



Columbia University
in the City of New York

THE LIBRARIES



Page 1

LIFE NOTES

OR

FIFTY YEARS' OUTLOOK

BY

WILLIAM HAGUE D.D.

BOSTON

LEE AND SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS

10 MILK STREET NEXT OLD SOUTH MEETING-HOUSE

1888

938.5

412

COPYRIGHT, 1887,

By LEE AND SHEPARD.

—
All rights reserved.

AMERICAN
SCIENCE
SERIES

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

THE eminent author of this volume closed suddenly his earthly life almost immediately after he had examined the last pages of the appendices of this book. On Saturday, the 30th of July, 1887, Rev. Dr. Hague sent by the mail, to the publishers, the last "proof" pages of this work, which he had examined that morning at his residence in Cambridge, Mass. He had written his final word, and had made his last revision. On the Monday following he visited Boston, and was on his way to exchange congratulations with his publishers on the happy conclusion of his literary labors by the successful completion of his "Life Notes; or, Fifty Years' Outlook," when he was stricken with apoplexy while walking on Tremont Street, and would have fallen to the pavement but for the timely assistance of friends. He died soon after, in the entrance to Tremont Temple, near the place where much of his life-work had been done.

Dr. Hague was born in Westchester County, N.Y., Jan. 4, 1808, and was a graduate of Hamilton College, New York, in the class of 1826. He took his theological course at the Newton Institute, graduating in 1829. He was ordained Oct. 20, 1829, as pastor of the Second Baptist Church in Utica, N.Y. There he remained until called to the pastorate of the First Church in Boston: his installation took place Feb. 3, 1831, the Rev. Dr. Wayland preaching the sermon. In June, 1837, he entered upon his duties as pastor of the First Church in Providence, over which he was installed July 12, 1837, the sermon being preached by the Rev. Dr. Barnas Sears. The church commemorated while he was pastor the second century of its foundation, Nov. 7, 1839, and he preached an historical discourse on the occasion, which was published.

43-47373
8/23/43

During nine months of the year 1838-39 he was abroad. Sept. 20, 1840, in the Federal-street Church, Boston, he commenced his labors. His subsequent pastorates have been in Jamaica Plain, Mass., Newark, N.J., Albany, N.Y., New-York City, Boston, Chicago, and Orange, N.J. He was senior pastor of the Baptist Church at Wollaston Heights, Mass., at the time of his death. Dr. Hague received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Brown University in 1849, and from Harvard College in 1863. He was chosen a trustee of Brown University in 1837. Among the many productions of his pen were, "The Baptist Church Transplanted from the Old World to the New," "Guide to Conversation on the Gospel of John," "Review of Drs. Fuller and Wayland on Slavery," "Christianity and Statesmanship," "Home-Life," "Emerson," etc.

Dr. Hague was in the eightieth year of his life, which had been marked especially by ministerial, literary, educational, and philanthropic achievement. He was a scholar in a broad sense, and his acquirements and abilities were of the highest order. He was a clergyman of profound religious convictions and of rare persuasive eloquence. He gave character to all his endeavors, and embellished every occasion with which he was associated. His aid to educational and to philanthropic institutions and causes is of permanent value. His writings will have a lasting and important place in history; and this book, intended to be autobiographical to a considerable extent, will be found to contain the rich personal reminiscences of a noble life filled with great deeds, and consecrated to all that is uplifting, — a life of love, of sincerity, and of truth.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I.	
OLD PELHAM AND NEW ROCHELLE	1
Revisitations. — Strength of Child Memory. — Union of Saxon and Celtic Elements. — The French Exile's Inquiry, What were this Young Lord's Antecedents? — The Education of the Manorial Heir quite Noteworthy. — A Memory of Huguenot Womanhood. — A Young Huguenot of New Rochelle becomes recognized as Chief Citizen of Boston. — The City Celebration, Boston, July 4, 1843, in this Connection, exceptionally Interesting. — Henderson's Island and its Home-Library a Century ago. — The New Distinction: Hunter's Island and its Art-Gallery. — Episodes of our Pelham Home-Talks. — Starting-Point of New Ecclesiastical Controversy in the Experience of Mrs. Ann Eliza Bayley Seton. — Issues of the Manorial History.	
II.	
SCHOOL-LIFE IN OLD NEW YORK	37
Child Schooling. — Spirit of the Time specially Educational. — Our Neighborhood: Church and School. — Primary Lessons.	
III.	
ACADEMIC LIFE IN OLD NEW YORK	44
Boyhood Schooling. — The School and its Master. — Rev. Dr. William R. Williams's School-Days. — His Professional Career. — Robert and William Kelly, Brothers. — Ideals of Culture realized practically.	

IV.

PAGE

EDUCATIONAL PERIOD	55
School-life Surroundings. — Literary Spirit of the Period. — Educational Leaders. — Samuel L. Mitchell, LL.D.; Daniel H. Barnes, LL.D.; Dr. Griscom. — Historical Development of the Church in our School Vicinity.	

V.

A YOUNG STUDENT'S IMPRESSIONS OF COL. AARON BURR	65
The Questionings as to his Alleged Personal Power.— Where lay the Secret of that Power?—Temporary Realization of Ideal Heroism. — The Tested Friend- ship. — Limitation of Ethics and Aesthetics as to the Issues of Life.	

VI.

EDUCATIONAL PERIOD	88
Critical Point of an Educational Course. — Interval between Academy and College. — The Farm, the Church, The Preacher and his Sermon. — Travelling Abroad regarded as Educational.	

VII.

EDUCATIONAL PERIOD CONTINUED	98
College-Life. — The Educational Trend Westward. — Historical View-Point as to Relations of Old and New New York. — Introduction to College-Life. — Intellectual and Social Atmosphere. — Oxonian and Hamiltonian Recognitions.	

VIII.

THEOLOGICAL-SEMINARY LIFE	111
Post-graduate Bewilderments. — The Uplifting Aim. — Ideal Superiority to all Denominational Organisms. — Real Significance of the "Ecclesia" recognized. — Student-Life at Princeton Theological Seminary Sixty Years since. — Transfer of Student Relation- ship to Newton Theological Seminary.	

IX.

	PAGE
THE WIDE WORLD FIELD	124
First Call to the Pastorate. — First Acquaintance with President Wayland. — Characterization of the Church in Utica. — The New York "Baptist Register" an Educator and Unifier of a "People." — Hon. Alexander M. Beebe, LL.D. — Early Ministry in Utica. — Only One Sorrow: Climatic Interference.	

X.

OLD BOSTON	136
Transition Period. — Persistency of the Old Past. — Rev. John Codman, D.D., of Dorchester, Exponent of Evangelical Congregationalism. — New Era of Revivalism; Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher. — Special Relation of the Baptists to that Era. — Relative Position of the First Church. — The Representative Sexton.	

XI.

GARRISON AND THOMPSON	147
The Receding and the Rising Question of the Transition Period. — Point of Party Division in Relation to the New Question. — Relative Position and Power of William Lloyd Garrison. — Our Prompt Reception of Hon. George Thompson on the First Week of his Arrival.	

XII.

THE TRANSITION PERIOD	157
Several Names signaling the Transition Period. — Daniel Webster as a Statesman Educator, preparing the Nation's Way. — William Lloyd Garrison a Maker of History. — Wendell Phillips, Representative Orator and Scholar. — Charles Sumner and his Surroundings. — George S. Hillard, the Conservative. — Noteworthy Moods of Mind. — A New Era of Christian Home-Work.	

	PAGE
XIII.	
THE ERA OF MYSTICISM	170
<p>First Meeting with Ralph Waldo Emerson, my Nearest Clerical Neighbor. — First Impressions of his Personality. — His Mental Unrest as to Church Organism. — His New Position curiously Interesting. — Tentative Steps to his New Career. — General Re-union in Providence, R.I., in Association with Margaret Fuller. — Era of "the New Pulpit." — Transcendental Enthusiasm and "The Dial." — Half a Lifetime "at his Best." — Free Play of Conflicting Judgments in England. — The Central Idea of this Mystic School characterized as Anti-Christian. — Downward Trend of the (so-called) Greek School. — Forecasting of Ultimate Issues.</p>	
XIV.	
ERA OF HISTORICAL ENTHUSIASM	197
<p>The Spirit of Rhode Island History. — Progressive Criticism. Distinction of Roger Williams in World History. — Judge Story's Centennial Discourse in Salem. — Lyceum Discourse of Rev. Dr. Charles W. Upham in Boston; the Pastor of the Old First Church of Salem voices the Sentiment of Salem. — Professor James D. Knowles's Life of Roger Williams welcomed; also that of Professor William Gammell, LL.D., and that of Professor Romeo Elton, D.D. — Kindred Tastes of Rev. Dr. Stow. — Historic Sense of Rev. Dr. Rollin H. Neale. — Special Appeal for its Culture.</p>	
XV.	
ASPECTS OF RHODE ISLAND LIFE	209
<p>Question of Removal from Boston to Providence. — Subtle Workings of Historical Associations. — A Church Retrospect of Two Centuries or more, and its Appeal. — Brown University under President Wayland. — He becomes "Master of the Situation." — Greeting of his Moral Philosophy by John Foster, "the Essayist." — Foster's Interest in Rhode Island</p>	

PAGE

History. — Visit to John Foster at his Home in Bristol. — Samuel G. Arnold, then intending to write the History of Rhode Island, appreciates the Opportunity. — The Colonial Families “a Living Presence.” — Suggestions of Likes and Contrasts in the Comparison of Margaret Fuller and Charles Kingsley’s “Hypatia.” — Social Atmosphere of Providence.

XVI.

A TIME OF ORGANIC RECONSTRUCTIONS 223

An Appeal to return to Boston for a Second Term of Ministry. — Special Needs of the Federal-street Church. — A Defined Aim asserts itself as Motive-Power. — Characterization of the Time: an Era of Intellectual Awakening. — An Exceptional Mood of the Public Mind. — Diffusion of the Spirit of Inquiry.

XVII.

THE AREA OF DISCUSSION WIDENING 232

Conciliation of Beliefs the Special Aim of Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke. — A Basis sought for Faith and Unity. — To this End “The Church of the Disciples” organized. — An Effort to realize a Higher Ideal of Church-Life. — Unifying the Elements of Progress and Conservatism. — Counter Driftings to New Issues. — From our Home-Fields of Evangelical Work Enduring Fruitage reaped. — A Spiritual Uplifting. — “The Word itself” the Main Factor. — “Building better than we knew.”

XVIII.

STRENGTH FROM UNIFICATION 244

Editorship offered; accepted. — The Work of the Pulpit and Press united. — Home and Church Life at Jamaica Plain. — “An Eden of a Place.” — A Call for Help from Newark, N.J. — The Occasion of a Conference with Rev. Daniel Sharp, D.D. — Significance of the Situation. — Call to the New Church accepted. — Auspicious Beginnings.

XIX.

	PAGE
PRINCIPLES OF CHURCH-GROWTH	253
Era of Church-Extension in Newark. — The Election of Dr. Henry C. Fish. — The First Unified Movement. — Encouraging Success reported. — Memorable Career of Rev. Dr. Fish. — Retrospective View of Newark.	

XX.

ELEMENTS OF THRIFT AND GROWTH	262
Early Memories of Albany. — Ministerial Career of Rev. Dr. B. T. Welch in that Capital. — Our Progressive Church-Work. — Chapels and Self-supporting Churches springing up. — Sabbath-morning Offerings. — Development of Public Spirit. — Characterization of Albany as an Historic Community. — Our Veteran Contemporaries. — Impressive Personality of Rev. Eliphalet Nott, D.D., President of Union College. — His Relation to Albany. — His Presence at the Funeral of Ex-Secretary Marcy.	

XXI.

STUDYING THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES	274
From the Capital to the Metropolis. — A new Church-Home in the Upper Part of New York, architecturally harmonizing with its Surroundings, the Prime Objective Point in the Series of Things to be done. — Onward from Small Beginnings. — Discourse of Dedication, Jan. 6, 1861. — The Era of Bewilderment inaugurated by the War. — No Financial Currency better than Postal-Stamps. — No Grounds of Calculation for the Morrow. — The First Proposal of Union as a means of Strength. — The Organic Union with "Old Oliver-street." — Starting-Point of the Union Movement. — End of the Union, 1881, by Separation upon Accepted Terms. — "Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace."	

XXII.

	PAGE
OUR EPILOGUE WITH ITS EPISODES	291
Primary Purpose of the "Life Notes." — Called back to Fields of Former Service for the Country and the Church. — Regular Pen-Work during the War. — Rev. Daniel Sharp, D.D., as Representative of his Generation. — The Birth-Year of Vassar College within the Period of my New York Ministry. — Its Example recognized as an Inspiring Power by the Founder of Holloway College for the Higher Education of Young Women in England. — A Company of Educators in England responsive to the Sentiment. — Private Conference requested. — Organization considered. — Offer of a "Trusteeship" to Dean Stanley. — Letter from Mr. Holloway indicating his Intention of Complete Endowment. — Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's Chronology reviewed. — Claiming too much for Emerson. — The Reviewing Editor's Surprise widely shared. — Mystification as to Accounting for Oversights. — An Unnoticed Unification of Affinities and Forces. — Historic Associations awakened at "the Old Corner Book-Store." — Insignificance of "Impressions" as to timing One's Life-Work.	
APPENDICES	327
I. Hon. John M. S. Williams. — II. Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D.D. — III. Rev. Dr. John Overton Choules. — IV. Archbishop Bayley. — V. A Conference in Andover Fifty Years ago. — VI. Controversies and their Fruitage. — VII. Baptist Theological Seminaries. — VIII. Cambridge Co-workers. — IX. Historic Sense of Rhode Islanders.	

LIFE NOTES.

I.

OLD PELHAM AND NEW ROCHELLE.

REVISITATIONS.

It was my fortune to revisit recently, after a long interval of absence, two homes of my childhood,—the birth-home at Pelham, Westchester County, in the vicinity of New York; and the church-home at New Rochelle, the town adjoining, originally a part of Pelham, comprised within the area of the manor by the royal charter of 1666, in the reign of Charles II. That charter was granted to Thomas Pell, Esq., “gentleman of the bed-chamber to King Charles I.,” and afterward, in 1687, was granted anew, and confirmed to his legally recognized heir, the only son of his brother, the first resident proprietor, “Lord John Pell,” according to the usage of address hereabouts in the seventeenth century.

The first object of interest that won attention

within view from the railway station, two or three minutes' walk westward along the old historic "King's highway," was the beautiful church edifice of stone, designated "Trinity Church of New Rochelle;" presenting itself to the eye of the inquiring visitor as the successor of the old "French church," that hallowed that surrounding in the reign of Queen Anne. Having noticed, in a musing mood, the contrast between the showing of the rude, small, stony structure that I had first known in childhood as a house of worship and that of the finely proportioned modern temple whose graceful spire now casts its shadow over the old site, I turned my steps toward the church burial-ground, seeking the graves of my grandparents. Long-slumbering memories were aroused, first of all, by the sight of the marble that marked the grave of my grandmother, — Sarah Pell, widow of Capt. William Bayley, — whose funeral service, ministered in the churchyard by her aged relative, the rector, Rev. Theodosius Bartow, I had attended with a large family gathering in the month of March, 1819, being then eleven years of age. The form of the venerable clergyman in his official robes at the grave, his bald head uncovered, despite the chill of a heavy snowfall, is vividly remembered now, as if it had figured in a scene of yesterday.

STRENGTH OF CHILD MEMORY.

Meanwhile, however, memory had let slip the date of my grandfather's departure, and I was desirous to regain it from the chiselled record at the head of the grave nearly adjoining. What a bewilderment! I could scarcely believe my eyes as I read, "Died March 3, 1811." It seemed altogether abnormal that such minute remembrances of him as had been familiar to me, scores of particulars pertaining to his individuality, even the tones of his voice, and his handiwork in making toys for my amusement, should have been thus long kept within the brain as in a photographic or phonographic cabinet. Yet, thus it must have been, despite all seemings to the contrary, I said, soliloquizing in the presence of the facts: At the age of three and a half, hereabouts, began my outlook upon the world. Here I approximate the starting-point of conscious thought; and this outlook over the life area of "threescore and ten" discloses its varied scenes of light and shadow, from infancy to age, as one broad panoramic unity.

Child memories, no doubt, are effective factors in shaping "the make-up" of any personality. The image of my grandfather, associated as it is with the old homestead, and with his flow of talk

while occupying his easy-chair upon the piazza, where he was wont to enjoy one of the finest of landscapes, taking within its scope Hunter's Island, Pelham Creek, the expanse of Long Island Sound, has never become dim; so that he has ever represented to me the ideal grandpa of poetry or song, of fiction or graphic art, as pictured by Sir Walter Scott or "Peter Parley." Thus has he ever been to me in thought "a living presence," although the obtruding question as to the possibilities of a baby brain will put itself over and over again like a mocking puzzle.

Despite the puzzle, the fact asserts itself. From the view-point occupied at the time of this writing, March, 1882, looking back to the last sickness and to the funeral services at Pelham and New Rochelle, the succession of years and order of events are clearly traced by memory, and substantiated as a personal history. There is no break in the outline, although many things—thoughts, words, deeds—may be missed from "the filling-up."

UNION OF SAXON AND CELTIC ELEMENTS.

But now, while occupying the old churchyard as a retrospective view-point, it seems noteworthy that this first advent of death into the household, and this first funeral that shadowed the path of

my young life, cannot be described without the joining of two old town names, French and English,—New Rochelle and Pelham. Thus, too, looking upon the headstones that memorialize the many graves in this “God’s acre,” as the Old English called the consecrated burial-ground, we notice the alternations or intermingling of English and French surnames, denoting the quick fusion of English and French blood in the homes of the early settlers nearly two centuries ago. On the tombstones of the dead and on the door-signs of the living the same old names present themselves,—the Pells, Bayleys, Bartows, Pinckneys, Sands, Hunts, Guions, Le Counts, Allaires, Leroy, Coutants, Secors, Badeaus, Flandreaus, De Peysters, De Lanceys, and others,—signalizing the spontaneous union of Saxon and Celtic elements in the historic home-life and church-life of the Colonial days.

These first exiles from France, seeking permanent homes and religious liberty, though to a great extent “spoiled of their goods,” realized actually the sentiment so well emphasized by Daniel Webster in addressing young Americans, namely, “Character is *capital* ;” being, in the best sense, “well to do,” free, and inclined to contract family alliances from choice, taste, and personal qualities, rather than from considerations of mere

expediency or goading necessity. Few and weak though they seemed, their place in history is as clearly defined as that of the "Ten Thousand" retreating Greeks whom Xenophon has immortalized, having been long ago distinguished as a part of that heroic "Fifty Thousand" who fled from France to England about four years before the annulling of the Edict of Nantes, signed by Henry IV. in 1598, for the protection of Protestants, and revoked by Louis XIV. in 1685; having been in force nominally, though not really, nearly four-fifths of a century. Having emigrated from England to New York, some of them by way of the West Indies, particularly St. Christopher's and Martinique, they found the most beautiful lands of the vicinity chartered under English manorial proprietorship, whereby it was made easy for them to establish themselves in new and permanent homes. All antipathies of blood or race melted away in the presence of a common Christianity. An area of six thousand acres, a part of the manor of Pelham, was conveyed to their friend and agent, Jacob Leisler, merchant of New York, on acceptable terms, in 1689; surveyed and divided into lots or farms by Alexander Allaire and Capt. Bond in 1692; named New Rochelle, in memory of the old fortress of Protestantism in France: and then the family life of the two peoples, by its own

interior law of development, grew into a civil and social unity, "compact together," under the sway of a common sentiment, as if all gloried in the same genealogical origin.

THE ANTECEDENTS OF "LORD JOHN PELL."

In this retrospective view of bi-centennial history we can hardly trace the fortunes of a rich domain so beautiful as was this broad, picturesque area of almost ten thousand acres, so near the rising metropolis, constituted by royal, ducal, and colonial authority, under lawful grant and patent of his Majesty Charles II., and also of his sterner brother King James II., "an absolute, entire, enfranchised township, and place of itself, in no manner or way to be subordinate or under the rule of any riding, township, or place of jurisdiction," and then observe how it was "willed" at once by its first proprietor, Thomas Pell, into the possession of an English heir, his nephew, a young man only twenty-five years of age, without being sympathetically alive to the import of the doubtful questioning put by the more advanced of the exiles: "What manner of man is this lord of the manor? What have been his antecedents? Is his spirit akin to that of the intriguing, persecuting Royal Duke, James of York, now king, through whom, by special permission of his Ma-

jesty Charles II., the earlier charter of proprietorship was received?" The inquiry was serious; the answer was encouraging. The young lord's biography was easily traced. His environments suggested cheerful prophecies. Although his youthful years had been passed amid a general unsettlement of things in Church and State, adverse to the pursuit of his studies continuously in due course, his home-life and school-life under his father's eye furnished advantages quite exceptional for liberal self-culture, adapted to qualify him for the place of lordly eminence bequeathed to him in this New World as the protector of an oppressed people, the founder of a community truly unique as to condition and character.

At this point of our retrospect let us take up the exiled Huguenot's question: What were this young lord's antecedents? His father, whose name figured largely in the State papers of the Protectorate as the Right Honorable John Pell, was eminent among English educators. Born on the first day of March, 1610, at Southwycke, Sussex County, England, of which parish his father, the Rev. John Pell, was then rector, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in the year 1623, and before the end of another decade had won European fame as an author in the higher range of philosophical and mathematical studies.

Having accepted the offer of a professorship in Amsterdam, he then attracted the regard of the Prince of Orange, by whom he was appointed to the professorship of mathematics at Breda, in Holland, where a military and naval academy had been established. Thus, having achieved a brilliant career in the prime of life, he was chosen by Oliver Cromwell, in April, 1654, English Resident Ambassador to the Swiss cantons. This confidential relation to the Lord Protector at the time when he stood forth at the height of his power, the recognized protector of Protestant Switzerland against the persecuting powers of the Continent, gives ample proof of an enlarged statesmanlike style of mind, in harmony with the liberal ideas and progressive spirit that have throughout our own century thus far ruled the course both of English and American history. A single fact recorded by Mr. Bolton in his history of Westchester County (II. 51) puts this inference beyond all questioning: "In the Lansdowne MSS. are eleven volumes of Dr. Pell's, written in excellent style. The first volume contains a vast fund of information respecting the persecutions of the Piedmontese." Evidently his sympathies were with the true leaders of the age; not with the oppressors, but the oppressed.

THE EDUCATION OF THE HEIR.

In connection with a fact so significant, we are not surprised to learn, that, while serving the government of his country at Zurich, Mr. Pell's letters to his wife at home indicate minute attention to the elementary education of his only son, the future "Lord John" of Pelham; particularizing the most suitable schools, the studies, and the teachers appropriate to the young scholar's situation or turn of mind; even urging special care as to the style of penmanship required by the boy "eleven years old," in danger of forming wrong habits at the outset. Four years after his many educational counsellings had been written from Zurich, while the school-life of young John was still in process, the English mission to Switzerland was terminated; the minister was commended, called home, and informed on his arrival that the Lord Protector was dying. Very soon the whole country was convulsed; but, despite the agitations of that disastrous period, the youthful heir of a transatlantic "lordship" — fifteen years of age at the time of his father's return — was exceptionally favored as to his opportunities for receiving the best possible training under the eye of his watchful parent, who had already taken rank with the best educators of England.

Fortunately for the professor, while occupying so effectively his chair at Breda he found it within his power to confer personal favors upon the exiled king, Charles II., then sojourning there. These were gratefully remembered, and opened the way, soon after the Restoration, for his being admitted into "holy orders" by the Bishop of London in 1661, for his being honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity, gifted by the Crown with the rectory of Fobbing, in Essex, and afterward by the bishop with that of Lavingdon, in the same county; all showing that the change of government from commonwealth to kingdom brought to him no great distress, nor interfered with the educational interests of his family. The scholar, the diplomatist, the statesman, who had been recognized throughout Europe as the representative of the Lord Protector in defence of the peoples oppressed for conscience' sake, was eminently qualified, of course, to train his only son into sympathy with his own ideas and the martyr spirit of the exiles who were to seek transatlantic homes within his own lordly domain.

In this timing of events the Huguenot pilgrims discerned a divine adjustment of means to ends as real and apt as was that traced by the Israelites in the predicted exaltation of the youthful Joseph to that ancient "lordship" that prepared *their*

way to the Land of Promise. Of the fine qualities of character exemplified by these heroic people, and the possibilities of their future, he was thoroughly appreciative. How different might have been their fortunes, had he, like some leading men of the period, favored the exclusive policy of the reigning monarch by whom the manorial charter had been granted, and whose measures ere long rendered the English Revolution a logical necessity! But all antipathies were overruled, and in the annals of the following century we trace the gradual growth of a well-ordered and happy community, distinguished by an inherited refinement of manners and a degree of intellectual culture that made the New Rochelle of Pelham what the legal phrase of the charter designated the manor, — “a place of itself;” unique, winning to its homes and schools the best elements of family-life and of social advancement. At the opening of the nineteenth century, the French language, spoken in purity and elegance, still lived as the vernacular of home-life, attracting the more progressive class of students, whereof the names of Washington Irving, John Jay, Philip Schuyler, and Gouverneur Morris may be taken as exponents. A few who were children at that period are yet living, and remember the ladies who, like Mary Beslie, the sister of Dr. Oliver

Beslie, possessed home libraries containing the standard works of French literature that had nourished the intellectual youth of their mothers in France. As it has been well said by Macaulay, that the fusion of Norman and Saxon elements in the thirteenth century produced the England that has figured as a power in world history, so we may truly say that the fusion of English and French elements in this manorial tract, bought originally of the Indians by Thomas Pell, Esq., in 1654, confirmed by an English king, James II., as a "lordship" in 1687, produced a social growth of fine typical character, and furnished a contribution distinctively its own to the progress of American colonial civilization.

A MEMORY OF HUGUENOT WOMANHOOD.

The incidental reference by name to an excellent lady who had passed the border-line of "threescore and ten" before the nineteenth century began, recalls to mind one whose image is associated with my earliest memories and with my first impressions of the primitive style of the cultivated Huguenot's life and manners. Madame Beslie, while in thought I replace her amid the old home surroundings in Pelham, New Rochelle, and New York, re-appears in my retrospective musing as I saw her often in my school-days, a queenly

woman of ninety-five years, not bent by age, retaining her natural ease and grace of movement, still able by her winning ways to draw us young folk to her side as listeners to her talk while she rehearsed the memories of her youth. The younger children of the family circle, usually speaking of her as "Aunt Mollie Bayley," were obliged, each in turn, to take a lesson on the different spellings of French words that sound alike. When her memory became unretentive of things recent, it kept fresh as ever the things long past; hence, whensoever I greeted her after absences of a month or week, she would place her hands upon my temples, then, kissing me upon the forehead, would pleasantly allude to the old French mode of salutation. At once, as if making a new communication, she would repeat with an interest as lively as ever the story of the flight, the deadly persecution throughout France, and the fate of a relative who had been dragged through the streets of Paris by the hair of her head. Having ended her narrative, the turn of her familiar talk would be suggested, often by the old French book that she would happen to be holding in her hand, or by a reference to some volume or pictured page within the glass doors of her book-case. Gifted as she was with communicative power, she was, at the same time, one of the best of listeners,

calling forth from her company the best they had to offer; and, indeed, I have sometimes wondered whether the charms of her conversation were to be regarded the more eminently as an inherited talent, as the incidental outcome of favoring social influences, or the product of some kind of educational training that had grown into "a second nature." Though uncertain, just now, as to the date of her departure from earth, — not far from the close of 1817, — I can truly say that her beautiful example of refined Christian womanhood has been ever before me as an exponent of Huguenot character, shaping my conceptions of Huguenot home-life, and keeping alive my sympathies with the spirit of Huguenot history.

Coincident with these sentiments as to inherited culture, was the impression made upon the mind of New England by the example of public spirit exhibited in the city of Boston by a native of New Rochelle, more than a century and a quarter ago. From the earliest days of the American Revolution, Faneuil Hall has been to Boston a household word, familiar to the lips of men, women, and children as the memorial of Huguenot munificence, rendered classical by historic associations that quicken the pulse of patriotism, and call forth the spirit of song in commemoration of "the Cradle of Liberty." Thus the name of a Hugue-

not of New Rochelle has not only held a shining place in the annals of the colonial commonwealth, but lives in the nation's history as a source of inspiration, awakening memories that are an uplifting power.

THE HUGUENOT BENEFACTOR OF BOSTON.

Although the name of this man, thus memorialized, has been daily repeated in the first city of New England by four or five successive generations, yet his short and inspiring life-story had been permitted almost to fade away from memory, until its late restoration to the popular range of home-reading by the pen of Charles C. Smith, who has contributed a choice chapter to the "Memorial History of Boston." The uncle of Peter, the founder and donor of the Hall, was Andrew Faneuil, who fled from France to Holland in 1685, and thence, as the record shows, had become in 1691 a tax-payer and citizen of Boston. At the opening of the eighteenth century he had taken rank as the leading merchant of the city in point of wealth, trusted by all as a man of honesty and honor. His death, in 1737, seemed, indeed, an untimely event. The sense of loss was universal, expressed by the gathering at his grave, — a procession of eleven hundred persons, representatives of the whole people. His property was "willed"

to his nephew, Peter, who at eighteen years of age had left his native town, New Rochelle, and sojourned for a short period in Rhode Island, whither he had accompanied his father, Benjamin; proceeding thence to Boston, he entered into the service of his uncle Andrew, and soon won the confidence and the love that issued in his appointment as his uncle's executor and residuary legatee. His career was brief but brilliant. Though he lived only five years after his uncle's decease, he rendered that small fraction of life a fine historical episode in the municipal record of his time.

In the year 1740 the people were divided into two parties, nearly equal in numbers, by the discussion of a proposal to meet a public need, — the erection of a central market-house. The opponents of the enterprise were persistent, though the grounds of their action are not now clearly discernible. In this state of the public mind, Peter Faneuil came forward, and offered to erect the building at his own cost, "to be improved for a market, for the sole uses, benefit, and advantage of the town, provided that the town of Boston would pass a vote for that purpose, and lay the same under such proper regulations as shall be thought necessary, and constantly support it for said use."

The selectmen called a meeting to act upon the

proposal; 367 votes were cast for accepting the gift, 360 against it. Mr. Faneuil enlarged his plan, and over the market erected a splendid hall, capable of accommodating a thousand persons. At a town-meeting in the town-house, Sept. 13, 1743, a vote was unanimously passed accepting the gift, and appointing a committee, consisting of the moderator of the meeting, the selectmen, the representative to the General Court, and six other gentlemen, "to wait upon Peter Faneuil, Esq., and, in the name of the town, to render him their hearty thanks for so bountiful a gift, with their prayers that this and other expressions of his bounty and charity may be abundantly recompensed with the divine blessing."

The first town-meeting held within the walls of Faneuil Hall, 1743, was the occasion for delivering a eulogy on the life and character of the donor, by Mr. John Lovell, master of the Latin School. In his oration, Mr. Lovell said, after referring to private charities, "Let this stately edifice, which bears his name, witness for him what sums he expended in public munificence. This building, erected by him at his own immense charge, for the convenience and ornament of the town, is incomparably the greatest benefaction ever yet known to our Western shore." Thus Boston, a century and a quarter ago, gratefully

declared to the world, that, although the Huguenot element did not much affect population as to quantity, it was an effective factor of sterling worth as to *quality*, and that the finest expression of its spirit and style was to be found in the magnificent record left there by the large-souled young Huguenot of New Rochelle.

THE CITY CELEBRATION, JULY 4, 1843.

Having mentioned the year of Mr. Faneuil's departure, 1743, it may be noted, incidentally, that in 1843 the celebration of our national independence in Faneuil Hall awakened into new life old historic associations, and imparted to that day's observance somewhat of the dignity of a centennial recognition. On the Fourth of July of that year Mr. Charles Francis Adams delivered his first public oration, and, as had been expected, in the presence of the venerable ex-President, his father. Having been invited to officiate as chaplain on that occasion, I repaired to the Council Chamber of the City Hall half an hour before the time for forming the procession. While reclining alone upon the old-fashioned window-seat, enjoying its pleasant outlook, the ex-President entered the room; ere long, taking his seat beside me, he touched upon a few reminiscences of the past, and then said, in a tone expres-

sive of profound feeling, "This is one of the happiest days of my whole life. Fifty years expire to-day since I performed in Boston my first public service, which was the delivery of an oration to celebrate our national independence. After a half-century of active life, I am spared by a benign Providence to witness my son's performance of his first public service,—to deliver an oration in honor of the same great event." To this I answered, "President, I am well aware of the notable connection of events to which you refer; and, having committed and declaimed a part of your own great oration when a schoolboy in New York, I could without effort repeat it to you now." To "the old man eloquent" as well as to myself the coincidence was an agreeable surprise. At the close of the services connected with the delivery of the oration, the guests of the city were gathered at the festal banquet in Faneuil Hall. There I was called upon, as chaplain, not only to invoke the divine benediction, but to respond to a patriotic sentiment that awakened memories of the heroic dead. To me, certainly, it was an uplifting thought, that, like the founder of the Hall, belonging by birth to Pelham and New Rochelle, at the end of a century from the year of its completion and his departure, I was standing in the thronged edifice that memorialized his

name, alive to the significance of the position, well assured that by every uttered word I was but voicing the ideas that he loved, that he expressed in deeds more eloquent than words, and made his record a treasured legacy.

HENDERSON'S ISLAND A CENTURY AGO.

This early colonial civilization, which we have traced from its beginning, with its style of culture so unique on account of its variety of elements fused into newly developed characters, ere long put forth a power of attraction that gathered to it and around it people of congenial tastes, appreciative of the social qualities and educational aspirations recognized as a transmitted heritage. Long remembered among these who, at the close of the last century, sought a home in old Pelham, was a man of large fortune, an educated gentleman, a bachelor just touching the border of middle life, of whom, as it seems, only one memorial can now be found, and that the marble slab at the head of his grave, hinting briefly at the beginning and ending of his life-story. A single sentence utters its whole message, thus: "In memory of Alexander Bampfield Henderson, Esq., a native of Charleston, in South Carolina, but late of the town of Pelham and county of Westchester, who departed this life 26th December, 1804, aged 47 years."

On a bright summer's day about ten years ago, in a solitary walk among the tombs of the old French burial-ground, my attention was arrested by the inscription here copied. Although I had never seen the man, nor had been his contemporary, I felt myself closely related and greatly indebted to him; for I was familiar with the story, that from his beautiful island residence, separated by Pelham Creek from the land estate of my grandparent, William Bayley, he used daily to walk across the causeway and bridge to our homestead, and relieve the loneliness of "Bachelor's Hall" in the sympathetic enjoyment of our family-life. Such was his habitude, indeed, during the most important period of my mother's history,—her later school-days. His private library, a true index of his cherished tastes, was one of the best, at the time, outside of the metropolis; and it greatly intensified his enjoyment of it, often recognizing in my mother, *née* Anne Bayley, a keen appreciation of books, to minister to her intellectual development by placing at her command the freshest productions of English literature, rendering her familiar with the standard works of essayists and poets, with most of those English classics, indeed, that would be found in the choicest home library at the close of the eighteenth century. Thus, working "better than he knew," he was

providing the main topics of interest that ruled the course of our household talk throughout my school-days, and was qualifying my mother to become, not professionally, but incidentally and really, the attractive companion and educator of her five children. Her grateful allusions to him made his name familiar to our ears, and often curious fancy would invest with a golden haze of romance the unwritten history of this "lone lord of the isle." Rumor had sometimes whispered that, in his experience, the glow of youthful hope had been dimmed by the death of a first love, for whose vacant place no substitute could be found on earth.

In this connection, it remains to be said, however, that, whether this suggestion were true or not, a few well-remembered facts, outlining his life-course, were recently rehearsed to me by Elbert Roosevelt, Esq., whose lifelong residence in Pelham, near the island, suggests a series of memories, related to the whole vicinity, extending over two-thirds of a century. These conversational statements supply what was lacking to give a desired unity to the story.

Mr. Henderson, born in South Carolina, was of Scotch origin; was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and then took rank as a surgeon in the English army. Thus he was brought into

communication with the British ambassador in India, and was by him introduced to the court of the reigning prince, who engaged the surgeon's professional services in behalf of his favorite wife, then seriously ill. The treatment was a success; and the delighted prince honored Mr. Henderson in his own way, by the presentation of a beautiful Circassian slave girl, about thirteen years of age. This present the army surgeon did not bring away with him from India; "but, after establishing his home at the island," said Mr. Roosevelt, "he commissioned your father (Capt. James Hague of Pelham, commanding a ship in the India trade) to look after this princely gift, and bring with him the young Circassian as a passenger on his return voyage from Calcutta. With her, accordingly, Capt. Hague sought an interview, but found her so well pleased with her position in the household of a British officer, that she could not be induced to leave her new protector. Nevertheless, the captain was accompanied by an Indian lad, the surgeon's *protégé*, who was welcomed, treated as an adopted son, and bore the name of William Henderson. The lad survived the retired surgeon eight years, and was buried by his side in the old French burial-ground at New Rochelle." The two graves are surrounded by a well-wrought iron fence, and the smaller marble

headstone bears this brief inscription: "In memory of William Henderson, who died Jan. 19, 1812, in the 25th year of his age."

In his last sickness the young man was most kindly attended by Dr. Rogers, through whose influence or advice he bequeathed the sum of twelve hundred dollars, appropriated to the erection of a town-house "for the use and convenience" of the people of New Rochelle. With the recognition of this gift, the townspeople of our time generally associate the name of the owner of the island home. It is, however, the East-Indian youth's memorial.

UNIQUE ART-GALLERY.

Henderson's Island, beautiful for situation, distinguished by its homestead, so greatly enriched by the best of home libraries in Pelham, became well known as Hunter's Island, more distinguished than ever by its new palatial mansion, with the best private art-gallery in the United States. The propriety of this characterization by the use of the superlative degree was probably undisputed by any rival during the first two decades of this century. We may safely say that no one of the earlier generations of the Pells, or of the Huguenots, however aspiring, would have dreamed of such a possibility for a family home within the

bounds of the manorial grant so recently chartered by an English king in troublous times, and then so thoroughly impoverished by the Revolutionary War. Under what conditions could it have seemed possible that some of the choicest treasures of ancient Italian galleries could be transferred to a secluded little island fifteen miles from the city of New York, the purchase of a young American?

The explanation, as received from Mr. Hunter personally, was this: At the time of his graduation from Columbia College, twenty-one years of age, it so happened that he came into full possession of his property. A friend and fellow-student, travelling in Europe while Napoleon was campaigning in Italy, wrote earnestly, reminding him, that, on account of insecurity, art treasures were offered for sale at great sacrifice, and that an opportunity to indulge cherished tastes had now arrived, the like of which had not been known before, and might never come again. "My answer was prompt," said Mr. Hunter, "availing myself of his service, with faith in his judgment and discretion."

Here, at this point of writing, I have arrested my pen, in order to read aloud to a friendly caller what, as it happens, I have just now written, and have thus drawn forth this critical questioning: "Surely the Italian art-dealers must have seen

their opportunity in negotiating with a young commissioned American, and might have been quite equal to the occasion. How have the claims of these choice treasures been verified? However fair and apt that questioning may be, suffice it here for me to say, that it is not within the scope of my purpose to determine the origin of the pictures, and that, with a youth's faith in the keen insight and critical judgment of so highly educated an amateur as the Hon. John Hunter, it was my fortune to realize, amid our surroundings in the gallery, all possible delight and mental quickening, limited only by the measure of receptivity. Outside of the family circle, Mr. Hunter, who in his spirit and style of manners represented a high ideal of the typical gentleman, the courteous and accomplished State senator, reappears to the eye of memory as the first personality that I can recall as associated with my early life in Pelham. Ere long after the death of his son, Des Brosses Hunter, Esq., the gallery was sold. The island passed into other ownership. Yet, whatsoever may be its fortunes in the future, its relation to old Pelham and New Rochelle as a source of intellectual and æsthetic culture to several successive generations, will brighten the record of its past, and render its name a cherished memory in the annals of local history.

EPISODES OF OUR PELHAM HOME-TALKS.

The mention of these names pertaining to the island's history in connection with that of the manor and town, carries us back in thought to the Anglo-French life of old Pelham, as pictured out sixty or more years ago in our family talks, and illumined now by our memories of those who represented the remoter past. Fortunately for us, our dear grandparents, uncles, and aunts were lovingly communicative; rehearsing to us of the third generation the local annals of the manor and the familiar facts of the Revolutionary era,—little episodes as lively as any that Fenimore Cooper has woven into his romance of "The Spy." Then incidental stories of the home-life that followed the establishment of independence and "the Union" were equally winning, making us acquainted with our kindred and neighbors, with our parents' associates in their early days throughout rural and suburban surroundings. Prominent among these was Dr. Richard Bayley, the only brother of my grandfather, whose mother was a Huguenot, *née* Susanne Leconte, and whose eminently distinguished daughter, Eliza Ann Bayley Seton, has been historically recognized as the presiding genius of the Roman-Catholic academic institute at Emmettsburg, Md., and the

founder of the order of Sisters of Charity in the United States. Dr. Bayley himself, a favorite student of the celebrated Hunter of London, the first professor in the medical department of Columbia College, an accepted authority as a professional writer in England and France, though living within an environment of churchly influences at home, acknowledged no connection with any ecclesiastical organism. Hence the position of his accomplished daughter, biographically commemorated as "Mother Seton," the gifted educator as well as the founder of the most eminent of sisterhoods (and we may add here, parenthetically, the more recent positions of his grandson, James Roosevelt Bayley, as having been at first rector of the Episcopal Church at Harlem, and then at last Roman-Catholic Archbishop of Baltimore, Primate of America), seems the more particularly noteworthy.¹ In a widening circle of relationships thus made up, there could be evidently no lack of conversational topics adapted to keep us all mentally alive and wide awake to note the driftings of thought throughout the whole community, so recently set free from the *régime* of a colonial Church establishment, whose ideal aim had been, of course, the legal maintenance of religious uniformity.

Touching the first of the ecclesiastical transmu-

¹ See Appendices, page 335.

tations here mentioned, profoundly sad, indeed, was the tone of amazement discernible in the exclamation of Mrs. Seton's elder sister, Mrs. Dr. Wright Post of Throgg's Neck, addressed to my mother, and by her repeated to me, regarding the talented Ann Eliza: "She has gone over to the Church that persecuted her ancestors." As we now look back over the seven decades that have gone by since that day, we may safely say that no change of ecclesiastical relations on the part of an individual has stirred "society" at the time with emotions so keenly conflicting, or has been effective of influences more widely felt in the homes of the country.

To many, even personal friends, the change seemed inexplicable; a mystery, a fact untraceable to any adequate cause. Numerous and earnest were the questionings as to what influences had been secretly working at the starting-point of this new career. By some, especially those who had been associated with her from childhood in the communion of "dear old Trinity," the explanation was found in the sensibility of her emotive nature, under the stress of sorrow, to loving appeals during her stay in Italy, where, in the year 1804, her honored husband, William Seton, Esq., died after a lingering illness, and where her depressed spirit found relief in the

ministrations of the Roman-Catholic Church, as well as in the hospitable home of the noble-souled Felichi. The truth is, however, that the trend of her steps toward the Roman-Catholic Church, strengthened by her æsthetic tastes, was noticed in her earlier days before she had left her native land; and, after her return from Italy to New York, she was still a communicant of Trinity Church, for weeks, as she said, "in an agony of suspense," engaged in discussions, oral and written, with the Rev. John Henry Hobart, then rector of Trinity, afterwards bishop of the diocese of New York, and Archbishop Carroll of Baltimore, in regard to the main principles of Protestantism. At that earlier period her cousin, Ann Bayley of Pelham, only eight years younger than herself, was living in the environment of the same religious atmosphere, keenly sympathetic, constantly interchanging sentiments as well as visits.

The leading idea that then engaged the thoughts of those two cousins pertained not so much to the emotive nature as to the intellectual; for a main subject of discussion, emphasized in the chief pulpits of New York at that day, was the relation of the sacraments to personal salvation. At that point the life-course of the two cousins diverged. The affirmation, sometimes eloquently argued, that the sacraments, administered through a regular

priestly succession, are the divinely appointed channels through which saving grace flows forth from the fountain of life into the human soul, took the strongest possible hold upon the spirit nature of the elder cousin, calling forth, even then, painful doubts over a suggested question; namely, this: "As the Anglican Church recognizes the perfect validity of the Roman-Catholic sacraments, while, on the other hand, the older Roman Church has never recognized the validity of the Anglican administration, am I not required, by a proper regard for my own soul's peace and safety, to place myself upon the ground that remains to both sides undisputed?" Strange as it may seem to many that her early faith should have faltered before such a question, from that starting-point of thought she advanced in due time, after her return from Italy, through "an agony of suspense," to the positions taken in her printed correspondence with Bishop Hobart and the Primate of Baltimore. At the same time, her younger cousin, then residing at the paternal home in Pelham, equally interested in the new inquiry, as to them it seemed, having been attracted as a listener to the teachings of the eminent preacher of the Presbyterian church in Murray Street, Rev. Dr. John Mitchell Mason, who occasionally delivered a discourse in New Rochelle, she embraced, with a

responsive spirit, the formulated statement of pure Protestantism, "justification by faith alone," so eloquently put forth by him as "the true spirit union with Christ, embracing within it character and condition." Thenceforward her favorite characterization of Christianity was "the religion of the New Testament;" emphasizing thus, as she thought, by this short phrase, the two distinguishing qualities of the Primitive Church teaching, — simplicity and catholicity.

It is a curiously suggestive study, this tracing of mental histories. From the same starting-points of intellectual, emotive, or spiritual development, even of congenial minds, how strangely far apart the issues! Some time before her departure for Italy, the elder cousin visited her younger, sisterly cousin at Pelham; at the moment of taking leave, bidding her good-by while presenting her an article of skilfully wrought needlework as a love-token, she kissed her, and said, "I hope we shall meet in heaven." They never met on earth again. Both lived, however, to an advanced age. The elder, having wept for the last time over the grave of her husband in Italy, — the English burial-ground at Pisa, — and having returned to New York, welcomed, ere long, the comparative seclusion of a conventual life in Maryland. The younger, having been joined in marriage — by Rev.

Theodosius Bartow, rector of New Rochelle, at her father's house in Pelham — to Capt. James Hague, commander of a ship in the East-India trade, lived happily the life of her family circle until nearly "fourscore years" of age; and then, after fourteen years of widowhood, died at the house of her only daughter, Mrs. Dr. Alexander W. Rogers, Paterson, N.J., amid the benedictions of her children, who, in accordance with the Old Scripture's voicing of filial love, "rise up and call her blessed."

ISSUES OF THE MANORIAL HISTORY.

