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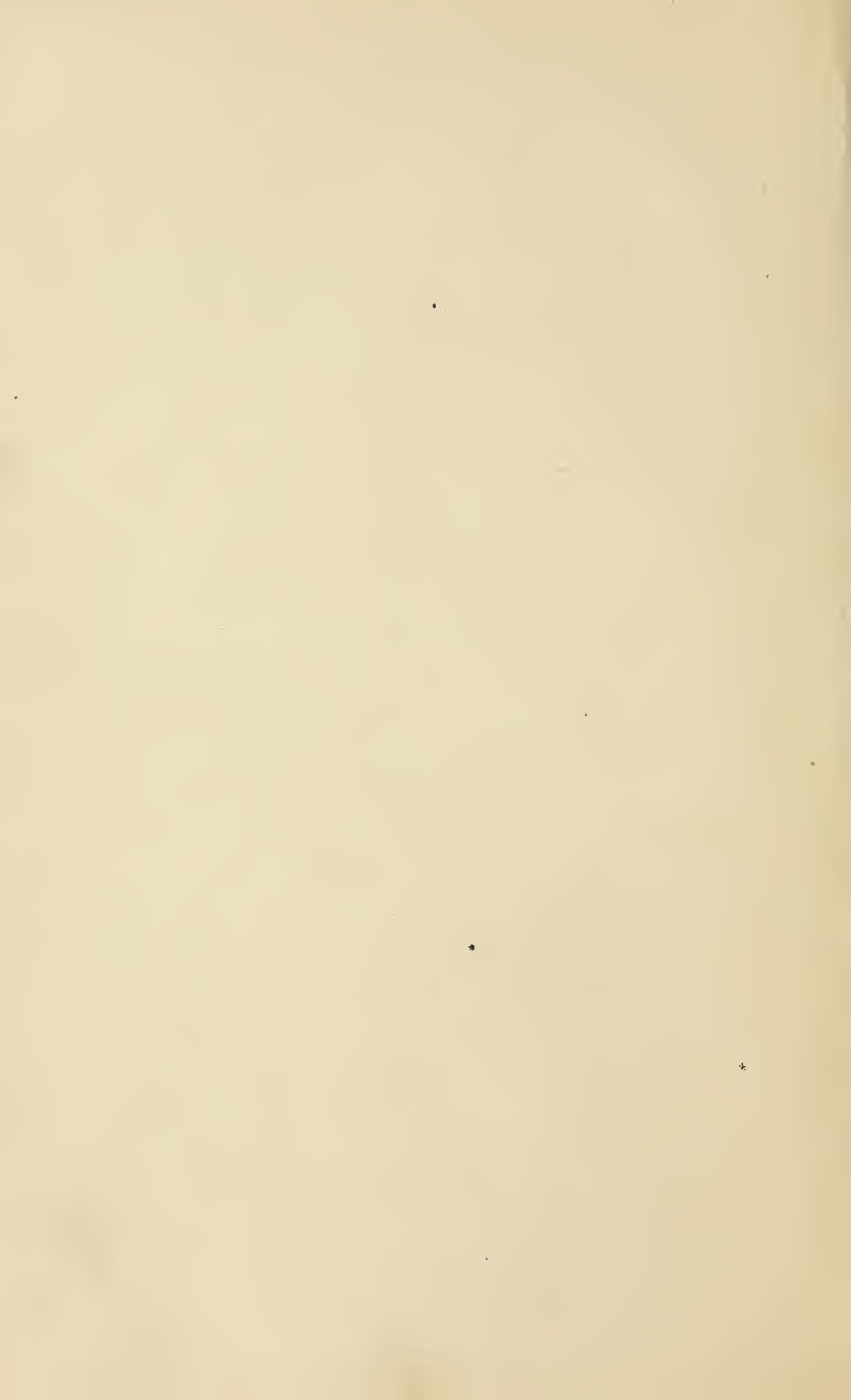
1830.

Harvard University Class of 1830

H. U.

MEMOIRS.

BOSTON:
PRESS OF ROCKWELL AND CHURCHILL, 39 ARCH STREET.
1886.



L.D.
2147
1830

Survivors of the Class of 1830, H. U., appointed the undersigned a committee to cause memoirs of classmates passed away to be prepared and printed for private distribution.

They desire to express their thanks to the writers of the following memoirs, kindly contributed.

JOHN O. SARGENT,
JAMES DANA,
THOMAS C. AMORY.

MAY, 1886.

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WILLIAM PENNIMAN.

1810 — 1832.

BY HIS KINSMAN, MOSES WILLIAMS, OF BROOKLINE.

WILLIAM PENNIMAN, who graduated from Harvard College, in the class of 1830, was the son of Elisha and Sybil (Allen) Penniman, and was born in Boston, June 19, 1810.

As a child he was of a sensitive and affectionate disposition, showing an unusual consideration for his younger brothers and sisters. His physique was always rather delicate, and his tastes rather studious than athletic.

The same characteristics seem to have marked his college life; the increasing feebleness of his frame made him rather shy and thoughtful, although it did not prevent him from attaining respectable rank as a scholar, and, while he commanded the respect of his classmates, he was not well enough to enter very fully into their sports and pleasures.

He received the honor of a part at one of the exhibitions during his college course, and had also a part in the Commencement exercises of his class.

After his graduation he turned his thoughts toward the profession of the ministry; but his health soon began to fail, and he died, of consumption, on February 13, 1832, his decease having possibly been hastened by the death of his father, which had happened only three months before.

William Penniman was one of a family of thirteen children, of whom at this time (1884) but two survive.

WILLIAM ANDREWS.

1810—1838.

BY HIS BROTHER, SAMUEL P. ANDREWS, OF SALEM.

WILLIAM ANDREWS, second son of John Hancock and Nancy (Page) Andrews, was born at Salem, Mass., June 1, 1810, and was fitted for college, partly at the private school of John Walsh (son of the author of "Walsh's Arithmetic," of which you may have a lively remembrance), and partly at the Public Latin School in Salem. He entered Harvard University as Freshman, obtained a fair rank in his class, and graduated in due course in 1830. From the University he passed immediately into the Divinity School in Cambridge, took the entire course of three years of preparatory study, and, after leaving "the school" and preaching for a short while in various places, was invited to settle as pastor over the Unitarian church at Chelmsford, in this State. In this parish he passed a quiet, useful, and acceptable life, greatly loved by his people and respected by all with whom he came in contact, until November 18, 1838, when he died of a brain fever, leaving no line which he could wish to blot, and no enemy with whom he need be reconciled.

He was never married.

This is a very meagre account of a quiet and unobtrusive life in which many were interested.

HENRY AUGUSTUS WALKER.

1809—1838.

BY HIS FRIEND, REV. SAMUEL A. DEVENS, OF BOSTON.

HENRY AUGUSTUS WALKER was born* in Charlestown, Mass., November 22, 1809. He was fitted for college at Phillips Academy, Exeter. In college he was gentle and modest, devoted to his studies, just in his judgment of persons and opinions, and possessed of deep moral and religious principle. His diffidence prevented intimate intercourse with classmates, but he stood well with them, and graduated with a respectable rank. The temper of his mind was always serious, and he chose with readiness the profession of divinity, pursuing his studies at Harvard Divinity School, graduating in 1833.

In company with his friend, Rev. Samuel A. Devens, of Charlestown, he made a tour of the several States of our Union. He then went abroad, travelling in England, Scotland, and France, remaining for some time, pursuing his studies, at the University in Berlin, Germany.

He turned his travels to good account, and could describe with vividness what he had seen, learned, or heard; having accurately observed the characteristics of the nations where he travelled.

After his return he entered upon the duties of his profession, leaving a favorable impression of his character and capacity wherever he labored. His health soon rapidly failed, and he sailed for Santa Cruz, and arrived at that island, Wednesday, Feb. 14, 1838. The warmth of the climate prostrated his little

remaining strength, and he passed away the following Saturday. He received tender care and judicious treatment. The funeral service was held in the Episcopal church, and a procession of Americans, and some of the residents, followed the coffin to the resting-place of the remains, in the cemetery on the island.

Mr. Walker was a man of a singularly clear and discriminating mind, of great candor, justice, and sincerity. As a scholar he was correct and indefatigable. He loved study because he loved truth. He sought for it as the pearl of great price. As a friend he was faithful and firm. No one had occasion to question the warmth of his affections, or their truth and permanency. His conscience was quick and active. His feelings were tender and delicate. Though embarrassingly timid he was a courageous advocate of truth and rectitude. His temperament was calm, dispassionate, philosophic.

TRIBUTE TO HENRY AUGUSTUS WALKER.

WRITER UNKNOWN.

We cannot allow his familiar and beloved name to be entered in the common record of mortality without paying a simple and affectionate tribute to the character for whose sake it is everlastingly engraven on our heart. Our classmate at the Divinity School was a companion, a friend, a brother. And, now that he has gone where praise cannot disturb him, we take peculiar pleasure in speaking freely of the many virtues which, in his lifetime, were concealed from the public eye by that charming and singular modesty of his, which he wore as a delicate veil, except in the presence of his friends. His was no common mind, and he took delight in the gravest studies. His taste was pure and elevated;

his discrimination accurate; his judgment unusually sound and mature; and in wisdom he was early old. His was no ordinary heart. His affections were warm, his attachments singularly strong and true. No man, at all times, extended a more hearty welcome to a friend. None grasped the hand more emphatically. None afforded more sincere and unostentatious sympathy. None performed the best but most difficult office of a friend more gently and faithfully. He was humane, forgiving, and hopeful of man. But a little fact, that comes up while we are writing, will throw more light upon his heart than all our words. One of the last times we saw him we were speaking of his pale and sunken cheek, and of the benefits and pleasures of sickness. "The greatest happiness I feel," said he, "while I am wasting away, is found in looking upon my friends who are in health, and the children I pass in the streets, with their ruddy faces, because I can now have a *full and exquisite relish of what they are enjoying.*" His principles were sound; his moral sense was quick and delicate. With great humility he was one of the boldest advocates and approvers of the right, — one of the sternest foes and rebukers of the wrong, — and, withal, an unusual spirituality sanctified his virtues. With such a moral foundation for a useful and happy life were coupled a weak constitution and a delicate physical frame. After leaving the Divinity School he spent two years in Europe, in travel and study, with great benefit to the intellect, but, unfortunately, with little improvement of the health. On his return to Boston he preached occasionally, and with great acceptance to his hearers, though debility prevented that forcible delivery, which was all he lacked to make him an eminent and popular preacher. As his health gradually declined he was recommended to visit a milder clime, only, as it has proved, to breathe out his noble spirit amongst fairer flowers and under softer skies in the place of the sweeter smiles of kindred and the dearer roof of home. But the home of such as he is wherever the peaceful and sustaining influences of the Holy Spirit can descend to console and deliver a child of God, in the mortal agony, or angels can wait to carry the enfranchised soul of the uncomplaining sufferer to the Saviour's bosom.

BENJAMIN P. WELLES.

1809 — 1840.

BY HIS CLASSMATE, JOHN O. SARGENT, OF NEW YORK.

BENJAMIN PRATT WELLES, born in Boston in 1809, was the eighth child of John and Abigail Welles, of that city. He received his early instruction at the Public Latin School, in Boston, chiefly under the immediate charge of Mr. Benjamin A. Gould, then the principal of that seminary, and of Mr. Frederick P. Leverett, both of whom are now kindly remembered by their surviving pupils for the thorough and conscientious discharge of their duties. Benjamin was a good scholar, and was especially marked for the interest he manifested in the study of Greek, in which he easily led all the fellow-students in his division. He entered Harvard College in 1826, maintaining a respectable standing in the class, and, after graduating, passed some time in Europe, and visited his uncle (on the mother's side), Mr. Samuel Welles, the eminent American banker, in Paris, where he enjoyed excellent opportunities of extending his acquaintance with intelligent and educated Americans from various parts of the United States, for whom the office and house of Mr. Welles were for many years the Parisian head-quarters.

On his return to Boston he entered the house of John & Benjamin Welles, then doing a business, banking and exchange, with the Paris and Havre houses of Welles & Co. In this connection he remained until he died, — unmarried, — in 1840.

It is much to say of any one, — and it is true of Mr. Welles,

—that he was a warm friend, an amiable companion, and a punctilious gentleman.

In his disposition he was eminently social. His taste for theatrical entertainments was highly cultivated, and he was seldom absent from the Federal street and the old Tremont theatres on the appearance of any distinguished actor, or the production of any meritorious novelty. This inclination led him, in his school days, to interest himself in forming a club of boys that met at private houses, for the production of acts and scenes from the standard drama, tragic or farcical. Under the tuition of Mr. Turner, a successful teacher of elocution at that period, portions of Shakspeare's "Julius Cæsar" were brought out in the spacious circular dining-room of Mr. John Welles, when the butler's pantries were converted into dressing-rooms, and the drugget served as an extemporized curtain. These were followed by specimens after Sylvester Daggerwood, or scenes from "Love laughs at Locksmiths,"—winding up with one of those delightful suppers for actors and audience for which the old mansion in Summer street was famous for nearly half a century.

Actors and audience have passed away leaving but two or three survivors; and even they would find it difficult in the business blocks of the neighborhood to point out the precise spot which was the centre of so much social interest as were the mansions so long occupied by the Welleses and Grays.

The name of Welles has been long and honorably associated with Harvard College. Mr. John Welles, the father of our subject, was a graduate of the class of 1782. His life was one of usefulness and honor, and he lived to an advanced age, enjoying the esteem and respect of all who knew him. He was a descendant, in the sixth generation, from Governor Thomas Welles, of Connecticut. Samuel Welles, of the fifth generation, graduated at Harvard College in 1744, and his brother, Arnold, in the following year. At a time when the college catalogue was arranged with regard to what was supposed to be some family criterion, or the social rank of the parents, Samuel Welles and Arnold Welles were placed first in the lists of their respective classes. This was perhaps a well-deserved recognition of the worth of the father, who was a native of Connecticut

and a graduate of Yale, but removed to Boston, on his marriage with Miss Arnold, in 1719. He held various public offices, judicial and political, and, though a Whig in principle, was for many years one of His Majesty's Council for the colony. He died in 1770. The last Quinquennial Catalogue contains the names of twenty-six of his descendants who have graduated at the University, eleven bearing the name of Welles, six that of Hunnewell. To these may be added one Lovering, two Taylors, three Sargents, and three Sturgises.

It may certainly be said of the member of His Majesty's Council that he has made ample return, in this long line of graduates, for the compliments of the College.

WILLIAM EUSTIS.

1810—1843.

BY THOMAS C. AMORY, OF BOSTON.

THE time draws near for printing the memoirs of our deceased classmates. These memoirs have been prepared by friends and kinsfolk, under the assurance and in the full expectation that this work would have been long since accomplished. There still remains one gap in our necrology to be filled before we can proceed to press. That of William Eustis is wanting.

All of us remembered him with respect, many with affection. He passed away more than forty years ago, and with the exception of one brief line in the class-book, that he had belonged to the Phi Beta Kappa and Hasty Pudding, no material seemed to have survived out of which to weave the story of his life. Letters addressed to Cambridge and Washington and to his surviving classmates elicited no information, and though loath to pass him by without recognition of his claims to remembrance, there seemed no alternative.

By inquiry at Brookline, where it is believed he was born, and where he is known to have resided from his earliest boyhood, we discovered that friends who had known him well were still living, and, upon referring to them, they responded with promptitude to our inquiries.

For what we have to tell of his life we mainly depend upon their communications, and propose to incorporate in our memoir as much of their account of him as our limits permit. With our own recollection of him, his slender frame, his studious

habits, absorbed look, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," his amiable disposition, more demonstrative in manner and expression than in words, a prepossessing countenance, staid and contemplative, marked with modest diffidence and unmistakable sincerity, which rarely beamed with delight or broke into hilarity, the account given of him by our correspondent, who knew him later, corresponds. We learn why it was that he was so generally regarded with affectionate respect by his college associates, and why from want of constitutional vigor his career was so comparatively unsuccessful and so prematurely closed.

The home of his childhood, if not of his birth, extended along the south side of Warren street, in Brookline, still, as then, one of the most lovely drives near Boston. Climbing the hill about a mile from what was then the Punch-Bowl Village, so called from the sign on Gerry's Tavern, near the end of the Milldam, we reach the rising ground where stood the old meeting-house, of which Dr. Pierce for half a century was pastor. Just beyond the more modern edifice on its site stood the home of his mother, Mrs. Eustis. The road continues on between the superb country seats of the Sargents and Gardners; turning abruptly at the top of the hill to Jamaica Pond, in one direction, in the other passing through the succession of splendid abodes of Winthrop, Lowell, Cabot, and Gardiner, to the park grounds of the Town and Country Club. This road, in our earliest recollection, hedged with barberry-bushes and sweet-briar, possessed a wild simplicity of peculiar fascination. If broader now and better kept it still retains its rural and sylvan attractions, and, with trees which have grown more majestic in age, lawns which are more gracefully dimpled as good taste and wealth have been expended, its shrubberies of tangled luxuriance, it may be equalled, but hardly surpassed.

The Eustis place, near the meeting-house and cemetery, rising abruptly from the road into dark ledges of rock covered with mosses and embowered in trees, was especially picturesque. The earlier mansion where Mrs. Eustis resided has given place to one of more modern construction; but the place still belongs to the family, or did quite recently. Across the road, under the shade of elms, tall and wide-spreading, stands the imposing and

ancient homestead of the Clarkes, to the daughters of which house now dwelling close by, nearer the reservoir, we are indebted for the following letter and sketch of our classmate.

The two families were neighbors and friends, and as William matured into manhood, if younger than himself, they were sufficiently beyond childhood to form and retain vivid impressions of his many amiabilities and sterling worth. With this introduction, the following letter and lines need no further explanation.

“In this busy, bustling world where original talents are duly estimated and applauded, and elegant and graceful manners win admiration for their possessor, how often is true delicacy and refinement unnoticed, because quiet and unobtrusive! Many a noble mind has been suffered to droop away for want of true sympathy, and many a warm heart has pined in solitude among its fellow-men. For such we may rejoice there is a better country, even a heavenly, where *true worth* is recognized.

It has been our purpose to give a slight sketch of one who was with us for a time both as teacher and superintendent in our Sabbath-School; but we feel the task to be one of great delicacy; we fear, lest we should not do justice to one of whom we think but with respect and admiration, whose character was appreciated but by a few who knew him well, and by whom his memory will ever be cherished.

He was a young man of excellent capacity, and his talents were diligently and carefully cultivated, and the readiness with which he imparted to others the stores of his well-filled mind made his society and conversation agreeable and instructive.

Perhaps the most beautiful trait in his character was his filial love; — never was there a more attentive and devoted son. In various kind and thoughtful acts was this exhibited. Some of his most beautiful plants, particularly those he knew to be his mother's favorites, were so arranged in the garden that she might enjoy them from the window of her sitting-room while she sat at work.

He had a great fondness for flowers, and in his younger days devoted much time to his favorite study of botany. He

loved to spend days in rambling through the woods and swamps, and there are now in his garden many rare and valuable plants which he brought home from such excursions. The trees and flowers he planted still flourish, though not as formerly; the traces of his skilful hand remain, but the pleasant voice and the kindly greeting are heard no more, and the places which once knew him shall know him no more forever.

Thoroughly and with great care he fitted himself for his profession, that of a physician; but in all his plans for life, and in various ways, he was doomed to disappointment and discouragement. His too susceptible mind was ill-calculated to buffet the difficulties of life, and though through his trials he never murmured or complained, they gradually wore him away.

Gradually his health became undermined, and without any actual disease he gently drooped away, becoming weaker every day, until at last he slept in peace. His last words were of anxiety lest he should trouble his friends.

He was well fitted to die. As was said of another, he had become accustomed to an existence beyond the body, for he had long lived in communion with the high realities of the soul. These had become the chief objects of his thoughts, and for them he had learned to cherish the deepest affection. Hence he lived so calmly here, — so uniform and consistent a life, — and hence the tranquillity of his death.

The following lines were written his mother¹ soon after his death; — that mother is now reunited with her son in that land where separation is unknown: —

With the measured tread of the burial pace
To the vaulted tomb they bore him;
The shades of death on his manly face,
And the pall hung darkly o'er him.

There was many a token upon his bier
Of a grief no heart could smother;
But the heaviest sigh and the bitterest tear —
They came from a mourning mother.

¹ By Mrs. A. M. C. Edmond.

She had watched by his couch with a soul of woe
 And a love that ne'er was stronger,
 Till her casket was crushed by the spoiler's blow,
 Till it held her gem no longer.

She gave his clay to the burial sod,
 To the grave's cold, gloomy prison;
 But she knew that its tenant was with God, —
 She knew that his soul had risen.

A voice from a higher world he heard,
 Like the tones of an angel seeming;
 And the deep, deep font of his soul it stirred
 In the hour of his midnight dreaming.

A soft, sweet lay in his charmed ear rung, —
 A call to those blest dominions;
 And his mantle of clay aside he flung,
 And soared on his heavenly pinions.

Away, away to the seraph choir,
 To the land forever vernal,
 To the light that kindled the slumbering fire
 Of his soul with a flame eternal!

The mist that long on his spirit lay
 Ere the death-stroke came to sever,
 In the beams of that morning rolled away,
 And it rolled away forever.

He hath passed away to a purer sphere,
 For there were no ties to bind him;
 But the loved who brightened his pathway here
 In their fond hearts have enshrined him."

Little else remains to be said. With his sensitive temperament, shrinking from observation, his own desire, perhaps, was to be forgotten and fade away into oblivion. But his unobtrusive traits and exemplary character have left in the memory of his friends a monument not soon to crumble. His life was thus useful for example and encouragement; nor while it lasted was it stale or unprofitable. After taking his degree, at Cambridge, he selected for his profession the art of healing, to which he was well adapted by nature. He had besides another incentive.



The year before he entered Harvard his uncle and namesake died in office, as Governor of Massachusetts, at the age of 73. He had enlisted, in the American army as surgeon's mate in 1775, and as chief surgeon, remained in the service till the war ended. He practised in Boston from 1788 to 1793; in the General Court, took an active and distinguished part in the debates; represented the district in Congress for a term; was then the Secretary of War; and governor 1824-1825. He had a superb residence, at Dorchester, to which Governor Shirley, in 1745, gathered his army for the reduction of Louisburg. After the death of the widow of the governor, the house became a convent, and while so dedicated to religious uses, the spacious chamber occupied by Lafayette served as the chapel. There, doubtless, so long as their aunt survived and they were living, William was a frequent guest, as well as the able, glorious Horace, his cousin, son of Col. Abraham Eustis, distinguished in the war with England in 1812-15.

Though circumstances and inclination prompted him to follow in the steps of his uncle, as a physician, and he took his medical degree in 1834, at Harvard, with pleasant companions, Dr. Wilde and others well-remembered medical men, left no opening in the then small community of Brookline for one so young and inexperienced. His mother's health, and her dependence upon his society and protection, forbade the thought of going where there was less competition. This disappointment of his aspirations may have occasioned the tendency to melancholy, to which he was naturally disposed, and quickened the seeds of premature decay, which soon brought his life to an end.

JOHN BRYANT,
SON OF JOHN BRYANT AND MARY CLEVELAND SMITH.

1810 — 1847.

BY HIS DAUGHTER, JULIA BRYANT PAINE, OF BOSTON.

AFTER graduating, Mr. Bryant made an extended tour in Europe, which lasted about a year. After his return he was admitted to partnership in the firm of Bryant & Sturgis, of which his father was senior member.

In 1835 he married Georgina Gardner, daughter of the late George Gardner Lee, of Boston, and with occasional absences in Europe and in this country, for business or pleasure, he lived in Boston during the remainder of his life. His wife died in 1841 or '42, without children. In 1844 he married her sister, Mary Anna Lee, and soon afterwards retired from business. He died on the 15th of October, 1847, in the 37th year of his age. By his second wife (who survived him) he had two daughters. The elder died in infancy, a few months before her father. The younger in 1867 married Charles Jackson Paine, of class of '53.

BY HIS FRIEND, JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.¹

Surrounded by all which makes life desirable; prosperous, honored, beloved, happy in all his social relations; gifted with a sweet and sunny temper, with a keen sense of

¹ Written soon after Mr. Bryant's decease.

enjoyment, with a merry heart, whose outpourings were so sparkling that he was not only happy himself, but was the cause of happiness in others; possessing, apparently, that which to heathen philosophy seemed the greatest good,—the healthy mind in the healthy body,—our friend has been summoned from the very midst of life's banquet, and, in the high-noon of manhood, to lay down his treasures, and to leave forever the warm precincts of the day.

It was hard for such a man to die. Although we know that he submitted to the decree with calmness, yet it is hard to bear his loss. He was one whom it is difficult to do without. He was emphatically *a man*, as little sophisticated and conventionalized, as real, as true, as vigorous, as it is often one's lot to meet upon the dull road of life. The qualities of his mind, of his heart, of his character were all admirable.

“The elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, ‘This was a man.’”

His mind was no common one. It was quick, healthy, robust, accurate, sagacious; it had been cultivated by an excellent education, improved by much travel and intercourse with the world, and imbued with a love of literature and with an unaffected but refined and appreciating love of art.

No one made fewer pretensions, yet his mind acknowledged no man master; and it was, therefore, that companionship with him was so delightful, because his thoughts and his words were individual and his own, and not mere contributions to swell the long, loud, wearisome monotone which goes up so ceaselessly from the level surface of society.

