as having held and declared them.

The planting of a State is always a subject of interest. Its history is generally one of adventure and heroism, and we read it as we would a romance. This is generally so where mere temporal advantage was the ruling motive, but the subject becomes one of profound interest where there predominated a great moral purpose. Such a purpose entered into the planting of our State, and of all New England, even though they did not dream they were sowing the seeds of empire, and we do well to honor these noble founders. They were wise men in their day, and laid foundations deep and strong, and we may study the history of the time for the mere wisdom that it teaches. But we miss its great lesson if we do not study, and understand, and become inspired by, the *spirit* of those grand men. They came here in the fear of God, and holding their first allegiance due to him. And, though they had a perpetual struggle for existence against savages, against most rigorous winters, against the most scanty supplies of the necessaries of life, they found time and heart to look to the future, and felt their responsibility for the character of that future. The church, the school, the college, a wise system of government—all that could affect the moral welfare of their descendants—these were the things that they thought of and labored for. They had sometimes their petty ambitions, their jealousies and rivalries, for they were but human; but there was a great pervading enthusiasm to establish an intelligent and God-fearing people. All honor, therefore, to those brave, good men.

But we ought not to forget that we are all, in a sense, if not *founders*, yet *builders*. We, as they, build for the next generation, and the next, and the great lesson we are to learn from them is, that we are to build, as they did, *with a great moral purpose*. No man can live for himself alone; but we may make our lives morally worthless if we live in the mere present, seeking our own personal success in life, and not striving to make the world better for our having lived in it. There are noble men and women living to-day, grand souls, who, by their toil and self-sacrifice, have helped to set the world forward. But how manifest is it that the vast majority of men, even in this Christian land, and men of intelligence and social position, are living but little above a material plane; certainly with no thought of any allegiance owed to God, or of any duty to make warfare upon the powers of evil.

Let us then be builders with a high moral purpose. All this is easy exhortation; almost commonplace. But I beg you, in the

few minutes allowed me, to follow me through a certain philosophy that attends the matter of building up a truly Christian society.

1. And, in the first place, the work of up-building is a work of *Reform*. The true builder is a reformer. The reform of a hundred years ago, reaching then the highwater mark of the progressive thought of the time, becomes the conservatism of to-day, and the reformer of to-day must build higher. — The true reformer is not, necessarily, an iconoclast. Sometimes he has to be. Thus the reformer Hezekiah “brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made, for the children of Israel did burn incense to it; and he called it Nehustan,” — that is — only a piece of *brass*. It once represented a vital truth, but the life had all gone out of it, and the Jews had made a mere fetish of it. But in the composition of a genuine reformer there is, ordinarily, no quality of destructiveness. He is, in the truest sense, a builder. So far as he would destroy some entrenched wrong, it is merely the overthrow of that which is itself a usurpation and the re-establishment of that which is a dethroned right, or which rests upon clear, but disregarded, principles of right. This is illustrated in the overthrow of slavery in this country. The spirit which assailed it was not one of destructiveness, but a spirit of up-building, of lifting dethroned manhood to its rightful place. The ordinary idea of a reformer is of a pugnacious man, who carries around a moral shillalah; whereas, in fact, he is generally a member of a peace society; or of a morose and gloomy man; whereas, he may be, and sometimes is, overflowing with wit and humor, and the best sort of company. All that specially marks him is a burning enthusiasm for humanity. I know no truer women, in all that goes to make true womanhood, than those who, as the Women's Christian Temperance Union, are carrying on a war against the saloons.

2. The true reformer, in the second place, is never satisfied with mere expedients and makeshifts. These have their place, and it is often absolutely necessary to resort to them. But when the immediate exigency is passed, the true reformer goes to work to remove the cause. He considers not merely conditions, but theories. He studies and seeks to apply fundamental principles. Compromises are often not only expedient, but just. They enter largely into the framework of society. But a compromise with some vice, no matter how entrenched, merely postpones an

inevitable struggle with it. Unsettled questions of right, it has been said, have no mercy for the peace of nations. Compromises with slavery only postponed, and in the end made more terrible, the final death struggle of freedom with it. When the anarchists were hung in Chicago, their execution was an expedient. No wrong, fancied or real, could justify their dynamite war on society, and there was no way but to deal with them with a strong hand. But the danger to society from the anarchy of the hovel is not so great as that from the anarchy of the palace. There will always be a determination to suppress disorder. Life, property, all prosperity, rest for their security on social *order*, and the nation would rise by a common impulse to put down any organized attack upon it. But the most dangerous anarchy—and the more dangerous because it does not come in conflict with the spirit of order—is that of the men, who, by combination and by the power of money, control our legislation, or pervert it where they cannot wholly control it, or where they can do neither, lubricate, by the use of their money, some hole of escape. They do not terrorize society; it is no part of their object to terrorize anybody; but the thoughtful lover of his country, and of equality and justice, looks on with the gravest apprehension. When the true builder of society has discharged his painful duty toward the men of violence and blood, he addresses himself to his higher and more serious duty to this more dangerous class, and sees that a correction of what is wrong here will largely remove the cause of the plebeian anarchy.

3. The true reformer, in the third place, builds upon the foundation of old ideas, but the superstructure is of new ideas, or of ideas that have been overlooked or lost, and are practically new to the age. The case is not unlike that of our wonderful inventions and material improvements of all sorts. These are generally but new uses of natural forces that have existed from the foundation of the world. And upon our discoveries and inventions a later age will build a like superstructure of its own. This is true evolution. So it is with moral and religious ideas. The old Roman who, as a magistrate, could coolly condemn his son to death, could never have got from the declarations of Scripture as to God's fatherly love the same conception of it that a father to-day gets. The new conception, as compared with the old, is practically a new truth. Yet the ideas of both would have the same foundation. So I say we build in our day with ideas that

are practically *new* in our day, though all resting on old foundations. Take the religious dogmas of two centuries ago; where are many of them to-day? and even some of those most tenaciously held? yet all were built, according to the intelligence of the age, on that everlasting foundation, the Gospel of Christ.

Our Lord told us that the Spirit of Truth would *come* (involving the idea of a new arrival), and would *guide* us into all truth. This involves the idea of *progression* in the guide and in the follower; and progress, too, in truth itself. Paul told us to "serve in the *newness of the spirit*, and not in the *oldness of the letter*." The spirit is ever new and ever progressive, and leaves the letter far behind. I was once in Geneva on the Fourth of July, and in that home of Calvin gave as a toast, "John Calvin as he would be if he were here to-day." That grand, brave, sturdy old man, if here to-day, would, I verily believe, hardly pass an acceptable examination in Calvinism. The world of religious thought moves, though it still revolves and will ever revolve, around the great central source of all light.

4. There is a great duty on the part of sober and intelligent men, not to stand aloof from, but to fraternize with and guide, that less intelligent, and often too impatient, and so too hasty and impetuous, spirit of reform which almost always shows itself in connection with true reforms. It is extravagant and often fanatical, but is well-intentioned and needs to be guided and not discouraged or suppressed. The world would never move if there were not some men so zealous as to go too far. What a force there is, if rightly directed and controlled, in the Salvation Army. Benjamin Du Plan—the "Gentleman of Alais," as he was called, who lived in the south of France a hundred and fifty years ago, was a noble specimen of a true reformer in the highest social position joining with extravagant zealots, because he knew they were on the Lord's side. *The Hartford Courant*, in an editorial notice of his life, recently published, says: "To be a Protestant was to be an outcast in every way. It was this lot that young Du Plan chose for his worldly portion. The reader will not be surprised to learn that there was Protestant fanaticism as well as Catholic bigotry, and that there were abnormal developments of religious zeal. Many women and girls took up the character of prophetesses and preachers, fell down in ecstasies, and went through all the scandals of fantastic demeanor and imposture. Du Plan was deterred from his choice neither by the ex-

travagance of some of the sect, nor by the persecutions. *It is largely owing to his labors that the French Protestant church is alive to-day.*"

5. And this brings me, in the fifth place, to a point which I conceive it to be very important to have fully understood. It is that new ideas, especially on moral and religious subjects, which are finally accepted as God's own truth, find at the outset their most determined antagonists in the church and among really good men. I am not speaking against good men as such; to nobody are they dearer than to me. I am not speaking against the church; few love the church more. But I am speaking of a fact, and speaking from the study of history and the observations of a long life. The fact seems on its face almost incomprehensible, yet is easily explained.

In the first place, almost every advance is in the direction of larger liberty—liberty of thought, liberty of action, of less responsibility to mere law and more to one's own soul, the grandest of responsibilities. Now liberty is near neighbor to *license*, and every man of loose morals takes the side of liberty against restraint. And not merely the bad men, but all the men of courageous thinking who have already antagonized prevailing beliefs. Take the universal belief of a hundred years ago that the world was made in six days, by six successive fiat's of God, and that the Scripture so taught. Thirty years after science had clearly established the fact that the world was thousands of years in being made, there were probably twenty outside of the churches who accepted this as the truth where there was one in the churches. And the former were regarded as little better than infidels. But God's truth was with the infidels, and the error was with his people. Again, take the question of future probation. (I do not propose to touch the merits of the question.) Almost every bad man favors the idea. He sees in it deliverance for himself. He sees in it license. Yet the man who desires only to know what is God's truth on the subject is allowing himself to be led astray if he lets himself be influenced by the consideration that all bad men accept the new idea and the great majority of good men reject it. Early in this century Sir Samuel Romilly, one of the noblest men England has ever known, then a member of Parliament, set out to reform the criminal law of England by abolishing the death penalty for petty offenses. A body of acts which, voted down overwhelmingly at first, he by great effort

and long persistence finally got passed, is known as the "Romilly Acts," and England is to-day proud of them, and not one vote in ten thousand could be got for going back to the old law. Yet when he began all society was against him — and the church with the rest. There was a universal belief that any letting up of penalty would only increase crime. And who were with him? Some good men were early gained over; but every thief, every robber, every vile man and woman, was on his side. Yet God was on the same side with the thieves, and not with his people.

There is another reason why the church and good men are thrown into antagonism to nascent truth. The church rests on *old ideas*. Its people have been brought up on them. They think them everlasting truths, and that they embrace all truth. They cannot realize that the kingship never dies, though the scepter may pass to new hands.

A worn-out dogma died. Around its bed
 Its votaries wept as if all truth were dead.
 But heaven-born truth is an immortal thing.
 Hark, how its lieges give it welcoming —
 "The King is Dead—Long live the King."*

So the moment a new idea is brought before these good people which seems to conflict with what they have been taught, they bristle against it. Without ever examining the question they take a position of antagonism to it. There is often much to respect in this spontaneous rallying to the defense of old truths to which they feel that they owe an unhesitating and unquestioning allegiance. I have more respect for a bigot than for a mere surface indifferentist. And then these same defenders of the church look out upon the supporters of the new idea and see a motley group of all sorts—broad religionists, cavillers, agnostics, and, beyond these, all sorts of bad men, and they think that nothing can be clearer than that they are on the Lord's side. Yet, in most cases, a half-century later the church will have accepted the new idea as God's truth.