The contrasted issues of two lives thus realized by two friends of Huguenot descent, impart significance to a saying noted at Paris in a tourist's journal, — that the trend of the French nature is toward intellectual freedom, and that, where there is French blood, it will assert itself in individuality of character, tempered and toned by inherited tastes and manners into social and civil concord. The fortunes of Pelham and New Rochelle illustrate this view. In this connection, it seems a noteworthy fact that the English monarch who gave to Pelham its first manorial charter, was himself the sole, self-determined donor of the charter of Rhode Island to Roger Williams, openly declaring the reason of his action to be

his sovereign will to "experiment whether civil government could consist with such liberty of conscience." It may seem strange that a notably careless, pleasure-loving king, like Charles II., should rise to the height of the grandly exceptional opportunity presented to him as a means of solving a great problem for the world through all time. The thought has been naturally suggested, that he had no higher aim than a provision for unlimited freedom for the Roman Catholics. In that combination of events, however, the founder of Rhode Island recognized a divine ruling, or overruling, when he said, "The Father of spirits has impressed his royal spirit," and added, in his letter to Major Mason, "This, his Majesty's grant, was startled at by his Majesty's high officers of state, who were to view it in course before the sealing; but, fearing the lion's roaring, they couched, against their wills, in obedience to his Majesty's pleasure." As here we repeat this marvellous testimony, we are tempted to wish that the experimenting king who gave to Pelham as well as to Rhode Island a charter of self-government, could have lived long enough to hear from the whole area of the old manor, after embracing within its limits the town of New Rochelle, the experimental response of a thriving population, with all its diversities of race, taste, and traditions, a live civil unity;

their homes all vocal with the ancient song of the Hebrews, — “The border-lines have fallen to us in pleasant places; we have a goodly heritage.”

II.

SCHOOL-LIFE IN OLD NEW YORK.

CHILD SCHOOLING.

“A THING of beauty is a joy forever,” — the first line of a long poem, — has been a household oracle, familiar to the lips of three generations of English-speaking peoples. No wonder, then, that occasional revisits to a rural birthplace like Old Pelham, with its picturesque landscapes so well remembered as the play-ground of early childhood, should have power to renew one’s youth for a lifetime. Evidently a pleasant birth-home in the country is an enduring heritage, without regard to the matter of land-title; for, as the broad outlook remains unchanged, the early home-love will strengthen itself by the lapse of years. How sharply contrasted with this experience is that of childhood within the city, where home-life is in a constant flux of change! To-day a visit to Pelham is recreative; a visit to the home of our school-days in Old New York, where trade has swept the family life away from the surroundings, is comparatively saddening if not sickening.

Those days of child schooling in the great city began when I was scarcely seven years of age. During the period of my father's long voyages to India, his little family at Pelham had been healthfully growing; and now the time had come for us to bid good-by to the ancestral homestead, regarding it thenceforward as a resort for our holiday pastimes, rather than a home-centre.

SPIRIT OF THE TIME SPECIALLY EDUCATIONAL.

The transfer of "the boys" — James, William, and John Bayley — from the country to the city came about at a time exceptionally favorable to our growth manward, near the end of 1814 and of the war with England. The two preceding years are remembered still by a few octogenarians as a time of gloom, mercantile stagnation, and general depression of spirit. The pleasant outlook from our piazza at Pelham had been made rather sombre by the presence of English war-vessels in sight upon the sound. A brilliant scene signalized the beginning of our life in New York; namely, the extemporized illumination called forth so magically by the arrival of the "Favorite," on the evening of Feb. 11, 1815, bringing the news of the treaty of peace. At once the whole city seemed to glow in electrical light. Despite the wet and slush, the streets were thronged, and all

emotions fused into one pervading sentiment of joy. None were consciously old that night; all were young alike: and songs that wedded rhyme to music, made the very heavens resonant with patriotic jubilation.

To the many living veterans of '76, that treaty of peace was as the finishing-up of the war of independence, "establishing the work of their hands." The proclamation thrilled us into unity, and "made all men kin." It was a real educator. It affected the tone of our school-life, inspired patriotic sentiment, and quenched antipathies in the joyous pride of nationality. It ruled our tastes and our selections for declamation. Patriotic oratory was at its best. The speeches of the Revolutionary fathers supplied a large proportion of the favorite themes, not excluding, however, the standard specimens of liberal English eloquence nor those of patriotic Irish orators. Amid the exultations of the period, there was, in 1815, no South *versus* North, no North *versus* South, but simply America *versus* England and kingship; so that the school-life beginning at that time was inspired and uplifted by the public spirit that had been nurtured by the privations of war.

OUR NEIGHBORHOOD; CHURCH AND SCHOOL.

Our city home was in Spring Street, not far from the Presbyterian church, then under the care of Rev. Dr. Perrine. The church was rendered comparatively eminent, however, by his successor in the pastorate, a man of brilliant originality, who showed, as was then often said, his early associations with Quakerism by his style of protest against honorary titles, yet quietly succumbed at last to the transforming forces of his environment, and became famous on both sides of the Atlantic as the Rev. Samuel Hanson Cox, D.D. He was gifted with a noble *physique*, an attractive and self-asserting personality. His ministry, intellectually quickening, yet not "sensational," combined the most remarkably effective qualities as teacher and preacher, expositor and orator. He was one of the most genial of men. His style, truly cosmopolitan, drew to him inquiring and thinking minds of every age and class, won continuous attention, shaped opinions, and left lasting impressions upon personal history. As a highly cultured man, his power of adaptation to his whole audience was exceptional. Even young schoolboys were curious listeners, and repeated his sayings many a time. Gratefully do I recall to mind his appearance as a rising power in

our neighborhood, and trace his career as a theologian of world-wide eminence. As a debater, he has been long remembered by the ministers of England and of the Continent gathered in London at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, who frankly declared their conviction that he had no superior in the world upon the arena of doctrinal discussion.

Directly southward of that Presbyterian church, about a minute's walk in Dominick Street (parallel with Spring), stood an ample frame building, signalized as the "Village Academy," where, in the year 1815, were daily gathered more than a hundred children, whose schooling, at graduated prices, was committed to an excellent teacher, Rev. Mr. Wyckoff, minister of the Baptist church in Vandam Street, ten minutes' walk northward from the school. He was one of those men whose personal presence is ever the best possible introduction, — a self-witnessing character, incapable of guile. He was clear-headed, genial, paternal, apt to teach, ruling by love, commanding profound respect. His chief assistant was his son, Mr. Peter Wyckoff, whose daily care was to initiate the younger scholars (including his two brothers, Josiah and William H., with myself) into the mysteries of writing, spelling, reading, and arithmetic. He, too, was faithful, "magnifying his office," watch-

ing and training us individually ; his father superintending all, assuring himself that the foundations of our educational structure were well laid. Then and there we were taught to regard spelling as a high art, essential to success in life and even to respectability. Since those days we have made the acquaintance of learned professors in colleges who have sought aid from their own students to write correctly in the English tongue their letters, "articles," or "papers" for the press, and so have we learned to appreciate the ideas of our first teachers as to the value of *primary* lessons in relation to the whole of one's life-work.

PRIMARY LESSONS.

While thus emphasizing fidelity to beginners in the child-period of education, memory recalls a few months of schooling prior to that begun thus in New York under Mr. Wyckoff. In the year 1813, five years of age, I was permitted to be the companion of my mother for a day's journey, in order to visit my older brother, James, then boarding at New Canaan, Conn., in the family of Mr. Abraham Richards, in company with a dozen boys from New York ; all of them attending the district school under the care of Mr. Keeler, spoken of by many as "a born teacher." This first excursion from home beyond the bounds

of the old manor — that is, outside of Pelham and New Rochelle — was quite charming; hence it was granted, as a favor, that I should remain with my brother to become initiated into school-life under happy auspices. There I was taught to “spell” in earnest, by one who “meant business,” and to read in “The Child’s Instructor.” Mr. Keeler’s daily drill and training were perfect. His heart was in his work; and he managed to get a good deal of amusement out of it, instinctively adjusting his way to the needs of each scholar individually, as if believing that the fortunes of each were to be shaped by his beginnings. Our recitations were made as lively as the play of any old-fashioned spelling-match on a New-England winter’s evening ever was; and we were made to understand that our aim should be, not merely to spell our lessons aright, but to become “*unable to spell wrong* without being aware of it, and thence blamable for doing so on purpose.” Throughout a long lifetime I have never lost a sense of indebtedness to my first teacher in Old Connecticut; gratefully remembered, indeed, as are those who in Old New York carried forward the *primary* work so faithfully and aptly begun. In school-teaching, every item of honest work tells its own story, and endures forever.

III.

ACADEMIC LIFE IN OLD NEW YORK.

BOYHOOD SCHOOLING.

THE last quarter of the year 1816 witnessed the removal of our household from "West Side," the neighborhood of the Rev. Mr. Wyckoff and his popular school-circle, for a residence more convenient in regard to advanced schooling. The new home was situated near Chatham Square, a location containing, as was often said by its many patrons, "the best school in the city," under the direction of a gifted principal, Mr. Eber Wheaton, whose text-books and apparatus for teaching had won him credit for professional skill. The time of the public-school system had not yet fully come in New York; and Mr. Wheaton, soon after his starting, gained a strong hold upon the community, exhibiting an array of four hundred scholars from the choicest patronage of a wide area. In that gathering were represented families of various races, and every denomination of belief, political or religious; children not only of

native American, but of English, Scotch, Irish, Huguenot, and Jewish blood, and these mostly of the best type of character. A considerable proportion were preparing for college; and for successive years Latin and Greek were taught by graduates from Trinity College, Dublin, until the appearance of young John Walsh, "a New York boy," whose genius for teaching the ancient languages gave him a commanding position as soon as he had attained the age of legal manhood. The school was, in fact, a comprehensive institute, meeting the needs of "the well-to-do classes" of the community. To-day New York honors her public schools, and invites strangers to visit them: in the first quarter of this century all gloried in our chosen private schools, and compared the claims of their principals with a gratified pride of preference.

THE SCHOOL AND ITS MASTER.

Mr. Wheaton's school-establishment was situated, at the beginning of his career, on the eastern side of Chatham Square, then a little park, between James and Fayette Streets, where about two hundred scholars were gathered within a two-story building of apparently ample dimensions. Its overcrowding, however, occasioned the erection of a four-story edifice of brick, adapted to

school purposes, capable of holding more than four hundred scholars (the entrance for the girls being at the front-door on Chatham Street, that for the boys through an alley opening on James Street). This structure, well furnished, having received its "Faculty" of seven instructors, was unsurpassed for several years as an educational institute for boys in Old New York. Not only every department, but every individual, felt the impelling and overruling power of the principal. He was always moving watchfully on his regular beat from room to room, receiving reports, administering discipline or encouragement, and uttering some timely word as food for thought. He was then in his prime. He was proud of his school; and, despite the complaints of laggards, the majority were proud of him, owning their indebtedness for pungent "fillips," that called forth what was best in them. Never have I seen, since then, a finer show of youthful life, of congenial and competitive forces, than daily met within those walls, under the sway of one master-spirit and a co-operative Faculty.

WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS'S SCHOOL-DAYS.

From my place among the smaller boys in the north-east corner of the most spacious room in Mr. Wheaton's first school-building, as I turned

my glance diagonally across toward the southwest corner, to the larger boys preparing for Columbia College, my eye rested upon William R. Williams, occupying his place at his desk, heading that division. Though I often noticed him, I never caught his eye glancing toward me or my vicinity; rather, on the other hand, he was usually bending over the open books before him, moving slightly back and forth from his text-book to his dictionary or grammar, and then again to his lesson-page,—Homer it might have been, or “*Collectanea Majora*,” containing extracts from Demosthenes, Longinus, or other standard writers,—his whole attention apparently engaged not so much in *doing* the set task as in searching like a miner for the subtle meanings treasured in the lore bequeathed to us by the old past. He was the head scholar. In the same relative standing he entered Columbia College with the class of candidates composed of boys from all the other preparatory schools of the city, and kept his place of eminence to the day of his graduation.

PROFESSIONAL CAREER.

Having thus traced our distinguished schoolmate's scholastic life to its ending, we may fitly, at this point, note the beginnings of his professional career.

As that historical era, the day of graduation, approached, many friends of the family were wont to express the wish that young Williams might study for the Christian ministry; and some, in view of the harmony of his tastes and habitudes with his home surroundings and the favored seclusion of his father's library, were quite sure that this determination would assert itself as a matter of course. Others, however, were doubtful, and gently rebuked these calculations by reminding the calculators of the proverb, "Grace does not run in the blood;" while others still were sure to add the remark, that, "if the Master has any use for this young man in the ministry of the gospel, he will know his calling in due time, and be unable to keep himself out of it." But when it was told, ere long, that the graduated student had regularly entered the law-office of Hon. Peter A. Jay, and was there daily at his work, notable exclamations of wonder were heard at once; and one highly respected gentleman, of Welsh stock, of purest blood, and very positive opinions, freely expressed his astonishment that so excellent a man as the Rev. John Williams could ever consent that his gifted son should adopt a profession so necessarily immoral as that of a lawyer, "requiring, as it does, in order to success, the whitening or blackening of character at the sacrifice of truth."

Nevertheless, the regular course of law-study was pursued, and at its termination Mr. Williams opened an office in Grand Street, on the eastern side of the city. About that time, in the autumn of 1826, having graduated at Hamilton College, Clinton, Oneida County, and having resolved to enter the theological seminary at Princeton, I was lingering in the city, with the view of obtaining a license to preach from the Oliver-street Church, and was just then enjoying a visit at the home of Mr. Joshua Gilbert, a member of that church, a lifelong friend of the pastor's family; a character of marked individuality; a man whose *physique* indicated healthful vitality; a large-souled, plain, honest man, straightforward, yet altogether gentlemanly and Christian in tone, manner, and spirit.

"Come," said he, one evening, "let us walk, I pray you, and call on Mr. William R. Williams at his law-office. I am firm in the belief, that, though he would become a great lawyer, grace long ago touched his heart, and that he ought to abandon the law-business, and enter upon the ministry of the gospel. I wish to convince him that it is his duty to do so. Now, I know that he will plead the other side against me; and I desire you to be with me, and help me all that you can." We were cordially welcomed at the office. Mr. Gilbert

made a long evening of it, proceeding immediately to business, and urging the claims of the Christian ministry upon the young lawyer as relatively supreme in view of his peculiar qualifications and all the adjustments of his life regarded as means to an end; attacking directly and strategically Mr. Williams's position in defence of his continuance in the life-course upon which he had entered, by argumentation, by wit, humor, and solemn appeal. Recognizing the dignity of the profession of law, he emphasized the dignity of the gospel ministry, and the specialty of its claims in the case here considered.

An account of that evening's interview I communicated to my father, who, meeting Mr. Gilbert soon afterward, inquired if he thought Mr. Williams inclined to yield to the views that had been urged upon his attention; the reply was, "Oh, no! He was, from first to last, modest as a maiden and stubborn as a mule."

Although it is impossible for me to say whether that visitation was in any way influential or not, the simple incident, as part of a personal history, discloses the point of view occupied by the young lawyer in regard to his outlook upon life at twenty-three years of age. Whatsoever the truth may be in answer to that question, as to the workings of thought or feeling, suffice it to say, that,

while he was yet in the prime of early manhood, he was impelled by his supreme convictions to adopt as a life-aim the higher ideal, which we have lived to see realized in the pastorate of half a century, exerting an influence of distinctive type through the pulpit and the press over a world-wide area.

ROBERT AND WILLIAM KELLY, BROTHERS.

In the range of students near to William R. Williams, in a younger class, like him in faculty of acquisition, was Robert Kelly, the son of a New York merchant. He, too, in scholarship the peer of the best, fulfilled his course persistently. Taking the highest honors as he passed along the *curriculum* of academy and college, after his graduation he entered into mercantile business in company with his younger brother, William Kelly, who had devoted his later school-years mainly to English literature. At the close of a brief mercantile career, not much more than six years, they retired, in 1836, with ample fortunes, escaping the crash of 1837, which wrecked so many of the oldest houses in various lines of commerce. The younger gave his attention to agriculture, in accordance with the most advanced scientific and artistic ideas; rendering his farmhome at Rhinebeck famous the whole country over. That grand

farm, however, and its correlated interests, did not make up his whole world. Educationally, socially, and politically, he was a leading spirit in the Empire State, an active worker in agricultural, industrial, and philanthropic associations. At the time of his death he was president of the Board of Trustees of Vassar College. Strongly contrasted with this predominant rural taste as a factor in shaping a career, was the sympathetic interest in city life that disposed the elder brother, Robert Kelly, Esq., to make his home in the great metropolis, actualizing one's best conceptions of cultured American citizenship; cherishing to the last his youthful enthusiasm in intellectual pursuits, responsive to the calls made upon him for official service in literary, civil, philanthropic, as well as educational relationships.

The memory of an example like that thus briefly noted is a source of strength. From the year of his graduation to that of his departure from earth there was not a day when Mr. Kelly would not have been recognized as competent to occupy effectively a professor's chair in the classical department of any university. His habit of faithful work in connection with examining-committees has been on many occasions a reminder of that fact. All his acquisitions were cherished treasures, and his delight in classical re-readings was an

inspiring lesson to the students who came before him as an appointed examiner. The minutest items of criticism seemed to be to him as fresh as ever. Of few, indeed, in England or America, can the like fusion of tastes and activities be truthfully affirmed. How rare the living example, though always apparently among the possibilities! A half-century ago, or more, there was a name shining brightly as a star in the literary firmament, illustrative of this combination, quite familiar, comparatively, to the young men of that time, — the name of William Roscoe, a banker of Liverpool, author of the “Life of Lorenzo de Medicis, called the Magnificent,” and the “Life of Leo X.,” of a pamphlet on the “Slave Trade,” and of “Criticisms on Burke’s Views of the French Revolution.” He commanded most grateful recognition as the scholarly gentleman, at home alike in the counting-room, the Board of Trade or the Chamber of Commerce, and in the associations of professional men of cosmopolitan spirit, whether authors, editors, or statesmen, as exemplified by some few in our own age, like Bryant, Gladstone, or Garfield. The death of Robert Kelly seemed untimely, as if interfering with the programme of his proper life-work. In the view of those who knew him best, his name was associated with that of Roscoe as an exponent

of the highest literary and scientific culture outside of the range of professional or scholastic life. By the best men of the age his removal was felt as a bereavement; and by none, perhaps, more than by Rev. Dr. William R. Williams, to whom early friendship had bound him in ties of closest relationship to the last moment of his earthly existence.

IV.

EDUCATIONAL PERIOD.

SCHOOL-LIFE SURROUNDINGS.

IN a large school-establishment like the one already described as presided over by Mr. Wheaton, in New York, a considerable part of a boy's education is derived indirectly from his surroundings, rather than the direct teachings that he pays for. Of benefits thus received incidentally, the most noteworthy of all, in relation to character, is a cosmopolitan spirit, implying a superiority to clan-nish prejudices. In the Chatham-square school, seventy years ago, a portion of the best family-life of the city was represented. And thus, from a fusion of home influences, there grew up gradually a sympathetic interest in the subjects of daily talk introduced into our several home-circles by the popular writers of the time.

LITERARY SPIRIT OF THE PERIOD.

Never, indeed, before or since the first quarter of this century, has there been known in this

country an awakening of literary enthusiasm so quickly pervading the community of a great city as that which distinguished this period in New York, when the newspapers and placards were so frequently announcing a new story by the author of "Waverley," "The Great Unknown," a new poem by Sir Walter Scott or by Lord Byron, a new sketch or essay by Washington Irving, or a new historic romance by J. Fenimore Cooper. These authors were then at the height of their power, each a "living presence," not only at home, but in our school, interesting alike the young and the old; calling forth queries and criticisms; bringing teachers and scholars, parents and children, friends and neighbors, to a common plane of social intercourse. In the elevation of the public taste, by creating a new literature for home-life, Sir Walter Scott and Washington Irving were good co-workers, warmly appreciative of each other, as was shown by the fact that Scott entreated Irving to remain in England as editor-in-chief of a new magazine, to meet the needs of English-speaking peoples everywhere. This friendly proposal Irving declined, and returned to New York to complete his life-work amid the associations, haunts, and resorts of his young days. All were glad to welcome him home again; for the personal presence of such a man, even the

sight of him occasionally in the streets, is a gleam of sunshine, a real cheer, to a whole community.

EDUCATIONAL LEADERS.

In noting the surroundings of our school-life, we recall the images of public-spirited men who were naturally educational co-workers. Eminent among these was Samuel L. Mitchell, LL.D., professor of natural history, lecturer in the Medical College, whose influence as an example of cheerful industry touched us all, not only by means of his ubiquitous activities, but also by his geniality of manner and aptness of speech in presiding at examinations and in presenting the prizes. His faculty of memory was a wonder, and won for him the appellation of "the Live Cyclopædia," — a homely title of honor whereof he might well have been proud, distinguished though he was by insignia of honorary membership conferred by the chief learned societies of Europe. Education, in the original sense of that word, — the bringing-out what is in one, — was his delight; and the ease with which he won co-operation, even of boys, in enriching his museum with specimens of the rare and curious, gathered, through their friends, from all quarters of the globe, was but the play of a special power, a gift of nature. The juvenile

friendships thus formed by the Doctor were often lifelong, — a fact that I am reminded of by a letter in my keeping, responsive to a college mineralogical society of undergraduates, who had voted him an honorary membership, written as gracefully as if addressed to the Royal Society of London or the Academy of France.

Of this order of men, and a co-worker with Dr. Mitchell in nearly all his scientific aims, was Rev. Daniel H. Barnes, LL.D., who, toward the close of the first quarter of this century, was at the head of a great monitorial school, famous for a time as “the New York High School,” carrying into effect the Lancasterian system of teaching by trained monitors, in an ample three-story edifice of brick, munificently furnished with apparatus, and accommodating five hundred enrolled scholars. Associated with Dr. Barnes, as lecturer on natural philosophy and chemistry, was Professor Griscom. Both of these gentlemen had won recognition as *veteran* teachers in their separate fields of labor, both having been gifted with the power of inspiring the young with a desire for knowledge. Dr. Griscom, whose style of dress signaled his Quaker origin, never seemed so much in his glory as when in his place upon the platform, lecturing on chemistry to the older classes of the institute, and by apt experiments — as, for in-

stance, burning iron wire in oxygen—setting some minds on fire with the ambition to become scientists.

Dr. Barnes also, rather tall and stately, yet of winning manners, possessed the art of putting himself into communication with every scholar, through the extemporized talks that were suggested by passing occasions. At the sound of his silver pocket-whistle the whole roomful became to him as one class; then a few words from him would supplement the lesson teachings, and fix the impression of clear ideas for a lifetime. "A born teacher" himself, he had been trained under President Nott, and was graduated from Union College with honor in 1809. Thus the learned Baptist and the gifted Quaker, whose life-work in their separate fields of action had pertained to the surroundings of our school-life, were ultimately, toward the end of the first quarter of this century, united for the establishment of the most magnificent private school ever seen in New York under individual or social proprietorship. In this partnership, though both were recognized scientists, Dr. Barnes was eminent as a specialist in conchology. He was highly appreciated. When Sir Charles Lyell, while engaged in his great life-work of reconstructing the science of geology, first touched the American shore at Boston, he went

immediately from the ship to seek the leading conchologist, Dr. Augustus A. Gould, as a guide to the first steps of his local investigations; had it been possible for him to have started upon his grand errand a few years earlier, and had he then touched this continent first at New York, he would have been impelled to seek another as a conchological assistant, and would, it is likely, have found his need met by Dr. Barnes, whose name is still a cherished memory. Mitchell and Barnes were "true yoke-fellows."

ECCLESIASTICAL AND SOCIAL ELEMENTS.

The educational surroundings of our school-life embraced, however, not only literary and social, but also religious and ecclesiastical elements. Representatives of all creeds, of all classes of church-going or non-church-going families, were drawn to our school in Chatham Square while the century was yet "in its teens." Thus our acquaintanceships took wide range. One of my classmates in the Latin department was Isaac A. De Lima, a West-Indian of Jewish stock, sent from home to New York to prepare for Columbia College, to graduate, to pursue a medical course under Dr. Valentine Mott's direction, and then to return for professional practice to Curaçoa. While carrying out that programme he was my companion

much of the time. The more I saw of him, the more highly I esteemed him for his manly character. As he was making his home with the family of Mr. Peixotto, minister of the synagogue, I was often an invited guest of the domestic circle and an occasional attendant of the synagogue in Mill Street. The knowledge thus acquired, and the sympathies awakened, in regard to the most cultivated portion of the Jewish people, has ever been to me a matter of grateful remembrance; destroying race prejudice, and substituting the kindly hopefulness that is at once a source of happiness and a power for good.

On a sunny afternoon of the autumn of 1821, while walking with De Lima on the west side of Chatham Square, I noticed a venerable man, Rev. John Williams, approaching us, and said, "There is my minister!" I supposed that my companion would step aside to avoid the meeting, when, to my surprise, De Lima whispered, "I like his looks: introduce me." The minister's countenance and manner had won him at a glance; and the brief street-talk, followed by a visit to the church on Sunday, and that by a decided turn toward enlarged and progressive thought, has been remembered as an incident somewhat suggestive of the subtle influences that often become effective factors in the education of boyhood, and the ultimate make-up of opinions in manhood.

CHURCH-LIFE CHARACTERIZED.

The minister just now mentioned was a prominent figure in the surroundings of our school-life; his church and home being situated in our immediate neighborhood, only five minutes' walk from the schoolroom. It was not on this account, however, that I had been led to recognize the relation denoted by the phrase "my minister." The Rev. John Williams (father of Rev. William R. Williams, D.D., of New York), a native of Wales, and in his prime of manhood an accredited preacher of the Congregationalists, was at this time the pastor of the Baptist church in Fayette Street (now Oliver Street); its membership being largely of English and Welsh origin, and remarkable for its great proportion of men substantial not only as to wealth, but also as to character and position. At the period of their history when I spoke to the young Jew of Mr. Williams as "my minister," I had been drifted into the centre of their social circle by an exceptional course of events. These men were all profoundly interested in the rise and progress of the English Baptist mission in India, which in the last decade of the last century, under the administration of Rev. Drs. Carey, Marshman, and Ward, had attracted the attention of Christian people everywhere.

From the opening of the present century my father had been commanding a ship in the India trade. When in Calcutta, though not a church-member himself, he had put his hired house at the service of Dr. Carey as a place for meeting Hindoo merchants, and was accustomed to spend a portion of his sabbaths at the Mission in Serampore.¹ His arrivals in New York, therefore, were looked for and welcomed by the leading men of the Baptist church in Oliver Street; and many an evening was passed at the hospitable mansion of John Withington, Esq., in listening to the news from India in minute and lively statements that the letters could not convey. Thus, between these parties were cherished lifelong habits of social intercourse; and when, in succeeding years, I was permitted to accompany my father, I found myself within a circle of men who seemed to me the best and happiest social gathering that I had ever seen. Memory recalls spontaneously their forms and features. John Cauldwell, Thomas Hewitt, Joshua Gilbert, Eliakim Raymond, Thomas Purser, the Colgates, Bleeckers, occasionally Matthew Vassar from Poughkeepsie, and others who were associated with these scenes of home-life, are still present to my thought as

¹ There is an allusion to this co-operation in Dr. Carey's printed diary, p. 283 of *Memoir* by Eustace Carey. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln, 1836.

living personalities. No wonder that during those years of school-life the sabbath worship of Oliver-street Church asserted its attractive power.

This momentary glance back to the social life of the people gathered under the ministry of John Williams, clearly indicates the providential education of that church for its early leadership in sustaining the missionary work in India, responsive to the call sent by Adoniram Judson and Luther Rice, after they had joined the church at Serampore, to unite for their support in a new field of work in Old Asia, at the centre of the oldest heathenism. Never did an audience gather with more curious interest, combined with profound emotion, than did the assembly in Oliver Street, to listen to the narrative and appeal of Rev. Luther Rice, so soon returned from India, on the Sunday morning that followed his arrival in America. The facts stated in the sermon seemed vocal with a cry as pathetic as that which reached the ear of Paul across the Ægean Sea, and brought Christianity over from Asia into Europe. It impelled to action. It aroused to fresh inquiry the Christian community at large, and has been uttering its appeal with renewed energy through the succeeding years of the century.

V.

A YOUNG STUDENT'S IMPRESSIONS OF COL. AARON BURR.¹

HISTORIC QUESTIONINGS.

DURING the latter half of January, 1881, while sojourning in Washington, and occasionally visiting the Capitol, particularly the Senate Chamber, in company with a few friends, the historical associations pertaining to our surroundings called forth, in the free flow of talk, allusions to the early days of the American Congress,—the Presidency of Thomas Jefferson, the Vice-Presidency of Col. Aaron Burr. In connection with the mention of the latter name, several facts were touched upon, quoted from Mr. James Parton's biography of the man, illustrating his power of address; the ease with which he could put himself in communication with people of every class, from the highest to the lowest, from the most cultured to the rudest, old and young alike; instinctively quick to adjust himself, as to thought, tone, and manner,

¹ Read before the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, March 25, 1881.

to any personal presence whatsoever, confident in his ability to win responsive feeling, and realize the aim, or even the whim, that may have impelled him at the time.

The conversation, having taken this turn, evidently, as it went on, awakened fresh interest in the study of a distinguished character that had seemed to some mysterious and almost mythical. One lady there present, certainly well read in general history, was disposed to criticise the style of those statements as exaggerated; quite ready to admit the exceptional greatness of the man as a born ruler of men, exemplified especially in his last address as presiding officer of the Senate, whereof there were many witnesses, yet questioning the affirmations she had heard as to the extent of his regal sway, his capability of universal conquest, despite distinctions of age and class, wheresoever the way was open for his genius to assert itself as "a living presence." Then another added, with an emphasis of expression, "Why, the style of talk about Burr that I have heard from some old Southern gentlemen sounds like a boy's romancing, rather than a man's plain story of what he had seen and known in the matter-of-fact world we live in."

Thus I was led, when alone at night, thinking of the driftings of that day's talk, recalling my

own personal memories of Col. Burr, to muse upon the curious combination or fusion of incongruous influences that have free scope in "the make-up" of every particular individuality of the human race. One's own experience may vivify this thought to his own consciousness if he chance to follow it out in reflective or retrospective moods of mind. How few, comparatively, have apprehended, much less comprehended, the workings of all the conflicting elements in constant play throughout the changing phases of inner life, yet all unified at last under the dominant sway of one supreme idea or ruling principle! Such is the general observation then recorded in my diary, to me very real indeed, as if I were writing it in the real presence of two contemporary contrasted characters, called up at my mind's bidding from "the vasty deep," both at once re-appearing, not seeing each other, but both greeting me, as of old, in contrasted tone and manner, with the cheer of friendly recognition.

The intervening half-century is as one day; for, as I now look back to the early years of my academic life in New York, where I was in the way of seeing Col. Burr, for successive years, twice or thrice every week, at the house of an aged relative where he occupied the lower front-room as a law-office, it seems to myself quite

noteworthy that I, so young, should have been so thoroughly captivated as by the spell of his genius for winning social sympathy; admiring him as the realization of an heroic ideal, and at the same time, on the other hand, conscious of an attracting force put forth by one of the plainest, most simple-minded, and most honest-hearted of Christian men, Richard Cunningham, Esq., an elder of the Brick Presbyterian Church, under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Spring while that distinguished minister, who kept his place of eminence for more than a half-century, was yet in his prime. The elder, a good and lovable man, could not have endured the companionship of Col. Burr for a single hour without a keen sense of nervous uneasiness, so little had they in common, particularly after the public feeling had turned so mightily against the slayer of Gen. Hamilton. At that period, my father, who commanded a ship in the India trade, disliked the mere presence of Col. Burr; and it happened once, that when Mr. Bartow, a relative of my mother and also of the Colonel, called in company with him at our house, my father, as soon as the name was announced, managed to take himself out of the way, and thus refused to see the late Vice-President of the United States, freely speaking of him as an enemy of his country, and a

social demoralizer whom good society should disown. And yet, even at that time, enjoying week by week the freedom of opportunity for observation allowed to a schoolboy in a recognized family relationship, the charm of Burr's manner and conversation, incidentally in the law-office or in the parlor, was felt intensely as a power of extraordinary attraction.

Now, I may safely say, that if Richard Cunningham, Esq., whose wife and my mother had grown up at Pelham as neighbors in a relation like that of sisterhood, at whose city home, therefore, I was a frequent visitor, had been aware of the fact that I have here recorded, and had inquired of me what I had found that was so interesting in the presence of the ex-Vice-President, who had "lost caste," as Dr. Spring expressed it, I could not have explained the matter so that either he or his minister could have understood it at all. Nevertheless, viewing it retrospectively, it is easy enough here to set it forth so that any one may discern the secret of personal power, or, as some have called it, "magnetism," and see the Colonel from a young student's point of observation.

WHERE LAY THE SECRET OF THAT POWER?

To this end, let the reader picture to his thought Old New York as it was more than a half-century

ago, and imagine that about six o'clock P.M. of a November day, about 1821, being a schoolboy of thirteen, having delivered my mother's message to her aunt, Mrs. Bartow, an aged lady of seventy-five (a relative by marriage to Col. Burr's first wife, *née* Theodosia Bartow), I was protracting my stay in the parlor of her dwelling in Vesey Street, with the expectation that the Colonel would come in very soon, as was his wont, to take his tea, in company with Mr. Bernabue Bartow, and his excellent mother (*née* Ann Pell), whom Col. Burr could not but venerate, and upon whose sympathetic kindness he recognized a degree of dependence. Imagine him entering the parlor, as I recall him, at a moment when it happened that I was lingering there alone. His *physique*, air, style of movement, realize a boy's highest ideal of the soldier and the gentleman; while his keen glance and sunny smile, expressive of a personal interest as real as if I had been a Senator, awaken a feeling quickly responsive to the tone of cheer in his greeting, "Well, Will, I'm glad to see you. Have they left you alone here?"

"Hardly, Colonel. Aunt and cousin Bernie were called out just now. They will be in soon."

Approaching the sofa where I had been reclining, and taking up a school-book that lay there, he notices the titlepage and the edition, asking,

“Is it your way to be carrying Cæsar’s ‘Commentaries’ about with you?”

“No, sir; but I have evening lessons. And, as I have not been home since school, I have kept Cæsar with me.”

“How far have you read?”

“Up to the Bridge.”

From this incident as a starting-point, the reader may trace in thought, as far as fancy can serve him, a lively talk about Julius Cæsar, — stories of his youth, his personal appearance, his manner and habits of life, his characteristics as a Roman citizen, a soldier, a writer, etc.; all of which the Colonel could render as interesting to a boy as Sir Walter Scott’s word-pictures of Queen Elizabeth, or of the Duke of Buckingham in “Kenilworth,” — a book that occurs to memory in this connection, because it happened to be the freshest of the “Waverleys,” that everybody was reading or talking about just then.

Here, in reminiscences pertaining to school-days (taking within their scope two men notably contrasted, constantly within view, and present to my thought, often meeting in Old New York, but never interchanging a word or look of recognition), I trace in personal experience two currents of educational influence incessantly active, distinct, and different, yet coalescing like the two

contrasted streams of Hebrew and Greek thought in the education of youth throughout England and America. A similar fusion of influences in the early domestic and academic life of the only son of the second president of Princeton College, and grandson of the third president, Jonathan Edwards, may be traced in the life-course of Aaron Burr, who, when Vice-President of the United States, could so readily carry with him the sympathies of the national Senate by the power of eloquent address, and could ever move with equal ease and gracefulness of bearing in the social circle, in the festive hall, in the re-unions of scholars, writers, and scientists, in courts of law, upon the arena of political conflict, upon the chosen ground of the duelist, in the camp, or upon the battle-field. In the interior life of Col. Burr, the Greek, or "Gentile," element dominated, ultimately shaping his conceptions and ideals; so much so, that, even in those early academic days to which memory now reverts, while reading parts of Rollin's "History," the thought would suggest itself that we saw in him actually the ancient Stoic and the primitive Epicurean fused into a live unity. Never could I conceive of an ancient Stoic, in the palmiest days of that philosophy, more fully "possessing himself," and persistently imperturbable, than was Aaron Burr. He sur-

passed Zeno himself. His perfect poise, his equanimity, his power of endurance, his apparent superiority to all changes of condition, even from affluence to a poverty that he could dignify like Diogenes, who stood up in the sunshine so royally as the peer of Alexander, were exceptionally wonderful, seeming almost superhuman. And now, while the memory of those fine qualities revives the sympathetic admiration ever called forth by his personal presence, we cannot resist the saddening thought, that, if they had but been subordinated to a worthy life-aim of sufficient "pith and moment" to enkindle the enthusiasm of which his gifted nature was capable, the world would have recognized a style of heroism that it would gratefully commemorate, and would have assigned to him a place in history upon the highest plane of "representative men."

This remarkable power of self-possession, an endowment of nature, — improved, even in his college-days, by a regulated self-discipline, — was incidentally, now and then, a topic of home-talk; and in this connection it was a familiar observation that Col. Burr was never, throughout all his life, in the least disconcerted, "except once." Well do I remember the day when I asked of my mother an explanation of this saying. "It was during his sojourn in Paris," she answered,

“where, for a time, he felt himself liable to arrest. There, while walking alone, quite willing to remain unnoticed, he was surprised by the quick, sharp exclamation of a stranger, ‘That’s the man!’” The Colonel told the story himself, frankly confessing his exceptional experience of a nerve-tremor and a heart-beat. It turned out that the stranger had seen the portrait of Col. Burr drawn by his celebrated *protégé*, Vanderlyn; and his quick recognition of the likeness startled him into a mood of admiration that could not but express itself aloud to the honor of the artist.

At the time here noted, Col. Burr, sojourning as an exile in the French capital, to which his party in Congress had once unanimously agreed that he should be sent to reside as United States Minister, must have felt himself keenly alive to the falseness of his position, out of all normal relations to society; and any European who might have made his acquaintance just then would have seen him not “at his best,” but his worst, thus failing to get a just impression of that combination of qualities that had for years called forth from all orders of people the most curious questionings as to the possibilities of his career. Nevertheless, every feature of his *physique* and manner indicated the complete self-control which is always sure to

win the mastery of others. Thus it had been from first to last. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, nearly a year before the declaration of independence, at the age of nineteen, enlisted as a volunteer under Gen. Arnold in the campaign against Quebec, he won the military prestige that a veteran might have envied; then, after the war, while we behold him a self-trained student and practitioner, acquiring pre-eminence at the bar, and, yet in early manhood, called forth and idolized as a political leader by the best young men of the nation, we feel assured that we have before us, as a study, not merely a personality richly gifted by nature, but severely self-disciplined for the realization of a well-defined ideal, ever present to his thought as an impelling and uplifting power. His conception of the type and style of character to be realized seems not to have been given by "heredity," but formed by the agency of moral causes; a strong will putting forth choices of its own, as if consciously a creative genius, with faith in the maxim that "a man makes for himself the world that he lives in." In rendering his conception of manhood actual, he was as minutely particular as Lord Chesterfield (in his view, a typical character) in laying down rules of gentlemanly living; not disdaining, in his intercourse with law-students, to emphasize the smallest things pertain-

ing to conduct, as, for instance, by the reminder, "Remember, sir, no gentleman will be seen smoking in the streets."

TEMPORARY REALIZATION OF IDEAL HEROISM.

That reminder, which in those days was occasionally quoted in my hearing, is associated with memories of the whole aggregate of impressions made upon my mind, during the period of my school-life in New York, by Col. Burr, "as a living presence;" realizing to my youthful conception the highest type of cultured manhood, awakening an intense desire to appropriate and assimilate the elements of manly power, of which he was ever before me as the most complete exponent. The possibility of my exemplifying the qualities that I so keenly appreciated was often a matter of serious questioning. Under his care at that time was a Spanish lad, Columbus, occupied as an office-boy, whom I was always glad to meet. One day, while talking with him in front of the house in Vesey Street, the Colonel stepped out to the hall doorway, in order to give the boy an errand, and some particular directions as to the manner of doing it. As soon as he had left us, and closed the office-door, I was impelled to exclaim, "O Columb! isn't he great? A perfect gentleman! You could tell he was a born soldier if you had never seen

him before, couldn't you?" To this Columb assented.

The incident is here recalled as illustrating the impression of the moment. That and like impressions were enduring. I can truly affirm, that, as a matter of personal experience, throughout the half-century that followed, seldom, if ever, have I found myself tempted to give way to impatience, to anger, to peevishness, to the abandonment of self-control, but that the image of Col. Burr has risen before me as a mentor, rebuking the weakness, and quickening manly resolution. Even now, in similar circumstances under the spell of such a temptation, that early experience would be renewed, and the soliloquizing question put: "Shall I, with all the added aid of a Christian's faith, fall below the standard of self-mastery attained by one whose only recognized sense of inspiration was a 'common-sense philosophy,' — the strength of a gifted and cultivated nature? What a miserable and pitiable failure that would be!"

In connection, however, with this grateful acknowledgment of indebtedness to Col. Burr for influences so helpful and uplifting, there comes the unwelcome reflection, that his life regarded as a whole, even in relation to his own cherished ideal, was a disastrous failure. His philosophy

proved utterly inadequate to meet his need of self-regulating power at the culminating point of his brilliant career. At the opening of this century, in his manly prime, he had captivated the nation; he had won its heart; thrilled it with the delight of a hero-worship that seemed but a generous enthusiasm. Then came to him what comes to all in a degree, — the crucial trial of the grounds of character, the one great temptation that becomes a turning-point of history. He seems like a man standing upon a pinnacle, “observed of all observers,” — beyond the reach of harm from any one except himself, — listening to the subtle tempter whispering, “Cast thyself down,” and whispering, too, the false promise of power to lift himself up in bedazzling triumph over his enemies, above all law, human or divine. Instead of bidding away the angel-like fiend that assumed to speak as the champion of Honor, he yielded to the sway of “the hour and power of darkness.” In his latest retrospect of life he must have caught a glimpse of “the situation” as we see it now, when, having been sympathetically moved, one afternoon, by hearing readings from Sterne, among them the story of “Uncle Toby and the Fly,” he was heard to say pathetically, “Had I read Voltaire less, and Sterne more, I might have thought the world wide enough for Hamilton and me!”

How suggestive was that expression of a sad heart-story, never fully told, but just hinted! While we all regret his great mistake, we may trace it back to its source, chronologically beyond the period when Voltaire overshadowed Sterne, to the day of his student-life at Princeton, when he sought an interview with the fourth president of the college, Dr. Witherspoon, in order to solicit his opinion as to the proper manner of treating the extraordinary religious interest in progress just then among all classes of the undergraduates. To the good Doctor, thoroughly familiar with the set habitudes of a Scotch university, moulded by the traditional forms of the State Church, this spontaneous movement, on the part of the young men, of an earnest spirit of inquiry not comprised within the prescribed educational *curriculum*, was of a sort somewhat new and strange. He spoke of it disparagingly; treated it as an outbreak of fanaticism. The young inquirer acknowledged his sense of relief from anxiety, and resolved to ignore the movement, or resist its appeals. This hostile attitude was unhealthful; issued in a set antipathy that modified his tastes, his choice of books or favorite readings, his associations, his decisions, and the trend of his life-course. If the fourth president of Princeton had been as well qualified to "understand his times" as have been

his successors, especially the eminent Christian philosopher of our own time, who also crossed the Atlantic to take the same presidential chair, he would surely have emphasized in some way the sentiment sounded forth by Thomas Carlyle in interpreting the story of young Oliver Cromwell at the like crisis of his inner life, heart-trouble, and deliverance, thus: "Certainly a grand epoch for a man, — properly the one epoch, the turning-point which guides upward or guides downward him and his activity for evermore. Wilt thou join the dragons? Wilt thou join the gods? Of thee, too, the question is asked, whether by a man in Genevan gown, by a man of four surplices at All-Hallowtide, with words very imperfect, or by no man and no words, but only by the silences, by the eternities, by the life everlasting, the death everlasting." Would that some such Carlylean oracle had been whispered in the ear of the president of Princeton in time for the critical hour of his pupil's exigency, and imparted the fitting tone of response to the call of an inquiring spirit!

THE TESTED FRIENDSHIP.

After the summer of 1824, absence from the city of New York during the period of collegiate and professional studies, and then the establishment of my home in Boston, allowed me but few

opportunities of personal interviews with Col. Burr; hearing from him occasionally, however, through mutual relatives and friends. Throughout the years of his residence in Vesey Street, which Mr. Parton has not particularized, he enjoyed, to a degree, the sympathies and comforts of family-life; and afterward, death having invaded that home-circle, his office was removed, and he lived, for the most part, alone within it. His physical energy was wonderfully sustained until the year 1830, when he was suddenly smitten by paralysis of the right side. As soon as the intelligence reached his cousin, Mrs. Hawes (*née* Catharine Bartow), she hastened from her residence in Brooklyn to visit him in his office, then on the corner of Gold and Fulton Streets. His physician and several friends were there, and the experiment of electrical application was going on. He expressed his wish to Mrs. Hawes that he might be removed to her home, and be under her care. Mr. Edwards, one of the company, immediately took an opportunity to say to Mrs. Hawes, with a look of anxiety, "He is not in a fit condition to be removed; and it will excite him too much, just now, to talk about it. As there is a coach at the door, perhaps you had better avail yourself of it, and take leave of him for the present." Mrs. Hawes returned to Brooklyn.

But the strong-willed man had his way ere long. On the day following, a coach containing the Colonel, and two strong men as attendants, who had arranged a mattress and pillows for his support, arrived at the dwelling of Mrs. Hawes, who, hastening, in her surprise, to greet him, was hailed by his salutation in an exultant, joyous tone, "Cousin Katie, I told you that you must take care of me now." It was so. He was cordially welcomed. The sickness did not prove to be, as had been expected, his last. A few weeks' assiduous care on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Hawes, encouraging him with their help to rise, and, by gentle exercise in the parlor, to learn to walk again, repeating the process at a set hour daily for a month, restored the old warrior, so that he resumed his office business with as keen a zest as ever. Although he had passed "the border-line of threescore and ten," his interest in the details of professional work had not flagged; the changes wrought by time had not touched his brain; and the tone of his mind, thus marvellously kept up, rendered his work a kind of rejuvenation. At the same time, despite all faults, sorrows, "loss of caste," abandonment by society, he never lost faith in the genuineness of unselfish friendship, or his power to win and keep it; and never, we may safely say, has history shown us the example of a

man whose experiences of adversity more fully proved that the love-power is a reality, and that real love is a deathless principle.

LIMITATION OF ETHICS AND ÆSTHETICS.