As he was a bold and manly thinker, so was he prompt, courageous, and resolute in action, and emphatically one of those who impress themselves indelibly upon their fellow-men,—but it was, after all, the fine qualities of his heart and his character which made him beloved and respected by all who knew him; and in speaking of these one need be in no fear of using exaggerated language.

No words are more than adequate to express his perfect and unsullied integrity or his steadfast truth, which all hearts in communion with him felt that they could trust as an anchor, whatever storms of adversity might assail them.

In brief, a powerful and cultivated mind, principles lofty and pure, a character without a stain, a strong and sincere religious feeling; equally removed from the bigotry of idolatry or that of free-thinking; a heart as open as the day, loving, affectionate, manly, "a brave spirit in a loyal breast." These were the attributes of him whose loss we so deeply deplore.

A troop of friends to whom he was endeared, not only by his manly virtues, but by his frank and joyous disposition, his perfect and impregnable temper, his well-bred but hearty manners, will feel more and more every succeeding day how much of their life's habitual sunshine has been clouded by his departure. His flashes of merriment will be long and freshly remembered by them, his manly voice will long ring and reëcho in their hearts, and even those whose lot it may be to see their years protracted to the extreme limit of humanity, will bear with them to its close the image of Bryant, as of one associated with the best and brightest portion of their days, as an undying embodiment of their own life's noon, an image of manhood ennobled by many of its brightest and loftiest characteristics.

BENJAMIN H. ANDREWS.

1811 — 1847.

BY HIS NEPHEW, MORTON D. ANDREWS, OF BOSTON.

BENJAMIN HALSEY ANDREWS was the son of James Andrews, a leading Boston merchant, and Sarah Winthrop, his wife, who was a grand-daughter of Professor Winthrop, of Harvard College, and a lineal descendant of the first governor of Massachusetts, John Winthrop, and his third wife, Margaret Tyndale.

Mr. Andrews was born in Boston in the year 1811, and died in Philadelphia in the year 1847. He was never married. His mother, who died in Boston in 1863, and five brothers and two sisters survived him.

He received his early education at the hands of private tutors, and when about twelve years of age entered the Boston Latin School, where he remained until he had finished the full course of instruction. After graduating from that school he entered Harvard College, in the class of 1830. He graduated as the valedictorian of his class. He entered the Harvard Law School, and graduated in the class of 1833. In college and at the law school he took high position in his classes, which he maintained during his entire stay in Cambridge.

After leaving the law school he entered the office of the late Hon. Elias Hasket Derby, in Boston, and in a short period became Mr. Derby's law partner, and remained with him until feeble health compelled him to retire from the active practice of his profession.

Mr. Andrews was admitted to the Massachusetts bar at the

October term of the Court of Common Pleas for Suffolk County in the year 1833. His career at the bar was short, but during the time he was in active practice he tried many cases, among them some which were important.

After his admission to the bar he travelled extensively in Europe, visiting among other countries England, Scotland, France, Switzerland, and Italy.

Socially Mr. Andrews was very popular, having many friends, and taking an active part in most of the entertainments of his day. He was very bright and witty, and his friends recall even now some of his funny sayings. His classmates and friends say, had he lived he would have undoubtedly made his mark in the profession which he had chosen.

His early death was due to an accident. He was thrown from his horse while riding over South Boston bridge. He never recovered from this fall, and although at times he seemed better, yet he was never able to resume active practice.

SAMUEL MCBURNEY.

1799 — 1849.

BY HIS SISTER, MRS. JAMES B. DOW, OF BOSTON.

REV. SAMUEL MCBURNEY was born in the north of Ireland, near Belfast, in the year 1799. Owing to the death of his father, at an early age, he was taken from one of the best schools in Belfast, and soon after came to Boston, where he made many kind friends and joined a literary society composed of some of the best young men of the city.

Mr. McBurney was a man of fine personal appearance, and of marked ability, a fine reader and speaker.

After a few years his friends were anxious to have him go to college, which he concluded to do, and prepared under the care of Rev. Theodore Edson, of Lowell.

Mr. McBurney was much beloved by all his friends, refined in manner and in heart, — a true Christian gentleman. After his graduation he studied for the ministry, under Rev. Dr. Edson, and was ordained as an Episcopal minister. His first call was to Springfield, Mass., where he preached acceptably for a few years, and there married Laura Lyman, daughter of Mr. Samuel Lyman, of that place. He then came to Boston, and became City Missionary of the Episcopal Church, where he was faithful, zealous, and useful. Three children, one son and two daughters, were born in Boston, only one of whom is now living, who although very young at the time of his death, recalls his devotion to his family as a husband and father.

Circumstances made it best for him to go to Philadelphia as his family increased. He was there, however, but a short time when he was taken ill with typhoid fever, which ended in death, July 9, 1849, at the age of 50 years. He was buried in Ronaldson's Cemetery, Philadelphia.

FRANKLIN SAWYER.

1809 — 1851.

BY HIS FRIEND, CHIEF-JUSTICE CAMPBELL, OF MICHIGAN.

FRANKLIN SAWYER was the son of Franklin and Mary Sawyer, and was born in Cambridge, June, 1809. Immediately after graduating (in 1830) he came to Detroit, and entered the law office of Gen. Charles Larned, a leading advocate, where, during the period required to be spent before admission to the bar, he had, as his associates, Samuel Pitts, a classmate, and Jacob M. Howard (afterward U. S. Senator), with both of whom he was subsequently engaged in business. Having a good deal of leisure he became with some friends interested in founding the "Detroit Courier," which was a literary journal of merit, chiefly managed and edited by Mr. Sawyer, Charles Cleland, and Ebenezer S. B. Canning, all gentlemen of education and refinement, and all forcible and elegant writers. This paper was merged in the "Detroit Advertiser," which was then the leading Whig paper of Michigan, and Mr. Sawyer became a principal editor of that journal. He took an active and influential part in territorial and State politics. In 1832 he joined with several other young men in establishing the Detroit Young Men's Society, which remained for half a century an active association, having an important influence on the literary advancement of the community. In 1841, the Whigs being in power, he was appointed Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State, and gave up his practice, which had been large, to devote himself to the development of the Public-School System, which had been well planned by his predecessor, Mr. Pierce, but which received

much profit from the earnest and wise efforts of Mr. Sawyer, who had charge of the management of the school lands, as well as of the educational functions of his office. His successors give him great credit for his work. He remained in this office two years, and was then summoned to take charge as Superintendent of the School System of New Orleans. In that city his success was quite marked, and his services were highly appreciated. After a few years he returned to the North, and thereafter made his home in Cambridgeport, Mass., till his death.

Mr. Sawyer was tall and erect, with thick and curly brown hair and large blue eyes. His features were mobile and expressive, and his manner energetic and earnest. He had a pleasant though ardent temper, and was a ready and eloquent speaker, and his conversation was animated and attractive. He succeeded very well at the bar. He was strictly honest in mind and in business. He was an enthusiast in his sentiments, but well-balanced and deliberate in his conclusions. He was in private life very much loved and esteemed.

ISAAC APPLETON JEWETT.

1809 — 1852.

BY HIS KINSMAN, S. ARTHUR BENT, OF CLINTON, MASS.

ISAAC APPLETON JEWETT, the son of Moses and Emily (Appleton) Jewett, was born at Burlington, Vt., in 1809. Entering college at the beginning of the course he gave promise of what distinguished him in mature life, — sound scholarship, a refined musical and literary taste, and engaging manners.

After graduation he studied law, to the practice of which he devoted a few years at Cincinnati and New Orleans. His tastes, however, led him to other pursuits. In 1835 he made his first tour of Europe; the unusual social advantages he there enjoyed, and his keen powers of observation and vivid description, bore fruit in two volumes, entitled, "Passages in Foreign Travel." They originally appeared in the form of letters, and to the end of his life Jewett was emphatically a letter-writer. Although not engaged in specific literary labors, after the publication of the "Passages" and the "Appleton Memorial," his familiarity with the languages and literature of Europe, and the graphic power with which he reproduced his own experiences and impressions, gave to his pen-pictures of subsequent travel a piquancy and charm only equalled by his conversation.

The "Memorial of Samuel Appleton, of Ipswich, Mass., with genealogical notices of some of his descendants," was compiled by Jewett from materials collected mainly by his uncles, Eben and Nathan Appleton, and was printed in 1850. It was one of the first attempts to trace American genealogy to its source

beyond the Atlantic. The acquaintance with the widely spread members of his family at home, which the preparation of this volume gave Jewett, caused him, during the later years of his life, to make frequent journeys and reports upon their material well-being, on behalf of a venerable relative whose retirement was cheered by the vivacious letters in which these journeys were described. Jewett had now established himself at Keene, N.H., drawn thither by the presence of another member of his family, and by the cultivated society of that beautiful town. He was in the habit, however, of visiting, from time to time, various members of his family, where he was always a welcome guest, for, while his manners were distinguished, his conversation was as far removed from arrogance as from commonplace. He loved truth, sincerity, and naturalness, wherever he found them; he hated shams, hypocrisy, and falsehood, of every kind.

In the appropriation during his short life of forty-four years of what was best in the culture of two continents, Jewett fulfilled the purpose of the quotation which he wrote, with his name, in the Class-Book at graduation: "The world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open." He died at Keene, N.H., Jan. 14, 1853, and was buried at Burlington, where his tombstone bears an even more appropriate inscription: "He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."

LEVI C. EATON.

1812 — 1852.

BY HIS SON, AMASA C. EATON, OF PROVIDENCE, R.I.

L EVI CURTIS EATON, son of Levi and Susan (Howe) Eaton, was born at Framingham, Mass., in 1812. He prepared for college at Framingham Academy, and entered Harvard University in 1826, graduating in 1830. He then went to Providence, R.I., and studied law in the office of Wm. R. Staples, who became afterwards Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island. He was admitted to the bar, and became an active lawyer. In 1837 he married Sarah B. (Mason) Rugles, of Providence. His practice steadily increased until failing health compelled him to abandon the profession. In retirement he gratified his literary tastes and pursuits, and became much interested in horticultural matters. He died, in 1852, after great suffering for many years, from asthma and consumption.

JOSEPH BARNEY WILLIAMS.

1810 — 1853.

BY HIS CLASSMATE, JOHN O. SARGENT, OF NEW YORK.

JOSEPH BARNEY WILLIAMS was born in Baltimore on the 16th of October, 1810. He was the son of Nathaniel Williams, a graduate of Harvard College of 1801, and for many years United States District Attorney for Maryland. He received his early education in his native city, and was fitted for college at the Round Hill School, in Northampton, Mass., then under the charge of Messrs. Cogswell & Bancroft. He entered the Sophomore Class in Harvard College in 1827. On graduating, in 1830, he studied law in his father's office, and was in due course admitted to the bar. Of a social disposition, with winning manners and many entertaining and attractive qualities, he became a general favorite in the best circles to a degree that interfered with great professional success. For several years he had the appointment as notary public and commissioner, for which he was admirably qualified by his habitual clerical neatness and accuracy. For a number of years the writer was in communication with him in his exercise of these vocations, and had opportunities of knowing with what conscientious care he discharged all trusts imposed on him. He died on the 30th of August, 1853.

JAMES BENJAMIN.

Died, 1853.

BY HIS FRIEND, WILLIAM MINOT, OF BOSTON.

DIED, at Springfield, Mass., 25th August, 1853, James Benjamin, Esq., a member of the Suffolk bar.

The death of any upright man, in the prime of life, who has been thoroughly educated, and has proved himself able and faithful in the discharge of a liberal profession, is always a public loss, and in some sense demands a public notice. By such a death the community loses the benefit of an intelligence trained to conduct to a successful issue the complicated and critical affairs of life, and of a foresight and sagacity fitted to point out a safe path for the energy of others, or to extricate from difficulties and embarrassments, which the most prudent cannot always avoid. Then passes away from the life and use of man a matured judgment, a courage to assume responsibility and a competency to discharge it, a proved and admitted fidelity to duty, resource enriched by experience, a rectitude both intrinsic and enlightened, knowledge of character, a liberal interpretation of the motives of men, and the feeling of repose and reliance enjoyed by those who are brought into relations with such a man. The public is rich in proportion to its accumulation of such characters, and the loss of any such mind and character so far impoverishes it.

Mr. Benjamin, though not widely known, had an influence and power of character which eminently illustrated these remarks. He was educated at Harvard College, bred to the profession of the law in the office of William Minot, Esq., of

Boston, and admitted to the bar of Suffolk county in the year 1834. A taste for retirement, a disinclination to try causes of which the issue could not be made nearly certain by careful preparation before trial, a certain mistrust, perhaps not ill-founded, of the competency of juries to arrive at accurate results, a love of certainty arising from the mathematical character of his mind, and a total absence of vanity or love of excitement, prevented his becoming conspicuous as an advocate at the bar; and, with occasional exceptions, in which he displayed marked ability, he confined himself to chamber practice. To this unnoted, but very important, branch of the profession he brought rare qualities of mind and character. His mind was thoroughly imbued with the principles of the common law, and by a rapidity of legal reasoning, which seemed almost intuitive, he applied those principles with great accuracy to the most complicated matters of business. Perplexing and intricate questions, when presented to his mind, were resolved as if by a chemical process into the sharp, well-defined, and crystalline forms of their legal relations, and, with these as a basis, his mind moved by steps of the purest legal reasoning and induction to the conclusion on which alone his client could safely stand. His capacity of marshalling facts under the legal principles which controlled them was very remarkable; and his power of applying these principles in all their purity, uncorrupted by the fallacy of false logic, made him competent to the clear and satisfactory solution of any questions however new and involved. He was not a great reader of cases, but loved and studied the elementary works; and the law was to him a pure science of principles, not a collection of authorities. In his early life he had a great taste for mathematics, and the accuracy, pure reason, and certainty of mathematical science strongly imbued his love and studies of the law. But he had combined with this power of legal reasoning much richness and felicity of thought, which gave freshness and originality to his mental operations, and were mainly the cause of his singular power of clearly and satisfactorily leading others to the conclusion on which his own mind rested. His arguments and discussions had a rare clearness and transparency, with which

conviction went so hand in hand that it was a great intellectual pleasure to listen to them. He added to and enriched this power with an admirable force of illustration. His illustrations were, as Walter Scott calls them, dangerous weapons; but they were dangerous to his adversary, and not to himself. They were singularly felicitous, complete, and unassailable. Drawn usually from familiar, and almost homely, objects, they had none of the charm of poetry, but all the beauty of truth irradiated. An obscure relation, not easily comprehended, started by the force of these into noonday clearness; and out of a mass of indefinite shadows and glimpses of truth he furnished a guide, not so much of authority as of unanswerable reason and conviction. His temper was admirably fitted for the exercise of those intellectual powers. It was calm, placable, self-reliant, and cautious. He trusted to the power of conviction alone to influence others,—of conviction enforced by temperate, but decisive argument. However harassed he rarely allowed himself to become irritated; and, as he had the power of condensed and epigrammatic sarcasm, this merit of good temper was due not less to self-control than to nature. The only form of character which excited his uncontrolled indignation was ignorance seeking to cloak itself under duplicity and meanness; and against this combination his rebuke was sharp and condensed. He hated falsehood and dishonesty. They were abhorrent alike to his incorruptible integrity and to his clear, straightforward mind. In all questions of moral conduct his judgment was nice and decisive. No man could be more thoroughly honest; he seemed indeed to be above temptation. His views of right and wrong were unbiassed by the distinctions which sometimes cloud the judgment in the complicated relations of a highly artificial state of society. His sense of justice knew no degrees of comparison, no shades or variety of color; but he walked through life on the right side of a clear and well-defined line of conduct. But the severity of his judgment over his own actions he charitably mitigated in his opinion of others. Few men have said less harsh things of others; and certainly he never said an ill-natured thing.

The great defect of Mr. Benjamin's character was his total

absence of ambition, — of that ambition which seeks to find the largest sphere for one's faculties, and to reap the most abundant harvest of labor. He took the responsibilities of life as they were forced upon him; he had no desire or enterprise to seek them out. When the occasion came he did his duty with the thoroughness and strength of a clear intellect and a compelling conscience. Endowed with talents which entitled him to take a very high place in his profession he was yet content to follow the paths of a comparatively subordinate one. Nor had he those qualities which sometimes supply, though imperfectly, the want of an enlarged ambition; he had no vanity, no love of notoriety or praise, and was indifferent to wealth and its enjoyments. Accident might have made him distinguished, for he was intellectually adequate to any occasion; but life had for him no interests keen enough, no temptations strong enough, to arouse his somewhat sluggish temperament. With his duty done was ended the spring to exertion. His conscience was iron, and his intellect was electric and played brilliant and beautiful over the lines and pathways of his duties; but beyond this the attraction was lost, and the vivifying power failed to operate. Probably the consciousness that the seeds of early death were sown in his system repressed his energies, and imparted a seriousness, and at times almost solemnity, to his thoughts and manners. His sympathies, though strong, were not quick; and without ready and comprehensive sympathies a man's influence is narrowed to the circle of his immediate friends. But with these Mr. Benjamin was social and full of cordial interest. And to those who knew him well he appeared so faithful a friend, so devoted a relative, so sound and reliable an adviser, so capable and conscientious in the exercise of his profession, and, withal, so peculiar, original, and excellent in his character, as to leave only the regret that his life was so short, and that he departed so little known and appreciated.

THOMAS HOPKINSON.

1804 — 1850.

BY HIS SON, JOHN P. HOPKINSON, OF CAMBRIDGE.

THOMAS HOPKINSON was the third son of Theophilus and Susanna (Allen) Hopkinson, and born in the village of New Sharon, near Farmington, Maine, August 25, 1804.

His father, Theophilus, born in Exeter, N.H., was left an orphan by the death of his father, a soldier of the Revolution, and brought up by an uncle, who, by harsh treatment, excessive work, and utter neglect of his education, exhausted the young man's patience. Tramping through New Hampshire and Maine, Theophilus cleared himself a farm, built a log-house, married and brought up a large family. Although he was a large and powerful man the hard work he had been obliged since boyhood to perform broke down his health at the early age of forty-five, and he was compelled to leave the management of the farm to his sons. The labor and responsibility fell largely on Thomas, then only fifteen years old; but an ever-strengthening taste for study, and the desire for an education higher than the neighborhood could furnish, made the farm-work irksome. At the age of seventeen he attended the Farmington Academy during the summer months, and in the winter taught school in his native village, with his two older brothers among his pupils. His success in this undertaking he attributed largely to the affectionate support of these brothers, who for his sake readily submitted to the mortification of being ruled by their junior.

No man is more impressed with his own ignorance than a faithful teacher; and in the case of Thomas Hopkinson the consciousness of his deficiencies increased the love of study; but the ill-health of his father and older brother, and the absence of his oldest brother, obliged him to continue the alternate farming and teaching until his twenty-first year, when he determined to seek a collegiate education, if possible, at Bowdoin College. He was forced by his poverty to prepare himself, and mastered the required amount of Latin and Greek in a single year. Just before the time for going up for examination, at Bowdoin, two gentlemen, Mr. Henry H. Fuller, of Boston, and Mr. Simeon C. Whittier, of Augusta, becoming greatly interested in him, urged him to go to Cambridge, and promised to aid him with letters and money. His friends at home, strong in the Baptist faith, begged him not to go to "the very fountain-head of infidelity," and "where they had forsaken the true God;" but Thomas, no longer sympathizing with their views, and holding rather to the Unitarian doctrine, decided to try his luck at Harvard, and never regretted the decision. His limited means would have made it impossible for him to have spent four years in Cambridge but for the constant friendship of his two advisers, whose generosity never tired, and his earnings from teaching at Leominster and Groton in the winters.

After the first hard work, in overcoming the drawbacks of his imperfect preparation, his natural ability and maturer intellect gave him an advantage over his competitors, and in 1830 he was graduated at the head of his class, delivering an oration on "Patriotism." In 1833 he received the degree of Master of Arts, delivering another oration. After a happy stay at the Law School, where his most intimate friends were Charles Sumner and John W. Browne, he entered the office of Luther Lawrence, at Lowell, and was admitted to the bar in 1833. Soon after he was made a partner, and at different times was associated with Elisha Glidden, Seth Ames, Rufus B. Lawrence, and Arthur P. Bonney, and gained a reputation as an able and upright lawyer.

In 1836 he married Corinna Prentiss, daughter of John Prentiss, of Keene, N.H. His four children were Francis

Custis, who was graduated at Harvard in 1859, entered the forty-fourth Regiment of Mass. Volunteers, and died at Newbern, N.C., in 1863; John Prentiss (H.U., 1861), a teacher in Boston; Ellen Christina, married to Hersey B. Goodwin, a Boston merchant; Grace Mellen, married to Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University. His widow survived him twenty-seven years, dying at Cambridge, May 16, 1883.

In politics Thomas Hopkinson was a strong Whig, and in 1838 and 1845 represented Lowell in the House of Representatives, and in 1846 was elected to the Massachusetts Senate. He always took a lively interest in the welfare of his townsmen, and as a public-spirited citizen aided in the growth of Lowell. He was one of the chief movers in the establishment of the Appleton Bank, and in 1848 was President of the Lowell Traders' & Mechanics' Mutual Fire Insurance Co. In 1848 he was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, a position which he held but one year, resigning in order to become President of the Boston & Worcester Railroad, which office he filled during the rest of his life.

Although he was a man of great physical strength and endurance, yet all his life since boyhood had been spent in constant labor and responsibility, taxing his powers to the utmost, and leaving him no reserved strength to resist sickness. In the summer of 1856, finding his health completely broken down, he was induced to go abroad, but disease had taken too strong hold upon him, and he returned only to die, surrounded by his family, Nov. 17, 1856.

He was a man who never knowingly wronged another, but was always ready with hand, purse, or brain to assist those in need or trouble,—a man who never spared himself in the performance of his duties nor exacted too much from those in his employ. He left behind him a host of loving and devoted friends, and to his children a reputation without a stain.

BARZILLAI FROST.

1804 — 1858.

BY HIS SON, HENRY W. FROST, OF BOSTON.

DETERMINED to have a liberal education, Barzillai Frost made his way, by his own exertions, from Effingham, a remote little town in New Hampshire, through Phillips Academy (Exeter) and Harvard College. The two years following graduation were passed in teaching the Framingham Academy. He then returned to college to take Prof. Farrar's place in the chair of mathematics and natural philosophy, while the professor sought rest in Europe. Mr. Frost at this time served as chairman of the parietal committee, and also pursued his studies in the Divinity School. Feb. 1, 1837, having previously declined calls from Barnstable and Northfield, he was ordained as associate pastor of the Unitarian Society in Concord, Mass., as colleague of the venerable Ezra Ripley, D.D. (H.U., 1776), who died in 1841.

Mr. Frost discharged his pastoral duties efficiently and acceptably, and made himself useful as a citizen. He served repeatedly on the school committee and as curator of the Lyceum to provide a weekly lecture in the winter months. He encouraged horticulture and the planting of shade trees along the streets, and warmly supported the temperance and antislavery causes. The summer of 1843 he spent in the Western States, preaching in St. Louis, Quincy, Milwaukee, Chicago, and other places.

In February, 1856, a severe cold, which had settled on his lungs, drove Mr. Frost to the West Indies. He visited St.

Thomas and Santa Cruz, Jamaica and Cuba, returning by way of Charleston, S.C. The next autumn he felt obliged to seek a warm climate again, and he returned to Santa Cruz, which he had liked much on his previous visit. There he passed several months, stopping a short time at Bermuda as he came home. His health seemed better, and he thought that two or three winters in a mild climate, which should be more bracing than that of the tropics, might restore him completely; but, not wishing to trespass on the kindness of his parish, he resigned his Concord pastorate Oct. 3, 1857, receiving substantial expression of his people's esteem and affection.

Taking his wife and younger son, Mr. Frost sailed for Fayal in November. The winter there proved cool and damp, and his health failed steadily until there was no doubt that consumption had fastened itself upon him. He reached Concord again in August, and lingered until Dec. 8, 1858, dying at the age of fifty-four years and nearly six months, his birth having occurred June 18, 1804. The affectionate attentions of his family and of many kind friends soothed the last weary weeks, which were passed at the house of his intimate friend and physician, Josiah Bartlett, M.D. (H.U., 1816).

Mr. Frost married, June 1, 1837, Elmira, youngest daughter of Daniel and Sally (Buckminster) Stone, of Framingham. She made his home happy, and strengthened his influence in his parish by the warm regard she won for herself. Their two daughters died in infancy. A son, Alfred, a very attractive boy, died, when ten years old, from the effects of a fall while climbing a mountain in Fayal with a party of friends. The eldest child, named Henry Walker, for a classmate of his father, graduated from Harvard College in 1858, and is a lawyer in Boston.

HORATIO SPRAGUE EUSTIS.

1811 — 1858.

BY HIS CLASSMATE, JOHN O. SARGENT, OF NEW YORK.

HORATIO SPRAGUE EUSTIS died at his plantation in Issaquena county, Mississippi, the 5th of September, 1858, aged 46 years. He was a son of Gen. Abraham Eustis (H.C., 1804) and Rebecca (Sprague) Eustis, and was born at Fort Adams, Newport, R.I., 25th of December, 1811. He was fitted for college at Round Hill School, Northampton, Mass., then in charge of Messrs. Coggswell and Bancroft. After leaving college he studied law, went to the West, and settled at Natchez, where he continued to practise his profession, with the exception of an interval of a year or two, until his death. He married, 10th of May, 1838, Catharine, daughter of Henry Chotard, a planter. He left a widow and ten children,—seven sons and three daughters.

