

*J. Godd.*





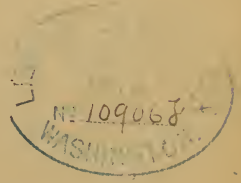
# JOHN TODD

## THE STORY OF HIS LIFE

TOLD MAINLY BY HIMSELF

COMPILED AND EDITED BY JOHN E. TODD

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER NEW HAVEN CONN.

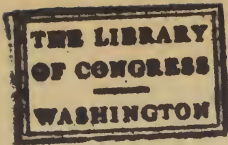


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## P R E F A C E .

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY is, probably, on the whole, the most satisfactory form of a story of a life. Doctor Todd never wrote an autobiography, or even kept a diary; but in his published writings, under various disguises, and in his letters, a great mass of which are in preservation, he has told in his own language the different parts of the story which it has been the task of the compiler to find and knit together. In the accounts of the contests and troubles through which Doctor Todd passed in two of his ministries, the editor does not profess to have given a strictly accurate and impartial history. He has allowed Doctor Todd to give his version of the story, because the man, if he is to be judged fairly, must be considered in the light of things *as they seemed to him*. At the same time, the editor has no reason to think that the accounts are in any respect essentially incorrect. His chief care has been to cut out all names and personal allusions which might hurt the feelings of the living, or do injustice to the dead, or tend to revive controversies which had now much better be left to oblivion, except so far as a general view of them is necessary to throw light upon the character which they

helped to form. Nor does the editor claim to have woven the materials at his disposal with an impartial hand. If there are any who feel disposed to complain that Doctor Todd is here made too beautiful a character, they will perhaps pardon it, in that it is the fault of

HIS SON.

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# JOHN TODD:

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#### HIS ANCESTRY.

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“My great-uncle was a plain, primitive clergyman in olden times. He lived a very long, quiet life, dwelling among his own people, equally primitive. He seldom went out of his little parish; and though he was a great student and thorough scholar, yet in the things of this world he was a child in simplicity. It so happened that there was a vessel cast ashore near his house, and from the wreck several Africans, directly from Guinea, emerged. I never knew all the circumstances, but they came into his hands, and my uncle made pets of them all. He thought of instructing and educating them, and sending them back to Africa; and he thought of making them school-teachers here; and he had divers schemes for their elevation. But they were full-grown people, could not speak a word of English, were immensely stupid, and having never been brought up to work, were any thing but industrious. He gave them Scripture names—Cush, Tamar, and the like. Cush was the oldest, uniting simplicity and cunning, so that it was often difficult to say on which principle he was acting. His simplicity always had his own ends in view. Among his exploits, he got up a company of boys as soldiers. He made them long sticks for guns, but—a drum! He set his heart on having a drum for his company. In those days gentlemen wore

small clothes and white-top boots. My uncle was nice in his dress, and no one in his parish had his head in more perfect wig, or his feet in more becoming white-top boots. At great expense and pains he had procured a side of white leather for his boots, and laid it up carefully. All at once the leather was gone. But a smothered sound from something called a drum among the boy-soldiers revealed the secret. When called to account, Cush gravely answered his master that his company were delighted, and said, 'De minister had more patriotism than all de gemmen in de town.'

As the old minister had no children, these negroes attached themselves to the children of his brother Timothy, who lived near, and many are the family traditions of their affection and fidelity. At the death of their master, those of them who survived were by his will emancipated, with their families. It seems that he had long been "convinced in his own mind that the enslaving of the Africans brought from Africa, or born in this country, was unjust, and one of the sins of the land." Like many others of his time, however, he could never quite bring himself to make the sacrifices involved in an act of emancipation, but preferred to perform this act of justice at the expense of his heirs. His servants, however, did not particularly suffer at his hands. He was a man of singularly amiable disposition, and as a preacher and pastor left behind him an enviable reputation for learning, fidelity, and Christian character and influence.

His brother Timothy was a merchant as well as a farmer, and was for many years a magistrate. During the Revolutionary struggle, a man came to him one day for a search-warrant, to authorize him to look for certain smuggled goods on the premises of one Thomas Wilcox. Justice Todd made out the warrant, as in duty bound, but found an opportunity, while doing it, to direct his eldest daughter, Elizabeth, to take horse instantly, and ride over and notify his friend Wilcox of his danger. She at once left the barrel from which she was drawing molasses at the moment, and, springing on the bare back of the first horse she could catch, flew to do the errand, which she performed successfully. Mr. Wilcox's boys hid the smuggled goods under a heap of tan bark, and the search-warrant was of no use. Elizabeth returned, however, to find that in her haste she had left the molasses running,



and the barrel was empty. But as she subsequently married one of "the Wilcox boys," the loss was not without its consolations.

Having made large purchases of goods on credit, Squire Todd became very much embarrassed by the rapid depreciation of the Continental currency, and when, in the midst of life, he was suddenly cut off by that scourge of our fathers, the small-pox, he was found to be insolvent. His sons, however, voluntarily assumed his debts, and in the end honorably discharged them.

Of the nine children of the worthy magistrate, two, Jonathan and Timothy, became physicians, and physicians of more than ordinary repute. Jonathan settled in his native town, and became one of its most important citizens; but Timothy determined to seek his fortune with the stream of emigration which was then rolling slowly into Vermont. Already before his father's death he had visited Vermont, and engaged in the battle of Bennington. Having obtained a scanty medical education, he settled, on the conclusion of peace, in the little town of Arlington, about fourteen miles north of Bennington, having first returned to Connecticut to marry Phebe, daughter of Captain Jehiel Buel, of Killingworth, now Clinton.

"My mother, when young, was a most accomplished lady, for those times. She enjoyed all the advantages of education that a young lady could at that time. She was handsome, her air easy and graceful. She was the delight of her parents and friends, and the pride of her village. Alas! how little did my poor father think of the change he should live to see!"

Arlington was at that time a frontier town, the whole upper part of the State being a wilderness. Kept from advancing beyond the line of civilization by fear of the Indians, the constantly arriving emigrants crowded along the frontier. For this reason Arlington was then a place of more inhabitants and more importance than it has ever been since. About two miles north of the village, the young doctor "purchased a small farm near the Battenkill, an inconsiderable river so called, and built a small brick house thereon, by the expense of which he was for a time somewhat embarrassed," although it was built in large part by

his own hands. This house is still standing, substantially unaltered, and in excellent repair. "It stands in a deep but most lovely valley, between two lofty prominences of the Green Mountains. In front and eastward runs the road, which follows the valley through the State; and a little beyond, the beautiful little Battenkill River runs and tumbles among the smooth rocks. A little farther east rises the lofty mountain, covered with forest trees thick and rich, and dark and mysterious."

In this romantic spot Doctor Todd lived many years; and here six of his seven children were born. "He was active, resolute, and persevering: his professional reputation was rising, and he soon had a pretty extensive circle of medical practice." He also engaged in business, having built a furnace for the smelting of iron; and the firm of Todd and Camfield became one of repute and importance. He was a man of considerable literary taste and talent, and wrote many medical and other articles for the journals of the day, and on various occasions pronounced popular orations. A curious little memorandum-book of his, still preserved, contains, in his own handwriting, "an abstract view of the miscellaneous writings of Timothy Todd, *the unfortunate*." The catalogue gives the titles of orations, contributions to magazines, poems, plays, some of which were acted, and even operas, most of them having reference to politics. In many ways he manifested a decided fondness for public life and notoriety. He was a freemason, and was termed a *noted* mason. He joined the military, and bore a captain's commission. He was an ardent politician, and strongly patriotic in his feelings; an enthusiastic Federalist, and strongly opposed to the Democrats.

"One third day of July, my father procured a tall liberty-pole and set it up in front of his house, intending to raise a flag the next day. Early in the morning it was found that in the course of the night a large bear had come down from the mountain, and climbed the pole, and taken possession of the top of it. Of course the Democrats were delighted, and lost no opportunity of teasing the patriotic doctor about his new flag."

He left behind him a reputation for eccentricity, but seems to have been decidedly popular, and was constantly

in civil office. For at least five years he represented Arlington in the General Assembly, and for three years he was a member of the Governor's Council, a body of twelve men, which, under the old colonial constitution, took the place of the Senate. At the time of his withdrawal from public life he was on the point of being elected governor. Many years afterward a friend of his wrote to his son :

“Your father had many natural and moral excellences ; but, like myself, was a very imperfect man. His principal foible, if I mistake not, was too strong a thirst for promotion in civil office. Yet I never knew him lower the dignity of his character, or resort to dishonorable means, in pursuit of his object. He was too much alive to popular favor, it must be confessed ; yet he was frank, open, and unreserved : what he felt, he felt strongly ; and what he felt, he spoke without disguise. He was a discerning judge of character, and, while ardent in his attachments, his prejudices were as the bars of a castle. Your father, sir, possessed a bright natural genius, and had it been cultivated by a classical education, he would doubtless have held an eminent rank as a scientific character. In his profession he stood high, was respected and useful ; his natural disposition was in a high degree social, his sensibility keen ; he was all nerve ; his spirits volatile, easily elevated or depressed ; his heart was affectionate, and vibrated in unison with the notes of friendship. He tenderly sympathized with the afflicted and distressed, was faithful in his attention to the sick, and often served the poor without fee or reward. His understanding was informed by reading and observation ; his imagination vivid, his memory tenacious, his mind stored with images which he could call in to the aid of glowing description, in which he delighted. He had a taste for the *belles-lettres*, wrote in a very pretty style, and often acquitted himself handsomely in a public oration.”