Among the reflections suggested by the review of a life-course so marked by contrasted changes and interesting episodes, there comes to us one that is somewhat startling; namely, this: the ethical and æsthetic lessons inculcated by moralists in their analyses, summings-up, and final judgments of his career, had been anticipated by Aaron Burr himself in the papers that he had written and read as "compositions" in the years of his college-life at Princeton. Therein he has set forth a high ideal of character and purpose. That fine ideal was, in the main, actually realized in his own family-life as husband, father, educator, and companion. From the day of his marriage to Mrs. Theodosia Prevost (*née* Bartow) to the day of her departure from earth, no household of any public man in America that we have any account of, as to its interior relations, could show a more beautiful exemplification of a pure and happy home. To her, though older than himself, he had been attracted by qualities of mind and heart that not only won his love, but commanded his admiration. Their correspondence betrays a

profound congeniality of sentiment and intellectual kinship of the highest order; so that in her he recognized a woman to whom he could look up as a superior representative of her sex, realizing his own cherished ideal of true womanhood. Trust is the basis of love, and his trust in her was all but boundless. He honored her judgment when it differed from his own, appreciating its frank expression. Writing of her, before the time of their marriage, he said she could talk of books, of Voltaire, Rousseau, Chesterfield, "could appreciate those authors, without becoming their disciple." In accordance with this statement, we notice that in one of her letters to him, in 1781, referring to Lord Chesterfield, she says, "The indulgence you applaud in that author is the only part of his writings that I think reprehensible." At the same time, referring to the subject of religion in its personal relations, she declared that worlds should not purchase the little she possessed. In all their communications, we trace a sense of mutual indebtedness. She admired his type and style of manliness. In 1781 we observe his saying to her, in familiar pen-talk, "That mind is truly great which can bear with equanimity the trifling and unavoidable vexations of life, and be affected only by those events which determine our substantial bliss." They were mutual helpers in

their life-battle. Years after her death, while we hear him saying, as was his wont, "The mother of my Theodosia was the best woman and the finest lady I have ever known," we feel assured that her loss could not be supplied by any human substitution. He needed not only her companionship, but a kindred religious principle as a regulating force. Had that distinguished woman lived, in full possession of her queenly powers, a few years longer, and been with him as his "guardian angel" at the critical point of his life-trial, he might have come forth from it wearing the laurel of moral conquest, and exemplified the ancient saying, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

The biography of Col. Burr, by James Parton, has been widely welcomed as a contribution of permanent value, not only to American literature, but to world-history. Its achievement was an important part of his "mission." Had he passed away without undertaking it, the lack could never have been supplied. Although his readers may differ from him occasionally as to sentiments incidentally expressed, we recognize throughout the skill of the artist and the fidelity of the conscientious historian. During the closing years of Col. Burr, to the last day of his life, Sept. 14, 1836, the heroic elements pertaining to his gifted nature

were still in lively play; and Mr. Parton's word-pictures are so clear and truthful, that the reader who still remembers the subject of the narrative as a living personality is impelled by agreeable surprises to soliloquize aloud, like the stranger who had beheld the portrait by Vanderlyn, "That's the man!"

From different quarters objections have been urged against Mr. Parton's treatment of his subject as a fanciful style of portraiture, investing an essentially defective character with a halo that renders it attractive and even fascinating to youthful minds, when it should have been his aim rather to dispel its charm, and render it repulsive. Such criticisms are quite superficial. A biography is not a novel. In a work of fiction a writer may *create* his characters, but a writer of history deals with facts. If the biographer had represented Col. Burr in any other light than as a mightily attractive personality, his book would have been untruthful and morally valueless. A volume was not needed to warn any one against the fatal issues of a life utterly destitute of any element of excellence to love, honor, or admire; but to demonstrate by a great example that a character may be eminent for virtues that command the homage of a nation, and yet fail as to the realization of the chief end of life, for lack of

a supreme moral principle ruling within, at the very centre of one's being, is to set forth the one primary lesson that our times call for, and worthy of being issued in new and improved editions, for the sake of "the generations to come."

VI.

EDUCATIONAL PERIOD.

CRITICAL POINT OF AN EDUCATIONAL COURSE.

WHILE tracing the course of school-life in Old New York along the first quarter of this century, the early entrance of boys upon the college *curriculum* seems noteworthy as a feature of the time. The trend that way had been set somewhat by the classical teachers from the universities of Great Britain. It was not uncommon for boys to make a beginning with the Latin Grammar at nine years of age, and then at a little over twelve to present themselves at the chapel of Columbia College, Park Place, to pass an examination for entrance into the Freshman class. Although it may have been said that the normal age for entrance was fourteen, "the boys of twelve" seemed to consider themselves in regular order as candidates, and approached the ordeal with an air of self-reliance, as if "masters of the situation."

Looking back to the educational methods of that time from the stand-point of the present, we

note many changes for the better; but in this particular connection the feeling of contrast asserts itself in irrepressible exclamations of wonder over this relic of old scholastic custom. What a torturing trial of body and soul that was! It does seem now, indeed, as if the whole arrangement had been contrived by ancient schoolmen to overawe the youthful aspirants by the solemnity of their surroundings. In the centre of the chapel was a platform large enough to hold a chair placed before a table containing all the books then required. Along the southern side of the room were ranged the candidates for admission from the various preparatory schools; on the northern side were seated their school-fellows and friends to witness their trial; while at the western end were arrayed the robed Faculty, suggesting the judicial dignity of the Supreme Court of the United States. On the occasions which we remember, though the venerable President Harris was in his place, the examination was mainly conducted by Professor Charles Anthon, LL.D.; and he performed his part *con amore*. Of course, the scholars had all been told by their teachers that they were "well prepared;" and no doubt they had good reason to think so. Each one in turn mounted the platform courageously; but when once there, alone, "the observed of all observers,"

confronting such a solemn Inquisition, the situation seemed quite new: and then, just at the point where any close questioning was started, demanding the boy's whole attention to the matter in hand, we have seen more than one who had "never known fear" lose his self-command, and break down suddenly, with no power of expression but the irrepressible tear, so tenderly vocal with surprise and disappointment. To the honor of the Faculty, however, be it said that they remembered their own experiences, and seldom failed to make proper allowances for such incidental weaknesses, so that no boy was put back for the mere heredity of nervousness. In fact, the whole corps of teachers who sent the candidates in those days were trusted men, and the professors generally treated their certificates or judgments of scholarship with profound respect.

INTERVAL BETWEEN ACADEMY AND COLLEGE.

It was at this stage of our educational course, in the year 1820, that I was separated from the companionship of the classmates with whom I had been prepared for Columbia College. My father was unwilling that I should enter upon the four years' *curriculum* of the college at twelve, or even thirteen, years of age. He had thought out a definite programme for my future, and had awakened

on my part a sympathetic interest in following it out. It was his wish, for himself, after a full third of a century's experience in ploughing the deep, to turn to the ploughing of the land, and to make a change from city life to a home in the country. In order to gain time for deliberate choice before purchasing a farm in New Jersey, he hired the parsonage of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Paramus, at the time unoccupied by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Wilhelmus Elting, who was then residing upon his own home-farm in Aquackonouck. At the same time he arranged for me a year's residence in New York at the home of a widowed relative, Mrs. Joseph Bayley, in order that I might carefully review, under the special teaching of Mr. John Walsh, the ground I had already gone over, and thus acquire, as it was hoped, the habit of self-direction in study. In this connection he disclosed his projected course; namely, that during the year 1822 I should have a regular practice of farm-work at Paramus; that in 1823 I should take a four months' trip to England with him, and then, returning at the close of that year, resume my course of studies at Paramus, availing myself of the aid of a resident instructor, Mr. Simeon Zabriskie, especially apt in teaching arithmetic, algebra, and geometry, with the view of entering college in 1824, a year and a half in advance.

This planning was carried out to the letter. Thus my interval between academy and college embraced three years' intermingling of farm-work, foreign travel, and self-directed study.

THE FARM; THE CHURCH AND ITS PREACHER.

The projected change from the city to the country was a lively contrast. There was the charm of novelty; there was also the sense of responsibility pertaining to the charge of the farm during my father's absence on business in the city. The surroundings were very pleasant. Paramus was originally a settlement of well-to-do farmers, of Holland stock, growing wealthier every year by honest gains; for, as yet, the town had never seen a poor person, dependent upon charity, within its borders. The people's home-talk was Dutch as much as English, and the preaching of Dr. Elting was in Dutch every alternate Sunday service.

The Doctor was then in his prime, and, whether speaking in Dutch or English, was, as to style of thought and manner, plain, conversational, argumentative, earnest. In rising to address us, he always looked at us directly, as if kindly intent upon communicating something that had interested himself, and so won us at once. Thus it was, indeed, as a matter of experience on a beautiful Sunday morning in June, 1823, when I entered the

old Paramus Reformed Presbyterian Church in a state of entire indifferentism as to the whole range of subjects appropriate to the day and the place. On that day, however, Dr. Elting was "at his best," as if under some exceptional inspiration. He drew his text from Christ's valedictory discourse (John xv. 22, "If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin: but now they have no cloak for their sin"), and proceeded to set forth, as a characteristic of the Master's preaching, his method of appealing to every soul individually by a direct testimony, presenting himself as a divine teacher and Saviour, calling upon each to do one of two things: either to prove that testimony to be false, or treat it as true by a free act of choice in a personal self-surrender. Emphasizing that idea, he affirmed that this free act of self-surrender to Christ, in answer to his call, puts the soul into a *new relation* to him, and in this decisive choice one "becomes a Christian." This act of faith on the part of the soul is just as intelligible, just as simple, as was the poor leper's act of faith in regard to his body (Matt. viii. 1-3); placing it before Christ for healing, and thus coming at once into the new relation of a patient to the divine Physician. There is no puzzling mysticism here. Did not that sick man act rationally? Would you not have gladly done as he did

under like circumstances? In offering one's own soul to Christ, responsive to his invitation, the intellect, heart, and conscience act in unity, freely yielding to the highest possible motive of action; namely, the loving appeal of the Saviour in "laying down his life, of himself," a sacrifice for us, as he did when he let sin have its own way in putting him to death upon the cross of Calvary, and thus showed forth "the exceeding sinfulness of sin" in man when left to act itself out according to its essential nature. Now, a human being, conscious of sin, accepting him as the self-sacrificing Son of God, having, as he proclaimed, "power on earth to forgive sin," in that very act joins with Jesus in "condemning sin" (as Paul's expression is in Rom. viii. 3), rejects at once all other sacrifices or offerings of merit in the way of atonement, enters into a new relation with God, based upon a new groundwork of present acceptance, and so, by this act of faith, or sympathetic union with Christ, becomes identified with him in the realization of "eternal life," through and with him, "the heir of all things." This change of relation is a real salvation for both worlds; because the subject of it, "having now received the atonement," recognizes within himself a grateful love to the self-sacrificing Redeemer, that is of itself a *new power*, "working in him to will and to do,"

and insuring ultimate victory in the long conflict with evil. In the delivery of this discourse the doctor seemed to speak with an unwonted and touching earnestness. To one, at least, in that audience the Christianity of the New Testament disclosed itself in an aspect of simplicity unrecognized before; namely, a revelation of divine love, creating a responsive love in the human soul as a new vital force: so that, before the sun set on that day, there was realized the consciousness of a new love as a motive-power within, of a new relation to the kingdom of Christ on earth, and a new life-aim that marked a turning-point of personal history.

From that day to this I have never spoken or written the name of Wilhelmus Elting, D.D., without a profound sense of indebtedness.

TRAVELLING REGARDED AS EDUCATIONAL.

The four months' visit to England in company with my father, already alluded to, though not thought of at first as part of an educational programme, proved itself, as it now seems, a factor of some worth educationally. In this direction it was more effective, probably, than a "rapid transit" over the continent of Europe, in the style of modern tourists, could have been made. We travelled leisurely, enjoyed the top seats of the

old-fashioned stage-coach, and took time enough to reconnoitre the places and objects of the highest historical interest. Every acre of English ground has something to tell that is worth hearing, and the period of boyhood is the time set to listen. This remark is verified by a glance at the journal of those days, retained still in a condition readable to the writer. The diary of a boy traveller is a unique sort of thing, pertaining exclusively to its own season; and the like of it cannot be afterward produced for love or money. What a variety of minute details, items of curious interest, the exact figuring of dimensions, trifles "not worth noting" that become significant by their connections, things that the college graduate would never have seen, are recalled with interest from the journal of the schoolboy! They all turn out to be of use at some time, and acquire historical worth, at any rate. The quickening of an interest in history is of itself, in part, an education. The dullest will be stirred by the object-lessons given even by untrained teachers. "Take this hatchet in your hand; observe its long blade; feel its edge. When I tell you what it is, you will remember it all your life," said the portly, good-natured guide through the Tower of London. "Well, what is it?" — "It is the instrument with which the beautiful Queen Anne Boleyn was beheaded." The cicerone was

right: memory repeats the thrill of horror even now, and vivifies one's conceptions of court-life in the time of Henry VIII.

In this connection it is worthy of notice that any American schoolboy travelling through England in 1823 would become somewhat educated practically to an appreciation of the study of American as well as of English history; for the main question that is still agitating the country was then the subject of earnest talk everywhere, — in parlors, shops, and counting-rooms alike, — namely, the tariff. In that year the spirit of discussion was at its highest; every Englishman was well assured that America would see that it was her true policy to content herself with furnishing raw material, and buying her manufactured goods. It was so plain a case as to leave but little ground for doubt touching the issue. To their astonishment, the next year, 1824, came the American tariff; and to the astonishment of many now, the same question agitates both nations, while the same arguments are repeated by another generation about as far as ever from any unity of doctrine that dictates the policy of the future.

VII.

EDUCATIONAL PERIOD CONTINUED.

COLLEGE-LIFE.

THE six years of New York school-life already traced, pertained to a period of transition: Old New York then actually passed away, and Modern New York entered upon its national and cosmopolitan career. The Erie Canal, connecting the waters of our Mediterranean Seas with the Atlantic, — though its completion was not signaled by public celebration until 1825, — had become, despite the most deadly political antagonism, generally recognized as the great historical fact of the time three or four years before the close of the first quarter of the century; even as early as 1820, when Col. William L. Stone assumed the editorship of "The Commercial Advertiser," and made it the organ of a new political party known as "the Clintonians." Around DeWitt Clinton as their leader that party rallied with enthusiasm, and the great project which they championed successfully exerted a subtile influence upon

the conceptions of every New York schoolboy, who could now understand that "the city of his habitation" was no longer to be distinguished mainly as the commercial capital of the Hudson-river Valley, but as the metropolis of the Empire State. The idea was, of itself, as a new guiding light in the line of forecasting thought; investing the whole interior beyond the Mohawk, from Schenectady to Utica, thence to Buffalo and Niagara, with a fresh glow of romantic interest.

THE EDUCATIONAL TREND WESTWARD.

This connection of events and turn of public thought shaped the educational plans of a number of city students, who but for this impulse would have been content to follow along the beaten path to Columbia College, in their own vicinity, or at any rate, if otherwise minded, would never have entertained the thought of going westward beyond Schenectady and Dr. Nott for the sake of collegiate education. Now, however, the outlook seemed quite different. The rise of Hamilton College at Clinton, near the centre of the State, about eight miles from Utica westward (an institution of normal growth, whereof the Hamilton Oneida Academy, established at Clinton in 1812, was the germ), occupying a beautiful site, and "officered" by a competent Faculty, attracted young men from

the East as well as from the West, from New York as well as from Detroit. There, nearly sixty years ago, they were gathered from the geographical extremes as well as from the central neighborhoods; as, for instance, young Tompkins, the son of the vice-president, whose home was on Staten Island, and the son of Gov. Clinton, whose home was in Albany, were fellow-students with the son of Judge Porter, the proprietor of the land on the American side of Niagara Falls. The college catalogue exhibited, for successive years, the names of students representing the oldest families of Old New York in class-fellowship with those who hailed from little villages that were then all alive with the sense of a "manifest destiny" to become great cities, with possibilities quite undefinable. To the whole company of students domiciled upon Clinton Hill at that period the outlook of life was bright and hopeful in the light of a new era, and the future of every individual seemed well assured, like the future of the imperial State that could unite the waters of our inland seas to all the seas of the world, and bring the wealth of the West to our own metropolitan centre. In the year 1825 the completion of the Erie Canal was magnificently celebrated; and then, when Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell ended the ceremony by pouring into the Atlantic tide bottles

of water from "the Ganges and Indus of Asia, from the Nile and the Gambia of Africa, the Thames, the Seine, the Rhine, and the Danube of Europe, the Mississippi and Columbia of North, and Orinoko, La Plata, and Amazon of South America," in connection with a spirited oration interpreting the symbols, he fitly expressed the heightened hopefulness that had animated the whole community throughout the preceding half-decade.

THE HISTORICAL VIEW-POINT.

Thus the year 1825 asserts its claim as a chronological stand-point for any one who would apprehend correctly the historical relations of the old and the new. The mention of it in this connection awakens many pleasant memories, noting it as the middle year of my Hamilton-College life, having joined the Sophomore class in 1824, the third term. Leaving the steamer "Chancellor Livingston" at Albany, the old-fashioned stage-coach stood ready to carry our travelling company to Schenectady, whence we went right forward to Utica by the Erie Canal, at the rate of four miles an hour, in the new and strange-looking "packet," which, attractive to us by its novelty, compensated for its slowness by uninterrupted persistency day and night; illustrating the old story of the tortoise overtaking the race-horse.

A number of my fellow-passengers were then enjoying their first trip on the Erie Canal. Landing at Utica, they were greatly amazed at the sight of a comparatively thriving and beautiful city that had sprung up so suddenly along the shores and heights of the Mohawk. Men of lively imagination could not discern the limitations of its growth, and predicted for it a sort of metropolitan eminence.

INTRODUCTION TO COLLEGE-LIFE.

The Presbyterian congregation was already the most powerful religious organism of the city, its house of worship a large central structure, and the Rev. Dr. Aikin, the minister, though in his prime, seemed relatively patriarchal. As a life-long family friend, he made me his guest, and sent me forth to the college at Clinton, eight miles westward, well equipped with letters of introduction. The president, Rev. Henry Davis, D.D., once a professor at Yale, afterwards president of Middlebury College, Vermont, in style of dress and manners a perfect representative of ancient scholastic dignity, received the new-comer with paternal graciousness at his "study" in the north-west corner of his own dwelling, having an outlook over the college-grounds; provided for my examination at the college without delay, mainly

under the direction of the senior tutor, William Kirkland; then, congratulating me on the realization of my wishes, arranged with instinctive perception of character, through the agency of his son, my first introductions to fellow-students, and a provisional room-mate. It was the instinct of parental wisdom and the keen tact of an educator, as it now seems to me retrospectively, that suggested these arrangements as to their minute particulars of adaptation to my tastes and needs, mentally and socially. Alone, without acquaintanceship, how much as to personal happiness and welfare depended upon first impressions and first companionships! Immediately I found myself at ease, at home, and satisfied with my surroundings.

RIVAL LITERARY SOCIETIES.

One of the first impressions, however, made upon my mind soon after my arrival, pertaining to the social tone of the college, seemed for a little time somewhat abnormal. All alike, even the oldest, were apparently desirous of making my acquaintance; and the grace or tact with which opportunities were sought, suggested some exceptional inspiration more than the spirit of ordinary civility. There was a sense of environment in a sunny atmosphere; and this first specimen that I had seen of a state of separation from the outside

world to the new relationship of college home-life, commended itself to my sympathetic appreciation. Ere long, however, the nature of the inspiration that prompted these winning attentions disclosed itself, not so permanently unique as it had seemed. A warm rivalry between the two literary societies kindled a specially sympathetic interest in the new-comer; so that the youngest stranger from the country, however shy by nature, found himself quite rich in friends, and his favoring smile sought as a prize. In due time the claims of the Phœnix and the Philoputhean were eloquently pleaded; and, by the time that the decisive choice was made, the young pilgrim, who might have been a little chilled by loneliness, found himself naturalized to a tropical climate, healthful and enjoyable.

INTELLECTUAL AND SOCIAL ATMOSPHERE.

The influence of these two rival societies, each being centred in its own room and library, was favorable to self-culture, especially aiding development of faculty in speaking and debate more effectually than the regular collegiate exercises. Kindred associations in various colleges of the country have of late years given place to "secret societies," proposing sociality as their one end and practical aim. Educational observers have said,

that, during the last two decades, the power of debate has declined within the area of college-life. And the president of one university,¹ recognizing "the situation," has provided, by means of the construction, or reconstruction, of the college-buildings, for the furnishing of society rooms in an attractive way, adapted to revive an interest in the ideal aim that stimulated to special efforts the students of the olden time. Can any one peruse the life of Daniel Webster, and notice the degree of power attributed by his biographer, George Ticknor Curtis, to the action of a society of this order, in the development of the grandest American lawyer, orator, and statesman of our century, without a profound feeling of the significance of such a proposal?

In this connection it is worthy of notice that the cherished interest in this line of educational self-culture has never died out on Clinton Hill, and that, in the intercollegiate representative trials of oratory, Hamilton College has never receded from the van.

PERSONNEL OF THE FACULTY.

Although, in referring to the examination for entrance, I mentioned particularly the name of the senior tutor, Mr. William Kirkland, several

¹ President Robinson of Brown University.

other members of the Faculty were present. Of Mr. Kirkland himself we may speak as "to the manor born;" the family history of the Kirklands, including the eminent president of Harvard University, having been so intimately associated with the annals of the village of Clinton and the county of Oneida. In manner the senior tutor was gentlemanly, deliberate, critical; in fact, like his distinguished relative of Harvard, accomplished and effective in personal communication, but without corresponding power of expression by means of pen or type. He is now, retrospectively, quite familiar to our thought as the husband of Mrs. Caroline M. Kirkland, *née* Stansbury, author of the "Life of Washington," and an eminent figure in New York society before and after the war for the Union.

Prominent in the college Faculty, occupying the chair of mathematics and natural philosophy, was Professor Theodore Strong, LL.D., a strong-brained man, putting all the energy of his nature into his specialty, and in regard to whose rank among mathematicians it was generally conceded that there were none above him. He was in later years, while professor at Brunswick, N.J., an effective contributor to the mathematical literature of the time, and, as a teacher, especially prized by the few who took rank as "born mathemati-

cians." Nevertheless, the professor always denied that nature had gifted him with "genius," affirming that all his acquisitions had been conquered by force of will and hard work. In this line of direction his talk was an inspiration of encouragement to the dullest.

At the head of the classical department was Professor John Monteith, a clergyman of Scotch origin, a man of gentle manners, who "magnified his office" by doing honest work and by getting honest work out of his students; by a personal influence drawing them into sympathy with his deep sense of the essential worth of classical studies as related to success in life. In his presence, how low and mean and unpractical seemed the views of those who regarded the knowledge of the ancient languages as merely "ornamental"! If ever his unemotional features glowed with the feeling of utter scorn, it was when provoked by the expression of that idea by some popular journalists. Over the laboratory Dr. Noyes, "free and easy" in his dress and address, presided, and having drawn to him, as assistant, George W. Clinton, did his best to impart to "us boys" such an amount of college chemistry as was possible under his limitations. He was never disconcerted. If an experiment issued differently from his prediction, as it often would, he was happy over it, as

quite fortunate; saying that he had already given us the true law of the case, and that now another very important principle had been incidentally verified. Thus every mishap was clear gain! One thing we were well taught in that laboratory; namely, how to make the best of our mistakes by tracing them to their causes.

EFFECTIVE FORCE OF "THE SMALLER COLLEGES."

My retrospective view of college-life has never suggested a regret that I was induced to leave the great metropolis to seek matriculation in one of the smaller colleges of the country. There, certainly, the environment was most favorable to mental health and effective work; adapted to call out the best that is in one, so as to realize the essential idea of education. A largely endowed university, with its thousands of students, may fitly meet the needs of those who would pursue a post-graduate course for the mastery of specialties; but for the majority of the younger class the surest groundwork of a really liberal education, suited to the broad area of American citizenship, is the *curriculum* of the college, pursued without liability to distraction for several successive years. Illustrative of this statement in the sight of the civilized world is the life-story of President Garfield, whose kingly rank as scholar, orator, soldier, and

statesman is recognized to-day not only by the nation that owned him as chief, but by all educated nations throughout Christendom and Heathendom. To meet his needs for the realization of his high ideal, there was one great necessity; namely, a college like Williams College, including "a born teacher" like President Hopkins, combining a genius for metaphysics as well as for science and literature. The correspondence of demand and supply was complete; and while the example of Garfield is remembered, thousands of young men will discern in President Hopkins's beck to the struggling student, voiced in the written response to his inquiry, "Come, and we will do what we can for you," an argument in the interest of "the smaller colleges."

OXONIAN AND HAMILTONIAN BROTHERHOOD.

While writing this last sentence there is on the table before me a journal containing an article referring to the latest edition of Dean Stanley's "great work" on Palestine and Syria, tracing the steps of the eminent English scholar pursuing his critical studies over the ancient land, guided by Dr. Edward Robinson, the pioneer of his age in that line of investigation, whose subtle insight in the determination of doubtful questions has won for him recognition as "a supreme authority." It

is interesting to observe with what implicit trust the illustrious alumnus of old Oxford follows the leadership of the alumnus of Hamilton College, treating his tested conclusions as final; freely acknowledging the indebtedness of European scholarship to the American geographer, whose faculties were trained for his enduring life-work in the college-halls of Clinton Hill.

VIII.

THEOLOGICAL-SEMINARY LIFE.

POST-GRADUATE BEWILDERMENTS.

THE night and day that followed our graduation festival seemed exceptionally long — more than twice twenty-four hours — while lingering, necessarily, upon Clinton Hill, after the last farewells had been spoken, when the college-halls were all silent, and the surroundings solitary. This post-graduate depression, however, was temporary, and not so serious as some have told me of, in communicating an experience of their own, brought on mainly by the failure to choose with a decided preference any profession or specialty of pursuit.

At the end of the college *curriculum* they have halted doubtingly, looking forth upon the wide world teeming with busy life, unable to advance a step in view of any defined end or aim fit to call forth the best that is in them, or to render the future attractive. Some of the strongest men in the world have had a heart-story like this to

tell. Even John Stuart Mill, after having passed through his set course of home education, though exempt from any sequent pang of separation from companions, felt the strange, chill gloominess of this mental state, wherein the lack of any special interest in life issued in a depression that he has described as distracting hopelessness.

THE UPLIFTING LIFE-AIM.

From any bewildering experience of this sort I was saved by the determinate choice of the Christian ministry as my life-work. During my school-days the trend of my thought had been toward the law as a profession; and many of my holiday hours were given to the amusement of attending the marine court, and also the higher courts, in the old City Hall. But the intensely religious interest that so widely prevailed in Northern and Central New York in 1825 invested the college, at last, like a tropical atmosphere, and imparted a higher tone to our thinking and purposes. The faith that I had already cherished nearly three years, constituting me, as I believed, a member of "the one spiritual Church," — "the one flock of God on earth," whereof Jesus proclaimed himself "the one chief shepherd" (John x.), — had been finding scope for action in the membership of the College Theological Society as well as in Sunday-

school work, and was now quickened to keener sympathy, not only with the older workers, but also with "the young converts" who were starting upon their life-course with new ends and aims. Among these older workers was Harrison G. O. Dwight, now remembered as one of the pioneer American missionaries at Constantinople; Harvey Fisk (a cousin of Pliny Fisk, missionary to Palestine), the author of the first Sunday-school question-book published in America; Asa Mahan, whose volumes on "The Science of Logic" and "The System of Mental Philosophy" are still fresh issues from the press: among "the young converts," John Diell, who became first chaplain of the American Seamen's Friend Society at Honolulu. In the process of this concerted work the ministry loomed up as a divine institution, dealing with the highest interests of mankind, and asserting the supremacy of its claims. The questioning as to personal duty became urgent. I conferred with my father, and was warned by him against entertaining the thought of assuming the obligations of a life-work like that, unless assured that I could be conscientiously content with no other calling, and that, for the sake of this one, I would rather live, if necessary, on the equivalent of "locusts and wild honey in the wilderness" than luxuriate in the great metropolis on rewards of secular

success. The advice was wise. I accepted the conditions, in self-deliberation passed the ordeal, and resolved to obey the higher vocation.

IDEAL SUPERIORITY TO DENOMINATIONALISM.

As yet, however, I had no membership in any denominational organism whatever. In fact, the question whether any organized externalism, or any visible "*ecclesia*," set up by Christ himself to be an exponent or representative of that one spiritual Church whereof he had said, "I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine," could be found anywhere upon the face of the earth as a formulated order in a "local habitation," had not been satisfactorily settled. The outlines of Church history — Greek, Romish, and Protestant — had awakened a dread of self-subjection to a merely man-made organism, claiming priestly or clerical authority. Hence it seemed necessary to seek anew fresh information at the original sources, in accordance with Christ's direction to the inquirers of his day: "Search the Scriptures." To read or re-read his word in the Greek Testament with reference to the one question that had presented itself, was the supreme duty just then. From the plain facts of the historic narrative in the Four Gospels, the thirty years' Church-history of the Acts, elucidated

by the teachings of the Epistles, it became quite clear that Christ not only affirmed his personal relation to a spiritual kingdom composed of those who were "of the truth hearing his voice" (John xviii. 37), called forth from the world, and united to him by the sympathies of a loving faith, but that he did, moreover, institute local organisms, visible exponents of that spiritual kingdom, and designated each one of those assemblies or convocations his "*ecclesia*," denoting thus a body of persons gathered together of their own accord, *responsive to a call*. In this connection it became clear, also, that this characterizing term first appears in the New Testament as put forth by Christ himself (Matt. xvi. 18), indicating the direct opposite or set antithesis to the old Hebrew organism wherein membership was inherited as in a civil state; that such "*ecclesiae*" were gathered by the first preachers under the commission beyond Judæa, throughout Asia Minor and Europe; that, in constituting these local organizations, the requisition of baptism, followed by the observance of the Lord's Supper, was added to that of an oral confession of the interior faith that was always emphasized as the primary and vital element of conscious Christianization. This primitive conception of a spiritual kingdom and a visible representative "*ecclesia*," given to the world by Jesus

and his apostles, shone forth from the pages of the New Testament as a distinctive feature of external Christianity; a guiding light, self-witnessing!¹

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE "ECCLESIA" RECOGNIZED.

When this teaching of the New Testament had become clarified as a doctrinal unity, it asserted itself as authoritative. The next step was taken with the joyousness of a settled mind. The spring vacation of 1825 afforded the opportunity. On a Saturday afternoon, at five o'clock, I presented myself to Rev. John Williams, at his study in Oliver Street, New York, where my story was heard, and followed by a pastoral welcome to the next church gathering. It was the last relation of a personal experience that he listened to on earth: the next morning, at ten o'clock, he died suddenly while attempting to put on his coat in order to attend the usual church-worship. On the first sabbath of June my baptism, and welcome to church-fellowship, were administered by his colleague, Rev. Dr. Spencer H. Cone.

The reception of these ordinances was not regarded as initiating a new spiritual relation to Christ, but simply as "making manifest" the relation already existing; adding to the avowal of personal union with the one spiritual Church the baptismal oath, symbol of self-dedication, and then,

¹ See Appendices, page 342.

in concert with those who had already taken it, adding also the sequent sacrament or memorial feast, to be often repeated in commemoration of Christ as the source of redemptive life.

STUDENT-LIFE AT PRINCETON.

Before the last partings and farewells were ended on Clinton Hill, a few of us promised to meet again at Princeton Theological Seminary, to join the junior class of 1826-27. The promise was kept. It was a happy re-union. My introduction to the president, Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, seemed a notable event, so reverentially regarded was he as the patriarch of American Presbyterianism, the most widely accepted interpreter, through the pulpit, of its doctrinal formulations, its characteristic tone and spirit. In the highest degree he realized one's best ideal of the parental character, and his welcome made the young student think of himself as adopted at once into the filial relation. A feeling somewhat different was called forth on the day following, by my introduction to the eminent professor of ecclesiastical history, Rev. Samuel Miller, D.D., — an event anticipated with special interest, on account of his former associations with life in New York. The Doctor, as to his *physique* and the most trifling characteristic of his make-up, represented, to the general thought, the cultured

Christian gentleman. His latest work, entitled "Clerical Manners and Habits," was then fresh from the press, the talk of the day, calling forth criticisms, both captious and candid; even the ladies taking a profound interest in the treatment of the minutest points. His gentle, naturally dignified and attractive manner made the young student feel that his own character as a gentleman was cordially recognized. Ushered into his library about ten o'clock in the morning, we happened to meet him with one boot just then put on, holding the other in his hand; bowing, waving his hand toward a chair, he said, "Pray be seated. Excuse me for putting on my boot; already I have put on one, and it claims its mate." Scholarly though he was, his way and manner were not scholastic; rather, courtier-like, and so far cosmopolitan, that, had he been appointed to any European court as a diplomatist with the prestige of statesmanship, the impression made at his reception would have been in consonance with his accredited character. His influence upon young men was wholesome, and an element traceable widely in the clerical culture of the period.

At this time we all missed the personal presence of Rev. Dr. Charles Hodge, then absent in Germany. Combining, as he did, the higher qualities of exegete and theologian, his volumes entitled

“Systematic Theology” stand to-day, in company with the four volumes of Dwight’s “Theology,” in the libraries of the leading scholars and cultivated readers of English-speaking peoples. In 1876 I noticed them together upon the same shelf at the home of a professor in Glasgow; suggesting then and there the remark, that for five generations Yale and Princeton, in the persons of Dwight and Hodge, had furnished the most widely accepted exponents of evangelical Christianity, thus contributing largely toward a unification of theological thought, and a real advancement as to the method, spirit, and tone of European thinking as well as discipline.

CHARACTERIZATION OF PRINCETON IN 1827.

The interest of a residence in Princeton in 1827 was intensified by the enthusiasm of discussion called forth by the division of Presbyterians into two parties, rallying around the distinctive standards of the Old and the New School. Although Princeton represented the Old, there was a strong trend toward the New School on the part of many; all alike, however, in the main encouraging a scholarly freedom of thought and speech. A significant fact pertaining to the religious literature of the period, indicating an underlying basis of unity, seemed even then, when it first drew atten-

tion, prophetic of the reconciliation that has since been accomplished. A Boston house, Lincoln & Edmands, having issued an edition of Andrew Fuller's complete works, seven volumes, presented a set to the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, as a representative of the New School, and another to the Rev. Dr. Miller of Princeton, as a representative of the Old. Each of those gentlemen expressed in writing to the Boston house his appreciation of the gift; each of them saying for himself, that, if he were to name any one man as the trusted exponent of his own conception of Christian doctrines fitly formulated into unity, — apart from his denominational position as a Baptist, — he would name Andrew Fuller. An unexpected revelation! The leaders of opposing schools found themselves most satisfactorily interpreted by the leading writer of another denomination, who took rank with no "school" at all, but simply sought, as teacher and preacher, to give just expression to biblical Christianity, apprehended as a unity by minds in sympathy with its all-pervading spirit.¹

The first study of the junior year was Hebrew under Tutor Nevin, using the grammar and chrestomathy of Professor Stuart of Andover, then recently issued by that noble pioneer of American scholarship in an advanced course of biblical study. As yet, but little attention had been given to He-

¹ See Appendices, page 344.

brew in this country; now it began to assert itself as an essential element of ministerial education, and these effective beginnings were heraldic of the real "theological renaissance of the nineteenth century." From that day to the present, the turn of thought among evangelical Christians has been onward, away from self-subjection to the formulations of scholastic authority, to "the sound words" of the apostolic men interpreted by their contexts and the other hermeneutical rules universally recognized as grounded in the unchanging laws of nature and reason.

FROM PRINCETON TO NEWTON.

It had been my expectation, on entering Princeton, to avail myself of the complete three years' course at that seminary. An incident suddenly turned my steps toward New England. While in New York, occupying for a sabbath the pulpit of my absent pastor, Rev. Dr. Cone, I was brought into communication with a merchant of Boston, Mr. Nathaniel R. Cobb, who had been active and financially liberal in laying the foundations of the Theological Seminary at Newton, where two scholarly men, Professor Irah Chase and Professor Henry J. Ripley, were already at work. His urgent invitation to visit Boston at the beginning of the next Princeton vacation was accepted; and

the issue was a change of relations, in 1828, from the venerable seminary of the Presbyterians to the youthful Baptist institution crowning the beautiful eminence at Newton Centre.

The determination to make that change was not induced simply by denominational sentiment or personal sympathy. Newton Theological Seminary was the exponent of a cardinal idea; namely, the subordination of the whole *curriculum* of studies to the mastery of a purely biblical theology. The chief means to this end was the thorough "rooting and grounding" in the exegesis of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures; that is, in the primary record of facts and sayings that constitute "revealed Christianity." No creed or formulation, like that of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith, could rightfully assert an authority to dominate in interpretation. No disciple or teacher could be rightfully burdened with the responsibility of defending, in the view of the Church or the world, any extra-Scriptural combination of words and phrases. In a course of studies shaped by this ruling idea, exegesis (that is, the application to "the written word" of those tried rules of interpreting language that shine by their own light, and command the acceptance of mankind) would naturally hold the primary place. And it was so. This ideal, as a guiding light,

shone before the mind of the senior professor, Dr. Chase, when he composed the printed statement of the ends and aims of Newton Seminary, which then loomed up as a "sign of the times," with a unique aim, analogous to the mission of the Bethlehem star that led the inquiring Magians to the recognition of the Messiah, worthy to receive their choicest tributes of personal devotion and of world-wide testimony.¹

¹ See Appendices, page 347.

IX.

THE WIDE WORLD FIELD.

FIRST CALL TO THE PASTORATE.

IN the company of students at the Newton Theological Seminary in 1828, there was no one more distinguished by persistent energy in his preparatory course, or more glowing enthusiasm in view of his future, than Francis Mason, who, like William Carey, while yet alone in comparative seclusion, had set his heart upon one object of supreme interest; namely, the life-work of a missionary in Asia. His career has been effectively completed; and his elaborate volume, entitled "Burmah," while valued highly as a memorial of himself, constantly suggests the thought, by its masterly comprehensiveness, that the spirit of Dr. Carey rested upon him as an exceptional endowment. It seems now no wonder to me that his daily companionship and spontaneous talk should have kindled latent sympathies responsive to the calls from heathendom. It was so; and the awakening led to a conference, as to the proper field

“to look forward to,” with the good and fatherly secretary of the Board, Lucius Bolles, D.D., who, after his usual calm consideration, counselled me to “drop the question for the present,” saying that he doubted not that Providence would indicate to me special work on the home-field in a way that would leave no room for hesitation as to the path of duty.

Erelong there came to me at Newton a formal call to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Providence, R.I., presented by a committee who were authorized to say, that, in view of the exceptional weight of parochial cares incident to the surroundings, and as related to a *first* pastorate, only one sermon on the sabbath would be expected for several successive years. This proposal was to me a surprise; an action on the part of the old historic Church that I could not account for, except by considering their habit of deferential feeling — the growth of a lifetime — toward their late patriarchal pastor, Rev. Dr. Stephen Gano, to whom, personally, I had been brought exceptionally near in an interesting relationship a few months before his death; for it had come to pass, that, after my visit to Boston in September, 1828, already noted, the equinoctial storm detained the steamer for New York at her dock in Providence.

Wearied with the delay, I found my way up

the hill to the parsonage in the afternoon of that day, and thus made the acquaintance of the venerable Doctor, who was, when I arrived, reclining on the lounge, just entering upon a three months' confinement by the sickness that closed his earthly career. He would not let me leave his house during the storm, but sent for my luggage, persuaded me to remain over the sabbath, then sent me to his pulpit, and drew from me a promise, that, when returning from Princeton on my way to Newton, I would stay over the sabbath as his guest and helper. Thus began a special acquaintanceship with him, and a friendly relation to the First Church of Providence, that has now become the sacred memory of more than half a century.

It was said that the dying pastor, but a short time before the final moment, had expressed a wish in regard to the pastoral succession, that had issued on the part of the church in the action communicated by this committee. Deeply touched as one would be by such remembrance, I felt myself obliged to decline the call, assured that the time had not yet come for my accepting a charge so many-sided as was that of this eminently historic church, and that wisdom and grace would be given unto me to make a more effective use of what working-power I might have, with some cheering sense of adjustment to a more urgent need.

INTRODUCTION TO PRESIDENT WAYLAND.

In connection with these visitations to Providence, while yet a student, I recall my early acquaintance with President Wayland, who had then recently accepted the presidency of Brown University, and had entered upon his arduous work of reconstruction soon after the resignation of his pastorate in Boston and a brief occupancy of the chair of mathematics and natural history in Union College. It was to me then, at the first, the gratification of a curious interest merely to see and speak with him. For my first recognition of his individuality as a leading thinker and writer of the time came through a regular declamation by a senior of Hamilton College, in 1826, to which I listened in the chapel with intense interest as to a fresh disquisition on "The Nature of Sublimity; or, Characteristics of the Sublime." And when I inquired whence the orator had drawn his selection, I was informed that it was an extract from Wayland's discourse, published in Boston, on "The Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise." Immediately I sought the pamphlet, and while in Princeton heard it talked about considerably; one of the reviewers of the day having disapproved the effort to hold up the missionary enterprise before the world so as to charm it out

of its indifference, and win æsthetic interest. I was sorry for the reviewer, so utterly lacking capacity of emotional elevation, and capable only of belittling the subject whereof he undertook to treat. The published discourse met "fit audience" abroad, and was re-issued in Scotland, with an appreciative introductory essay by Dr. Wardlaw. There is reason for saying that this sermon, like Claudius Buchanan's "Star in the East," will live long, with a special mission for some susceptible minds in successive generations, quickening their latent aspirations, and aiding them to realize in action their true life-aim.

CHARACTERIZATION OF THE CHURCH IN UTICA.

While the call of the First Church of Providence was before me, Dr. Wayland availed himself of every opportunity that occurred, to assure me of the coincidence of his wishes with those of the church, and of his reliability as a co-worker in every way possible for my "aid and comfort" in the pastorate. He thought that the singular combination of events that had issued in the call had a meaning yet to be disclosed, and should render me cautious as to declining. His suggestions were encouraging. Nevertheless, my reasons for declining were not merely negative. From another quarter were derived motives of action decidedly

positive and controlling. During the latter part of my junior and the whole of my senior year in Hamilton College I had become thoroughly interested in the fortunes of the Baptist Church in Utica, then meeting in Broad Street; small and weak comparatively, yet representing, as I believed, a great cause at a great geographical and moral centre, destined to be the source of formative influences for good or evil extending over a wide area. This small church, the sudden storm of the anti-Masonic controversy had tried with exceptional severity, rending away from its support those whom it could ill spare. Yet there was a well-organized remnant, and that remnant, in the main, composed of the very best elements as to character, religious and social. From the centre of that little church went forth, week by week, the chief aggressive, constructive, and organizing force just then in existence; namely, "The New York Baptist Register," edited by Hon. Alexander M. Beebe, LL.D., and, as to its department of business, managed by Mr. Edward Bright, jun., whose forecast and persistent energy urged it onward to win its way to the new homes over an ever widening extent of territory. "The Register," then in its prime, was the educator of a rising "people;" making itself felt through successive years as a growing, unifying, denominational power in the Empire State.

In regard to the editor of that paper, Mr. Beebe, no one feared, while he was living, to speak of his real worth as a man, a citizen, and a Christian, in terms of a superlative degree; now, surveying his life as a completed unity, we may repeat aptly the exclamation, "Behold the perfect man!" He was the grandson of the Presbyterian patriarch Rev. Dr. McWhorter, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Newark, N.J.; was educated a Presbyterian; studied law in the same office with President Van Buren; yet at last found his main life-work in the editorship of "The Register." He was content; never ambitious of a higher sphere on this earth, and, as to the interplay of his intellectual and emotional nature, admirably well balanced, — a benefactor to the community in general, and to his denomination in particular. To him, in his somewhat advanced age, Edward Bright, jun., in his youth was a right-hand man; a coadjutor, not only carrying the cares of the business, but sharing those pertaining to the moral and religious ends and aims of the paper. In his office, at one time, he placed a few books for sale, adapted to meet the primary denominational needs of the country; and from that germ grew a bookstore that did good service in the interests of general literature and science, — the first establishment embracing such a combination of elements west of Boston. In the

management of the departments as a practical unity, editorial, clerical, mercantile, or financial, the adjustment of aptitudes was perfect; and Utica was at that day a denominational centre of organization for the State of New York west of the Hudson.

That little church, though storm-tossed and weakened, was even then beginning to make its influence felt in Asia by parting with Cephas Bennett (with Mrs. Bennett), to go forth as missionary printer to India, where to-day may be seen the proofs of more than a half-century's effective service. In local home-work, too, there was real efficiency in proportion to numbers; an enthusiasm of biblical study, the essential life of the Sunday-school institution, pervading the whole, young and old alike. Memory signalizes the decade beginning with 1825 as, in fact, a Sunday-school historical era, so great was the relative amount of intellectual energy concentrated in that direction. Utica then as a Christian community was prominently "at the front" in the line of progress; the largest school in the city being that of the First Presbyterian, unsurpassed even to this day as to method, tone, or effectiveness, and the smaller school, under the superintendence of Mr. Bright, as to ideal, aim, and action a recognized kinship. Both superintendents took rank

as leading thinkers and workers in developing the capacities of the Sunday school as a permanent institution, then comparatively fresh and full of life, prophetic of a future.

EARLY MINISTRY IN UTICA.

From this church in Utica was sent to me a call to their pastorate about the time that the call to the First Church of Providence lay before me. Immediately on its reception the positive reasons urged for its acceptance were decisive. All the cherished affections pertaining to the period of my college-life in their vicinity were revived. Their call was with authority, as the voice of the Supreme Providence; and I resolved to accept, without any questioning as to terms or conditions of any kind.

That was a decision "never repented of." The sympathetic pastor at Albany, Rev. Dr. Welch, emphasized his felicitations in his own way, and in due time fulfilled the promise that he would be present at the ordination festival, and preach the sermon of that occasion, which he did most happily on the 20th of October, 1829, taking his text from Acts v. 20, "Go, stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life." On the Sunday evening following, we all gathered around him in the First Presbyterian Church, in

a union meeting, at the invitation of the pastor, Dr. Aikin, and enjoyed his discourse on "The Prayer of Jabez," addressed to a crowded audience. His visitation was a quickening and a cheer to our little church; small as it seemed, the field of work was ample. There was no need, just then, of advertisements to gather audiences. Erelong there were responses to "the Word preached" of the kind most ardently desired; and a succession of baptisms drew several thousands at a time to the banks of the Mohawk, where the baptismal self-dedication of converts confirmed the Word as "with signs following," and uttered appeals that are still transmitting themselves. In one of those throngs thus gathered, least observed of all, or noticed, stood a Scotch boy, who, as he beheld and mused, said in his heart, "This is just what Jesus meant." Soon he followed in the same path, in the presence of many witnesses, and has been already, more than a third of a century, engaged in winning and guiding others, well known in the far West as Rev. A. Cleghorn, D.D. Our joyous recognition more than twelve years ago, at a Western convention, revived the memory of the scenes long past, as scenes of youth, and rendered that memory an inspiration of worship.

ONLY ONE SORROW: CLIMATIC INTERFERENCE.

It might be inferred, from our incidental allusions, that the spirit of inter-denominational Christian union was a cheerful feature of the time whereof we write. It was so; and from that day to this we have rarely seen in any community a more genuine catholicity in social life, or more readiness of ministers and people to unite in work for the common service. In Broad Street, nearly opposite our own place of worship, was that of the Reformed (Dutch) Presbyterians, where Rev. George W. Bethune, D.D., a friend of my school-days, was pastor. Though topographically opposite, there was no opposition of interests. No two bodies of people, even of "the same faith and order," were seen more freely intermingling on all occasions of worship, as opportunity offered. Indeed, the remembrances of my first pastorate are associated with only one personal sorrow; namely, the necessity that called forth the physician's prescription of a change of climate for a disorder of the vocal organs, threatening a loss of voice. It seems now that my residence so near the river was a sanitary mistake. Thus my ministry in Utica, too brief, was ended, not to accept a call from another church, but to enter upon a different sphere of action,—the professorship of Latin and Greek

in Georgetown College, Kentucky. The long journey and the climatic change restored my voice; and then, ere long, I gave up the professorship, and returned to the pulpit by accepting a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Boston.