Eustis is still remembered by his surviving classmates as a charming companion, an ardent friend, and a gentleman with many chivalrous elements in his composition. He had an orderly and logical mind, which insured him the success that he attained in his brief professional career.

HENRY LINCOLN.

1804 — 1860.

BY HIS WIFE, MARTHA LINCOLN, OF LANCASTER, MASS.

HENRY, son of William and Tabitha (Kendall) Lincoln, was born at Leominster, Mass., Aug. 11, 1804; fitted for college at Groton, Mass.; entered Harvard College in 1826, and graduated with his class in 1830.

His father, thinking a collegiate course unnecessary for a farmer's son, the son was unable to enter until he attained his majority, and was obliged for the same reason to teach during two or three winters of his stay at Cambridge. Leaving Cambridge in 1830, and deciding on the study of medicine, he went to Philadelphia to pursue his studies.

From early in 1831 to Aug., 1831, he was a private student in the office of Dr. Samuel Jackson, of Philadelphia, at the same time attending lectures at the Medical Institute and the University of Pennsylvania; from the latter he received the degree of M.D. in the spring of 1834.

While in Philadelphia, in addition to professional studies, he was, from the fall of 1830 to the spring of 1832, associated with Levi Fletcher (H.C., 1823) in the charge of a private school, of which he afterward, until 1834, had sole charge. During the terrible cholera epidemic of 1832 in Philadelphia, he served as a volunteer in the hospitals. To quote his own words: "I decided to go into the cholera hospitals as it was a chance to gain valuable experience and be very useful at the same time. Men were needed with cool heads, and the more medical knowledge the better. I knew the risk, but reasoned if I died

I had no one dependent on my exertions for comfort and a home. However, I got through all right, but tired out."

Returning to Massachusetts in 1834 the young physician taught school for a few months at Sterling, Mass., and then entered the office of P. T. Kendall, M.D., of that place, to become accustomed to a country practice.

The last part of March, 1836, Dr. Lincoln settled at Lancaster, Mass., and there, in the faithful performance of the duties of a country physician, carrying comfort to the bodies and minds of his patients, rather than bringing glory or profit to himself, he finished his work in the fall of 1859, and his life (dying of pulmonary consumption) Feb. 29, 1860. Speaking of his own life but a few days before its close, when he knew it would last but a few days longer, he said, "I cannot recall ever having intentionally wronged any man."

How sincere was the mourning for him among those who knew him best may be seen in the monument, erected with the consent of his family, by his friends and townsmen, over the grave of Henry Lincoln, in the "North Village" Cemetery, at Lancaster, Mass.

Never holding office, save in connection with the schools, Dr. Lincoln always had the interests of his town at heart, and although in the last years of his life a victim of deafness, which made conversation with strangers somewhat difficult, he always bore his full share of social and public duties. Agriculture in the intervals of his profession was his delight and recreation, and the older farmers of Lancaster still recall the rich crops he coaxed from the somewhat exhausted farm he purchased in 1852,—crops which were wonders in those days, showing in the pecuniary results the correctness of the views on scientific farming advanced by Dr. Lincoln, at first somewhat to the amusement of his neighbors; views the correctness of which are now acknowledged on all sides.

Dr. Lincoln was a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society and of the Worcester County Medical Society.

February 14, 1838, Henry Lincoln and Martha, daughter of Moses and Lucy (Bush) Bond of Sterling, Mass., were married at Sterling, and went at once to Lancaster, where Mrs. Lincoln

still lives. Of this marriage were born, Mary Catharine Lincoln, Jan. 31, 1840; ¹Ellen Sears Lincoln, Sept. 27, 1841; ¹William Henry Lincoln, July 6, 1843; Martha Bond Lincoln, Nov. 30, 1846; Francis Newhall Lincoln (H.U., 1871), May 16, 1850; ¹Edward Hartwell Lincoln, June 27, 1855.

¹Deceased.

JOHN W. BROWNE.¹

1810 — 1860.

BY HIS FRIEND, GOV. JOHN A. ANDREW.

JOHN WHITE BROWNE was born at Salem, March 29, 1810, and at the time of his death, May 1, 1860, had, therefore, recently completed his fiftieth year. He was the son of James and Lydia (Vincent) Browne, and his father was the eldest lineal descendant of Elder John Browne, the Ruling Elder of the First Church in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, whose appointment, in 1660, the Rev. John Higginson made a condition of his own assumption of the clerical charge, and who is probably identical with John Browne, one of the Assistants named in the original charter of the colony in 1628, who, with his brother Samuel, was banished in 1629 for a supposed leaning towards Episcopacy, but returned to Salem after an interval of several years, which were passed in England and Maryland.

Few persons of the rare qualities of intellect which our friend possessed by nature, and of so precious acquirements from reading and reflection, have at the age of fifty years done less than he to attract the curiosity or the attention of the public, while fewer still, of whatever capacity or culture, have lived more useful lives, or died more truly loved, respected, and revered by those to whom they were known. The tribute to his memory, contained in the discourse of his friend, who, of all the tenants of the pulpit, was, perhaps, nearest to his

¹ From "In Memoriam, J. W. B. Published for his friends. Boston, 1860."

heart, leaves less to be added than might otherwise be written; but a brief and simple outline of some of the principal facts of his life will help to complete the record.

Mr. Brōwne was devoted quite early to one of the learned professions. He was fitted for college at the Salem Classical School (the first classical school ever established in New England), under the care of masters Theodore Ames and Henry K. Oliver. He entered Harvard College in 1826, and was graduated as one of the first scholars of the class of 1830. That class numbered among its members the late Thomas Hopkinson, a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Massachusetts, and Charles Sumner, now one of the Senators in Congress from that State; and during the whole of Mr. Browne's collegiate life he was the chum of one or the other of those gentlemen. After graduation he commenced the study of the law at the Law School connected with the University, and pursued it further in the office of the late Rufus Choate at Salem. After the removal of Mr. Choate to Boston, in 1832, he became a student with the late Leverett Saltonstall, so many years the president and leader of the Essex bar, with whom he completed his novitiate as a lawyer. Those who shared the intimate confidence of Mr. Browne in his later years will remember how his voice and eye kindled and warmed whenever he spoke of these and of some other friends of his earlier manhood. His love of quiet, patient, truth-seeking pursuits, — of that search for knowledge which is its own reward, — must have made this period of study, compared with all other passages of his life, one of peculiar happiness and satisfaction; and those who had guided or befriended him in threading his way, and especially such as had then won his personal affection, were cherished and remembered by him with the utmost fidelity.

After his admission to the bar, Mr. Browne became resident at Lynn, and began there the practice of his profession. There he continued in the performance of its ordinary duties until his removal to Boston, where the variety and extent of employment affords opportunity for subdivision of labor and for some selection on the part of the practitioner. In Boston, he

devoted himself almost exclusively to the department of conveyancing and to office-practice, avoiding, except at rare intervals, the anxieties and excitements of the court-room. Notwithstanding a singular directness and clearness of vision, a great capacity to learn and to remember both principles and details, a perception which no sophistry could deceive, a power of discrimination which could defy every difficulty and entanglement, a style of writing and of speech, and a manner, voice, and temperament all fitted for the eloquence of the forum, a moral hesitation was from the first always in the way of his self-possession, and therefore of his success in the arena of the bar. But if he did not perfectly succeed, yet he never failed. Whatever forensic task he undertook he accomplished to the satisfaction of his audience, if not of himself; and when I have contrasted the bold nonsense of shallow declaimers, sometimes mistaken for argumentative oratory, and often winning the crown, with the crystal reasoning, simple and beautiful statement, chaste and forcible style, of John W. Browne, as I have occasionally heard him, and when I have seen him persistently avoiding the high places which his refined morality would have purified and ennobled, I have sometimes felt that his self-imposed restraint was a testimony against us all.

While residing at Lynn Mr. Browne represented that town in the Legislature in 1837. The impression which he made upon his associates in this brief and youthful connection with public and political affairs was such that, to his own surprise, and during his temporary absence from the State, the Whig Convention of Essex County, in 1838, nominated him as a candidate for the Senate of the Commonwealth. But the confidence inspired by his integrity, and the respect commanded by his talents, were unperceived by him in a degree hardly to be understood in the instance of any one of less sensitive modesty. His strength of purpose was surpassed only by the strength of his convictions, which were set forth in the letter in which he declined to accept the nomination. He was then but twenty-eight years old. He had a career before him in which he might have secured distinction as a public man, and have been no less useful than distinguished; but a pure heart,

simple tastes, and a modest choice of a position in life, forbade an encounter with the bewilderments and the possibilities of moral entanglement and mischance, which such a career might involve.

After the removal of Mr. Browne's office to Boston, where it remained until his death, he divided his residence between Boston and Hingham, which town was the birthplace of his wife, Miss Martha A. G. Lincoln, to whom he was married in 1842. Their only child, Laura, was born in 1843. To Hingham our friend always retreated upon the approach of the summer months; and the delight of his days was, there, in the peaceful seclusion of that quiet and ancient town, so full of rural beauty, to indulge his love of Nature and her works and ways. A holiday, the remnant of an afternoon, an hour at evening twilight or in the early morning, — when either could be stolen from sleep or withdrawn from care, — always found him absorbed in the full happiness which he nowhere found so surely as in the work of his garden, in his trees and flowers. If through his father's ancestry he inherited the rigorous integrity of the Puritan Elder, so from the Italian blood, which also mingled in his veins, he seemed to have derived the instinctive perception and enjoyment of natural beauty so characteristic of the people of Italy, and which no author ever appreciated or delineated more finely than his townsman, Hawthorne.

Although not affecting general society, and avoiding so much as he did public life (under-estimating, indeed, his own capacity and adaptation for social and for public uses), Mr. Browne was no recluse. He was genial, cordial, and good-humored. He enjoyed with the keenest relish his talk with those who had anything to say beyond the commonplaces of conversation. He had a quick eye and ear for innocent mirth, for delicate wit, and for a good-natured joke, although he was oftentimes singularly obtuse to coarse displays of humor. He entered with the warmest sympathy into the amusements and amenities of his social circle, with the cordiality of one who loved the happiness of all, and whose own heart was light with innocence. Ill-health, or a sensitive nature, or both, occasionally gave him an air of weariness, and he was never, perhaps, distinguished

for that flow of buoyant spirits which comes of animal vigor, great hopefulness, and indifference to the little mishaps of life. Still, he never spoke of any private grief, and never obtruded on his friends any personal unhappiness, or pain of mind or body. His delicate and considerate kindness forbade him to share his own private burdens with others, but he strengthened himself and lightened his load, as the noble unselfishness of good hearts always strives to do, by the inspirations of sympathy with others, and love for his neighbor.

For twelve or fourteen years our mutual habit of residing at Hingham through the summer, and of being fellow-passengers on the steam-boat plying thither, night and morning; the pursuits which we had in common, both professional and otherwise; and the great attraction I found in his character, and the charms of his refined and cultivated understanding, led me to an intimacy of acquaintance with him such as I think has never existed between myself and any other man. It is this which has led me to speak of him now; and though those of us who were in the near presence of his influence may never realize more keenly than at this moment, when the turf is still green over his head, how much his unselfish example, his unobscured sense of Truth and Right, and his unambitious philosophy, made him to us; yet when I reflect on the inadequacy of words to portray any man, and on my own unfitness to comprehend, even more to describe, this one, I feel that those who knew him will scarcely recognize the original, and that those who did not know him will never learn much of him from what is written.

Perhaps the most prominent and striking feature of his moral nature was his genuine honesty with himself. If he was meek, yet he was terribly bold when truth demanded. And his courage began at home. He always accused and tried himself before he denounced any other man. Hence flowed a sense of freedom, — a self-emancipation, — which liberated him from the thousand bonds which hamper men who are constrained by the necessities of pretence and sham. This also cleared his mental vision and his perception of moral distinctions, — so that he walked in the green pastures and beside the still-waters

of a life obedient to the precepts of a sincere heart and a transparent intellect.

His conversation was the best I ever heard. It was above pretension. It was not ornate, nor brilliant, nor witty, nor learned. But it was the wisest talk coming from the clearest insight and the truest purpose to know the Truth and to declare it simply. It was not narrow nor one-sided; but catholic, generous, comprehensive. It was not barbed nor paradoxical, like that of most fine talkers, but it was toned down to gentle harmony with all the good he knew or believed, and was restrained by the just respect he felt for every sincere conviction of others.

He was not a man of extensive reading,—not a cormorant of books. He read much in good books, not from curiosity, but for reflection; and he knew the best thought of the past and of his own time, while for the great miscellaneous mass of literature with which most of us divert ourselves at least occasionally, he had no taste; and he spent no time upon it.

In religion he was bound by no formalities. He was as free in his creed as the morning bird; but he was guided by solemn convictions, was profoundly devout, and lived in the constant sense of the providence and love of God.

He was progressive in his practical philosophy,—not destructive, but hopeful and constructive. He could not excuse what he felt to be wrong, but he knew how, for righteousness' sake, to be patient with the wrong-doer. But when sometimes the pent-up energies of his emotion burst from restraint under the pressure of the sight of some unwonted or surprising injustice, his words would fall like burning stones from volcanic fires.

As a lawyer he was patient and faithful. His learning was exact and symmetrical, and whenever the solid ground of established principle could be reached his judgment was as sound as his logic was unerring. In artificial rules, not founded on apparent reason, he had little interest, and an adjudication of the law against natural justice he regarded as an absolute abomination.

The domestic life of our friend it is not for any one to pene-

trate. Those, only, who in losing him have lost husband, father, or brother, can nearest realize how genuine a man he was. In the sacred closeness of these relations he found the most celestial happiness which a terrestrial experience can know.

A noble and manly life has closed on earth. Its last few days were more than usually serene and cheerful; and the prevailing character of their thoughts and aspirations is beautifully portrayed in the following lines,¹ found in his pocket-book after his death. Less than a week before, while walking with their author over the pasture-lands around his native town, he had repeated them with a fervor and pathos which will live in the hearer's memory forever: —

Wilt Thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels Thy gentle dew;
And every blade of grass I see
From Thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

Wilt Thou not visit me?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone;
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.

Come, for I need Thy love
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain;
Come, gently as Thy holy dove,
And let me in Thy sight rejoice to live again.

I will not hide from them
When Thy storms come, though fierce may be their wrath,
But bow with leafy stem,
And strengthened, follow on Thy chosen path.

Yes, Thou wilt visit me;
Nor plant nor tree Thine eye delight so well
As when from sin set free
My spirit loves with Thine in peace to dwell.

¹From "Essays and Poems," by Jones Very. Boston: 1839. Page 175.

ANTI-SLAVERY RESOLUTION AND EXTRACT FROM THE
SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

In the New England Anti-Slavery Convention at Boston, May 31, 1860, the following resolution was adopted; after presenting which, Mr. Wendell Phillips made the remarks which are subjoined: —

Resolved, That in the death of our beloved friend and fellow-laborer, John W. Browne, the anti-slavery cause has lost a most uncompromising and devoted friend, — one who gave to it the aid of strong original powers and the most liberal culture; the example of a life of rare simplicity, and of the most scrupulous and delicate conscientiousness, — a spirit of self-sacrifice, and a rigid adherence to absolute right at every cost, — a peculiar sweetness and openness of conduct, which won the attention and regard of those who most hated his opinions, and a hand only too generous in lavishing aid on every applicant; in him, the cause of woman, of the poor, the intemperate, the imprisoned, and of the slave, lost a ripe intellect, a brave, loving, and religious spirit, a vigilant and untiring friend, — one who spared neither time, money, nor effort, and in the path of duty asked no counsel of expediency, met cheerfully every sacrifice, paused at no peril, and feared not the face of man.

Mr. Chairman, you will not, of course, expect me—no one would be expected—to analyze a near friend in the very hour he dies. That would be a cold heart, fit only for a critic, who, in the very hour that he lost one who had made a large share of his life, could hold him off, and take all his separate qualities to pieces, and paint them in words. We are too near, we love too much, to perform such an office to each other. Now, at least, all we can do is to call up some few prominent traits that have been forced upon our observation as we walked side by side with those who have worked and lived with us.

Very few of you knew that most efficient friend named in the resolution I have read; yet, though hidden, he was no slight or trivial servant to the great cause. The purest of all human hearts, — but not, as is sometimes the case with that rare and childlike simplicity, a merely negative character; for he

graduated at Harvard in the same class, and was linked as a room-mate, and nearest and most intimate friend, with one whose intellect is the admiration of millions, — our Senator, Mr. Sumner; and he was thought by many, indeed by most, of those who stood at the goal of collegiate reputation, the most original and ablest intellect which that class gave to the world. In the bloom of youth, in the freshness of a rare success in his profession, he placed himself on this platform in the mob years of the anti-slavery enterprise, when to speak an anti-slavery word was starvation, when to hold up an anti-slavery banner was political suicide. Yet, the most promising lawyer in the county of Essex, dowered with the love of the Whig party of that county, he came to this platform with that unconscious fidelity to truth which is incapable of asking first what is expedient. I remember well what checked his political advancement, and it suggests one of the great comforts in this life of a reformer. After all the seeming sacrifices (for they are only seeming) and the hard struggles which are said to mark our lives, we are the happiest of the human race, for God gives us this, the greatest of all rewards. As we move onward society shapes itself according to our ideas; we see about us the growing proof, the ever fresh and green evidence, that we were right ten years before. Conservatism creeps on, discontented, distrustful, timid, thinking that when you have swept away the cobwebs the roof is coming down, sighing for the good old times, anxious to hide in its grave from the ruin and wickedness it sees all about; but Reform walks onward, its buoyant forehead lit with the twilight of the coming day, and crying, "All hail! my brother! I saw you in my dreams! Thank God that he gave me life long enough to see you set jocund foot on the misty mountain-tops of the morrow!"

Leaving politics, Mr. Browne, with his characteristic simplicity of character and unconsciousness of talent, deemed himself unfit for the task which others were ready to press upon him. He said to me once, I remember, when I urged him to come to this platform, and let us hear again the voice which had delighted us so often, "I ought not to be there; there is nothing in me worthy to stand there; I am shamed away from

such a post." Yet the best judge in New England called him "the most pregnant talker he ever met." And never was a demand, of whatever character, made upon him, to which he did not respond with an alacrity and efficiency which showed how mistaken was his own judgment, and how much wiser he would have been to have yielded to our entreaties, and have led where he only consented to follow.

You who remember him, so calm, self-poised, and still in manner, speaking in measured words, one by one, saw only half his nature. By constitution his blood was lava, and his soul thundered and lightened at the sight of wrong, especially at any meanly base act. Indeed, "thunder and lightning" was the pet name he bore among his classmates. But, side by side with this volcano stood, sleepless and watchful, the most delicate and scrupulous conscientiousness,—too delicate, perhaps, for daily life. When plunged, therefore, into our fierce agitation he doubted whether he was justified in the hot moments and floods of feeling which such contention let loose on his spirit. It seemed to him his duty, the best part and purest, to keep the waters of his life calm and still beneath the stars that looked into their depths. Such convictions, however, never made him either an idler or a neutral. His flag was nailed to the mast; no man ever mistook his position. Beneath that flag was so high-souled and transparent a life that none could hate or doubt the bearer. His professional skill, the very best our bar possessed, was freely given to every poor man. Never rich, his hand was ever open. Nowhere did he fear the face of man; and, as much as our nature can, he surely kept a conscience void of offence towards his fellows, and a soul pure in the sight of God. Patient of labor, in that little heeded and hidden toil so indispensable to every reform he was ever ready. Many of us stood here dowered with the result of his toil; many of us brought to you his ripe thoughts, which his own lip and his own life would have given so much better; and when he fell, I, for one, felt lonelier and weaker in my place in this world and its battle. There are very few men so true to friendship, so loyal, so untiring, that you feel, in closing your eyes, "I leave one behind me who

will see that over my grave no malicious lie goes unrebuked, and that justice is done to my intentions." I always felt that if Providence should take me first, there was a voice and a hand which thirty years of tried and stanch friendship would place as a shelter over my memory. Would to God I could do him to-day half the justice that his sword would have leapt from its scabbard to do for me!

REMARKS BY JAMES DANA, AT A MEETING OF THE CLASS
OF 1830.

And doubtless unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.

But thou and I have shaken hands
Till growing winters lay me low;
My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscovered lands.

TENNYSON.

On the evening of Commencement Day, July 18, 1860, after the conclusion of the exercises at Cambridge, a meeting of the class of 1830 was held at the Tremont House, in Boston, when Mr. Dana made the subjoined remarks: —

I trust that some of the class will give us information of the life of our late classmate and esteemed and lamented friend, Browne.

You recollect him in college as acknowledged to be one of the most able and talented of our number. You recollect the decision which marked his character; his courage and daring; his manly bearing; his high sense of honor, and his impetuous temperament. You recollect his recitations and his beautiful rendering of the classics. An earnest spirit was infused into all

he said or did. He graduated, as you know, in rank very near to our other departed friend who received the highest honors of the class.¹

He did not have many intimate associates, for he then comprehended the true aims of life, and was a diligent general student, as well as faithful in the college course of study.

Perhaps he was not popular, in the college sense of the word; but all who knew him respected him.

During one of our vacations he taught school in my native town of Groton, and then I had the pleasure of meeting him at my father's house. He told me that he found teaching a village school anything but congenial.

After we graduated I did not meet him until he had commenced the practice of law in the eastern part of the city of Lynn, in what is known as the Quaker Village, where he possessed the confidence and esteem of the citizens, and soon acquired a more than respectable position at the bar, his friends anticipating a brilliant professional career; but after a few years I heard that he had essentially changed his views of life, its duties and obligations, and had decided to relinquish the practice of his profession.

Some time afterward he resumed practice in this city, and when we met how changed from what he was in college! His spirit seemed subdued; he was modest and gentle as a woman. His manner was quiet, sometimes seeming timid. He was kind and friendly. We had little political sympathy, but that did not diminish our friendship, and he greeted me almost as a brother. We frequently met in our professional walks, and our association was most agreeable.

He did not try many cases before juries. He was quite equal to it; but he did not find the sharp and sometimes almost angry conflicts of jury-trials congenial to his temperament. He was an eminent lawyer, and fitted to adorn any branch of his profession; but he preferred its quiet walks, and more than one of his clients has borne witness to me of his ability, his stern integrity, and his fidelity to all trusts committed to him.

¹ Judge Thomas Hopkinson, deceased 1856.

REMARKS BY CHARLES SUMNER.

1860.

Il n'y a que les grands cœurs qui sachent combien il y a de gloire à être bon. FÉNELON.

I should feel unhappy if this little book of tribute to my early friend were allowed to appear without a word from me. We were classmates in college, and for two out of the four years of undergraduate life we were chums. We were also together in the Law School. Perhaps no person now alive knew him better during all this period. Separated afterwards by the occupations of the world, I saw him only at intervals, though our friendship continued unbroken to the end, and when we met it was always with the warmth and confidence of our youthful relations.

Of all my classmates I think that he gave, in college, the largest promise of future eminence, mingled, however, with an uncertainty whether the waywardness of genius might not betray him. None then imagined that the fiery nature, nursed upon the study of Byron, and delighting always to talk of his poetry and life, would be tamed to the modest ways which he afterward adopted. The danger seemed to be that, like his prototype, he would break loose from social life, and follow the bent of a lawless ambition, or at least plunge with passion into the strifes of the world. His earnestness at this time sometimes bordered on violence, and in all his opinions he was a partisan. But he was already a thinker as well as a reader, and expressed himself with accuracy and sententious force. Voice harmonizes with character; and his then was too apt to be ungentle and loud.

They who have only known him latterly will be surprised at this glimpse of him in early life. Indeed, a change so complete in sentiment, manner, and voice, as took place in him, I have never known. It seemed like one of those instances in Chris-

tian story where a man of violence is softened suddenly into a saintly character. I do not exaggerate in the least. So much have I been impressed by it at times that I could hardly believe in his personal identity, and I have recalled the good Fra Cristoforo, in the exquisite romance of "Manzoni," to prove that the simplest life of unostentatious goodness may succeed to a youth hot with passion of all kinds.

To me, who knew him so well in his other moods, it was touching in the extreme to note this change. Listening to his voice, now so gentle and low, while he conversed on the duties of life, and with perfect simplicity revealed his own abnegation of worldly ambition, I have been filled with reverence. At these times his conversation was peculiar and instructive. He had thought for himself, and expressed what he said with all his native force refined by a new-born sweetness of soul, which would have commended sentiments even of less intrinsic interest. I saw how, in the purity of his nature, he turned aside from riches and from ambition of all kinds, and contented himself with a tranquil existence, undisturbed by any of those temptations which promised once to exercise such sway over him. But his opinions, while uttered with modesty, were marked by the hardihood of an original thinker, showing that in him

" the gods had joined
The mildest manners and the bravest mind."