To this the son replied :

“Accept, dear sir, my gratitude for your kindness in writing. Few know the feelings of an orphan when he finds one who is willing to say, ‘Your father was my friend.’ The picture you drew of my father’s character very nearly resembled the one my imagination had painted ; and in reading your letter, I can discover many traits of my own character.”

A few months before his last child was born, the doctor moved from Arlington to Rutland, which was then becoming a more important place. Here he secured for himself a home, and at once established himself in practice. But he had hardly done so, when an event occurred which at once overturned all his plans. A rich man in West Rutland, who had been taken very sick, sent his carriage in great haste for the doctor and for his lawyer. The two gentlemen were seated together, and were going down the mountain about five miles from home, when some part of the harness gave way, and the horses became unmanageable and ran, and the carriage was overturned and broken. Perceiving that it was going over, the doctor called to his companion, who was on the upper side, to jump out; but he, in his terror, delayed so long that there was time for but one to escape. Doctor Todd was caught; and the consequence is thus stated by himself: "My left leg was fractured and dislocated in a most shocking manner; the bones were forced through the integuments, and dragged four rods, grinding the earth, and broken into innumerable fragments." Terrible as this injury was, the doctor was wholly unconscious of it till his attention was called to it by his horror-stricken friend. The lawyer immediately hurried for assistance; but the country was thinly settled, and two or three hours elapsed before his return. In the mean time the wounded man crawled to a rock by the side of a run of water, in which he laved the wounds, and cleansed them from the clotted blood and the fragments of his stocking which had been impelled into them; and, taking his instruments from his pocket, with astonishing fortitude proceeded to take up a principal blood-vessel. When found by his friends, he was discovered with a pencil in his hand, with which he had just concluded writing.

Of this writing, the doctor thus speaks: "I sincerely offered the following ejaculation to the Father of mercies and God of all comfort, and afterward put it in metre" (probably seeking with this mental occupation to distract his attention from his pain), "that in case I should not survive my wounds, as there appeared no hope, my children and friends might know the sensations which then possessed me.

"Great God, the day of thy power is dreadful indeed!

Thy frown is death, and the blasts of thy nostrils crush us forever. Behold me in this hour of distress, through the sufferings of thy Son; then shall mercy beam upon me, and open the gates of eternal day. I feel thy power; I own thy justice; and believe in thy word. Whatever fails, suffer me, O God, even if thou slayest me, still to trust in thee!"

"You will judge," exclaimed his son, sixty years afterward, "of the character that could in those circumstances write that prayer."

Help at last arrived. A bier was brought from the graveyard, and covered with feather-beds, and the unfortunate man was tenderly laid on it, and carried on men's shoulders to his home. The physicians who were summoned replaced the bones as well as they could, although he implored them to resort to amputation; and the result was, that eventually the limb was restored, so that the doctor could use it again without even a cane, and with very little halt in his gait; but this was only after much suffering and long use of crutches. He was confined to his bed for months.

For many years previous to this, ever since the birth of her oldest boy, the doctor's wife had suffered from ill health, which partially affected her mind. At the time of the accident, "she was sick; and the tidings came suddenly to her, 'The doctor is killed, and they are bringing him home on a bier.' The blow fell upon one almost crushed by sickness. It destroyed her reason; and though she lived many years, she never recovered it."

It was in such circumstances as these, the father lying a helpless cripple, and the mother a hopeless lunatic, that on the 9th of October, 1800, "a man-child was born" into the world. They gave him the name which has been borne by some one in the family in every generation, JOHN TODD.

## CHAPTER II.

## HIS INFANCY.

The unwelcome Babe.—The Indian Doctor.—Tamar and Prim.—Massa Doctor's Dinner.—The Return to Connecticut.—Lost Lands.—'Tittle Daw.—The First Home.—Poverty.—A Potato-digging.—The Sunset Lesson.—The naked Sword.—Family Prayers.—The sick Doctor.—A Lie.—Last Words.—A Child's Remorse.—The Widow's Moan.—Borrowed Shoes.—The Village Grave-yard.—The poor Orphan and the old Pastor.—The dark Messenger.

“Nor long before his death, his youngest child was born, a scrawny, puny babe, weighing five or six pounds. The mother was worn out, and was apparently to be left poor, friendless, and alone, with her great family of little ones. But—that baby! Every one said, ‘What a mercy if that child should die! What can she do with it? What a blessing if it should die!’ The poor mother almost thought so too. But the unwelcome babe would not die. He made a struggle for life, and won the battle.”

Meantime the poor father had begun to creep up again. The day drew near for the meeting of the Governor's Council, and he was so desirous of being in his place that he contrived to journey to Montpelier, taking with him his oldest little boy, William, to wait upon him. There were at that time a number of Indian tribes in Vermont receiving annuities from the Government, and some of them had sent representatives to present their claims to the council. Among these was an old chief who, in the prosecution of his suit, visited Doctor Todd at his lodging to solicit his influence, and happened to call when he was dressing his wound. “Ah!” exclaimed the old Indian, “him velly bad! Indian do him good.” He went away immediately, and after a time returned with some leaves of a plant called “tory weed,” and told the doctor to apply them to the wound, using fresh ones every day, and, when the leaves were gone, to make a decoction of the root. The learned physician fol-

lowed the prescription of his savage professional brother, and the inflammation then first began to abate.

It soon became evident to the doctor, however, that he could no longer work as formerly. His health was broken, his business injured by his enforced neglect of it, his deranged wife unable to care for his large family. In these circumstances he determined to return to the land of his kindred. He first made a preliminary trip in company with a friend, for the purpose of making arrangements for the removal of his family. Their route lay through Branford, and past a small cabin where two of the servants of his uncle, the old minister, were then living—Tamar, who had often carried the doctor in her arms when he was a child, and Prim, her husband. They stopped at the door, and sent in word by a little boy that Doctor Todd had come. The moment that Tamar heard the name she came rushing out, and, climbing into the carriage, took up the doctor, crutches and all, and carried him into the house as if he had been a child as of old, and she a strong young nurse, instead of an old woman of more than seventy years. Having placed him in a chair, she began to dance and caper about him, weeping and laughing at the same time, and making the most extravagant demonstrations of joy. In the midst of it she dispatched the little boy to the field to call Prim, and at the news he came running as fast as his old legs could carry him, and joined his wife in her demonstrations with hardly inferior zeal. It was with difficulty that the doctor could call their attention to his neglected friend, who stood laughing by. On perceiving him, they were profuse in humble apologies. They insisted that their guests should remain to dine, and prepared as royal a dinner as they could. The doctor often declared that he had never sat down to a better. The guests tried to prevail upon their hosts to sit down with them at their own table; but it was of no use; they had never been brought up to do so, and preferred to wait on "massa doctor." Such power had the doctor to win the affection of all around him. When he was no more, poor Tamar wept bitterly, often complaining that her friends were all gone.

Having made the necessary arrangements, Doctor Todd returned for his family, and took them down to East Guil-

ford, carrying little John in his own arms all the way. He did not, however, yet abandon the idea of living in Vermont. Having partially recovered his strength, he went by sea to Boston, where he purchased a stock of medicines, paints, and dyes, thinking that the lameness which disabled him as a practicing physician would still permit him to keep a drug-store. From Boston he went to St. Albans, the town which he had selected as his home, and there he purchased a house and lot. But just at this time he was seized with a terrible sickness, and lay for months at the house of his younger brother, John, suffering fearfully, and requiring "two watchers every night for a hundred and twenty-six nights." As soon as he had recovered sufficiently to attempt it, he journeyed by easy stages down to East Guilford and rejoined his family. He now determined to abandon Vermont as a place of residence, convinced that its "pestiferous air, the effluvia of its lakes and creeks, would destroy" him. Going to Boston once more, he disposed of his medicines satisfactorily; and thence going to St. Albans again, he tried to dispose of his property there. Having waited three weeks in vain, and finding his health again giving way, he threw a few movables into his carriage, left his property for his brother to dispose of, and hastened from the State. Many years after this, his son, visiting this younger brother of his father, wrote:

"It seems that when my father left Vermont, he got John to sell his property. For this he took notes instead of money. These notes were put into the hands of lawyers to collect, for which notes they gave him receipts. They collected the money, and have it yet! He has put into my hands such receipts of lawyers to the amount of thirteen hundred dollars. He seems to insist upon my taking these vouchers, though I have no thought of ever trying to find the men. He says, also, that my father purchased for each of his seven children a lot of one hundred and twenty acres, on Lake Memphremagog. This was all paid for, but no deed was ever sent. I think of carting it down, and putting it with the land in Missouri which I bought of Doctor ——."