The year of that departure (1830) witnessed the incorporation of Utica as a city, with a population of less than nine thousand. Now, with a population of nearly forty thousand, it signalizes the gradual growth and thrift of Central New York. There the denominational banner of the Baptists was first uplifted by the Welsh, always intent upon claiming the highest historical origin possible for their faith as well as for their race. They constituted the First Baptist Church. The Second was the one meeting in Broad Street, which, under the ministry of Rev. A. S. Patton, D.D., in 1864, changed its locality and its name, entered a new and beautiful house of worship upon "the Hill," recognized as "the Tabernacle Baptist Church." From this Second sprang the Third, to which Rev. D. G. Corey, D.D., has ministered for more than a third of a century without interruption. Despite all changes, Central New York, with its schools and universities, having a history of its own, has kept step with the age, and fulfilled—if not all the prophecies—the sober promises of its bright beginnings in its relations to the State and the country, old and new.

X.

OLD BOSTON.

TRANSITION PERIOD.

TOWARD the close of December, 1830, after contrasted experiences of the pain of parting from the friends within and around Georgetown College, Kentucky, and the exhilaration of the return journey to the North with a lost voice fully restored, came the welcome to Boston as a field of work and predestined *home*; the old acquaintanceship pertaining to the period of student-life in the vicinity rendering it truly homelike. Comparatively, the time of this return seems now quite noteworthy as a point of transition. Old Boston was just then beginning to pass away; and the common talk was lively with guesses as to the future of the New Boston that was to rise in the suburbs, whither the trade-power was threatening to remove the homesteads and family-life of the old historical city. The chief chronological point of distinction between the old and the new may be discerned by the youngest reader in the

light of the fact, that only two years before (1828) we had listened to Edward Everett, in Faneuil Hall, calling upon the capitalists of Boston to prove themselves equal to the demands of the age by investing their money in enterprises that would give them the mastery of their future; using all his art of argumentation to convince them that railroads would pay! With what contrasted tones did he complain that Boston was so slow, and then tauntingly exclaim, "New York says that the grass will soon be growing in Boston streets!" That oration was addressed to Old Boston, but it was soon "out of time;" and some one has said, "The new era dawned the next morning."

PERSISTENCY OF THE OLD PAST.

But then, "the Old," though thus disturbed, lingered long; looking back, loath to leave the old homesteads, or to see family-life "emigrating" from them. Hence it was my fortune to begin my ministry, in a good degree, among those who were a *part of that past*, and thus rendering the leading men and women of the departed generation "a living presence" to our thought and feeling. Thus, in making the acquaintance of my "parish," I found myself at the centre of a social circle wherein one of the most eminent ministers of the last century, Rev. Samuel Stillman, D.D.,

was incidentally alluded to, day by day, as if he had been my immediate predecessor, although he had been absent from this world twenty-three years, having died in 1807, the year before my birth. Four pastorates had intervened between Dr. Stillman's and my own, including Rev. James M. Winchell's, of six years' duration; Dr. Francis Wayland's, of five years; and Cyrus Pitt Grose-nor's, of four years. These were all well remembered, but the mere mention of Dr. Stillman's name would call forth allusions of such pictorial naturalness as to make him seemingly my contemporary. That illusion grew into a sort of mental habitude, so that it required sometimes a second thought to place one's self chronologically right in relation to him.

This vividness of impression in regard to men and things, actors and factors of the past, did not pertain merely to my own parochial surroundings, but to the broader area of relationship sustained by the ministry of the old First Church during the previous half-century. An illustration of this remark presents itself in an incident associated with my installation, wherein Dr. Wayland officiated as the preacher. The first offer of an exchange of pulpit services came to me from an eminent clergyman of another denomination, whom I had known of historically as a trusted leader

and recognized exponent of evangelical Christianity during the period of conflict that broke organic Congregationalism into two parties, distinguished as Unitarian and Orthodox, — Rev. John Codman, D.D., of Dorchester, who, like the true and valiant shepherd that loves the flock as his very life, had grandly kept his charge within the old fold. At first sight of him, on the evening of Feb. 3, 1831, I was impressed with the expression of his noble physique, the realized ideal of patriarchal dignity. As soon as the “Amen” of the benediction was sounded forth, he took my hand cordially, saying, “In years long gone it was my privilege to exchange pulpit services with your excellent predecessor, Dr. Stillman; and now, be assured, it is a great pleasure to me to welcome his young successor here, and to propose a continuance of the courtesies so long and so happily remembered.” That kindly welcome, as spoken then and there, was alive with fresh suggestion as to the significance of the occasion in its connection with that stormy old past wherein the weak “Orthodox remnant” had found cheer and help in its recognition of spiritual kinship with the rising Baptist brotherhood of that day. Regarded as a representative character, the very presence of Dr. Codman at the installation would have sufficed, of itself, to revive many dim

memories of that epochal history, and to start fresh questionings as to its import. Dr. Channing, who was also the contemporary of Stillman, was then still speaking to the great public through the press as well as the pulpit, giving freer scope to his pen after the settlement of his colleague, Dr. Ezra S. Gannett. Thus, at the very outset, our immediate church surroundings were notably distinguished by the presence of veteran leaders whose pronounced names suggested all that was characteristic in the conflicting movements of the preceding half-century.

NEW ERA OF RECONSTRUCTIONS.

At that time, the beginning of 1831, Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher had fulfilled five years of the decade comprising his Boston ministry, undertaken in 1826 with the view of re-organizing the scattered forces of evangelical Congregationalism, constructing or reconstructing for it new churches and church edifices, not only in the metropolitan centre, but in the old historic towns where "Liberal Christianity" had taken possession of the ancient heritage, claiming the prestige of parochial and legal heirship. The Liberals, with Cambridge as their centre, supreme in the University, ruled the State. Litigation in the courts about the titles to church property had nearly reached its limit. As

yet, however, Congregationalism was legally "the standing order," and taxation for its support was universal, except in those cases for which the adjusted law had necessarily provided exemption by means of "signing off" a written declaration of attendance upon some other form of denominational worship. Not till 1834 was the Church and State completely separated in Massachusetts as it was in the other States of the Union, and as it had been in Rhode Island from the beginning. Under these conditions, the revival of evangelical Congregationalism was identical with the revival of Scriptural Christianity as an experience of the individual soul, implying a real personal conversion or voluntary self-surrender to Christ, responsive to his divine call. This conscious heart-union to him as the supreme requisition, and strict fidelity to that main idea in eloquent and effective preaching, was the one memorable distinction of Dr. Beecher's ministry. He was then as in the prime of his life, "his natural force unabated;" in love with his accepted mission, filling his own pulpit and meeting other weekly appointments — often out of the city and far away — with all the persistency of the most highly paid lyceum lecturer; addressing crowds in the spirit of that pure revivalism whereof he was then the chief exponent; realizing its unmarred ideal, and doing his best

to make it what it became at last in the history of the period,—a characterizing and redeeming feature.

RELATION OF THE BAPTISTS TO THAT ERA.

In this connection we may properly remark, that Dr. Beecher, after having become acquainted with his field in Massachusetts, recognized, like Dr. Codman, the special relation of the Baptists as fellow-helpers in the common cause of evangelical religion, and aptly put that recognition as part of a sermon delivered from the pulpit of the First Baptist Church as early as 1829, frankly saying, “Your light was kept burning and shining when ours had gone out.” To that ancient church he was a welcomed neighbor; the granite edifice wherein he ministered being near, and continuously a point of attraction until its destruction by fire, when the interest was transferred from Hanover Street to the new structure in Bowdoin Street, where the Doctor preached his farewell sermon after his acceptance of the presidency of Lane Seminary, Ohio. Dear and grand old man! I ought to love and honor him; for not only was his personality in the pulpit an uplifting force, but also that freedom of communication which he heartily encouraged by welcoming me even to his study, and treating me as a son.

RELATIVE POSITION OF THE FIRST CHURCH.

At the time noted above, when Dr. Beecher sounded forth that quoted testimony from the pulpit of the First Baptist Church, — “Your light was kept burning and shining when ours had gone out,” — that church was regarded, essentially in its representative relation, as expressing the ideas and spirit of “a people” denominationally organized, having a history of its own. And yet that First Church was, of itself, an object of interest as the monumental witness of a marvellous past, suggestive of an enduring future. Its deaconship was composed of five men, the majority of whom had been co-workers under the ministry of Dr. Stillman, — James Loring, a veteran publisher, and the founder of “The Watchman,” the second weekly religious paper issued in the United States; Prince Snow, though beyond the bound of “three-score and ten,” tall, stately, and “straight as an arrow” as he walked, remembered, too, as the father of Dr. Snow, author of the history of Boston; then, Deacon John Sullivan, the first West-Indian merchant who had won the honors of leadership in the cause of temperance by sacrificing a lucrative business to his convictions, destroying the poisonous beverage by offering the costly libation, poured forth into the open street of Commercial

Wharf, as the proper sequel to a sermon of Dr. Wayland. The choice of the mild and peace-making Urann was of a later date. And, last of all, Moses Pond, most happily for us, was chosen as the fitting representative of the younger generation.¹

THE REPRESENTATIVE SEXTON.

Then, besides the deaconship was another office; namely, the sextonship, that had long seemed like a "permanent institution" in the person of Father Winslow, a venerable old man, all life and nerve, and, despite all changes, about as young as ever. Such was the common saying. The cut of his dress, his whole attire, including particularly the old-fashioned queue, in keeping with the style of Colonial days, were suggestive of an original character, decidedly positive, having sources of strength within itself. In accordance with ancient custom, it had been his wont, of old, to precede his pastor, Dr. Stillman, up the broad aisle, and deferentially open the pulpit door for his convenience. In process of change, the pulpit became proximately a platform: there were no doors to be opened; and, as to that formal service, it was said, "The sexton's occupation is gone." But his field of work was broad, and as a veteran undertaker he

¹ See Appendices, page 327.

dignified his calling; well known throughout the old city, and kindly greeted everywhere. Of the memories associated with this part of his life-work, one occurs more frequently than the rest, on account of its connection with a name that has become more and more widely spoken from that day to the present. Having opened for me the door of the carriage that he had sent to convey me to "the house of mourning" where he had charge of the funeral, he detained me to say that it was now expected by the friends of the deceased that the young minister of the Unitarian church in Hanover Street — Rev. Ralph Waldo Emerson — would be present, and that they would be pleased to have the service so arranged as to include a participation on his part. I replied that I should be happy to fulfil the wishes of the mourners in that particular. "Very well," said the old gentleman, "very well. But I will tell you here, that, while Mr. Emerson's people think so highly of him, he does not make his best impression at a funeral; in fact, he does not seem to be at ease at all, but rather shy and retiring. To tell the truth, in my opinion, that young man was not born to be a minister." The quaint manner of the old sexton gave emphasis to this unexpectedly outspoken opinion. It must have seemed, if overheard, an exceptionally strange *impromptu*, consid-

ering the position of the speaker, the time, and the place. But after all, and stranger still, the quaint old man's instincts were quick, keen, and prophetic. Ere long RALPH WALDO EMERSON uttered the same opinion of himself, took himself entirely out of the rank of ministers, concentrated his mental force upon the transcendental communion with "Nature," summarizing his thought and purpose in the words that he repeated with an emphasis all his own: "What I am born to be, I will be." Thus our little episode brings back to the eye of memory the representative sexton, the ancient and honored "Father Winslow," in the twofold character of sexton and prophet.

XI.

GARRISON AND THOMPSON.

AGITATING QUESTIONS, OLD AND NEW.

ALREADY we have had occasion to notice the advent of the railway power as the chronological point of distinction between Old and New Boston. Within the brief course of three or four years (1830-34) we witnessed the settlement of the one great question that had shaken the Commonwealth during the preceding half-century, and the rise of another that was destined to shake thoroughly both the State and the nation during that eventful *third* of a century upon which we were then entering. Both of these questions agitated the whole community at once, because they both combined religious and political elements, and were recognized as politico-religious questions. The first leading issue was the entire separation of Church and State, regarded as organisms; the second was "the slavery question," which was effectually settled in 1865 by the overthrow of the slave power, and the constitutional establishment of free-

dom as an inalienable birthright, no longer sectional, but national.

In regard to the first question, one has often occasion to observe, that, while everybody knows how rigidly Congregationalism was maintained as the legally established religion in Colonial days, comparatively few now remember with what persistency, throughout the old Bay State, the old system struggled to sustain itself by universal taxation long after it had been abolished by the other States of the Union. For obvious reasons the denominational trend of the Baptists had long been normally toward the Democratic party, and continued so until new issues ruled the relations of parties by the power of new ideas. But this original trend lasted long, asserting itself in various directions. Throughout and beyond the time here noted as a transitional period, the president of the First Baptist Society's Trusteeship, the Hon. John K. Simpson, though rejecting all offers of political office, was often spoken of as virtually a member of President Jackson's cabinet. Thus it occurred that in the early summer of 1833, when the President and his suite left Washington for a visit to New England, including a sabbath in Boston, the programme indicated the First Baptist Church as their chosen place of worship.

To the last moment of the last legislative debate

the conservatives were as intent as ever upon sustaining the old *régime*. The most memorable speech in its defence was made by the Hon. Alexander H. Everett, who based his argument upon the ground of educational necessity. All, of every class, he said, demand legislative provision for the support of public schools; but in Massachusetts the school and the church had always been regarded as equally essential to educational advancement and the stability of Christian civilization. They had, from the beginning, been "joined together," and he distrusted the policy that would "put them asunder." They stood together in the same relation to the State as necessary means to a main end, alike deserving and claiming legal support. Personally, his position was somewhat exceptional, being at once a Unitarian and a Democrat; afterward, indeed, as a Democrat, he was appointed Minister to China. It is here worthy of note, however, that the Unitarians, then generally of the Whig party, voted heartily with the Baptists for the dissolution of this legal bond.

Toward the end the battle "waxed hot," but the victory of religious freedom soon clarified the atmosphere. As the smoke of conflict passed off, the defeated conservatives "accepted the situation" gracefully, without audible wailing over "the lost cause," and learned to appreciate the gain of

a clear field with its improved conditions for "making history," and rendering the future better than the past.

THE NEW QUESTION STATED.

The second great agitating question of the period sprang forth suddenly within our own immediate vicinity and circle of acquaintanceship, marring the denominational and social unities that had distinguished the past. As to the essential principle, the underlying sentiment, the moral basis of action, there was, within our familiar range of daily observation and intercourse, a real unity; the one turning-point of division was the alternative, *gradual or immediate emancipation*. Around and within the widening area of our relationships there was a strong anti-slavery sentiment, that had found a partial expression, for a succession of years, in co-operation with the American Colonization Society, originated by the best men of Virginia, Kentucky, and the North, in the interest of gradual emancipation as well as for the nationalization of the colored race on the coast of Africa in the form of a Christianized republic. Such a republic, it was believed, when acknowledged by the national governments of Europe and the United States, would be an uplifting power, not only for the "Dark Continent," but for the colored race

everywhere. At the starting-point the aim was right, and the method apparently the best possible. The political leaders of South Carolina, however, ere long denounced the scheme as an antagonism to their positive idea of the *permanence* of the slave-relation, imprisoned the colonizationist agents, threatened to hang them if they persisted in publicly advocating their cause, and then at last adroitly won over to their own opinions, theoretically or practically, the Southern mind at large, creating thus a unity unmatched in history.

RELATIVE POSITION AND POWER OF GARRISON.

This extreme issue Mr. William Lloyd Garrison saw clearly before it had developed itself to the view of the Northern public. He always had the courage of his convictions; a simple truth once discerned, however unwelcome, must assert itself. He not only availed himself of the weekly press, but put forth a weighty pamphlet, replete with facts, argumentation, and appeal, and characterized the whole scheme of colonization as a conspiracy against the rights of the colored race, using epithetic adjectives without stint, all in the superlative degree. As at that time I had been elected in the place of Rev. Dr. Howard Malcom, who had left the city, a member of the Massachusetts Auxiliary Colonization Board, whose special work was

school education in Africa, I was present at its meeting when the great pamphlet of Mr. Garrison, fresh from the press, was brought in, and placed upon the table. Dr. J. V. C. Smith, afterwards mayor of Boston, presided. The Hon. Alexander H. Everett was thoroughly incensed, and said that the writer should be indicted for libel. The occasion led me to observe that there were colonizationists and colonizationists, — two classes: the original Virginian type, represented by such men as Judge Washington and Mr. Custis of Arlington; and the contrasted South-Carolinian type, represented by all the leading men aiming at nullification, who had, with persistent energy and strategic skill, been gaining an ascendancy over the sympathies and the public sentiment of the whole South. These two classes were like the two baskets of figs shown in vision to the Hebrew prophet: the good were very good, and the bad very bad; representing, as Jeremiah explained, “the house of Israel” in his day. To some, the plain facts in their true relations may not, just now, seem quite clear in the dim distance; but fortunately, by way of exposition, the leading article of “The American Colonization Journal’s” issue for October, 1830, entitled “An Appeal to South Carolina,” tells the real story of the time to an intelligent reader, and is historically significant. Mr. Garrison, as author of the pam-

phlet, comes before us as a narrator of plain facts, revealing virtually the growth of this South-Carolinian element, and prophetic of startling issues: hence it seemed to me that we should accept the two sets of facts with their particular meanings, discriminating between good and evil, and avoid confounding things that differ.

In view of this state of things, it must be evident, even to the youngest reader, that when Mr. Garrison, through "The Liberator," denouncing slaveholding as a sin against God and humanity, called upon the nation for repentance of that sin, and immediate abjuration of it, there was a power of truth and right in his appeal that touched millions of consciences, issuing in a division of parties; the one side grounded upon the idea of what was theoretically right, the other upon the idea of what was immediately practicable, and that to these of the latter class the clarion call was startling, just as a jubilee trumpet in ancient Israel would have seemed if sounded over the land before the set time. Even Dr. Lyman Beecher appeared in the view of many unlike himself in his manner of pleading for exceptional indulgence in the treatment of *organic* sin. Nevertheless, within our own denominational surroundings the profound respect for genuine convictions, for liberty of conscience and of speech, was a regulating power, keeping the

organized bodies "compact together," and, despite all differences, effectively one in a common interest for missionary enterprise at home and abroad. At the same time, the intense and growing faith in the safety of immediate repentance for all wrong, and of doing right at once, under all circumstances, began to assert and organize itself for concentrated work in its own line of direction, under the leadership of Timothy Gilbert, "a grand, whole-souled Abolitionist," of whose life-work Tremont Temple is a lasting memorial, and whose biography, written by Dr. Justin D. Fulton, is a timely contribution to the local history of the period.

GREETING OF HON. GEORGE THOMPSON.

The profound respect for genuine convictions and freedom of utterance, noted above as a regulating power, was called forth into public expression by the arrival in Boston of the eminent English orator and philanthropist Mr. George Thompson, as the coadjutor of Mr. Garrison in arousing the people to concerted action. In his own country Mr. Thompson had already signalized his career by victories in the cause of the Right, appealing to the people against the selfish tyranny of the English administration in India, and thus created a public opinion that the government was obliged to recognize in his utterance as the voice

of the nation. He had been faithful at home in the cause of universal right, and that cause was not Christian England's only, but our own as well. The political press generally, North and South, greeted his advent here in terms of the most resentful disparagement touching the man and his mission; treating it as a specimen of obtrusive English interference with American affairs, inspired by the base motives of enmity and greed, and thence calling upon the public at large to ignore the pretentious stranger. Upon all those, however, who met Mr. Thompson personally, he made a most favorable impression; and so, having learned that he had been in due form accredited by a Congregational church in London, several years before, as an acceptable preacher of the gospel, I invited him at once to occupy the pulpit of the First Baptist Church on the following Sunday afternoon. The house, centrally situated, was crowded; and the sermon, on "Christ the Great Atoner," was heard with sympathetic interest, and welcomed most cordially by those who, as evangelical Christians, were recognized as persons of representative character. That hospitable greeting Mr. Thompson never forgot. Several years afterwards, while I was passing a month in London, he made of it the most grateful mention possible. We often met at the house of a mutual friend, Mr. Moore,

one of the leading men of the church to which Mr. Spurgeon now ministers, and father-in-law of Rev. Dr. R. W. Cushman. He was then in his prime, as zealous for the cause of universal right in relation to Asia as he had been in its relation to America. He invited me to accompany him to one of his great India-meetings, held in Exeter Hall, called for the purpose of arraiguing the English administration in India; and favored me with a chair on the platform, near himself and John Howard Hinton on one side, and Daniel O'Connell on the other. Lord Brougham presided; in speaking was "at his best;" referred to Mr. Thompson as the heroic orator of England, and predicted his election as a member of the British Parliament. That expression called forth a warm response.

XII.

THE TRANSITION PERIOD.

EFFECTIVE MEN OF THE EPOCH.

THE settlement of the question of religious liberty, and the rise of "the slavery question" as a national party issue, has been noted as pertaining to a transition period (1830-34), chronologically distinguishing Old and New Boston, and heralded in Faneuil Hall by Edward Everett's appeal to the men of Boston for the investment of capital in the construction of railroads. Associated with this period—namely, the beginning of 1830—is the achievement of Daniel Webster in the Senate Chamber at Washington, where, in the discussion of primary principles, his speech in answer to Gen. Robert Y. Hayne of South Carolina effectually established the unsettled mind of the North in the conviction that the American Union is not a mere confederation, whose authority any State can nullify or suspend at will, but a living nationality, supreme within its own sphere, as defined by the Constitution. That one speech

was the effective educator of the younger generation that bore the brunt of the war for the Union, whose issue, in 1865, ended that controversy. Several paragraphs of that speech won immediate acceptance throughout the schools and colleges of the land, in the way of class declamation; the educated youth of the country "got it by heart;" and thus the debate became a turning-point of American history.

Moreover, associated with this same period is the uprising of William Lloyd Garrison as a maker of history, an adjuster of the political and social forces, whose way had been prepared by the great work of Webster in clarifying the American idea of nationality, thus creating a firm public sentiment appreciative of the emancipator's appeals.

In awakening memories of this period, we cannot mention the name of Mr. Garrison without recalling in thought that of Wendell Phillips, whether we utter it or not. His graduation at Cambridge occurred the year after that of Mr. Sumner; and, in 1837, his speech in denunciation of the murder of Lovejoy won him recognition as the "Prince of Orators," the "golden-mouthed" coadjutor of Mr. Garrison, sustaining to him a relation as vital as that of Melanchthon to Luther; supplying to "the Cause" the Demosthenic energy that had been lacking. He came forth in

the fulness of his power, and, retaining it for almost half a century, stood forth distinguished among laymen, — the non-official or non-professional, — recognized by Harvard as a chosen exponent of the live scholarship of New England, able to voice, or even *criticise*, that culture and spirit of the age that Harvard now represents.

Within the scope of the same period is our first recognition of Charles Sumner as a young lawyer, a zealous scholar, an effective writer, “a man of ideas.” He was graduated at Harvard in 1830, — a few months before the commencement of my first pastorate in Boston, — pursued a course of studies at the Law School, and in 1834 entered into partnership with Mr. George S. Hillard, the firm occupying two adjoining offices in Court Street (near Washington), well remembered throughout the twenty years following as Mr. Sumner’s business centre, until that distinction was transferred to his home in the national capital.

In both places, throughout his professional and political career, I was in the way of seeing Mr. Sumner occasionally, and at times not unfrequently. But Mr. Hillard, of whom it might be exceptionally said that his society was as attractive as his books, I was wont to meet only in Boston. Having been present at his graduation in Cambridge, I chanced once to repeat to him,

years afterward, some sentences from his oration, to which quotation he responded laughingly, in the mood of humorous self-criticism. In comparing the two partners, though so congenial, the points of agreement and contrast were clearly marked. In incidental talks, great underlying principles would, of course, come into discussion, and then Mr. Hillard's conservative tendencies would find winning expression; while, even at that early period, when Mr. Sumner was so enthusiastically occupied with the literature of law, his strong ethical convictions, overruling deep sympathies, determined a different trend, and would assert themselves in sentiment and tone decidedly anticipatory of those uttered afterward in the elaborated sentences heard in Faneuil Hall, Tremont Temple, the Capitol at Washington, or read in the complete edition of his printed works. This fact suggested a diary note on a certain day, quoting a saying of Coleridge, "Every principle is the germ of a prophecy:" thence came the recorded prediction that the young "Radical's" identification of himself, in thought, with the cause of man, as man, ever one with the cause of the Supreme Right, made sure a place of leadership at the front of the nation's advancing march; while the "Conservative" would be relatively drifting into the dim distance of a receding past.

CHARLES SUMNER'S AIDS TO SELF-EDUCATION.

A trend and mood of mind like what we have seen disclosed, the cherished conception of an aim so broad and high, would naturally lead Charles Sumner to regard a personal observation of the leading minds of the time, at home and abroad, as an essential element of preparation for his life-course: hence his absence of nearly seven weeks on a visit to Washington in 1834, while yet a reader in Mr. Rand's law-office; and then, near the beginning of 1838, his absence in Europe of a little more than two years and a quarter, until May, 1840, despite the objections of many friends as to the effect of such an absence upon his professional interest. That absence occurred during my three years' ministry in Providence, including a journey to the old East, Greece, Turkey, and the Danube; and on my return to Boston, in 1840, as pastor of the Federal-street Baptist Church, I was glad to greet him "home again." Thenceforward my interest in his fortunes became more intense, assured of his having a great mission to fulfil. In this connection I recall many of those incidental hints and references whereby one might trace the working of a certain formative and impelling power in the degree of influence exerted upon his thinking and style of action by three

men; namely, Judge Story, Dr. Channing, and ex-President John Quincy Adams.

Of this renowned trio, the first was not only an accepted legal "authority" in America, but also in England, and the world over among the jurists of English-speaking peoples. Fortunately for his students, his conversational power was inexhaustible, unmatched in attractive ease, grace, and aptness. In Charles Sumner, as student or companion, the great jurist found a scholar of ample capacity, sympathetically receptive, quick to assimilate all elements of knowledge, and quick to unify them into subserviency to his own ends. In this relation both were fortunate; certainly it seems so at this moment, recalling, as I do, a single evening in Providence, where, while officiating as Chaplain of the United States Court, I was invited by Judge Pitman to meet his family at tea, with his guest, Mr. Justice Story. For more than four successive hours, there was a spontaneous flow of apt and welcomed talk, uninterrupted except by the inquiries or suggestions put, thus inducing the course of thought in this or that direction over a wide area of observation. The memory of other times, but of that evening especially, reveals the formative power put forth by one mind in the education for his sphere of service of the youthful scholar, who was, virtually,

head of the Law School when the professors were called away to the national capital. He, as lecturer, editor of "The American Jurist," and law reports, had won his high trust by hard work.

Then, in unison with this personal influence was that of Dr. Channing, who sustained an exceptionally intimate relation, intellectually, to the whole student-class of young Bostonians, whether within or without the lines of theological kinship. As an exponent of moral ideas in their direct application to life generally, civil or social, he held this pre-eminence. No clergyman of Old Boston ever attained so wide a sway over the sympathies and sentiments of leading minds by means of the pen and the press. His reviews at times were especially effective. When Milton's prose works were unearthed and edited, and Scott's Life of Napoleon published, not far apart, there was, comparatively, almost as much of a rush to get a copy of Channing's "Milton," or Channing's "Napoleon," as there had formerly been in Old New York to see the first issue of a new work from the pen of Irving or Cooper. Near the source of this influence was Charles Sumner, in his youth; inhaling it as vital air, and feeling its power in his veins and heart-beat.

Later, and last of the trio, looms up in this personal relation ex-President John Quincy Adams,

“the old man eloquent,” who, retaining to the end of life his place in the House of Representatives at Washington, when at home in Boston or Quincy kept the whole circle of his friends quite alive to all that was politically significant in the doings of the day and the hour. To him Mr. Sumner sustained a relation of intimate and admiring friendship, inducing a habit of free intercommunication: and so, as occasions came, we were in the way of noting, now and then, his casual references to a recent expression of “the President,” or the talk of a “last evening’s interview,” citing some apt saying; often, indeed, prophetic of the worst that came of bloody war into the nation’s experience. On account of his dramatic position in Congressional conflicts, especially in the sectional fight over the right of petition, Mr. Adams represented the heroic element of statesmanship, realizing for a time the highest popular ideal.

To these three men we are indebted, in a great degree, for the contribution of Charles Sumner’s career to our national history; and, with emphasis may we add, for that matured character, invested with a moral majesty that forbade even the approach of any human being with the offer of a bribe, or the proposal of any thing dishonorable. Thus at last, the young Senator of Massachusetts in the national capital, the successor of Daniel

Webster, he stood forth before all in the dignity of true manhood; just to all, asking favors of none, face to face with the most chivalrous of his foes in the highest style of the perfect gentleman, commanding tributes of respect as *their peer* universally acknowledged at home and abroad, without fear and without reproach.

NOTEWORTHY MOODS OF MIND.

The happiest, the most exultant mood of mind that I can recall as a part of Mr. Sumner's experience, was occasioned, in the city of New York, by congratulations on his success in gaining the United States' recognition of the independence of Liberia. More than one old-time Southern Senator had jeered at the proposal, saying, "Not while I live!" But they did live to see it an accomplished fact, the dawn of a new day for Africa.

This statement recalls, moreover, the pleasant remembrance of congratulations that turn the thoughts in another direction (suggestive of "the theology of feeling," as Professor Park would express it), called forth by Mr. Sumner's impassioned eloquence at Worcester, deprecating all compromises with the armed Confederate leaders, particularly Jefferson Davis, and indicating a fresh appreciation of those imprecatory and deprecatory Psalms of David relating to the foes of Israel, that

he had learned in earlier days to regard as utterly barbaric. The very spirit and words of those Psalms he had now been led to adopt in characterizing that Confederate leadership as a deadly antagonism to the dearest hopes of humanity, calling for judicial destruction at the hand of God and man in behalf of civilization, and the bequest to posterity of a life worth living. "How sublimely, Mr. Sumner," I exclaimed, "you caused the stalwart Samuel to loom up as *our* benefactor, keeping his own nation to its mission by his summary treatment of Agag!" This exclamation called forth the sentiment, "Yes; to judge them aright, we must put ourselves in their place: in the story and the song there is more than meets the eye of a boy reader."

A NEW ERA OF CHRISTIAN HOME-WORK.

Nearly contemporaneous with the uprising of public sentiment for concerted action in the cause of the poor and enslaved at a distance, was the rise of new organisms for home-work in behalf of the poor and neglected classes of Boston and its vicinity. Care for the poor took on a new aspect, that, in a degree, distinguished the period; even as Jesus signalized his own time when he said, "Unto the poor the gospel is preached." He preached to the rich and the poor alike, and com-

missioned his disciples to do the same. Although the gospel had been preached to the poor in Boston long before, by means of missions and missionaries, it had not usually been preached to the rich and the poor by the *same* persons or class of persons. Rather, there was a disposition on the part of family churches or pew-renting congregations to provide ministries for the poor outsiders, as such, and to send to them men "good enough," though they would not be acceptable in their own pulpits, or qualified to take rank with their pastors. This, however, was not the realization of Christ's idea of preaching the gospel to the poor. At this time there came a change of view, a general advance of thought, and a special quickening of interest, within the range of our denominational home-work. To this line of service Rev. William Howe had devoted himself while yet a student at Newton, and was then recognized as the assistant of the four city pastors in their own pulpits, when the Sunday evening united lecture as a third service, recurring to each in turn, required a supply for the first or second service of the same sabbath. Thus, having been associated with the pastors, his mission-work became, at the set time, a pastorate; and workers of kindred spirit gathering around him, a "Union Baptist Church" was constituted, to become, as it did at once, a growing power in

its own neighborhood. A "mission for the poor" was no longer talked of, and a real people's church loomed up in its place.

The change was vital; and the culmination of the better method of realizing the ideal of the New Testament as to the preaching of the gospel may be seen in the history of the Ruggles-street Church during the ministry of Rev. Dr. Seymour.

For effective stimulation to thought in this direction, the whole company of workers felt themselves personally indebted to the movement of the Unitarians in the constitution of their "ministry at large," emphasizing this principle by their illustrative example. They called to their leadership Rev. Dr. Joseph Tuckerman, an honored pastor of Chelsea; and he began his work in the pulpit of Dr. Channing, practically winning, by apt statements of ideas and methods, the co-operation of that whole people, and thence calling forth into a compact organism for home-work their whole denominational array in Boston. Their financial power was concentrated, comparatively, upon the home-field around them. Their working ministry was composed of men who, like Rev. Dr. Waterston and Rev. Mr. Gray, and others, took rank with the highest and best, intellectually and socially. The day is well remembered when Mr. Simon G. Shipley, one of the younger members of

our First Church (afterwards elected deacon), hailed me in the street to call attention to this movement of the Unitarians, saying, "See what profound wisdom and common-sense they show in their plans. They know that the social wheel is constantly revolving, and that the families who are now 'the poor' will be 'the rich' ere long, with the shaping of the future in their hands. If we lag behind, we shall soon drift out of sight." In these words he voiced a rising sentiment, that "work is worship;" and *that sentiment*, acting through new organisms of the old and young, prepared the way for Phineas Stowe, whose Bethel work became of itself a real "ministry at large," in an important sense supplementing that of Father Taylor, who learned to esteem as a true co-worker the young man whom he was so shy of while yet a stranger, before his character had passed the ordeals that tested its quality, and had won the love that discerns the solid grounds of trust. His work still lives, is still progressive; having its own fresh story to tell to appreciative listeners year by year.

XIII.

THE ERA OF MYSTICISM.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

IN one of the notes recalling several names associated with the years of a semi-decade distinguished as a transition period (1830-35), mention was made, incidentally, of an introduction, occurring soon after my settlement in Boston as minister of the First Baptist Church (then approaching the one hundred and sixty-sixth anniversary of its birth-year), to Rev. Ralph Waldo Emerson, my nearest clerical neighbor, colleague of Rev. Henry Ware, jun., in the ministry of the Second Unitarian Church. That introduction, having taken place at the home of mutual friends, where Mr. Emerson's participation in a funeral service indicated his parochial relation to a part of the bereaved family circle, rendered the occasion memorable as the starting-point of a welcomed acquaintanceship.

His manner was genially responsive, while his countenance, tone, and bearing were suggestive,

apart from all culture, of a rarely gifted nature. Though only five years older than myself, his position as the colleague of the Rev. Henry Ware, jun., invested him with a certain prestige of dignity equivalent to an additional decade of years, and made the likelihood of meeting him often, prospectively interesting. Our wide parochial surroundings, of more than a century's growth in a homogeneous community, would constantly furnish apt occasions for friendly intercourse on matters of common concern, municipal or educational. It seemed, just then, that any observing stranger, even at a first meeting, would be quick to recognize the presence of a unique, transparent personality; a free, self-reliant mind, uttering itself without restraint and without guile; not fluent, as that of a trained talker watching the impressions he is making, but with speech aptly winning, spontaneous as that of a little child impelled to find expression for the thought or feeling of the moment.

MENTAL UNREST AS TO CHURCH ORGANISM.

Even at that early period, it was often, from my point of view, a matter of wonder that a man so highly gifted, distinguished by degrees of insight and of farsight so exceptional, with a positive Christian faith so inconsiderable, could be content

or at all able to bear the routine of a pastorate requiring weekly pulpit services necessarily characterized by statements or by implications of relative non-belief rather than any order of truths supernaturally and divinely revealed. My personal conviction was, that, with simply natural ethics to inculcate, I could have no heart to meet the regular calls of a ministry that arose in the first century as the exponent of a gospel supernaturally attested, implying thus a lively faith in certain historical facts, all vocal with teachings that enkindled the highest style of enthusiasm, a new uplifting power to every recipient. Surely, I said, — now and then soliloquizing, — surely I would be obliged to abandon the pulpit, and take to literature, or drift into Communism, or seek the platform as a lecturer on philosophy or history, or perhaps political economy embracing the relations of labor and capital, or on some mastered specialty of thought or enterprise that could “possess my soul” as the one work given me to do. A professional relation that would require me to use the traditional terms and phraseologies of the Christian ministry for secular ends, emphasizing my non-beliefs, would be to me tedious, incongruous, distasteful, and intolerable.

These soliloquies turned out to be instinctively prophetic, verified by experiences of historic inter-

est. To that issue Mr. Emerson came, ere long, with the most calm and settled determination. The statement of reasons for this "new departure" was made to me by Mr. Emerson himself, about the time of its occurrence, in a casual conversation, as here recorded, with the occasion that called it forth.

It chanced that on a Monday morning, in 1832, we met in the street, each carrying a little hand-satchel. Approaching, we exchanged salutations, and then followed this brief talk:—

"Mr. Emerson, it seems that we are travellers to-day, going in opposite directions, and our time, therefore, is limited; but, if you have a minute's margin, I should like, for information, to put a question which no one except yourself can fitly answer."

"Do so freely," he replied. "I am not in a hurry: I have margin enough of time."

"Well, I will tell you, then, that I am boarding with my little family at Mrs. Wilson's on Green Street, where I enjoy the society of several of your parishioners and friends as companions in table-talk, and find that your people are greatly agitated by the report that you have renounced the observance of the Lord's Supper, and refuse all participation in it as a religious rite. Loath as I am to say a word unadvisedly touching a

matter of such personal interest, I should like to be informed in regard to two points: Is the alleged renunciation a fact? If so, the ground of it?"

"Yes," he answered, "it is a fact; and the ground of it is my conviction, that, in the development of religions, we have outgrown all need of this externalism, or the like of it in any way whatsoever. This conviction has been intensified by fresh readings of the leading Quaker writers, with whom I find myself in sympathy."

To this I replied, "Thanks. Your statement of reasons is satisfactory as explanation; normally developed, I should say, from your point of view. Nevertheless, I presume your sympathies have gone beyond the bounds of Quakerdom, even over into Asia, attracted by affinities with some ideas of older origin."

This allusion to a pantheistic trend provoked a smile that seemed to say, "Your guess is suggestive, but we must go." And so we parted quickly, to make sure of redeeming the time that this short episodal talk had cost us.

HIS POSITION EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE.

The withdrawal of Mr. Emerson from all churchly organism was gently but decisively accomplished. He used to say, "Let every man be his own Church." That rather queer phrasing

anticipated whole pages of his essay-writing. It made the ultimate issue quite plain to the common mind. As soon as this step of his early career had been taken, my personal interest in his course and style of action as an independent man, an original personality, was greatly quickened; my communication with him became more free, unembarrassed by any degree of sensitiveness as to the proprieties pertaining to official or clerical relations. Seeing that he had broken away from ecclesiasticism entirely, ignoring at once all external or supernatural revelation, still asserting himself as a philosophical and religious teacher, "falling back on Nature," the recipient of fresh truths, as a familiar correspondent in direct communication with Nature, I became more and more curious to learn how a mind thus strongly trending would see and report to us the past, present, and future of this mysterious universe wherein we live. Appreciating, as I did sympathetically, his dissatisfaction with his inherited church position, I desired to trace the lone way of his "new departure." This feeling was strengthened by the free scope accorded to it; for he always talked as one quite sure that the plainest speech, the most direct way of "putting things," was best liked; and he thus constantly awakened in one the feeling that he never could be offended by

the sharpest antagonism of a sincere man. This childlike simplicity, this "believing, and *therefore* speaking," was of itself a lifelong power, characterizing not only the casual or private talk, but also the set public address. In this connection I may say, incidentally, that its free expression was once somewhat startling to me, and to many quite amusing, on a certain occasion,—the meeting of the American Institute, composed mainly of teachers, at the State Capitol,—where he delivered the opening discourse. Having finished my appointed service as chaplain, and offered the introductory prayer, he at once, stepping into the place I had occupied, commenced his address with a brilliant paragraph containing a parenthetical affirmation of the uselessness of prayer!

TENTATIVE STEPS TO THE NEW CAREER.

During several years following the period here noted, the opportunities for occasionally meeting Mr. Emerson were not quite so continuous as might have been reasonably hoped for. Early in the year 1832 he had been bereaved of the wife of his youth; and then ere long the state of his health suggested his visit to Europe in 1833,—a year well remembered by Thomas Carlyle as an era of his home history signalized by the acquisition of Mr. Emerson's acquaintance. After his

return to America he was not so much in our neighborhood as had been his wont. In 1834 Concord became his abiding home-centre, where he devoted himself to reading, study, and literary work, keeping himself in communication with Boston and the world at large mainly by means of lectures, single or in series; availing himself of the Lyceum platform, which at the time seemed to him a rising power, destined to supersede the pulpit. At this period particularly he embraced within his range of study the old Neo-Platonic mysticism, as taught by Plotinus (third century), by Porphyrius (third and fourth), and by Proclus (fifth century); tracing, too, its modern developments, especially in Germany. In 1835 he established his household by a second marriage: and in 1836 he put forth his first volume anonymously (calling it "an entering wedge"), ninety-three pages, entitled "Nature;" the first sentence whereof, in the spirit of the authors above named, affirmed the invalidity of all external or supernatural revelations, and the all-sufficiency of every soul's own intercommunication with Nature for realizing the highest possibilities of humanity. The motto upon the titlepage was a quotation from Plotinus: "Nature is but an image or imitation of Wisdom, the last thing of the soul; Nature being a thing which doth only do, but not

know." In the first words of this new book the writer appealed to the century against the primary claim of Christianity, exclaiming, "The foregoing generations beheld God and Nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we enjoy also an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight, and not of tradition, and a religion by *revelation to us*, and not the history of theirs?"

GENERAL RE-UNION IN PROVIDENCE, R.I.

During the following year (1837), soon after my removal from Boston to Providence, "the new views" were made more familiar than ever to the thought and talk of an extending circle of readers and students, whose interest was quickened by the enlivening presence of Margaret Fuller, "a born teacher," and also the centre of a sociality whose bond of union was intellectual culture. As one of a special evening class readily gathering around her for the study of the German language and literature, I was naturally led, by the incidental topics of conversation, to a more continuous turning of thought in this new line of advancement. At this time her helpful friend, Mr. Emerson, shared her companionship and the social life of Providence for several weeks, having accepted an invitation to deliver a course of lectures.

At the close of that series he announced, as supplementary, "A Lecture on Religion," to be delivered at another hall "across the bridge." A large audience answered the call. Among the listeners I occupied a seat near the speaker; and as soon as the lecture was ended, he addressed to me a remark that led to the following conversation:—

"I think, Mr. Emerson, this whole audience would agree in saying that your tracing of the character of Jesus, his spirit and style of action as a man and a teacher, was marvellously apt, just, and beautiful, giving to us fresh impressions of his moral greatness as the inaugurator of a new era. A unique paragraph of Rousseau has often been quoted as eloquently appreciative, but there seems to me nothing extant in literature that surpasses the characterization you have presented here. Yet, in regard to one suggested point, I am somewhat puzzled; namely, the question: What relation does the testimony of the miracles of Jesus, affirmed by himself as well as the witnesses, sustain to your line of historic thought? I have imagined that it may be to yours, relatively, what the story told at the opening of Plato's life has been to mine. There it has been said, you know, that, while he lay in his cradle, the bees came and shed honey on his lips; on reading which, I say

to myself, 'That is a very pretty story; but whether it be true or not, is a matter of no account.'

"Yes," Mr. Emerson replied; "you have answered your own question. The illustration is good."

"If so," I rejoined, "I am now the more perplexed; for, suppose Plato had gone forth as a teacher throughout Greece, addressing the common people as well as the scholars, and claiming the acceptance of his teachings not only as self-witnessing, but as divine communications, verified at will by superhuman works recognized as responses to the teacher's words from the one Author of the surrounding sense-world and spirit-world alike, thus attesting an exceptional unity and a supreme authority, what would you have said of Plato?"

"Why, certainly," the reply was, "I should have said that Plato was a great charlatan."

"Well, then," I asked, "why not say outright the very same of Jesus, — that *he* was a great charlatan, — seeing that this was exactly what he did throughout the land of Palestine?"

With a quietly musing, meditative air, Mr. Emerson seemed for a moment to be extemporizing an answer, when a group of friends, students, and others came pressing forward with their per-

sonal greetings, so that the opportunity for further talk in this direction was suddenly ended. We regretted the interruption.

ERA OF "THE NEW PULPIT."

At the time here noted, Mr. Emerson's forecastings and his tentative efforts upon platforms had interpreted themselves as the initiation of a new career. It was not far from the period of his visits to Providence as a lecturer, that he came, after many questionings, to the full recognition of his own life-calling, as one impelled by his genius, and "ordained by nature," to the work of the platform. In January, 1829, he had been, by a regular council, ordained to the work of the church-pulpit; now he was exulting in his sense of freedom from all traditional bonds, and in his welcomes to the "new pulpit," where, as he said, "there is no prescription." Assured of fit audience, this fresh feeling of liberty was as a new start in life. Already he had characterized the turn of the time by referring to the groups gathering around him as "ladies and gentlemen without a religion, seeking a new one;" and some one or more of these had characterized him as "the Apostle of the Eternal Reason."

This style of expression became to us gradually familiar, especially after my return to Boston, in

1840, as minister of the Federal-street Baptist Church, near the time of the memorable notice of a course of lectures to be given forth from the pulpit of Dr. Channing, in Federal Street, by his colleague, Rev. Dr. Ezra S. Gannett, who prefaced that announcement by stating that for twenty years the Unitarian pulpits, having been mainly engaged in dealing with ethical and practical matters, had left to the press the discussion of central doctrines, so that a generation had grown up under their ministries not knowing what to believe. To aid in meeting this need, he advertised a course of lectures for six successive Sunday evenings, on "Christ and Christianity." That call drew crowds of listeners. This connection of things indicated not only a certain awakening of thought at the time, but the new field of work also that seemed, from Mr. Emerson's point of view, fast widening around him, flushed with budding promises. His way had been more than twenty years in process of preparation. He welcomed his opportunities. He "discerned the signs" of *his* sky. The responsive moods of mind wherein the more youthful audiences greeted the new ideas so musically voiced from the platform, re-acted upon him, as helps to larger aims, to a more persistently working force exerted through class gatherings, anniversary

orations, issues from the press in pamphlet-form, book-form, and special articles of magazine literature.

THE NEW ENTHUSIASM AND ITS EXPONENT.

A genuine enthusiasm was thus enkindled. Who could define its range? Some ardent minds predicted immediate and boundless conquests, somewhat like the friends of Charles Fourier in France, who exclaimed, in 1839, "If Fourierism has already won twenty thousand adherents, why may it not, in due time, gain twenty millions, or thirty, and thus reconstruct the nation?" As a fit exponent of this rising Western transcendentalism, a new magazine was projected; and, after many hesitations as to the most worthy name for characterization, it was made "presentable" by Mr. Emerson as well as by Margaret Fuller, and named "The Dial." The Athenian taste of the really curious or inquiring spirits "seeking a new religion," was met by stimulations of brilliant thought, as well as by profound psychological intuitions; yet it was in this line of direction that the new enthusiasm, grappling with practical issues, including the financial problem, discovered its first sign of *limitation*. Despite the originality of the writing, the generosity of the staff of writers, the lack of golden responses proved that

the appreciative or sympathetic minds were but a small fraction of the reading public. The day arrived ere long (1843) when the sales would not pay the expenses, and the ideal "Dial" gracefully withdrew itself to the higher shelves of the home-study or the shaded archives of the public library. Thither some *élite* scholar of each successive generation will find his way, in order to muse over its pages, and report to his own time the historic significance of the ideal school that it represented.

HALF A LIFETIME "AT HIS BEST."