His early renunciation of office, — opening the way to a tempting political career, — when formally tendered to him, is almost unique. This was as long ago as 1838, while he was yet a young man; and here his sagacity seemed to be as remarkable as his principles. At that early day, when the two old political parties had been little criticised, he announced that their strife was "occasional and temporary, and that both had forgotten or overlooked the great principle of equal liberty for all, upon which a free government must rest as its only true and safe basis." He then proceeded to dissolve his connection with parties, in words worthy of perpetual memory: "I disconnect myself from party," he said, "whose iron grasp holds hard

even upon the least of us, and mean in my little sphere, as a private individual, to serve what seems to me the cause of the country and humanity. I cannot place currency above liberty. I cannot place money above man. I cannot fight heartily for the Whigs and against their opponents, when I feel that whichever shall be the victorious party the claims of humanity will be forgotten in the triumph, and that the rights of the slave may be crushed beneath the advancing hosts of the victors." No better words than these have been uttered in our political history. In this spirit, and with his unquestionable abilities, he might well have acted an important part in the growing conflict with slavery. But his love of retreat grew also, and he shrank completely from all the activities of political life. There was nothing that was not within his reach; but he could not be tempted.

I cannot disguise that at times I was disposed to criticise this retreat, as suggesting too closely the questionable philosophy concentrated in the phrase, *Bene vixit qui bene latuit*. But as often as I came within the sphere of his influence and felt the simple beauty of his life, — while I saw how his soul, like the sensitive leaf, closed at the touch of the world, — I was willing to believe that he had chosen wisely for himself, or, at all events, that his course was founded on a system deliberately adopted, upon which even an early friend like myself must not intrude. Having always the greatest confidence in his resources, intellectual as well as moral, I was never without hope that in some way he would make his mark upon his country and his age. If he has not done this he has at least left an example precious to all who knew him.

THEODORE W. SNOW.

1810—1862.

BY HIS WIFE, SUSAN F. SNOW, OF JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

THEODORE WILLIAM SNOW, born in Boston, Dec. 20, 1810; died at Jamaica Plain, Nov. 1 (All-Saints-Day), 1872.

His father, Gideon Snow, was an early and very honored merchant of Boston, who in his youth was intimate in the family of Washington at Mount Vernon, "ever a welcome guest," as one of the descendants expresses it, and this he always held as a family honor. On his mother's side he belonged to the Barrell family.

In an obituary notice voluntarily contributed at the time of his death by Rev. Dr. Knights, he says: "Mr. Snow was educated at the Latin School, Boston; graduated at Harvard University, A.D. 1830. In early life he was Unitarian in his theology, but soon attached himself to the Episcopal Church, and became an earnest champion of the doctrines, discipline, and worship of that Church. He was a scholarly man; full of geniality; a thorough hater of cant; denounced hypocrisy with unsparing severity, and sustained the right against all oppression in defence of the weak, and was true in friendship as the needle to the pole. He had retired from the active duties of the ministry on account of a throat difficulty, but held the office of the Bishop's chaplain for the examination of candidates for Orders by appointment of Bishop Eastburn. Mr. Snow was the last clergyman at the side of Bishop Eastburn's

dying bed, read the "commendatory prayer," and was appointed one of the executors of the bishop's will.

He was one of six classmates of Harvard University (one-eighth of the class), who became clergymen of the Church. The first exercise of his ministry was in the diocese of Connecticut. In 1839 he became rector of Grace Church, New Bedford, which he resigned in 1841. In 1843 he became itinerant missionary in the southern part of the diocese of Massachusetts, and inaugurated a church at Plymouth. In 1847 he became rector of St. Thomas' Church, Taunton, where he labored till 1855, at which period he considered himself incapacitated for further pastoral duty, and resigned his parish.

A memorial window in the new St. Thomas' Church, placed there by attached parishioners, consecrates his name.

The Rev. Dr. Babcock wrote as follows: "Mr. Snow, without large personal ambitions, had qualities of mind and will that could have lifted him to almost any position in the Church. He was a scholar in all classical and theological lore, thought deeply, spoke boldly, acted wisely, feared no man, sought favor of none. But for a bronchial trouble he would have had that eminence in the councils of the Church that had secured for him a name among our most distinguished writers and preachers. Nor is this said as mere laudation. The writer knew him in his school-days, his college career, in his ministry, in his study, in his household, in public assemblies, in diocesan conventions, in the socialities of life."

It seems pleasant to close with these few lines by the Rev. Dr. Wildes, and thus tell the story of his life in the words of three valued friends: —

THEODORE WILLIAM SNOW.

(*From Church and State.*)

O Friend and Brother in that loved estate
 Of servants for the sake of Christ our Lord!
 Scarce spent thy prime, yet chosen still to wait
 As they who stand, unfailing their reward;
 True-hearted as to Christ, so in the tie
 That binds his Brotherhood; the cheery face,
 The genial hand-grasp, and the easy grace
 Of gentleman — not less, in Christ's employ,

These consecrated, serve his gracious will —
These thine, O friend of many years! and thine
Bold in the faith, with loving deed to fill
The measure of thine office. Thus I twine
My wreath memorial mid the years' decay
And trust to meet thee at the Eternal Day.

JOHN ODIN.

1808—1864.

BY HIS KINSMAN, SAMUEL F. McCLEARY, OF BOSTON.

JOHN ODIN, the son of John Odin and Harriet Tyng Walter, was born in Hanover street, Boston, on January 16, 1808. His father was a very successful merchant of the old school, and his mother was a daughter of the Rev. William Walter, D.D., who was rector of Christ and Trinity churches in Boston. After receiving the necessary preliminary education he entered the Public Latin School in 1820, but he was, in 1822, transferred by his father to Phillips Academy, Andover, where his preparatory collegiate studies were completed. He entered Harvard College in 1826, and was graduated in 1830.

Upon leaving college he proposed to adopt the practice of medicine for his profession. He studied with the late John C. Warren, M.D., for two and a half years, and received his medical degree from Harvard College in 1833. During this period he joined the Independent Company of Cadets, and was made a sergeant of corps. Subsequently he was appointed surgeon of the Third Regiment of Infantry. In 1832 and 1833 he was house surgeon in the Massachusetts General Hospital. By attention and industry he soon attracted to himself a large number of patients, and became a very successful practitioner.

His nature was very gentle and his bearing always courteous. His warm sympathies for the poor, with whom he was brought often into contact, led him to take so deep an interest in the children of his neighborhood that he was appointed in 1841 a

member of the Primary School Committee, which was his first introduction into public life. This position he acceptably filled until 1853. In 1852 his constituents in Ward 9 sent him to the Common Council, to which office he was again chosen in 1854. His capacity for public life was so manifestly conspicuous that he was also elected a member of the House of Representatives in 1850, and again in 1851 and 1853. In his public career he continued to exhibit such sympathy and interest for his unfortunate fellow-citizens in poverty and distress that he attracted the attention of Governor John H. Clifford, who appointed him, in 1853, one of the Inspectors of the State Prison, which position he occupied for two years, with constant and earnest fidelity.

Dr. Odin made, in 1842, an extended journey through Europe for the benefit of his health, which an excessive attention to his duties had seriously impaired.

In 1839 he married Ann F., daughter of James W. Vose, a well-known merchant of this city. His wife died July 19, 1850. Dr. Odin afterwards married Louise Hayward, another daughter of James W. Vose, on August 6, 1851. The issue of these marriages was one son and five daughters. Four of these children died quite young, and two daughters only now survive (1883). With them the name of Odin, distinguished through four generations, will be extinct.

Dr. Odin died in 1864, at the age of fifty-six.

SAMUEL PITTS.

1810 — 1868.

BY DANIEL GOODWIN, JR., OF CHICAGO, WHO MARRIED
HIS DAUGHTER.

SAMUEL PITTS was born April 17, 1810, at Fort Preble, Me. His father was at the time Major of the United States Light Artillery, and in command of Fort Preble. Major Pitts was called away from his wife and children in 1812, to take part in the war with England, and was in the battle of French Mills, Schuyler's field, and in many of the skirmishes along the northern frontier. After the war, Major Pitts retired from the army and spent some years in Augusta, Me., where his son Samuel attended school. He then accepted an appointment in the custom-house at Boston under Gen. H. A. S. Dearborn, and resided at Cambridgeport. Here Samuel Pitts prepared for college, and lived until completing his university course and a course of legal instruction under Judge Story. Soon after graduation Mr. Pitts removed to Detroit, in the then Territory of Michigan, and was accompanied by his classmate and intimate friend, Franklin Sawyer. He entered the law office of Gen. Charles Larned, and, upon the death of that gentleman, succeeded to his business and acted as his executor and the guardian of his children. He practised law for about twelve years, and was part of that time in partnership with John G. Atterbury, and was at times associated with Mr. Sawyer and Jacob M. Howard, afterward United States senator. Mr. Pitts was an ardent Whig, and acted as associate editor of the Detroit *Daily Advertiser*, and con-

tributed with pen and voice to the success of his party, being for two years its leading editorial writer. A victim to dyspepsia and hampered by constitutional defect of hearing, he resolved, about 1843, to abandon his profession for more active pursuits, and embarked in the business of buying pine lands and manufacturing lumber and salt. His first efforts were discouraging, losing his mills and all his capital by fire. His friends rallied to his assistance, and offered him, without security and without interest, all the capital necessary for a new start, and, after years of vicissitudes, he triumphed over all obstacles and amassed a comfortable fortune. He was for more than thirty years a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Detroit, and continued so until his death, in 1868. His pastor for most of that time was the Rev. Dr. George Duffield, who married Isabella Graham Bethune, and his relations with and assistance to his pastor and church were always cordial and generous, and his general benevolence was marked and untiring.

Mr. Pitts married, in 1836, Sarah Merrill, daughter of Joshua Merrill and Elizabeth Bradford, the last named being a descendant of Governor William Bradford, John Alden, and Priscilla Mullins, of the *Mayflower*.

Mr. Pitts' American ancestors were peculiarly identified with Harvard University and Boston, and he delighted to talk about their history. His great grandfather, James Pitts, was a graduate in the class of 1731, just ninety-nine years before him; was for many years a member of the King's Council, and an ardent patriot; was named by Franklin in conjunction with Bowdoin, Winthrop, Cooper, and Chauncey, as the only men to whom the Hutchinson letters should be exhibited. He was also commended by John Adams to General Washington, when Washington first went to Cambridge, as one of the Bostonians "whose judgment and integrity could be most relied on."

His brother, Thomas Pitts, graduated in the class of 1726. His son, John Pitts, graduated in the class of 1757, and married the only child of Judge Tyng, who graduated in the class of 1725. Another son, Lendall, was one of the leaders of the tea party in 1773. Mr. James Pitts' wife, Elizabeth, was a sister of Gov. James Bowdoin, of the class of 1745, and of Wm. Bowdoin,

of the class of 1735. Pitts Hall, of the class of 1747, was a nephew of James Pitts. Lendall Pitts Cazeaux, of the class of 1844, was a descendant of Lendall Pitts, leader of the tea party. Robert C. Winthrop, of the class of 1828, is descended from James Bowdoin, and also from the Lindalls.

Mr. Samuel Pitts, the subject of this sketch, left one son, Thomas, of Detroit, and four daughters, — Julia, who married Thomas Cranage, of Bay City, Mich.; Frances, who married Henry M. Duffield, of Detroit, of the class of 1861 of Williams College; Caroline, who married Henry B. Brown, of Detroit, of the class of 1856 of Yale College, and who studied law at Harvard in the class of 1860; Isabella, who married Daniel Goodwin, of Chicago, of the class of 1852 of Hamilton College. There are now living eight grandsons, several of whom intend to graduate at Harvard, and two grand-daughters.

Mr. Pitts died at Detroit, April 26, 1868, after enduring many years of miserable health, but having accomplished a noble work and leaving a reputation and example of priceless value to his family and relations, and of great benefit to the public and honorable to the University, which he loved while he lived.

In person he was above the medium height, and had a stout and erect frame, a finely-shaped head with curly hair, large and expressive blue eyes, and a rich and musical voice. His manners were cordial, but dignified. He was a fine speaker, a remarkably good reader, and his conversation was full of interest to all who were capable of relishing either wit or wisdom.

Mr. Pitts' portrait was painted in oil by Cole, of Portland, and by Stanley, of Detroit, and a life-size crayon made by Frederick E. Wright, of Boston.

JOSEPH LYMAN.

1874.

BY C. T. B.

FAVORED through life with Mr. Lyman's friendship, we desire to add our tribute of respect to the simple announcement of his decease. He was the eldest son of Judge Lyman, of Northampton, Mass., by a second marriage. His mother was a daughter of Lieutenant-Governor Robbins, of our State. All his early days were passed at his own home or at the hospitable residence of his maternal grandfather, Brush Hill, Milton. He prepared for college at the celebrated Round-Hill School of his native town, and under the special tutorship of Jonathan Chapman, afterwards mayor of Boston. He entered Harvard at the age of fourteen, a bright and beautiful boy, of genial spirit and gracious manners, and with boundless buoyancy and irrepressible activity, auguring a much busier career than that which awaited him under the Divine Providence. Graduating in 1830, a good scholar of a distinguished class, our young friend entered the Cambridge Law School. Early in his second year at this school he was thrown from a chaise, and sustained internal injuries which consigned him for several months to the hospital, and subsequently withdrew him altogether from the scenes of active life. His law studies were finished in the office of the late Charles G. Loring. He embarked in the practice of his profession, first as an associate with William Emerson, in New York, and next in his own name, alone, in our city. Both terms were brief. Greater activity and a wider sphere appeared to offer themselves in agencies

among the pine forests of Georgia and Florida or the coal-fields of Pennsylvania or the great West. Health and strength continued, however, to fail, and eventually constrained him to retreat to the solitude of a sick-chamber. Before wholly retiring to it he gave three years to the interests of freedom in Kansas and three more to the preparation of Theodore Parker's writings, after his death, for the press; six years of application, industry, and faithfulness, triumphant over every infirmity, and pregnant with a spirit above all self-seeking aims. The remainder of his days were to wear away in seclusion from the world. His books became his chief, his constant companions. His selection of them was dictated by the drift of contemporaneous history. A revolution in France, a revolt in India, a struggle between powers abroad or parties at home, would gather the papers, the volumes, the charts connected with it before him, and diligently would he draw from them all the information he required or they possessed. His favorite studies were those of social science in all its departments. Long before our community was accustomed to its name, Mr. Lyman had proved himself one of its most devoted and successful votaries. Every one seeking him in his seclusion was struck with his fresh familiarity with passing events and his complete command of any field whereon human interests were for the hour at stake. In England, upon one of his repeated visits to the Old World in behalf of the enterprises of the New, he purchased a full set of Hansard's parliamentary debates, and was ever after more conversant with their contents, probably, than any other American reader. He found his return in the light which they shed upon many of the most momentous questions and movements of the age in our own country or over the whole globe, as well as in Great Britain. He prized such volumes as he did his law-books, always, for their clear statements, careful reasoning, and definite decisions, — qualities pervading all his own reading, research, and conclusions. Thorough, exact, honest himself, he could not tolerate anything else, anything less in books or in men. Few ever read men or books to a better end. Conscious of the destiny, hopeful of the fortunes of our republic, to him free inquiry, free thought, free speech, and free action

were of primal importance. And next in his scale of our country's requirements stood education. Teachers were his most welcome guests. He listened gladly to whatever they could report of the progress or the improvement of their schools or their pupils, and was ever ready with encouragement, advice, suggestions, or any aid in his power to give. His sympathies, strong from the first and strengthened by his own sufferings, made him swift to feel for and sure to cheer and sustain others in their trials. Friendliness was a marked feature of his character. No living friend was at any time forgotten. None of the proofs of their remembrance of him, however trivial, were received without emotion. While it was his delight to relieve his solitary hours with recollections of departed ones, like Charles C. Emerson, of his college days, their spirits still attended his steps below, and awaited, he hoped, his reunion with them on high. He treated all around him here, however humble their sphere might be, with consideration and kindness, awakening their respect and affection in return. He never forgot the old-school manners of his early days, or failed to display, in public or private, the courtesy of a Christian gentleman.

Patient, uncomplaining, cheerful even, under all his discipline, he reposed confidently in the consciousness of the goodness of God. "It pleases him, — it shall please me too," was his filial feeling; and, as the sun, after a clouded day, smiled upon the rural cemetery where we mingled his ashes with his mother's sleeping form, was it not an omen that for him, too, the veil was lifted and the light was shining that knows no shading? Milton's words, "They also serve who only stand and wait," were often upon his lips. Earnestly he yearned, faithfully he sought, to render them true of himself. The wish, the prayer, the aim, were not in vain. His, we trust, was the recompense of a well-ordered, well-spent life, well ended now. Mr. Lyman married Susan Bulfinch, daughter of Joseph Coolidge, of Boston. Two adopted daughters share in her bereavement. No children were ever blessed with a better father. Equally tender and true was he likewise to all who found his house their home.

RICHARD P. JENKS.

1806—1872.

BY HIS FRIEND, REV. EDGAR BUCKINGHAM.

RICHARD PULLING JENKS was born at Salem, Mass., June 22, 1806. He was the son of John and Annis (Pulling) Jenks. His parents, during his childhood, were in wealthy circumstances. His father was engaged in commerce with French and English ports, and he was the only merchant at that time in Salem engaged in importing from France and England. His dwelling-house was connected with a large, fine garden, which, for a long time, was the pride of neighbors and friends, and in it Richard acquired a taste and skill in horticulture, which to the last remained as one of his greatest pleasures.

Early in Richard's boyhood his father lost his property, and soon after died. In consequence Richard was obliged to give up his studies, which he had been pursuing in preparation for college, and took a place in a store. After a few years one of his relatives supplied him with the means of entering Harvard College. After his graduation he went immediately to New York and opened a private school, intending, after securing sufficient means, to undertake the study of medicine, which was the profession of his choice. Circumstances altered his determination. In 1833, his health failing, he made a voyage to India, and, on his return, made another to the same country. In 1837 he renewed his labors as a teacher. He was successful and happy in his profession. Sons of several men of the highest literary and mercantile professions were committed to his

charge, and in course of time sons of his earlier pupils were also committed to him. In 1863, during the draft riots in New York, the block of buildings in which his school was situated was burned, and he lost his household and school furniture and a library of some thousands of volumes. The city refusing to pay for damages, Mr. Jenks instituted a suit, and recovered the whole of his demand. The lawyer who managed the suit for the city complimented Mr. Jenks by saying it was a wholly honest suit, and the only wholly honest demand he had known. Mr. Jenks immediately resumed his profession as a teacher. In 1868, owing to a failure in health, he withdrew from New York and established himself in Deerfield, Mass., where he continued with private scholars from New York till his death, in 1872. In 1840 he married Miss Hannah Barnard, of Deerfield. He had three children; the oldest, John W., graduate of Columbia College, died in 1861, in consequence of exposure during the war of the secession. His daughter, Mary O., grew up to a beautiful womanhood, and died, after long suffering, six months before her father. His second son, Louis G., after a mercantile career in New York, began to lose his health, and took a ranche in Nebraska, where he still remains. The widow resides in Deerfield.

We should state, what we have omitted to mention, that Mr. Jenks' grandfather, Capt. John Pulling, was in Boston on the evening before the battle of Lexington, and he it was who, with his own hands, hung out the lantern from the church-tower which signalled to Paul Revere the beginning of the movement of the British troops, and started him upon that celebrated ride of patriotism the immediate success of which foreboded the downfall of the empire of George the Third over the United Colonies of America.

SAMUEL B. BABCOCK.

1807 — 1873.

BY HIS BROTHER, WILLIAM G. BABCOCK, OF BOSTON.

SAMUEL BRAZER BABCOCK was the oldest son of Samuel Howe and Eliza (Brazer) Babcock, born in Milton, Mass., Sept. 14, 1807, and died in October, 1873. He was educated at Milton Academy; English High School, Boston; at Claremont, N.H., with Rev. Mr. Howe, an Episcopal rector, and at Harvard University.

A graduate of 1830, he studied theology with Revs. Alonzo Potter, Thos. W. Coit, and John H. Hopkins, and became minister of St. Paul's Church, Dedham, in 1833. He was married, in 1832, to Miss Emmeline Foxcroft, who survived him. In 1870 he received from Columbia College, N.Y., and also from Griswold College, Iowa, the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

His characteristics were cheerfulness, conscientiousness, and constancy. His intellectual faculties were varied, bright, and active. His industry was indefatigable. His heart was thoroughly imbued with professional zeal. He was the beloved pastor of the same church for nearly fifty years, building it up from a mere fossil; not discouraged by opposition nor by calamity. The beautiful temple, which, after twelve years of fidelity, succeeded the old building of 1770, was destroyed by fire; but the glory of the one immediately erected upon its ruins exceeded that of the former. Besides his remarkable allegiance to his church and the diocese, especially to the Society for the Relief of Aged and Indigent Clergymen, he was an affectionate husband, a pleasant neighbor, a cultivator of the

soil, an active promoter of public schools, and a highly esteemed citizen.

Our *alma mater* may reckon him among her faithful and deserving sons.

Although he and his wife were not parents, succeeding generations have risen to call them blessed.

ALBERT CLARKE PATTERSON.

1809 — 1874.

BY HIS SON, GEO. HERBERT PATTERSON, OF PROVIDENCE, R.I.

ALBERT CLARKE PATTERSON was born in Boston, Mass., June 13, 1809, the sixth child and third son of Enoch and Mary (Adams) Patterson.

The boy showed such aptitude for study that he was permitted to enter the Boston Latin School in 1822, the same year with Geo. S. Hillard, N. B. Shurtleff, and Wendell Phillips. On completing the course he was the happy recipient of a Franklin medal.

Becoming a member of the Harvard class of 1830 his scholarship secured his election, in due course, into the Phi Beta Kappa, and he had a part at Commencement. His personal intimacies may be inferred from the style of his room-mates, Charles Sumner and Samuel Brazer Babcock.

Immediately on graduation Mr. Patterson entered the Harvard Divinity School, and during his three years there enjoyed the particular friendship of Mr. Greenwood, pastor of King's Chapel, Boston, to the degree of being often employed to assist him in his services. He was also a great favorite with the Rev. Dr. Henry Ware.

In 1833 he became the pastor of the First Unitarian Society, of Buffalo, N.Y., and there had in his congregation such notable men of the day as Millard Fillmore, Nathaniel K. Hall, and Noah Paul Sprague. In 1837 Mr. Patterson resigned his pastorate and returned to Cambridge to pursue certain special theological studies, which resulted in his retirement from the Unitarian

ministry and in his application for Orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

He was ordained deacon by Bishop Griswold, in Trinity Church, Boston, and was called to the first rectorship of Grace Church, Utica, N.Y., on the 19th of April, 1839. Failing health compelled him to resign his parish, Feb. 27, 1843, and to devote a year to convalescence at the South and elsewhere.

In 1844 he became assistant minister of St. Matthew's Church, Jersey City, N.J., whence he was transferred to the rectorship of Grace Church, Van Norst, now a part of Jersey City, on its organization as a parish.

Unstable health compelled a change of climate and a return to the vicinity of Boston. Bishop Eastburne appointed him "Missionary of Boston and vicinity," and, while residing at Dedham, Mass., his first work was the organization of the very successful parish of Christ Church, Waltham, Mass., of which he declined the rectorship.

In 1851 Mr. Patterson became the rector of St. James Church, Skaneateles, N.Y., when he removed to Buffalo in 1859, to assume the rectorship of the Church of the Ascension. Two years later he returned to the vicinity of Boston, becoming rector of St. Mark's Church, Southborough, Mass.

In 1864 he removed to Forest Hills, Norfolk county, Mass., residing there without a parochial cure till 1869, when he again took up his residence in Buffalo, N.Y. He died in the latter city on the 21st of October, 1874.

Mr. Patterson was a man of pronounced scholarly and artistic tastes, with a special bent for history and architecture. His skill in the latter department of art found ready acknowledgment in the erection, enlargement, and decoration of the churches of which he became rector.

Music was a life-long passion, and found gratification at college in the direction of the chapel music. He was leader of the Glee Club on the occasion of Gen. Jackson's visit to Harvard College.

Historical studies took Mr. Patterson specially into the domain of Scottish ecclesiastical history, in which department he left a large and carefully selected library. He was an

enthusiastic member of the New England Historic Genealogical Society.

The duties of a parish priest naturally limited the freedom with which Mr. Patterson could indulge his tastes outside the line of his special vocation. In his parochial ministrations he enjoyed the hearty and cordial affection of his people, and his rectorships have been honored by certain personal comments of old-time parishioners which befit rather the intimacies of personal life than the pages of a memoir for publication.

Mr. Patterson's appearance was a very fair indication of his character. A spare form, of medium height, with the student's inclination of shoulder, was graced by a head of decidedly intellectual contour, and a face expressive of intelligence, refinement, cultivation.

On the 7th of January, 1836, Mr. Patterson married Miss Juliet Content Rathbone, the fifth child and second daughter of Samuel Rathbone, Esq., of Buffalo, N.Y., who survives him, as also an only son, the Rev. Geo. Herbert Patterson, rector of the Berkeley School, Providence, R.I. An only daughter, Juliet Clary Patterson, died Aug. 3, 1864.

Mr. Patterson was a brother of the late Enoch Patterson, Esq., of the firm of Blake, Patterson, & Co.; and of the late Joseph W. Patterson, of the firm of Almy, Patterson, & Co., Boston and New York. Three sisters survive him and reside in Boston.

CHARLES SUMNER.

1811 — 1874.

BY ROBERT CARTER — FROM "APPLETON'S CYCLOPÆDIA."