Let it be understood, then, that as an almost universal rule, new truths come with a great discredit. It is right that there should be a strong presumption against them, and to require that they be supported by a large preponderance of proof. But it is

* These lines and those on page 307 have already appeared in the chapter on "Bits of Verse." When that chapter was printed I had not decided to insert the present chapter.

more than this. They encounter a strong, unreasoning, often bitter, prejudice ; a prejudice that I think is hateful to God ; for I believe that God loves above all others the man who loves truth, and is willing to suffer, and, if need be, to die for it. God makes his truths stand upon their own foundation, not on the patronage of the church or society. The New York *Nation* said some time ago, in an article on Garrison, that no one not living at that time could have any idea of the state of public opinion when that reformer began his work. It was a few fanatics on one side and all society on the other. I know that to be the fact, for I was myself one of the fanatics. Where is society now? The old prophets, with their long hair, their garments of sackcloth, and their denunciatory proclamations in the market places, were the "cranks" of their time, and very repulsive ones too ; yet God made them his mouthpiece. What more uncouth than John the Baptist, wearing a goat skin and living on locusts and wild honey as he wandered about ; and yet he was the forerunner and herald of Christ. And when Christ came he was called a glutton and wine-bibber, and was despised and rejected of men. Hear what Paul says :

"Not many wise after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called ; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world that he might put to shame them that are wise ; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world, that he might put to shame things that are strong ; and the base things of the world and the things that are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught the things that are." I Cor., 1, 26-7-8.

All who come to save the world must expect to be assailed as gluttons and wine-bibbers, or with other terms of contempt ; but they will be none the less the commissioned servants of God. Remember, then, ye who would be builders for God in the state, in society, in the church, that you are to encounter the sneers of society and the antagonism of that church which is dear to us all, and are to find hosts of supporters with whom you have little in common, many of whom you must regard with utter disgust, but are to have the great comfort of feeling that God is with you, and that the future will bless you. Christ was willing for the sake of truth to become of "no reputation." Are we ?

But let us be comforted with the assurance that the toil and self-abnegation and self-sacrifice of noble and consecrated souls will not be lost. Under a great divine purpose, that has run

through the ages, the world is moving on to the completeness of its deliverance. All redemptions come by crucifixions. Blessed are the crucified. Christ told his followers that in the latter days there would be a great spiritual experience among men. Our greatest philosopher, Fiske, gives it as the result of his profound studies, that man's physical development is complete, and that his development in the future is to be of his inward nature. Thus the last word of the best philosophy of to-day accords with the prophetic word of eighteen centuries ago. And God's word is pledged, and his nature too, for the final triumph of good.

There is then a great final good to which the world is tending, and its progress toward which we can aid by our endeavors. All that poets have dreamed, all that seers have beheld in their visions, is to be finally realized. The kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of Christ our Lord.

I once, in sad and thoughtful mood,
 Stood in an old-world solitude,
 Amidst the scattered ruins vast
 Of a great empire of the past.

But now, with feeling more intense,
 I watch the gathering elements
 Of a grand empire yet to be,
 World-clasping in immensity.
 That empire shall be Love and Peace ;
 Its sway begun shall never cease ;
 No drum-beats shall its morns salute ;
 No trumpets shall their clangor bruit ;
 But, following the circling sun,
 Each day shall be with song begun ;
 A song of praise, O God, to Thee ;
 A song that shall unbroken be,
 Save by the deep-toned anthem of the sea.

APPEAL TO YOUNG MEN.

I feel unwilling to close this little volume, my last word to those who have known me, and to young men who may hereafter come upon the stage and be attracted by some professional considerations to the reading of the book, without making an earnest appeal to young men for purity of life. I have been exceedingly pained by seeing not a few young men

in my profession who have yielded to besetting temptations and begun upon a depraved life. I feel the deepest sympathy for young men so beleaguered, who have not yet reached a full sense of the seriousness of life and of its heavy responsibilities, and I have from my early life done what I could to strengthen the virtuous and reclaim the immoral. One young lawyer of much promise, to whom I gave desk room in my office, I found had begun a dissolute life, and on my telling him what I had heard he confessed that it was so. "Now," said he, "I suppose, of course, you will require me to leave the office." "No," said I, "I am going, if I can, to be your saviour." I did my best to reclaim him, but he soon after left the city, and I cannot feel sure that I accomplished anything for his reclamation. I mention the case here only as showing my manner of dealing with such cases.

A dissolute life is a terrible one to look back upon from the spirit world, whither we are all hastening. And it is dreadful to look back upon from earth life where age has brought us to reflection. An elderly public man of ability, who then had the public confidence and esteem, and in a high degree my own, had been a profligate in his early life, and his only son had closed an intemperate and licentious life before he was thirty. He was one day talking with me in a room by ourselves, and spoke of the great danger which our young men were in, of falling into licentious habits, and said that, though it was greatly to be deplored, it seemed almost inevitable that they should do so. I replied to him that I thought young men, by the cultivation of pure ideas and by self-control, could preserve a perfect moral integrity, and I added that no man and no woman had ever stepped down morally a thousandth part of an inch from anything that I had ever done. "Can you say that?" said he. "Can you say that? Oh God, if I could say that." Is it worth while in early life to throw away an innocency of mind that would be worth all the world to a man in later life?

The dissolute man is filling his mind with foul images that will beset and haunt him as he grows old, and especially when he finds himself in the other life. There was a few years ago a well-known man, living in the northern part of this state,

who was notorious for his licentious habits. One day a leading member of our bar, who was fond of gathering the younger members about him to hear his humorous stories, was thus amusing a circle of whom I was one, and told us that he had recently seen this man, now old and unable longer to keep up his free habits, and asked him how it was with him now as to his old appetites. "Oh," said the man, "just as it always has been, only now it's all in my head." Quite a laugh followed, but to me the picture which it brought was a dreadful one. This old man, in the other world, was to be set on fire by his old passions, yet it was to be all in his head. He was to be eaten up with sexual desire, but without the means of gratifying it. Do any of my young friends want such a hell?

The Scriptures tell us that "as a man thinketh so is he." The only protection of a young man is in the cultivation of pure thoughts. Without them he is almost at the mercy of temptations. By a habit of impure thought he is inviting evil spirits to pursue and haunt him. And they are always ready to come.

There is a consideration in favor of a chaste life that is rarely thought of by dissolute men, but which seems to me to be a very serious one. What dissolute man, who has wandered about the world in his free life, knows what children may have been born in shame and to utter neglect, of whom he is the father? I think such fathers in the other world will find fingers pointed at them by children whom they have never known, and who will curse them for their own hard fate.

But there is another consideration that should have a decisive weight with our young men. Almost every man of them expects some time to marry, and will require of the woman he may marry the strictest purity of life. But why should he demand a better record of her than she of him? If he has any sense of honor left in him he will be distressed at the thought of what he in his defilement has brought to her in her purity. I do not claim that it is quite so bad in him to have fallen as it would have been in her. Her fall would have been from a greater height and into a deeper abyss, and could less easily be recovered from, though in such a case, if she had been betrayed through her affections, she would be less guilty than

her betrayer. And I do not claim that a fallen man is hopelessly lost to society and to himself. There have been many cases of profligate young men repenting and reforming and leading lives of usefulness and honor. A man by penitence and a new life can recover from any fall, but he will have a stain upon his soul that not all the waters in the world can wash away.

And it is a serious question whether such men, leaving utterly behind them an immoral life and seeking the happiness and support of refined domestic life, are not bound in honor to make a full confession before marriage to the women who have accepted them. It will be a very difficult thing to do, and there can be no general rule on the subject. Each case must be determined by its own circumstances. But I think it will in almost every case be better than to have the concealed immorality discovered after marriage. At any rate I think it may be relied on with a good degree of certainty that if the woman has any quality of nobleness in her own character, she will respect and trust him the more for his full confession.

No man need despair of himself because in his immature years he has gone widely astray in this matter. There is always a readiness on the part of God to welcome back a prodigal son, and society is ready for it too. But for the man who keeps up through life, or far into middle life, habits of profligacy, I have not a word to say of excuse or palliation, and society should utterly withdraw its respect and recognition, while a terrible self-condemnation and remorse, making the deepest hell, await him in the future life.

A FINAL WORD.

I had intended to make my last chapter the closing one of my volume, but in reading over what I have said in my chapter on Theology, I have become apprehensive that my old religious friends and co-workers in the churches, who still cling to the dogmas that I have abandoned, may feel as if I have withdrawn in the same degree from my sympathy with their religious work. I am very unwilling to be so misunderstood. With me an earnest spirit of Christian work counts for more,

far more, than intellectual soundness of religious belief. The latter stands only for correct thinking, which may co-exist with utter heartlessness; the former is the token of a good heart and life, which are all that is vital in human character. I never looked with more sympathy upon a human life consecrated to the true salvation of men. I look in occasionally upon the young men who are studying in the Theological Seminary at Hartford, and I forget all about the dogmas which they are taught and which they hold, in the thought of their unselfish devotion to the good of the world. There is a light upon their faces that seems to me like an illumination from the overspreading heavens. The Fourth Church at Hartford represents in its creed and teachings much that I regard as passing away in theology, but is one of the most consecrated churches in New England, working incessantly, not only to build up among its members a high standard of Christian life, but to rescue the abandoned and profligate, going out into the highways and hedges to bring them in. It is a great and noble work that it is doing, and no change in my own belief could abate my interest in its saving work.

I spend my summers in Norfolk in this state, a mountain town which is a favorite place of summer resort for the residents of our cities. I always attend the Congregational church there, which has during the summer a large congregation. In the fall of 1897 I attended there, with great interest, the installation of a young pastor over the church, and I have ever since watched with increasing interest his devoted labors in his pulpit and through his parish. I doubt whether there is a person in his parish whose eyes have followed him with a more fatherly affection. In my summer residence in Norfolk in former years I have been in the habit of always attending the mid-week prayer-meeting of the church, almost invariably taking a part in its exercises. I am now too old for the activities of a few years ago, but I look out on the active Christian work of others with no abatement of interest, and with a warm and hearty sympathy and satisfaction.

APPENDIX.

SOCIAL LIFE IN FARMINGTON EARLY IN THE CENTURY.

BY JULIUS GAY OF FARMINGTON.

[The following article was prepared at my special request by Mr. Julius Gay of Farmington, a gentleman of fine education and of great intelligence in all matters of local and state history. I am sure it will very much interest the readers of my book. It is of special pertinence to these reminiscences, as Farmington is my native place and it depicts the social life into which I was born and in which I was reared. I have appended a few short notes, generally enlarging a little from my personal recollection some of the points spoken of by Mr. Gay.