Mr. Emerson's interest in "The Dial," however, was sympathetic rather than directly personal. Its departure was, no doubt, more of a disappointment to Margaret Fuller than to him, though, for the sake of his "young friends," he desired its success. During the two decades that preceded the civil war (1841-61), and most of the decade and a half that followed, comprising a little more than a third of a century, he appeared continually "at his best," in the very prime of his power. He greatly enjoyed, in the main, his professional trips, far and near, — often derived exhilaration from them; and thus we have known him appear to advantage as a conversationalist amid the chance society of a railway excursion. In this connection I am reminded that it was once my pleasure to

introduce to him Rev. Dr. Caldwell, late president of Vassar College, to whose companionship Mr. Emerson took kindly, with a decided zest, for the day or two following. Arriving at Buffalo, they staid at the same hotel; and there my engagements took me away from them in another direction. In the evening Mr. Emerson accepted Dr. Caldwell's invitation to look in upon the meeting of the American Baptist Missionary Union, where Rev. Dr. Parker of Cambridgeport was to give an account of his visit to the Baptist churches of France. Dr. Parker was graphically interesting in the putting of his facts, so that there was no dull listener in the house. Afterward, meeting Dr. Caldwell, I inquired, "Did Mr. Emerson say any thing suggested by the sayings or doings of the meeting?" — "Oh, yes!" replied the Doctor, "he spoke of it freely; and I can hardly tell you how greatly amused he seemed to be with the mere idea of the Baptist Missionary Union attempting in earnest the conversion of France!"

That reply, by the way, has of late often recurred to my thought suggestively. When it was uttered, France was an empire; and at that time I knew of some who were hoping and praying that they might live to see France a republic, and all religion free. Erelong the empire fell, and then "The Nation" of New York well said, "After the

lapse of a thousand years, France must now begin again, and build up anew from the very foundations." Even so. Eight years ago I stood in the vestibule of the Chamber of Deputies at Versailles, conversing with one of the evangelical leaders of France, Rev. Dr. Pressensé, in preceding years the able correspondent of "The Watchman" of Boston, then the representative in the national Legislature of the Department of "the Seine," exulting as never before in the freedom of the republic, the great awakening of the popular mind, and the brightening prospects of primitive Christianity.

Throughout the whole period, just noted, of Mr. Emerson's professional life as lay lecturer and as essayist, his mental poise, his tone, spirit, and genial manner, seemed ever the same. Occasional meetings and greetings are now vivid memories; especially, as pertaining to his later years, those which occurred while I was associated with him in the library committeeship of Harvard University. In those casual or incidental talks wherein there is no premeditation, and thought springs spontaneously, "free and easy," from suggestions serious or trivial, it was quite noteworthy how intimately associated with all kinds of topics was some word or action of his sylvan friend, Henry Thoreau, whom Emerson had lovingly introduced

to literature by means of "The Dial," the first contribution being a poem published in the first number.

Thus it happened, one day, that Mr. Emerson was passing the house of Dr. Robbins, dentist, just as I was leaving it; and, while on the top of the steps, closing the door behind me, he hailed me from the sidewalk with the greeting, "Pray, what have you been doing there?"

"I have been getting a mutilated mouth repaired," was my reply.

"Indeed; have you come to that already? When Thoreau reached that stage of experience, and the operation had been ended, he exclaimed, 'What a pity that I could not have known betimes how much Art outdoes Nature in this kind of outfit for life, so that I might have spoken for such a set to start with!'"

In the conversation that followed, Mr. Emerson spoke with curious interest of what had been lately written on brain-power, and the recent commendations of Scotch oatmeal, fish, wild birds, and articles of diet wherein Nature, by providing stores of phosphatic sustenance, had wrought with such motherly care for the health of our brain-life.

OF CONFLICTING JUDGMENTS IN ENGLAND.

In his persistent and effective use of the platform and the press from the very beginning of his professional career, Mr. Emerson was progressively gaining audience at home and abroad; the law of "elective affinities" having asserted itself with special vigor in England, where it was noticed as early as 1842 that the "Radicals" were circulating his lecture, "Man, the Reformer," read Jan. 25, 1841, before the Mechanics' and Apprentices' Library of Boston. At that time the free-thought associations of England indicated a higher tone of vitality than any of their kin in this country. Thus the way of Mr. Emerson's visit to England, five years afterward, as an invited lecturer, was gradually prepared, and a community of minds educated to welcome him, even with sympathetic appreciation. Nevertheless, though in listening there was unity of interest, the judgments of the listeners were sharply conflicting; not only of one hearer in relation to another, but of each individual mind at different moments, varying with the contrasted moods induced by the original, self-witnessing, and the directly antithetic affirmatives of oracular, sibylline tone, abounding in every lecture.

Caroline Fox, in her "Memories of Old Friends,"

published a year or more ago, records this observation of Mrs. Jane Carlyle: "She thought no good would come of Mr. Emerson's writings, and grants that he is arrogant and short-coming." This record is the more noteworthy because it is well known that Mrs. Carlyle had expressed in strong terms, written and unwritten, her interest in reading Mr. Emerson as almost exclusive, rendering her indifferent, comparatively, to all other writings except those of her husband. Both statements may be truthful, — not at all contradictory, — whatsoever, at first, the verbal seeming may suggest. For the works of Mr. Emerson, regarded as a whole, exhibit conflicting elements of the actual and speculative, the real and fanciful, the self-witnessing generalization and the illusive half-truth; so that we are by turns, short or long, attracted and repelled, uplifted and depressed, instructed and mystified, fascinated and shocked, charmed by a poetic optimism, and horrified by a logically and practically inevitable pessimism, like that voiced by Schopenhauer as a regular evolution of the data furnished by "eternal Nature." From the stand-point occupied by Mr. Emerson, he could reveal no way of escape for us from the combination of terrible forces traced by Schopenhauer; could do nothing, in fact, but what he did, — namely, denounce the philosopher and his doctrine

as "dispiriting" and "odious." But this mere emotionalism brings no relief from the horror of that pessimistic abyss. The trend of the younger free-thought school of Germany to-day is to the enthronement of Schopenhauer as the imperial thinker; not fully recognized by his own age, but the philosopher-laureate of ours. If we would form a comprehensively just estimate of Mr. Emerson's prose writings, we must treat them in a manner analogous to that of Plato's criticisms of Homer, set forth in the second book of the "Republic." There Plato, in concert with Socrates, discriminates the qualities of Homer's great epic, and demands the exclusion from the ideal republic of the poet's conceptions of the character and conduct of the gods, on account of their influence in demoralizing the republic's youth. Even the greatest work of "the godlike Homer" Plato would bring to trial by the test-question, "What fruitage?" From the copies of the Iliad admitted to circulation, he required the elimination of certain mythological elements. So, when Mr. Emerson's transcendental intuitions or ecstatic revelations, taking form as oracles, interpret the universe to us pantheistically, bidding every soul, though sincerely denying the existence of a personal God, to abandon itself to a blind instinct of Nature-worship, whensoever the ecstatic mood shall impel to

the adoration of nature, we recognize the ideal identity with that old paganism that did actually demoralize Grecian manhood despite its culture, and subordinated cultured intellect to an ascetic Orientalism on the one hand, or, on the other, to a sensual Nature-worship akin to that whereof Paul spoke as abandonment to "a reprobate mind," and whose Oriental sacred writings Max Müller has sadly said he cannot make presentable throughout, by a fair translation, to English-speaking peoples.

CHARACTERIZATION OF THIS MYSTIC SCHOOL.

To particularize: in his lecture on "Self-Reliance" Mr. Emerson puts the central thought of his teaching in a short preceptive sentence, thus: "In your metaphysics you have denied personality to the Deity, yet, when the devout motions of the soul come, yield to them heart and life, though they should clothe God with shape and color." This is an apt expression of the interior spirit of that Alexandrian Neo-Platonism represented by several writers, from Plotinus of the third century to Proclus of the fifth (to the study of whose works Mr. Emerson especially gave himself for a year or more preceding the issue of his first volume, "Nature"): a scholastic sectarianism which, while it found scope and play for the intellect in

philosophy, eliminated intellectuality from worship, subjecting that, in its purest character and style, to blind emotional instinct; thus setting up a sharp antithesis to that essential idea of Christian worship which Jesus uttered, in view of the mongrel or eclectic religionism of the Samaritans, when he said, "Ye worship ye know not what: we know what we worship." Even so: Christianity recognizes no worship as genuine when emptied of this intellectual discernment of its object, while Paganism degrades humanity by giving supremacy to a blinding, fanciful caprice under the name of religion. From first to last, such worship is, in fact, a mere superstition. Thus, when a missionary in India found a pagan man worshipping before a picture as a household god, he ventured to inquire of the worshipper if he knew what the picture represented. The devout man said he did not know. "It is," said the missionary, "a picture of the Emperor Napoleon." — "Oh, well," said the worshipper, "you know we must worship something."

DOWNWARD TREND OF THIS SCHOOL.

In regard to the Neo-Platonic school, which seems to have attracted so strongly Mr. Emerson's youthful sympathies, it is worthy of note in this connection, that John Stuart Mill, as a literary

critic, fitly characterized it eighteen years ago, in an article on "Grote's Plato," "Edinburgh Review," April, 1866, wherein, after noting the completeness of Grote's work as far as it had gone, he proceeds thus: "If to this were added a summary of what is known to us concerning the Pythagorean revival and the later Academy, no portion of purely Greek thought would remain untreated of; for Neo-Platonism, an aftergrowth of late date and little intrinsic value, was a hybrid product of Greek and Oriental speculation, and its place in history is by the side of Gnosticism. What contact it has with the Greek mind is with that mind in its decadence, as the little in Plato which is allied to it belongs chiefly to the decadence of Plato's own mind. We are quite reconciled to the exclusion from Mr. Grote's plan of this tedious and unsatisfactory chapter in the history of the human intellect."¹ The subtle affinity between Mr. Emerson's distinctive style and line of thought, and the old Gnosticism, a self-asserting transcendental philosophy, is quite clearly apparent. His completed life-work presents him to the world as the first New-Englander — or, rather, American writer — whose speculative trend of mind took sympathetically to the Gnostic ideas, and whose inherited proclivity

¹ *Dissertations and Discussions, Political, Philosophical, and Historical*, vol. iv. pp. 228, 229. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

as a born New-Englander necessitated the effort to combine those Oriental elements with the shrewd common-sense of practical Yankee life. Yet, alas! there is no vital unity. The incongruity is glaring, and balks all effort to naturalize the alien mysticism as an aider to home culture. The American will live out his supreme ideas, whatsoever they may be, in religion as well as in politics. Let him abandon the idea of a personal God, a divine Fatherhood, as primevally revealed, and he, then logically agnostic, will not worship at all, utterly repelling the mystic's thought of an ecstatic worship "WITHOUT IDEAS;" or, if he yield to the mental inebriation of an æsthetic, emotional Nature-worship, he will drift to the extreme of naturalistic spontaneity, ignoring the mere thought of sin or evil as a fossil conventionalism, and say, perhaps, like the gay young Ingersollian, vindicating his moral lawlessness, "It is pure nature; what is nice to me is nice to God."

Hence, what fruitage? Moral and social disintegration is the normal aftergrowth.

FORECASTING OF ULTIMATE ISSUES.

This view of the normal issue of an actual transportation of the Neo-Platonic mysticism into the popular religious conceptions of our own age as an element of "Modern Thought," is not discredited,

to say the least, by Mr. Emerson's characterization of the moral tone of his own time, after the lapse of nearly half a century from the beginning of his career. In his article entitled "The Sovereignty of Ethics," published in "The North-American Review," May, 1878, he clearly recognizes moral retrogression rather than advancement, saddened by the signs of the outlook. Having referred to men of the past, he thus disparages those of the present: "I confess our later generation appears ungirt, frivolous, compared with the religions of the last or Calvinistic age. There was in the last century a serious, habitual reference to the spiritual world, running through diaries, letters, and conversations — yes, and into wills and legal instruments also, — compared with which our liberation looks a little foppish and dapper. The religion of seventy years ago was as an iron belt to the mind, giving it concentration and force. A rude people were kept respectable by the determination of thought upon the eternal world. Now men fall abroad, want polarity, suffer in character and intellect. A sleep creeps over the great functions of men; enthusiasm goes out. In its stead a low prudence seeks to hold society stanch; but its arms are too short: cordage and machinery never supply the place of life. The more intellectual reject every yoke of authority with a petulance

unprecedented. It is a sort of mark of probity and sincerity to declare how little you believe, while the mass of the community indolently follow the old forms with childish scrupulousness; and we have punctuality for faith, and good taste for character."

Day by day this disparaging characterization becomes more profoundly significant. It is virtually an historic testimony as to "seeding and fruitage" within the writer's field of observation. But whence this tone of surprise? Why wonder? Can any higher style of character or any better moral issues be fairly looked for from any religion whatsoever, old or new, that can ignore a personal God, ignore the reality of sin as a positive force, and affirm as one of its *dogmata* that "evil is only good in the making"? Can any religion thus assert itself, and yet continue to realize its own ideal as an uplifting or a transforming power? No, never! The old Christian recognition of "a law of sin" that is itself gravitation to a moral abyss on the one hand, and a personal union to Christ by a loving faith as in itself redemptive power and eternal life on the other, is the tested remedy "worthy of all acceptance."

XIV.

ERA OF HISTORICAL ENTHUSIASM.

THE SPIRIT OF RHODE ISLAND HISTORY.

WITH the names already noted pertaining to the "transition period" (1830-34, the chronological point of distinction between Old and New Boston) are associated the memories of a new era, properly recognized as the era of historical enthusiasm. The curiously critical and persistent taste for the study of early American history that had asserted itself in the pursuits of comparatively few, either within or without the ranks of "the learned professions," now became quite widely popularized; so that every earnest lecturer or writer felt himself stimulated to effort in this direction by a new environment of sympathetic interest. This turn of the public mind dates back to the second decade of this century, and was quickened by the arrival of the second centennial birth-year anniversaries of Plymouth, Salem, Boston, and the other primal settlements of Old Massachusetts. That series of festal years was,

in regard to the determination of public sentiment, a revolutionizing period.¹ The time had now come when it was possible to survey the broad landscape of American history "in perspective;" that is, to see the sequences of things in their real unity, and thus in their historical significance. Hitherto this inquiring spirit had been merely potential: now it had become, comparatively speaking, thoroughly alive; rising superior to all local or personal antipathies, and rejoicing in the outlook disclosed from this bi-centennial standpoint.

PROGRESSIVE CRITICISM.

The first really effective expression of this comprehensively critical spirit was given publicly by the Rev. Dr. Charles W. Upham, minister of the First Congregational Church of Salem (Unitarian), in his Lyceum lecture, addressed to an audience in Boston. The position of Roger Williams in world history was by him clearly distinguished as that of the true exponent of a supreme idea, even of that universal religious liberty that was directly proclaimed by Jesus Christ, and implied in all the teachings of his works and words. Although I was not present at the delivery of that lecture, it was immediately reported to me by Rev. John O. Choules, D.D., of Newport, R.I., who said that the lecturer was so thoroughly alive with the

¹ See Appendices, page 331.

spirit of Rhode Island history, with the meaning and suggestions of his theme, that he was now and then, in moments of excitement, grasping his white handkerchief, winding it around his hand, and manœuvring with it, seemingly, like a lady with her fan, quite unconscious of the movement as an attempt at special emphasizing, or of any questioning as to the aptness of such rare elocutionary gesticulation; thus forgetting himself, and lost in his subject, he spoke with the eloquence of true enthusiasm, the power of profound conviction. The warm response of the audience was the index of the critical judgment of that passing generation, comprehensive and final.

ROGER WILLIAMS'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

A contemporaneous public expression of this historical judgment, pertaining to that period, was the oration of Mr. Justice Story, called forth by the second centennial anniversary of the settlement of Salem, and delivered in the sanctuary of that old First Church of Salem, to whom Dr. Upham was ministering, — a discourse that occupied three hours of time, gladly yielded, wherein the judicial orator uttered the affirmation, so often quoted, that the charter of Rhode Island, procured from Charles II. by Roger Williams, was “the first royal proclamation of religious liberty,

for man as man, that the world had heard since Christianity had ascended the throne of the Cæsars." This declaration, thus fitly announced from the pulpit of the church that historically represented the ecclesiastico-civil power that had banished Roger Williams from Salem, was a new "sign of the sky," voicing the new thought of the present, and the critical judgment of the future.

Pertaining to this period, and thus associated in memory with the historical discourse of Mr. Justice Story, was the first volume of the history of the United States from the pen of George Bancroft, who was recognized and welcomed at once by the press and the people not merely as a faithful chronicler of facts, but as their interpreter; uniting keen insight and the faculty of minute analysis with justness of generalization, and able thence to comprehend the unity of the nation's story, to discern and set forth the ideas that must rule as guiding lights of its future. In no particular did the power of the author, throughout that first volume, assert itself more effectively in winning appreciation than in the simple force of thought and style, whereby, despite the inheritance of old antipathies, that were still cherished and domesticated throughout his early surroundings, he determined for all time the true historical position of Roger Williams as the inaugurator of

the new era of religious liberty. It may be justly said, that, as to greatness of personal achievement in revolutionizing public sentiment, Carlyle never exhibited much greater power in his transformation of English public opinion regarding the significance of the French Revolution, or of the career of Oliver Cromwell, than did Bancroft in revolutionizing the public sentiment of this nation (outside of Rhode Island) regarding the relation of Roger Williams to the whole world-wide history of humanity.

BIOGRAPHERS OF ROGER WILLIAMS.

At the same time, there was felt throughout the State of Rhode Island, and over the land generally, more especially by the Baptists and many thousands in sympathy with them, the want of a "Life of Roger Williams," worthy to be accepted as an exponent of their views of him, of his character and mission. To all it seemed fitting that the contribution of such a volume, bridging over a chasm in historical literature, should be the work of a Rhode-Islander. As soon as that sense of need found open expression, we saw that its demand had been already provided for. The pastor of the Second Baptist Church of Boston, Rev. James D. Knowles (afterwards professor at Newton), the immediate successor of Dr. Thomas

Baldwin, was a native of Rhode Island, early schooled in journalistic life, a fit representative of the spirit of Rhode Island history. By hosts of friends, far and near, he was called upon to accept "his proper mission," as they interpreted it. Greatly to their credit, his church were in sympathy with the historical enthusiasm of the time, and favored the giving of his whole strength to this service for several successive weeks, apart from them, amid the surroundings of his early home, and the archives of the Rhode Island Historical Society in Providence. On his part, it was a work most lovingly begun, and thence nobly accomplished. Thus Knowles's "Life of Roger Williams" lives to-day, a trusted "authority" in American history. It became, too, a source of inspiration to other writers of kindred mind; and thus the critically supplementary biography of the founder of Rhode Island, by Professor William Gammell, LL.D., and the tribute of spontaneous loyalty from the pen of Romeo Elton, D.D., have been added to the literary treasures of our time.

This reference to Professor Knowles re-awakens a keen sense of bereavement caused by a death which seemed quite untimely, occurring soon after he had won the gratitude of Christendom by his "Life of Mrs. Ann Hasseltine Judson." While interesting himself editorially in the establishment

of "The Christian Review," he was taken from us in his prime, most mysteriously, smitten by small-pox after his return from a convention in New York, at his house in Newton, and buried hastily by friendly hands in the gloom of night; thus suddenly leaving the professor's chair a chilling vacancy.

KINDRED TASTES OF DR. STOW.

His successor in the pastorate of the Second Baptist Church of Boston was the Rev. Baron Stow, D.D., well remembered as the early friend and educational co-worker of Mr. Knowles in Columbia College, Washington, D.C., and welcomed to the pastoral care in Boston in the year 1832, after the resignation of his charge in Portsmouth, N.H., his native State. On behalf of the ministering brotherhood and the sisterhood of churches, it was made my duty to extend to him the welcome expressed by the hand of fellowship. There, in the old church-home of Baldwin Place, throughout an active and most effective ministry of fifteen years, he labored persistently, until, in 1848, he was prostrated by sickness and nervous debility that confined him closely at home for three months. From this deep physical depression, however, he recovered his strength gradually, and became, no doubt, better qualified thereby for his twenty-

years' mission in the new edifice of the Federal-street Church (corner of Rowe and Bedford Streets, near the old Latin and English High Schools), where, while the family-life of North End was being driven away by trade or handicraft, and while South End was in process of construction, he continued to draw around him in his central position the scores of young people and young families that would otherwise have been drifting away from fitting church relations, unrecognized and homeless. Many of these, drawn into compact church-organism, became, during an unsettled twenty-years' period of municipal reconstructions, a power for good, a rallying-point of moral forces that would otherwise have been scattered abroad, a debilitating loss of denominational life-blood. Dr. Stow saw the importance of his new position in this light, and rejoiced in his field of work with the feeling of renovated youth. His distinguishing power lay in his faculty of concentrating all the energies of his nature upon his immediate home-work, either of the pastorate or pulpit; and thence sprang forth those revival harvests of transformed characters that were ever replenishing his church-membership. Within this sphere of action his studied sermons were all alive with quickening thought, with keen, incisive speech, revealing the individual soul to itself, and

thus leading it into that true relation to Christ which meets its need for both worlds.

After the lapse of twenty years in his second Boston ministry, Dr. Stow saw with sadness that the topographical situation of his church was not permanent, — would not last even for his own lifetime. Its essential needs as a family church would require its removal to the new centre of family-life. Of course, this view must have become depressing, unrelieved by any programme or forecasting that would offer scope for fresh and hopeful activity. He expressed the conviction that his earthly work had been finished, that he had “served his generation,” and that no man could serve any generation but his own. Some of his friends, we know, tried earnestly to broaden and cheer this outlook. Nevertheless, he continued to emphasize his own cherished idea, and thus unconsciously invested his sudden departure with that aspect of fitness whereof the ancient poet spake when he associated the approach of the good man to his grave in full age with the beauty of the ripened shock of wheat garnered “in its season.”

The quickened historical spirit of his time Dr. Stow largely shared, — a fact memorialized by a pocket volume, tracing the history of the church that he first served, commemorating its struggles and its more sunny seasons under the ministry of

Rev. Dr. Thomas Baldwin, and also of his successor, Professor James D. Knowles. In recent days its fortunes have shown marked contrasts of rise and decline. The disintegration of the old homesteads, and the avalanches of foreign immigration, made the surroundings a sort of chaos. There were no young families: all had drifted away; but of this depression a "Remnant" delivered itself under the leadership of Rev. Dr. D. C. Eddy, a man gifted with those historical sympathies that render the loved ones of the past a perpetual inspiration, so that the voice of the weakened church, calling him from Philadelphia, seemed imperative. It was his accepted mission to see that persistent Remnant re-established in a beautiful church-home on Warren Avenue, where, in its continuous growth under the youthful ministry of Rev. O. P. Gifford, it is now realizing the prosperity of its brightest days.

HISTORIC SENSE OF REV. DR. ROLLIN H. NEALE.

These references to Dr. Stow's continued participation in the revived historical interest of his earlier days, remind us that his neighbor, Dr. Neale, was a lifelong kindred spirit, and that this cherished taste was fitly expressed by his contribution of a published "Historical Discourse," called forth by the second centennial anniversary of

the First Church, founded in 1665,—an eloquent expansion of the sentiment that animated his “election sermon” of 1852, delivered before the Governor and Council and the Legislature of Massachusetts, in the Old South Church. His half-century’s life-work I have already set forth in volume form.

ESTO PERPETUA!

This historical enthusiasm thus noted as of itself an impelling power, that, by a series of second centennial celebrations, made old Massachusetts, from Cape Cod to the Berkshire Hills, conscious of a quickened pulse-beat, should be sympathetically cherished by the whole Baptist denomination throughout these United States. There is no body of people upon this planet more strongly held in unity by simply moral forces, and thus distinguished from the unifications formed by merely natural bonds or legally inherited relations, irrespective of character and free choice. There are none, therefore, whose organic unity can be nourished from deeper sources of a genuine historical enthusiasm. Professor Heman Lincoln of Newton, for successive years, as it seems, impelled by this sentiment, has wrought well for its diffusion. May his example “provoke many,” encouraging all of us. It is not a mere

esprit de corps, or traditional sentiment, here appealed to, but a mighty sympathy growing out of defined ideas of the Messiah's kingdom; a subtle force, widely ignored, yet ever working and ever modifying the course of world history.

XV.

ASPECTS OF RHODE ISLAND LIFE.

REMOVAL FROM BOSTON TO PROVIDENCE.

ALREADY I have had occasion, in connection with memories of well-known names, to allude to my removal from Boston to Providence in the early summer of 1837, responsive to the invitation of the church that is historically known as the First Baptist Church of America, whereof Roger Williams was the first minister. That invitation came in the early spring; but as I had entered just then upon the seventh year of my pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Boston, more than ordinarily interested in plannings for the future, the call was declined for what were regarded as adequate reasons. It was repeated, however, three months afterward, and so presented by President Wayland, a predecessor in the Boston pastorate, as to seem morally imperative. Although the motives of action in this case commended themselves to the approval of all the acting parties, the sundering of ties pertaining to this cherished relationship was a painful process.

SUBTLE WORKING OF HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Nevertheless, years afterward there seemed, retrospectively, in this unsought transfer a trace of dim forecastings strangely realized; for, in days of youth, the story of Roger Williams, as first told at home in the family circle, invested Providence and all Rhode Island with a more than romantic interest. My first sight of the old First Baptist Church edifice of Providence, in 1828, was far more thrilling and uplifting, as being ever closely associated with all that is sublime in human character and history, than was my first view of St. Peter's at Rome in 1838, when those two structures, so far apart, not even within the range of comparison architecturally, were present to my thought as the types of antagonistic ideas that were so vital, so irreconcilable, suggesting the elements of continuous conflict. From early school-days, these associations of thought had invested Rhode Island with an unrivalled ideal greatness, despite the smallness of her geographical area. She had, indeed, seemed the greatest of the States; a self-asserting sentiment, aptly vindicated, I may say, by Lord Chief Justice Cole-ridge, at his reception in the Music Hall of New York, when, referring to the talked-of territorial vastness of the United States, he said that he was

not particularly impressed with that, and added, "What of the size of your country? You didn't make it. It is not size, but products, that are to be looked at." Even so:—

"It is the water makes the gem, and not the size."

When the statue of the founder of Rhode Island, wrought by an American artist in the city of Rome, was set in its place by Congress in the Capitol at Washington, Rhode Island's world-wide victory for man as man was fitly signalized. There it stands to-day, awaiting the ultimate triumph of the ideal that it represents. In accordance with this conception, long dominant, a call to accept the vacant place in the ministerial succession of Roger Williams became practically authoritative; and thus the parting from the First Church of Boston was the recognition of a Supreme Providence that becomes to all living souls its own interpreter.

A CHURCH RETROSPECT AND ITS LESSON.

The old historic First Church of Providence, after the departure of its honored patriarchal pastor, Rev. Dr. Stephen Gano (1828), had been favored with the ministry of Rev. Robert Everett Pattison, D.D., afterward president of Waterville College, Maine, now Colby University. His com-

ing, after a long pastoral bereavement, was to the church a spiritual rejuvenation, touching and quickening the younger class of his own contemporaries. Following him in June, 1837, I found much of welcomed co-operation among those who had entered the communion of the church under his teachings. Some of these I had known before, having at different times aided Dr. Pattison in sustaining his series of week-day gatherings. Thence onward, for successive months, there was a progressive spirit of inquiry, affecting the tone of thought and talk throughout our surroundings. To the enhancement of this interest several students of the university freely contributed; and the union of the old and the young in the re-unions of the vestry-service, — the pastor presiding, — with all the freedom of the old-fashioned Rhode Island style of conference, won fresh attention, and made lasting impressions of the reality and self-witnessing power of that New-Testament Christianity whereof that ancient church had been, during two centuries, a stalwart witness.

In this connection, therefore, it is noteworthy, that from first to last, thus far, without any *written* creed except the New Testament itself, as it was said, this church had passed the most severe ordeals of stability, maintaining a primitive unity of faith. Throughout those stormy controversies

that swept over New England during the first quarter of this century, shaking from their bases the old Puritan churches, and thus reshaping what they called "the New England Theology," this church continued to increase its membership, without any conservatively formulated creed, or any symbols of its faith except what was contained in the apostolic Scripture, and the two external ordinances, that were, of themselves, Christ's own appointed "confessions" of the distinctive doctrines of Christianity. These two outward symbols, baptism and the Lord's Supper, kept in their unity as attesting those ideas wherewith they were originally vocal, are of themselves sufficiently conservative without the addition of any dogma.

THE UNIVERSITY AND ITS PRESIDENT.

Brown University, just now advanced into the second decade of President Wayland's administration, was "at its best" compared with the view of any preceding period. There was vitality throughout, — a fact emphasized in the thought of those who remembered the low state of decline out of which it had been uplifted. At the beginning, a thorough work of reconstruction had been achieved; and, as in the rebuilding of Jerusalem after the Captivity, there was much rubbish to be removed, so here was an accumulation of dead

routine to be gotten rid of. There were, of course, deep-set prejudices to be encountered; but all the antecedents of Dr. Wayland's life seemed like a divinely ordered preparation for the educational needs of the times. Ever at hand as a sympathetic friend, wise counsellor, and effective co-worker, was Professor William G. Goddard, whose distinguished position as a scholar, writer, and teacher qualified him exceptionally to act as an aid to Dr. Wayland in actualizing his ideas, and thus becoming "master of the situation."

Soon after the president had "settled" the status of the University, as to its aims and methods, he found himself at liberty to undertake the task of meeting a special need of the time by providing a text-book for the study and teaching of moral philosophy. His intention had been announced in advance of the work. At that time, Rev. Dr. Choules of Newport, R.I., visiting England, met the eminent essayist John Foster, and, in the course of talk, incidentally mentioned that President Wayland was engaged in writing a text-book on moral philosophy. On hearing this, Foster smiled, and, opening his eyes with an expression of curious or dubious surprise, repeated musingly the words of his informant: "Moral philosophy, — a text-book on moral philosophy? Sir, that is no child's play." The tone and

manner of the essayist indicated that it seemed rather queer that the attempt of an educator to supersede Paley's work should proceed from America, and from the college of Rhode Island. This incident is the more noteworthy because no living Englishman had, by his writing, shown any capacity of appreciating the relation of Rhode Island to world history in comparison with John Foster. It was his fortune, however, to see Dr. Wayland's work welcomed far and widely over the English-speaking world as a contribution of thought adjusted to the want of the time; a moral philosophy grounded not upon utilitarianism, but upon self-witnessing principles intuitively perceived, and recognized as supreme truth.

FOSTER'S COMPREHENSION OF HISTORIC ISSUES.

This reference to John Foster recalls him as remembered, in 1839, at his beautiful home in the vicinity of Bristol, Eng., where Hon. Samuel G. Arnold of Providence (then a college student) and myself, fellow-travellers, having been properly introduced, enjoyed an hour's free talk, the topics all of mutual interest. My companion was much pleased to learn that the great essayist was then engaged in writing a review article that would lead him to emphasize the significance of Rhode Island history. The communication of this fact

was a fresh stimulus to the student's trend of thought; for already he had been forecasting his plan of life, including graduation at Brown University and the Cambridge Law School, then more foreign travel as educational in relation to commerce, comprising, too, the devotion of successive years to the writing out from original sources the history of his native State. This plan was thoroughly actualized. Ten years of toil completed the two volumes of Rhode Island history, that aptly met a need of his own time, and are therefore assured of the highest appreciation in the centuries to come as a standard historical authority. At the period of the visit here mentioned, it so happened that I was preparing to meet the appointment to deliver, soon after my return home, the commemorative discourse occasioned by the two hundredth anniversary of the organization of the First Baptist Church of America. Young Arnold was intently observant of every fact or incident pertaining to this work, keenly sympathetic with its ideas and aim. This early historic enthusiasm was lifelong. It was fitly recognized to his latest day in his prolonged presidency of the Rhode Island Historical Society; and all his occasional addresses, called forth throughout his career, literary or political, are alive with the expanding spirit of Rhode Island history.

THE COLONIAL FAMILIES "A LIVING PRESENCE."

During the series of years here recalled (1837-40), the Rhode Island families of Colonial days were made to seem to us "a living presence" by their immediate representatives greeting us in the streets and in our social gatherings, the very sounding of their names associating with us those whose lives had been identified with the histories of the Church, the city, and the State. Our senior deacons were living in the cherished past, and in their talks would sometimes carry us back into company with the men and women of the eighteenth century who were present at the dedication of the church-edifice while Rhode Island was yet an English colony. Near the old pulpit was the family pew of the Hon. Nicholas Brown (whose name, as a benefactor, the University commemorates), from which he was seldom absent during a half-century of sabbath services. As time was now telling effectively upon his naturally hale frame, it was a privilege to feel one's self, however briefly, his contemporary. Recognized as the head of a mercantile house (Brown & Ives) eminently representing the rise of American commerce in its relations to the old East, his gentlemanly address, his genial manner and paternal air, in keeping with the somewhat antique cut of his apparel,

awakened in the breasts of the young a truly filial feeling, and in others ideal conceptions of the princely English merchant who figures historically in the van of English Christian philanthropy.

My personal acquaintance with Mr. Brown dates back to 1828, just before the beginning of my student-life in Newton Theological Seminary, and extended to 1840, the time of his departure,—a period of twelve years. Conspicuous within the home circle of Mr. Brown was Ex-Gov. Francis, his son-in-law, yet in his prime; and, though residing in the neighborhood, at his own homestead, Pawtuxet, as much as ever at the centre of affairs in the city and the State,—a man of culture and commanding presence, to whom civil and social leadership came naturally, without self-assertion. Mr. John Carter Brown, who inherited his father's interest in the promotion of letters and sound learning, and whose name is now fitly commemorated by the new home for the library, while occupying his place in the old mercantile house, was cultivating his taste for rare books in comparative quietude.

That whole series of years, indeed, looms up in perspective, lustrous with personal memories. As early as the second year of President Wayland's administration, the rejuvenation of the college was felt throughout the community as a quicken-

ing of intellectual and social life. In the Faculty there was no scholastic recluse. Though professionally expert within the range of their set specialties, like Professors Alva Woods, Alexis Caswell, Romeo Elton (and then, ere long, Professors Gammell, Chase, Lincoln, and Harkness), they were happily social, and thus influential beyond the area of college-life. Dr. Woods, however, was soon called away from the chair of mathematics to the presidency of the State University of Kentucky, and later to that of the State of Alabama; and his pleasant home in Providence, presided over by Mrs. Woods (*née* Marshall), was regretfully missed by many, and is now remembered as a characterizing feature of the society of Providence more than fifty years ago. Here, too, it may be noted, that, however appreciatively or partially we may speak of the leading men of that time, it may be truly said that the proper balance of a true home-life was admirably sustained by the women, who realized one's best ideal of cultivated American and Christian womanhood. And of these it seems not improper to recall the name of Mr. Nicholas Brown's widowed sister, Mrs. Hope Ives, whose memory has been so reverently cherished by the citizenship of Providence, even "unto the third and fourth generation."

COSMOPOLITAN FREEDOM OF SOCIAL LIFE.

In awakening memories of the social life of Providence during my ministry, from 1837 to 1840, I am impressed with its geniality, freedom, and intellectual activity. Never in that city had there been, comparatively, much recognition of ecclesiastical and denominational distinctions in social any more than in civil life. For more than two-thirds of a century the university had been a source of intellectual quickening to the community, modifying the character of the beautiful little capital. At the same time, there had been a diffusion of wealth, refinement, and culture sufficient to impart to general society a tone and spirit quite cosmopolitan. Men and women, representatives of almost every school of thought, — evangelical, transcendental, theological, philosophical, literary, or scientific, — might be found, even in small clubs or social gatherings, drawn together by a common interest in mental acquisition. Within my own area of religious affinities, this freedom was an educational element, aiding clearness of thinking, and more effective expression of distinctively Christian ideas. From the prolific field of modern Congregational Unitarianism a new school of religious "free thought" had naturally developed itself. Thence proceeded the

new formulation of doctrine known as Transcendentalism, affirming the all-sufficiency of natural intuition as the divine inner light, transcending all sense-knowledge whatsoever; and of this ultra-istically ideal school Margaret Fuller was the leading expositor. As a conversationalist she was unrivalled; and conversation was her favorite mode of teaching either the young ladies of her school, or the men and women of her classes in the German language, literature, or philosophy. How often, indeed, I had occasion to speak of her as the Hypatia of the nineteenth century! If Charles Kingsley, who has so finely pictured the Hypatia of the fourth century, the gifted woman who attracted to her lecture-hall the youthful intellects of Alexandria, intent upon winning their acceptance of Greek Paganism as a true Nature-religion, could have joined a re-union of Margaret Fuller, he would have been tempted to hint, however fancifully, the re-incarnation of his heroine. But as to the battle-grounds of their one work, Alexandria in the fourth century and Providence in the nineteenth were sharply contrasted; for Alexandria was the theatre whereon the oppressive forces of a corrupted Christianity had ample play, and Providence was the chosen field where, thirteen centuries afterward, the real Christianity of the first century had full scope to

recruit and re-assert itself with a healthful freedom entirely unrestricted. As to the making of sincere converts, the Hypatia of the fourth century occupied a position of superior opportunity, on account of the very horribleness of that nominally Christian power that decreed her death. The Hypatia of our nineteenth century, on the other hand, inherited a freedom of speech and action that had been won by the self-sacrifices of Christian martyrs and heroes, like Roger Williams, who recognized the liberty of the individual mind and conscience as an essential idea of the Christianity taught by Christ. In Providence, instead of repelling or avoiding the modern Hypatia, we welcomed her society, invited her professional or spontaneous communications, discussed them with perfect freedom, and realized the benefit of "proving all things," thus "having our senses exercised to discern between good and evil."

XVI.

A TIME OF ORGANIC RECONSTRUCTIONS.

A SECOND TERM OF MINISTRY IN BOSTON.

OUR three years' retrospective view of the course of things in Providence, from 1837 to 1840, inclusive, pertains to a period distinguished by a quickened intellectual life, seeking expression in discussions of literary, philosophical, and theological, as well as of strictly religious questions. Fourteen years of President Wayland's administration had passed away, leaving clear signs of an educational influence that had gone forth from the professional chair, the pulpit, the platform, the press, and had been felt not only within the precincts of the University, but also indirectly throughout a widening area of society. The higher ideal of intellectual progress then uplifting the community was indicated not only by the reconstruction of the public-school system, but also by the tendency to unite in literary associations, lyceums, or club gatherings in the interest of personal and social culture. This aspect of the time imparted

to the lively little capital and its outlook of the future a fresh and growing interest; so that, at the opening of the year 1840, there was no sign of a probability that on my part, within half a year, a return to Boston as a field of service could be thought of.

Early in the spring of that year, however, I received a communication from Mr. Charles D. Gould, the well-known publisher, the junior deacon of the Federal-street Baptist Church of Boston, informing me that it was the intention of that church, at its approaching monthly meeting, to offer to me a formal call to the vacant pastorate, and giving his reasons for hoping that I would regard it favorably. To this communication I returned an answer immediately, affirming that I did not feel myself at liberty to entertain any proposal looking to a change of pastoral relations, and that, as the rejection of the call would do no good to either party, but rather harm, sound judgment would counsel the withholding of it. That answer I supposed would be final; ere a fortnight had elapsed, however, a committee composed of six gentlemen, for every one of whom I had long cherished the most sincere respect, came to Providence bearing the formal call, commending it to my acceptance by a frank and earnest statement of the difficulties, the hopes and aspirations,

of the church that had sent it. They set forth clearly the difficulties in the way of sustaining any ecclesiastical position in Federal Street while the invasions of trade were driving family-life away from its vicinity ; emphasizing the inevitable loss of membership on that account, and the prospect of greater loss when the new edifice in Bowdoin Square should become the church-home of a portion of the remnant.

The mere fact of a visitation by such a committee, presenting itself in Providence on an errand of this kind, directly in the face, apparently, of the letter I had addressed to their deacon, was a surprise, explainable only as a sacrifice of personal pride to a sense of duty, appealing to the kindred sentiment of another in the recognition of a "mutual faith." In this connection of events, moreover, I received an additional communication from Hon. Richard Fletcher, expressing his belief, that, if this call were declined, the church would disband. The ideas and aims set forth in these communications, oral and written, commended themselves as unselfish and worthy of considerate review. This was promised. Erelong the possibilities of resuscitation and progress, of the rallying of new forces sufficient for the enterprise of constructing a new church-home within an environment that would minister to growth instead of

depletion, seemed quite clear. Awakened memories of the exceptionally intimate relations of this church with "the Old First" at a certain period of my ministering to it when the neighboring pastor of Federal Street, Dr. Howard Malcom, was seeking health in Europe, intensified my sympathetic hopes of seeing a restored prosperity, identical, as in the past, with a world-wide Christian work. The attempt to grapple with difficulties in the way of success seemed but following the beck of the Divine Master's hand; thence, as the result of manifold deliberation, the sense of duty became imperative, and the call to return to Boston was accepted.

CHARACTERIZATION OF THE TIME.

Having noted the succession of three years preceding 1840 as pertaining to a period of intellectual awakening in Providence, we are led in this connection to designate that year, and the three or four years following, an era of intellectual awakening in Boston, mainly within the range of theological and philosophical inquiry. That period may be thus indicated in view of the elements of thought brought into play, as distinguished from a revival simply religious, or from an awakening of intellectual life within the scope of science and literature. *Parkerism* was a term then presenting

itself in common talk as a characterization of the time in one of its phases. In days gone by we had been wont to note the separate areas of doctrinal belief as Unitarianism, Liberalism, Orthodoxy, or Evangelical Christianity. Now, however, Liberalism was agitated by a perplexing unsettledness of ideas, for young Theodore Parker was formulating his progressive thought as the leader of that increasing class who were leaving Dr. Channing, Andrews Norton, and the old Unitarian school, with its inherited elements of supernaturalism and, evidential miracles, far behind; and, in behalf of these inquirers, he was reasoning out inductively, as well as affirming transcendently, the ethics of Nature. The contrast was quite sharp, for Parker declared, "I do not believe there ever was a miracle, or ever will be;" meaning that no change of Nature's established sequences was ever made by the direct action of any spirit will-power, human or divine.

As an index of this general unsettledness we may refer to the notice given forth from the pulpit of Dr. Channing's church in Federal Street by his eloquent colleague, Dr. Ezra S. Gannett, saying that for twenty years the Unitarian pulpit had left doctrinal discussion mainly to the press, and that thence a generation had grown up around it not knowing what to believe or what to affirm

as the distinguishing ideas of the Christian religion ; that, to meet this want, he would deliver, on successive Sunday evenings, a course of six lectures on "Christ and Christianity." This announcement was timely. The realm of Liberalism was moved to prompt response ; and, from first to last, the aisles and galleries were filled a half-hour or more before the set time of service by audiences drawn from the city and its surroundings. The undertaking was thoroughly unique, novel, exceptional. The first discourse of the series — meeting the question, "Who was Christ?" — occupied two hours ; and, strange to say, instead of suggesting hints of weariness, called forth admiration of the earnestness, interpretative clearness, and logical power of the preacher. There was no flagging of interest in any part of the course ; and the *long* sermon was vindicated as "a thing beautiful in its season," needed just then to meet a mental craving of twenty years' growth. The teaching throughout was argumentatively expositional, designed to show that the Unitarianism represented by the school of Channing voiced truthfully the meaning of the Sacred Scriptures. The whole course, now remembered as historic fact, indicated a new awakening of a great community, that, having ended its conflicts for individual freedom from the bonds of ecclesiastical traditionism by

the complete separation of Church and State in 1834, had now become intent upon using its freedom for the determining of fundamental beliefs by the lights of revelation and of reason.

AN EXCEPTIONAL MOOD OF THE PUBLIC MIND.

At the time of Dr. Gannett's first advertisement of his projected series, I had already prepared a course of four lectures for delivery on successive Sunday evenings, touching the same range of topics, and was about ready to announce the fact when the published title that he had chosen, identical with my own, namely, "Christ and Christianity," drew attention. Holding these lectures in reserve until the Sunday following the close of his course, I then made the announcement of my projected series, in connection with the statement that it had not been originated as a specialty, in answer to any other course of lectures, but had been prepared leisurely, as responsive to the calls of inquiring minds and the questionings of the time.

Very soon, however, it was quite evident that the popular series just now completed in our neighborhood had happily prepared my way; for not only was the house, even the aisles and galleries, filled before the set time of commencing the service, but occupied in large proportion by the

same audience. It was an inspiring assemblage, a marvellous scene, this continuous flowing together of thinking men, social and denominational leaders, mingling with younger classes of earnest listeners, all alike welcoming the most free and direct discussion of the central doctrines of Christianity. The like of it had never before been seen in Boston; and it has been truly said, perhaps, that the like of it has not been seen since, and may never occur again. The incidental talk of the streets took its tone, quite notably, from the themes of the pulpits, exceptionally free from the traditional harshness of theological controversy.

DIFFUSION OF THE SPIRIT OF INQUIRY.

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, in one of his letters to Thomas Carlyle pertaining to this first decade of his own career, mentions as an item of special interest the gathering around him of "young gentlemen and ladies without a religion, seeking a new one." This statement is noteworthy as indicating the awakened intellectuality of the time. Others might have given like reports of their surroundings as seen from their own stand-points. Dr. Edward N. Kirk, for instance, might have spoken of the many thronging to listen to him while preaching as an evangelist in Park-street Church, and afterward at the commodious church-

home built for him when he had accepted the proffered pastorate in Boston. So, too, Dr. Alexander H. Vinton, the able expositor of Evangelical Christianity, attracting eager listeners from all quarters, might have written thus commemoratively of this period of his ministry as rector of St. Paul's. Thus, moreover, Dr. Rollin Heber Neale of the First Baptist Church, and Dr. Baron Stow of the Second, each being then in his prime and "at his best," might have summed up their ingatherings in figures that would seem like notes of harvest-songs. And thus, also, other men, teachers and preachers of the day, like the patriarchal Dr. Daniel Sharp, the veteran and venerable leader of a preceding generation, Dr. Robert W. Cushman of the new church in Bowdoin Square, Dr. Nathaniel Colver of Tremont Temple, were they now living, would furnish, each for himself, his memorial of the period so distinguished by that quickened intellectuality which, on the one hand, intensified the spirit of disbelief, and on the other hand aroused the public mind to more profound thoughtfulness, clarified its views of Christianity as the revelation of a personal Christ to the individual soul, and thus led multitudes, by a faith responsive to "the Word," into that consciousness of a personal relation to Him which is itself redemptive power, self-witnessing life, and enduring peace.

XVII.

THE AREA OF DISCUSSION WIDENING.

AIMING AT POSITIVE FAITH AND UNITY.

IN our retrospective view of the half-century, the year 1840 has loomed up as signaling an era of intellectual awakening, exceptionally trending toward philosophical and religious inquiry. This mental quickening was exceptional as being at once so pervasive, transcending denominational lines, circles, sets, or cliques; so that everywhere we were in the way of meeting faces that seemed to betray a consciousness of new moods of mind that might fitly utter themselves as "confessions of an inquiring spirit." From his pulpit as a central stand-point, Dr. Gannett had aptly reported his own outlook when he said that "a generation had grown up around the pulpits not knowing what to believe;" thus, while there had been no lack of emphasis as to what *not* to believe, all now recognized the heart-cry for a positive faith.