CHARLES SUMNER was born in Boston, Mass., January 6, 1811; died in Washington, D.C., March 11, 1874.

His father, who died in 1839, was a graduate of Harvard College, a lawyer, and for fourteen years high-sheriff of the county of Suffolk. The son received his early education at the Boston Latin School.

He was appointed reporter of the Circuit Court of the United States, in which capacity he published three volumes, known as "Sumner's Reports," containing decisions of Judge Story. He also, at the same time, edited the *American Jurist*, a quarterly law journal of high reputation. During the first three winters after his admission to the bar, while Judge Story was absent in Washington, Mr. Sumner was appointed lecturer to the law students, and part of the time he had sole charge of the school. His favorite topics were those relating to constitutional law and the law of nations.

He visited Europe in 1837, travelled in Italy, Germany, and France, and resided for nearly a year in England. He carried to England a letter of introduction from Judge Story, in which he was described as "a young lawyer giving promise of the most eminent distinction in his profession, with truly extraordinary attainments, literary and judicial, and a gentleman of the highest purity and propriety of character." He was received with unusual distinction in the highest circles; was introduced by eminent statesmen on the floor of the Houses of Parliament,

and invited by the Judges to sit with them in Westminster Hall.

He returned to Boston in 1840, and in 1844-'6 published an elaborate edition with annotations of "Vesey's Reports," in twenty volumes. Though voting with the Whig party, he took no active part in politics till 1845, when, on the 4th of July, he pronounced before the municipal authorities of Boston an oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations," in which, prompted by the menacing aspect of affairs between the United States and Mexico, he denounced the war system as the ordeal by battle still unwisely continued by international law as the arbiter of justice between nations, and insisted that this system ought to give way to peaceful arbitration for the adjudication of international questions. His oration attracted unusual attention, led to much controversy, and was widely circulated both in America and in Europe. It was followed by a rapid succession of public addresses on kindred themes, which were also widely circulated. Mr. Sumner earnestly engaged in the opposition to the annexation of Texas, on the ground of slavery. In 1846 he made an address to the Whig State Convention of Massachusetts, on "The Anti-Slavery Duties of the Whig Party," and shortly afterward published a letter of rebuke to Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who then represented Boston in Congress, for his vote in favor of the war with Mexico. These steps led eventually to Mr. Sumner's separation from the Whig party and association with the Free-soilers, to whose candidates, Van Buren and Adams, he lent efficient support in the presidential contest of 1848.

After the withdrawal of Mr. Webster from the Senate of the United States by his entrance into the cabinet of Mr. Fillmore in 1850, Mr. Sumner was nominated for the vacancy by a coalition of Free-soilers and Democrats in the Massachusetts Legislature, and was elected on April 24, 1851, after a most earnest and protracted contest. He took his seat on December, 1, 1851, and retained it by successive reëlections till his decease.

His first important speech was upon the Fugitive Slave Act, against which he argued that Congress had no power under the Constitution to legislate for the rendition of fugitive slaves; and

that if it had, the act in many essential particulars conflicted with the Constitution, and was also cruel and tyrannical. In this speech Mr. Sumner laid down as a guide for political action the formula to which he ever afterward adhered, that "freedom is national, and slavery sectional." In the debate on the repeal of the Missouri compromise, and on the contest in Kansas, Mr. Sumner took a very prominent part. His last speech upon this topic, which was printed under the title of "The Crime against Kansas," occupied two days in its delivery, May 19 and 20, 1856. Some passages in it greatly incensed the members of Congress from South Carolina, one of whom, Preston S. Brooks, on May 22, assaulted Mr. Sumner while he was writing at his desk in the Senate Chamber, and with a gutta-percha cane struck him on the head till he fell to the floor insensible. The injury thus received proved very serious, and was followed by a severe and long disability, from which his recovery was not complete till three or four years later.

His term of office as senator expired March 4, 1857, and in the preceding January the Legislature of Massachusetts reëlected him by a unanimous vote in the Senate, while in the House of Representatives, consisting of several hundred members, he received all but seven votes. Under the advice of physicians he went to Europe for the benefit of his health in March, 1857, and returned in the autumn to resume his seat in the Senate. His health being still impaired, he went abroad again in May, 1858, remaining till the autumn of 1859, and submitted to a course of extraordinarily severe medical treatment in Paris. His next serious effort was an elaborate speech in the Senate, denouncing the influence of slavery on character, society, and civilization, which was printed under the title of "The Barbarism of Slavery."

In the presidential contest of 1860 he made several speeches in behalf of Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin. In the Senate and in popular addresses, during the civil war, he earnestly opposed all concession to or compromise with slavery, and early proposed emancipation as the speediest mode of bringing the war to a close. He based his arguments not only on moral and historical, but on constitutional grounds, and

always claimed that his positions were in strict accordance with the Constitution of the United States.

In March, 1861, when the Republican party obtained the control of the Senate, Mr. Sumner was made chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. On Jan. 9, 1862, he delivered an elaborate speech, arguing that the seizure of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, on board the steamer *Trent*, was unjustifiable on the principles of international law, which had always been maintained by the United States. This speech had great influence in reconciling the public to the surrender of the Confederate envoys. Later in the war he made powerful speeches on "Our Foreign Relations" (1863), and on "The Case of the *Florida*" (1864), and in 1865 he pronounced a eulogy on President Lincoln. A speech upon our claims on England, April 13, 1869, caused great excitement and indignation in Great Britain, where it was erroneously supposed to threaten war, and regarded as an attempt to excite popular feeling against that country by exaggerating the "consequential damages" she had incurred in recognizing the belligerency of the seceding States, and in allowing the Confederate cruisers to sail from her ports. In the same year his opposition to the Santo Domingo treaty, against which he delivered a speech in the Senate, brought him into collision with the administration of President Grant, and led to his removal, in March, 1870, from the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations, and ultimately to his separation from the Republican party, and his support of Horace Greeley, the Liberal Republican and Democratic candidate for President in 1872. In the spring of that year he had delivered in the Senate an animated speech against the renomination of President Grant, which did not have the weight he expected with the Republican convention that met shortly afterwards. On Sept. 11 a convention of Democrats and Liberal Republicans, held at Worcester, Mass., nominated him for Governor of the State; but he had already gone to Europe for medical advice, and, when the news of his nomination reached him in England, he declined it. He returned from Europe late in 1872, and, on taking his seat in the Senate, reintroduced two measures which he had unsuccessfully proposed before. One

was the Civil Rights Bill, the other a resolution providing that the names of the battles won over fellow-citizens in the Civil War should be removed from the regimental colors of the army and from the army register. This last resolution was strongly denounced, and led to a vote of censure on him by the Legislature of Massachusetts in 1873, which was rescinded in 1874, shortly before his death. He died of angina pectoris, after an illness of a few hours.

HENRY W. CARTER.

1805 — 1876.

BY HIS BROTHER, JOSIAH CARTER, OF BOSTON.

HENRY WORDSWORTH CARTER was born on Carter Hill, in Leominster, Mass., on the eighth day of June, 1805, where his father and his grandfather only had lived before him. His grandfather, Col. Josiah Carter, at the early age of eighteen, and his worthy spouse, at sixteen years, reared a log-house and first cleared the primeval forests from the ground where the old homestead now stands. The old homestead has been enlarged, rebuilt, and changed, until, like Peter Parley's jack-knife, it has had three new blades and two new handles; still it is the same old homestead. Also, it has been in its time, chamelion like, of many colors. And to this day there stand — the most beautiful embellishment to the old home — two stately elm-trees, of at least four feet in diameter, one on either side of the house, brought there on the broad shoulder of said Josiah more than three miles, after doing a day's work for a neighbor, and planted more than a century and a half ago. Peace to the noble old trees! they are still green, and fragrant with the memory of the planter. Col. Carter reared a large and numerous family according to the custom of the times, of which James was one, and the successor in ownership to the old homestead at Carter Hill. Henry W. Carter was the third son of James and Betsey Carter. He early learned the use of the shovel and the hoe, the scythe and the sickle, and plied them manfully. He always took great delight in reading; aye, in reading books of a high order, such

as Milton, Shakspeare, Pope, and such other books as he could get hold of. Books were not as easy to obtain fifty or sixty years ago as now. In fact, I think he had rather read than to wield the agricultural implements at any time. Henry was not a lazy boy by any means, but it was more to his taste to read and study than to work on the farm; hence it was decided that he was to go to college, and every effort must be put forth by all the members of the family for that purpose. Henry was fitted for college at the Academy at Groton, Mass. He entered Harvard College in 1826, and graduated in the class of 1830; a class of which the Hon. Judge Thos. Hopkinson, Dr. Henry Lincoln, the Hon. Charles Sumner (of senatorial fame), and many other gentlemen of distinction and honor, were members.

He taught country district schools during the winter vacations, while in college, to eke out his scanty funds to pay his current bills. After completing his career, at Harvard, he taught a private classical school for boys, in Boston, for a number of years, with more or less success.

The character of H. W. Carter was one of rare beauty and value, and although he never was married, and never had the influence of domestic ties, his love for humanity became peculiarly warm and strong. To those who needed his sympathy it was never denied. Closely associated with the early anti-slavery movements he used his pen faithfully and efficiently in the cause of the slave. While he clung fondly to the authors read in his youth his knowledge of passing events, here and abroad, was full and intelligent. There was never a more perfect illustration of the words, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of his possessions." A constant student of the Bible, and an ardent lover of Shakspeare, he contributed largely to the religious and literary influences of the community in which he lived. A "common laborer" he was not. With more or less enthusiasm he would say, "I love to till the ground, for when I am doing that I feel that I am helping God to beautify and make the fruits thereof more abundant." He was a large-hearted, large-minded man, whom a selfish, thoughtless world could little appreciate.

At the time of his death he belonged to a Shakspeare club

at Athol, Mass., to whose members he had endeared himself, and was by them much missed at their regular meetings. They passed a set of resolutions, at a meeting called for the purpose, eulogizing him largely and justly.

The day he died he shovelled snow after a drifting storm all the forenoon for a neighbor, and as he walked home at midday for his dinner, and reached out his hand for the door-latch to his earthly home, he dropped on the sidewalk, and God opened another door and took him to himself.

Thus ended the somewhat eventful life of an honest man, which, it has been well said, is the noblest work of God.

Henry Wordsworth Carter died at Athol, Dec. 30, 1876, and was buried at Leominster, with his kindred.

GEORGE JAMES FOSTER.

1810—1876.

BY HIS NIECE, CAROLINE H. DALL, OF WASHINGTON.

GEORGE JAMES FOSTER, born at Newburyport, July 27, 1810; died at his house in West Sixteenth street, New York, Sept. 23, 1876, aged 66.

Mr. Foster was the son of Samuel H. Foster, of Canterbury, N.H., and of Mercy Porter, of Danvers, Mass.

On his father's side he was descended from George Abbott, who came from Yorkshire to Andover in 1643; from John Rogers, of Dedham; from Whittingham, of Southerton; from Hubbard, the historian; Roger Dudley, and Mary Winthrop, as well as John Laurence, first mayor of the city of New York.

His direct paternal ancestor was Reginald Foster, of Bam-borough Castle, in Northumberland, Warden of the Marches. On his mother's side he was sixth in descent from Governor Simon Bradstreet and Ann Dudley, and inherited, among other small treasures, a copy of the original edition of "Mistress Anne's Poems," printed at Boston by John Foster in 1673. In face and figure he stood alone among his father's children. He was a Bradstreet, with the unflinching honesty and stern, half-cynical sense of justice of the old governor; he inherited his features, temperament, and manner, his jovial humor, and a certain refined epicureanism, which made him value his own ease and the tranquil pleasures of a bachelor life. This separated him alike from all that was unworthy and from much that might be for noble reasons disquieting. He was not so much

a student as a great lover of books, feeling from his earliest youth a sort of affectionate gratitude towards every person who wrote one worth his reading. All these traits combining made him a conservative.

He went through the Boston Latin School, and graduated from Harvard College in the class of 1830. He at first intended to enter the Law School with his friend and classmate, Charles Sumner.

In those days the Commencement dinner, not yet superseded by the meaningless Class-Day collation, was a family festival, and the beautiful entertainment prepared in his honor is almost the earliest distinct memory of the writer. The table, glowing with silver and crystal, spread with dainties concocted from the old Bradstreet recipes by loving hands; the glad games of ball and marbles which he and his classmates were not too proud to start for his baby nieces, now seem nearer than many things which happened yesterday. But the glad hopes with which this table was spread soon faded.

George Foster entered the law office of the Hon. Samuel Hubbard, but was obliged to give up his professional career. His father was overtaken by misfortune. The son's sense of duty made him eager to retrieve the losses of his family, and he began his business life, perhaps, in 1834, by going, as a supercargo, to China, on one of the ships of his brother-in-law, the late Mark Healey, of Boston. The attachment between them was strong. The great fire at Newburyport took place when George was about a year old. In the absence of his father the child was saved, by the Kensington lad lately apprenticed to Mr. Foster, first from the flames, and then, by his rigid self-denial, from the horrors of the three days' starvation which followed the fire. Tardily enough in those days did supplies find their way to the doomed town.

We love those whom we are able to serve, and, when the child had grown to be a man, the same hand was cordially extended to his aid. From China Mr. Foster was transferred to Rio; and, after a time, to the service of William W. Goddard. From Brazil he went to Chili, where he became a partner in the house of Alsop & Co. His active business life

carried him out of the reach of his classmates, none of whom seem to have known much of his later years.

His most intimate friend, the late Edward Blanchard, of Boston, was not a classmate, but a friend chosen when they were both boys in petticoats, living side by side in the pleasant old Atkinson-street houses, where George's family found a home after the fire had driven them from Newburyport, and where Mr. Foster embarked in new enterprises, sustained by the capital of his Kensington apprentice. Of those who were in Harvard College with George, Charles Sumner who was his classmate, and Wendell Phillips who graduated in 1831, seem to have preserved the warmest and the most vivid memories of the man whose gracious conservatism would always foil their friendly attacks by a jest.

Mr. Foster returned from South America, in 1856, the possessor of an ample fortune, which, not being entirely withdrawn from business, diminished a good deal under the varied changes of the next twenty years. He lived almost entirely alone with his servants until his death in 1876. His health was first impaired by severe attacks of fever, contracted in crossing the Andes, before roads or railways existed to make the passage easy. He made small mention of his own sufferings, content to bear them patiently, and forget them, as far as possible, in the travels and biographies with which he beguiled his leisure.

His will, made about a year before his death, was a model of thoughtful consideration. He had no direct heirs, yet his only public bequest was a legacy of \$3,000 to the New York Society Library; — an expression of gratitude for the pleasure he had derived from its shelves. He knew when the end drew near, and, occupying himself in many kindly ways, awaited it with sweetness and dignity. That he encountered death suddenly and alone mattered the less that it is in one sense the common lot. That death is more momentous than birth no man has any need to think.

Mr. Foster was the last survivor of his father's family. His body was laid in the Second Street Marble Cemetery, of the city of New York, by the side of those who had gone before.

JOHN BOZMAN KERR.

1809—1878.

BY HIS WIFE, LUCY HAMILTON KERR, OF WASHINGTON.

IT will be a difficult task to condense in the short space allotted to a college memoir an accurate account of one who, during a long lifetime, united all the qualities that form the courteous Christian gentleman. His own family might very naturally be accused of egotism if his noble character were fully described; and, while shrinking from that accusation, the simple data of his life will be given. Those friends who knew and loved him well must add the praise and honor that his memory fully deserves.

John Bozman Kerr, the second son of Hon. John Leeds Kerr, and Sarah Hollyday (Chamberlaine) Kerr, was born at Easton, Talbot Co., Md., Sunday, March 5, 1809. After the usual course, at the Easton Academy, he was sent, in August, 1827, to the University at Cambridge, Mass., where he entered a sophomore, and was graduated in 1830. After three years in the law office of his father he came to the bar, and for some years practised in his native county. In 1836-37 he was elected to the Maryland House of Delegates.

From 1847-49 Mr. Kerr was acting attorney-general for his native county, — a post once held by his father, the Hon. John Leeds Kerr, and by that gentleman's maternal uncle, John Leeds Bozman, Esq., the author of the History of Maryland. In 1849, also the year of his marriage, he was elected to the House of Representatives of the United States. Having the confidence of the Taylor-Fillmore administrations, he was named

Chargé d'Affaires to the republic of New Granada on the expiration of his term of service as a member of XXXIst. Congress. He was afterwards transferred to the more responsible post of Minister to Central America, as the complicated questions relating to the "Webster-Crampton" project for settling the differences between Costa Rica and Nicaragua, and carrying out the fair deductions of the "Bulwer-Clayton" treaty, together with the disputed nationality of the Bay Islands, required most careful and statesman-like action.

Just as he arrived at Leon de Nicaragua a civil war was imminent, which culminated in an *émeute* Aug. 4, 1851.

Having had a conference, in his official character, with Mr. Castillon, Secretary of State, Mr. Kerr felt at liberty to take a decided stand against the revolutionary movement which threatened the peace and prosperity of the country. Recognizing this, the Legislature, specially convened in 1853, passed resolutions officially thanking him, and commending his vigorous action.

It was never for a moment doubted what his course would be on the breaking out of our own fearful civil war. After the previous Legislature had adopted measures looking towards secession, Governor Hicks issued a proclamation, on Tuesday, December 3, 1861, "to provide the earliest means of keeping Maryland in her true Union position. Mr. Kerr responded, and by his fearless and patriotic action helped to save the State.

He came to Washington, in 1862, to accept a position in the Department of Justice, where, to use his own words, "I do not know whether I have changed my legal residence or not; but it is with sorrow and regret I leave my native county." He was appointed a Solicitor in the Court of Claims, and afterwards Solicitor for the Sixth Auditor's Office, Post-office Department.

Throughout the entire rebellion he was in perfect sympathy with the government, and lived to see its principles maintained.

He died suddenly at his home in Washington, Jan. 27, 1878, to the unspeakable grief of his wife and children. His sons accompanied his remains to the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and reverently laid him in the old family burying-ground at Belleville, near Easton, in Talbot County, the resting-place of his forefathers for nearly two centuries.

HENRY RICE COFFIN.

1810-1880.

BY HIS SISTER, MRS. NATHANIEL HALL, OF DORCHESTER,
MASS.

HENRY RICE COFFIN, eldest son of John Gorham and Elizabeth (Rice) Coffin, was born in Boston, November 10, 1810. His childhood was a bright and happy one. As a youth he was fond of his books, and enjoyed especially the years passed at the Latin School. Though his nature was a reserved and sensitive one, he made friendships among his mates, and often brought them to share the pleasures of his home.

He entered Harvard College at the age of sixteen. A letter from Charles Sumner was found among his papers, proposing that they should become room-mates. Towards the latter part of his collegiate course his father died, and the family was scattered. After graduating honorably Mr. Coffin became principal, temporarily, of an academy in Farmington, Maine, as he had not decided what profession to adopt. Hard and rather distasteful work in the academy, the absence from family and friends, added to a sense of responsibility as the eldest son, induced an illness, and the mental powers gave way under the strain, very heavy to one so sensitive.

At first there was hope of recovery; but the mental cloud was not lifted. For more than forty years he was tenderly cared for, attracting those who ministered to him by his gentleness and delicacy of bearing.

Some of his classmates can testify to his fine scholarship in the Latin and Greek classics. An unconscious action of the

memory, if so it can be called, was shown in his accurate repetition, to the very last day of his life, of long Latin quotations, after his physician gave him the first lines.

A peaceful death closed the life so unfinished here. May the eternal years bring to it a full fruition.

CHARLES STUART.

1881.

BY HIS CLASSMATE, JOHN O. SARGENT, OF NEW YORK.

CHARLES STUART was an uncommonly good scholar. He possessed a remarkable memory, and easily distanced all his class at school or college in the exercise of capping verses. He could roll off, *ad infinitum*, hexameters of the desired initial from Virgil or Juvenal, and in this game was seldom worsted. He wrote Latin verses with facility, and, with bare study, Greek verses that would pass muster. In college he maintained a fair rank. On graduation he embraced the profession of the law; and in educational pursuits and such legal practice as he could command in the intense competition at the New York bar, he lived for many years. He enjoyed the confidence of some senior members of the profession, to whom he was able to render himself of service. He was in close relations with Governor Van Wess while he was collector of the port of New York under President Tyler, and in his latter days was employed in confidential clerical labors by Judge Roosevelt. It may be doubted, however, if his heart were ever very strongly in his profession. His rôle was that of a scholar, and it was on his proficiency in the Latin and Greek classics that he especially prided himself. He died, unmarried, while on a visit in Washington, D.C., in 1881.

JOHN PICKERING.

1808 — 1882.

BY HIS SISTER, MARY PICKERING, OF SALEM.

JOHN PICKERING was born in Salem, Mass., November 8, 1808. He was the eldest son of John and Sarah (White) Pickering, and a grandson of Colonel Timothy Pickering. His early education was obtained at the private schools and classical school in Salem; and he was fitted for college at the school of Mr. Simeon Putnam, at North Andover, entering the freshman class of Harvard College in 1826, and graduating in 1830. His quiet course in college was marked by correct deportment and obedience to the laws and regulations of the university, while he gained the esteem and affection of his associates, which he ever afterwards retained. Not possessing a taste for mathematical or other scientific studies, he had a fondness and aptitude for acquiring the classical and modern languages, especially the latter, which always continued to claim his attention and interest.

In college he was a member of the Pierian Sodality, the society so long existing there, to which his love of music then attracted him, and which contributed so much to his enjoyment as a recreation, especially in domestic life.

Before graduating from college he was engaged by Mr. Gideon Thayer, principal of the Chauncy Hall school, in Boston, as a teacher of the Greek, Latin, and Spanish languages. In this occupation the year was passed for which the engagement had been made; and in this time he had secured the confident regard of the patrons of the school and the strong attachment of

his pupils. At the termination of this engagement he entered the office of his father for the study of law. At this time the Honorable John Pickering was the city solicitor of Boston, to which office he was annually elected until his resignation of it, from declining health, in 1846; and during this period his son constantly assisted him in the duties which fell to his share. Upon the death of his father he entirely relinquished the pursuit of his profession. Desiring to enter into active business life he engaged in it as a note and stock broker, and in 1851 he was elected a member of the Boston Stock Exchange, establishing himself in the Union Building in State street, in the same office which he always afterwards occupied, and where he was associated in late years with a junior partner, Mr. Charles W. Moseley, under the business name of John Pickering & Moseley. For more than thirty years his life was assiduously devoted to the duties of the business which he had adopted; and in all its requirements and responsibilities he was recognized as a man of sterling integrity and honor. His marked courtesy and unfailing regard for the rights and claims of his associates in business won their respect and secured their strong personal attachment, which was manifested not only during his life, but expressed at his decease, in spontaneous and feeling tributes to his memory by the members of the Boston Stock Exchange.

During the entire period of his mercantile life in Boston his home was in Salem. In 1850 he was married to Mehitabel Smith Cox, a daughter of Benjamin Cox, Esq., of Salem, and sister of Dr. Benjamin Cox, the late eminent physician of that city. In his domestic relations he was most fortunate and happy; and as a citizen he identified himself with the best interests and private charities of his native town. He was a member of the Essex Institute, and a member of the Essex Agricultural Society, and was much interested in their objects and advancement, from his own love of nature and great enjoyment of its pure resources. He was also a member of the Massachusetts Society of the Cincinnati, holding the membership descending to him as the eldest son of his father, who had himself held it as the eldest son of his father, Colonel Timothy Pickering.

Late in the autumn of 1881 his vigorous health became impaired. At the close of the year his increasing debility excited grave solicitude, and on the 20th of January, 1882, he passed peacefully to rest, in the full possession of his mental powers.

The innate modesty of his nature would forbid an extended recital of the traits of character and daily life which made him a marked man of the community in which he lived, and caused the void widely felt by his decease.

At a meeting of the officers and standing committee of the Massachusetts Society of the Cincinnati, held March 2, 1882, the following resolution was unanimously passed: —

“*Resolved*, That in the death of John Pickering, a grandson of Colonel Timothy Pickering, an original member of Revolutionary fame and glory, the Massachusetts Society of the Cincinnati and its standing committee have lost one whose purity of life and integrity of character, whose modesty of demeanor, and whose firmness ever mingled with gentleness and courtesy, whose earnest and patriotic sympathies in all the purposes and influences of the Society of the Cincinnati, made him every way worthy to hold the place once occupied by his honored grandfather in this society.”

In a brief sketch of the subject of this notice it is not permitted us to dwell on the distinguishing characteristics of domestic life which endeared him to his family, to a wide circle of friends, and to persons of all classes with whom he came in contact. His attachments to Salem were peculiarly strong, and its institutions claimed his earnest interest and support. He was a constant worshipper at the First Church, as his ancestors had been, and his home was in the venerable mansion in which they had also lived.

This ancient and picturesque house, now standing, and in a perfect state of preservation, was built in the year 1651; the estate having been purchased in 1642 by John Pickering, from Yorkshire, England, who was recorded as an inhabitant of Salem in 1637, and it has always remained in the possession of the successive generations of the family. In this house Colonel Timothy Pickering was born, and a large family of sisters, as well as an elder brother, the Honorable John Pickering, also a

prominent citizen of Salem, by whom this ancient homestead was given to his nephew, John Pickering, the lawyer, scholar, and philologist, who bequeathed it to his son John, the subject of this memoir, by whom it was most carefully cherished.