With the remnant of his property Doctor Todd purchased "a pleasant and beautiful house and lot" in Killingworth, in the immediate neighborhood of all his own and his wife's



relatives; and here the mind of "ittle Daw," as he called himself, began to unfold. "The first thing I remember is, living in a two-story peach-blow colored house in Killingworth." On visiting the place in after-years, he wrote: "My walk was up a well-known avenue, on the banks of a beautiful pond. Here I found that a grove, once grand and charming, and where the woodland songsters had often beguiled many an hour made melancholy by grief occasioned by the loss of friends, had fallen by the axe, to make room for several rows of insignificant poplars. On arriving at the house endeared to me by the tenderest recollections, my feelings were indescribable. My memory was crowded with the past before I entered. The garden where my father had led me when a child, and pointed out the beauties of each floweret; the yard where in innocency we sported, ere I, my brothers, and sisters were scattered; the willow under whose shade my mother taught me my letters—these all were before me."

The doctor's object in settling in Killingworth was "the practice of physic and surgery." "Whether," he writes, "I shall enjoy my health here, God will determine. I submit my cause to him, and humbly hope in his mercy. It appears to me his providence has wanted me to seek a residence beneath a milder sky than the stagnant pools of Vermont." Meantime he looks forward with hopefulness, and playfully urges an old friend to make him a visit. "We can entertain you; we can give you marine diet; we can show you the grandest scenes in nature, the ebbing and flowing of the tide, and many other things which speak the wisdom and power of God."

But these hopes were disappointed. The doctor's health became more and more feeble; he was scarcely able to practice at all; and as he had saved but little from the wreck of his fortunes in Vermont, his large young family began to be in want, and the clouds of poverty, sickness, and distress, settled down lower and lower upon them.

"My father was very fond of a garden, and, though he was so lame, he always managed to have a good one. One year he had about an acre of ground in potatoes; and when it came autumn, he found he could not dig them himself, and so he encouraged me to see what I could do. I dug, that

season, ten bushels of potatoes myself. I was a little fellow, in a green flannel petticoat and some kind of sack, and did not wear pantaloons till the next year. It was often remarked afterward, when any thing was said about my going to college, that it was 'a pity to spoil such a good boy for work.'"

Of a mother's love and influence he was, from the first, almost totally deprived. Besides her teaching him his letters, already referred to, he seems to have had but one important recollection of her.

"I can truly say I have never met with any loss so great as that of losing the care and instructions of my mother during my childhood, in consequence of her having lost her reason. But I can recollect that when a very little child I was standing at the open window, at the close of a lovely summer's day. The large red sun was just sinking away behind the western hills; the sky was gold and purple commingled; the winds were sleeping, and a soft, solemn stillness seemed to hang over the earth. I was watching the sun as he sent his yellow rays through the trees, and felt a kind of awe, though I knew not wherefore. Just then my mother came to me. She was raving with frenzy, for reason had long since left its throne, and her a victim of madness. She came up to me, wild with insanity. I pointed to the glorious sun in the west, and in a moment she was calm. She took my little hands within hers, and told me that 'the great God made the sun, the stars, the world, every thing; that he it was who made her little boy, and gave him an immortal spirit; that yonder sun, and the green fields, and the world itself, will one day be burned up, but that the spirit of her child will then be alive, for *he* must live when heaven and earth are gone; that he must pray to the great God, and love and serve him forever.' She let go my hands—madness returned—she hurried away. I stood with my eyes filled with tears, and my little bosom heaving with emotions which I could not have described; but I can never forget the impressions which that conversation of my poor mother left upon me! Oh, what a blessing would it have been, had the inscrutable providence of God given me a mother who could have repeated these instructions, accompanied by her prayers, through all the days of my child-

hood! But—‘Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.’”

His mother’s paroxysms seem to have been at times really dangerous.

“At one time my poor mother obtained a naked sword, and ran toward me to give the fatal thrust, when an unseen hand seemed to seize her arm, and the point of the sword stopped within a few inches of my breast.”

Of his father he preserved but few distinct recollections.

“I had one of the kindest and best of fathers: he used to carry me to school before him on his horse, to help me in my little plans, and always tried to make me happy; and he never seemed so happy himself as when making me happy. I can remember that he used to attend family prayers, especially for the last six months of his life. My sister Elizabeth used to read a chapter in the Bible, his eyes being weak. I have but a very confused remembrance of his manner of praying.” But though his recollections of his father were indistinct, he must have received deep impressions of his father’s tenderness and goodness; for he always spoke and wrote of him with the greatest affection, for years often visited and wept at his grave, and in the last hours of life arranged for the erection of a new and worthier monument to stand over his dust.

“When I was about six years old my father was taken sick, and after a time died. He visited my Aunt Matilda the day before he was taken sick, and told her that this was the last visit he should ever make her. What made him think so, I know not; but his prediction proved true. The next day he came home very sick. My mother, too, was sick; and thus nobody but my two sisters could take care of my father. In a few days he was worse, very sick, and all the physicians in the district were called in to see him. The next Sabbath morning, early, he was evidently much worse. As I went into the room, he stretched out his hand to me, and said, ‘My little boy, I am very sick. I wish you to take that paper on the stand, and run down to Mr. Carter’s, and get me the medicine written on that paper.’ I took the paper, and went to the apothecary’s shop, as I had often done before. It was about half a mile off; but when I got there I found it shut; and as Mr. Carter lived a quarter of a mile

farther off, I concluded not to go to find him. I then set out for home. On my way back I contrived what to say. I knew how wicked it was to tell a lie, but one sin always leads to another. On going in to my father, I saw that he was in great pain; and though he was pale and weak, I could see great drops of sweat standing on his forehead, forced out by pain. Oh, then I was sorry I had not gone and found the apothecary! At length he said to me, 'My son has got the medicine, I hope, for I am in great pain.' I hung my head and muttered, for my conscience smote me, 'No, sir; Mr. Carter says he has got none.' 'Has got none? Is this possible?' He then cast a keen eye upon me, and seeing my head hang, and probably suspecting my falsehood, said, in the mildest, kindest tone, 'My little boy will see his father suffer great pain for the want of that medicine.' I went out of the room, and, alone, I cried. I was soon called back. My brothers had come, and were standing—all the children were standing—round the bed, and he was committing my poor mother to their care, and giving them his last advice. He took my brother William affectionately by the hand, and, with a voice that drew tears from all eyes present, except his own, thus addressed him: 'My dear son, I am now going to die, and in a short time I shall be laid in the cold grave. I leave seven fatherless children; the family will look up to you. You must be a father to them all, and a husband to your poor mother. Be a good boy, my child, and do all you can for your mother, brothers, and sisters. Above all, make God your friend, and prepare to serve him here, and to enjoy him hereafter.' He said much more to my brother, but as I was very young I can not remember the remainder. These words, however, made such an impression upon me, that time never has, and never can efface them from my memory. He then called me to his bedside, who was the youngest of all his children, and thus addressed me: 'John, my dear, come and see your poor papa once more. I shall not live long; your papa is now going to die; in a few days you will see them bury him in the ground, and you will not have your papa any more. Oh, if you had a mother who could take care of you, I should leave you in peace! But why should I not now? That God who feeds the young birds when they cry, who

shelters the young lamb from the storm, who wraps the poor worm up in a leaf, will surely take care of you, my own dear boy. Never forget, after I am gone, that you have a better Father in heaven. Ask him to take care of you; pray to him to be your father and make you good, for Jesus Christ's sake. Love him, obey him, and always do right, and *speaking the truth*, because the eye of God is always upon you. Give your father one more kiss, John; and now, farewell.' And then he laid his hand on my head again, and prayed for the blessing of God the Redeemer to rest upon me, 'soon to be a fatherless orphan.' I dared not look at him, I felt so guilty. Sobbing, I rushed from his bedside, and thought I wished I could die. They soon told me he could not speak. Oh, how much would I have given to go in and tell him that I had told a lie, and ask him once more to lay his hand on my head and forgive me! I crept in once more, and heard the minister pray for 'the dying man.' Oh, how my heart ached! I snatched my hat, and ran to the apothecary's house, and got the medicine. I ran home with all my might, and ran in, and ran up to my father's bedside to confess my sin, crying out, 'Oh, here, father!' but I was hushed; and then I saw that he was pale, and that all in the room were weeping. My dear father was dead! And the last thing that I ever spoke to him was to tell a lie! I sobbed as if my heart would break.