In accordance with the view of Dr. Gannett was that of Dr. James Freeman Clarke, who, hav-

ing graduated from the Harvard Divinity School in 1833, and fulfilled a seven years' course of service as minister of the Unitarian church in Louisville, Ky., returned to Boston in 1840, intent upon emphasizing the idea that a religion of negatives, with its relatively destructive criticism, must lack permanent force, and thence drew around him a congenial society whose defined aim, as seekers after a positive belief under his leadership, was expressed by their chosen designation, — "The Church of the Disciples." The special aim of Dr. Clarke was the conciliation of Christian beliefs so as to lay a broad basis for organic unity, — an aim whose scope and method is suggested by the title of one of his later works (1866), "Orthodoxy, its Truths and Errors." Confident, as he was, that in all the creeds of those who differed from him there were some truths upon which they could unite, he knew how to make the most of this common ground, and enlarge its area so as to reduce the points of difference to a minimum. Thus, ere-long, cultured persons of unsettled mind were gathered around his uplifted banner of a "common faith," united in the hope of realizing a higher ideal of Church-life, unifying at once the elements of conservatism and progress.¹

¹ See Appendices, page 329.

DRIFTINGS TO NEW ISSUES.

Against the realization of these hopes, however, there were subtle influences in free play; at first, perhaps, scarcely discernible as *tendencies*, but asserting themselves at last as logical results. These disintegrating influences proceeded from two recognizable sources, — the lecture platform of Ralph Waldo Emerson and the pulpit of Theodore Parker: differing, indeed, as to their way of working, but coalescing in one issue; namely, the drifting away of youthful inquirers from all the attractions of Church-life to the vague affinities of instinctively inspired individualism, as indicated by the movement of the Free Religious Association. Of that movement Mr. Emerson was an acknowledged leader; and its characterizing thought was expressed by him in his address before that young association when he said, “I think the necessity very great that invites all classes, all religious men, whatever their connections, whatever their specialties, in whatever relations they stand to Christianity, to unite in a movement of benefit to men, under the sanctions of religion.” He then went on to speak of all churches in the aggregate, of all creeds and theologies, as outgrown, and unsuited to the needs of our progressive humanity. Thus, after a lapse of forty years, Mr. Emerson’s “de-

parture" from organized Unitarianism, as being already outgrown, has culminated in a new Free Association, without any distinctively religious ideas whatsoever, sharply antagonizing the ideal conservatism of Dr. Clarke and *the spirit of Discipleship* which the new Church organism had so eloquently voiced as the harbinger of a unified Christendom.

GOOD FRUITAGE GARNERED.

The intellectual movement, indicated by the free discussion of fundamental ideas, proved favorable in a high degree just then to the progress of evangelical Christianity, touching and quickening as it did the moral and spiritual element throughout the whole community. A fresh spirit of inquiry seemed to be pervading all classes, more or less simultaneously, like tidal waves of the moral atmosphere, uplifting all to a higher plane of thought and feeling. Religious or semi-religious topics of conversation were "in place" everywhere, one might say; asserting themselves "in season, out of season," often when least expected, a wayside surprise. Thus, as I now remember, passing near the ship-yards one day, about eleven o'clock, a workman hastily stepped forth, crossed the street, and then, having asked the favor of a minute's talk, earnestly put his question as one

“meaning business,” — “Sir, what is Transcendentalism?” The difference between this condition of the public mind and that of the period that preceded it, was as clearly marked as the difference noted by the Evangelist Luke in the Book of Acts, between the mental tone of the Bereans and the Thessalonians; the former being “more noble” than the latter, distinguished by a *spirit of inquiry* that passed beyond traditional limits, and sought truth at the fountain-head.

In all Sunday services, and in church assemblages generally, this same spirit found expression. Never had we seen such free intermingling of thinkers and workers of all classes around the pulpits of those who could say heartily, “We believe, and therefore speak.” Despite all inherited antipathies, an earnest teacher would attract listeners who were keenly appreciative of a profound conviction. In recalling the memories of personal observation pertaining to the time, I am impressed with the thought that no sermons seemed to be so effective with this inquiring class as those that aimed to distinguish between Christianity as an orthodoxy or accepted formulation of a creed, and the Christianity of Christ set forth in the New Testament, verified by facts of history and experience, appealing to the reason, the conscience, and the heart at once as the voice of absolute truth.

Thus, within the range of my own ministry in Federal Street the inquiring spirit of the time was most quickly responsive to the services that combined most closely the expositional and the practical. For special discourses in this line of direction, there was always the encouragement of a welcome, and the cheer of responsive listeners in their testimonies of a renewed inner life. Hence, ere long, the outlook of our future as a church enkindled the zeal of the people for a speedy movement towards the removal and re-establishment of a church-home at a central point, amid the surroundings of family-life, such as the invasions of trade had been driving away from our neighborhood. The financial questioning was no longer an occasion of extreme anxiety. Before the close of 1843 they were thoroughly united in the recognition of the fact that the time for that step of advance had already come.

A SPIRITUAL UPLIFTING.

Nevertheless, there was no hurried movement. Few, if any, were impatient of delays; inclined, rather, to "make haste slowly." Around that church-edifice loving memories clustered. Its history seemed, indeed, too brief. In 1827 it was dedicated to divine service as the home-centre of worshippers who had already been hailed and wel-

comed by the denominational brotherhood as the Fifth Baptist Church of Boston, — a church whose annals throughout an entire decade are invested with a certain historic interest as a continuous record of missionary co-operation, and whose harvests have been garnered not only from the city surroundings, but also from the distant fields of heathendom. From the beginning it had kept itself in communication with its representative workers in foreign fields. For a succession of years its senior deacon, Hon. Heman Lincoln, was the faithful treasurer of the Missionary Union; and the two volumes of “Travels in South-eastern Asia,” written by its first pastor, Rev. Dr. Howard Malcom, long after his loss of vocal power had occasioned the resignation of his charge (issued by a publishing firm within its own membership, Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln, 1839), still remain as reminders of the joyous missionary spirit that permeated the Federal-street Church in its early days, still rendering its name a cherished memorial, and thus a factor still in Christian work. Yet, despite the strength of local attachments and memories, the resuscitation of spiritual power in connection with the ingatherings of successive years following 1844, uplifted the mind of the church to a higher plane than that of past or present, concentrating its thought upon the outlook

of the widening future, and forecasting the welfare of "the generations to come" as the supreme interest.

"THE WORD" ITSELF THE MAIN FACTOR.

The unity of spirit and of aim thus produced soon found expression in the purchase of a central site (on the corner of Rowe and Bedford Streets, near the spot chosen for the erection of a new edifice for the Latin and High Schools), in the election of a building committee, and in arrangements for our sabbath services throughout the interval of our pilgrimage from the old home to the new. During the greater part of that interval we occupied the "Melodeon" on Sunday afternoons, and were obliged to content ourselves with one sermon for the day, as the place had been pre-engaged to the society of Theodore Parker for his morning services. In regard to the occupancy of the morning, however, we were highly favored, as the rector of St. Paul's Church, Rev. Dr. Alexander H. Vinton, placed the chapel in the rear of the beautiful sanctuary on Tremont Street at my command for the gathering of a Bible class. The class filled the chapel, and we designated our exercise "the Synagogue Service," thus hinting its accordance with the manner of the synagogue in the time of Christ, where, after the reading of

the Scriptures and the commenting thereon, any one present was at liberty to make inquiries of the speaker, or ask further explanations. The interest in that service deepened from week to week. Thus, while Mr. Parker was occupying the Melodeon in the morning, our lively synagogue service was in process at St. Paul's Chapel; and while I was occupying the Melodeon in the afternoon, Mr. Parker was concentrating all the forces of his thinking in the teaching of *his* Bible class in a room under the same roof. Although thus made *neighbors* in the strictest sense of that word, none would have suspected either of attempting to manipulate theological formulations in order to reach a common ground upon which we could stand together in religious unity. If the walls of the auditorium could have reported the Sunday sermons, it would have appeared that those of the morning always taught, directly or impliedly, the trustworthiness of man's intuition for apprehending all the truth required by his spiritual needs, while those of the afternoon affirmed, directly or impliedly, the utter insufficiency of that intuitional knowledge without the aid of additional truth, as supernaturally revealed in the person of the Christ, the Son of the living God.

BUILDING BETTER THAN WE KNEW.

In due time the last sermon was delivered in the church-edifice of Federal Street, greeted by mingled smiles and tears, suggestive of the hopes and memories of the young and the old, reminding us of the scene described in the Book of Ezra (iii. 12, 13), where parents and children were so deeply moved by rehearsals of the past and the prophecies of a hopeful future while they stood together upon the site of the old Temple. The laying of the corner-stone of our new edifice attracted a large assembly, who united in the services of prayer and song; and the address of the occasion was in part a vindication of the chosen style of architecture, — the pointed, or Gothic, — affirming that, instead of its being, as some had said, a sign of retrogressive sympathy with mediæval tastes, the like of which had not as yet been seen in Boston, it was, on the other hand, a suggestion of nature by means of the beautiful temples formed along the arched ways of the forest as well as in the stony grottoes “wrought in the deep places of the earth.” The structure was completed satisfactorily, and dedicated with appropriate services; the announcement of entire freedom from financial anxiety imparting a special zest to our songs of thanksgiving.

To-day, however, I am reminded, while writing these lines, that upon that chosen site no sign of such a structure is seen, and that the last memorial of it was swept away by the rush of trade a decade and a half ago. To none of us was the faculty of forecast given in large measure, intent as we were upon meeting the architectural tastes and needs of those who should live after us, even "unto the third and fourth generation." How short-sighted we were! Nevertheless, "we builded better than we knew." While old North End was fast passing away, and South End was yet "without form and void," this church was fulfilling a twenty year's special mission in providing a home-centre for scores of young households that would have been exposed to the danger of drifting away into a state of religious and social disintegration. Happily, when, near the close of my seven years' ministry as pastor of "the Federal-street Church," another sphere of service claimed and won my sympathetic regards, the Rev. Baron Stow, D.D., fully restored to the enjoyment of health after long confinement by sickness, was quite ready to accept an invitation to the pastoral care of that church, then settled in its new Rowestreet home. Regarded from his point of view, the outlook seemed hopeful; his personal experiences in relation to his surroundings seemed

suggestive of a guiding Providence. Thus he entered upon his new field as one who had renewed his youth like the eagle's, and then left a record of twenty years' effective service worthy of his whole past. The pulpit of Rowe Street was never occupied by a successor, and the history of that beautiful church-edifice virtually ended with that of his ministry. The church itself, however, now far and widely known as the Clarendon-street Baptist Church of Boston, under the ministry of Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon, still lives and thrives, progressing "from strength to strength;" cherishing the same simplicity of loving faith that was the very life and inspiration of its youth.

XVIII.

STRENGTH FROM UNIFICATION.

EDITORSHIP.

NOT long after the public services appropriate to the laying of the corner-stone of the church-edifice in Rowe Street (corner of Bedford), I chanced to meet, one morning, not far from Boston Common, a venerable friend, who seemed to have diverged from his path in order to greet me with a special message ; namely, this : " I learn that the editorship of 'The Christian Watchman' has been urged upon your acceptance, in official association with our friend Dr. Olmstead, and that thus you may be impliedly bound to furnish articles every week, for which you would be editorially responsible. Beware ! You are already well laden with official obligations ; and now, remembering that 'it is the last ounce that breaks the camel's back,' I trust that you will regard your health as a prime consideration, and avoid every additional risk of a break-down."

To my esteemed friend I at once acknowledged

that his position was well taken; that the attempt to combine in an effective unity the charge of a city pastorate, embracing the pulpit, the church, and the parish, with a continuous editorial care, was quite objectionable. Nevertheless, I said, it was not on my part an *attempt*, but rather the recognition of a "providential call" that asserted itself with an imperial authority. "How so?" my friend inquired. "Let me see the matter from your own point of view." In the course of a few minutes' talk I noted the history of "The Christian Watchman," the oldest religious weekly of the country, excepting then "The Boston Recorder;" its honorable association with the names of Weston and Loring, welcomed more than a half-century ago as an accepted exponent of the Baptist sentiment of the United States, reflecting the past and forecasting the future; then, in later years, the rise of partyism caused by the slavery question, asserting itself antagonistically as conservatism or radicalism, and issuing in the establishment here of a new exponent voicing the new era, and designated "The Christian Reflector." The time had now arrived, however, when free discussion of fundamental principles had produced, comparatively and practically, a oneness of opinion, and that this unity now sought expression in the uniting of the "Watchman" and

“Reflector” as an exponent of one prevailing sentiment and an advocate of the common cause. I mentioned also that Mr. Ford (now more widely known as proprietor and publisher of “The Youth’s Companion”) had brought to me the proposal of editorship, urging, as an argument for my acceptance, that I had already written occasionally in both papers, and had already emphasized the main ideas which all desired to see, just then, perseveringly sustained. In view of these and like considerations, I had already concluded to accept the position, not as forecast by myself, but as one to which I had been “called” by a voice that had spoken in both “society and solitude” as a voice of authority.

THE WORK OF THE PULPIT AND PRESS UNIFIED.

In relation to the end proposed, the situation was favorable. All eyes were turned in one direction; namely, toward Congress, and especially to the *prudential concession* made to the policy of the slave power by Mr. Webster in his speech of March 7, 1850. Then, immediately, “conservatives” and “radicals” alike united in affirming, that, for once in his life at least, our great leader had spoken as a politician rather than as a statesman; had failed to discern the predominance of the moral element, in the long run, over all anti-

thetic expediencies in shaping the course of human history. As to our own outlook, believing in the reality of the Messiah's kingdom as a reconstructive force upon this planet, ever advancing, despite delays, to work out its own ideals, I was never troubled with a moment's doubt touching the destined issue. An editorial article in "The Watchman and Reflector," entitled "God and the Constitution," called forth responses from leading men far beyond all sectional lines, and strengthened my faith in the alliance of the pulpit and the press as an urgent demand of the common cause. My association with Dr. Olmstead was particularly welcomed, assured as I was that his tastes, habits, and trusted oversight in relation to the whole range of office-work would render me quite free from care touching every point of deliberation beyond my one sphere of service.

HOME AND CHURCH LIFE AT JAMAICA PLAIN.

Every week furnished fresh occasion for articles of widening and deepening interest pertaining to the time, treated persistently in the editorial columns, in connection with my ministry in Boston, without any intermission for winter or summer rest, and without the slightest sense of additional suffering from fatigue. At that period my increasing appreciation of my twofold work forbade

all feeling of weariness. Before the close of the second year, however, a considerable group of friends and co-workers had built their pleasant suburban homes at Jamaica Plain, and had been active, also, as co-workers with the young Baptist church that had already sprung up almost spontaneously, as if in full faith of their coming, and intent upon preparing their way. A new house of worship, in keeping with its surroundings, had been built, and within its walls the Rev. John O. Choules, D.D., had ministered several years. After his resignation he returned to Newport, R.I.¹ The pulpit having been vacated about the time I have been noting, the church at Jamaica Plain urged several reasons in favor of my accepting a home at the Plain as their minister, combining under more advantageous conditions the pastoral care and the editorial work. They were so thoroughly in sympathy with my twofold aim, so unanimous in pronouncing both departments of my work at that period a real unity, so generously anxious to see it carried forward under the most hopeful circumstances, that their statements seemed self-evincing, and their way of "putting things" quite incontrovertible. Chief among these was James W. Converse, Esq., who is, even now, enjoying a half-century's retrospect over an area of manifold business-life, contemporaneously with

¹ See Appendices, page 331.

various forms of Christian service, — deaconships, trusteeships, and committeeships, — trusted universally for wise counselling and effective action.

My life at Jamaica Plain was comparatively a recreation, and is still a delightful memory. It had always seemed to me, even from my seminary years at Newton, like “an Eden of a place,” as a lady once expressed it; the lovely lake and its surroundings being to her sight and feeling “the perfection of beauty.” During those early student days, there was only one church upon the Plain, and that the one originally established by the early Puritans; but by tidal driftings the ecclesiastical organism had taken on a form of parochial liberalism strongly contrasted with the definiteness of old Puritanism, regarding Christianity more as a natural development than as a revelation of supernatural facts and forces. In my trips from Newton to Boston I was wont to take a roundabout way for the pleasure of pedestrianizing over this Eden-like Plain; occasionally musing in a kind of dreamy questioning whether I should live to see there a new church organism, representative of the *renaissance* of the evangelical element. Despite all the enthusiasm of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher’s career of Orthodox resuscitations in Eastern Massachusetts, the Congregationalists had as yet done nothing here in that line of direction.

Nevertheless, at the period I am now noting, I had been welcomed as the pastor of a Baptist church gathered at the centre of that lovely Plain, ministering to a people all alive with the hope and faith of a progressive future. Every successive month brought accessions of fresh strength to this prophetic feeling.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE CALL TO NEWARK.

How shall I account for any willingness on my part to leave, after a brief two years' ministry, a home invested with such associations? The cherished retrospective view naturally suggests a self-questioning like that. Indeed, as a matter of fact, that was the very question put with the emphasis of a fatherly earnestness by the Rev. Daniel Sharp, D.D., when he remonstrated most tenderly, at his house in Boston, against my entertaining the consideration of a call from a young church composed of thirty-nine persons, bearing letters from the First Baptist Church of Newark, N.J., gathered in the parlor of Joseph Battin, Esq., with the view of taking measures for the erection of a new church-home in Kinney Street, in the southern section of Newark, the growing metropolis of the State. "I cannot see," said he, "any sound reasons whereby you can vindicate satisfactorily such a change of relations at this time." To this

remonstrance I replied, "Doctor, it is my desire that I should not take a single step in this direction that you would not approve cordially, after a full survey of the whole case. Thence I would ask you to remember that it is now nearly forty years since you were pastor of the First Baptist Church in Newark, having resigned that charge, in order to take your present position, in 1812, at the breaking-out of the war with England; and that from that time to this day there has not stood forth above the ground a single shred of any kind of structure indicating a step of advance on the part of the people to whom you ministered, or of the ideas that you represented. The first recognizable sign of progress is this church organization of thirty-nine persons, led by such efficient men as Daniel M. Wilson and John M. Davies, for the building of a new house of worship in the rapidly expanding southern section of a city that is now like an American Birmingham, attracting the best elements of American mind in material production. They turn now to me for special services, as one familiar from days of early youth with 'the situation,' and thence in sympathy with their aims. With lifelong memories thus revived, put yourself in my place, Doctor. Imagining that you were forty years younger than you are, would you refuse to listen to them?" For a minute or

so the Doctor seemed to be musing over the facts, and then said, "Well, your relation to the case is peculiar, and I do not wonder that their appeal has deeply moved you. I recall my remonstrance, and pray God to guide you, whatsoever your decision may be."

Erelong the call was accepted. I began my ministry in Newark in the basement lecture-room (on a rainy April morning, 1850), filled with a sympathetic audience, whose presence was an inspiration of hope, and thus interpreted as a prophecy of success. Three months afterward the church-edifice was completed, and was dedicated on Thursday afternoon, July 18, 1850, amid brightening signs of progress. Of these signs, however, the brightest was the awakening of an earnest spirit of religious inquiry, comprising within its scope the young and the old alike. The announcement of an evening course of twelve lectures on "Home-Life, its Relations and Duties," attracted the attention of all classes alike, and soon brought us in to widening relations of social sympathy with the whole community.

XIX.

PRINCIPLES OF CHURCH-GROWTH.

ERA OF CHURCH-EXTENSION IN NEWARK.

DURING the spring of the year 1850, already noted as the beginning of my ministry in Newark, the Rev. Dr. E. E. Cummings, formerly of Concord, N.H., occupied the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Newark; the call having been then but recently accepted. He was known and honored as a man of "an excellent spirit," whose field of service, through a long life-course, had ever abounded in memorials of effective work. It was an occasion of regret to many that he felt himself constrained by sanitary reasons to resign his charge, and return to New England. The vacating of that pulpit was felt by us all alike as an embarrassment; for in spirit and in practical aims the two churches were identical, — a unity that was, in a degree, illustrated by the fact that Daniel M. Wilson, so trusted as a leader, was at the same time a deacon of the one church and a trustee of the other, and thus "a living presence"

in both. The preservation of this unity was, indeed, an essential element of all our calculations as to a progressive future; and these, evidently, might be baffled or hindered in case the pastor of the First Church should prove to be unappreciative of them, or of uncongenial tone. Hence the supplying of that vacancy was, exceptionally, a matter of common interest, even to a degree that might never afterwards recur: for, in accordance with ideas already talked over among us, all the members of that young South Church, while intent upon their own home-work, were united in the desire to concentrate the available forces of both, the First and the Second, the mother and the daughter church, in the planting of a mission in one of the growing neighborhoods, with the hope of seeing it soon able to take rank as the Third Baptist Church of Newark; thus actualizing at once a principle of church-extension "having its life in itself," capable of expanding its area, "redeeming the time," and insuring the record of a future more fruitful than the past.

THE ELECTION OF DR. H. C. FISH.

In electing another pastor, however, the mother-church seemed to be realizing the caution of the old proverb, "Make haste slowly." In the course of a few weeks a number of names had been con-

sidered, without any sign of unanimity. Meanwhile an article, published in one of our papers, setting forth the Scriptural idea of church-extension by means of mission-work sustained by churches co-operating and acting through their own chosen representatives, as distinguished from societies extemporized locally to meet special needs, arrested my attention. The article was attributed to Rev. Henry Clay Fish of Somerville, N.J., of whom we had already known something as an earnest thinker and a persistent worker. Through Mr. Wilson I learned that his name had been considerably mentioned in relation to the pastorate of the First Church, but that several of the senior members had mildly uttered some doubts or objections pertaining to his general bearing, — his air, manner, self-assertion, and the expression of his physique, — all summed up in the saying, “He carries his head too high.” I observed to Mr. Wilson that this view of Mr. Fish’s personality was to me entirely unexpected, and inquired whether it were in accordance with his own. He replied, “Not at all. I think it to be a mere prejudice that would yield to a better acquaintance and a true knowledge of the man.” To this sentiment I responded heartily; adding, “I pray you, do justice to your own conviction, and remind our friends of the caution of Jesus, ‘Judge not according to appear-

ance, but judge righteous judgment.' A man may carry his head high, as set by nature upon his shoulders, without being high-minded; while another may bend his head downward like a bulrush, and yet be as proud as Lucifer. In his writing, Mr. Fish has already indicated a clear conception of the true principle of church-extension in entire accordance with what we consider the primitively Christian idea, as apt as ever, too, to our own times. Hence I have been hoping that you would not go out of New Jersey, since, as Paul said of Timothy, I know of no man like-minded who would naturally care for your state." Ere-long these views prevailed; Mr. Fish was elected, and it was my happiness to give him the right hand of fellowship as a part of the public service of recognition.

THE FIRST UNIFIED MOVEMENT.

IN the course of a few months, Dr. Fish having become well acquainted with his surroundings, I was not surprised by his greeting me, one Monday morning, with the expression of his matured forethought: "It seems to me that the time has come for our two churches to unite in starting a mission-work in this city, north or south; what think you?"—"Certainly," I replied, "it is a mere question of time. I have been waiting for you to

take time enough to impart to the whole aggregate of the First Church your own sentiment, to be assured of their sympathy, and to sound the note of advance." — "Then," said he, "we are all ready." The conclusion was, after conferring fully with our friends, to call a union meeting on Sunday evening, at the South Church, Kinney Street, to consider and determine "the things that ought to be done." At the set hour the house was crowded with a sympathetic audience; and the practical issue of the deliberation was the appointment of a Mission Board of twelve, choosing six representative men from each church, with directions to select a site, to erect a chapel, to engage, if practicable, a missionary pastor, and to present a report of their doings at a union meeting to be called by them when the assigned work should have been accomplished. The next union gathering, in the same place, took on the character of an anniversary. The Board had fulfilled its commission, and reported a debt of three thousand dollars. That amount was raised at once, and the assembly separated more hopeful than ever of seeing a unified method of progress realized; namely, three churches acting in concert for a fourth, then four for a fifth, and so onward, until the law of limitation should assert itself.

MEMORABLE CAREER OF DR. FISH.

Thus the work of church-extension in Newark was auspiciously begun ; and now, looking back over the quarter of a century that followed, that completed Dr. Fish's ministry and his life on earth, it becomes evident that there was no field of service upon this continent where his power and inspiring presence as an earnest and persistent worker could have found more fitting scope for effective action, or better adaptations for calling forth the highest and best that was in him. When, after my three years' constant co-operation in that field, other undertakings of special interest drew me away from Newark, I was still, during the remaining twenty-two years of his course, watching with the keenest sympathy his every movement pertaining to the common mission-work, renewedly cheered and strengthened by the achievements of his untiring spirit, recognizing in his life-work an apt adjustment of gifts to time and place, and the best "serving of his generation." Little did I dream of the possibility of my outliving him, and of being requested, by the people whom he loved and served so well, to rehearse in their presence his whole career, and thus to offer a memorial discourse as a tribute of love to tell its own

story of his sterling character as a man, and his heroic spirit as an "able minister of the New Testament."

RETROSPECTIVE VIEW OF NEWARK.

As a thriving and progressive community, Newark has held a place of eminence in the history of the country from its earliest days. At the beginning (1666), its area, purchased from the Indians for a few blankets and guns by settlers from New Haven and Milford, Conn., extended from the Passaic to the base of the Orange Mountain. The elements of New-England life predominated in its development, — industrial, social, intellectual, and religious. Even the grand old elms that shaded and beautified its pathways a century ago, awakened reminiscences of New Haven and its cultured homes. Those first-coming families well understood the conditions of thrifty advancement, and knew how to make good investments of capital in church-edifices and schoolhouses, as well as in manufactures that were sure to attract the muscular strength of the rising rural districts around them. The First Presbyterian Church, centrally situated, now regarded by the young as "an antiquity," is still, architecturally, as fit as ever to the needs of "the time," and has never been long lacking a ministry of the highest order

of mind. The schools have always been of the best, and the Academy has been effective in its preparatory college training. The press, too, has achieved distinction; "The Newark Daily Advertiser" has ever held a high position in journalism, and even half a century ago, under the editorship of Hon. Thomas Kinney (once United States Minister at Turin), was the chief journal outside of New York whose articles were constantly quoted over the whole land, unless, indeed, we might regard "The Springfield Republican," of Massachusetts, as its fellow in this relation. Under the direction of his son, Mr. Thomas Kinney, "The Advertiser" yet lives and thrives, winning to its service the contributions of scholarly writers, among whom we have noticed, occasionally, the veteran physician and poet of Newark, Dr. Abraham Coles, author of "The Evangel," with its immense wealth of critical scholiasm, the tasteful and rhythmic translator of Latin poetry that enriches our libraries, — for instance, in the artistically wrought edition of the "Dies Iræ." May he long live to enjoy his serene life-evening in his comparatively literary seclusion!

A retrospective view of my life in Newark is associated with memories of cherished friendships, and of attractive work for which the days seemed too short. My health was uninterruptedly at its

best; yet that of my family, who were all born in Massachusetts, yielded to what was regarded as the malarial influence of the surroundings, so that their removal seemed to them, personally, a supreme necessity. The separation of a family may become a rather serious question at times, — as much so in America as in India, where it more frequently recurs as “a missionary experience.” Coincident with this questioning came the visitation of a committee from the Pearl-street Church, Albany, bearing a call to their pastorate. This connection of events was interpreted by the household as simply meaning “God wills it,” and this prevailing conviction issued in my removal to Albany.

XX.

ELEMENTS OF THRIFT AND GROWTH.

EARLY MEMORIES OF ALBANY.

MY acquaintance with Albany and its society dates back to the period of college-years, when I was accustomed, in passing from New York to Clinton, back and forth, to "stop over" as a guest in the pleasant home of the well-remembered mayor and State Senator, Hon. Friend Humphrey, whose name is associated closely with the early annals of the First Baptist Church of Albany. Among the noteworthy events pertaining to this period was the call of the Rev. Bartholomew T. Welch of Catskill to the pastorate of that church. Already (1824-26) Dr. Welch's preaching had attracted special attention beyond his neighborhood; and his spacious house of worship in Albany, though then rather obscurely situated in the lower part of the city, was thronged by audiences comprising many of the leading men of that day who were residing at the State capital.

The power put forth from that pulpit was, in-

deed, far-reaching; for not only were thinking men attracted, but hundreds representing the broadest range of average intelligence were touched and moved,—a fact emphasized by the saying of a lady who, her habitual attendance at the theatre and the church alike having been noticed so as to call forth her companions' friendly questioning whether *she* were really interested in Dr. Welch's preaching, answered, "Certainly, just as much as in Cooper's playing. They are both geniuses, and the combination of elements in each is singular." That casual reply is especially suggestive; for Dr. Welch's preaching was not *sensational*, but characteristically doctrinal and argumentative: yet, when at his best, his argumentation, warm from the heart as well as brain, was as "logic set on fire;" and his illustrations, drawn from biblical or historic scenes, facts, and characters, exhibited a power of description seldom, if ever, surpassed. Such a union of imaginative and reasoning faculty with naturally oratorical expression is rare indeed.

MINISTERIAL CAREER OF DR. WELCH IN ALBANY.

Thus exceptionally gifted, the natural and impulsive play of Dr. Welch's mind imposed some severe conditions of success: for he could not go to his pulpit without a conscious grasp of his whole subject as a unity; not exactly "word for

word," but thought for thought, so consecutively held as to unfold his own inspiring power of forceful speech. These moods could not always be commanded; thus, unable to avail himself, like his Scotch contemporary, Chalmers, of adjusted manuscript, his effort, before leaving his study for the pulpit, to realize his own ideal of preparedness, became at times a perilous agony. Yet, in cases of extreme exhaustion, his childlike faith ever saved him. He believed in his divine calling to his work; and this conviction was life and power, as *real* as that of Peter walking upon the waves. His twenty years' pastorate, judged by its issues, seemed the most brilliant and effective that I had ever known, either as a reader or an observer. It began in a place of comparative obscurity; it ended in a church-edifice centrally situated, architecturally attractive, and recognized, moreover, as the church-home of a people whose intellectual and social power became an effective factor in almost every department of Christian or philanthropic work that has marked the progressive trend of the century. When Mr. Van Buren left Albany to make his home in Washington as president of the Senate, and thence afterwards as President of the United States, it was his desire, as it was also the desire of another parishioner, Secretary Marcy, to see some way properly

opened for the calling of Dr. Welch to fulfil his ministry at the national capital. In the mind of the Albany preacher, however, there was no ambition responsive to this friendly expression; yet, after twenty years of persistent service, a call to Brooklyn, urged by sanitary reasons, awakening a hope that the change of scene, climate, and field of action might induce a renewal of youthful energy, met with an acceptance that was regarded by his friends in Albany as indicating an abnormal state of mind that might have been better met by a voyage to Europe. At the beginning of my ministry in Albany Dr. Welch was occupying this position in Brooklyn; while, at his old home-centre, we were all interested in watching for the moment when he would be inclined to retire from all official service pertaining to city life, and accept the homestead in our neighborhood, at Newtonville, so lovingly offered, situated amid quiet surroundings favorable to the enjoyment of a serene life evening. Ere long that moment came. He accepted an invitation to spend a Sunday with us, and preached in his old pulpit. A day or two afterward we met as guests at the home of Gen. John F. Rathbone, in whose company this question of retirement from city life was renewedly talked over. Dr. Welch re-affirmed his feeling of ability for continued service in the pulpit, and quoted

the testimony of his friends in Brooklyn. I had noticed on Sunday, that, in holding the book to announce the hymn, there was a tremor of his hand, and called his attention to the significance of that fact, the liability that it suggested. After a few moments' silence, he said, "Well, you are all right. As you say, God wills it; and so I yield to your advising." Thence, for successive years, his suburban residence became to us all an object of special interest; while the city itself continued to minister largely, as of old, to the enjoyment of his social life.

PROGRESSIVE CHURCH-WORK.

During the period thus noted, one element of Dr. Welch's happiness was his sympathetic interest in the welfare of "the Pearl-street Church," and his appreciation of every thing said or done that indicated the genuine spirit of progressive work, the growth of "a power for good." Every step in this direction seemed to impart to him a feeling of rejuvenation. Thus, he was delighted to observe how readily the church had adopted the system of laying upon the altar, each sabbath morning, an offering of benevolence for one or another department of mission-work, springing from the apostolic idea of concerted giving; namely, laying by in store on the first day of the

week, "according to ability." The principle was actualized; and thence arose the chapels that became the homes of self-supporting churches, each of them supplying a record replete with encouragement for fresh effort. The beginnings were humble; but, when one of the earliest of these organisms called Rev. Dr. Justin D. Fulton to its pastorate, there was a prevailing impression that it had become a real reformatory power; especially so, when George Dawson, Esq., editor of "The Albany Evening Journal," long associated with the Pearl-street Church, gave himself with an enkindled enthusiasm to a course of active service in connection with this "new enterprise," as we used to call it while it existed only in forethought.

DEVELOPMENT OF PUBLIC SPIRIT.

In this connection it seems worthy of record that every step forward in the line of evangelizing work was noticed by the press in all directions, without distinction of parties, with congratulatory expression, and was welcomed by the community generally as the promotion of a common interest. This was done persistently, in ways that indicated a prevailing sentiment, and not a mere flashing of temporary feeling. The degree of this spontaneous sympathy, flowing from a source deeper than

the excitement of any special appeal, I was led to regard as, in part, an outgrowth and fruitage of Dr. Welch's ministry; remembering, as we all did, what a genial relationship to the whole community he sustained when he stepped forth as if he had been commissioned and inspired to arouse all to united efforts and generous sacrifices for the creation of a public cemetery worthy of their place and name, thus keeping step with the æsthetic needs of our American civilization. They were responsive to his appeals, and endowed him with ample power of executive action. Such catholicity of feeling, putting itself forth in practical unity of aim, is of itself a sign of inherited culture, creating an atmosphere of its own. The pulpit has always kept relatively its original position in Albany as a recognized power of intellectual and social leadership; and merely to mention the name of my nearest clerical neighbor, the Rev. Dr. William B. Sprague, author of "Annals of the American Pulpit," would suggest to many memories a matter-of-fact illustration. The foamy effervescences of political partyism at the capital conceal from the eyes of many a visitor the broad area of cultivated mind that has characterized the genuine home-life of the grandly substantial old city.

ALBANY AS A HISTORIC COMMUNITY.

This substantiality of the oldest settlement of the old thirteen States (Jamestown, Va., excepted) was the product of physical and moral elements that lay originally in the character of the families that emigrated from Holland more than two centuries and a half ago, destined to take rank with the founders of a new-world civilization. They were honest, industrious, manly pioneers, who, being represented mainly by the Schuylers in all their dealings with the neighboring Indians, won the confidence of savage men, lived in peace upon the land occupied as "the city of their habitation," and named the place New Orange. That name was kept until 1664, when the province passed under the dominion of the English, who memorialized their supremacy by the new name, Albany, in honor of the Duke of York and Albany, afterward known as James II., — a king not worthy to be thought of, however, in comparison with William, Prince of Orange, who was called to the throne of England in 1688. Nevertheless, Albany was a good euphonic name, historically interesting, and, after the Revolutionary War, stood for a community distinguished by thrift and growth, whose fortunes were shaped by the gradual fusion of Dutch and Yankee elements that asserted them-

selves in the development of sturdy balanced character. Thus, from the starting-point of its career Albany was morally well-toned; and as to signs of education and culture, such as schools, academies, libraries, literary societies, scientific institutions, university lectureships, and an endowed observatory (the gift of a citizen, but worthy of a State capital), has held its own in the foreground of any just historical picturing of our progressive American life.

OUR VETERAN CONTEMPORARIES.

Of contemporary leaders of public thought whose names are still fresh and fragrant, no one man has stood forth more eminently for successive generations as an accepted representative of this type of substantial character, than the Rev. Dr. Eliphalet Nott, who resigned his ministry in Albany — soon after the publication of his celebrated sermon on the death of Gen. Hamilton — to fulfil his main life-work in the vicinity as president of Union College, Schenectady, and, we may truly add, in whom the church and the college, the preacher and the educator, were effectively united. At the semi-centennial anniversary of his presidency in 1854, several hundreds, representing more than thirty-seven hundred men who had graduated under him, were assembled; and I remem-

ber one who said, that if there had been such an office as president of the world, whereof the occupant must be designated by free suffrage, the majority of Dr. Nott's students would have agreed that he was the right man to be voted for. However fanciful the rhetoric of that expression, the feeling was real. Wonderfully grand old man! Once, when his guest for a day, while fulfilling an appointment at the college, he mentioned to me his belief that he would live to see his hundredth year on earth. Such was the vitality of his temperament, and, Moses-like, of "natural force unabated."

The last time that I saw him was in Albany, on a memorable occasion, — the funeral of ex-Secretary Marcy, July, 1857, — when the whole city was in mourning, and the sympathies of the nation were expressed by the large assemblage at the State Capitol of men who were representative of the government at Washington. As the lifelong pastor of Gov. Marcy, Dr. Welch was invited to deliver the address of the occasion; having declined, however, on account of infirmity, and the official duty having thence devolved upon me, it was an agreeable surprise, on my entering the speaker's desk at the Capitol, to meet President Nott awaiting my arrival, having accepted his appointment to lead the devotional service. His mere appearance there was an impressive event;

regarded from my point of view, he was invested with a patriarchal majesty, suggesting a sense of unfitness in my appointment to voice the sentiment of the nation in the hearing of one who was an accepted teacher and leader of men long before I was born, and in relation to whom it might be said that there was no man then living whose mere presence would awaken in so many minds the most thrilling memories of an eventful past.

And now, at the moment of this writing, a salient feature of that scene re-appears in the expressive countenance of ex-President Martin Van Buren, whose presence also "opened the many cells where memories slept." No man was ever more highly gifted with entire self-possession, especially observed, too, amid the fiery storms that raged in the United States Senate Chamber, where he, while Henry Clay was yet in his prime, presided, and where he ever seemed calm, emotionless, rising above all liability to the slightest degree of mental agitation. Rarely, if ever, did he betray any emotionally responsive feeling or any weakness of keen sensibility. On this sad occasion, however, he was deeply moved by a sentence or two, quoted from an American historian, describing the scene of Washington's farewell interview with the officers of his army at the close of the Revolutionary War, when the Commander-in-

Chief, unable to conceal his emotions, confessed his inability to rise from his chair to take each one of them by the hand, but requested them to come, one by one, and take him by the hand; thus illustrating the deep sympathies that the retrospects of life call forth from the contemporary actors of eventful times. The ex-President made no effort to conceal the profound feeling quickened by the memories of his heroic friend, whose manly form, now cold in death, lay near him there.

At the time thus noted, July, 1857, it did not seem at all probable that I would fulfil my ministry of the future in any pastoral relation away from Albany. The subtle affinities that unite pastor and people were asserting their strength day by day. Nevertheless, experience teaches us all, in new ways, the old lesson, that "the Heavens do rule;" and so, before the close of 1857, I was transferred from the capital to the metropolis, not attracted by any superior ecclesiastical position, but led by an "overruling Providence," and "bound in spirit" to seek the realization of special ends.

XXI.

STUDYING THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

FROM THE CAPITAL TO THE METROPOLIS.

THE day following the funeral of Secretary Marcy, already referred to, I was on my way westward, in accordance with a promise drawn from me by the committee of the Second Baptist Church of St. Louis, that I would not answer the call of the church to their pastorate until I had visited their city, and conferred with them personally. The acquaintance then formed has already been a pleasant memory; yet I was constrained by sanitary reasons to decline their invitation, and was induced soon afterwards to accept a call to a field of special work in the city of New York, believing that the atmosphere of the seacoast would be for me a more healthful environment than that of an interior riverside.

When it became known to my circle of friends in Albany that a formal communication had been sent to me from New York, proposing my removal thither with a view of erecting in the upper part

of the city a new church-home in architectural harmony with its surroundings, the conversational questionings that followed were all based upon the supposition that there must have been, as a matter of course, a new combination of earnest men financially qualified to initiate such an enterprise. When it came to be understood, however, that the proposal had taken the form of a regular call to the pastorate of a small church, occupying a small house of worship, having an income of scattered rentages amounting to about four hundred dollars per annum, and distinguished by no material advantage except its position on the corner of Lexington Avenue and Thirtieth Street, there was a free expression of surprise that I could discern in this proposal a "spirit of faith" uttering an appeal that, like an echo of the voice of God, was worthy of profound respect and sympathetic interest.

Yet so it was. That sentiment had been of gradual growth. For more than a decade of years, after the introduction of street rail-cars, the breaking-up of church-homes in New York by the aggressions of trade, and the flow of family-life to the upper wards, where scores of young Christian householders were drifting away from their religious centres, had been quite often a subject of deliberative talk in incidental meetings with

friends, especially with veteran members of "old Oliver Street," the first chosen church-home of my early days. Provision for this exigency seemed then the chief demand of the time; and the questioning was often put, in one and another form of expression, Why should not "old Oliver Street" continue to fulfil its historic course as a *family church*, providing for and drawing to itself as a home-centre the new households that would naturally come within the scope of its ministries? Hence, why not yield betimes to the necessity of removal "up town," and place itself at the centre of this extending home-life? In this connection, too, how often have we heard from the lifelong residents of the lower ward, responsive to such inquiries, the exclamation, "Oh, we have even now around the old church a wide field, a dense population, increasing every day!" Then, to this, how often was made the appealing reply, "Do you expect to reach this aggregation of foreign elements outside of Christian family-life by such means of growth, culture, and edification as you require for yourselves, your children, your friends or associates? 'Count the cost like a king going to war,' as Jesus once said; provide here where you are, 'down town,' your bands of trained workers, experts in address, apt to penetrate into all recesses, skilled in winning souls, one by one,

like miners after nuggets of gold beneath the surface, or else seek to gather around the old banner the scattered and growing families pertaining to our own kith and kin in the rising neighborhoods of the city."

At this period, while these questionings were day by day recurring without leading to any issue, the Lexington-avenue Baptist Church addressed to me, unexpectedly, a call to their pastorate; urging its acceptance by no argument except the conviction, that, though organically few, they were actually representative of many who regarded topographical convenience as a mighty factor in shaping the issues of the time. Their statement of the case fitly emphasized my own view of the outlook: their call, therefore, coming to me as a sympathetic appeal for co-operation in a common cause of exceptional interest, was at once "effectual;" and thus, despite all that seemed prudentially objectionable, induced a prompt acceptance.

ONWARD FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS.

In accordance with public announcement, the series of pastoral services responsive to that call was begun on the first sabbath of April, 1858, and rendered more and more encouraging by full audiences, composed mainly of men the most of whom, of various professions and businesses, rep-

resented in a good degree the home-life of the vicinity. A considerable number of the younger class, of both sexes, welcomed the course of weekly conversational lectures, in the vestry, on biblical and correlated topics; all being free to question the speaker, as of old in the weekly synagogue services referred to in the New Testament. Thus, from the first, there were apparent many hopeful signs of congenial sentiment, a spirit of inquiry, a trend toward unity of action as well as of ideal aim. At the same time, there were indications of an increasing religious interest, enlivening the devotional gatherings, and signalized by testimonies of personal belief, of conviction, conversion, and settledness of mind, quickened by successive baptismal occasions that seldom failed to utter their own appeals effectively; sometimes, indeed, where least expected. Hence our comparatively small beginnings in Lexington Avenue grew healthfully. Ere long, at the end of "the old quarter," on the set evening when the pews of the whole house were offered for the coming year, the amount of rentages went up from several hundreds to as many thousands; exhibiting a list of names that stood for an aggregate of men combining all the forces requisite to the success of the work set before us, — the building of a convenient church-home architecturally suited to its surroundings.

PROGRESS THROUGH SUNSHINE AND STORM.

Thenceforward the project moved on apace, as if the fitting agencies were organizing themselves spontaneously. Even the question of location, despite my fear of its necessitating delay, seemed to settle itself rather easily when the owner of the ground-plot that had been my first choice, remembering me as a schoolmate of his early youth, pointed out, of his own accord, the eligibility of the site (Madison Avenue, corner Thirty-first Street), indicating also his sympathy with our aims, and his hopes of their realization. This expression on the part of Mr. Jacob Vanderpool met a need of the movement, and smoothed our way. About the same time a fresh impulse forward was imparted by the expressions of personal interest on the part of an excellent lady, Miss Sarah Colgate (daughter of William Colgate, Esq.), who, having been influential as "a living presence," uttered a memorably effective appeal for our cause in one of the latest acts of her life, put forth but a little while before her departure, June 2, 1859, bequeathing five thousand dollars towards the building of our church-home. The choice of the situation won favor. Under the direction of our chosen architect, Griffith Thomas, the corner-stone of the edifice was laid on a pleas-

ant afternoon, October, 1859; and the discourse of dedication (text, 2 Chron. vii. 5) was delivered to a thronged house on a bright Sunday morning, Jan. 6, 1861, just two days after the national observance of the day of fasting and prayer called for by President Buchanan in view of the dreaded signs of civil war. The songs that cheered us at the laying of the corner-stone, under a sunny sky, were all in lively harmony with our hopes of prevailing peace; but on the day of dedication the portents that darkened the political firmament awakened forebodings that no orchestral music, grand as it was, could utterly dispel. A note received from the Rev. Dr. Richard Fuller of Baltimore, responsive to our request that he would preach for us on the evening of the dedication day, indicated a kindred feeling, thus expressed: "Thanks for your invitation; I cannot now leave home. You have built your walls in troublous times. May God show unto us his great salvation."

THE ERA OF NATIONAL BEWILDERMENT.

On the Monday following our festival of dedication, the opening sermon was published in "The New-York World," Jan. 7; and within three days afterwards the same journal announced the first rebel-shot, at the mouth of Charleston Harbor,

upon the steamship "Star of the West," sent from New York with supplies for the garrison at Fort Sumter, thus compelling her to return humiliated by failure to fulfil her commission. Only twelve weeks intervened ere the Confederates' attack upon Sumter, and the capitulation of the heroic garrison, unified the Free States as a war-power for the Union. At once, in answer to the call of President Lincoln, seventy-five thousand men sprang to arms; and within another month eighty-three thousand men were arrayed for service during the war. Yet within less than two months came the terrible defeat of our army at Bull Run, interpreted by millions as the portent of national doom, thus intensifying the feeling of despondency.

The year 1862 opened with the most gloomy prospects. The banks of the Northern States were forced to suspend "specie payments," followed, of course, by the United States Treasury, whose requisitions on the banks in the struggle for money had been the chief cause of their suspension. The financial situation, now so dark, became darker still after the failure of our army before Richmond in July. There were no grounds of calculation as to financial issues; for the United States Treasury note, or greenback, had not then obtained the imperial credit-power wherewith it

now commands universal confidence. There was, in fact, nothing financial worthy to be called a *currency*. We were paying our street-car fares with postal-stamps. The situation was unprecedented. All alike, rich and poor, in all relations of life, — as individuals, families, or corporations, — were in need, without any money to pay our debts. Just then, in our church relations, the dilemma was exceptionally bewildering: for, while heavy bills were due, the law of the State of New York gave to the holders thereof, contractors, a lien upon the property; thus putting all of it within the power of creditors, who, for aught we knew, might be pressed, in unanticipated conditions, to “do something desperate,” and precipitate a sacrifice.