In this quiet and attractive home, which was graced by the refined taste and courtly hospitality of its possessor, the happiest hours of our departed friend were passed. In 1879 Mr. Pickering sustained the loss of his excellent wife. He has left two daughters, and a son in adult life, who bears the name of John Pickering.

ELISHA REYNOLDS POTTER.

1811—1882.

BY HENRY BARNARD, HARTFORD, CONN.

ELISHA REYNOLDS POTTER, the subject of this sketch, was the son of Elisha Reynolds Potter and Mary (Mawney) Potter, and was born in what is now the village of Kingston, in the town of South Kingstown, Rhode Island, on the 20th day of June, A.D. 1811. His father, also a native of South Kingstown, was a prominent lawyer, and had an extensive practice so long as he remained at the bar. In 1794 he was elected a member of Congress, to fill a vacancy in the 4th Congress, and at the same time he was elected to the 5th Congress, but resigned before the close of his term. Congress then sat in Philadelphia. In 1809 he was again elected to Congress, and continued a member for six years, and then declined a reëlection. He was also, for about forty years, a member of the General Assembly of the State from his native town of South Kingstown.

Prof. Wm. G. Goddard, in a note to his address delivered in 1843, "On the occasion of the change in the Civil Government of Rhode Island" from the old Charter to the Constitution, speaking of Elisha R. Potter, Sr., says: "Perhaps no political man in this State ever acquired or maintained, often amid many adverse circumstances, a more commanding influence. This influence was the result, mainly, of his powers and qualities as a man, of his rare native endowments, his intuitive perception of character, his large acquaintance with the motives, principles, and passions which belong to human nature, and determine the

conduct of men. He was not a favorite of the mass of the people, for, politician though he was, he neglected many of the most effective means of winning popularity. Over the minds, however, of those, whether friends or foes, to whom, in political concernment, the people are wont to look for direction, he always exerted an extraordinary influence."

The mother of the subject of this sketch was of Huguenot descent, being a lineal descendant of the Le Moiné (his first name is not given on the original plat of the purchasers anglicized into Mawney), who was one of the original purchasers in a large company of French Huguenots who bought an extensive tract of land and settled at what is called Frenchtown, in East Greenwich, Rhode Island.¹ She had both the intelligence and the spirit of the Huguenots. Such was his parentage.

The son took by inheritance the home, and paternal respect, which his father, a great and honored name in social life and political history of his State, had achieved, and from his mother a constitution most delicate and refined. He had a gentleness of nature almost feminine. From childhood he was always fond of books and study, and scholarly in all his tastes. He was, however, as firm in his convictions as he was gentle in manner. His spirit was always most charitable and tolerant. *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, was his rule of conduct in private and public life.

He was fitted for college principally at the Academy at Kingston by the Rev. Oliver Brown, a graduate of Harvard, who was also the minister of the Congregational church. Before entering college he studied French for two summers at Newport and Providence, at the same time giving special attention to mathematics. He entered Harvard College in 1826, and graduated in the class of 1830, holding in his whole course a high position for scholarship, but extending his reading widely beyond his class studies into historical and general literature.

In the winter following his graduation he commenced the study of the law, and at the same time took charge of the clas-

¹ Her father's name was Parson Mawney, of East Greenwich.

sical department of the Academy at Kingston. In the spring of 1831 he entered the law office of Nathaniel Scarle, of Providence, one of the largest practitioners in the State, and was admitted to the bar in the courts of Rhode Island on the 9th of October, 1832. In this practice, as attorney, counsellor, and with occasional occupation in municipal, State, and national affairs, and in historical authorship, and daily excursions into the domain of literature, Mr. Potter continued for fifty years a life of singular simplicity, purity, and usefulness, all the time apparently unconscious of the good he was doing, the broad and thorough scholarship he was attaining, or the hold his unostentatious services had gained in the respect and affections of the citizens of Rhode Island and of his fellow-men generally.

Along with his legal studies, and even earlier, he had read extensively in the history and biography of Rhode Island and of New England, and began independent investigations into the original records and documents of his native county and State, which, in 1835, when only about twenty-four years old, he embodied in a volume of four hundred pages with the title of "The Early History of Narragansett," with original documents never before printed. This contribution to the history of the State was published as the third volume of their collections by the Rhode Island Historical Society, and is still regarded of high authority on the subject and the period of which it treats.

Mr. Potter had previously prepared, while acting as clerk of the House of Representatives in 1833, a document on "Religious Corporations," which was submitted to that body as a report of a committee charged with some legislation on the subject. This document discusses thoroughly the practice of Rhode Island in exempting church property from taxation, as well as the general principles on which the statutes of mortmain rest.

In 1837 Mr. Potter published, the result of exhaustive research, "The Emissions of Paper Money by the Colony of Rhode Island, from 1710 to 1786," which was printed in a pamphlet of fifty pages. This pamphlet was reprinted by Mr. Henry Phillips, Jr., in his "Historical Sketches of the Paper Currency of the American Colonies," prior to the adoption of the Federal Constitution. In 1865 it was rewritten by him, with

additions by Mr. Sidney S. Rider, and published in the Rhode Island Historical Tracts, No. 8, 1880.

In the revolutionary agitation, known as the Dorr Controversy or Rebellion, Mr. Potter, although sympathizing in his political professions with many of the individuals associated in the movement, sided early and decidedly with the party for defending the government against military force, and against all constitutional changes not attempted in authorized ways.

He was a member of the committee on the part of the government of Rhode Island to visit Washington, and secure, if necessary, the intervention of the national Executive in defence of law and order in the State.

Mr. Potter issued, in 1842, a pamphlet entitled "Considerations on the Question of the Adoption of a Constitution and the Extension of Suffrage in Rhode Island," with a view of quieting future agitation. It is a treatise of much original research, and of special interest in the history of Rhode Island, and a second edition was called for in 1879.

The people of the State, and especially of the Narragansett country, early transferred to him the confidence and regard entertained for his distinguished father, — Elisha R. Potter, — and from his own and the neighboring towns he was consulted by them in all matters relating to their private, as well as their public affairs, as a trusted neighbor and friend, and he often gave his counsel without fee or regard to his personal comfort.

He was frequently elected member of the town council of South Kingstown, and in 1843 and '44 was elected a member of Congress from the district in which he lived. His intimate and thorough knowledge of the history of the State made his suggestions of much practical importance in all municipal and State legislation, and secured him great personal influence even with those who differed from him politically.

After his retirement from Congress in 1844 Mr. Potter cordially entered into the movements which began in 1843 and resulted for the first time in the thorough organization of a system of public schools for the State; and in 1849 he succeeded Mr. Barnard as Commissioner, and carried forward and consolidated the forms of procedure under the school law prepared

originally by Mr. Barnard, and subsequently issued a revised and perfected edition of the same. During his administration, in 1852, the State Normal School, suggested and advocated by his predecessor in 1845, was established, and inaugurated by an address in which he gave it his cordial support, although he was originally in favor of a system of professional training in which Brown University should take a responsible part, both on the ground of its being the head of public instruction, and because the State had a right to look for hearty coöperation in the professional training of public-school teachers, on account of the corporate privileges and exemptions accorded to the institution and its professors.

He was early called to recognize and apply to public schools the doctrine and policy of Rhode Island,—of the entire separation of church and state. While he held and encouraged religious instruction to the largest extent by voluntary coöperation of parents, he felt it his duty, as State Commissioner, to protect the humblest member of society from any denominational imposition of special creed in the administration or instruction of the schools of a town or district. To the literature of this subject Mr. Potter contributed several addresses, as well as a special report, in which was given the experience of different countries in Europe, and of different States on this continent, in this department of public service, and a digest of the best thoughts which had been presented from time to time on both sides of the difficult problem of religious instruction in public schools.

In 1851, in an address before the Historical Society, Mr. Potter explained the exceptional ground occupied by Rhode Island in the educational policy of New England. As long as education was looked upon as exclusively or mainly the work of the church, and of clergymen, he claimed that Rhode Island could not consistently legislate on the subject. When that ground was gradually and practically abandoned, then the State took up the matter. Although late in the field, he claimed that the system now in operation in Rhode Island did in all respects compare favorably with the older systems of the neighboring States.

In January, 1852, Mr. Potter began the publication of a

monthly educational magazine, which was continued to the completion of the second volume in 1853. The two volumes are full of educational matter of permanent value, and should be in every public library of the State.

In 1861 Mr. Potter was a member of the Legislature from South Kingstown, and urged the General Assembly to the adoption of resolutions pledging the resources of the State to the support of the American Union, and in his remarks he anticipated an entire revolution in the political status and domestic policy of the Southern States as the inevitable result of their attempt at secession.

In 1862, while a member of the Senate, he submitted a report denying the right of the Legislature to grant a perpetual exemption from taxation to any religious institution having resources of its own, or to exempt the property of an incorporation, literary or charitable, or its office-bearers, from taxation; and where such exemption was now made it was the duty of the Legislature to correct the practice, as all property in the State should bear its proportion of the cost of its protection.

In 1868 Mr. Potter was elected a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, which office he continued to hold until his decease, April 10, 1882, and no member of the bar in his day could have brought to it more solid or varied learning, sounder views of equity, or more patient consideration to the discharge of all his duties on the bench or in chambers. No matter with what inconvenience to himself, he was always ready to attend to his duties as a magistrate.

His associates, in receiving the resolutions of the bar on the occasion of his decease, one and all bore testimony to the patience, fidelity, and learning with which he had uniformly discharged his duties. "That he was strictly upright, pure, and incorruptible in this high station," observes one, "is only to express the sentiment of all who knew him. No one for a moment could think him capable in the slightest degree of betraying his exalted trust."

Mr. Potter was a true lover of books; he prized a book for its own sake, although he had a most discriminating taste and judgment with regard to their contents and editions; and his

own library was a monument of choice selections in all the great departments of thought. No book went on to the shelves of his library until he had made himself master of all it contained, and no man was more ready to communicate knowledge thus gained to others, or more full and accurate in his references. With all his attachment to his own books he was always ready to loan to a special investigator his choicest volumes. Scarcely a book can be taken down from his shelves which does not contain slips and memoranda by him, elucidating the subject treated, or the author. He was never less alone than in his library, where great minds could be summoned at will to conference or recreation. And the pleasure which he derived from books he wished to make accessible to all, rich and poor, old and young, through school and village libraries; which, as School Commissioner, he labored to establish and extend in every town, and, to aid in the selection, he issued a list of good books, which is still extensively used. The library at Kingston was started by him, and greatly enriched by his donations, and at no distant day his own collection will become a Free Library of Reference for the State and country.

Mr. Potter, though always and everywhere a Rhode-Islander, so far as a consistent recognition of the principle of "soul liberty" makes a Rhode-Islander, was always and everywhere an American, above the distinctions of party and creed. He never questioned any individual's right to vote, think, or speak according to his own convictions, and never urged his own views on any one, old or young, man or woman, and he firmly and quietly held to his own views without obtruding them on others, however rudely assailed. He was a man of childlike simplicity and purity of manners and speech, and never illustrated his views by anecdotes of equivocal meaning, or seemed to understand such allusions in the conversation of others.

Judge Potter's death created a profound sensation. Although never robust, and always requiring special care, his death was not anticipated by a prolonged absence from his duties on the bench, so that the announcement of his sickness and death was simultaneously received. He held his court in Providence on

Friday, April 7, 1882, adjourned and returned to his home as usual, expecting to resume his seat on the bench the next morning. A sharp attack of pneumonia, however, prevented and terminated his life on Monday, April the 10th, 1882, at the old homestead of himself and of his parents. His loss to the court was profoundly felt, and his services as a public man were gratefully acknowledged by the profession and by all the authorities of the State. The General Assembly adjourned to attend the funeral. The Supreme Court suspended its session at once, and each of the judges paid feeling tributes to his personal worth and his legal and miscellaneous learning. At a meeting of the bar resolutions of condolence were introduced, and spoken to with great tenderness and respect by several of the older and younger members of the profession. The public press everywhere recorded his death with extended notice of his public services, and the most emphatic recognition of the simplicity, purity, and usefulness of his whole character and life. At the next quarterly meeting of the State Historical Society appropriate remarks were made by its officers and members, and an elaborate paper, drawn up by Judge Stiness, was ordered to be entered on the records of the society. A paper was also read by Sidney S. Rider, containing a full and condensed summary of Mr. Potter's publications and official life.

The funeral services were held at eleven o'clock, on Thursday, April 13, at the old Potter mansion at Kingston, and were attended by the members of the Legislature, by the Chief-Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, and a full representation of the bar. The services were conducted by the pastor of the village church, and at their close the body was borne upon a bier, followed by the family and a large concourse of neighbors, legislators, lawyers, justices, and citizens, to the family tomb on the homestead near his residence.

HENRY WINTHROP SARGENT.

1810—1882.

HENRY WINTHROP SARGENT was born in Boston, November 26, 1810. On the maternal side he was a descendant of the Hon. Samuel Welles, mentioned in another memoir in this volume, and his father was Colonel Henry Sargent, the painter, a pupil of West, and so favorably known by the admirable portrait of General Lincoln, executed for the Massachusetts Historical Society, and his great historical painting of the "Landing of the Pilgrims," which he presented to the Plymouth Society. His best work was, perhaps, one widely known, at the time of its production, as the Dinner Party, which now hangs in the dining-room at Wodenethe, the late residence of the subject of this brief memoir.

Henry Winthrop was prepared for college at the Public Latin School, then under the charge of the very conscientious and competent teacher, Mr. Benjamin A. Gould, a gentleman whom all his surviving pupils remember with respect and gratitude. Even at this early age the boy possessed, in a marked degree, many of the qualities which adhered to him through life, derived, perhaps, by inheritance of artistic tendencies, and shown in his love of order, his fastidious neatness, and good taste in his apparel and equipments of all kinds, and his extreme care that all his surroundings, such as they were, should be without fault or blemish. He entered Harvard College in 1826, and passed through the course with unflinching obedience to all the requisitions of the authorities, with a creditable though not distinguished record as a student and scholar. What his particular ambition was during these years may be inferred from his article in the *New Harvard Register* of March, 1880, on the Harvard Washington Corps fifty years ago. He was the cap-

tain of the corps in the year 1829-30. Nothing but an uncommon interest in the subject could have enabled him, after the lapse of fifty years, to remember and detail with so much minuteness, the incidents to which he refers.

“On entering college a half century ago, and after recovering from the severe ordeal of the football contest (the freshmen and seniors against the sophomores and juniors), which occurred within the early days after the beginning of the autumn term, and after the usual six months or so of hazing, the freshman of that day found there were three objects of his ambition:—

- I. The first scholarship.
- II. The most popular fellow in the class.
- III. The command of the college company.

It was difficult to predict the first, for many months; in fact, hardly before the middle of the sophomore year, not always then. Nor was it very easy to know the second; this likewise required many months and many trials. With the third the matter was easier; since certain characteristics as to height, carriage, military bearing as a private in the company for the two or three years previous to the election, which occurred the last term of the junior year, would somewhat indicate who was, and who was not, eligible. . . .

If I remember right, the election took place in the early part of summer. At twelve o'clock on a certain day, a meeting of the four college classes was called on the advertising board at Porter's Hall, the old inn of that name, famous for its flip. The four superior officers, — the captain, two lieutenants, and the adjutant, — out of uniform, but wearing swords and sashes, came from the middle entry of Holworthy across the yard, with great dignity and sobriety; the whole college walking, running, and shouting by their side, still urging their favorites at this last moment on some uncertain and perplexed voter. On reaching the hall, the officers placing themselves behind a table at its upper end, the captain, coming forward, in what was considered 'a graceful speech,' resigned for himself and them the offices they had held the past year, and asked the college votes for their successors. I think it might have been possible for Dr. Holmes to have originated on this occasion his lines,

‘It is, it is, a hat is going round;’

for into this domestic ballot-box the votes were deposited, and subsequently counted, and the successful candidate declared. This same course was pursued in the election of the three remaining officers, and the result declared amidst the shouts or jeers and hisses of the friends or enemies of the successful candidates. After this the old officers, taking off their swords and sashes, put them on their successors; and, arm in arm, the two captains, the four lieutenants, and the two adjutants returned as they had come, across the yard to the middle entry of Holworthy, the whole college cheering, shouting, or hissing by their side. By this time it was one o'clock; and, the first act having ceased, the college went to dinner.

The second act commenced at two, and was the more interesting from being more uncertain. For a day or so before the election of the higher officers it was pretty well known who they were to be. Not so with the four commandants, as they were called (captains of companies). These were not chosen by the college, but by the four old and four new officers, and in this way: Having met with closed doors in the middle entry of Holworthy, a name was proposed for first commandant, balloted for, and accepted or rejected as the case might be. If accepted, the past senior commandant walked out alone across the yard to Stoughton, Hollis, Massachusetts, or wherever the new officer lived. During the election of commandants, which usually occupied from two to six, all recitations being suspended, the yard was entirely deserted; but every window in every building was filled with heads, watching the course of the outgoing officer, and trying to guess who his successor would be. If he headed towards Stoughton, that building rang with shouts and applause, waving of handkerchiefs, and every sort of demonstration of joy; with corresponding hisses and groans from the other buildings. If he passed Stoughton and Hollis, and headed for Massachusetts, then Stoughton and Hollis took up the groans and hisses, and Massachusetts the cheers. After entering any building, there came a dead silence over the college, although every eye was staring to see the new and old officer come out together; then groans, cheers, shouts, and hisses, as the new officer was liked or disliked. This same course was continued with the three other commandants, until they were all chosen, usually just as the prayer-bell rang; then on crossing the yard came the congratulatory slaps on the back and shakes of the hands of one's friends.

This evening the old eight officers gave a supper to the new eight, at Gallagher's in Devonshire street, a great college house in those days. In return the new officers gave a supper on the evening of their first appearance in uniform. The next afternoon, immediately after the supper, the sixteen officers, the new eight with their swords and the old eight with muskets, met in the grove, as it was then called, immediately behind, I should say, the Appleton Chapel, for drill; the men with guns, representing companies, going through the manual and company drill. This was continued every afternoon for several weeks, a half-dozen privates being at last brought down to increase the companies, until at last there appeared in the windows of University, as we went to prayers, the well-known advertising board, eighteen inches square, and bound with green ribbon:—

'The Harvard Washington Corps is hereby ordered to appear this evening, immediately after tea, for battalion and company drill. Per order of the captain.

—, *Adjutant.*'

This first appearance was always a very trying one to the new officers, as the old ones appeared in the ranks with muskets.

The music consisted of a drum and fife, — 'Old Dan Simpson' the drummer, and 'Old Si Smith' the fifer, as they were then called, both of whom were still alive a few years ago, and I believe, are to-day. These drills took place every Tuesday and Friday evening, until the company came out for the first time in uniform, with the Brigade Band of twenty-eight pieces; the men

in the prescribed college-dress, which was dark Oxford mixed gray, single-breasted coats, the skirts cut away like our present dress-coats, and with white cross-belts; the officers wearing the usual infantry felt cap or hat, with black leather visor and black fountain plume, the college uniform coats, with the gilt Massachusetts button, gold epaulets, and white trousers, the usual white sword-belt and scarlet silk sash.

The company of one hundred to one hundred and twenty guns was formed by the orderly sergeant on the Common, then unenclosed, and immediately outside the railing in front of Hollis. At a certain signal the eight officers standing on the steps of Hollis marched out, the full band playing. After taking their proper places, the usual parade was gone through. The corps then, at slow time, marched through the larger Massachusetts gate, past University, to the middle entry of Holworthy, where they formed line and opened ranks, the officers coming to the front, when the standard was brought out and saluted; after which, again falling into column, the band playing usually the well-known march of '*Pas redouble*,' the colors flying, the company marched by Stoughton and Hollis, under the admiring eyes and applauding hands of the young ladies who were at the windows, out through the Massachusetts gate, by the president's and professors' houses, saluting each as they passed, until just before six, when, again going through the evening parade on the Common, they were dismissed, and their guns usually taken to the armory in Hollis or Stoughton. The grand *finale* of this exciting day was the appearance of the officers and men in uniform at evening prayers.

The Harvard Washington Corps continued for several years after my time, and was then suspended by the government, I believe; at any rate, it ceased to exist; though I understand some attempt to revive it has been made within the last year or so.

We have had so much real 'soldiering' to do during our civil war, in which Harvard boys played so noble a part, that it is doubtful whether the old standard, with its well-known motto, '*Tam Marti quam Mercurio*,' will ever again wave in the college yard."

After leaving college Mr. Sargent entered the office of Hon. Samuel Hubbard as a student-at-law. At that time there were two large buildings facing each other in what was known as Court square, in School street, — one owned by Mr. William Sullivan, who had his offices there, and the other known as Barrister's Hall, — and in the two some half-dozen of Sargent's classmates and college-mates pursued and completed their studies for the bar. After going through the usual legal course he removed to New York, and, entering on commercial pursuits, became ultimately a partner in the firm of Gracie and Sargent, bankers, and agent of the then celebrated banking-house of Welles & Co., of Paris, the head of which was his

uncle, on the mother's side, Mr. Samuel Welles. In January, 1839, he married Caroline, the only daughter of Francis Olmsted, of New York, and not long afterwards retired from active business to a rural retreat at Fishkill-on-Hudson, where he sought to realize his ideal of all pursuits in the life of a country gentleman.

He purchased a tract of about twenty acres, with an unfinished house, in the midst of a native forest. He began with the axe, feeling his way at every step, clearing out an old inhabitant wherever he proved to be an obstruction; cutting out vistas, creating lawns and flower-beds, and planting new varieties, year after year, of ornamental shrubs and trees. In these earlier days he was in constant intercourse with Andrew J. Downing, the ^{eminent}~~ancient~~ horticulturist and landscape gardener, who resided on the opposite bank of the river at Newburgh. With him he discussed his plans,—not as a docile pupil altogether, but as an artist with views of his own, derived from study or intuition, which he could intelligently compare with those of his more experienced friend, inspired with the same love of nature and similar ideas of the true and beautiful in art.

There, in a few years, he created Wodenethe, a place of unique and unrivalled charms, and long the wonder and admiration of crowds of visitors, who came from all parts of the country to walk through such grounds as they could find nowhere else. There, for forty years, saving only an occasional visit to Europe, where he could not well find any twenty acres crowded with more natural and cultivated beauties than his own, he continued his study and his work,—the study and work of a lifetime,—knowing every blade of grass, scrutinizing the effect of every patch of foliage, every group of shrubs, every flower, every leaf.

Taking his daily observations, with his note-book in hand, nothing escaped his critical eye. It was a serious and a conscientious work with him. The same artistic talent that his father had exhibited on canvas, the son manifested in his grounds. He made his pictures, and set them in frames of emerald, with an unerring taste and skill. There was no Dutch, English, or Italian landscape-gardening in his work. It was his

own and nature's,—the adaptation to his purposes of the original growth upon his grounds, and the innumerable trees and shrubs that he had brought together from every quarter of the globe.

Mr. Sargent never added to his original purchase. He declined all temptations to enlarge his boundaries. His ambition was to make a small place perfect, and, by judicious trimming and planting, to acquire an indefinite territory without the bother and expense of the title-deeds. In this he was singularly successful. You could not tell from any point where his domain terminated. Hill, wood, and river, however remote, seemed, as you looked out on them, to form a portion of his grounds.

In this home he died, on the 10th November, 1882, leaving a widow and one son surviving. By the pen of a kinsman, who has obtained unrivalled eminence in the pursuits to which he was himself attached, he has been described as the only American who exclusively and without other occupation had devoted himself for the best part of his life to the enjoyment and study of the art of living in the country, and the practice of horticulture. "Wodenethe," he adds, "under his hand became one of the most beautiful and instructive gardens," "and its master, during a full quarter of a century, the most widely-known and famous of American gardeners."

He was a versatile writer; amongst other publications, his "Skeleton tours through England, Scotland, Ireland, etc."; "Scenes on the Hudson during the Revolution"; "Treatise on Landscape Gardening,"—were very popular. He also wrote a history of the forest trees of our country and Europe, and in 1873 edited "A. J. Downing's Cottage Residences."

SAMUEL T. WORCESTER.

1804—1882.

BY HIS FRIEND, REV. FREDERICK ALVORD, OF NEW BRITAIN,
CONN.

SAMUEL THOMAS WORCESTER was born in Hollis, N.H., August 30, 1804. He was the great-grandson of Rev. Francis Worcester, a prominent clergyman of colonial times, whose home was in Hollis. A grandson of Captain Noah Worcester, a zealous patriot in the Revolutionary War, and a trusted man in the town affairs of Hollis, and a son of Captain Jesse Worcester, a respected citizen of the same town. His mother was Sarah Parker, of Hollis.

Judge Worcester was the thirteenth child in a family of fifteen,—nine sons and six daughters,—and a brother of the distinguished lexicographer, Joseph E. Worcester. Of the nine sons, Joseph E. and Henry A. were graduates of Yale College; Taylor G., Samuel T., and Frederick A., of Harvard College. Jesse, Jr., died as he was about to enter Dartmouth College, and David spent two years at Harvard, when he left and became a teacher.