"The poor widow sat aside from the rest of the mourners, for her sorrow had no communion with theirs. She uttered a kind of deep moan, talking continually about the steep mountain side, and apprehending that 'the doctor would be thrown from his carriage before reaching home.' And then she would go to the window, and look out as she used to do, and complain that the mountain road was so dark that she could not see it.

"The next day the children were in the room, planning with a neighbor about the funeral. They could all appear decent except myself: I had no shoes. A poor widow, half a mile off, offered to lend me her little boy's for that occasion, glad to do even a little for the family of one who had often been with her in the hour of trouble and distress. They gladly availed themselves of the offer, and I followed my father to the grave in a pair of borrowed shoes.

“It was early in December, cold, but no snow on the ground. The sad afternoon came, and I sat down in my borrowed shoes, wondering at all that took place. The people gathered till the house was full. All the men in the village whom I had looked upon as wonderful men were there. I wondered why they did not all feel as bad, and cry, as my mother did; what the minister meant by praying so much about orphans; and what I should do without any father. And when the coffin was placed on the bier, and the men lifted it up on their shoulders, I wondered if it was not very heavy; and when the lawyer put his shoulder under, I wished none but lawyers might carry my father to the grave. The bell tolled slow and loud as they moved down the street, and I thought it never sounded so solemn before. When they got to the grave, dug close to the great oak-tree, I wondered why none but doctors let down the coffin, and how they could do it so gently and so carefully. When they had filled up the grave, and covered all out of sight, I wondered if my poor father would not feel cold and dreary in that dark grave alone.

“So the funeral was over, and all left the grave without saying a single word. In the evening I carried home the borrowed shoes, and told the poor woman all about the funeral, not without bursts of tears, and thanked her for the shoes. ‘John,’ said she, in the kindest tones she could command, ‘John, you have no father now. Your poor mother can’t take care of you children. You must, I see, break up and be scattered. You can’t live together any longer. Oh, don’t cry! I don’t want to make you cry, but want to say that God will take care of you, and be a father to you.’ ‘The very words that my poor father said to me,’ I sobbed. ‘Well, your father knew what he was saying. He was a praying man, and has done so much for the poor, that, though he died very, very poor, God won’t let his children suffer. It is better than gold, John, to have prayers laid up in heaven for you. And now I have only to say, be a good boy, and you will make a good man. By “good boy” I mean, never tell a lie on any occasion; never steal the least or the greatest thing, not even a pin; never swear or use bad words; keep away from bad boys; be gentle and kind to your mother; and never forget to say your prayers. Can

you promise all this?' 'I will do it all as you say,' I replied. 'Very well; now, take this piece of gingerbread, and good-night; and may God bless you.' This was many, many years ago; but I never forgot the impressions of that funeral, and of the borrowed shoes. The poor woman has been dead a very long time. Perhaps hardly one lives who remembers her. But the words that she dropped live; and nobody can tell how much they had to do in the forming of the character of a minister of Christ.

"A few days after the funeral the children were sitting together, planning how they might procure a pair of shoes for little John. At length it occurred to them that their father might have a demand against some honest shoe-maker to an amount that would procure the shoes. At once they fell to conning over his day-book, and, to their great joy, soon found a demand sufficiently large. The shoes were procured, and I borrowed no more.

"One pleasant day not long after this, just at evening, Doctor Mansfield, the pastor of Killingworth, was taking his usual walk, after spending the day in study. He was a good old man, and had long been faithful to the beloved people of his charge. The sun was pouring his last rays into the golden sky, as he entered the village grave-yard. When he came to the spot where lay his wife and three beautiful daughters, he leaned on his staff, and bent over these graves, and was just marking out by their side the spot where he hoped shortly to lie in peace, when he was startled by hearing the sobs of a child. He turned, and at a little distance beheld the little white-headed John, who was kneeling and sobbing over the grave of his father. With a melting heart the good shepherd approached the child of his friend, and with the tenderness of a father he raised and kissed this orphan lamb of his flock, and sat down beside the grave, and pressed the weeping boy to his bosom. 'Oh, sir!' said the child, 'let me cry for my father: he lies deep in that grave; they tell me he will never again be my father; I fear that I have offended him, that he will no more be my father, and I want to ask him to forgive me, and to kiss me as he used to do. Oh, if he would once more be my father, I would never again offend him! But they say he is dead. Oh, I would sit here and cry all night, I would never stop, if my poor father

would come to me! But he will not come; for a few days before they put him into this hole he told me that he was going to leave me, and that I should never have a father any more; and he stroked my hair with his sick hand, and told me that when he was buried in the ground I must be a good boy, and love God. Oh, my poor, good father!

“The feeling pastor pressed the hand of the sorrowing child within his; and ere he could answer him he had wet with his tears the silken hair of the orphan. His first object was to soothe him into confidence, and then to direct him to a Father who would never forsake him. With patience he satisfied his curiosity respecting death, how it is a long sleep, but that the voice of God will one day awake even the dead. He told him how death was introduced into the world, and made him understand that it was the consequence of sin. He explained to him the natural depravity of the heart, how ‘we, like sheep, have all gone astray.’ He labored to impress upon him a correct view of the character of God, his attributes of love, mercy, justice, etc., and then explained how we might be saved by Jesus Christ. He next strove deeply to impress upon the listening boy what is ‘the chief end of man,’ and thus concluded, while his little hearer seemed to hang upon his lips: ‘And now, my dear little boy, you have indeed lost a tender father; but I have been trying to point you to a Father who has promised never to forsake the poor orphan.’ ‘But,’ said the child, ‘what is it to be an orphan?’ ‘It is to be left destitute of parents while we are yet children.’ ‘Oh yes, but what is a *poor* orphan?’ The clergyman was affected, but replied, ‘It is a child who is left destitute of property as well as parents.’ ‘Oh! I wish,’ said the child, in the simplicity of his heart, ‘I wish that I were a *poor* orphan, if God would be my father.’ The good minister wept; for he knew that the child’s wish respecting property would be fully satisfied. ‘I trust, my dear child, that God will be your father. You know how short are our lives, how certain our death, how much we have to do to prepare for death, and how we should devote our lives to God, that we may meet death with peace. I hope you will not only be good, and live so as to meet your poor father in heaven, but I hope your life will be spent in trying to do good to others.’ The clergy-



man held the hand of the child, and they knelt in prayer on the grave. The petition was that God would provide for the little orphan. He led the child to his place of residence, soothed his grief, and determined to adopt and make him his child. But God ordered otherwise. The faithful pastor was soon after laid upon the bed of death, and left the child the second time an orphan. He passed through many trials, but was ever protected by the tender mercy of God. At the age of sixteen he believed that he experienced the operations of the Spirit of God upon his heart. He thought of this interview with the good clergyman, and of his advice, his prayers, and his wishes; and he dedicated his life to the service of God."

Upon the death of Doctor Todd his family was necessarily broken up and scattered. Little John found a home with his father's youngest sister, Matilda, who had married John Hamilton, of North Killingworth. How he was taken to her house is related in the following letter, written thirty-five years later, when she who had all her lifetime been subject to the bondage of a peculiar fear of death was drawing near the dark passage:

"MY DEAR AUNT,—I am sorry to hear that you are feeble, perhaps I should say sick, and even that there is fear on your part that you are not to be better in this world. I am afraid that I shall make but a poor comforter in these circumstances, and yet I know there are waters enough in the wells of salvation, if I only knew how to draw them up. You send me word that you would be glad to see me, and, if possible, I shall come; but I am so situated by sicknesses that it may not be in my power. You also tell me that your life looks barren and dreary, and that you tremble at the coming of death. I am not going to try to cheer you by telling what you have done for the Master during your past life. But I want you to recall one circumstance, for the sake of illustrating what I want to say.

"You remember that it is now thirty-five years since my father died, and left me, a little boy six years old, without a mother, without a home, and with nobody to care for me. It was then that you sent word that you would take me and give me a home, and be as a mother to me. Every body

said, 'It's very kind in her to do that.' But I was too young to realize any thing of that nature. It seemed to me a perfectly natural thing that you should do so. I wondered what kind of a house you lived in, and whether you had chickens and hens. At length the day was set when I was to go to you, ten miles off. What a long journey it seemed to me! And I well remember how disappointed I was that, instead of coming for me yourself, you sent old Cæsar, the great, fat, black man, to bring me to you. How my heart sunk within me when he came, and I was told that I was to ride on the horse behind him, sitting on the blanket! But he told me that 'old Kate was very gentle to little boys,' and that you said I might bring Echo, my little dog, with me. So we set out, just before night. Cæsar took my bundle of clothing before him, and me behind him, and Echo ran beside us. But before long, before we got to your house, I began to feel tired. My legs ached, and I was tired of taking hold of Cæsar. By-and-by the evening and the darkness came on, and I felt afraid; then we had a long piece of woods to go through. I had heard of bears and tigers and Indians, and did not know how many might be in the woods. Cæsar, too, was so dark that I could not see him, and he jogged on without saying a word. He had no idea that I was afraid.