The Edward Hooker, from whose journal of that time Mr. Gay makes several extracts, was my father. He kept a minute daily journal from the time of his graduation at Yale College in 1805 to about 1825, covering the period of his residence in South Carolina, his two years' tutorship at Yale, his marriage and the birth of two of his children (the second being myself), and the time of his taking young men to prepare them for college. The journal is an almost inexhaustible mine of materials for the study of the people and habits of that time.

J. H.]

The present village of Farmington, the original center of the old town which once extended from Simsbury on the north to Cheshire on the south, and from the river towns of Hartford and Wethersfield westward beyond the Burlington mountain range, occupies about the same ground as the village of the Revolution. On the site of Unionville the tavern of Solomon Langdon stood almost alone on the forest trail which led to Litchfield and far-off Albany. Plainville, then known as the "Great Plain," had only a few scattered houses, while Avon, Bristol, Burlington, and Southington, though parts of the town when the revolution began, were separate communities, having meeting-houses and a social life of their own. The dwellers on the rich alluvial soil along the Farmington River were industrious and prosperous. The horrors of Indian warfare came all around them and left them unharmed. The only revolutionary armies which marched through their streets were the friendly troops of Rochambeau.

At the close of the war the one or two stores on the main street gave place to a dozen or more that supplied the wants of the numerous villages springing up to the westward. Their owners began to import their own goods from the West Indies and even from far-off China. From Middletown they shipped to the West Indies, in their own vessels, oxen, cows, beef, pork, flour, corn, and all manner of farm products, until the breaking out of the war between England and France in 1792 let loose the French privateers on their unprotected commerce and gave rise to the still unsettled "French Spoliation Claims." Later on from 1800 to 1806 much Farmington capital was invested in trade with China; in the ship *Sally*, Capt. Storer; the *Huron*, Capt. Moulthrop; the *Oneida*, Capt. Brintnall, and other ships, usually with a Farmington supercargo. Along with the ships sailed young men of the village seeking more stirring adventures than the quiet streets of their native village afforded.* Their letters home from Canton, the islands of the South Atlantic and South Pacific, then first explored by adventurous navigators, gave brilliant pictures of foreign travel when life was young and every scene a surprise. We have letters from the Falkland Islands off the east coast of Patagonia, from South Georgia some seven hundred miles eastward, and several from Massafuera just west of Juan Fernandes. At these places they captured large numbers of seals, making up cargoes of sealskins, on one voyage at least, 13,025, which were sold in Canton for ninety-five cents each, and the proceeds invested in silks, nankeens, tea, and china ware. Then, after circumnavigating the globe, the adventurers sailed back to New Haven, and the wealthy owners divided the spoils. So Farmington, for one generation, grew rich and took on luxurious habits. President Porter, in his discourse of 1872, says, "The old meeting-house began to rustle with silks and to be gay with rib-

* Among these sailors was my uncle, James Hooker, an older brother of my father, of whom I give some account in a note at the foot of page 317. I remember well Captain Mix (a son of Squire Mix, a leading citizen of the town), who used to walk about the streets in his blue jacket, with the traditional gait of an old sailor. He was then but a middle-aged man, but was of intemperate habits, and as I understood lost for that reason his place as a ship master under the Cowles Brothers. I was a small boy when he died. Life on the sea seems at that time to have been a school of intemperance. It became the vice not merely of the fore-castle, but of the cabin. It made a great change in this respect when the daily allowance of grog to each sailor was wholly discontinued, as it was by 1830.

bons. The lawyers wore silk and velvet breeches, broadcloth took the place of homespun for coat and overcoat ; and corduroy displaced leather for breeches and pantaloons. As the next century opened, pianos were heard in the best houses, thundering out the 'Battle of Prague' as a *tour de force*, and the gayest of gigs and the most ostentatious of phaetons rolled through the village. Houses were built with dancing halls for evening gayety, and the most liberal hospitality, recommended by the best of cookery, was dispensed at sumptuous dinners and suppers." At this rapid increase of wealth and luxury, Gov. Treadwell sounds a note of warning. "The young ladies," he says, "are changing their spinning-wheels for forte-pianos, and forming their manners at the dancing school rather than in the school of industry. Of course the people are laying aside their plain apparel manufactured in their houses, and clothing themselves with European and India fabrics. Labor is growing into disrepute, and the time when the independent farmer and reputable citizen could whistle at the tail of his plough with as much serenity as the cobbler over his last, is fast drawing to a close. The present time marks a revolution of taste and of manners of immense importance to society, but while others glory in this as a great advancement in refinement, we cannot help dropping a tear at the close of the golden age of our ancestors, while with a pensive pleasure we reflect on the past, and with suspense and apprehension anticipate the future." Good Deacon Samuel Richards also exclaims, "The halcyon days of New England are past. The body of the people are putting off rigidity in habits and morals."

One of the first results of increasing wealth was a desire for a better education for their children than the district school afforded. Already, in 1792, Miss Sally Pierce had established her famous school in Litchfield under the patronage of Chief Justice Tapping Reeve, Gov. Wolcott, Col. Tallmadge, and other distinguished men, probably the first female seminary in America. Here were sent the young ladies of this village until the Farmington Academy was established. E. D. Mansfield, LL.D.,* once connected

* Edward D. Mansfield, here mentioned, was born in New Haven in 1801, prepared for college with my father, graduated at Princeton College in 1822, studied law in Litchfield, settled in Cincinnati, where he was elected professor of constitutional law in Cincinnati College in 1836, soon after leaving that position for journalism, in which he continued the rest of his life. He died in 1880. He was the author of several books. His "Personal Memories" was published in 1879.

with the "Old Red College" of Mr. Edward Hooker of this village, gives us in his "Personal Memories" an outside view of the school as it appeared a few years later, on his first visit to Litchfield. "One of the first objects which struck my eyes was interesting and picturesque. This was a long procession of school girls coming down North street, walking under the lofty elms, and moving to the music of a flute and flageolet. The girls were gayly dressed and evidently enjoying their evening parade in this most balmy season of the year. It was the school of Miss Sally Pierce, one of the earliest and best of the pioneers in American female education. That scene has never faded from my memory. The beauty of nature, the loveliness of the season, the sudden appearance of this school of girls, all united to strike and charm the mind of a young man, who, however varied his experience, had never beheld a scene like that." He was about to enter the Litchfield Law School, a famous institution which gathered numerous brilliant young men, especially from the south. Their proximity might have been a disturbing element in the quiet of the young lady's school had Miss Pierce lacked the wisdom to manage discreetly what would have ruined a weaker administration. The young men were allowed to call on certain evenings, but woe to the man who transgressed ever so slightly the laws of strict decorum. To be denied admission to Miss Sally Pierce's parlor was the deepest disgrace which could befall a young man. A school girl writes home that a "Mr. L—— was very attentive to Miss N—— of Farmington, and gazed at her so much that it mortified Miss N——, and Miss Sally spoke to him, and he has not been in the house since March." It was only after much correspondence and penitence that Mr. L—— was reinstated. On leaving the school each girl was expected to bring home to her admiring parents some evidence of proficiency in her studies. Those who could, exhibited elaborate water color drawings which have ever since hung on the walls of Farmington parlors. Others less gifted were advised to paint their family coat of arms, and, if they had never heard of any, they soon learned how all this could be managed without any correspondence with the Herald's College. One Nathan Ruggles, who advertised in the Connecticut Courant, "at his Looking Glass and Picture Store, Main Street, opposite the State House, city of Hartford," had somehow come in possession of the huge folio volume of "Edmonson's Complete Body of Heraldry," and allowed anyone to select from

its vast assortment of heraldic monsters, "Gorgons and Hydras and Chimeras dire," such as suited his taste. His sole charge was the promise of being employed to frame the valuable work when done. I have seen several of these devices which were brought home from Litchfield, some done in water colors and some in embroidery, with combinations of color which would make a herald stare. They had, however, just as good right to them as ninety-nine out of a hundred of the families who flaunt coat armor and pictures of English castles, and all that in their published genealogies. Nathan Ruggles, who was in a measure responsible for all this spurious heraldry, came to an untimely end. We read in the *Connecticut Courant* that in a private display of fireworks at his house, the whole suddenly exploded and brought his heraldic career to an all too brilliant conclusion. Music was not a specialty of Miss Pierce, and so the Farmington young ladies were removed to the school of Mr. Woodbridge in Middletown, where a piano was procured for their use, and instruction was given them by a Mr. Birkenhead. One of them writes, "My Papa has just informed me that I might go to Middletown this summer to school with my cousin Fanny. I am so strongly attached to my native place that it is not without regret that I leave it; from the calm scenes of pleasure into a busy crowd of extravagant people. I have been warned of my danger. My Mamma is something unwilling I should go, for fear that the pleasures of the world and its fashionable enjoyments will gain an ascendancy over me and raise ambitious views and lead me into the circle of an unthinking crowd." Two years afterward she is sent to New York to continue her musical studies and writes, "Had a long passage here; no female kind on board with us, but plenty of male, . . . and above all was Mr. Wollstonecraft, brother to the famous Mary Godwin, author of the 'Rights of Women.' He was a very good looking man, conversed handsomely, and was, to appearance, of great information. He informed me that his sister died two years ago. . . . I have seen him once since we came here. He is an officer in the army stationed at New York." By Mary Godwin she refers to the mother of the future wife of the poet Shelley.

The first piano in town of which I find mention was bought by Gen. Solomon Cowles, probably in 1798 or 1799. In November 6, 1799, his niece writes, "Wednesday . . . Came to Uncle Solomon's to hear the music, piano and bass-viol and three voices.