The subject of this sketch early felt a strong thirst for knowledge, and, stimulated by the example of his elder brothers, determined to obtain a public education. He prepared for college at the academies of Pembroke, N.H., and Andover, Mass., and graduated at Harvard in 1830. After his graduation he taught school one year at Weymouth, Mass., and one year at Cambridge. Having decided upon the profession of

the law, he entered the office of the Hon. B. M. Farley, of Hollis, and completed his studies at the law school in Cambridge.

In 1835 he married Mary F. C. Wales, daughter of the late Samuel Wales, Esq., of Stoughton, Mass., and the same year removed to Norwalk, Ohio, where he established himself in the practice of his profession. He soon gained the confidence of all who knew him. He was elected a member of the Ohio Senate in 1849 and 1850, and a district judge of the tenth Ohio judicial district in 1859. This latter office he held till 1861, when he was elected to the lower house of the United States Congress, of which body Abraham Lincoln was at the same time a member.

While in the Ohio Senate he acted on a committee for the revision of the school laws of the State, and was instrumental in grafting upon them some of the features of the New Hampshire school laws.

He may be said, without injustice to others, to have laid the foundation of the present public-school system of Ohio. To him and his wife the town of Norwalk is largely indebted for a valuable public library, established during their residence, and which he generously remembered in his will.

In Norwalk he was associated with the law firm of Williams & Boalt, afterwards Boalt & Worcester, and finally Worcester & Pennewell. In 1867 he removed to Nashua, N.H., where for a time he continued the practice of his profession; was chosen City Solicitor for two years; served several terms on the school board of education, and was continually active with tongue and pen in promoting every good cause up to the time of his death, December 6, 1882.

Judge Worcester was fond of the quiet pursuits of the scholar, and devoted much of his leisure time to writing.

In 1831 he published "Sequel to the Spelling Book;" in 1833, "American Primary Spelling Book;" in 1871, "Revised Edition of Worcester's Comprehensive and Primary Dictionaries," also, the same year, "Old and New," or "The School Systems of Ohio and New Hampshire Compared," and, in 1879, "History of the Town of Hollis."

In addition to these works he was a frequent contributor of historical articles to the press.

He delivered the principal address at the bi-centennial celebration of Old Dunstable, October 27, 1873.

His last public effort was an exhaustive paper, read before the New Hampshire Historical Society, entitled, "New Hampshire at the Battle of Bunker Hill."

On learning of the death of Judge Worcester, the Huron County Bar, of Ohio, of which he was for thirty years a member, at a meeting held at Norwalk, December 16, passed the following resolutions: —

"*Resolved*, That the members of the bar of Huron County have heard with profound regret of the death of Judge Samuel T. Worcester, who died at his home in Nashua, N.H., on the sixth day of December, 1882.

"*Resolved*, That in the Hon. Samuel T. Worcester we recognize one who, in all his relations with his fellow-men, whether in public relation or in private life, filled the full measure of his duty. He was a learned and able jurist, a wise and safe counsellor, a public-spirited, liberal, and patriotic citizen, a man of pure life and strict integrity, and he has left us an example worthy of all imitation.

"*Resolved*, That, with the permission of the Court, these resolutions be spread upon the records, to there remain as a slight testimonial from the members of the bar of Huron County to the worth, ability, and purity of character of the deceased jurist."

Extended and highly complimentary remarks were made upon the foregoing resolutions by several members of the bar, all of whom bore their unequivocal testimony to his rare worth as a man and a citizen, and to his unswerving fidelity in all the private and public relations of life.

At his funeral, which occurred at his late residence in Nashua, December 9, 1882, the following address was delivered by Rev. Frederick Alvord, of the First Congregational Church, his pastor for fourteen years: —

"The passing away from earth of such a man as our departed friend deserves more than ordinary mention. His form will be seen no more, but we shall not soon forget the man. The ex-

ample he has left is of priceless value, not alone in its pure quality, but in its breadth and depth, covering as it did every department of his outward life. The virtues of the dead are a legacy to the living.

“ Judge Worcester sprang from a representative New England family. His ancestors were sturdy, self-reliant, religious men and women of the type who planted the colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay. These characteristics were conspicuous in him. He was a fine example of a genuine New Englander. In common with several of his brothers, he sought and enjoyed the advantages of a collegiate education. Few families could count more children, or show more intellectual culture, than the one in which he was born. I shall not now speak of his public life, or of his literary labors, except simply to say, that whatever position he held he filled ably and faithfully, whether in the State of his birth or of his adoption; in the local or national Legislature; acting with the Committee on Education in Ohio, or on the School Board of this city; as a writer or as an advocate, — to the discharge of all these varied duties he brought a disciplined mind, a painstaking patience, and an abiding sense of responsibility.

“ It is rather of him as a man in the deep underflow of his life that I shall chiefly speak. If we can find what lies down there, it will not be difficult to determine the influence or the value of his public services. The moral quality of a man's character diffuses itself through the whole circle of his activities. Soon after coming to this city I discovered what sort of a man this is who has been taken from us, and a fuller and somewhat intimate acquaintance has only served to confirm my first opinion. He grew in your esteem; you did not at first see all there was of him. One needed to know him well to take the full measure of his worth. Like some precious jewels, the more carefully you looked at him the richer did his character appear. There have been many men of wider knowledge, of larger intellect, of more commanding talents; but I hesitate not to say that there have been few men of finer moral fibre, of more inborn delicacy of soul, of a more royal character. A close analysis will bear out these statements.

“The first thing you noticed about him was his hearty and unstudied frankness. He was an open book that everybody could read. The grasp of his honest hand was both a welcome and a benediction. No one could feel ill at ease in his house or in his presence. His cordial manner and large intelligence made his society most attractive to his friends. No man I ever met so much reminded me of Abraham Lincoln as he who so lately animated this body. Not unlike him in his general appearance, he was strikingly like him in his immaculate honesty and immovable integrity. Like him, he had a marked individuality. His best type is found in the granite hills of his native State. There was a certain something about him which said, in unmistakable language, “This is an honest man.” His very presence was a quick rebuke to the first thought that looked for his favor or partnership in anything wrong. Many times have I heard him express his emphatic disapproval of what seemed to him indirect and dishonest in conduct. So open and straightforward was his own way of reaching an end that any deviation from it antagonized his whole nature.

“He had a keen sense of honor, yea, he was the very soul of honor. He was the last man you might expect to find doing anything unmanly or mean. It was not in him to stoop so low as this. True himself, he liked to trust others. Honorable in sentiment and in act himself, he was quick to discern and to value this quality in others. He would have indignantly repelled any suggestion compromising his honor, or leaving the smallest stain upon it. His sense of honor made him high-minded and noble to a remarkable degree. His feelings were refined, his desires elevated. There was as little of grossness in his moral nature as we could expect to find in fallen man.

“While such a nature enjoys much, it also suffers much, on account of the contrasts to which it is constantly held. His charity was abounding. On his tongue was the law of kindness. While he could not help seeing the faults of others, he was slow to speak of them and slower still to speak unkindly. In the delicacy and purity of his nature he was almost womanly. Not the whit the less of a man did this quality make him; on the contrary, it was so blended with others, that while it softened

them, it added dignity and strength to his manly character. Few men who have mingled so much with the world as he did have come out with purer hearts or cleaner hands. He was uncommonly free from all appearance of self-seeking or of a mere wordly ambition. He never learned the art of trimming, or of suspicious reserve, which it is so easy to learn in our hard contacts with the world. He did not know how to shut up the windows of his soul. He did not know how to give you the impression that he knew vastly more than he was willing to tell. He put on no airs of superior wisdom. His nature was peculiarly transparent. He carried the simplicity of the child through to the end. He never returned to his childhood traits, for he never lost them.

“He was large-hearted and generous to a fault. While scrupulously careful to do exact justice to all, he believed that his fellow-men had other claims upon him than those that fell under the letter of the law. He recognized the fact that he was a part of society, and that a spirit of benevolence is the law of the social life. His heart overflowed with the milk of human kindness. No one could fall within the circle of his personality without feeling the uplifting touch of a warm and magnanimous soul. His presence made you better. He was always ready to help all good causes. The Home for Aged Women in this city will not soon forget his generous benefactions. His gifts were often bestowed quietly, in a way known to but few. He had the moral courage of his convictions. He was quick to discern the right and firm to pursue it. He never took counsel of self-interest or of the fear of man, when once he had decided that he ought to pursue a given line of action. The only question he asked was: “Is it right?” He would have plucked out an eye sooner than deliberately do wrong. And yet, with all this strength of conviction, he was catholic in his feelings and generous in his judgments. He cheerfully accorded to others the same rights of opinion which he claimed for himself. He never tried to separate himself from what he did. He recognized the fact that a man’s character is stamped upon all his acts, public and private, and that the responsibility of them belongs to him alone. This clear discernment of right, and willingness to do

it, easily placed him among the foremost of the friends of moral reform. He was a born reformer. No one ever had a more painful sense of the evils of intemperance than he. No one ever sought more honestly to remove them. We all remember a few years ago, how earnestly he and his most efficient wife tried to break the power of this evil among us. He ardently loved the cause of moral reform in all its departments, and rejoiced at every sign of progress.

“He was exceedingly affectionate. Only those who knew him intimately can understand this. His devotion to his wife, while living, was beautiful; his loyalty to her memory since her death has been equally beautiful. It has been his aim, so far as possible, to do in all things as he thought she would have him do.

“His domestic relations were exceedingly happy. His wife was a woman of strong intellect and independent judgment, and she proved to be his trusted companion and most efficient helper. They were admirably adapted to each other, and their mutual confidence was something to be admired and imitated.

“Blessed with no children of their own, they adopted a niece of Mrs. Worcester, whom they tenderly cherished, and who became the wife of Dr. L. W. Puffer, of Brockton, Mass., where she still resides.

“Mrs. Worcester died April, 1874, and the discourse preached on the occasion of her funeral by her pastor, Rev. F. Alvord, was published.

“Judge Worcester was fond of his kindred, and extended to them an open-handed hospitality. He was always happy to have his neighbors and friends call upon him. He was a good listener as well as a good talker. A social hour in his house was a rare privilege. The heartiness of his welcome when you entered was equalled only by that of his “Call again,” when you left.

“Judge Worcester was a true Christian gentleman, I may say one of the best examples. There was nothing artificial about him. He was just what he appeared to be. With him to be gentlemanly was both an instinct and a principle. He did not learn it from the schools. Nature gave it to him. It was in-born.

“The gentleman cannot be made any more than the poet. At first his somewhat rough exterior and brusque manner had a momentary tendency to repel, especially if you did not know him very well; but you would soon discover that true grace and beauty belong to something deeper than what the eye sees. You would quickly forget what it was that gave you that first repulse in your admiration of his superb qualities of mind and of heart. How polite he was! What courteousness! What suavity, even! There was something in the very tone of his voice, which bespoke refinement of soul, and the instincts of a true gentleman; you were thankful to be permitted to feel the touch of such a pure and lofty nature, that you might, if possible, be lifted to his level.

“He was a religious man, — more, he was a Christian man. He drank in the spirit of the Christian religion from his ancestors, and this fact, no doubt, had much to do in forming his own religious character. I would not offer any conjectures, but I may speak of that I do know. From repeated conversations with him, I am confident that he held to the essentials of the Christian faith. Religion with him was practical rather than theoretical. He believed more in the witnessing life than in the verbal declaration. He sought for the fruits, and he had no confidence in the creed that did not give corresponding fruits. He accepted the Bible in the substance of its teachings as a revelation from God, and the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Saviour of man. And he who can do this, although in some other respects his faith may not have that symmetry we could wish, is clearly entitled to the name Christian. He studied God’s word. He was a man of prayer. It is not for us to judge any one; God only pronounces righteous judgment.

“‘By their fruits,’ says the Master, ‘ye shall know them.’ One may hold in his heart the living essence of truths which he shrinks from attempting to put into words, and could not if he should attempt it. He showed his consistency by a careful observance of the Sabbath and of public worship. He believed in the historic Christian church, and gratefully recognized its great work for man.

“He kept himself thoroughly informed in regard to the state of

the religious world. He habitually read the 'Congregationalist' and the 'Missionary Herald.' Holding, as he did, peculiar views on some points of doctrine, he might naturally have excused himself from participating in the work and worship of any of the churches of this city. Instead of this, however, he was a cordial supporter of the Church of Christ among us, and at his former home in Ohio. After the death of his wife, more than eight years ago, he withdrew little by little from public life, and sought retirement in his home, where he divided his time between the use of his pen and the enjoyment of the leisure which his age and industry had so well earned. He grew lonely. His large circle of brothers and sisters was reduced to four. Almost all his schoolmates in Hollis and his college classmates at Harvard were gone. He stood almost alone among the children of his own generation, now only a remnant.

"In these circumstances it was natural that he should lean more and more towards the spiritual world, whither so many of his kindred and friends had gone before him. He longed for their companionship. For the last year it has been evident that he was nearing the end of his journey. Of late he has frequently said that his stay could not be long. His arrangements for his departure were deliberate, careful, minute. For the final summons we cannot doubt that he was ready, even glad to obey. It is hard to realize that we shall see his pleasant face and commanding form on these streets no more. On the 6th day of December, 1882, — a day that will be, forever memorable in astronomical science, at high noon, at the very time when so many eyes on this little planet were eagerly gazing at the sun to witness the transit of Venus, his liberated spirit took its flight somewhere among these rolling spheres to the mansions of the Father, to the 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

"The removal of a man whose character was so transparent in its purity, and whose life was such a positive force for good, is a great loss to this community. It will be deeply felt. His exalted worth is a rich legacy and a stimulating example to the young men of this city and to us all. God grant that these may not be lost."

SAMUEL M. EMERY.

1804—1883.

BY HIS WIFE, MARY H. EMERY, OF NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

SAMUEL MOODY EMERY, son of Moody and Abigail Prescott Emery, was born in that part of the town of Newbury, Massachusetts, now called West Newbury, A.D. 1804. His father was a descendant of John Emery, one of the early settlers of "ould Newbury." Samuel was the fourth of five children. His health, in early life, was delicate; but, by the Divine blessing and the care of a devoted mother, and the simple habits of the country, he developed a constitution enduring, though not robust. He was remarkable for agility, excelling all his playmates in running and leaping. For the greater part of his life he was a rapid and almost untiring walker.

In youth he was noted for uprightness of conduct. A friend who remembers him in boyhood describes him as one always to be depended upon to speak the truth on any occasion of dispute. Another, a few years his junior, writes, "His influence over me, when a motherless boy, was most satisfactory."

Mr. Emery's reminiscences of the first school he attended — presided over by a lady called "Ma'am Jewett" — were very amusing as related by him, in after years, to entertain his children. When considered old and strong enough he was promoted to this public school near his own home.

He was prepared for college at Phillips Exeter Academy, and entered Harvard University, 1826. While in college he employed his winter vacations in teaching school, to assist in

defraying his expenses. Being obliged to exert himself, he appreciated his advantages and was diligent in study. His standing in college was good, as he was among those who had "parts" for Commencement. A classmate thus writes of him; "In college he was the same modest, unassuming person he was in all the years after graduation. So early as college life he developed his high-toned character and stainless reputation."

After his graduation, in 1830, he continued his occupation of teaching. In March, 1831, he took charge of the classical department of Northfield Academy, and remained in that school three terms. He was, from October 12, 1831, to August, 1833, Instructor of the Young Ladies' High School, at Portsmouth, N.H. Here he made many agreeable acquaintances, and some valued friends. One of these was the Rev. Charles Burroughs, D.D., rector of St. John's Church, by whom he was baptized on Sept. 3, 1832. On the next Sunday he was confirmed by the Rt. Rev. A. V. Griswold, Bishop of the Eastern diocese.

Sometime previous, while a teacher in Lowell, Mr. Emery had become acquainted with the saintly rector of St. Anne's Church in that city, whose instructions and example must have influenced him favorably towards this step which he took at Portsmouth. His faith in the church of which he then became a member was intelligent, founded upon a settled conviction that it was a branch of the "one Catholic and Apostolic Church," and never wavered, but was held as a "sound Churchman" believes it.

He became a candidate for Holy Orders while at Portsmouth. He took a room at Cambridge, November 15, and pursued the study of theology under the direction of Rev. Dr. Coit. Subsequently he was instructed by the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, then rector of Trinity Church, Boston. While engaged in preparing for Orders Mr. Emery still instructed pupils.

In the winter of 1835 he had the care of several students, who had been sent from college to Lancaster, — the gentleman in whose charge they were placed being chosen a member of the State Legislature, and obliged to procure a substitute. Mr. Emery was occupied with this duty about three months.

He returned to Cambridge, and on July 28, 1835, was ordained Deacon, with two other candidates, in (old) Trinity Church, Boston. Mr. Emery was presented by the Rev. William Crosswell, then rector of Christ Church, where he preached his first sermon.

On 12th December, 1835, he left Cambridge to go to Chatham (now Portland),—a town beautifully situated on the Connecticut River, opposite the city of Middletown. Here he entered upon the duties of assistant to the rector of Trinity Church,—the Rev. William Jarvis,—disabled by laryngitis. The parish was an important one, having built a new church in 1830, and the illness of the rector, in the midst of his usefulness, was disheartening to his congregation and himself. He received and treated his curate and successor, who for nearly six years resided in his family, as a younger brother. As Mr. Jarvis did not recover the use of his voice sufficiently to resume his work of preaching, Mr. Emery was elected to the rectorship in April, 1837. The former rector and his family retained their pleasant home in Portland until 1852, and were then, and after their removal, most kind and generous friends to Mr. Emery and his household. Mrs. C——, of Hartford, a daughter of Mr. Jarvis, writes of Dr. Emery, since his death, as one “who has been a life-long friend, and who, as the years went on, seemed more and more as a kinsman, beloved for his noble worth, and his holy, blameless life.”

The new rector was admitted to Priests' Orders by the Rt. Rev. T. C. Brownell, Bishop of Connecticut, in Trinity Church, Chatham, May 14, 1837. From the first, Mr. Emery entered with his whole strength into his parish duties. If he heard of a case of illness or affliction among the people of his charge, he did not wait for a summons, but attended them as soon as possible. He sought to be acquainted with all his parishioners, and felt acutely their joys and sorrows. Were there space many interesting incidents of his pastoral visits could be cited. His advice on secular as well as religious matters was often sought.

He was married, Nov. 17, 1841, to Mary H. Emery, daughter of Eliphalet Emery, Esq., of West Newbury, Massachusetts.

Seven children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Emery, of whom six survive their beloved and honored father.

In his home, Mr. Emery seemed an exemplification of "Herbert's Country Parson," making allowance for differences of countries and times. The kindest husband and father, he ruled "his children and his own house well." He practised hospitality, keeping his house open to his parishioners, and delighting to entertain friends from out of town and brethren of the clergy. He was fond of young people, and attracted them by his cheerful conversation, in which a vein of humor was perceptible. He retained nearly to the close of life his aptness to teach. He prepared several young men for Trinity College, Hartford, — one for the Sophomore Class.

He frequently preached three times on Sundays, and held service on other days and evenings. His sermons, of which he left a large number, were usually prepared with much thought and labor. He was an earnest preacher, and commanded the attention of a congregation. When very thoroughly roused and animated by his subject, he became truly eloquent. If he had had more self-assertion, if he had preached "himself" more, instead of "Christ Jesus the Lord;" if his object had been to become "a sensational preacher," he might have made more noise in the world; but he felt too deeply and sincerely the sacredness of his office to carry secular subjects or religious gossip into the pulpit. His endeavor was to instruct his parishioners in the doctrines "which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health," and in their duties to God and their neighbor.

Before Dr. Emery left Connecticut he had the pleasure of assisting in services at the laying of the "corner-stone" of a neat rural chapel, in the eastern part of the town, the result of a mission begun by him and carried on with the help of a divinity student. In less than a year after leaving Portland he returned to be present at the consecration of this chapel, — "St. John Baptist."

In 1838 Mr. Emery received the degree of A.M. from Trinity College, Hartford, and of S.T.D., in 1864, from the same institution.

For some time previous to leaving the State Dr. Emery was one of the trustees of Berkeley Divinity School, in Middletown. At this city there was an able *corps* of clergy, with the godly and learned Bishop Williams at their head. Dr. Emery was on terms of intimate friendship with many of these, and with other neighboring clergymen, some of them much younger than himself.

He made no display of his piety, but no one who witnessed his self-denying devotion to duty could doubt the principle which actuated him; and in his private diary his serene faith in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, is, from time to time, expressed.

He resigned the rectorship of Trinity Church, Portland, on Easter Monday, 1870, the resignation taking effect June 19, the same year. Before the close of summer the whole family were settled in West Newbury, Massachusetts, on an ancestral farm, part of which was "laid out unto John Emery Jun.," in 1644. Dr. Emery did not desire another rectorship; but, wishing to serve in the ministry, he supplied vacant parishes as opportunity offered, or assisted other clergymen, — especially the Rev. George D. Johnson, elected rector of St. Paul's, Newburyport, near the close of the year 1870, and remaining about five years. Dr. Emery's relations with him were very pleasant.

In West Newbury Dr. Emery was Superintendent of Public Schools, from 1871 to February or March, 1874.

After changing his residence to Newburyport, November, 1873, he officiated, as before, in different places, sometimes many consecutive Sundays in a parish. He often performed offices of the Church, and, during the absence of the rector of St. Paul's Church, had the pastoral care of that parish for a number of weeks. He was "minister-in-charge" of St. James' Church, Amesbury, for about two years.

In the spring of 1882 Dr. Emery and family returned to their West Newbury home. He was now unable to officiate in public, but held divine service in his own house nearly every Sunday morning, to the end of his life. On two occasions he said the office for the Burial of the Dead, at dwellings about two miles from his own.

He interested himself in the cultivation of his farm, and kindly cared for the comfort of those employed on it. He was an example of patience, and even cheerfulness. It was a sore trial to him to give up the active duties of his life-work, but his trust in the Divine goodness sustained him. He had a great dread of giving trouble to others, and feared losing his ability to be useful. He was mercifully spared from realizing this fear. He had been for months an invalid, but did not give up taking exercise out of doors, and attended to many affairs. On Sunday, August 12, he officiated at the service in his house with much energy. On the 15th he was not well, but continued his accustomed employments, until afternoon, when he had an attack of indigestion. He seemed partially relieved early in the evening. Later, alarming symptoms occurred, which increased, with some intermissions, till about ten o'clock the next morning, when he quietly entered into rest. He was conscious much of the time of his short illness, spoke affectionately to those around him, joined devoutly in the prayers offered by his bedside by the rector of St. Paul's Church, Newburyport, responding with an audible voice the "Amens," and repeated distinctly the Lord's Prayer.

His funeral was attended, on the morning of the 20th, from St. Paul's Church, Newburyport. The rector and seven of the clergy were present there, and at the Belleville Cemetery, where, with holy rites, his body was laid to "rest in hope."

The large congregation of friends at the church showed the loving estimation in which the deceased was held.

The Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Massachusetts, being prevented from attending, expressed in a letter of condolence to the bereaved family his high regard for the departed.

The following is an extract from a minute, adopted by the Vestry of Trinity Church, Portland, Conn., after Dr. Emery's death:—

"As assistant and rector his ministry in Portland covered a period of thirty-five years, the longest in our annals. From 1835 to 1870 he broke the bread of life to feed the flock of God committed to his care; he went in and out among us as a

faithful imitator of the Good Shepherd, and 'an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in spirit, in faith, in purity.' Two generations of parishioners remember with gratitude his kindly ministrations, and look to see him receive the crown of life when the Chief Shepherd shall appear."

A writer in the "Hartford Evening Post" says of Dr. Emery, as rector of Trinity Church, Portland: "He had the respect and confidence of the whole people of the town, without regard to religious beliefs or party preferences. In a word, he was a 'Christian gentleman,' and many are the word tributes of loving respect that have been uttered here. . . . Dr. Emery's labors were not confined to his own parish. For thirty-two years he had supervision of the public schools of the town, and no one will venture to say that they were ever in a better condition than during that time. He also held religious services at the almshouse at stated periods, and in other remote parts of the town. He obtruded his religious belief upon no one, but by his kind heart and unaffected modesty 'drew men unto him.'"

GEORGE WASHINGTON WARREN.

1813 — 1883.

BY HIS CLASSMATE, THOMAS C. AMORY.

GEORGE WASHINGTON WARREN, son of Isaac Warren and Abigail Fiske, was born in Charlestown, now part of the city of Boston, October 1, 1813. He died in that city, in the house next west of the Boston Athenæum, May 13, 1883.

That the first American progenitor of this name was like Macenas, as Horace relates in the first line of the Odes, *atavis editus regibus*,—a very common privilege, if any it be,—has been made clear by the work of Doctor John C. Warren upon the descendants of Gundreda. It seems more than probable that his ancestor, John, who came over to Massachusetts in 1630, with Winthrop and Saltonstall, was brother of Richard of Plymouth, and the father of Peter, from whom the author of that work traces his descent. That John, the ancestor of the Warrens of Watertown, was identical with the companion of Saltonstall, seems difficult to doubt. We reserve for a more fitting occasion the grounds of this belief; not that they are without interest here, where the name and blood of the Warrens are so largely represented, but for the reason that this memoir of our classmate already occupies so many pages.