"'Cæsar, ain't we most there?' said I, in my terror.

"'Yes, when we have got through these woods we shall see the candle in the house.'

"'Won't they be gone to bed?' for it seemed to me it must be nearly morning.

"'Oh no, they will be all ready to receive us.'

"But I trembled, and the tears ran down my face, and I wondered why I could not have somebody with me besides black Cæsar.

"But at last, after winding and turning, and going uphill and downhill, a long, long way, as it seemed to me, we came out of the woods, and then the stars shone; and I was told which light was in your house. And when we got there you came out, and gently took me in your arms as Cæsar handed me down; and you called me your 'poor little boy,' and you led me gently in; and there was the blazing, warm fire, the bright light, and the table spread, and the supper all waiting for me! And that was my home! My eyes now fill with

tears as I think it over. How you soothed me, and warmed me, and put me to bed in the strange room, and heard me say my prayers, and staid with me till I was fast asleep!

“And now, my dear aunt, you see why I have recalled all this to your memory. Your heavenly Father will send for you—a dark messenger, it may be. And he will be your conductor, and carry you safely through the darkness of the way. He will not drop nor leave you, for he is a faithful servant. You need not feel afraid, for he knows the way, and will take you directly to your home. There the door will be open, and your dearest friend, the Lord Jesus Christ, will meet you and take you in, and the supper will be waiting, and the fires of love burning, and the light and glory of his presence all seen. What a welcome you will receive! And, perhaps, the memory of what you did for me will come back upon you, bringing waves of pure joy. At any rate, don't fear the dark passage, nor the dark messenger. Receive it all as the little child did, and you will find the home. My prayers will be for you till you are out of sight, and then I will look forward to meeting you again.

“Ever, ever yours, most gratefully,

“JOHN TODD.”

## CHAPTER III.

## HIS CHILDHOOD.

North Killingworth.—The Skipper's Wife.—Tim's youngest Boy.—Primitive Times.—An old Church.—Birthplaces.—The first Hat.—Death of Echo.—The murdered Phebe.—The kind Uncle.—A Brave old Man.—Near the College.—The long Fish-pole.—The old Eagle-tree.—Madison.—Near the Sea.—The old Duck-gun.—White Stones.—Changes.—The old House.—Three great Men.—Forth Afoot.

“IN the State of Connecticut, eight or ten miles from Long Island Sound, and parallel with it, there runs through the State, east and west, a high ridge of stony, hilly, and broken ground. It is so rocky and uneven that but a small part of it can be cultivated. The rest grows to wood. Hence, beginning west, we have Ridgefield, North Fairfield, North Haven, North Branford, North Guilford, North Madison, North Killingworth, etc. These little towns occupy this ridge. The people who inhabit them are not rich, but are industrious, honest, sober, and, as I think, the most primitive people in New England. They are, however, shrewd, well-educated, and, if the civilization of our day has not carried the highest fashions and follies among them, barbarism, certainly, is no part of their inheritance.

“When I was a child, I lived among this people from the age of six to that of twelve. This was in North Killingworth, before Clinton, the south part of the town, was set off a town by itself.”

His aunt, Matilda Hamilton, “lived in a very humble dwelling. She was naturally of a cheerful disposition. She put the best face on every thing, was well-educated and lady-like. Moreover, she was a humble Christian. She was the wife of a skipper, or captain, an honest, good-hearted half-farmer and half-sailor, who in general treated me with kindness, but who, from defects in his own education, and from a want of self-government, was no desirable example for such a child to copy. He never prospered in the world, and during his voyages, his family had a poor, hard life. When the

woman's ability to manage her little farm of twenty acres of rough, stony ground failed, she would send John to the neighbors to ask a little help in planting or harvesting.

"Ah, I do remember it all! I long to go there and see if the red house is there; if the willow-tree which I tugged up from old Mr. Hamilton's, and which uncle and I set out, is still standing; whether the orchard looks as it used to, and the 'coal-pit lot,' and the 'maple sugar-tree lot.' I want to go there and look toward Uncle Abner's and Mr. Jerry Hull's, and cry, as I used to do when you were gone away and I stood out by the gate, watching and crying for your return! That spot! Others may fade from my memory, but every inch of ground from 'Parker's Hill' over to the 'East School-house,' and even down to 'the cove,' will remain. I have forgotten nothing; and I hope God will yet give me the power to show you that I am grateful for your care of a poor orphan, even 'Tim's youngest boy.'

"As I rode up, a few days ago, through the lonely, wild hills, covered with bushes and trees, and the glories of early summer, every thing seemed to look just as I left it fifty-eight years ago. The wild profusion of azaleas, which made the woods blush with beauty and the air to be rich in perfumes; the thrush which hung upon the very top of the tree, and poured out his notes so full and rich—the mocking-bird of the North; the mountain laurel, just beginning to open its beautiful pink corrugated blossoms; the little nervous wren, chatting and twisting himself every moment—why, they seemed the very flowers and birds that I saw and heard sixty years ago! The hills and ravines, and the little brooks—just as I left them, and just as they will look sixty years hence! The fleecy clouds that lazily hung overhead, the dim outlines of the Sound, where the sky and the water met and blended together, and Long Island, like a dark ribbon lying beyond the water, and the dim haze through which the vessels, like little specks on the face of a mirror, were seen—all looked just as they did in the eyes of my childhood. I never saw, in those six years, but one four-wheeled carriage, a huge, lumbering sort of hack, which a well-to-do farmer procured in order to carry his family to meeting, a marvel to us boys. The ox-cart was the only vehicle, save the ox-sled in winter. The people were scat-

tered far and wide among the little glens, and rode to meeting, man and wife, brother and sister, on saddle and pillion, when they did not walk, which was the lot of all youth and children. The young ladies used to wear their every-day shoes and stockings till within a short distance of the meeting-house, when they would take them off, thrust them into the stone-wall, and put on their best. Those laid up were never molested. I never saw lock or bolt on a house, and never knew a door fastened at night.

“The old square, barn-looking meeting-house, standing on the ledges, on their very brink, with ‘Bear Swamp’ lying at their feet—how shall I describe it? It had a door on the west, and another on the south, with underpinning and door-steps all of stone, but all awry. There was a great hole in the underpinning, into which we boys used to thrust our heads, almost expecting to see the eyes of the last bear from ‘Bear Swamp.’ The house was fifty-eight feet long by thirty-eight wide, originally of a kind of peach-blow color, but the blossoms seemed all to have been pressed together, till no shade of color could know itself. The pews were square boxes, and the house had originally been ‘dignified’ by an able committee, and ever after every body knew which pews were aristocratic and which plebeian. Once a year the families were all seated anew by a committee, and if there were not heart-burnings when a family was thrust into a pew higher or lower than was right and proper, then human nature must have been in an abnormal state. In the middle of the north side was the pulpit, and the deacons’ seat beneath it. Over the minister’s head hung a ‘sounding-board,’ and great were our childish fears lest the iron rod on which it hung should break, and let it fall on the minister’s head. Just over the road, on the west, was a little green spot where ‘the trainers’ used to parade on ‘training-day,’ a most magnificent spectacle! one fife and drum, and a company of men transmuted into soldiers. Near by were a number of rough, stone-built ‘Sabba’-day houses,’ where the people flocked at noon, for warmth in winter (they had chimneys), and coolness in summer. Here they ate their simple pocket-inclosed lunch, told and heard the news, and, I suspect, gossiped somewhat. In those days there were no Sabbath-schools, and at noon the children

were drawn up in front of the deacons' seat, and 'catechised,' that is, repeated the 'Assembly's Catechism' to good Deacon Pierson; and great was our joy when we received the good man's smile of approbation. But was not this a hardship? Not at all; we enjoyed it. But was that old catechism dry? We never thought of it in that light. But did you understand it? Yes, just as well as I now understand one of Euclid's definitions: 'a point is that which has position but not magnitude;' or President Webber's definition, from Harvard College: 'number is the abstract ratio of one quantity for another of the same kind, taken for unity.' There's for you!

"That little old house up the stony road was the birthplace of Asahel Nettleton, one of the most remarkable men the world ever saw. In the little red school-house on 'Parker's Hill,' I heard him preach what was said to have been his first sermon, certainly the first he ever preached in his native place. I recollect that his subject was Balak and Balaam, and that he was very awkward, frequently bending the knees as if making a courtesy. How different from what he was when, a student in Yale College, I heard him in 1820! No one who did not hear him in those days can have any idea of the power of this preacher. The school-house, where all were packed closely around him, where they hardly breathed, and where the Holy Ghost literally fell upon them, this was the throne of his power.

"Another very small house was the birthplace of Rev. Titus Coan, known the world over as missionary on the Sandwich Islands, and pastor of the largest church on the face of the earth. He is still living, and so we'll not say what we think of him."