. . . From there to Mr. Chauncey Deming's to see their new piano, which is a very good one. It has ten more keys than Fanny's." A piano was bought about this time by Zenas Cowles, and these three pianos were probably the only ones in town for several years.* As for the style of music rehearsed on these instruments, we read: "Wednesday eve. Mr. Birkenhead had a benefit at Gridley's and his pupils played, all except Nabby Deming and myself. He wished me to play, but as I did not sing I thought it not best. Fanny played much the best, and sung extremely well, indeed. The tunes she played were 'The Shipwreck,' 'The Tear,' and 'The Bud of the Rose.' Dr. Todd, I. Norton, and Larcon were there with their instruments. After

* When I was a small boy my father purchased a piano for my sister, three years older than myself. There were at that time but few pianos in the village, and they had not ceased to be curiosities, and to be regarded as extravagances. My father was very fond of music, and began at once to amuse himself with the piano, though he never became an expert player. I often heard him for an hour at the piano after we had all gone to bed, and he not infrequently spent an hour over it at midnight when he happened to have a wakeful night. My uncle James, whom I have spoken of on page 27 as his wayward brother, whose intemperate habits compelled my father to relinquish his settled plan of going into the practice of law in Columbia, So. Car., with his brother John (see page 237), and to settle in Farmington and take the family farm and the care of his father and mother, was then living with the old people at Farmington, and, upon the death of my grandfather, came into our family. My father was the youngest member of the family, and the only one (besides James) who was not settled in life. My uncle James, I remember well, in all my childhood. He lived to be 67. He had been a sailor under the Cowles Brothers, and had spent a few years on the sea. He there acquired the common habit of sailors of taking their daily grog, as well as a familiar use of their picturesque and often very emphatic language. He had been a bright boy, and through life was very fond of sitting all day in his room and reading. He had very positive views of social matters, and greatly disliked the introduction in our homespun village of pianos and extravagance. I have often seen him terribly irritated by my sister's inartistic practice upon it, and remember his once saying, as we stood in the yard, with the noise from it coming through the open window, "There goes again that d——d eternal jewsharp." His death was preceded by a long typhoid fever, during which my father watched over and nursed him night and day, feeling, I think, that he had been too impatient with him in his "often infirmity." When at last, at the end of several weeks, he died, my father at once went to bed in complete exhaustion, and died in four days. He was but 61, and ought to have lived twenty years longer. Thus was wasted the life of one of the brightest of the family, and more than wasted, since in going down it carried with it the life of my father, one of the best and most useful of men.—J. H.

the playing was finished the company danced two figures, and George [afterward Gen. George] danced a hornpipe. Came home at twelve o'clock."

And now with the young men, some in college and some in Canaan Academy, and the girls in Litchfield or Middletown, what sort of schools had they left behind them? As good as those of our neighbors, and as much better as the lifelong labors of Gov. Treadwell could make them. Two or three young misses, just beginning to write letters, thus inform their dignified cousin at Yale: "Mr. Lee," that is, Matthew Lee, the teacher, "says that the girls make more disturbance than all the rest of the school. I learn Geography but not Grammar, because Mr. Lee says he does not understand English Grammar." Eight months afterwards our collegian is informed—"We have got a good schoolmaster. His name is Gordon Johnson. You must be a good boy, and learn as fast as you can." A year later we learn that—"Mr. Nathan North keeps our school. He boards at our house. Mr. North has between thirty and forty scholars in his school." It was visited on the last day of the year by Gov. Treadwell, Major Hooker, Rev. Mr. Washburn, Deacon Bull, Col. Isaac Cowles, and Gen. Solomon Cowles. Imagine these ponderous dignitaries sitting around the blazing log fire on that winter's day. I will warrant there was no want of decorum in school that day, on the girls' side or anywhere else. What hard questions they put does not appear. Probably Messrs. Washburn, Treadwell, and Bull could hardly have failed to inquire, "What is the chief end of man?" One lively miss writes, "They praised us very much, and if I was sure you would not think I was proud, I would tell you that my writing was judged the best in school." Good penmanship was considered of the first importance, and was the one qualification most insisted on in the examination of teachers. Nathan North, sitting at his desk one winter's day after school was out, writes to a friend—"It is six o'clock, and I am at my schoolhouse writing in the dark. Oh wretched man that I am, because I can write no better."

But enough of schools. The intellectual life of the middle aged found exercise in the several debating and literary societies of the day, The Social Club, The Union Society, The Weekly Meeting, and I know not how many others. The latter comes into being January 15, 1772, with this ponderous preamble: "It has been justly observed in all ages that vice increases when

learning is on the decline, and, on the contrary, when useful learning flourishes, it in some measure excludes vice and immorality; and we, the subscribers, sensible of the prevalence of vice and the low state useful learning is in among us," etc., etc. We learn, however, that after a few weeks this meeting joined the Social Club, under different regulations. A series of fourteen essays written by Amos Wadsworth for these clubs, beginning with the year 1772, and as many more by his brother Fenn, have come down to us. The subjects, many of them, show the theological bias of the age. Some of them were—"Conscience, whether it be lawful to follow its dictates in all cases;" "Infant Baptism vindicated;" "Extorted Promises not binding;" "Beasts not rational;" "Enslaving Negroes vindicated;" "Origin of Civil Society;" "The Sabbath Evening must be kept holy;" "Theft ought not to be punishable with death;" "The duty of unregenerate men to pray;" "The Supreme Magistrate not to be resisted;" "The Powers of Congress." The club sometimes also dropped into poetry. They have left us a "Song to Sylvia," in six verses, with much about love and turtle dove, the nightingale and amorous tale, and other interesting matters. I speak of these clubs as being the progenitors of those of the next two generations with which our subject is more immediately concerned, in which other topics are discussed, and when thought begins to take a broader range. In 1813 we hear of the "Moral Society." Mr. Hooker records—"Thursday, Sept. 9. Evening. Attended the 'Moral Society,' when the conversation was chiefly on the means of resisting the vice of profane swearing." The next week the society conversed "on the use of ardent spirits at the meetings of people for business." At other meetings they discussed colonization for the negro, paper money, and other topics of a political nature, until the one member who looked upon slavery as a divine ordinance came to denounce the Moral Society and all effort to interfere with the morals of the community or the nation as odious, comparing them with the inquisition of Spain and the system of espionage in the time of Bonaparte. A more genial body of men was the "Conversation Club," which met weekly at the houses of the members and discussed a wide range of topics. The principal members were Doctors Todd and Thomson, Mr. Goodman, principal of the academy, Egbert Cowles, Alfred Cowles, George Robinson, Nathaniel Olmsted, and sometimes other prominent men. Mr.

Hooker almost always attended, and wrote in his diary an abstract of the subjects considered, and the diverse opinions of each of the members. We have space for only the most meagre account of these most interesting discussions. They conversed on the penitentiary system; to what extent it is desirable that the benefits of education be diffused among the mass of people; on poor laws; on the expediency of further and greater encouragement being given to the manufacturing interests of the United States; on the distribution of the public school money of Connecticut; on the assessment of property, and on other questions mostly of public utility. There were also monthly meetings of the village library company, in which they discussed the merits of new books, and Mr. Hooker records the talk at length. The comparative value of the "Commentaries" of Clarke and Scott and Gov. Treadwell's criticism of "Johnson's Lives of the Poets," especially interested them. The ladies, too, had a society known as the Female Society, for aiding in the education of pious youth for the ministry. By far the most interesting conversations recorded by Mr. Hooker are those which he himself held with the good people of the village in his daily walks among them, and which he recorded at length when he returned at night, revealing what Farmington society most cared for, and giving some insight into its culture and intellectual breadth. We can give but glimpses of it. He says—"In the afternoon moralized with Mr. Chauncey Deming at his store about an hour He entertained me with some description of the manners that prevailed thirty or forty years ago. He says that more expense is bestowed on the bringing up of one youth than was formerly bestowed on twenty. Young fellows would often, perhaps generally, go to meeting without stockings and shoes in the summer till they were fourteen or fifteen years old. Not more than twenty-eight years ago the girls would attend balls with checkered aprons on, and he has many a time gone to a ball with Dema (his wife) attired in that way." Again—"Made a call of an hour or two at Chauncey Deming's. Conversed on his favorite theme, the selfishness of the human character." With Gov. Treadwell he converses on the common origin of mankind, on foreign missions, on Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," and on the sudden growth of Farmington opulence; and with Capt. Seymour on the most profitable mode of reading. With President Dwight he "walked very leisurely, and conversed on various topics, but

mostly on matrimony," he being particularly interested in that subject at that time. One afternoon he calls at Mr. Pitkin's, who was busy with some law business, "so Mrs. Pitkin said she must be unceremonious enough to ask me into the room where were her friends, Mrs. L. and Mrs. M., seated by a good fire and very social. The conversation turned on the reasoning power of brutes, catching rats, suicide, and various other things." Riding home from Hartford with Mrs. Pitkin, they discourse on the utility of newspapers, on the belittling nature of the ordinary strifes among men for village distinction, on the character of some public men, especially of John Randolph, and on the Quakers of Philadelphia, among whom Mrs. Pitkin had visited. Soon after Dr. Porter's settlement here, after noting all his wanderings for the day, he says, "Walked to the Rev. Mr. Porter's and spent the evening. There was quite a large assemblage, more than a dozen in number. Mrs. Washburn and her sister, Misses Charity Cowles, C. Mix, C. Deming, Mary Ann Cowles, Mary Treadwell, Maria Washburn, and Messrs. Porter, G. Norton, Camp, T. Cowles, W. L. Cowles, T. Root, and Egbert Cowles. The evening was spent in mixed conversation and singing, and the company was treated with cider and walnuts. The subjects of conversation were the Rev. Mr. Huntington's dismissal, the character of the Philadelphia clergy and those of New York, the state of piety in the cities of New York and Charleston, the Southern Baptists, and numerous other topics suited to the time and place." Of all the conversations which he so laboriously reported, none can begin to compare for clearness of thought, breadth of range, liberality of sentiment, and nobility of heart and mind, with those of Dr. Eli Todd. He says—"Dr. Todd is hardly willing to rank the pleasures of music with those of sense, for he thinks them intimately connected with the best affections of the heart. At least he believes this pleasure never exists in a high degree except when so connected. When in Trinidad he daily saw a tiger of prodigious fierceness confined in a cage, so rapacious that if a piece of meat were put to him he would instantly tear it into shreds. He played airs on a flute by the cage day after day, and the beast every day seemed less wild, till in a short time he would purr like a cat and roll and rub and be apparently the subject of inexpressible delight." An experience which may have profited the doctor in his new and kindly methods of treating the insane in after life. Again he discourses on "the

state of society in Farmington, the causes and consequences of the particular form which its character takes, and on earthquakes and meteors." On another occasion he talks on the "subject of expensive rural embellishments in reference to Daniel Wadsworth's country seat, and discussed whether it be justifiable to expend one's superfluous wealth in such a way, or in the expensive gratification of a taste for the fine arts. He argued for the affirmative, and insisted that the rich have a right to gratifications as well as the poor." Again he conversed "on those peculiarities of character which mark a simple state of society, holding that a high cultivation of the intellect, if not a part of virtue, is necessary to give to virtue its highest degree of beauty and loveliness, and on whether a state of society devoted to the rural interest or to commerce is to be preferred." Again he discourses "on the kind and degree of evidence by which the Christian revelation is supported," and "on the effects of ardent spirits, and on the threatening danger to the country from the prevalent use of them."

The dangers of intemperance to the State were only just beginning to force themselves on the attention of thinking men. Deacon Bull, writing an account of the town to be used by Gov. Treadwell in his "Statistical History of Farmington," under the head of vices does not once allude to intemperance. He says: "The number and kind of vices in the town are too many for the compass of my ability to find out or enumerate; however, there is nothing in this respect distinguishable from other towns of the same age, numbers, and experience. In particular, card-playing and profane swearing are the most prominent vices of the town. The inhabitants, in general, are industrious, sober, and peaceable."