PROPOSAL OF UNION AS A MEANS OF STRENGTH.

It was in this chaotic state of affairs that an incidental remark from an excellent man, widely known in circles of business pertaining both to the capital and the metropolis, wealthy and generous, Mr. Clark Durant, determined my steps suddenly along a new line of direction. He had saluted me on a certain bright morning a few months before, near his residence in Madison Avenue; and there, taking from his pocket-book several hundred dollars in a package of bank-

notes, he placed them in my hand, saying, "I have noticed your church-movement with deep interest. You want money, of course. Please hand this to your treasurer. I do not care for a receipt, but hope to be on hand to accommodate myself with a pew ere long, and then will make it all right with the trustees." At that time the financial sky was not so densely overcast. Now, however, happening to meet near the same place again, he hailed me again, though not in the same inspiring tone. "You are welcome to the money I gave you here for the church: but I know not when I may be able to take a pew; for, indeed, I do not know that I shall be worth five hundred dollars to-morrow, and I don't know who knows that *he* will!" That exclamation, in its connections, vivified my sense of the situation, the uncertainties of the morrow. I soon repeated it to Mr. Milbank, the deacons, and other friends, as being notably significant as to the outlook; and, before the sunset of that day, I had turned my steps towards the old familiar church-homestead in Oliver Street, was welcomed to the study of the pastor, Rev. Dr. Weston, and there, with Mr. Durant's words for a text, urged my conviction that the exigency of the time, requiring union for the sake of strength, made it advisable that our historic parental church should follow the beck of

Providence leading her steps "up town," to join the young church that had pioneered her way, placing there the avails of her real estate as an anchorage against the war-storm that had already swept away every dollar from the nation's treasury, and was still ravaging the whole land. I added the suggestion, that, if the churches could thus be brought together in organic unity, I would readily resign, at the proper moment, my pastoral relation, — a step which the state of my health had rendered desirable, — and leave to him the pastoral care, with heartfelt prayers for the speedy restoration of peace and progress.

In regard to these views the pastors were of one accord, and ere long were assured of a practical unanimity of sentiment on the part of the two churches. As soon as I became satisfied touching this issue, I hastened to resign my pastoral charge, with the view not only of simplifying the process of unification, but also of regaining my health, already impaired by the environment of exceptional cares that had increased since the national Fast Day, so closely associated historically with our Dedication Day, at the beginning of the preceding year. Hence, on the 24th of July, 1862, I presented my resignation, which, after prolonged consideration, was accepted, to take effect on the first day of September.

THE ORGANIC UNION CONSUMMATED.

The measures, conferential and legal, requisite to unification, moved on smoothly. On the first day of August the Madison-avenue Church presented a communication to the Oliver-street Church, requesting the appointment of a committee to meet a committee of the Madison-avenue Church for conference on the subject of a union of the churches. The consummation was reached on the 22d of October, when the Oliver-street Church, having engaged to change its name to that of the Madison-avenue, and the property of Madison-avenue having been deeded to the Oliver-street Church, in order to form a union of the two churches on an equal basis, the clerk of the Madison-avenue presented a list, with certificates of its correctness, containing the names of two hundred and twenty-one members, who were all received at once into the membership of the Oliver-street Church by unanimous resolution. This form of "fusion" was adopted as the most fitting, in order to preserve certain reversionary rights of property pertaining to the organism of the older church.

By this arrangement I re-entered the membership of the Oliver-street Church, temporarily, thirty-seven years after my baptismal union with it in 1825.

ALTERNATIONS OF MISTRUST AND HOPEFULNESS.

Although a feeling of bewilderment as to the financial situation of the country, inducing, as it did, an undefined dread of liability to a great sacrifice or loss of property, impelled me to urge the acceptance of my resignation in connection with the plea for union as a safeguard, it is worthy of remembrance that the men representing the young church in Madison Avenue never indicated a like degree of exceptional disturbance: they rather counselled patient waiting, passive and trustful endurance of the troubles incidental to the time, as they might come, day by day, one by one, assured of our sharing the financial recuperation that must also come in its season. In this line of direction their hopefulness was stronger than mine, discerning more clearly the possibilities of the United States' treasuryship under the administration of Secretary Chase. At the same time, my confidence in the military triumph of "the Union Cause" always asserted itself in the superlative degree, so that I did not share their gloomy despondency caused by the defeat of our army at Bull Run; but, taking my texts from certain experiences of ancient Israel recorded in the closing chapters of the Book of Judges, interpreted that defeat, and others afterward, as a divinely disci-

plinary education for the victories in reserve for us when duly prepared to use them aright, in accordance with the grand aim of the Messianic kingdom, still a living power upon the earth. In recalling my tone of thought or speech at that period, I can truly say, that, without variation, it was joyously exultant. Yet, as to the speedy resuscitation of the national finances, of an adequate currency, their faith or foresight was clear, while mine was comparatively dim. Hence, when, after the close of the war, I passed through New York on my way back from St. Louis to my home in Boston, and saw Mr. Milbank at his office, while referring to the past, he exclaimed in a gentle, saddened tone, "In letting you go from us as we did, we distrusted God; but in going from us as you did, you distrusted God and man both!" The saying was aptly put, describing "the situation" as it loomed up retrospectively.

STARTING-POINT OF THE UNION MOVEMENT.

In this connection it is fitting to observe that at different times since this union of the two churches "on an equal basis" was consummated, allusions have been made to the transaction in several public prints, as if the young church in Madison Avenue had given up all hope of ever paying its debts, and thence had *sold* its property

to the Oliver-street Church in order to escape the pressure of the pecuniary liabilities it had too hastily incurred. Had "the situation" been as thus hastily described, and deliverance from debt-pressure the main aim, the young church had the best possible opportunity for taking care of itself when the representatives of the neighboring parish, "The Church of the Incarnation," under the rectorship of the Rev. Dr. Montgomery, needing more space than the limits of their beautiful temple would allow (corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street), proposed to exchange locations with the Madison-avenue Church, on the corner of Thirty-first Street, and pay the balance in gold treasured up by them for the realization of their cherished purpose. The acceptance of their offer would have placed the young Madison Church in a pleasant home, near at hand, free from all financial anxiety whatsoever. But our answer was, that the proposal could not be entertained, as we recognized no such stress of necessity as would require us to subject our church-home to any use differing from that for which it was originally designed. This one fact tells its own plain story, and refutes the suggestion that the young church, in its movement for organic union, sought escape from immediate financial pressure as its predominant aim. Noting these early years of the war

from my point of retrospective view, I am led to affirm, in this connection, that I had never known any thing of a proposal for this union until it first proceeded from myself to Mr. Milbank, Mr. Abbe, and others of the trustees; and, in urging it onward under the impulsion of startling events, I was but aiming to realize the long-cherished hope of seeing the church of "my first love" in youthful days established in a permanent abode, renewing its youth, and rejoicing to enter the new fields so rich in promises of enduring fruitage.

"UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

The union of the two churches was felt by all to be a concentration of strength, and a relief from an exceptional pressure of care pertaining to the time. Before the close of the year, however, there were serious questionings started on the part of the younger body as to the fulfilment of that main condition of union that had been indicated in the compact by the clause "on an equal basis." These questionings were not composed satisfactorily, and issued in legal litigations, but were ended in 1881 by separation upon accepted terms,—the retention of the edifice by the younger body, and their payment of sixty-five thousand dollars to the older. At the time of this writing, both churches,—the older, known as the Baptist Church of the Epiph-

any, Rev. Joseph F. Elder, D.D., pastor; the younger as the Madison-avenue Baptist Church, under the ministry of Rev. C. DeWitt Bridgman, D.D., — having interchanged expressions of fraternal feeling and Christian fellowship, are recognized “fellow-helpers to the truth,” effective co-workers in the promotion of “the common faith.”

XXII.

OUR EPILOGUE WITH ITS EPISODES.

PRIMARY PURPOSE OF THE "LIFE NOTES."

THE aim of the writer, in sending forth this series of notings, was not, in the main, the make-up of an autobiography. The conception of "a man's writing memoirs of himself" has never, in any musings just now remembered, found acceptance, or seemed attractive, except where the life-work had been the exponent of some historic specialty. Apart from this condition, it is safe for a man to treat the notion of becoming his own biographer as akin to "a siren's whisper," and have a care "lest he enter into temptation."

Nevertheless, when one in prolonged public service has been permitted to pass the set boundary of threescore years and ten, it is quite likely that many in the prime of life, sustaining to him intimate relations of friendship as well as of "kith and kin," would wish to know how the outlook of men and things looming up within his range of view had indicated their real significance, and

been characterized in his afterthoughts. Thus, after having "served his own generation," and then entered into new official relations with the generation following, this series was begun, with no intention, however, of extending it beyond the salient points pertaining to that "thirty years' course" long accepted as the numerical limit of one generation's lifetime. Such a review of one's public life-course and its surroundings must, normally, take in many particulars that are quite apt to meet the needs of young inquirers pertaining to their preceding generation, the knowledge whereof, indeed, could be derived from no other source. Regarded from the stand-point of my original purpose in relation to the record of my official or ministerial career, the limitation of that record is almost chronologically identical with the closing of my ministry in the city of New York.

CALLED BACK TO OLD FIELDS OF SERVICE.

The announcement of my having given up my metropolitan work into the hands of Rev. Dr. Weston, now president of Crozier Theological Seminary, Chester, Penn., drew forth immediately a call back to Boston as pastor of the Third Baptist Church, in whose ministry the Rev. Daniel Sharp, D.D., had wrought out the most effective part of his life-work, followed by Rev.

Dr. Stockbridge, æsthetically akin, whose work of several years was signalized by enduring spiritual fruitage. That call I accepted under the sway of a sympathetic interest that had been a growth of years from early childhood, when Dr. Sharp was wont to visit the home of his youthful manhood in New York, where he had attracted around him a circle of young admirers. Impressed with the fact that he had also not only served *his* generation, but that the one next following had passed away, and that now, in one of the darkest periods of the war-storm, the call of that church—the home-church of my choice in the days of my student-life at Newton—had come to me, I was inclined to accept it at once; the *more so*, certainly, while remembering that my former connections with associations organized in Boston for co-operative service in the cause of Freedom and the Union still furnished facilities for effective work that emphasized every other motive for my acceptance. The two objects of supreme interest, the cause of self-ruling Christianity and the cause of the nationality, seemed for the time identical, and destined to be celebrated by the same song of thanksgiving. So, indeed, has it been. A significant fact it is, that the Sunday-school song beginning with the line, “My country, ’tis of thee,” by Rev. Dr. S. F.

Smith, has been adopted by the American millions as the fit expression of both patriotism and religion.

REGULAR PEN-WORK DURING THE WAR.

In consonance with this trend of thought and feeling was my regular pen-work, week by week, of sending forth, through the columns of "The Watchman," a series of "Watchnotes," begun in New York at the opening of the war, and continued almost uninterruptedly to its close in 1865. It was not my intention at the start, when accepting Dr. Olmstead's proposal, made to me in New York, to keep myself *en rapport* with Boston, to write so frequently. But, in fact, there was no quiet escape from a unique kind of call that seemed sacredly imperative; for ere long messages were sent to me from all parts of the country, — from the bereaved or desponding, from widows, from mothers whose sons were away in the army, from invalids who were confined at home, to whom the outlook was sadly dim, — all assigning essentially one reason for the request that the series should be continued; namely, this: "Our homes seem the darker if we miss one of them, because they have always brought fresh cheer, and brightened our hopes of the future." Every one of these messages awakened the

deepest sympathy, and became an impelling power. I was gladdened by the reminders, that, from the day the Sumter gun was fired, I had never known a moment of doubt as to the ultimate victory, assured that the overthrow of the slave-power was involved in the destinations of the Messiah's kingdom.

There were messages, too, from the army, from soldiers unknown to me. One communication, particularly, presented itself to memory, recognizing the justness of the "Watchnote" that had represented the views of the soldiers in a recent discussion with another journal, conveying to me in a decided tone the sympathetic sentiment of the company. Incidentally, of late, I learned that the writer was Rev. William Macwhinney, minister of the First Baptist Church of Cambridge, who still carries with him, in the uneven step of his gait, a reminder of the conflict shared by camp companions, who shared also, as we apprehend, a common faith in the destinations of the Messiah's kingdom, and thence in the mission of this Union for all humanity.

Indeed, this sentiment I cannot emphasize too strongly as an element of manifold power pertaining to that period, a cherished realization in many a personal experience. The distinctive idea, the inspiring belief here noted, is not a mere accept-

ance of an inherited theism, or doctrine of a universal mind-power as an overruling Providence, but it comprises a clear conception of the Divine Messiah as the ruler of a moral kingdom, whose aim and issue are to be realized as the supremacy of truth and righteousness. In accordance with this view is my remembrance of what seemed at the time one of the gloomiest days of the war, when our announcement of a Sunday-evening sermon at Tremont Temple (entitled as if mockingly, according to the seeming, "The Brightening Outlook") was responded to by a thronging audience. The text was drawn from the prophet Isaiah (xxi. 11, 12): "Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night," etc. The adjustment of the subject to the time was in showing that the existence of the Messiah's kingdom upon the earth, admitted as a reality, and verified historically, involved the establishment of the American Union as means fitted to a predestined end. The signs of a divinely subtle preparation for this grand issue, and the moral necessity of bringing these prepared elements of power into effective play, seemed to shine with vivified impression at every advancing step, and to unify themselves like a self-revealing truth. Never have I had occasion

to observe a large audience more thoroughly in unison, nor, indeed, to see so clearly how mind itself, suddenly exultant in quick sympathy with hundreds, seems able to impart electrically a quickening energy to the atmosphere.

“REPRESENTATIVE OF A GENERATION.”

As has been noted above, the design of the “Life Notes,” from the starting-point, has been to aid the second, or perhaps the third, generation of my contemporaries to answer some of their own inquiries in regard to the preceding one that had already passed from their range of social relationships, and thus to limit the series by or near the bounds of the area they had occupied. Of that first generation of my clerical or ministerial contemporaries, the Rev. Daniel Sharp, D.D., stood forth an accepted representative, as, indeed, Harvard well indicated when, by the conferring of her Doctor’s degree, he became one of her honorary alumni. During my student-life in Newton I was often called to be his assistant in the pulpit; and this practically became a kind of *felt* relation, the beginning whereof dates back to the year 1828. The reckoning of a generation, thirty years from that time, 1858, places me amid the surroundings of my ministry in New-York City. The death of Dr. Sharp, after a pastorate in

Boston of forty-one years' duration, signalized an epochal period distinguished by the highest degree of denominational energy in effective action, memorialized by the establishment of a home-centre for transacting the business of the foreign missionary work and by the founding of the Newton theological institution. The departure of his widow, Mrs. Ann Cauldwell Sharp, occurred Nov. 18, 1864; and, as the Divine Overruler of our forecastings had led me into the pastorate of the Third Church, I was favored with opportunities to visit her occasionally, to minister to the mental needs incidental to her last sickness, and also to listen to her cheerful recognitions of the divine ordering that the last of the ministrations pertaining to her earthly existence should be fulfilled by one whose presence awakened pleasant memories of many more associated with a cherished home history. Her expressions, so retrospective, seemed, indeed, to be apt suggestions of one who was uttering representatively the tender farewell of her own generation, leaving me to transmit what I knew of its life-story to the generation following, as a normal heritage.

THE BIRTH-YEAR OF VASSAR COLLEGE.

In addition to the reported points of historic interest pertaining to my ministry in the metropo-

lis, I would here note, within the scope of our retrospective outlook, one object of world-wide regard, whose unprecedented beginnings attracted much sympathetic interest; namely, Vassar College, for the education of young women.

From the early days of student-life, my friendly relations with Matthew Vassar, Esq., led me often to Poughkeepsie, and furnished occasions for that kind of social home-talk which reveals one's interior trend of thought and most deeply cherished aspirations. For several successive years, while Mr. Vassar was much engaged in observing and deliberating without determination of purpose, he was favored with the genial companionship and apt counselling of Professor Milo P. Jewett, a successful educator, whose aid in unifying thought to concentration of aim and effective issues, was, I may say, a real godsend. Despite great difficulties or seeming impossibilities amid the storms of war, the college opened its doors, initiating its course tentatively, and at the end of sixteen years saw the diplomas borne by her alumnae honored by the educators of England as promptly and cordially as those borne by the alumni of Harvard.

The significance of these statements may be illustrated by a glance over the pages of a tourist's journal. In November, 1874, I was crossing

the Atlantic in the steamer "Russia," and there was favored with the company of Hon. David Chadwick, M.P. (of the house of Chadwick, Collier, & Co., London and Manchester), homeward bound from California, who informed me that he had taken time to visit Vassar College, and had brought away the pamphlet that was in his hand, showing me a catalogue. In reply to my inquiry, "Have you brought away nothing more?" he said that he had not. Having asked him to excuse my absence for a moment, I soon carried to him from my trunk a copy of Dr. Benson J. Lossing's illustrated "History of Vassar College," quarto form, and requested him to accept it. He was so greatly interested, that he read it to his family at home, and then presented it to Professor Holloway, who had already avowed his purpose to do for the young women of England all that Vassar had done for those of America, and had paid twenty-five thousand pounds for an estate at Egham, near Windsor, as a site for a college, with this view. He was now about to call together a meeting of a number of the educators of England, in order to avail himself of advisory aid. Having noticed in Lossing's "History" the address which I was called to make on behalf of the newly incorporated trustees, responsive to Mr. Vassar's presentation of "his securities," and declaring our acceptance

of the trust, he sent me a message, through Mr. Chadwick personally, expressing the desire that I would remain in London a fortnight longer, with the view of meeting the gathering of educators from all parts of England. I consented to do so, and at the set hour met a company of about twenty-five (as memory pictures it) designated educators, known as teachers, authors, editors, lecturers, specialists, professional men, and ladies also, including Mrs. Fawcett, whose fame is international. At the proper moment Mr. Holloway rose, and in a few fitting words thus drew the attention of all to the business of the hour:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—You are all aware that for a considerable time past I have had in view the accomplishment of a work that commends itself to us all as a matter of common interest, pertaining to the provision of a higher education for the young women of England. Of the chief end and special aims of this work I have a satisfactorily clear conception that impels me onward; but my course of life has not been such as to qualify me, in the administration practically of particulars and details, to realize my own ideal. Thence I invoke your sympathy in attempting to carry into effect my cherished purpose. In this line of direction I have been incited to promptness as well as decision by the example that has been given by a younger nation of English-speaking people.

At this point, directing attention to Lossing's "History of Vassar College," that lay conspicuously upon the table, he said, —

Ladies and gentlemen, America has gone before us in this hitherto untrodden path; has unconsciously appealed to us by her own brilliant achievement; has thrown us into the shade; has, indeed, made us ashamed of ourselves.

To this the whole company assented, responding applaudively. Never before had it been my fortune to see a gathering of cultivated English people assent by acclamation to any claim of American superiority within any range of comparison that gave scope for rivalry.

Mr. Holloway then introduced me to the company, with the request that I would indicate some particulars in regard to the earliest beginnings of Vassar; and thus I was led to note a few points of history in regard to the structure of the *curriculum*, and the special gifts that qualified the organizing president, Rev. John H. Raymond, LL.D., to guide the thinking of the first students, to inspire them with the sentiments and aspirations, as well as the knowledge of principles, that enabled them, in constituting the four classes, to realize his ideal.

PRIVATE CONFERENCE ON ORGANIZATION.

At the close of the meeting Mr. Holloway inquired if I could give him the opportunity of a

private interview for more extended conversation. The hour of two P.M. the following Saturday, at the Holborn office, were made the set time and place. The two hours' talk touched many things incidentally suggested, but mainly organization; furnishing occasion for me to object against electing *ex-officio* persons, "heads of colleges," as members of his college government, and to indicate the idea that Mr. Vassar had followed out, "to a degree," in making up his chartered corporation: namely, the union, first of all, of educators; then, secondly, men of business sufficiently well educated to discern and appreciate the ideas of the educators, and actualize them effectively. As representatives of the two classes, there happened to be present to my thought President Martin B. Anderson, LL.D., and Nathan Bishop, LL.D., of the first class; Hon. James Harper and Smith Sheldon, publishers, of the second; adding the remark, that, if I knew England as well as America, I could *illustrate* the guiding thought of that combination in connection with all parts of the land. As that was not the case, however, I said that I would follow the suggestion of a certain latent analogy, without stopping to explain, and note the name of Dean Stanley as one widely representative of a class that are trustworthy as to their judgments on every question that comes before them, on the

ground of their own well-balanced individual personality, not to be shaken or reshaped by any prejudice of partyism, churchly or anti-churchly. After a moment's consideration, Mr. Holloway replied, expressing his agreement with the views set forth, and commissioned me to present personally to Dean Stanley, on his behalf, the offer of a place in the government of the college.

Having accepted this trust, I proceeded to fulfil it early on the following week. At four P.M. on the Tuesday or Wednesday I sent my card to the Dean in his library, where, fortunately, he was alone and at leisure, having just then returned from some extra service in the Abbey. The conversation began by my referring to the interest with which I had listened to his discourse on the Sunday preceding, occasioned by the death of Charles Kingsley. "Indeed?" said the Dean, "Were you in the audience before me on Sunday?" He then turned to a pile of pamphlets that had just then been sent in, from which he took one, saying, "There is only *one* proper answer to your remark," as he inscribed a copy, and offered it to my acceptance. The main point of my errand then came in, — the offered place in the government of the college. The Dean called forth from me, by connected statements and questioning, a good deal of minute information as to the rise and

growth of Vassar College, and the influence it had exerted upon the mind of the founder of Holloway College. As to all that was personal, he highly appreciated the sentiment expressed by the proposal I had brought to him. "The facts," he said, "are significant and encouragingly suggestive of good fruitage," but added, "I am too old, too old! Things of this order must now be left to younger men."

LETTER FROM MR. HOLLOWAY.

A short time before leaving England the following letter was received from Professor Holloway; and, now that he has gone from us, we regard it as the treasured memento of a man to whom wealth was an uplifting power and an educator of manly character.

TITTENHURST, SUNNINGHILL, April 8, 1876.

DEAR SIR, — I regret to think I was not in London at the time you were so kind as to call at Oxford Street and leave your card, as I should like to have told you what I am about as regards the Holloway College.

Since I had the pleasure to see you, the style of the building has been completely changed. Alterations and improvements have been suggested, have been adopted with great care; and the more such things have been considered, step by step, the more it was found necessary to provide for: and this has been going on for a considerable time.

Even the foundations have been a work requiring the

architect's serious attention. He estimates the cost of the same, carried up to a certain point, will be about thirty-nine thousand pounds. It is believed that in two months from this time the contract will be in the hands of one of the large building-firms; and, when once they are fairly started, the work will be carried on rapidly.

I again take this opportunity to thank you most cordially for the interest you are pleased to take in this work, and I trust that on some future visit to this country you may be good enough to look at what is being done in this way.

I am truly sorry to learn that you have had a severe attack of bronchitis during the late inclement season. I trust you are now in the enjoyment of perfect health.

When returning homewards, allow me to wish you a most prosperous voyage.

I remain, my dear sir,

Very truly yours,

THOMAS HOLLOWAY.

THE REV. WILLIAM HAGUE, D.D.

P.S. — You may perhaps remember, at the time of our meeting at Oxford Street with several friends, I left it to be inferred that I would do nothing more than build the college. I thought that was saying enough at the time; but I had then, as now, the intention of endowing it with the sum of a hundred thousand pounds, in addition to providing it with every requisite.

This communication has been characterized by a friend as like a lady's letter, the most important matter having been modestly left for the postscript. The endowment has been ample. Holloway Col-

lege has been opened with royal magnificence, it is winning appreciation nationally as an uplifting power, and we cannot but hope that its record throughout the lifetime of "the generation to come" may be brightened by manifold proof that the ideal of the founder has been realized.

A CHRONOLOGICAL ADJUSTMENT NEEDED.

The Life Note numbered XIII. in this volume, having been issued as a pamphlet from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, entitled "Ralph Waldo Emerson," has in that form received very friendly attentions from Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in his *Life of Emerson*, containing kindly allusions that need to be reconsidered chronologically, and a misjudgment critically noted. A little more than a year has now passed (including the period of Dr. Holmes's absence in England) since the matter was noticed by the editor of "The New-York Baptist Weekly," Rev. A. S. Patton, D.D., formerly, in the days of Mr. Emerson's prime, a minister and resident of Watertown, quite familiar with the daily driftings of thought and talk in Old Cambridge, as well as with those of our surroundings in Boston. He entitled his review article, which I find on the first page of the number issued March 26, 1885, "Claiming too much for Emerson;" and, as it is adequately minute, I

venture to avail myself of it, as suggestive explanation, introducing the subject thus:—

The appearance of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson (seventh of the series of "American Men of Letters," edited by Charles Dudley Warner) has been widely welcomed, especially by the younger class of general readers, who have often felt the need of help in their efforts to apprehend as a unity the oracular sentences and suggestive teachings of Emerson, extending over the area of fifty years past, and calling forth continuous discussion as to their significance or real outcome. The elements of special aptness to meet this need have been exceptionally combined in Dr. Holmes, whose sympathies as a lifelong friend have not predominated so far as to interfere with the exercise of keen discrimination or judicial criticism.

By these general statements, however, it is not intended to imply the reliableness of Dr. Holmes's personal judgments as entirely unexceptionable, or to intimate that he has avoided quite perfectly the mistakes of several preceding biographers, who have estimated the advent of Emerson as the inauguration of a reformatory era in the history of the human intellect, and have been wont to trace to his influence every contemporaneous element of ethic or æsthetic thought, of all social life or of individual character worthy of special mention. Some of these mistakes on the part of biographical devotees, Dr. Holmes has effectively corrected, especially in showing that any thing like leadership in the front rank of the aggressive anti-slavery men can never be justly attributed to Emerson; and yet he has not risen superior to the liability to correctional criticism in this same line of direction.

An illustration of this particular trend occurs toward

the close of his volume (pp. 413, 414), where the Doctor is stating summarily the import of Emersonianism, proceeding thus: "Out of the endless opinions as to the significance and final outcome of Emerson's religious teachings, I will select two as typical. Dr. William Hague, long the honored minister of a Baptist church in Boston, where I had the pleasure of a friendly acquaintance with him, has written a thoughtful, amiable paper on Emerson, which he read before the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society. This essay closes with the following sentence:—

"Thus, to-day, while musing, as at the beginning, over the works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, we recognize now, as ever, his imperial genius as one of the greatest of writers; at the same time, his life-work as a whole, tested by its supreme ideal, its method, and its fruitage, shows also a great waste of power, verifying the saying of Jesus touching the harvest of human life, "HE THAT GATHERETH NOT WITH ME, SCATTERETH ABROAD."

"But when Dean Stanley returned from America, it was to report,' says Mr. Conway (Macmillans, June, 1879), 'that religion had there passed through an evolution from Edwards to Emerson, and that the genial atmosphere which Emerson had done so much to promote is shared by all the churches equally.'

"What is this 'genial atmosphere' but the very spirit of Christianity? The good Baptist minister's essay is full of it. He comes asking, What has become of Emerson's 'wasted power'? and lamenting his lack of 'fruitage;' and lo! he himself has so ripened and mellowed in that same Emersonian air, that the tree to which he belongs would hardly know him. The close-communication clergyman handles the arch-heretic as tenderly as if he were the nursing mother of a new infant Messiah. A few generations ago the preacher

of a new gospel would have been burned; a little later he would have been tried and imprisoned; less than fifty years ago he was called infidel and atheist, — names which are fast becoming relinquished to the intellectual half-breeds who sometimes find their way into pulpits and the so-called religious periodicals.”

Thus it appears that the latest biographer of Emerson treats those qualities of the essay that he characterizes as full of “the very spirit of Christianity” as the outgrowth of a new environment, that pervaded the author’s surroundings, and imparted a mental expansion whereby he outgrew his old associations. This will surprise the lifelong friends of Dr. Hague, especially those of them pertaining to Rhode Island, remembering him there nearly half a century ago as a successor of Roger Williams in the ministry of the First Baptist Church, delivering in 1839 the second centennial discourse commemorative of the triumphs of “soul-freedom,” and in that connection contrasting the expansive spirit of Rhode Island history¹ with the inveterate narrowness of the cultured minds of Massachusetts in maintaining, even throughout the whole first third of this century, that oppressive union of Church and State which taxed all alike, willing or unwilling, for the support of public worship. It was not till 1834 that the last political link that bound the Church to the State was destroyed, leaving every man free to pay much or little, any thing or nothing, for the support of religion; and this liberation was the direct issue of a keen conflict, in which Dr. Hague, as pastor of the First Baptist Church of Boston, in concert with the other Baptist ministers of the Commonwealth, had a full share. The liberating bill, which was passed several times in the House of Representatives, was *lost in the Senate*, but was carried at last by an *immense majority at the ballot-boxes*. In the light of

¹ See Appendices, page 351.

these memories, this judgment of Dr. Holmes, accrediting to the Baptist essayist on Emerson a high degree of mental expansion as a product of the fresh environment of Emersonian atmosphere, seems, indeed, somewhat of a queer anachronism, at once surprising and amusing.

In this connection it may be fairly said that Dr. Holmes, despite his varied knowledge of men and things, practically ignores in thought the spirit of Rhode Island history as an uplifting, expanding, and liberalizing factor in the development of the national mind. Dr. Channing, a native of Rhode Island, was keenly appreciative of its subtle influences, *itself* the creator of a "genial atmosphere." In sympathy with this sentiment, more than a half-century ago, were several of the best sons of Massachusetts, eminent among whom was Judge Story, who said, in his "Centennial" at Salem, 1828, touching the principle of "soul-freedom" as established in Rhode Island, "In her code of laws we read, for the first time since Christianity ascended the throne of the Cæsars, that conscience should be free, and men should not be punished for worshipping God as they were persuaded he required,—a declaration which to the honor of Rhode Island she has never departed from," and hesitated not to add, "Massachusetts may blush that the Catholic colony of Lord Baltimore and the Quaker colony of Penn were originally founded on *the principle of Christian right* long before she felt or acknowledged them." At last, in 1834, on the Capitol hill of Boston, our deferred hopes were realized long before the genial Emersonian atmosphere had been evolved. About that time, throughout 1835, Mr. Emerson was devoting himself to the study of Plotinus, New Platonism, and the German mystics; in 1836 he put forth his first volume, "Nature" (93 pages), which he called "an entering wedge;" in 1837 he was feeling his way along,

tentatively, to a recognized position on the lecture platform, and to that end spent parts of several weeks in Providence, while delivering a course of lectures, enjoying at the same time a good deal of social life in company with Margaret Fuller, who was already a distinguished educator, professionally devoted day by day to her field of work, — the Green-street School, — and supplementing that by attracting evening classes of ladies and gentlemen to set places of gathering for the study of the German language and literature. Thus, Dr. Hague at that time (1837), while ministering to the First Church of Providence, was brought into frequent communication with these two, who were said to have been “born akin,” and were alluded to as “spirit-twins,” despite the strong self-assertion of individuality, mutually attracted by the feeling of an exceptional unity.

THE ANACHRONISM ILLUSTRATED.

Of this period a well-remembered incident indicates the reality of pleasant, and perhaps rare, mental relationships. On a certain Sunday morning Margaret Fuller requested a young friend to call at Dr. Hague's residence, and ascertain whether he would occupy his pulpit that morning; assigning, as a reason for the inquiry, that Mr. Emerson was passing the day in town, and would accept her invitation to attend the service in company with herself if assured that the minister would be at home. They were both present at the set time. Not long afterwards, as it appeared, Margaret devoted a page of her diary to a critical judgment of the preacher, which may now be found in “Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli” (the joint work of Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Freeman Clarke, and W. H. Channing), vol. i. p. 183 (Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co., 1852); and this impression of the “spirit-sister” (A.D. 1837) might indicate to

Dr. Holmes, if he should take the time to re-read it, that in her sight there could not have been much scope left for indebtedness, regarding "fruitage ripened and mellowed," even "the very spirit of Christianity," to the geniality of the Emersonian atmosphere, whatsoever that may be, or whensoever the time of the evolution might come.

The following is from the diary record of 1837:—

"Mr. Hague is of the Baptist persuasion, and is very popular with his own sect. He is small, and carries his head erect; he has a high and intellectual though not majestic forehead; his brows are lowering, and, when knit in indignant denunciation, give a thunderous look to the countenance; and beneath them flash, sparkle, and flame—for all that is said of light in rapid motion is true of them—his dark eyes. Hazel and blue eyes, with their purity, steadfastness, subtle penetration, and radiant hope, may persuade and win, but black is the color to command. His mouth has an equivocal expression; but, as an orator, perhaps he gains power by the air this gives.

"He has a very active intellect, sagacity, and elevated sentiment, and, feeling strongly that God is love, can never preach without earnestness. His power comes first from his glowing vitality of temperament. While speaking, his every muscle is an action, and all his action is toward one object. There is perfect *abandon*. He is permeated, overborne, by his thought. This lends a charm above grace, though incessant nervousness and heat injure his manner. He is never violent, though often vehement. Pleading tones in his voice redeem him from coarseness, even when most eager; and he throws himself into the hearts of his hearers, not in weak need of sympathy, but in the confidence of generous emotion. His second attraction is his individuality: he speaks direct from the conviction of his spirit, without

temporizing or artificial method. His is the 'unpremeditated art,' and therefore successful. He is full of intellectual life; his mind has not been fettered by dogmas, and the worship of beauty finds a place there. I am much interested in this truly animated being."

One point of these diary-notes is specially suggestive; namely, Margaret Fuller's affirmation that Dr. Hague was a recognized exponent of the ideas and spirit of his own denomination, or, as she puts it, "very popular with his own sect;" indicating, on her part, the absence of all thought, that, as to the matters noted in her pen-talk with herself, she had been criticising "fruitage" that had "mellowed" in any newly evolved atmosphere, and of such sort that the tree to which it belongs would hardly know it! Within her scope of outlook there had been no "new departure" from that ideal standard of the primitive Christianity of the New Testament so freely avowed in Rhode Island more than two centuries ago,—*a revelation of supernatural facts vocal with teachings*. Within the area of that revelation, imparted primarily at Jerusalem and at Antioch, the best aspirations of the soul may be realized, without any supplementing from Alexandria, the home of that heterogeneous New Platonic mysticism of the fourth century, which, transformed into Emersonian idealism, presents itself, in the shape of lectures and essays, to universal acceptance as the latest revelation for the last quarter of the nineteenth.

THE EDITOR'S SURPRISE WIDELY SHARED.

From this review notice it is evident that the editor, Dr. Patton, has been greatly amazed by the discernment of the fact that Dr. Holmes, who had been credited by us all with a world-wide his-

torical knowledge, should have been so unconscious of any memory pertaining to "the spirit of Rhode Island history," long ago recognized by the leading authors of his own State as the most effective element in the religio-political reconstructions of this hemisphere, and through them interpreted by the best thinkers of the Old World as a prophecy of its own destined heritage.

A MYSTIFYING PROBLEM.

In this connection we are led to confess (the "we" here denoting our reading companionship) that we were quite strangely mystified by the remark of Dr. Holmes, designed to suggest the signs of mental expansion by the inhalation of liberalizing influences within the environment of a genial Emersonian atmosphere, mainly called forth by the sympathetic interest of a neighboring Baptist minister in tracing the leading features of Mr. Emerson's personality. The essential characterizations given by my essay, however, are not the tracings of Mr. Emerson's individual manhood, but the determination of EMERSONIANISM.

This latter characterization was the chief end of my writing; they are, certainly, to be differentiated. But Dr. Holmes regards only the first,—the treatment of the individual manhood. That a Baptist minister treats this with a curious per-

sonal interest and a keenly appreciative estimation of what seems really unique, is interpreted by the Doctor as a sign of progressive mental expansion, the product of a genial Emersonian atmospheric environment. Contrasting Mr. Emerson's comparatively pleasant experiences at the hands of a Baptist clergyman as signalizing, in his view, the great difference between the present and the past, he writes, "A few generations ago the preacher of a new gospel would have been burned." Just here we are somewhat startled by the question that the context suggests; namely, "Burned by whom?" There is just here an earnest call for the Doctor's interpretation; for, certainly, there never was known in New England, or elsewhere on this planet, a recognized Baptist minister whose conduct in this line of direction as to burning, or any form of force, could have furnished an example in contrast with that of the one whom he has been so cordially commending.

SUBTLE UNIFICATION OF FORCES.

The distinctions underlying what has been said in regard to ideas and principles as guides of thinking, seem to have been more familiar to the mind of the generation preceding than to that now contemporary. In regard to such comparisons, however, we need to have a care to avoid general-

izing from an insufficient observation of facts. Here I am reminded, by the context, of that keen intellectual awakening on fundamental political questions that occurred in 1834, the year that ended the long battle between the Senate and the Polls. In the course of a walk and talk in Boston with a distinguished Unitarian clergyman, I was led to say, responsively, "Is it not, indeed, a marvellous thing that you Unitarians and we Baptists should be banded together in this battle for cutting the last political link that binds the Church to the State, against the conservative Orthodox, so called; thus preventing forever hereafter the administration of Christianity by any kind of force, merely physical or legal?"

"Certainly, it is so," he replied. "Who could have predicted such a union a decade ago?"

"A consideration that makes it the more suggestive," I said again, "is this: that you base your demand for the change mainly on one ground, and we on another, yet in action a unity."

"To what *different* grounds do you refer?"

To this question I replied, "Your chief argumentative appeal is derived from the self-evident teachings of nature and reason, essentially identical with that annunciation that arrests attention in the first sentence of the Declaration of our National Independence, affirming the 'inalienable

rights of all men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' which enumeration we both supplement by the proclamation, '*Freedom of conscience,*' or '*soul-liberty.*' Our chief plea, you observe, is grounded upon the nature and teaching of Christianity, identical with that set forth by the founder of Rhode Island more than two centuries and a half ago. Then, as you may remember, he quaintly preached and printed thus the supreme idea: 'It is the will and command of God, that, since the coming of his Sonne (the Lord Jesus), a permission of the most Paganish, Jewish, Turkish, or anti-Christian conscience and worships be granted unto *all* men, in all nations and countries: and they are only to be fought against with that sword which is only in soule matters *able* to conquer; to wit, the sword of God's Spirit, the Word of God.' "

"I welcome your statement," said my companion, "as true and interesting. Though I had not before thought of the two different grounds of action signaling co-operative parties, yet this practical unity, akin to that of reason and revelation, is a fact of real significance. As a matter of fact, evidently, the claim urged and gained for individual liberty of conscience as a right, was grounded upon the teaching of Christianity as set forth in the New Testament, and attested by the

martyr-spirit who won its protection from royalty, and secured its supremacy in America."

It is worthy of special mention, that "The Christian Register" (Unitarian) has emphasized this historical fact in several connections, within a comparatively recent period, as eminently suggestive, and has quoted the same declaration of fundamental truth that I have just now drawn from the Introduction to "The Bloody Tenent," a part of Roger Williams's argumentative plea against the sanguinary reasonings of the Massachusetts clergy.

At the time of this writing, a friendly question is put, quite seriously, by a genuine admirer of the ever-youthful poet of America: "How has it happened that Dr. Holmes has indicated no impression of this order of facts, nor of any of the suggested lessons that associate themselves with the era of 1834?" One of the company just then present aptly replies, "Are you not aware that the Doctor was absent from home at that period (from 1832 to 1836), pursuing his professional studies in Europe?" This timely statement of fact was welcomed as explanation. "Ah, yes, I see; and in the years following, evidently, the spirit of historical enthusiasm, expressed by the orators of the time, the greatest and best, like Dr. Upham (Unitarian), minister of the First Church of Old Salem, from whose pastorate Roger Williams

was driven forth by the ruling power, like Judge Story, like George Bancroft, and others, created 'a genial atmosphere' that transformed public sentiment, but whose mental quickening and uplifting power Dr. Holmes could not fully share in the transatlantic Old World, while busy in preparing to take the brilliant leaderships that he has won on several conspicuous fields of action. Nevertheless, his mind is yet young, and has not yet reached, we may reasonably believe, its limit of acquisition."

"THE OLD CORNER BOOK-STORE."

These references to the past, in connection with the name of Dr. Holmes, recall the images and names of many whose "living presence" made so large a part of Boston forty years ago, and for whose genial ministries of friendship, unconscious as well as conscious, there will never come to us on earth any adequate substitution. Especially do these memories associate themselves with the old attractive haunt on the corner of Washington and School Streets during the *régime* of Ticknor & Fields. There, on a sunny morning, about forty years ago, Mr. Ticknor was behind the counter toward the rear of the store when the first copies of the "Blue and Gold Edition" of Holmes's "Poems" arrived, welcomed by us both

the more cordially on account of the Doctor's long-continued interdict against any fresh issues. That interdict had attained its end when his professional character had so established itself as to maintain its pre-eminence of dignity, and simplify the public conception of his primary life-aim. At the moment here noted, it happened that Dr. Holmes opened the door and entered from Washington Street, when Mr. Ticknor called him to step forward, with the added exclamation, "Here is a man who paid five dollars for the last little volume that remained up to the time of the interdict, supposing it unlikely that he would ever have a chance to obtain another! So, you see, this copy seemed as if invested at once with historical interest." The Doctor replied, "There is only one proper answer to that remark," and, immediately taking the copy nearest to him (vols. 1, 2), presented it to me, having already invested it with historical interest by his autograph inscription. The old corner where we then were had long before become "historical,"—a fact whereof a fresh impression was made when Rev. Dr. Judson, having returned to Boston after thirty years' absence in India, left the ship, to find his way to the bookstore of Carter & Hendee, the old proprietors long gone, known chiefly by hearsay to "the rising generation."

And so to-day the words of the last line just now written are beginning to tell the story of the younger firm, whom I can readily recall only as they were in their prime, achieving a brilliant career, a world-wide reputation; sending forth many works of the best and highest style; meeting the intellectual needs of their period, which we associate chronologically with the three or four middle decades of this century. To my retrospective outlook, the whole period seems so bright and brief as to become a sort of bewilderment, starting the question whether the memory itself does not pertain in part to dreamland. Let me think it over. Not far from forty years ago, at six o'clock of the sunny morning, as I opened my front-door, Mr. Ticknor had just then reached the steps, and hailed me, saying, "I know that you were in the way of pedestrianizing an hour before breakfast, and I have come to waylay you for a walk, and talk in regard to a question of personal interest now under consideration. He was then connected with a bank, and was at the same time our parochial treasurer, while I was ministering to the church in Federal Street. A proposal to leave the bank, and find in the old book-store his field of work for the future, involved all the questioning of that early hour. "In the end," I said, "regarded from my point of view, there is no call for

protracted deliberation. All your antecedents, every distinguishing element of your personality, your readiness of address, every taste, trend, and habitude that I have discerned, indicate an adaptiveness to the demands of that trade-centre, and a prophecy of success. As you ask for my opinion, I give freely, glad that it is positive, confident as I am that you are being providentially led, ruled, or perhaps overruled, to the fulfilment of your life-aim." These hopeful predictions have been admirably realized, — a fact of personal history that I was led to speak of commemoratively when officiating at the home-funeral service, where all were mourners, and none more so, outside of the family, than the two men who were nearest to me on that occasion, — Hawthorne on one side, and ex-President Pierce on the other.

AS TO TIMING ONE'S LIFE-WORK.

Not one of these three friends here noted lived very far beyond his prime; apparently, at least, considering their vitality of temperament. Of each of them we have heard it said incidentally, his death appeared to be *untimely*; that is to say, it seemed a baffling of reasonable hopes and calculations. Yet, despite this liability to mistaken calculations, we have known the most thoughtful men suggest rules and forecastings, as if the

measure of "threescore years and ten" were an established law in relation to the average of civilized humanity. In every generation the lifetime of some persons has been determined by the sway of mere impressions for which there was no accounting. There was a time when my own experience, to a degree, exaggerated such an impression. The day following Dr. Wayland's discourse on the occasion of my installation (February, 1831), in the course of a walk and talk, he made the incidental remark, "If I were in your place, I would not publish any thing before reaching thirty years of age." To this I responded, "President, I accept your rule as *safe*; but I must confess to you that I do not expect to live much over thirty." Of course, he treated such an impression as reasonless, and approved the motto that I had recently commended in a discourse to young Christians; namely, "Be ready to die to-day, but lay out your life-plan for threescore and ten." As a matter of fact and experience, however, such advisory rules of adjustment as to age are of very limited value practically; for rising occasions sweep them away, and determine issues. In regard to my own case, all rules as to the right time for publishing were forgotten when the era of lyceums and lectures began to assert itself in Boston. I was invited to deliver a lecture in the Lyceum Course

at Boylston Hall. My subject was one that I selected because I was interested in it; namely, "Moral Reasoning." A friend connected with the Lyceum Committee expressed a doubt whether a subject so metaphysical could win popular attention. I replied, "Be not anxious. The *novelty* of the Lyceum will suffice to attract an audience; and, when once there, I think their sympathetic interest will be sufficiently encouraging. Immediately at the closing of that lecture, James Loring, Esq., publisher (Manning & Loring), stepped upon the platform, and proposed at once to buy my manuscript, in order to print it as an introductory essay to a work already in press, entitled "Gambier on Moral Reasoning." Ere-long the work was issued, and sought as a textbook for teaching in academies, high schools, and colleges, so fulfilling a special mission. Thus the *time* of my first publication was determined by the occasion imperially, age being treated as of no account. Other publications followed, mainly called forth by their publishers on subjects regarded somewhat as matters of common interest. In this friendly and inspiring relation stood forth for a long course of years the eminent publishing-firm of Gould & Lincoln (for a time Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln); that young firm having had bequeathed to it in early days the heritage of an

excellent *prestige* from the preceding house of Lincoln & Edmands, whose books had been familiar to the homes of a large area in New York during the period of my school and college days, and were there and elsewhere awakening minds in various directions, so as to become a factor in the chief departments of education, religious, literary, and scientific. Some of the highest and best works of the age within each of these departments were issued by the enterprise of this firm, and are still fulfilling their world-wide mission.

From these stand-points of retrospective outlook, other names loom up within view; while the forms, voices, movements, of many pertaining to my contemporary surroundings tempt both greeting and reminiscence. But this tempting aim implies another volume. I would fain yield to the enticement, but know too well that I have not the margins of time or strength to warrant a responsive pledge like that which the beginnings of this called forth. Yet, as "with God nothing is impossible," and he has granted so much, he may give this also; who can tell?

APPENDICES.

I.

HON. JOHN M. S. WILLIAMS.¹

OF the reminiscences pertaining to my first pastorate in Boston, one of the most noteworthy is the fact that my first conversation with an individual in regard to his personal welfare was not held with an inquirer, or any one, indeed, who could be thought of as belonging to the class of inquiring minds. At the close of my first afternoon sermon service (December, 1830), Mr. Goddard, superintendent of the Sunday school, requested me to go with him to the small room above the organ, in order to talk with a fractious boy who had been "kept in for bad behavior." Without questioning, I assented at once, and on entering the room was confronted by a boy of twelve apparently, sitting with his back to the wall, his feet upon the bench, his arms folded so as to give a complete expression of a defiant spirit, ready for any occasion or opportunity to "answer back," and "give any one as good as he sends."