In the sixth generation from this John (1585-1667), who settled at Watertown, on Massachusetts Bay, in 1630, his ascending line of ancestry are: Isaac, 1758-1834; Elisha, 1716-1795; John, 1684-1745; John, 1665-1703; Daniel. All of them appear to have possessed the sterling qualities to win from their

contemporaries affection and respect. Their memories, kept in mind by many a monument of their own achievement, are still cherished by their descendants as their most precious heirloom. They in turn inherited and transmitted that good sense, integrity, and thrift which secured to them, as their generations moved on, health and happiness, the confidence of the public, with a fair share of official responsibilities and honors. The trust in providence, which insured them independence, and in so many ways constituted life a blessing, is observable in what we know of their experiences and in the correspondence they have left.

George's father had already been twice a widower when, in 1810, he married Abigail Fiske, the widow of Isaac Lamson, of Weston, who was born April 4, 1769, and died 1858, at the advanced age of eighty-nine. We find frequent intermarriages between the Warrens, Lamsons, and Fiskes, — families all alike honored and honorable in their various branches. The Fiskes were especially distinguished as divines in the puritan pulpit, as able expounders and eloquent preachers. The Warrens may have been somewhat more independent in their religious belief. We find that John, the original patriarch, who had settled at Watertown, had acquired there a large estate. He served as selectman from 1636 to 1640. When Endicott ruled the colony, 1651–1661, he was proceeded against for expressing his dissent, not long before he died, to portions of the Cambridge platform. His descendants were generally, however, steadfast to the faith of their fathers, and George's parents, rigid Calvinists, would have been pleased if their son, the subject of this memoir, had kept true to the ancestral belief.

When eight years of age, in 1821, he was sent to board with Rev. Mr. Webster, at Hampton, on the southern borders of New Hampshire, that he might attend the Academy at that place. Here he remained two years. From the summer of 1823 to the summer of 1824 he was at the Framingham Academy, and the next year at that of Stowe, where he met his future wife, a scholar at the same school. Such opportunities for studying the marvels of nature at the period of life when the mind and imagination are peculiarly sensitive to their

impressions were not thrown away on one so happily constituted. His teachers were of the best to inspire a taste for knowledge, to quicken his mental faculties, as also to develop his sense of right.

The letters of his father, still extant, and which he often reperused as he progressed, were admirably calculated to form his character upon elevated standards, to instil principles of religious responsibility and dependence, which he exemplified in his character and conduct throughout the vicissitudes of his life. In selecting Amherst for his collegiate course his father may have in some measure been actuated by one of his wife's brothers having been connected with that institution as a professor; he also cherished the hope that the influences of the place might dispose George to follow in the footsteps of so many of his progenitors and become a Puritan minister. Another brother of Mrs. Warren, Dr. Thaddeus Fiske, was settled over the parish of West Cambridge, now Arlington, for half a century. He was himself a deacon in the First Church of Charlestown, of which Dr. Morse, the geographer, was pastor. By nature and nurture preëminently religious and devout, the concerns of this life were less precious in his sight than those of that to come.

To a young lad of twelve, of an ardent temperament, jealous of restraint, with special aptitude for enjoyment, such a future as that his father in the goodness of his heart had planned for him was peculiarly distasteful. The gloomy austerities of Amherst soon became repugnant to all his conceptions of what was pleasant and agreeable. He had not been long within its walls before his forebodings were more than realized. Displeased and discontented he besought his father with respectful firmness to remove him to Harvard, where his surroundings would be more congenial. The parental decision, that he better remain where he was, he obeyed, and with filial affection and reverence he submitted even with a good grace to what he could not control. He frequently afterwards, in all frankness, returned to the subject in his correspondence and conversation, and to one whose pains had been untiring to form his mind and character it must have pleased the father to see this mark of

independence in stating fearlessly his reasons for the faith that was in him.

He had been nearly two years at Amherst when an incident occurred, somewhat distressing to them both at the time, to set him free. One day, emptying a bowl of water from his window down upon the footpath underneath, some drops sprinkled the dress of a member of the faculty who was passing, too much absorbed in his meditations to take heed of any such possibility of peril. It may have been unintentional. There seems, however, to have been some suspicion that it was from design, and to resent some supposed injustice. It ruffled the temper of the don, who reported the misdemeanor, though Mr. Warren and his friends endeavored to avert the consequences as out of proportion to the offence. The government of the college, incensed at this presumed indignity to one of their august body, were not to be appeased. George was suspended.

It seems to have been his good fortune to pursue his studies under favorable conditions for diligence and in pleasant places, where nature presented to his plastic spirit in the scenery and cultivation about him much both to charm and instruct. In charge of the Rev. Dr. Stowe, of Braintree, he worked with little interruption, and in 1827, well fitted for his examination, he became at last, as he had so long eagerly desired, a student of Harvard. He entered the Sophomore class, and, though he had only attained his fourteenth year, his own experience, the instructions of many cultivated minds, eager for his own sake and his father's to quicken his mind and discipline his character, had not been in vain.

His diligence within the college walls at Cambridge continued unabated, and though the youngest of his classmates, and many of them very much older than himself and more mature, he ranked well for scholarship. He gained and kept the respect of the professors and teachers, formed many lasting friendships with his classmates, and with those in the classes above and below, and was generally beloved. For the Hasty Pudding Society he wrote a poem in 1829, and in 1830, chosen class poet, another for that occasion, which, well conceived and happily phrased, deserved and elicited applause.

In the winter vacation of the year that he graduated, as was then not unusual where such opportunities offered, he was an assistant teacher of the Warren Academy at Woburn, which his father had recently founded. His father had not abandoned the hope, now that he had obtained his degree, that he would carry out the plan still fondly cherished, and become an Orthodox minister. But when he urged upon him the study of divinity, he found to his grief that George had conscientious scruples, having become sceptical as to the Westminster Catechism and Cambridge platform. What he had apprehended from the influences of Harvard, and which had led to his preference for Amherst, had come to pass, for his son had become a Unitarian. He was too firmly fixed in his own religious views not to be disappointed, too sincere a Christian himself to disturb the faith of another. This disappointment did not lessen their cordial affection, and they remained good friends as before.

This inability to carry out his father's plan for him had one good effect. He felt it all the more incumbent upon him to be permanently pecuniarily independent of his father, and he accepted an offer made to him to become assistant teacher in the Friends' Academy at New Bedford. The next year he opened, under his own tuition, a classical school for young ladies, which continued until 1834. Coming fresh from the instruction of Harvard, which, if not as varied and complete as at present, made many excellent scholars, with his harness on, his mind well furnished, his æsthetic nature vivid with his own considerable experiences in life and extended scholarship, he was well constituted to inspire the young ladies intrusted to his charge with a thirst for knowledge. By making instruction pleasant he sought not only to develop and regulate their faculties, but to fix tenaciously in their memories what it was good for them to know. He took especial pains to render his school-rooms cheerful and attractive, and his cordial and sympathetic disposition, while ever chastened by his high sense of obligation and the importance of maintaining his authority, inspired friendship and confidence.

His varied accomplishments in letters eminently fitted him

for his task. Besides being well grounded in the classics he spoke French, Spanish, and Italian. He was well acquainted with the masterpieces of those languages, and was in the habit of reading weekly, up to the day of his death, his Hebrew Bible and the Greek Testament. If the instruction of Harvard was not so universal as now, many branches of knowledge, such as metaphysics and mathematics, were then less abstruse and remote. What was needed for the general purposes of life was more simply inculcated and better understood, for it was less entangled with subtle distinctions and puzzling limitations. If dialectics are more scientific, the more certain knowledge derived from intuition and observation as taught by Locke, by Stuart, Reed, and Browne, whose works we then studied, of the operations of the human mind and our moral and emotional nature, was quite as valuable as our present doubts.

This pleasant relation of instructor to the best and brightest of the choicest circles of New Bedford, opened wide to him the gates of its society, one eminently refined and cultivated. He became a great favorite with those most eminent in professional walks. Many already known over the land, or who have since become distinguished, were among his intimate associates. It is sufficient to mention the Hon. Thomas Dawes Eliot, Governor John H. Clifford, Judge Oliver Prescott, Benjamin Rotch, and Benjamin Lindsay. Their very names explain why his residence in this beautiful city of gardens he ever afterwards remembered as one of the happiest periods of his life.

His correspondence even from the time he entered college and down to this period, when he had reached his majority, shows how desirous he was of passing his life in the pursuits of literature and of becoming an author or professor. While at New Bedford he was tendered the position of tutor at Amherst College, which he declined, and afterwards, when he was offered a similar position at Harvard, his father would not let him accept it. He delivered a lecture before the Lyceum of New Bedford, and wrote an ode for the Fourth of July of the same year, which was afterward set to music and sung in Boston on a similar occasion (1881), when he was the orator.

His father had watched tenderly over his progress, and by

his constant letters from his early childhood to one of his latest from his death-bed manifested his profound affection. These letters, and those of his son in reply to them, were religiously preserved and read over again when he had his own children to direct in the ways of wisdom and discretion. They would occupy too large a space for this memoir. When, as intended, they are made accessible in print, the happy influence they exerted in forming the character of the son will be recognized. His father died at Charlestown, March 19, 1834, at the ripe age of seventy-six, as George was reaching his majority.

Thus cast upon his own resources, with a slender patrimony, George decided to adopt the law for his profession, and came to it with a training and ability, matured in other pursuits, that ensured a successful career. He entered the office of Mr. Benjamin Rand and Augustus H. Fiske, his cousin, at the corner of Court and Washington streets, in Boston. Mr. Rand ranked among the most learned of the Suffolk bar. In several departments of the law he was preëminent, and from his familiarity with that of insurance had been retained with Mr. William Wirt, who had come on from Baltimore for the purpose, against Mr. Webster in the well-known case of Tuttle Hubbard and Brooks, tried in the old Court-house, afterwards the City Hall, which stood on the site of the present. His ability and learning displayed in the case were so conspicuous that he sprang at once from comparative obscurity to an elevated position in his profession. Fees flowed in from cases in which large sums were at stake, and with Mr. Fiske, a most successful practitioner, for his partner, though the two were very differently constituted, they amassed each a handsome fortune. Mr. Rand when in London was made much of by the judges and lawyers, honored and feasted, for they realized his worth even better than his own legal brotherhood.

He possessed one of the best law libraries in Boston. Its well-stocked shelves lining his chambers on two floors, connected by an iron circular stair, were an education. Their precious stores of legal learning, their possessor, of whose heart they were almost the exclusive object of affection and pride, had for years been absorbing, till he cared little for aught else.

He was too honest to neglect the obligation assumed in taking pupils, and, generally shy and taciturn in general conversation, he was all the more ready to communicate his treasures when prompted by the sense of duty, and his students were interested and sensible. It is easy to conceive how valuable these lessons must have proved, for Warren, during his long period of practice at the bar or later when seated on the bench. Nor had he less happily selected the office for the details of professional practice. Its docket was large and varied. Mr. Fiske, his cousin, the partner of Mr. Rand, stood among the first in office routine and management of cases in court, and left him little to learn from his own stumbles.

Attachment to Harvard, that prompted its choice for his *alma mater*, did not abate as he advanced in years. He was a constant attendant at commencements, and at class-meetings helped to keep alive and fervid the good-fellowship that subsisted. All of us remember that pleasant gathering seven years ago at his own house on Marlboro' street, when most of our survivors were clustered round the hospitable banquet he had prepared for us. Late into the summer night we discoursed college days and incidents, renewed our youth in their pleasant memories. We have had other meetings that were memorable. If more are vouchsafed in the somewhat precarious future for some of us our host on that occasion will never be forgotten.

One year before our classmate entered the bar he studied at Cambridge in the then new law school, of which Justice Story and Mr. Greenleaf were professors and Charles Sumner, his classmate, a tutor and librarian. No examination was then required, and, after the period specified for his preparation, the training was completed, he took his oaths and was admitted to the bar. He opened a law office in Charlestown, was engaged in a number of important causes in Middlesex county, and subsequently, with Mr. George Farrar, as Warren & Farrar, had a large practice.

He had been married April 30, 1835, by Rev. Joseph Bennett, of Woburn, to Lucy Rogers Newell, a daughter of Dr. Jonathan Newell, of Stowe, who had been his schoolmate in the academy of that place. She was a granddaughter of a distin-

gushed divine of the same name, who held liberal views of theology, and a descendant of the martyr, John Rogers. She was born August 15, 1813, and consequently was but four months younger than himself. Their union soon ended in her death, Sept. 4, 1840. The only child of this marriage was Gen. Lucius H. Warren, born Oct. 6, 1838, who served during our civil war with great honor, and who now resides in Philadelphia practising law.

George did not remain long a widower, for on the first of June of the succeeding year he was married by Rev. George E. Ellis, D.D., to Georgiana Thompson, daughter of Joseph and Susan Pratt Thompson, of Charlestown, who survives him. Her mother was the daughter of Capt. John Pratt, an eminent merchant of Boston. Thus happy in his home and his social connections, generally beloved and esteemed in the community around him, his practice rapidly extended, and at the same time tokens of the confidence reposed in his ability and character followed in rapid succession. On April 14, 1837, he had been appointed Justice of the Peace, and Jan. 6, 1840, Master in Chancery.

In 1844 and 1845 he served in the Legislature, and was the Whig candidate for Congress in 1845. He was instrumental in obtaining the city charter for Charlestown, and was elected first mayor under it in 1847, and reelected for three additional terms. When elected mayor he was but thirty-four, and younger than any other member of the City Council. Untiring in his attention to the improvements of the city, and particularly of the public schools, he took an active part in the building of new school-houses, as also in the establishment of the High School. He delivered the address at laying the corner-stone of the latter institution in September, 1847.

Elected to the Senate in 1853 and 1854, and chairman of the Judiciary Committee, he was the author of the bill to separate the government of Harvard College from that of the State, which passed the Senate in 1854, but failed in the House. It subsequently became a law with immaterial amendments. This act took the election of the Board of Overseers out of the control of the Legislature and placed it in the hands of the

alumni of three years' standing. He carried through the Legislature the bill for the annexation of Charlestown to Boston, which was accepted by the vote of the citizens of both cities in October, 1854, but was set aside by the Supreme Court. He subsequently agitated the question until it was finally accomplished in 1872.

In his political faith and affiliation he was steadfastly conservative. In 1844 he was sent delegate as a Webster Whig to the convention in Philadelphia which nominated Henry Clay for the presidency when Polk was elected. In June, 1852, again delegate to the convention at Baltimore, he labored with Rufus Choate for the nomination of Webster. Scott was the successful candidate of the convention, and Pierce was chosen President. In 1856 he was sent to the convention at the same place, where Fillmore was nominated by the Whigs, Fremont by the Republicans, and when Buchanan was elected by the Democrats. He soon after withdrew from politics, and spent a year in Europe. Upon his return from abroad he opened his law office in Boston, and soon had his share of clients.

Still hoping that the country might be saved from the civil war impending, he did what he could with lip and pen to soothe the angry spirit of animosity that raged between the sections. This was not then the popular side in Boston, though many of the more sensible, who knew what civil war signified, and how great might be its wreck, preferred to join the Democrats than be faithless to the obligations of the Constitution. In that momentous election of 1860, when Lincoln was chosen, Warren cast his vote for Breckenridge. When the South took up arms he rallied to the support of the government, and voted with the Republicans. He was at this time the candidate on that ticket for Attorney-General of the State.

Although many of the great luminaries that had shed lustre on the Suffolk bar and attained historical importance had disappeared from view or shone in other spheres, enough remained for emulation. But with his studious tastes, and other aptitudes for the bench, his selection, April 12, 1862, for the position of Judge of the Municipal Court of Charlestown, with its varied jurisdiction, civil and criminal, was eminently fortunate. His

long experience at the bar, his familiar acquaintance with the people under his jurisdiction, his amiable and cheerful disposition, his courteous and dignified deportment to all, his conscientiousness, his quick intuitions and insight into motive, his freedom from prejudice, his readiness in the application of rules and principles, his firmness, patience, and impartiality, well fitted him for that bench or any other, and for twenty-one years that he held the office he gave no reason to complain to counsel, the public, or even to a disappointed suitor.

If somewhat mysterious in their ways to the uninitiated, Freemasonry, judged by the character of its members, has every claim to respect and confidence. Judge Warren, Oct. 9, 1843, had been made a Mason in King Solomon's Lodge, which had buried Gen. Joseph Warren, killed at Bunker Hill in 1775. He took the Knight Templar's and Thirty-third degree, and became a member of the De Molay Encampment. Through his exertions the Henry Price Lodge was established in 1858. Of this he was the first Master for two years, and in 1861 was Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, and during the absence of the Grand Master at the South filled his place.

He had been a Director of the Bunker Hill Association from 1836 to 1839, and its Secretary from 1839 to 1847. June 24, 1845, he delivered the Masonic address, upon the monument grounds, upon the occasion of placing the model of the original monument, erected by King Solomon's Lodge in memory of Joseph Warren seventy years before, inside the present noble obelisk. In 1847 he was chosen President, and continued by annual elections to 1875 for twenty-eight years, and then again chosen Director, he remained till his decease in 1883, seven years longer.

If not a descendant, or even near relation, of the great proto-martyr whose name he bore, he had his hereditary interest in the strike for independence. His father was a soldier of the Revolution, though not at Bunker Hill. There is now in the possession of his grandson, Gen. Lucius H. Warren, a piece of blue ribbon enclosed in a letter, which reads as follows: "Fifty years after the memorable battle of Lexington, at the anniversary at Concord, this ribbon was worn as a badge of dis-

tion by those who were under arms and fought in defence of their country against the British troops on that eventful day. This is to be kept by my son or grandson so long as there is one left of my heirs." This letter is addressed to George Washington Warren or Isaac Henry Warren.

Ever foremost in advocating improvements for his native city he was the originator of the Charlestown Gas Company, and its first President. Its establishment met with great opposition from the large majority of the citizens who considered that the introduction of gas would be a great injury. He was one of the fathers and directors of the Charlestown Branch Railroad Company, now the Fitchburg, and also of the Lexington and West Cambridge.

The Christian principles inculcated by his father grew with his growth, and though unable to accept the extreme view of the Orthodox, in the Harvard Church at Charlestown, under the ministry of Dr. James Walker, the President of Harvard, later of Dr. George E. Ellis, he displayed throughout his life the benign influence of his faith in his walk and conversation. When he removed to the Back Bay he became a prominent member of the First Church, under Dr. Rufus E. Ellis, who preached his funeral discourse. He was a delegate to the Unitarian Conference from its first meeting.

His interest in the history of his own country never flagged. At the meetings of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, and of the Bostonian, established to preserve and care for the Old State-House, he was a most constant attendant, and often spoke. He was a member of the Royal Historical Society of London, a delegate to the Peace Conference at Liverpool in 1882. Among other numerous societies of which he was a member may be mentioned the Woman's Club, the Suffolk Bar Association, and the Thursday Evening or Warren Club, of which President Wm. B. Rogers was President, to the literary entertainment of which he often contributed in prose and verse. In these and in all other social relations he was loved and valued. He was the intimate friend of Edward Everett, of Rufus Choate, and Daniel Webster, and at the request of Mr. Webster prepared that part of his Life, which

relates to his addresses in laying the corner-stone and completion of the Bunker Hill Monument.

His busy pen left much that will be always precious to those who knew him as well as to the general public. His published works, his correspondence, and what can be rescued from the oblivion of the past, it is proposed to collect with a more minute detail of his busy life. Such a life, honored and useful, crowded with incident, has much to record full of instructions and for example to other generations. It certainly will be of peculiar interest to his surviving classmates, who knew him so well.

We should leave incomplete a singularly well-poised character if we omitted to refer to what has been so often remarked and expressed by those who knew him the best,—his amiable qualities. Frank and generous by nature and discipline, he carried alike into work and recreation their cheer and their charm. In the intercourse of public affairs, in the discharge of judicial functions, in his cheerful equanimity at home and in social companionship, his vigor, animation, and magnetic sympathies, engendered affection. Whatever his sound judgment indicated as best, without self-assertion he took the lead. On the bench his dignified amenity conciliated confidence, inspired deference to authority, held waywardness in check. Parties, counsel, and witnesses, assured of his utter freedom from prejudice, his conscientious regard for their rights, held in higher veneration the judgment-seat. The litigation that came to his tribunal, if not involving the largest amounts in value, came home to the daily concerns of the people. It often excited animosities and ruffled the temper. He was happily constituted to calm the troubled spirits and reconcile disputes.

From the time we left Harvard, throughout his busy career, he was for many of us the constant friend and frequent companion. All who shared his daily walks or watched his progress from distances more remote with less opportunity of meeting, bear witness to the firm and uninterrupted hold he kept on their regard. Higher office fell to the lot of some of his classmates on broader theatres of action than his own. Sumner in the Federal Senate gained a world-wide renown in

stirring days affecting the destiny of the nation. Kerr represented his country at a foreign court, sat in the Federal Congress. There, too, Potter, Judge of the Supreme Court of his State, and Worcester, son of the great lexicographer, took their part in the national councils which others of the class, as probably Judge Warren himself, could have shared had their other obligations permitted. Fifteen of his class gained various distinction on the bench or at the bar, nine in the pulpit, five in the art of healing. Several by their productions added works of value to the national literature. All who retained their health showed the influence of Harvard, the mettle of their pasture, by their achievements and example, their character and usefulness, and they all loved Warren. He too left his trace in many official trusts, and in his many publications, one of which, the history of the great monument at Bunker Hill, as the record of its erection and the interpretation of all it commemorates, will be perennial as the obelisk itself. His pen was ever busy, and he wrote much else in verse and prose. With his natural endowments and scholarly attainments, the incidents of his life we have so imperfectly related, with the noble traits that composed his honorable, generous, and estimable character, one *teres rotundus* without flaw or blemish, he needed none of the factitious distinctions of rank or special monument for his memory to be cherished. Not only by us, his friends and associates at Cambridge and in the community to which he made himself in so many ways useful, will he long be held in remembrance; but as an example and encouragement to coming generations, who look to him as their progenitor, or are bound to him in consanguinity, or for other reasons bear him in mind, will what we, who knew him best, have to say of him, be well to have recorded. We have not dwelt upon the sorrows inevitable to human life. Perhaps when we meet, as we may, in other realms of being, we shall learn how unflinchingly he bore his cross, at times even for him a heavy one, up the flinty steps of Calvary. We shall more clearly perceive that to his share of the common lot was in some measure owing the worth that embalmed his memory for them and for us.

Some few of us stood around his open sepulchre ten months ago at Mount Auburn, when his coffin stood open to the blue and cloudless skies of that May afternoon, that we might take a parting look of his genial face before his remains were laid within the ground beside his kinsfolks. When we remembered how well through trial and temptation he had walked on with his sturdy step, blameless to the end, we could understand how well life was worth the living, for one who had tried so hard and so well succeeded in accomplishing the tasks set him by Providence to do, and who thus made the best of his mortal existence in the sight of man and God.

ROBERT WILLIAM HOOPER.

1810—1885.

BY HIS SON, EDWARD W. HOOPER, OF CAMBRIDGE.

ROBERT WILLIAM HOOPER was born in Marblehead, Mass., on October 25, 1810. He was the son of John and Eunice Hooper. He graduated at Harvard College in the class of 1830. In 1833 he went to Europe; and, after studying medicine in Paris and elsewhere, and travelling over a large part of Europe, he came back to America in 1835, took his degree of M.D. from Harvard College in 1836, and soon after began the practice of his profession in Boston. On September 25, 1837, he was married to Ellen Sturgis, the eldest daughter of William Sturgis, merchant, of Boston. On November 3, 1848, his wife died, leaving three children, all of whom survived their father. For nearly fifty years, until his death on April 13, 1885, which occurred at the house of his son-in-law Professor Gurney, at Cambridge, Dr. Hooper devoted himself to his family and friends, and to the various public institutions with which he was connected. He was for many years one of the surgeons of the Massachusetts Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary, and its records show that he had "for more than a generation been connected with its development and watched over its interests." For thirty years he was one of the trustees of the Boston Athenæum, and his associates say that "he has worked himself, he has interested others and made them work, and he has done more than anyone else to build up the library, increase its value, and extend its usefulness." For twenty-seven years he gave much of his time to the care of the State Hospital for the

Insane at Worcester, of which he was a trustee. His private practice never yielded him a considerable income; but he had, by inheritance and by prudent management, an income sufficient, and in his later years more than sufficient, for his always moderate wants. His religious feelings were strong and constant; but he rarely expressed them otherwise than by his personal character and conduct.

THE Class of 1830 graduated with forty-eight members, of whom, in 1886, survive, —

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|----------------------------|---------------------|
| THOMAS COFFIN AMORY, | Boston. |
| CHARLES DAWES APPLETON, | Washington. |
| NATHANIEL AUSTIN, | Worcester. |
| JONATHAN WHEELER BEMIS, | Cambridge. |
| JAMES DANA, | Boston. |
| ROBERT HALLOWELL GARDINER, | Gardiner, Me. |
| NATHAN WATSON MUNROE, | Greenfield, Mass. |
| JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT, | New York and Lenox. |
| JONATHAN FRENCH STEARNS, | Newark. |
| CHARLEMAGNE TOWER, | Philadelphia. |

Amory, Austin, Dana, Gardiner, Sargent, and Tower chose the profession of law; Bemis, that of medicine; Munroe and Stearns, that of theology. For a series of years Appleton has been connected with the U.S. Treasury Department, Washington.

William S. Whitwell, of Brookline, was a member of the class as "University student," leaving, before it graduated, to pursue civil engineering. He is honorary member, his classmates welcoming him to their social and other meetings.

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