While the men amused themselves with their clubs, moral or conversational, the ladies read at home whatever books came in their way. He who will, may examine the records of the village library and find charged to them the works of Jonathan Edwards and other books which are not often called for in the library of to-day, and whose titles are as unfamiliar to us as most of those we read will be to our children. One devourer of books writes in her diary: "Yesterday, which was Monday, I went to Hartford in the stage with Miss Sally Pierce. . . . Bought a couple of books,— 'Wilberforce's View,' 6/, and 'Memoirs of Miss Susanna Anthony,' 3/6; the former, Miss Pierce advised me to purchase." We hear no more of Mr. Wilberforce and his "View," but, on leaving the school in Middletown, Mr. Woodbridge presented her with

"Reflections on Death." Two Sundays afterwards she writes: "Attended meeting all day; read in 'Reflections on Death'; found it very interesting as well as instructive." Here is her experience with a famous novel she got from the library: "Thursday evening. Read in 'Sir Charles Grandison,' a novel I don't intend to read any more." But she did. Two weeks afterward she wrote: "Saturday. At home. Evening, read in 'Grandison.' Sunday. Stayed at home; read in 'Grandison'; had a very bad pain in my head. Monday. As usual. Evening. Read in 'Grandison.'" Two weeks later: "Went to Mr. Bull's . . . to get the second volume of 'Grandison' which I have read almost through." The Saturday following she writes: "Have been so much reading 'Grandison' that other things have been neglected." This is the last we hear of Sir Charles. How any mortal could have waded through the one thousand nine hundred and thirty-three octavo pages of that famous book, even with skipping nine pages out of ten, is a mystery to all moderns. In the early days of the library, some one calling at Mr. Ezekiel Cowles's remarks: "Egbert is now reading the 'Lady of the Lake,' which seems to be a very fashionable book about here."

Schools and music, debating clubs, books, and serious conversation filled up but a small part of the leisure hours of society. Five o'clock teas and evening parties assembling by invitation were not in vogue. Families were larger than now, and the young people from one house had but to join their cousins across the street to make the liveliest gatherings. Others dropped in, and, somewhere every night, there were dancing and music and games and hearty enjoyment. One favorite meeting-place on a summer evening was the long flight of stone steps which led from the street up to the ever hospitable door of Squire Mix. Another favorite locality involving a somewhat longer walk which sometimes had its own attractions, was "The Maples." I think, but am not positive, that this must have been the familiar name of the residence of Gov. Treadwell, the little red house by the side of Poke Brook, near the great rock. Here are a few glimpses of these informal gatherings: "To Gen. Cowles's, where we found a lively little party engaged in a family dance, with a couple of negroes to play for them. Much affability and hilarity." Or, "All the ladies were at Mr. Norton's, and the gentlemen. We played 'Button.' I was mortified by a lad's handing me the button twice following." Again: "Thursday we went to Fanny's.

All the girls were there, and, among the rest, Miss N — H —. Tim and Tim were there (afterward Major Timothy Cowles and Major Timothy Root). They proposed trying fortunes. N — tried hers. (I'll tell you how we try them.) We take a glass and a ring and tie a string around the ring and hold it in the glass and let it strike the glass, and count A, B, C, etc. N's struck M — C —." Much previous knowledge seems to have entered into this as into most fortune-telling, for soon afterward it was announced from the pulpit that M — C — and N — H — intend marriage. Even the weekly prayer-meeting had its social side. Here female piety came to hear the teaching of the beloved Washburn, and here, too, came young men not always of devout reputation. Until near the close of the ministry of Dr. Porter it was the fashion to seat the men on the right side of the hall in evening meetings and the women on the left, in the vain attempt to defy the strongest of nature's laws. When Dr. Porter began his ministry here, a young lady writes: "Mr. Porter addressed the gentlemen and requested them to sit down and wait till the ladies were out of the hall. We arrived safely home without any escort, as the gentlemen, alas! could not overtake us. Mr. B — got to us just as we crossed the street, after a long running." In the winter evenings the young people amused themselves with sleighrides. Commonly they drove to Southington, stopping at all the inns on the way — at least the boys did — and returning had a supper at Cook's in White Oak, and so home. Occasionally they rode to Solomon Langdon's, stopping, of course, at Thomson's by the way. Those old houses, Langdon's and Cook's, somber enough in our day, have probably seen more of mirth and good cheer than any other two in town. Here are a few specimens of a girl's experiences: "February 23, 1798, . . . We went to Mr. Jonathan Thomson's; came back. Coming by the meeting-house, the bell rang [9 o'clock, of course]. Down to Mr. Dunham's we went; stayed there about an hour, then down to Mr. Job Lewis's, then to Mr. Selah Lewis's. All abed. Came back to Mr. Dunham's. We stayed there about an hour longer. Got home about 2 o'clock. Got to bed and asleep about 3." One more account must suffice. On the day after Thanksgiving in 1799 they planned a sleighride, but an inopportune rain carried off all the snow; this, however, made no difference; they went all the same. "Cleared off at noon; took the stage and went out to Langdon's to dine. On the back seat were four, S —, F —,

B—, and myself. Next N— H—, and D—, and A— M—, Next L—, and M—, N— H—, G—, and M—. Dick Gleason, negro, drove four horses. T— C, T— R—, T—, and S— on horseback. Had a very good dinner, fried fowls, pies, chicken-pies, and cake. There was a live owl there, and after we got seated in the stage it was flung in, and then— what a screaming! Set out to come home and the boys got whipping and running horses. Very muddy. You may depend I was frightened. The girls' white cloaks were covered with mud, and Sukey told me this afternoon she had been washing hers and could not get it out. In the evening went to the ball. Had a very good one. "Thirteen ladies and about as many gentlemen." Fifteen years later we have a picture of social life in Farmington by the same Mr. E. D. Mansfield, who gave us his impressions of the school of Miss Sally Pierce. He says: "In August, 1815, my father took me to Farmington, Conn., to prepare, under a private tutor, to enter college preparatory to the study of law. . . . As this was to me a new and striking life, I will give a little description of it, chiefly for the sake of the inside view I had of New England society. My tutor, Mr. Hooker, was a descendant of one of the old New England families, and had all the characteristics of the Puritans; was very religious and exact in all his duties. He lived on what had been a farm, but a portion of it had been embraced in the town. Having got forward in the world, he had built a new house. His old house was one of the oldest in the country, large, dark-red, with a long, sharp, projecting roof. This was the residence and schoolroom of the students, and we called it "Old Red." There were about fourteen of us, from nearly as many states. There we lodged and there we recited, while we took our meals at Mr. Hooker's. His son, John, afterward married Miss Isabella Beecher, now the noted Mrs. Isabella Hooker.*

"Mr. Hooker was a deacon in the church—the church, I say, emphatically, for it was the only one in the village—a monument remaining to the old and unquestioned orthodoxy of New England. It stood on the little green, its high, sharp spire pointing to heaven. The pastor of that church was Mr. Porter, who preached there for nearly half a century [sixty years]. He was the father of the present Noah Porter, president of Yale College.

* Mrs. Hooker's friends would hardly recognize her by this name, as she invariably writes her name Isabella Beecher Hooker.—J. H.

Mr. Hooker took a large pew for the students, and he told us to make notes of the sermon, upon which he questioned us. I was always thankful for this exercise, for I got into such a habit of analyzing discourses that, if the speaker had any coherence at all, I could always give the substance of the sermon or address. This is, to a newspaper man, a useful talent. I have tried to discover what was the religious effect of this continual hearing and analyzing sermons, but could not find any. Such exercises become a habit, and are purely intellectual. A striking figure is sometimes remembered, but any spiritual effect is wanting on young people who have not learned to think seriously. I remember one of Mr. Porter's illustrations of the idea of death, which I think he must have taken from Sir Walter Scott's 'Talisman.' At any rate Scott has beautifully described it in that work. It is that of Saladin, who, in the midst of the most splendid fête, surrounded by his chiefs, had the black banner unfolded, on which was inscribed, 'Saladin, remember thou must die!' Mr. Porter was more than half a century minister in that parish, and a most successful clergyman, honored in his life and in his death. Such was the ministration of the church to me, but I must say that in the service the chief objects of my devotion were the bright and handsome girls around. At that time, and to a great degree yet in a New England village, out of the great stream of the world, its young women were the largest part of the inhabitants, and by far the most interesting. The young men usually emigrated to the cities of the West, in the hopes of making fortunes. The old people were obliged to remain to take care of the homesteads, and the young women stayed also.

"No place illustrated this better than Farmington, where there were at least five young women to one young man. The advent of the students was, of course, an interesting event to them. And a young gentleman in his nineteenth year was not likely to escape wholly the bright shafts which, however modestly directed, he was sure to encounter. I soon became acquainted with these young ladies, and never passed a pleasanter time than when days of study were relieved by evenings in their society. My father went with me to Farmington and introduced me to the Hon. Timothy Pitkin. This gentleman was then a very distinguished man. He was one of the leading men of the old Federal party. He was sixteen years a representative from the State of Connecticut, and had written a very good book on the civil history and statistics of

this country. He was a plain man of the old school, living in an old-fashioned house near the church. In two or three weeks after I had been in 'Old Red,' Mr. Pitkin called upon me and said his daughters would be glad to see me on a certain evening. Of course I accepted; and on that evening, arrayed in my unrivaled blue coat, with brass buttons, cravated and prinked, according to the fashion, I presented myself at Mr. Pitkin's. It was well I had been accustomed to good society, for never was there a greater demand for moral courage. On entering the parlor I saw one young man leaning on the mantel-piece, and around the room (for I counted them) were eighteen young ladies! During the evening my comrade and self were reinforced by two or three students, but *five* made the whole number of young men who appeared during the evening. The gentleman who was in the room when I entered it was Mr. Thomas Perkins of Hartford, who afterward married Miss Mary Beecher, the daughter of Dr. Lyman Beecher. The town of Farmington furnished but one beau during the evening, and I found out afterward that there were but two or three in the place; I mean in that circle of society. This was perhaps an extreme example of what might have been found in all the villages of New England, where, in the same circle of society, there were at least three girls to one young man. You may be sure that when I looked upon that phalanx of eighteen young women, even the assurance of a West Point cadet gave way. But the perfect tact of the hostess saved me from trouble. This was Miss Ann Pitkin, now Mrs. Denio, her husband being Mr. Denio, late Chief-Justice of New York. Miss Pitkin evidently saw my embarrassment, which was the greater from my being near-sighted. She promptly came forward, offered me a chair, and, introducing me to the ladies, at once began an animated conversation. In half an hour I felt at home, and was ever grateful to Miss Pitkin.

"I will mention here, as one of the characteristics of New England manners, that Mr. and Mrs. Pitkin never once entered the room on this occasion, and the older people never appeared at any of the parties or sleighrides given by the young people, or at any gatherings not public. This was contrary to the custom of my father's house, where people of all ages attended the parties, and my mother was the most conspicuous person and the most agreeable of entertainers. . . . The evening passed pleasantly away, and I was launched into Farmington society.