It was among such scenes and associations that John's early childhood was spent. As he grew older and stronger, "he worked hard for his food, and for a part of his clothing. He trapped furs for the rest. Mink and musk-rat skins bought the first hat he ever wore—his own Sunday hat."

Two trifling incidents occurred in this part of his childhood (but in childhood trifles are important) which illustrate, and perhaps increased, the great tenderness of his character—the death of Echo, and that of the phebe.

Echo was the little dog that ran by his side when he rode

to his aunt's, behind Caesar—"a small white dog, with yellow ears, long, silky, and curling hair, and a face so bright and intelligent that it almost laughed. He was a very knowing fellow, and a great favorite with the neighborhood generally, and with his owner in particular. Being left by my father at his death, he was a kind of keepsake of the dead. When he was a mere pup, a boy carried him down to one of the wharves in New York to throw him off and drown him. Just as he was about to give him a toss, my father came along and pitied him. The boy gave him up, and he was so small that my father actually put him in his great-coat pocket, and carried him home. It was evening when he arrived, and as he put him down on the floor the clock struck nine, and immediately he attempted to bark. Hence my father gave him the name of Echo. The dog was a great favorite with him; and as soon as he got large enough he used to go with him to visit his sick patients. But he was tried for the crime of killing sheep; and though his owner and friends made great efforts to prove that it *must* have been some other dog, yet the testimony was so full and so decided that he stood convicted, his life forfeited by law, and the tears of the family could not save him. He was condemned to be shot! I did not know, and I did not want to know, the particulars. I only know that I spoke to him in tears, and he followed a man with a gun into the woods, and never came back again. It seems now that if I could see him again I should know him from all the dogs in the world." [In all his life he never owned another dog.]

"My uncle and aunt were very kind to every body and every thing. Nobody had so many swallows making their nests under the roof of their barn. Nobody had so many martin-birds in their red box at the end of their little red house, as they. Nobody had so many little chattering, flitting, joyous wrens as they. Nobody had so many pets that seemed to love them, as they. Among other things was a very tame phebe-bird. For seven years she had come after the long winter was over, and built her nest in the same place, and there reared and educated her young phebcs. One day she had just returned, and, as she had no note but to repeat her own name, she cried 'phebe,' 'phebe,' as if



glad to get back. I used to throw stones; and, as I had no other boy very near me, I threw them till I became quite accurate. In the course of the day I thought I would try my skill upon old phebe. She stood upon a post near the spot where she was to build her nest, and looked at me with all confidence, as much as to say, 'You won't hurt me.' I found a nice stone, and poising my arm, I threw it with my utmost skill. It struck poor phebe on the head, and she dropped dead. I was sorry the moment I saw her fall; but it was all done. All day long her mate came round and called 'phebe,' 'phebe,' in tones so sad that it made my heart ache. Why had I taken a life so innocent, and made the poor mate grieve so? I said nothing to the Hamiltons about it; but they found it out; and, though they never said a word to me about it, I knew that they mourned for the bird, and were deeply grieved at my cruelty. That stone rebounded and hit me. How deep a wound it made upon my memory! For fifty years I have carried it, though I have never spoken of it before; and I would make great sacrifices to-day if I could undo that one deed."

His quiet life was varied with occasional visits to East Guilford. His father's older brother, Jonathan, was very kind to the orphans, and always gave them a welcome, though he had a large family of his own.

At these visits often, as well as sometimes at home, he met his father's younger and only other brother, after whom he was named, and to whom he was specially attached. He was then living in Vermont.

"I loved him from my childhood; for he was one of the very few who used to speak to me in the tones of hearth and home that make you feel that the cords which bind you to kindred are not all gone. He was the only one, after my father's death, who would take me into his arms. What child does not love to be fondled? And what remembrances do the days of childhood send down to later years, and make one wish that such and such things, wholly beyond our control, but which formed our characters, had been otherwise! It is sad to see the last leaves of the tree thus fall off, and to know that on earth they can never be renewed. You will recollect that I had no father, and my two uncles had all the love of my young heart. Do you wonder, then, that I

drop a tear at the death of the last one of that generation whom I loved, or who loved me?"

The story of this Uncle John is worthy of mention, as having had, undoubtedly, an influence on the nephew, and as illustrating the energy characteristic of the family.

"Like myself, he was the youngest son. Losing his father at an early age, he had no one to guide him. When a mere youth, he pushed up into Vermont. Here he grew into manhood, and rose to be high sheriff. Those were the days of strong drink. He was tempted in that new state of society, and he fell. He drank with the same energy that he did every thing else. He had a constitution like iron, and he stood long before he fell. He at last drank up character, reputation, property, and every thing else. When he found himself down at the lowest point, like the thief among the robbers, he picked himself up, and alone, without either friend or acquaintance, he went to Western New York. Here he put off the slough, and became at once sober, upright, and energetic, and educated his children. For the last twenty years he paid one-twelfth of the expenses of supporting the Gospel at Manlius. He was a reader, something of a schemer, but his sound judgment so predominated over every thing else that he seldom made a mistake. A warmer friend is rarely found. He was a strong swimmer, but the torrent into which he was early thrown was too powerful for his strength; but he buffeted it long, and when every one supposed he was gone, his arm alone grasped the shore and pulled him out. He was never guilty of a dishonest, or mean, or ignoble act. His sins were those of the great-hearted. His last sickness was severe, but calm; and though fears had for years shut out the sunlight of hope, yet his last days and hours were bright. Every cloud went from the sky, and the sun of life went down full-orbed and beautiful. Poor old man! he never, probably, received a farthing in the way of aid, yet he died worth twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars, and has left an honest name. But his name will soon be forgotten—a fact which, I presume, is wormwood and bitterness to the thoughts of each one of the proud race to which I belong.

"In the year 1810, my Uncle Hamilton being a prisoner among the Spaniards, my aunt broke up housekeeping for

one winter, and I went to live with Mr. Evarts, at New Haven. I went to school to Mr. Jarman."

Mr. Jeremiah Evarts was his own cousin, a son of his father's oldest sister, and was at that time practicing law in New Haven. He had married a daughter of the celebrated Roger Sherman, and was residing on Chapel Street, just opposite the college buildings. He had quite a large family, having a number of gentlemen connected with the college at his table. Little "Johnny" was employed in waiting upon the table, running of errands, and doing a small boy's work about the house. It was, undoubtedly, in the family of this eminent man, and in this collegiate atmosphere, that that desire for a college education, which afterward became so strong, began to spring up in the boy's mind.

"In the spring, Uncle Hamilton having returned, I went again to live with him, and work with him on the farm. This was the happiest period of my childhood. I worked hard, ate and slept well, and was in perfect health. I had for my companions two boys of about my age, who lived in the neighborhood, and at whose house I was wont to visit often; and they were very liberal with the best of apples and cider. The chief of our diversions were catching rabbits and fishing.

"They used to send me over 'to the cove,' where were a store and a small village. By the side of the store there stood, one day, a long cane fish-pole. It was very long, very straight, and very light. How I wanted that pole! It seemed to me that if I could only own that pole I should be perfectly happy; the joints were so regular, it was mottled so beautifully, it tapered off so nicely. By great promises and efforts I finally got possession. How I mounted old Kate's back! She was frightened at first with such a long whip hanging over her. I well remember how the boys shouted after me, and the men and women smiled, and the dogs barked, as I rode home. It seemed to me that every body and every body's dog were out that day to laugh at my long pole. But I finally reached home, and instead of finding the family running out to greet me and admire my purchase (mind, I had run in debt for it, and knew it would take me a long time to pay the debt), they laughed, and asked, 'Why, John, what *do* you expect to do with that

fish-pole?' Till that moment it had never occurred to me that there was not a pond within miles of me, and the only place where I could fish was a little brook running among the bushes, I using a pin hook and a pole four feet long. What *could* I do with my pole? How I wished that Cedar Pond was near-by, or that our little brook was a great river! After lifting and whirling it a while, and 'make-believe' fishing, I set it up against the house, there being no place inside to receive so long a concern. Looking at it, a few days after I had become the happy owner, I found I had set it up in the sun, and one whole joint had split open. So I concluded the pole was ruined. And what next? Why, I would make me a flute to be sure! So I cut it up, and measured, and contrived, and with a burning-iron made the mouth-hole, and the finger-holes, and felt quite proud of my flute. I saw it had no keys, and thought it looked quite as much like a fife as a flute. Well, fife it might be; but, alas! when I came to blow in it, not a sound would come, either flute or fife. That, too, was a failure. 'Never mind,' I said to myself, 'I can make some nice canes.' Out came my knife, and the poor pole was in half a dozen pieces; but, in doing this, I broke and spoiled my knife. There the canes were; but what then? Who wanted them? I tried to use one as I went to school; but I found I did not need a cane; it was in my way; and when I wanted to chase a squirrel running on the fence, it was a burden, and I lost it or threw it away. Piece by piece went my pole, till not a foot of it was left; and yet to be paid for! Nor was that all; it seemed as if every body wanted to torment me about my pole. If the cattle got into the mowing-lot, they would cry, 'John, your fish-pole will be capital for those cattle;' if the canker-worms built a nest on the very top of the tree, it was, 'John, now for the fish-pole!' And when little Johnny dropped his cap in the well, he begged for my fish-pole to get it out. But there the debt was; and how long and hard I had to try to earn and save till I had paid for it! And it was many years before they ceased to hint about 'a good long fish-pole.'"