While on the way to the room, I had asked of the

¹ See page 144.

superintendent the name of the boy ; he replied, "John M. S. Williams." There he sat, as if expecting an attack or rebuke of some kind, but seemed quickly surprised into another mood of mind when, being somewhat amused with the oddity of the scene, I took my place upon the same seat, and, having repeated what the superintendent had reported about him, proceeded to say, "There is one thing pretty well settled in my mind, and I wish to tell you of it; that is, when I look into your face, it seems to me quite likely that you have not been so bad a boy as was myself at your age." He became at once an earnest listener to the account I was giving him of boy-life in New York, especially while setting forth "the situation" in regard to what I described as my "great temptation," — the critical experience that he recognized as akin to his own; awakening thus a sympathetic interest in my confession of utter inability to resist the destructive forces of evil that constantly assail us, making our condition "worse and worse," and, of course, more miserable. From that point onward, in this connection of ideas, he could fully appreciate all that was said of my escape by means of a *responsive self-surrender* to Him who calls us by his gospel into a new spirit relation to himself, wherein we enthrone his Word within us.

The truth took effect in the formation of a new character, and the fractious boy was ere long recognized by his young associates as a leader in Christian work.

Though that scene was never forgotten by me, it was recalled to mind with fresh vividness when, after the lapse of a third of a century, I found myself at Washington sitting by his side in the House of Representatives, occupying by invitation a vacant chair, in order to have a chance for conversation on topics of national and world-wide concern. The words spoken at the time of my *first* sitting by his side in "the little room over the organ," and the matters of supreme interest talked of while occupying a seat by his side as a member of Congress at a critical period of the nation's history, present a contrast that voices to us all a fresh testimony to the simplicity of the New-Testament Christianity, illustrating it practically with a fresh emphasis of suggestion.

II.

REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, D.D.¹

ABOUT this period, still signalized in the memories of a few as the season of "conciliation," an excellent lady of our church, whose husband had joined "The Church of the Disciples," brought to me at my "study" a manuscript copy of one of Dr. J. F. Clarke's sermons on "Regeneration," requesting that I would indicate to her, in due time, every point of disagreement. A few days afterward I returned it to her without suggesting any amendment as to its expression in any line of direction. As a formulation of

¹ See page 233.

doctrine, it seemed to be aptly elaborated. I mention this incident to illustrate the trend of thinking just then, — the inquiring spirit of the period.

In this connection it is worthy of notice, that in the year 1850, while Dr. Clarke was confined at home by sickness, I accepted an invitation from the officers of his church to deliver to them a Sunday-evening sermon. The subject of my discourse on that occasion was "The Simplicity of the Christian Religion." The text was "The Simplicity that is in Christ." At the close of the service, as I stepped from the pulpit to the floor, a company of about twelve gentlemen were grouped together in conversation, half of whom I recognized, and distinguished as professional, — lawyers, physicians, and others. Those whom I knew personally, introduced me to their associates; and then one, addressing me directly, said, "Dr. Hague, we all feel alike that you have expressed your views with entire clearness to-night." To this I responded, "Well, gentlemen, I doubt not you desired me to do so, and not aim to be the mere echo of another's voice." — "True, true," it was answered, "and for that quality we all like your sermon. Now, about one-half of these gentlemen here gathered can go with you the whole length of your statements, while the other half" — waving his hand significantly — "would demur. We are accustomed to convene for a special purpose on Thursday evenings, and we all unite in inviting you to join us in friendly and free conversational discussions touching these subjects."

This invitation I welcomed with high appreciation, and would have realized it actually had I not been obliged to inform them as to my acceptance of a call to the fulfilment of a special work in Newark, N.J., requiring my presence there by the end of the following week. The incident itself is vocal with a clear testimony of its own as to the spirit of the period.

III.

REV. DR. JOHN OVERTON CHOULES.¹

THE historic trend of Rev. Dr. John Overton Choules of Newport, R.I., tempered his whole life-work, which, indeed, fulfilled its mission mainly in this country, after he had received the highest style of education that England could then furnish outside of the universities. More than half a century ago, after having edited several smaller works, he committed to the press, in the year 1832, the "History of Missions," in two volumes, quarto. — a work which had been commenced by the Rev. Thomas Smith, an eminent minister of England, who died, in the midst of his toil, in the year 1830. Dr. Choules not only completed the History, but bestowed much labor upon the required editorship, and was gratified with its favorable reception by the public.

While enjoying his four years' ministry at Jamaica Plain, Dr. Choules employed the hours of leisure then at his command in preparing for the press a new edi-

¹ See pages 198, 248.

tion of Neal's "History of the Puritans," which was issued in 1844 from the press of Harper & Brothers. The design and the extent of his labors in this direction he has thus stated: "It is quite clear that in the United States there is a general attention directed to the subject of Church history, partly arising from the almost total apathy which has so long existed, and, in a considerable degree, owing to the extraordinary movement in the Church of England of those who regard their amputation from Rome as original sin and actual transgression. I have long wished to see Neal's admirable 'History of the Puritans' in the hands, not only of the ministry and students, but all private reading Christians,—a growing class in the country; but its very high price has been an insuperable barrier to general circulation. Consultation with many of our most influential clergy of all denominations interested has induced me to prepare an edition which shall not only be so cheap as to admit of general use, but which shall embody the valuable information which has been garnered up by the writers of the last century. Since Neal finished his work, we have had the writings of Towgood and Toulmin, Wilson and Palmer, Brooks and Conder, Fletcher and Orne, and especially the admirable contributions of Drs. Vaughn and Price. The works alluded to, and very many others, have been faithfully and laboriously consulted in order to enrich this edition. It *may* have some errors in typography which have escaped my notice; but I can assure the reader that it is the most perfect

edition extant, and that I have made scores of corrections from the latest London edition. Not an iota has been altered in the original text of Neale, and every edition of the immortal work has been carefully collated and compared."

When we consider, that, in addition to the works already mentioned, Dr. Choules has put forth an American edition of Foster's "Statesmen of the English Commonwealth;" that he has furnished a continuation of Hinton's "History of America," ending with the administration of President Taylor; that for several years he edited "The Boston Christian Times," or contributed regularly to other papers; that his lectures on the character and administration of Oliver Cromwell, and also his lectures on other subjects, have been effective, — we are led to the conclusion that the Bristol "orphan-boy of twelve," whom we recognized in due time as the Rev. John Overton Choules, D.D., wielded a pen that was seldom idle, and bequeathed large legacies of treasured learning to meet the needs of his own generation, and of the adopted country that he loved so well, as infolding within its destinies the brightening fortunes of the ages to come.

While thus recalling the name of Dr. Choules in connection with his pen-work, it is worthy of special remembrance that the sphere of action where his distinguishing gifts of power were most quickly discerned and *felt* was the broad *social world*. On the 25th of February, 1856, the day after my delivery of the discourse commemorative of his life and character, the

Hon. Mr. Cranston of Newport showed me one of Mr. Webster's treasured letters to him, stating certain arrangements for a private meeting of political friends at Newport, so timed as to meet the senator's convenience on his way from Washington to Boston. It was designed as a meeting for consultation. The invited ones were named, and then came this postscript: "Do not forget to invite Rev. Dr. Choules." Mr. Webster is said to have once remarked, that the distinctive mission of Dr. Choules was the bringing into direct communication of the persons who needed each other's acquaintance. The make-up of his individuality suggested this as an end and aim. Nothing that was remarkable escaped his notice. He was at home with all of every rank. From each he gathered something that was interesting to another. He was therefore welcomed by all, and he enjoyed the pleasure of both giving and receiving. Hence, too, his natural sagacity in reading character was rapidly cultivated. No human being, from the highest to the lowest of the social grades, was entirely devoid of interest to him. Even in the days of his boyhood, if the greatest men of England visited Bristol, he was sure to find some proper way of approaching each one of them, and perhaps of forming his acquaintance; so that, as was once said to me by a companion of his later youth, Rev. Thomas Price, D.D. (editor of "The Eclectic Review"), it was a matter of amusement and amazement to his fellow-students to witness the ease and gracefulness with which such determinations were carried

out in action. At the same time, his keen zest for knowledge and for observation of character would render the abode of some poor, obscure man a charmed resort. His own wit, in common talk, would often recall the pith and point of Sydney Smith.

IV.

ARCHBISHOP BAYLEY.¹

JAMES ROOSEVELT BAYLEY (the son of Dr. Carlton Bayley, my mother's first cousin) was the first and only native American who had attained a rank so high as the primacy of the Roman-Catholic Church in the United States, the dignity pertaining to the arch-episcopate of Baltimore. He entered upon his priestly career as rector of the Episcopal Church in Harlem, near New York. Though knowing much of each other through relatives and friends, we lacked opportunity of coming into free personal communication until he had received his appointment as Roman-Catholic bishop of Newark. Not long after his arrival in that city he called at the residence of my elder brother, Mr. James Hague, in order to pay his respects to my mother, then spending a week at the home of her oldest son. Early that evening, as I entered the house, arriving from New York, my brother said, "I wish you had come a few minutes since: the bishop has just now left the house, and desired to see you." This remark was the occasion of my calling at the library

¹ See No. I., page 29.

of the Cathedral, where I had the pleasure of meeting him about an hour afterward.

Some inquiries that interested both of us, as to points of family history, having been considered, he suddenly turned the subject by this questioning: "Pray, tell me how it happened that you ever became a Baptist; as all your relatives around Pelham and New York are Episcopalians, that change has been to me a puzzle."

To this I replied, "Bishop, for a like reason it has been to me a puzzle how you became a Roman Catholic; for knowing of you, at the beginning of your professional life, as rector of the Episcopal Church in Harlem, it was a real surprise to learn that you were officiating as private secretary of Archbishop Hughes, and then that you had become, as now, the bishop of this diocese."

"Well," he quickly answered, "tell me your story, and I will tell you mine if you wish to hear it."

"In answering your call, bishop," I said, "my own explanation may be briefly put. I have no noteworthy remembrance of any personal interest in the teachings of Christianity until the year 1823, — an interval between my academy and college life, devoted to my farm-education at Paramus, N.J., where, on the first Sunday of June, I listened to a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Elting, pastor of the Reformed Presbyterian Church. His text was drawn from the fifteenth chapter of John's Gospel, fifteenth verse: 'If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin: but

now they have no cloak for their sin.' The preacher began by voicing the sense, saying, 'If no Saviour had ever come into the world, our sinfulness would be nothing compared with what it must be if, after his coming to us, we reject him. He appeals to us all,' it was said, 'individually, as sinners whose future, as to character and condition, must depend upon our chosen relation to himself. The real import of that future is determined, on the one hand, by the self-surrendering faith that unites the soul to him, or, on the other hand, by one's self-abandonment to "the law of sin" that asserts itself in human nature.' His way of putting this alternative was decidedly effective, simplifying Christianity, especially as set forth in such illustrative miracles as that experience of the leper (Matt. viii. 1-4) who surrendered himself to the Great Physician for healing both of body and spirit. Assured on that very day that I had entered the spiritual Church by a self-surrendering faith, in accordance with Christ's own description of that Church as recorded in the tenth chapter of John's Gospel, where we notice that in the porch of the temple, in the presence of the priesthood, he proclaimed himself the one supreme Shepherd of the flock of God on earth, 'who knows his own, is known of them;' regards them individually, 'callesth them by name.' This great idea, so significantly emphasized by Paul in addressing the Romans, — namely, union to Christ by faith alone, including within itself all promised blessings, — quickened me with a new sympathy for all who

are thus spiritually akin. These make up that one true spiritual Church whose bounds are known only to Him who 'knoweth all things,' as Peter expressed it when appealing to Jesus for his own personal recognition.

"Thus assured as I was, bishop, of my being a member of the spiritual Church, which is, in reality, 'the Holy Catholic Church' (the word 'Church,' you know, meaning originally 'the Lord's own'), that ruling idea engaged my thought, irrespective of any outward or visible organism to represent it. At this stage of my experience I entered college, joined the Theological Society and an association of Sunday-school teachers as an avowed Christian worker. After the lapse of a few months, an increasing degree of religious interest furnished the chief topics of talk around 'College Hill;' and then in due time many were joining churches of different denominations, though still a unity in Christian work. This particular 'situation' had its own appeal for me, impelling me to a special re-studying of the Greek Testament, in order to determine the question whether, in addition to the one spiritual Church which Christ had described, there had been instituted also *by him* an external or visible organism as its exponent in the sight of the world. This re-reading, with a definite aim, showed clearly that such a representative organism had been constituted by Christ, not at Rome, but at Jerusalem, and had been extended thence by the apostles throughout the Roman world, made up not of nations, like your

Roman-Catholic Church, nor of States, nor of municipalities, nor of families as such, but of individuals, — responsible souls, professing their own faith, and asking for their own baptism as the appointed symbolic *testimony*, the set sacrament or oath of loyalty. As soon as this unification of the New Testament's teaching disclosed itself, I discerned at once the distinguishing primitive idea as to the outward organism pertaining to Christ's Church (or *ecclesia*), which the Baptists really actualize. Thence, at the opening of my last Junior vacation, on my return to New York I presented myself for baptism, and was accepted. This is the whole story of the change."

The bishop listened with an expression that suggested the *newness* of these thoughts in relation to himself, or rather, his cherished habitudes of thinking. After a moment's musing he said slowly, "Well, well, that is sufficiently simple and also logical. If I had ever accepted your premise as a basis or starting-point of reasoning, namely, 'the Bible alone the rule of faith and practice, a gift of God to the individual soul, thus made responsible for its own interpretation of it,' I would have reached the same conclusion, and would have become a Baptist myself."

This remark furnished me occasion to reply, "I am not surprised to hear you say so: a score of years ago I heard some of the leading scholars of Rome utter similar statements as to the logical necessities of the case, especially my host, Signor Nicolo, chaplain to the Cardinal Barberini, in whose house I lived a

month, having my cot in his library. Now, having told you my story, I wait for yours."

The bishop at once proceeded: "You have already referred to my rectorship of the Episcopal Church at Harlem. You are aware, no doubt, that when a young inquirer, as I was once, seeks religious guidance of his official teacher, whether deacon, priest, or bishop, the teaching most strongly emphasized at the very beginning is the one precept, 'Hear the Church,' ordained of God to provide for your needs, and answer your questions. The authorized formulations of doctrine, for young or old, are then brought into requisition. If the inquirer, perplexed with the varying interpretations of sects or schools, should seek more special aid, and ask, — amid the many that speak, and the intermingling of voices, — 'How shall I distinguish the voice of the Church?' an accepted answer long has been, that the need was divinely provided for by means of the first Œcumenical Council of Nicea, called together under Constantine, the first Christian emperor, in the year 325, for the purpose of giving formulated expression to the apostles' teaching as to Church doctrine and government, thus to transmit them invested with the authority pertaining to the one world-wide representative Christian assembly nearest to the apostolic age. During my earlier years these summary statements sufficed to keep me contented along the line of prescribed duties without change of relations. In due time, however, I was led to inquire more closely as to the composition of that council, —

who they were, whence they came, and what things they did in fact believe and teach. The true answers to those questions, you know yourself, no doubt; and when concentrating my thoughts in that direction, it became evident that they believed and avowed the very doctrines which we had rejected, such as priestly absolution, prayers for the dead, Purgatory, and so forth, what remained for me but to be true to the fundamental principle or guiding light of Church authority, and place myself with the Roman-Catholic Church as the faithful exponent of that world-wide representative Council of Nicea?"

To this I replied, after a moment's musing, slowly, in accordance with his manner of expression to me, "Well, well, that is all very simple and very logical. If I had accepted your premise as a basis of reasoning at the starting-point, — namely, Church authority the one supreme principle or rule of faith and practice, — I would have accepted your conclusion, and would have become, also, a Roman Catholic."

This last turn of the conversation seemed to be like a fillip to the bishop's mind, giving him a fresh impulse, and quickening him to exclaim, "Yes, yes! I see, I see! Our talk brings to view the main alternative. Within the area of effective Christian thinking there are only two positions, or 'stand-points,' that are solid, or have any kind of maintainable endurance; namely, 'the Bible alone,' or 'Church authority.' All positions between these two are weak, sandy, without any consistency; and from these men must slide or gravi-

tate. Either of these, clearly conceived, may inspire enthusiasm, and may become aggregating powers. The antithetic exponents of these two ideas must ultimately come into closer conflict, and do more than has yet been done to determine the great historical issues of the future, so far as those issues shall bear the impress and shaping of Christianity.”

It is worthy of note that Archbishop Bayley died at Newark while sojourning in his old diocese a few days. The funeral celebration at Newark occurred on the day set for the funeral of the Rev. Henry Clay Fish, D.D., pastor of the First Baptist Church, — the service for the archbishop being observed in the forenoon, and that of the Baptist pastor in the afternoon. Great crowds visited both the Cathedral and the First Church: and it is noteworthy that the estimates of attending numbers tallied; namely, in each case ten thousand.

V.

A CONFERENCE IN ANDOVER FIFTY YEARS AGO.¹

A FIXED impression of the power of traditional theology was made upon my mind more than half a century since, — as far back, indeed, as 1830, when I was called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Boston, and when I visited the Theological Seminary at Andover, while some of my college-mates were still abiding there. About eight o'clock of the evening

¹ See page 116.

following my arrival, while engaged in conversation with one of these in his room, several of the theological students came in separately, and were introduced, until we had a gathering of more than seven. Ere long one of the new-comers spoke up in regard to a special errand that had interested them all at once. In pursuing their course of class exercises, they had reached the subject of Christian baptism, the study for the ensuing day; and they had agreed to take the opportunity to ask from me a statement of our "distinctively denominational position," and the grounds of it. Their friendly proposal was welcomed; inviting, as I did, the utmost freedom in questioning or suggestion. After a protracted conversation, that touched all the points within their range of view, I had occasion to remark, "It seems to me, dear friends, that you have entered the membership of your several churches without having given any attention to the teachings of Christ and his apostles as to the visible sacrament of self-dedication, and to have made your profession of Christian discipleship without any questioning whatsoever." To this inferential inquiry they freely answered all alike, — that they had become communicants and students for the ministry without any thought in that direction, except what might have come incidentally in reciting the Catechism.

Did this group of theological students regard this unified expression as an exceptional experience? Not at all. They had no feeling of exceptionality, or of failure in any point of duty. All that remained for

me to do in that case was the emphasizing of the words of Jesus responsive to an inquirer touching another question ; namely, "What saith the Scripture? How readest thou?"

Yet now, as ever, the pastorates, too many of the Sunday schools, and many theological seminaries, are training ministers whose highest ideal of the ministry seems to be that of a skilled professional theologizing, whose sustenance is theological formula, and whose beliefs rest upon no deeper foundations than those set forth by an eminent rector when commending his advanced teachings as the conclusions of "the most accepted and latest authorities" ! After the lapse of more than half a century, even the Andoverian teaching of Moses Stuart's time (a name honored as exegetical authority in the Germany of his age) gravitates from the high plane of a supernatural revelation faithfully *interpreted* to the lower level of scholarly intuition and conclusions of the "Higher Criticism."

VI.

CONTROVERSIES AND THEIR FRUITAGE.¹

ALTHOUGH the first twenty years of my earlier residence in Boston and Providence (1830 to 1850) brought several occasions for employing the press in controversial discussions, it seems quite noteworthy that one issue of these discussions was the growth of new relations of friendship between the parties en-

¹ See page 120.

gaged in them. In this direction memory emphasizes the qualifying word "new" as intimating the beginning of lasting friendships that became invested with the dignity of a confidential type of character, expressed in seeking advisory aid in regard to things of the keenest personal concern.

Considering, for instance, the great differences of opinion between the Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D.D., and myself on matters pertaining to Church and State, to the relations of slavery and Christianity, and so forth, I cannot fail to note the suggestive fact, that, after the closing of public controversy, the spirit of his personal communications indicated as much of sympathetic trustfulness as could possibly pertain to any kind of denominational unity.

It was about the year 1834 that Dr. Adams published his volume entitled "The Baptized Child." A reply appeared in "The Christian Review," and this was afterwards put forth by the publishers in volume form. A copy of this volume I sent to Dr. Adams, accompanied by a note, and received from him in return a note of thanks for the politeness thus expressed; adding the remark, that he would send forth no answer through the press to the argumentation of my book. Thenceforward, however, memory has verified the saying, "Honest men of strong convictions have strong mutual trust, knowing *where to find each other*; and real trust is the foundation of love."

This volume, responsive to that of Dr. Adams, was read by Rev. J. G. Oncken in Germany; and in a

letter published in "The Watchman" of Boston, about twelve years ago, he spoke of it as adapted to the conditions and needs of the German mind, expressing earnestly the wish that it might be translated into the German language, and some provision made for the fulfilling of its proper mission.

Now that Mr. Oncken has departed, and we survey his earthly career as a unity, it is in this connection that the life-work of an early friend, the Rev. Barnas Sears, D.D., looms up as having been intimately associated with that of Oncken in the Church history of the nineteenth century. Distinguished among the first American young men who sought the opportunity of mastering the scholarly acquisitions of the German universities was Dr. Barnas Sears, the honored graduate of Brown University, well remembered still by many from his twelve years' effective presidency, until called thence to be the active administrator of "the Peabody Fund" for the promotion of school education throughout the Southern States. As editor of "The Christian Review," as the successor of Horace Mann in the secretaryship of the Massachusetts Board of Education, as author of "The Life of Luther" and other works, he is still remembered as the exponent of a life-power that effectively impressed and modified the history of his generation. That this American student in Germany should have met and baptized J. G. Oncken, from whose life-work, as direct fruitage, organized Baptist churches, embracing scores of thousands that have been thence onward

extending their area day by day throughout Northern Europe, is not merely a fact of history, but so wonderful as to take rank with the most unique of facts pertaining to "the romance of history."

VII.

BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES.¹

THE Theological Seminary at Hamilton, Madison County, N.Y., sometimes referred to as pertaining to Madison University, was the predecessor of Newton chronologically, and, from the smallest of beginnings, has attained wonderful success in its efforts to meet the calls of widening missionary fields in the Old World. In this connection it may be fitly observed that the men who started these Baptist seminaries upon their career, had no thought of providing schools in the interest of theology for all comers, but mainly to qualify those for higher and broader service who would be sure to preach, whether educated or left to self-development.

The starting-point of Hamilton Theological Seminary recalls "the day of small things." A growing academy, under the care of Professor Daniel Hascall, represented the beginnings of an educational and denominational interest. At that time there were great religious revivals throughout the western part of New York; and connected with the reception of this intelligence were signs of great unrest on the part of Mr. Hascall, so exceptional as to attract the anxious

¹ See page 123.

attention of his family. Mrs. Hascall, a well-remembered and excellent lady, reached the source of this uneasiness, so seriously interfering with his "taking rest in sleep," when she drew from him the confession that the trend of his musing for days past had been toward the hosts of young men who had joined the churches, and would *certainly become preachers*, whether educated or not. The relief prescribed at once was a journey westward, whence, in the course of a few weeks, he returned, accompanied by a "seminary student," whose general appearance and first impression, Mrs. Hascall said, were not prophetic of celebrity, but whose life-work in Asia it was always to her a great cheer to rehearse, while she pronounced so tenderly the name of Jonathan Wade as a quickening memory. This rustic lad became a pioneer student-worker.

This historic fact loomed up significantly in the view of many when Mr. Wade returned to this country from his Karen harvest-fields, bringing a few of his sheaves with him. Thus we were reminded of the principle upon which the aims of the founders and first supporters of Baptist theological seminaries were grounded. They had no thought of furnishing facilities for college graduates without any life-aim, not knowing exactly what to do with themselves, to enter upon a theological course as a relief from *ennui* or an aid to literary acquisition. In lands where Church and State are legally united, such facilities, of course, abound; their product, however, is rich in hosts of theologians, whose fields of speculation are soon exhausted, and the issue is *quiet agnosticism*.

VIII.

CAMBRIDGE CO-WORKERS.¹

A PRIME mover in the presentation of this sacrificial offering to the cause of temperance was a nephew of the honored deacon; namely, John Nathaniel Barbour, Esq., now well known as an octogenarian resident of Cambridge, where, in company with the late Hon. John M. S. Williams (once a member of his class in the Sunday school of the First Baptist Church of Boston), he has been a co-worker in the membership of the First Baptist Church of Cambridge. More than a half-century ago the question in regard to entering into commercial business with his uncle was under consideration, and the acceptance of the partnership was determined by that sacrifice. As a Christian worker in the brotherhood of the old First Church he still lives, yielding the fruitage of spiritual youthfulness.

The mention of this old First Church, now known as the Central-square Baptist Church, brings to mind the days of student-life when I visited this home centre of many friends at Cambridgeport, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Bela Jacobs, around whom there rallied as large an aggregate of effective workers as could be found in any church-gathering in Eastern Massachusetts. There "at the right hand" of the pastor, I might say, was Levi Farwell, president of the bank, custodian of the college, thoroughly trusted,

¹ See page 144.

loved, and honored by the whole community, carrying in his countenance "a letter of credit to all strangers," self-interpreting, and commanding confidence. With him stood forth J. B. Dana, deacon and treasurer, a kindred spirit and fellow-helper in every way. I can note here only those whom I knew at that period. It was then a cherished wish that I might live to see a kindred assembly in Old Cambridge, recognized as representative of the same distinctive ideas of the New-Testament Christianity as differentiated from "Churchianity." Very soon, comparatively, was that wish realized. The men and women that led the way of the succeeding generation lost no time; they, too, already "have a history," and I often read it at a glance as a unity when passing their beautiful edifice of stone, in architectural harmony with its surroundings. With it the generation to come will associate the names of members already departed, and others now living; of the latter class, especially, the name of one so sadly separated from their assemblings of late years by exceptional sicknesses added to the touches of time,—J. Warren Merrill, an officer of the church and an ex-mayor of Cambridge, whose record for a third of the century exemplifies a Christian life-aim, steadily pursued and effectively realized. Not only has he been missed from his place in the house of worship, but also missed from his seat with the trustees in the corporation of Brown University.

This series of personal reminiscences pertaining to church-life in Cambridge finds its culmination in the

ministry of the Rev. Franklin Johnson, D.D., whose retrospect of fifteen years' progressive work seems prophetic of spiritual harvests yet to be garnered.

IX.

HISTORIC SENSE OF RHODE ISLANDERS.¹

It has been aptly said that the State of Rhode Island, one of "the old Thirteen," and ever the smallest of the American sisterhood, is more thoroughly pervaded by the historic spirit than any other State of the Union, exhibiting, comparatively, the largest proportion of citizens impelled by their sympathies or aspirations to make the study of American history both work and recreation. The Rhode-Island Historical Society has, for the greater part of a century, drawn to its membership the best native minds of the State; and when these have gone forth to their fields of action, the world over, they have carried with them so largely the home-love, which, when uplifted by great ideas, is a real enthusiasm, that they have become social factors, awakening in others a historic sense that expressed itself in various forms of association. Eminent among these is Henry Thayer Drowne, Esq., president of the New-York Genealogical and Biographical Society, the special character of whose library and the social gatherings within and around it, seem, at times, to render his home a choice part of Rhode Island itself transferred to the great metropolis.

¹ See page 310.

In this connection I am reminded that the late Hon. Samuel G. Arnold, remembered as lieutenant-governor, United-States senator, and author of the "History of Rhode Island," during the later years of his life was president of the Rhode-Island Historical Society; and I believe that, regarding it as a place of honor and trust, he was more highly appreciative of that position than of any other within his range of view. In the days of his student-life, accompanying him to Europe, we bore a package of papers (collected mainly, I think, by Professor Elton) from the Rhode-Island Historical Society to the leading philosopher of that time, Victor Cousin, at Paris. Our interview with him occurred at his room in "The Sorbonne," where he received us cordially, and quite delighted us with the ease, freedom, and earnestness with which he engaged in conversation touching men and things in America, and particularly the men who had translated or reviewed his works. Having been acquainted with these men personally, he was curiously interested in the answers given to his questionings, as we were both interested and amused with his critical comments and incidental suggestions.

The visit here noted took place in 1838, at the beginning of a ten-months' tour over the Continent, just touching Asia opposite Constantinople, and returning with the first passengers that ever came *up* the Danube, — Austria having just now established steam-navigation. I went abroad again, thirty-seven years afterward (1875) without his or any companionship, entirely

alone, yet finding occasion often to write his name in my journal in connection with the many reminders of my early European travels, which began in France, and ended in England. The last letter that I wrote him in that connection pertained to London and the library of the British Museum, where occurred an incident that interested us, illustrating the perfectness attained in the world-wide working of that grand establishment. The Rev. Dr. Bevan of the Tabernacle Church was just then (1876) engaged in writing a lecture on Roger Williams. Having heard that I, as a successor in the ministry of the first Baptist Church in Providence, had delivered a discourse called forth by the second centennial anniversary of that church, he sought from me the loan of a copy. Having no copy of the volume with me, I said to Dr. Bevan that I would look for one at the British Museum. To my surprise, I found there two copies — a first and second issue — (one without a table of contents, the other with it), and also my name entered upon the catalogue fifteen times, in several instances connected with pamphlets of local interest that I had forgotten. Referring to this incident afterwards, Governor Arnold seemed to be somewhat amused with the uniqueness of my position, — amazed to find myself dependent upon the British Museum for a list of the titles distinguishing my printed works; and we joined in the utterance of the sentiment that in some things pertaining to a matured civilization England is unmatched, and that yet a young American English-speaking nationality may aid England in realizing

the supreme ideal that is yet to unify, relatively, the English-speaking world. And now it seems almost bewildering to say that it is nearly a half-century since, in company with Senator Arnold, I visited the substantial old church that had known only two pastors for a hundred years; namely, Rev. John Gill, D.D., and the Rev. Dr. John Rippon, both widely known on both sides of the Atlantic, — the one by his commentaries, chiefly valuable for their citations of Hebrew Rabbinical literature, illustrating to the exegete usages of speech; the other by the improvement of worship through a hymn collection, published in immense editions. At that time this historic church was relatively declining, the family-life having drifted away from its surroundings; but the old homestead was soon crowded after young Mr. Spurgeon had begun his ministry there. Ere long, however, it was evolved into what is now known as Spurgeon's Tabernacle, within whose walls the men of every class, the highest and the lowest, have been wont to gather and listen to a gospel that implied a unity of humanity by its appealing to rich and poor, peer and beggar, young and old alike. It is a mighty centre of influence, holding its own in the heart of Christendom.

Thirty-eight years from the time above noted, I visited (1875-76) the scene of his nearly finished life-work, happily arriving there just before the opening of the week set for the assembling of his young preachers — the graduates of his college from all parts of Great Britain — to collate facts, compare notes, discuss

the rising questions. sum up and report the doings of the year. Toward the close of the programme, Mr. Spurgeon called upon me to address his students and young preachers. I accepted the invitation. It was to me, indeed, a great cheer to look upon that body of young men before me, joyous with overflowing life, breaking forth irrepressibly into responsive acclamation. At the close Mr. Spurgeon put in a little commendatory epilogue, informing them at the start that in a Western-American State, old Kentucky, it was among the usages of commendatory talk to speak of a man who had been identified with a cause, political or otherwise, that had needed and received bold and persistent defence year after year, as "The Old Hoss;" and then expressed his pleasure in having brought before them one whom he had recognized in times past as "The Old Hoss" of the Baptist cause on the other side of the Atlantic, east and west; proceeding at the same time to quote Job xxxix. 21, and enlarge on the image of the war-horse in his own peculiar way. Of course "Mr. Spurgeon's boys" were quickly sensitive to any poetic turn like this; and the reverberations of their response seemed to make even the walls vocal, and to recruit the very air electrically. Clearly, all had a good time; yet cherished memories inspired the wish that the companion of my former visit to London could have been there to enjoy the occasion sympathetically, and to have given its record place in the diary that he was wont to keep with such faithful persistency.

INDEX.

- ABBE**, Mr., 289.
Adams, Charles F., 19.
Adams, John Quincy, ex-President, 19, 162, 163, 164.
Adams, Rev. Nehemiah, 345.
Aikin, Rev. Dr., 102, 133.
Albany, N.Y., 262, 269.
Alexander, Rev. Dr. Archibald, 117.
Allaire, Alexander, 6.
American tariff, 97.
Anderson, Martin B., 303.
Andover Conference, 342-344.
Anthon, Professor Charles, LL.D., 89.
Arnold, Hon. Samuel G., 215, 352, 353, 354, 355.
Arnold, Gen., 75.
- BALDWIN**, Thomas, Rev. Dr., 201, 206.
Bancroft, George, 200, 201, 320.
Baptist Church, Utica, 129.
Barbour, John N., 349.
Barnes, Daniel H., LL. D., 58, 59.
Bartow, Bernabue, 70.
Bartow, Rev. Theodosius, 2.
Battin, Joseph, 250.
Bayley, Anne, 22, 31.
Bayley, James Roosevelt, 29, 335-342.
Bayley, Mrs. Joseph, 91.
Bayley, Dr. Richard, 28.
- Bayley, Capt. William, 2, 22.
Beebe, Hon. Alexander M., 129, 130.
Beecher, Rev. Dr. Lyman, 120, 140, 141, 142, 143, 153, 249.
Bennett, Cephas, 131.
Bevan, Rev. Dr., 353.
Beslie, Mary, 12, 13, 14.
Beslie, Dr. Oliver, 12.
Bethune, Rev. George W., DD., 134.
Bishop, Nathan, 303.
Boleyn, Queen Anne, 96.
Bolles, Lucius, D.D., 125.
Bolton, Mr., 9.
Boston, 15, 19, 197.
Breda, Holland, 9, 11.
Bridgman, Rev. DeWitt C., 290.
Bright, Edward, jun., 129, 130, 131.
British Museum, 353.
Brougham, Lord, 156.
Brown, Hon. Nicholas, 217, 218.
Brown, John Carter, 218.
Buchanan, President James, 280.
Burr, Col. Aaron, 65, 66, 67, 68, 72, 73, 74, 76, 77, 81, 82, 83, 85, 86.
- CALDWELL**, Rev. Dr., 185.
Carlyle, Mrs. Jane, 189.
Carlyle, Thomas, 80, 176, 201, 230.

- Carey, Rev. Dr., 62, 63, 124.
 Carter & Hendee, 321.
 Caswell, Alexis, 219.
 Chadwick, Hon. David, M.P.,
 300, 301.
 Channing, Dr., 140, 162, 163, 182,
 227, 311.
 Charles II., 11, 199.
 Chase, Professor Irah, 121, 123,
 219.
 Chase, Secretary S. P., 286.
 Child memories, 3.
 Choules, Rev. John O., D.D.,
 198, 214, 248, 331-334.
 Clarke, Dr. James Freeman,
 232, 233, 235, 329, 330.
 Clay, Henry, 272.
 Cleghorn, Rev. A., D.D., 133.
 Clinton, DeWitt, 98.
 Clinton, George W., 107.
 Cobb, Nathaniel R., 121.
 Codman, Rev. John, D.D., 139,
 142.
 Colby University, 211.
 Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice,
 210.
 Coles, Dr. Abraham, 260.
 Colgate, Miss Sarah, 279.
 Columbia College, 99, 203.
 Colver, Dr. Nathaniel, 231.
 Cone, Rev. Dr. Spencer H., 116,
 121.
 Converse, James W., 248.
 Corey, Rev. D. G., D.D., 135.
 Cousin, Victor, 352.
 Cox, Rev. Samuel Hanson,
 D.D., 40.
 Cromwell, Oliver, 9, 80, 201.
 Cummings, Rev. Dr. E. E., 253.
 Cunningham, Richard, 68, 69.
 Cushman, Dr. Robert W., 231.
 Custis, Mr., 152.
- DANA**, J. B., 350.
 Davies, John M., 251.
 Davis, Rev. Henry, D.D., 102.
 Dawson, George, 267.
 De Lima, Isaac A., 60.
 "Dial, The," 183, 184, 187.
 Diell, John, 113.
 Drown, Henry Thayer, 351.
 Durant, Clark, 282, 283.
 Dwight, Harrison G. O., 113.
- EDDY**, Rev. Dr. D. C., 206.
 Edict of Nantes, 6.
 Edwards, Jonathan, 72.
 Elder, Rev. Joseph F., D.D., 290.
 Elting, Rev. Dr. Wilhelmus,
 91, 92, 93, 95.
 Elton, Romeo, D.D., 202, 219,
 352.
 Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 145,
 146, 170, 173, 174, 176, 178, 179,
 180, 181, 182, 183, 185, 186, 187,
 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 230,
 234, 307, 308, 309, 310, 312, 315,
 316.
 Erie Canal, 98, 102.
 Everett, Hon. Alexander H.,
 149, 152.
 Everett, Edward, 137, 157.
- FANEUIL**, Andrew, 16.
 Faneuil, Benjamin, 17.
 Faneuil Hall, 15, 18, 19.
 Faneuil, Peter, 17, 20.
 Fawcett, Mrs., 301.
 First exiles from France, 5, 6.
 Fish, Rev. Henry Clay, 255, 256,
 258.
 Fisk, Harvey, 113.
 Fletcher, Hon. Richard, 225.
 Ford, Mr., publisher of
 "Youth's Companion," 246.

- Foster, John, 214, 215.
 Fourier, Charles, 183.
 Fox, Caroline, 188.
 Francis, ex-Gov., 218.
 French Church, 2.
 Fuller, Andrew, 120.
 Fuller, Margaret, 183, 184, 221, 312, 314.
 Fulton, Rev. Dr. Justin D., 154, 267.
- G**AMMELL, Professor William, LL D., 202, 219.
 Gannett, Dr. Ezra S., 140, 182, 227, 229, 232.
 Gano, Rev. Dr. Stephen, 125, 211.
 Garfield, President, 108.
 Garrison, William Lloyd, 151, 152, 153, 154, 158.
 Georgetown College, Ky., 135, 136.
 Gifford, Rev. O. P., 206
 Gilbert, Joshua, 49, 50.
 Gilbert, Timothy, 154.
 Gill, Rev. John, D.D., 354.
 Goddard, Professor William G., 214.
 Gordon, Rev. Dr. A. J., 243.
 Gould, Dr. Augustus A., 60.
 Gould, Charles D., 224.
 Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln, 238, 325.
 Gray, Rev. Mr., 168.
 Griffith, Thomas, 279.
 Griscom, Professor, 58.
 Grosevnor, Cyrus Pitt, 138.
- H**AGUE, Capt. James, 24, 34, 63, 68, 90.
 Hamilton College, 99, 110
 Harkness, Professor, 219.
 Harper, Hon. James, 303.
- Harris, President, 89.
 Hascall, Professor Daniel, 347, 348
 Hawes, *née* Catharine Bartow, 81, 82.
 Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 323.
 Hayne, Gen. Robert Y., 157.
 Henderson, Alexander Bampfield, 21, 23.
 Henderson, William, 24, 25.
 Henderson's Island, 21, 25
 Henry VIII., 97.
 Hillard, George S., 159, 160.
 Hinton, John Howard, 156.
 Hobart, Rev. John Henry, 31.
 Hodge, Rev. Dr. Charles, 118.
 Holloway College, 306, 307.
 Holloway, Professor Thomas, 300, 301, 302, 304, 305, 306.
 Holmes, Dr. Oliver Wendell, 307, 308, 309, 311, 313, 314, 315, 316, 319, 320, 321.
 Hopkins, President Mark, 109.
 Howe, Rev. William, 167.
 Humphrey, Hon. Friend, 262.
 Hunter, Des Brosses, 27.
 Hunter, Hon. John, 27.
 Hunter's Island, 4.
- I**RVING, Washington, 12, 56.
 Ives, Mrs. Hope, 219.
- J**ACKSON, President Andrew, 148.
 Jacobs, Rev. Bela, 349.
 James of York, King, 7.
 Jay, John, 12.
 Jay, Hon. Peter A., 48.
 Jefferson, President Thomas, 65.
 Jewett, Professor Milo P., 299.
 Johnson, Rev. Franklin, D.D., 351.

- Judson, Adoniram, 64, 321.
 Judson, Mrs. Ann Hasseltine, 202.
- KEELER**, Mr., 42, 43.
 Kelly, Robert, 51, 52, 53.
 Kelly, William, 51.
 Kingsley, Charles, 304.
 Kinney, Hon. Thomas, 260.
 Kinney, Thomas, jun., 260.
 Kirk, Dr. Edward N., 230.
 Kirkland, Mrs. Caroline M., 106.
 Kirkland, William, 103, 105.
 Knowles, Rev. James D., 201, 202, 203, 206.
- LANE** Seminary, 142.
 Leconte, Susanne, 28.
 Leisler, Jacob, 6.
 Lincoln, President Abraham, 281.
 Lincoln & Edmands, 120, 326.
 Lincoln, Rev. Heman, 207, 219, 238.
 Long Island Sound, 4.
 Loring, James, 143, 325.
 Lovell, John, 18.
 Lyell, Sir Charles, 59.
- MACAULAY**, Lord, 13.
 Macwhinney, Rev. William, 295.
 Mahan, Asa, 113.
 Malcom, Rev. Dr. Howard, 151, 226, 238.
 Marcy, Secretary William L., 264, 271, 274.
 Marshman, Rev. Dr., 62.
 Mason, Francis, 124.
 Mason, Rev. John Mitchell, 32.
 McWhorter, Rev. Dr., 130.
 Merrill, Hon. J. Warren, 350.
- Milbank, Mr., 283, 287.
 Mill, John Stuart, 112, 192.
 Miller, Rev. Samuel, DD., 117, 120.
 Mitchell, Samuel L., LL.D., 57, 58, 100.
 Monteith, Professor John, 107.
 Montgomery, Rev. Dr., 283.
 Moore, Mr. (of London), 156.
 Morris, Gouverneur, 12.
 Mott, Dr. Valentine, 60.
 Müller, Max, 191.
- NEALE**, Rev. Dr. Rollin H., 206, 231.
 Nevin, Tutor, 120.
 Newark, 259.
 "Newark Daily Advertiser," 260.
 New Rochelle, 1, 5, 6, 13, 27, 34.
 Newton Theological Seminary, 122, 124.
 New York, 13, 98.
 Nott, Rev. Dr. Eliphalet, 270, 271.
 Noyes, Dr., 107.
- O'CONNELL**, Daniel, 156.
 Olmstead, Rev. Dr. John W., 244, 247, 294.
 Oucken, J. G., 345, 346.
- PARKER**, Theodore, 227, 239, 240.
 Parker, Rev. Dr., 185.
 Parkerism, 226.
 Parton, James, 65, 85, 86.
 Pattison, Rev. Robert Everett, D.D., 211.
 Patton, Rev. Dr. A. S., D.D., 135, 307, 314.
 Pelham, 1, 4, 5, 13, 27, 28, 34, 37.

- Pell, Rev. John, 8, 9, 10.
 Pell, Lord John, 1, 7, 10, 11.
 Pell, Sarah, 2.
 Pell, Thomas, 1, 7, 13.
 Perrine, Rev. Dr., 40.
 Phillips, Wendell, 158.
 Pierce, ex-President Franklin, 323.
 Pitman, Judge, 162.
 Plymouth, 197.
 Pond, Moses, 144.
 Post, Mrs. Dr. Wright, 30.
 Pressensé, Rev. Dr., 186.
 Prevost, Theodosia, 83.
- RATHBONE**, Gen. John F., 265.
 Raymond, Rev. John H., LL.D., 302.
 "Register, The Christian," 319.
 "Review, The Christian," 203.
 Rhode Island Historical Society, 351, 352.
 Rice, Rev. Luther, 64.
 Richards, Abraham, 42.
 Ripley, Professor Henry J., 121.
 Rippon, Rev. Dr. John, 354.
 Robinson, Dr. Edward, 109.
 Rogers, Mrs. Dr. Alexander W., 34.
 Roosevelt, Elbert, 23.
 Roscoe, William, banker and author, 53.
 Ruggles-street Church, 168.
- SALEM**, 197.
 Schuyler, Philip, 12.
 Scott, Sir Walter, 56.
 Sears, Rev. Barnas, D.D., 346.
 Seton, Eliza Ann Bayléy, 28.
 Seton, William, 30.
- Seymour, Rev. Dr., 168.
 Sharp, Mrs. Ann Cauldwell, 298.
 Sharp, Dr. Daniel, 231, 250, 292, 293, 297.
 Sheldon, Smith, 303.
 Shipley, Simon G., 168.
 Simpson, Hon. John K., 148.
 Smith, Charles C., 16.
 Smith, Dr. J. V. C., 152.
 Smith, Rev. Dr. S. F., 293.
 Snow, Dr. (author), 143.
 Snow, Prince, 143.
 Sprague, Rev. Dr. William B., 268.
 Spring, Rev. Dr., 68.
 Spurgeon, Rev. C. H., 354, 355.
 Stanley, Dean, 109, 303, 304, 309.
 Sterne, 79.
 Stillman, Rev. Samuel, D.D., 137, 138, 139, 143.
 Stockbridge, Rev. Dr., 293.
 Stone, Col. William L., 98.
 Story, Judge, 162, 199, 200, 311, 320.
 Stow, Rev. Baron, 203, 204, 205, 231, 242.
 Stowe, Phineas, 169.
 Strong, Professor Theodore, LL.D., 106.
 Stuart, Professor, 120.
 Sullivan, Deacon John, 143.
 Sumner, Hon. Charles, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165.
- TAYLOR**, Father, 169.
 Thompson, Hon. George, 154, 155, 153.
 Tuoreau, Henry D., 187.
 Ticknor & Fields, 320.
 Ticknor, Mr., 320, 321, 322.
 Trinity Church, New Rochelle, 2.

- Trinity College, Cambridge⁴
England, 8.
- Tuckerman, Rev. Dr. Joseph,
168.
- UPHAM**, Rev. Dr. Charles W.,
198, 199, 319.
- Uram, Deacon, 144.
- VAN BUREN**, President Mar-
tin, 130, 264, 272.
- Vanderpool, Jacob, 279.
- Vassar College, 52, 298, 299, 300,
303, 305.
- Vassar, Matthew, 63, 299.
- Vinton, Dr. Alexander II., 231,
239.
- Voltaire, 78, 79.
- WADE**, Jonathan, 348.
- Walsh, John, 45, 91.
- Ward, Rev. Dr., 62.
- Wardlaw, Dr., 128.
- Ware, Rev. Henry, jun., 170, 171.
- Washington, Judge, 152.
- Waterman, Rev. Dr., 168.
- Wayland, President Francis,
127, 128, 138, 144, 209, 213, 214,
218, 223, 324.
- Webster, Daniel, 5, 105, 157, 158,
165, 246.
- Welch, Rev. Dr. Bartholomew
T., 132, 262, 263, 265, 266, 268,
271.
- Weston, Rev. Dr., 283, 292.
- Wheaton, Eber, 44.
- Williams College, 109.
- Williams, Rev. John, 48, 61, 62,
64, 116.
- Williams, Hon. John M. S., 327-
329, 349.
- Williams, Roger, 34, 209, 210,
198, 199, 200, 201, 222, 310, 319,
353.
- Williams, William R., 47, 48,
51, 54.
- Wilson, Daniel M., 251, 253,
255.
- Winchell, Rev. James M., 138.
- Winslow, Father, 144.
- Witherspoon, Dr., 79.
- Withington, John, 63.
- Woods, Professor Alva, 219.
- Wyckoff, Peter, 41.
- Wyckoff, Rev. Mr., 41, 42, 44.
- ZABRISKIE**, Simeon, 91.





COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY



0035520930

938.5

H12

name

life notes

938.5

H12

676763φ1
1φ39292φ