As there were only three of us at the close of the entertainment, to escort the young ladies home, it was fortunate that Farmington was built almost entirely in one street, so one of us took the girls who went down street; one, those who went up the street, and a third those who branched off. Of these young ladies more than half bore one name, that of Cowles. I was told there were in that township three hundred persons of the name of Cowles. There were on the main street five families of brothers, in all of which I visited, and to whom I was indebted for many pleasant hours. . . . The time had now come for me to leave Farmington. My sleighrides, my parties, my pleasant visits, and, alas! my pleasant friends, were to be left forever. My path lay in different and sometimes far less pleasant scenes. I well remember the bright morning on which I stood on Mr. Pitkin's step, bidding farewell to my kind and gentle friend, Mary Pitkin.* Married and moved away, she soon bade farewell to this world, where she seemed, like the morning flower, too frail and too gentle to survive the frost and the storm."

The vast range of amusements which now enter largely into social life were scarcely known sixty years ago. School exhibitions were the nearest approach to the theater, and card parties were held of doubtful morality. Deacon Bull, compiling material for Gov. Treadwell to use in his "Statistical History of Farmington," wrote what he knew of the amusements of the village, though both worthies probably knew less of amusements than of theology. He writes: "Their diversions and amusements are various, according to their different ages. The former generations had for their amusements the more athletic exercises, such as wrestling, hopping, jumping, or leaping over walls or fences, balls, quoits, and pitching the bar, also running and pacing horses, especially on public days when collected from all parts of the town. Some of these diversions are still in fashion, especially balls, but the most polite and fashionable amusements now are dancing at balls or assemblies, card-playing, and backgammon. There are also hunting and fishing, both by hook and seine. The mountains afford plenty of game, such as squirrels, partridges,

* Afterward the wife of John T. Norton, a native of Farmington, to which place he returned to reside before reaching middle age, after a period of very successful business in Albany. His wife died early. She was the mother of Prof. John P. Norton of Yale College, who also died before reaching middle age.—J. H.

and some turkeys and foxes. The river abounds with plenty of small fish, such as pike, trout, dace, etc. In this diversion gentlemen and ladies both unite, and in the pleasant part of the summer ride out to the most agreeable part of the meadow near the margin of the river, where are delightful shade trees with green and pleasant herbage for the accommodation of a large number of people to walk, fish, or eat, which renders the amusement delightful." Another out-of-door amusement was the Annual Field Day. This is how it impressed a quiet, unmilitary spectator. "September 25. Some rain. Review Day. Street full of men and horses and carriages and mud, etc. A regiment of cavalry was out and a part of the regiment of infantry. Afternoon. The troops marched off into the meadow and the town was quiet for two or three hours." A young girl observes, "In the afternoon rode out in the stage upon the Plain with seventeen in the stage. Stayed a few hours and became quite tired of field day. I was shocked to see the indelicacy with which some of my sex appeared. It wounded my delicacy to see girls of seventeen encircled in the arms of lads. From the field I repaired to the ball. I returned home about 12."

The most imposing anniversary was Independence Day, not then a day of license and vandalism, but a day when the old soldiers who knew well what independence cost, gathered with those who shared with them the blessing of freedom, and listened to the story of their valor, their sufferings, and their glorious victory, and all unitedly offered up to the God of Nations a people's thanksgiving. The exercises were the reading of the Declaration of Independence, prayer, an oration, and a patriotic anthem. The young people closed the day with a ball, and their elders had a dinner with formal toasts and much good cheer. Perhaps a school girl's account of one celebration is quite as good as the more formal reports occasionally given in the newspapers. "Wednesday the cannon arrived. Some of the artillery are expected. Friday went to the meeting-house at the time set, 11 o'clock. There I was an hour and a half or more before the troops arrived, who were all dressed in uniform and looked extremely well. They sang at meeting first Berkely; Dr. Todd and Hooker and Mr. Seymour played on their instruments. Next, Mr. Washburn made an excellent prayer, prayed that we might be truly thankful that our country still maintained its independence, and that if any came to meeting that day more for the

amusements of the day than for praise of God, that they might be pardoned. Next, Uncle Solly ascended the pulpit and read in their law book [the Declaration of Independence]. Next came Dr. Todd with his oration. It was a very good one, indeed. The exercises closed with a hymn which was composed for the occasion by Dr. Dwight, and sung to the tune of New One Hundred, written by Birkenhead's brother. Returned home and soon went back to the tea party opposite Mr. Wadsworth's. There was another in the next lot south. Danced until twelve, when the ball broke up. One hundred and fifty dined under a bowery at Gridley's." Thanksgiving, the best enjoyed of all old-time anniversaries, is briefly alluded to by the same person as follows: "Tuesday. Thanksgiving is coming and we are making preparations. We keep three days. Wednesday; have finished twenty-one pyes and some cake. I wished for your assistance to flour the tarts. Thursday attended meeting. The first I heard was 'Marriage is intended between Robert Porter and Roxanna Root, both of this place.' Heard a most excellent sermon by Mr. Washburn, in which he exhorted us in a most pathetic manner to embrace the gospel. The parties were married in the evening. Timothy carried round the cake and wine."

Weddings were mostly informal. We have one reported by Mr. Hooker, then a tutor in Yale College. "Attended the wedding of Richard Cowles and Fanny Deming at Mrs. Deming's. Large concourse of relations and friends, perhaps sixty. Not much ceremony. The parties were seated in the room when the company arrived. None stood up with them, but Mr. Camp and Caroline sat near them, and, after the ceremony, handed round two courses of cake, three of wine, and two of apples. The company in the different rooms then conversed half an hour, then those who could sing, collected and sung very handsomely a number of psalm tunes, and half an hour after had quite a merry cushion dance. I came away about nine, leaving still a large number capering around the cushion." Some of our older people may be able to explain the nature of a cushion dance, if they care to confess their youthful follies. I have an invitation given some time afterward to a wedding for Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock, on which the recipient years afterward wrote, 'A large assembly and a very pleasant evening, several college acquaintances present. After the old folks had gone we had a fine cushion dance, according to the fashion of our old Puritan fathers.'

At this latter wedding some one took Deacon Richards to task for drinking wine. 'Sir,' said the solemn deacon, 'I have the highest authority for drinking wine at weddings,' and, forthwith, drained his glass like the old soldier he was.

Ordinations with their solemn rites, their good cheer, and their closing ball, were notable days in the land. In this town they came about once in two generations. The Rev. John Richards, writing to his children years afterward, gives his recollections of one. "Dr. Porter," he says, "was ordained Nov. 5, 1806. I remember well how he looked in the pulpit, and how Dr. Dwight looked with his green spectacles while preaching the sermon. I sat directly behind Mr. Roberts, the singing master. Just before the close of the sermon Caty Mix fainted. 'There,' said Mr. Roberts to Col. Tillotson, 'we lose one of our best singers.' But they sang the Ordination Anthem notwithstanding, well. I was in raptures, especially at the verse :

' The saints unable to contain
 Their inward joys shall shout and sing ;
 The Son of David here shall reign,
 And Zion triumph in her king.'

I knew not then, as I did long afterwards, the meaning of the words."

Besides these solemn festivals, other diversions of a lighter character occasionally though rarely enlivened the quiet of village life. Mr. Hooker records: "Dec. 12th. Snowy day. A large, tawny lion, a tall and beautiful Peruvian llama, an ostrich, and two or three monkeys were exhibited at Phelps's inn. To gratify my little daughter and son, I took them thither to see the animals. John rode the llama about the barn, while the keeper led the animal and I steadied the rider." Other occasional amusements, in which society of to-day does not indulge, sometimes came within reach of an easy drive from the village. In the same journal we read: "Tuesday, June 1, 1824. Very dry and warm, but otherwise pleasant. After early breakfast I took John and his cousin Samuel with me in the chaise and rode fifteen miles north to the town of Tolland, to witness the awful scene of an Indian man executed for murder. We arrived there about ten, and, after putting out the horse at Col. Smith's inn, walked up the hill half a mile to view the gallows and other preparations, and returned to the village which, by this time, had become filled with company.

Probably seven or eight thousand (and some say ten or twelve thousand) people were there. . . . The cavalry were on white horses and made an impressive show in the procession. There was a variety of musical instruments, drums, fifes, bassoons and bass viols, clarionets, etc."*

One of New England's proud anniversaries was the college commencement. To this came the best culture of the land to do honor to the embryo statesmen and divines as they exhibited their learning in some unknown tongue to admiring parents and friends. The first student in Yale who arrived at the honor of a bachelor's degree was a Farmington boy, and the first tutor was our second minister's† son. The town has very frequently been represented on the commencement stage, but New Haven was a far country and too inaccessible to make the anniversary a popular one. Col. Isaac Cowles writes to his son about the difficulty of getting him home at the end of the college term: "I spoke to

*I remember well the incident which my father has here related. The cousin who was with me was Samuel S. Clarke of Columbia, Conn., who was at school at Mr. Hart's academy at Farmington, and was a member of our family. I was, at the time, 8 years old, and he 10. This paragraph from my father's journal is interesting as showing the great change in public opinion with regard to executions from that which prevailed at that time. The curiosity to witness such an awful spectacle was not a little barbarous and morbid, but there was a general feeling that such exhibitions would make a deep moral impression and be a strong deterrent from crime. It was with that feeling, I have no doubt, that my father took my cousin and myself to see this execution. There was a vast concourse of people from miles distant. The gallows was erected at the top of a hillock, where it could be seen by the surrounding thousands. There was not one in the great assemblage who could not see the wretched murderer swinging in the air. My father was not only very tender-hearted, but full of good sense with regard to such matters, and it is some surprise to me that he took us to see the distressing sight. It is to be said, as some excuse for the general desire to witness it, that it was a very rare thing that executions had taken place in this State, and there may have been some special atrocity in the perpetration of the crime that created an unusual interest on the part of the public in seeing the criminal punished. I was once telling the late Judge Waldo, of our Superior Court, about my attending the execution as a boy, when he told me that he was there. He must have been about 20 at the time. I have never seen the time when I would have taken my son to witness an execution, or would willingly have looked upon one myself.—J. H.

†Rev. Samuel Hooker, son of Thomas Hooker, the first minister at Hartford. He was settled over the Farmington church from 1760 till 1797, dying in his pastorate.—J. H.