It was in roaming over the hills and along the brooks, at this period, that he acquired the taste for, and skill in, wood-craft, which so manifested themselves in the vacations of his

latter life. In the midst of his farm-labors and wood-sports, however, he still brooded in secret, and more and more, over the idea of going to college.

“The little incident which I am about to mention was one among many which had an effect, probably a very decided effect, in forming the character of one who was left to be educated by the impressions of circumstances. I was working on the farm with some men who happened to be employed at that time. In a remote field stood a large tulip-tree, a tree apparently of a century’s growth, and one of the most gigantic of that splendid species of tree. It looked like the father of the surrounding forest. On the top of this tree, for years an old eagle, commonly called ‘the fishing eagle,’ had built her nest every year, and, unmolested, raised her young. This tree stood full ten miles from the sea-shore, and had long been known as the ‘old eagle tree.’ On a warm, sunny day, we were hoeing corn in an adjoining field. At a certain hour of the day the old eagle was known to set off for the sea-side, to gather food for the young. As she this day returned with a huge fish in her claws, the workmen surrounded the tree, and, by yelling, and hooting, and throwing stones, so scared the poor bird that she dropped her fish, and they carried it off in triumph. The men soon dispersed; but I sat down under a bush near by to watch, and to bestow unavailing pity. The bird soon returned to her nest without food. The eaglets at once set up a cry for food, so shrill, so clear, and so clamorous, that I was greatly moved. The parent bird seemed to try to soothe them; but their appetites were too keen, and it was all in vain. She then perched herself on a limb near them, and looked down into the nest with a look that seemed to say, ‘I know not what to do next.’ Her indecision was but momentary; again she poised herself, uttered one or two sharp notes, as if telling them to ‘lie still,’ balanced her body, spread her wings, and was away again for the sea. I now determined to see the result. My eye followed her till she grew small, smaller, a mere speck in the sky, and then disappeared. She was gone nearly two hours—about double her usual time for a voyage—when she again returned on a slow, weary wing, flying uncommonly low in order to have a heavier atmosphere to sustain her, with another fish in her

talons. On nearing the field, she made a circuit around it to see if her enemies were again there. Finding the coast clear, she once more reached her tree, drooping, faint, and weary, and evidently nearly exhausted. Again the eaglets set up their cry, which was soon hushed by the distribution of a dinner such as—save the cooking—a king might admire. ‘Glorious bird!’ cried I, in ecstasy and aloud; ‘what a spirit! Other birds can fly more swiftly, others can sing more sweetly, others can scream more loudly; but what other bird, when persecuted and robbed, when weary, when discouraged, when so far from the sea, would do what thou hast done? I will learn a lesson from thee this day. I will never forget that when the spirit is determined it can do almost any thing. Others would have drooped, and hung the head, and mourned over the cruelty of man, and sighed over the wants of the nestlings; but thou, by at once recovering the loss, hast forgotten all. I will learn of thee, noble bird! I will remember this. I will set my mark high. I will try to do something, and to be something in the world; and I will never yield to discouragements.’

“There can be no doubt that my mind received an impression, and my decision of character an increase, from this circumstance, which was felt in all subsequent years. The next day, from the fullness of my heart, I inadvertently dropped a hint of my determination to go to college some day. The announcement was received with a shout of ridicule.” And to ridicule subsequently succeeded opposition. But whoever at any time thought to turn John Todd from a fixed purpose by ridicule or opposition, did not know the man. “Were it required,” writes one of his early teachers, now an old man of ninety, “to describe in a short sentence what I think was the crowning quality in his character, I might say that, next to the special grace of God, his success sprung from the firmness, the decision of his character.”

“In the fall of 1812, I went to live with my uncle, Doctor Jonathan Todd, at East Guilford, that I might enjoy better means of schooling, my opportunities having as yet been small. My parting with Uncle and Aunt Hamilton can not be by my pen well described. I had lived with them six years, and they had been to me as parents. I could not bid my aunt ‘good-bye,’ for tears suppressed my utterance. I

thought, as I walked to my uncle's dwelling (it was about ten miles), that I should never again be happy; and indeed I stopped many times on my way, and dropped showers of tears; but, strange as it may appear, when I arrived at my uncle's I felt in as good spirits and as well as ever."

The two years which he spent in his Uncle Jonathan's family were marked by no special incident. They were spent in much the same way as the preceding years, except that his advantages were on a little larger scale. The only really new influence which was brought to bear upon him was that of the sea. As on the ridges of North Killingworth he had learned to love the forest and its craft, so here he became expert in, and devoted to, all water-sports. He learned to swim like a duck, to handle a boat, to find the best fishing-grounds, and to hunt the sea-fowl. Through all his life he preserved a passionate fondness for the sea, and for this coast in particular. Once he tried to buy one of the beautiful islands that lie off the Madison shore; and one of his last acts was to purchase, in company with his only surviving brother, a little sail-boat, in which he promised himself many a delightful renewal of acquaintance with the scenes of his boyhood. It lies idle on the sand, and he has gone alone on a darker sea over to a lovelier shore. To his early life in North Killingworth and in Madison may be traced that love and knowledge of the woods and of the sea which not only exercised afterward such an influence upon his recreations and health, but stored his mind with that wealth of imagery and illustration drawn from the forest and the ocean which appeared in all his writings, and lent them much of their charm.

"My uncle had an old duck-gun of enormous size and weight, which I used to borrow. I never owned a gun of any kind till I had a home of my own. It was only lent to me on certain conditions—that I would first perform a certain amount of work or study; but, these complied with, Saturday afternoon found me trudging down to the shore with this piece of ordnance on my shoulder. My cousin often went with me, and sometimes Abel, the black servant, also; and on rare occasions the latter deigned to relieve me of my burden for a part of the way; but *usually* I had to stagger along with it unaided. But the happiest hours of

my life were those Saturday afternoons spent in skulking among the rocks along the shore with that old blunderbuss, and blazing away, seldom with any effect, at the ducks and sea-gulls."

"At Madison they have a new meeting-house, and all things are altered there, save Tuxas Island and Gull Rock, where you and I, Uncle John, used to dig clams. Whenever I walk on those beautiful sand-bars, I think of you and of olden times, and of the years of my boyhood. I went out to Falkner's Island, and the Little Gull Islands near, and—would you think it?—I picked up and carried to *my* little boy the same kind of round white stones which my own dear father gathered and brought to me when I was of his age, at least thirty-three years ago. The stones looked like *the very same*, and, I presume, were gathered within a rod of the spot where he gathered mine. The old hive at Madison looks more out of order and more neglected, otherwise it is about the same old shell that it always has been—the place of all others on earth associated with what moves me whenever I see it. The bushes up the lane are all great trees now, and have outgrown and forgotten me; and even 'Canoe Swamp' is now quite a majestic wood, and the rabbits have all left it. Poor fellows! they recollect less of me than I do of them. I can hardly realize that I, who am now growing gray-headed with care and labor, am the same being I was in those days when 'Parker's Hill School-house' was a world of wisdom, and Molly Hamilton a paragon of beauty! What would I not give for one hour of that free, joyous, gushing feeling of boyhood! How foolishly I write on! Will you not oblige me by putting it down on your slate that as long as you live you will write once a quarter to 'Tim's youngest boy?'

"Dearest of all Jonathans! I have been in Madison to see about mother. The school-pond is filled up, and new houses are built, and nothing looks natural except Uncle Todd's old house, the old elm-trec, the old school-house, and Mr. Ely's house. Tuxas Island and Gull Rock stand just where they did, and so do Round Rock and Reuben's Rocks, but they seem more lonely and desolate than when we were boys and used to stand on them. I went to Blackboys, and thought how I first went there with you, a long, long time



ago. Do you recollect it? and the *great* fish which you caught? When shall it be again?"

"Old Killingworth, too, has lost its old name, my dear brother William, and they now call it Clinton. It is a poor-looking place, in every sense of the word. Last August I went there, and what do you think I did? I went to see the old house in which our father died. It is just as it was then, except that they have papered the room in which he died. It has had no other repairs or alterations. The garden was the same, and every thing the same, and I could stand in the entry and recall it all. Before going over it, I told John Morgan just how every room was situated, and where, greatly to his astonishment. I carried off some onions that grew in the garden which father used to till with so much delight; and was about ready to knock Morgan down when I saw the stones with which father used to grind his medicines used as step-stones. Ten thousand old childish memories came rushing back to my mind during the visit, which had long since passed away. Our family have had a checkered life, and 'a hard row to hoe,' but we have had far more than we deserve. God has granted us great mercies in that none of us have been left to be drunkards, or dishonest, or openly wicked. He has done great things for us, and for this we should be grateful. I want you should be contented, simple-hearted, prayerful, indifferent about property, and devoted to God."