Mr. W—— the other day respecting your getting home. He will lead down the bay mare for you to ride back. In that case you cannot bring your trunk home." At the end of next term he writes: "We send a few lines by Mr. C. Hope he will be sober when he delivers them. May he be a warning to you and all other youth. The Farmington East India Company will probably be loading their ship at vacation if the snow continues till that time. If not, shall get you home some other way. You must be a good boy. Don't let us hear any bad report of you." A young miss who mourned because her mother thought her too young to attend the Yale commencement the next summer, writes how her neighbors went to a similar entertainment: "The quality of Hartford and some of Farmington have gone to Dartmouth College to spend the commencement, viz., Chauncey Gleason, wife and daughter, Polly Cowles, and Sally Gleason, in one hack with a driver, and black Dick on horseback to officiate as servant. Mr. Howe and Mrs. Dolly Norton in a chaise." This repeated mention of "Black Dick" suggests the relation of society to the labor problem of those days, then, as always, an unsolved one. Who did the household drudgery then? Not labor-saving machinery. Not white servants. You might hire some strong-armed girl to do some well-defined work, such as spinning or weaving, for a limited time, but on an absolute social equality with the daughters of the house. Most families were large, and the work was divided among all the members, who thus became notable housekeepers in their turn. Indians could not be made servants of. They were removed too few generations from their untamed ancestors to bear dictation or continuous labor. The only servants were the blacks. The probate records of this town, which begin in 1769, show bequests of such valuable pieces of property as "A negro woman and boy as slaves." . . . "A negro man called Daff." . . . "A negro man called Gad." . . . "My negro boy called Cambridge." I have an original bill of sale, of which this is a copy: "Know all men by these presents that I, Samuel Talcott Junr. of Hartford, for the consideration of twenty-six pounds, ten shillings, to me paid or secured to be paid, have bargained and sold to James Wadsworth of Farmington one negro girl about the age of six years, named Candace, warranted sound and healthy and free from any claim of other person or persons, and the same warranted a slave for life. Dated at Hartford, September 30th, 1763." These un-

fortunate laborers, or fortunate as some thought them, were a few of them imported from the West Indies, but most came from Newport, which our Quaker brethren made the center of the New England slave trade. In 1711 slave-owners were compelled to support the slave in his old age, and not set him at liberty to take care of himself. In 1774 the importation of slaves was forbidden. Ten years later it was enacted that all born after 1784 should be free at the age of twenty-five, and in 1797 all when they arrived at the age of twenty-one. Black servants, therefore, in the period of which we write, were not slaves. Such was our fathers' solution of a difficult problem. The labor problem is still with us, and still we look forward to the final solution at the Millenium with great diversity of expectation.

No account of the social life of the village which leaves out the religious side can be complete. That, however, has been so fully and fairly treated of in the Half Century Discourse of Dr. Porter, that any attempt to add to or condense his account of what he more than all others was most qualified to write, seems presumptuous. One great change, however, in religious thought, since he wrote, cannot be overlooked. From 1821 to 1851 he records ten revivals, those great awakenings which in quick succession spread over the community, gathering all classes from their ordinary avocations, some in ecstatic elevation of soul and some in abject terror. That phase of religious belief can hardly be understood by the present generation. We now hear from the pulpit more of character and less of eternal punishment, more of the love of God and less of his wrath. Truth is eternal and the same. The same things are true to-day as two generations ago, but preachers and hearers alike do not universally and heartily believe the same things.

Such is an imperfect account of social life in the first part of this century. I have said little about it, preferring to leave the actors in the drama to tell their own tale in their own words. Of all the old diaries and letters which have furnished material for this paper, much the most valuable is the journal of Mr. Edward Hooker, some parts of which have been printed, but which ought to be published in its entirety. Other diaries afford vivid pictures of the times which have not been given to the public, will not be, I trust, and ought not to be. Every girl began one almost as soon as she could write. Here they recorded the events of every day, all their love affairs with great minuteness, and their

most sacred thoughts and aspirations. One of them began : "Diary. In the eleventh year of her age. To thee I will relate the events of my youth. I will endeavour to excel in learning and correct my faults so that I may be enabled to look backward with pleasure and forward with hope." And right well did she keep her resolutions until death early laid his hand on her as on many of the brilliant circle of her companions, and with trembling hand she records her last farewell to him she would have married, the last kindly words of Dr. Todd, and the last consolations of the saintly Washburn.

I have read with so great interest the admirable article of Mr. Gay that I cannot forbear to add a page or two with regard to my father and my own home life. I have spoken of him briefly in my introduction. There were a few men of education and refinement in Farmington in my early boyhood, who with him made up a very choice circle of intimate friends. Of these Dr. Eli Todd was perhaps the most brilliant. My father was very fond of him and deeply mourned his death a few years later when at the head of the insane asylum at Hartford. The Cowles brothers, who became the wealthy people of Farmington, were men of little cultivation, but of very great business enterprise and ability. It was generally reported and believed that they had made half a million in their business, and I think it was so. When the five brothers dissolved their partnership a few years later it was generally understood that each took \$100,000 as his share. This was a large sum for that time. They and their families were much given to free living and extravagance. With their relatives they gave a character to the town. My father had no fondness for display and no sympathy with them in their habits in this respect, although one of the five brothers married his sister. He had a competence, but nothing that could sustain extravagance. My recollection of our home life is of abundance, but of very plain living. Our clothes were made from the wool of our own sheep, which was fullled and woven at a mill within the town into a strong gray cloth, which was then made into suits of clothing by tailoresses who came around regularly for the season's work at our house. My father's clothes were made of the same material. He had a nice broadcloth suit for Sunday and public occasions, but I think his ordinary suits were cut by a tailor and made up by the tailoress. With this plain living we had a most healthful and inspiring mental life. My father was a rare Latin and Greek scholar, and began quite early to teach me those languages. I recollect well how, when I was a beginner in Latin, he asked me to read some book which I happened to be then reading, and how I, with much pride, answered "Ego sum." I meant by the "I am" to be understood as saying "I am reading that book." He laughed and then explained to me that "Ego sum" meant only "I am," in the sense of "I exist," and that I ought to have answered in some word meaning "I read." This illustrates his way of cor-

recting my early blunders. We had also at this time a study of English at our table. If any one of us children made a mistake either in our use of a word or in our grammar, he would instantly call our attention to it, and, by a rule which had been adopted for such cases, the one making the mistake was allowed a minute to correct it, and, he failing, any other of the children had the right to do so, and finally, all failing, he would himself correct the error and explain wherein it consisted. An account was kept among us. A failure corrected by the blunderer went for nothing, but if another child corrected it, the fact was set down to his credit and to the debit of the other. There was no forfeiture, but we all felt a great desire to have our account, when exhibited, a creditable one. We had at that time a table full of children, some cousins of mine, children of my father's sister, always attending the Farmington Academy as they became old enough, and finding a hospitable and pleasant home with us. We had rarely, through all my youth, fewer than two of them at a time.

I should perhaps make a wrong impression if I should be understood as reflecting at all upon the intelligence of the people of the town who did not belong to the ambitious and fashionable circle, nor to that of the highly educated and cultivated. They were generally intelligent, availing themselves of all the opportunities for education that then existed, and very generally patronizing the village library. This association held monthly meetings on a Sunday evening at the librarian's, where the members drew out several books for the month. These meetings were quite largely attended by the older people in the parlor and by us boys in the kitchen. They were very enjoyable times, and I rarely failed to attend with my father. The services on Sunday, in the Congregational church, the only one in the village, were largely attended. The huge church was always well filled, and very few stayed away. The outlying districts for several miles had no other place of worship, and their residents came in large wagons and carriages, generally whole families coming and bringing all their children.

My father appears by his journal to have been very familiar with the fashionable people of the town, and with the attractive young women, of whom there were so many; but he never had a particle of their love of display and was never moved a particle from his simplicity of life.

Such a home life makes a great and abiding impression on a child of ordinary intelligence, and it saddens me to think how little is left of it for the coming generations.]

J. H.

THE EARLY ABOLITION MOVEMENT.

Several friends who have read the printed sheets of my book have strongly advised me to add a chapter on my personal knowledge of and participation in the abolition movement in New England, and I add a few pages on that subject.

After a few years of unsettled life, nearly two of them on the sea and two in studying law in New Haven and Hartford, I settled in Farmington in 1840. I was then twenty-four years old. Before that time I had not taken much interest in the anti-slavery movement, though I had attended a few public meetings of the abolitionists, but I now looked thoroughly into the question and became convinced that they were in the right and that it was my plain duty to join them. The whole movement was extremely unpopular, though it had gained many friends and supporters since William Lloyd Garrison began, in 1831, the publication of *The Liberator*. This paper he had most of the time published in Boston, where he encountered the most violent opposition, both from respectable people and from the populace. Mr. William F. Gordy, in his recently published and most admirable compendium of the history of the United States, speaks of him and of the abolition movement at this time as follows:

“The opposition to Garrison’s teachings became so intense that he was mobbed in the streets of Boston in 1835. The mob in its fury had almost torn the clothing from his body and was dragging him through the streets with a rope around his waist, when he was saved from death by the police. Elijah P. Lovejoy was mobbed and murdered in Illinois in 1837 for printing an abolition newspaper, and abolition speakers became accustomed to showers of eggs and stones at public meetings. But in spite of all the scorn and contempt heaped upon them, in the North and in the South, the heroic William Lloyd Garrison and his brave followers would not be silenced. They were, like most reformers, extreme in their views and unwise in their methods, but they were right in their leading idea that slavery was wrong. Their sincerity of purpose had its influence and won the sympathy of many, who joined in forming abolition societies, which by 1837 included probably 150,000 members. Among them were two of the ablest defenders of the anti-slavery crusade, Wendell

Phillips, the anti-slavery orator, and John Quincy Adams, the anti-slavery statesman."

The New York *Nation* said, some time ago, in an article on Garrison, that no one not living at that time could have any idea of the state of public opinion prevailing during the early part of his work; it was a few fanatics on one side and all society on the other. Harrison Gray Otis, the Boston statesman, on being asked by some anxious citizen who had great confidence in his political wisdom, whether there was any danger that this abolition movement would succeed, replied that there was no danger at all, for, said he, "all the journals in the country are opposed to it, and there's only one paper that advocates it, and that is published by a fanatic and a nigger."

At an anti-slavery meeting held one evening in the lecture room of the Congregational church in Farmington, which was well filled, and addressed by Rev. Amos Phelps, one of the gentlest and most moderate, yet most impressive of speakers, a stone was thrown with great violence through the window back of the desk at which he was speaking, which passed close by his head, and went across the hall to the wall on the other side. The miscreant who threw it must have meant to hit Mr. Phelps's head, but fortunately it missed it, and failed to hit any of the audience. I saw this myself. A majority of the audience were women. Some of the best of the Farmington people, both men and women, had early become interested in the movement, and the village was one of the best known stations on what was known as the "Underground Railroad." This name was given to villages where fugitive slaves were sheltered and helped on their way. They were always harbored there and helped. Some remained there and worked for the farmers, relying on their protecting them or helping them to escape if any attempt should be made to capture them. Among these were some very smart young men. I remember particularly one named Henry, I forget his other name, who lived a long time with one of our citizens, and was much liked by everybody who knew him. He was fine looking, manly, and energetic. After he had been in Farmington for several months a fugitive slave from his old home in South Carolina came along, and told him how, after his (Henry's) escape the year before, his master had charged his old mother with aiding him to escape, and had given her a terrible flogging on her bare body. This so exasperated him that he determined to go

back to South Carolina and comfort his mother, as well as take revenge on his old master by helping other slaves to escape. He went back, saw and comforted his old mother, and got up a company of eight slaves, who started north under his guidance. They had all sorts of perils and escapes on the way, but all got through and made their way to Canada, except one, whom they buried on the way. This was the wife of a young man in the company. She was about to have a child and soon became unable to walk, and her husband and Henry took turns in carrying her. Each made a seat for her with his hands clasped behind his back, and she sat in this seat, with her back against his. They had traveled thus for several nights until, worn out with weariness and anxiety, she was unable to go further, and they all stopped for her to die, and then buried her in the darkness in a secluded spot, and went on their anxious and perilous way.

I remember another fugitive, who, during his short stop in Farmington, told a group of us this story. He was born and raised in Virginia, and married a slave girl there who belonged to his master, and had three or four small children. At this time slaves were raised in Virginia to be sold for the cotton fields of the South, a large business of that sort being carried on. This negro was working in a field, when a slave trader came along and bought him and several other negroes of his master. They were attached to a coffle of slaves that the trader was taking along, being handcuffed and fastened together. He was not allowed to go home to see his family or to get anything to take with him, but as the coffle passed his cabin, quite a distance away, his wife saw him and ran out screaming towards him. The trader upon this drew out his pistol, and, pointing it towards her, threatened to shoot her if she came another step. She stopped and the coffle passed by, too far off for him to call to his wife, and he never saw her or his children again.

We heard many such stories, some of them very thrilling, from the fugitives who came through Farmington, and these stories, heard by us, or read in *The Liberator*, brought many friends to the cause.

Mr. Gordy, in the passage which I have quoted from his excellent history, says of the abolitionists that "they were like most reformers, extreme in their views and unwise in their methods." They were men and women who were thoroughly in earnest, and not very conciliatory in their utterances, but perhaps few of their

methods ran more against a settled prejudice of the public than their employing women speakers as advocates of their cause. Among these speakers was Abby Kelly, a young married woman, who went about on lecturing tours with her husband, himself a speaker. I repeatedly heard her, and she has never been surpassed as an effective speaker by any of the eloquent women to whom the public listens so patiently and even delightedly to-day. But we can see how offensive it was to the prevailing sense of propriety, in the fact that a large part of the abolitionists, who were enlisted in the cause, and were true and earnest reformers, left the American Anti-Slavery Society because of it, and formed a new association called the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. They were also extreme in their views, according to the prevailing opinions with regard to slavery, but a little incident shows how they were unjustly judged by their opponents, who had, far more than they, the ear of the public and almost total control of the journals of the day. Dr. Bailey, a few years later, published an anti-slavery paper in Washington. He was a man of remarkable ability as an editor, fair minded and courteous, and greatly respected by his brother journalists of Washington. It was in this paper that Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was first published as a serial. Dr. Bailey in one of his issues gave a clear and condensed statement of his position towards slavery. The other editors of the city were so struck with his reasonableness and moderation that they at once commended his article for its fairness, though of course not agreeing with him in his condemnation of slavery, but they said, why could not the first abolitionists have been so moderate and reasonable—instead of stirring up mobs and violence by their extreme claims. Dr. B. waited for them to commit themselves fully on this point, and then said in his paper that what he had published as his position on the slavery question was taken from the constitution of the first anti-slavery society.

My father was very decided in his condemnation of slavery, but had great fear of what would come from the emancipation of the slaves, and of the exasperation of the South over the assault upon it by the abolitionists. He had lived at the South and had warm friends there. He had while there, at a dinner given to some public men, expressed in a toast the hope that the time would come when there would not be a slave in the country, upon which one of the guests replied by saying that he hoped he

should be under the turf first. Yet I became an avowed abolitionist before he did. His brother John, who was a leading lawyer in Columbia, South Carolina, with whom my father studied law, and with whom he expected to go into partnership, would never own a slave. (*Ante* p. 239.)

The free blacks of the North were generally held in contempt except by the anti-slavery people, who did what they could to elevate them and secure them fair treatment. I remember that at one time, about 1840, a respectable-looking and decently-clad black man came into the Sunday-school of which I was superintendent, and took a seat near the door. I went to him, after the session closed, and asked him if he would go over to the church with me. He said he would, and I took him over and gave him a seat in my pew. Such a sight had probably never been seen in that church before. There had been, as in most of the churches in Connecticut, a negro pew, close by the door on the lower floor, and in the gallery, and probably no negro had before sat elsewhere in our church. Everybody stared, but there was no other demonstration of displeasure, but after the service one of the church members told me I had done more to break up the church than anything that had happened since it was established. Yet it was not over five years later that Rev. Dr. Porter, our pastor, exchanged with Rev. Mr. Pennington of Hartford, one of the blackest of negroes, and we were all astonished at seeing the pulpit thus occupied.

Of course, on starting as a lawyer in Farmington, I encountered much unfriendliness from those who were bitter against the anti-slavery movement. A relative of mine, then a middle-aged man and a leading lawyer in the state, who was one of the last of men to interpose his advice, said to me that he must advise me as to the course I was taking in identifying myself with the abolitionists—that they were so unpopular that it would very seriously injure my chances of getting into business. I felt, however, that if I turned my back on the abolition movement I should be a traitor to God and man, and I saw no way but to go on as I had begun. It very likely made it slower work for me to get into business, but I do not think it made any very serious difference—certainly none in the end, and indeed I think I have stood better for it in all my later life. In 1850, I was elected by the abolition voters of Farmington to the House of Representatives in the state legislature, the only time that I was ever a

member of that body. There were about forty anti-slavery voters in town and they held the balance of power, and so managed as to carry in their candidate after a number of ballotings.

I now look back with much satisfaction at that early effort to do my duty and to aid a cause of vast consequence to the country, and the success of which has been, perhaps, its greatest blessing.

I ought not, however, to take to myself much credit for the stand I took in this matter. My convictions were decided, and by a necessity of my nature dominated me, but I was devoting myself earnestly to my profession, and did not give to this cause the time and zeal that so many others did. The hardest and most trying part of the work had been done by those who began it nearly ten years before.

I ought, in justice to my brother-in-law, Hon. Francis Gillette, afterwards a member of the United States Senate, to state that he was one of the earliest abolitionists, a man of great earnestness and one of the most eloquent speakers of the time. J. H.

MRS. MARY HOOKER BURTON'S LETTER
TO MRS. MARY CLEMMER AMES IN DEFENSE
OF HER MOTHER.

I was about closing my volume with the next preceding article, when it occurred to me that I ought to include a letter which our daughter, Mrs. Mary H. Burton, wrote in 1871 to Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames of Washington in reference to an article written by the latter grossly misrepresenting and ridiculing some action of her mother when attending a woman-suffrage convention at Washington. Mrs. Burton's death in 1886, at the age of forty, was an almost overwhelming affliction to us, and remains a great and abiding sorrow. It is due to her memory that this earnest defense of her mother should be preserved, while it is to the latter a richly-deserved tribute.

The convention was largely attended. A petition had been presented to Congress asking for legislation in favor of woman suffrage, and a committee of Congress had invited them to appear before it and advocate their petition in person. A large repre-

sentation of women assembled in an ante-room of the Capitol and were waiting for the time for going before the committee, when some one proposed that they have a prayer for God's blessing on their effort. Others at once concurred, and Mrs. Hooker was called upon to pray. She did so, offering a most reverent and fervent petition to God. Mrs. Ames was at this time an able and popular correspondent of a New York paper. She was not present at this meeting, but she gave what purported to be a description of it for her paper, letting loose her too facile wit as she did so, describing in a grotesque way the personal appearance and manner of Mrs. Hooker as she prayed. The amusing article went the rounds of the press and was seen by Mrs. Burton. In her indignation at the treatment of her mother she wrote the following letter to Mrs. Ames:

MRS. MARY CLEMMER AMES.

Dear Madam:—Will you permit the daughter of Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker to address you?

I read yesterday the enclosed extract from a New York paper. When you used your ready wit to make a clever sketch of Mrs. Hooker you of course knew that however you might entertain scores of readers, you must necessarily wound many to whom she is near and dear; but I venture to believe you did not know how cruelly unjust you were to Mrs. Hooker herself. If you knew her in daily life as tender mother and devoted wife, loving grandmother and loyal friend, how differently you would have spoken of her. Seeing her with her children you would think: "This woman lives only for her children"; with her husband, you would say, "What an ideal marriage! Was ever wife so devoted or husband so appreciative before?"—as housekeeper you would say: "What executive ability she shows! no detail of house or grounds but is under her supervision"; as hostess, among the greenery of her petted plants, in her bright parlors, you would say, "How genial! How motherly!"—in her library, at her desk, if you looked over her shoulder, you would find her reading carefully on a score of subjects besides woman suffrage, and, if you watched long enough, you would surely say: "In what science, art or philosophy is she not interested? Suffrage is but one of the subjects upon which that busy brain and large heart are working." If you were a neighbor and sick, you would send for her first of all, knowing her presence of mind in an emergency and the infinite tenderness of her heart. As she would be the first to come to you so would she be the last to leave you. If you were poor and in trouble you would turn to her as surely as the magnet to the pole. If you were her friend you would rest secure, knowing that she would never change, and that, whatever others might say of you, she would be loyal to the last. If you

were her enemy you might also rest secure ; she would never stab you, never bear malice, and would forgive you and forgive you.

The question of woman suffrage is little discussed in our family. My mother is content to have each one hold her own opinion. I have never heard my mother speak in public. But, knowing the woman, I know you have misrepresented both her manner and speech. Whatever she does she does with her whole heart, but that she would appear other than an earnest, womanly, modest woman, absorbed in (to her) a great cause, is impossible. That you have represented her otherwise to thousands of readers who can never see and know her will some day be a matter of regret to you, if you ever come to know her as she is.

If you were yourself less of a true woman than I think you are, I never should have addressed you. Your name is associated only with honor, respect, and cleverness as a writer ; therefore I felt the stab of your pen the more keenly ; therefore I appeal to you to guard your sparkling wit, lest it scorch where it should only illuminate.

I am, dear madam, very truly yours,
MARY HOOKER BURTON.

Mrs. Burton was much disappointed at receiving no answer from Mrs. Ames, who took no notice of the letter. It was afterwards ascertained through a friend at Washington that she had duly received it.

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 ERRATA.

- 9th page, 12th line from bottom, for *mother* read *mothers*.
- 72d page, 12th line, for *a letter* read *letters*.
- 104th page, 10th line, for *1893* read *1883*.
- 152d page, 8th line, for *profession* read *procession*.

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