Three characters seem to have made special impression upon him in his life at Madison.

"There they stand, before the eye of my mind, the greatest men I ever saw. I was a boy then, and men and trees were tall, and rivers were wide, and hills were high, and every thing was on a great scale. But the three great men were, the minister, something superhuman; the doctor, who carried life and death in his saddle-bags; and the militia captain, who could raise armies and conquer legions. Let me describe them. The minister (Rev. John Elliot, D.D., pastor at East Guilford at the time) was a tall, very thin and slim man. His legs, always dressed in black stockings and small clothes, seemed too slender to hold him up. How neatly he was always dressed—not a spot or wrinkle on his garments! What a broad-brimmed hat he wore—renewed

just once in two years! His manners and bearing were most gentlemanly. He was a fine scholar, a genuine lover of study, a capital preacher, a wise and most shrewd man, never trying to be rich or known, but well known, and all his life long he received the enormous salary of four hundred dollars a year. He was the life and soul of the village library, and ready for every good work. How we boys and girls were wont to look upon him with awe and reverence, unable to believe that the common frailties of human nature hung about him! I never dared enter his front door till I had been a member of college a year or two. I have never since met the minister who, to *me*, was so great.

“The second great man was the doctor (his own uncle, Doctor Jonathan Todd). What a wonder was he! A short, heavy, lymphatic man, whose hair was almost milk-white. He was careless about his dress, for it had to be exposed to all sorts of weather. He always rode horseback, with saddle-bags, and we children always supposed those bags contained what the Chinese doctors now use—scorpions, lizards, toads, serpents, and the like. He never spared himself when his aid was needed, and his charges were one shilling (seventeen cents) each visit, and were the subject of far more murmurings than the charges of physicians at this day. I can see him now, on his bay horse with a white streak in his face extending from the nose up to the forehead. We used to watch him as we would watch an angel of life or death, to see at whose house he was to alight. He was most careful as a nurse, and though he bled, purged, and gave medicines that would now be thought fearful in quantity, yet he was a good physician. He was a peacemaker, and, though a justice of the peace, he always settled the quarrel, if possible, without trying it. He was always in demand as moderator of the town meeting, was frequently sent to the Legislature; a kind of father to the whole community, against whom no man ever bore a grudge or ill-will. *Didn't* he have the tooth-pullers, and the pills, and the emetics, and the lancets, all in those saddle-bags! His face was mild and benevolent, but there were life and death in those saddle-bags. I have never seen so great a doctor since, though he *did* charge a shilling a visit, and seldom collected even that.

“My third great man was the captain. Was there ever such an officer as Captain Judd! He was tall, straight as an arrow, and had a noble figure. When he came forth on ‘training-day,’ with an old Continental uniform (the most imposing, I still think, that I ever saw), his blue coat, buff vest, and buff leather small-clothes, and white-top boots, and high triangular hat with its lofty plume, his red sash around his loins, and his neat sword, and white gloves, who *would* not stand in awe! He was not the same man whom, the day before, we saw bending over the anvil or shoeing the horse in his blacksmith shop. He was something now to be feared. We had no doubt but that with his company, which he marched, and countermarched, and wheeled, and manœuvred all day, he could have conquered any army that ever existed. What a military head! what an eye! what a voice! and what an ear to hear if a gun were shot off a second or two before word of command! I once heard him tell his company he ‘would not have had that gun go off so for five dollars.’ The assertion seemed incredible to me when I heard it. Ah me! I have seen some great men since, but never any so great as these three. Oh, the eyes of childhood!”

When he had lived with his uncle about a year and a half, Mr. Evarts came on from Charlestown, Massachusetts, to which place he had moved, to undertake the editorship of a publication called the *Panoplist*, to attend commencement at New Haven. While in the vicinity, he went out to East Guilford, to visit his relatives. Here he met again the boy who had spent a winter in his family. On his kindly inquiring of his welfare the boy replied, “I had hoped, sir, that you would want me again in your family.” This led to farther inquiries, and eventually to a generous offer from Mr. Evarts of a home in his family, with a view to his attending a better school than could be found in Guilford. The offer was accepted, and all through the summer and fall John anticipated, and made such slight preparations as he could for, his departure. As the time drew near, some one asked him if he had money enough for his journey. He replied that he had. And it was not till he was questioned a second time, and more closely, that he confessed that he had but seventy-five cents. However, no one gave him any

more; and so, on the 21st of November, 1815, with a small bundle of clothes under one arm and seventy-five cents in his pocket, he left forever—not his *home*, for he had had none, but every thing that had been home-like, and started out into the world alone. “I believe my uncle parted with me with some regret; and I know I shed many tears on leaving this home, and father’s house, of all our orphan family.”

## CHAPTER IV.

## LIFE AT CHARLESTOWN.

A weary Tramp.—Homesick.—The Errand-boy.—Hard Work.—At School.—A queer Costume.—Spectacles.—Religious Influences.—Dr. Morse.—A sandy Foundation.—Convictions.—An everlasting Covenant.—To do Good.—The Sunday-school.—Determination to go to College.—The Walk back.—Examination.—The Cedar-bush.—The Bond.

How in the world, with the means that he had, John ever accomplished that journey from Guilford to Boston we can never know. It was on Monday morning at about eight o'clock that he started off, "with a stiff hickory cane in one hand, and a small bundle in the other. In his checkered handkerchief were all his worldly goods, consisting of a Testament, a few shirts, with a black ribbon in the collar of each, and a small number of unimportant articles of dress." At eight o'clock that evening he arrived at New London, having walked about thirty-five miles. Twice had he missed the way; for, finding that whenever he made inquiries people suspected and accused him of being a runaway, he had made up his mind to ask no more questions, but to find his way as well as he could by the guide-posts.

At New London he found a former acquaintance, a man who had some years before taught a free school which the boy had attended. The school-master was now a tavern-keeper and proprietor of a corner grocery, and was at first not disposed to remember his former pupil. But his good-nature soon prevailed, and he received the young traveler into his house; who seems to have been struck with a deplorable change in the moral and religious character of his host—a change as great as, and possibly occasioned by, the change in his business.

Of his experiences between New London and Boston he never said any thing, and he has left no record. They were, perhaps, too unimportant, or perhaps too painful to be dwelt upon. Tradition has it that at night he slept by the road-

side, protected by a fence or a cedar bush only from the November frosts. But on Saturday morning he arrived safely at Charlestown, and was welcomed kindly to his place in the family of Mr. Evarts. But no welcome, however kind, could quite reconcile the boy to the change. "For the first three or four weeks I would have given any thing to have been at—I do not say *home*, for I had none, but Connecticut. Never was I so *homesick*, as it is called; and I am convinced that not many diseases are more painful."

The position which he occupied in Mr. Evarts's family was, naturally, in part menial. He was expected to saw the wood and draw the water, run of errands, and render what assistance he could in the family out of school-hours. There was also residing in the family, and in some way related to it, a lady of abundant means and many whims, who persisted in sending the boy all over the city on errands suggested by her fancies—a servitude which one eye-witness thinks *he* could not have endured, and *did* try the boy's patience severely. Occasionally he was able to earn a little extra with his wood-saw; and this he invariably devoted to procuring school-books, "never going higher than a street book-stall for his purchases." So few helping hands were stretched out to him, that the gift of two or three old Latin books from Samuel J. Armstrong, at that time a book-seller, afterward governor, was recorded with touching expressions of gratitude. After a time he was able to write and do office-work for Mr. Evarts, who was then treasurer of the American Board, as well as editor of the *Punoplist*, and was connected with various societies, and had much for a boy to do. On one occasion he writes: "I have now begun to do up, direct, and send off upward of four hundred pamphlets, which will occupy me some time. They are to be sent to societies, etc. I am to receive several of them as a kind of present for my trouble. They could not hire it done for five dollars, at the common price of things. I shall send those that I receive to my friends, and hope they will not be unwilling to pay the postage of them. I am certain they would not, if they knew how hard I labored for them." When it is considered that the pamphlet was entitled "The Conversion of the World," and that the day of cheap postage was far distant, it will not, perhaps, be thought that his pay was excessive,

or his apprehensions respecting the appreciation of his friends unfounded.

Two years after entering Mr. Evarts's family he wrote:

"Boston, Thanksgiving-day, December 4th, 1817.

"MY DEAR BROTHER WILLIAM,—I will give you an imperfect sketch how I spend my time. I rise at six in the morning, make fires, etc.; saw wood till eight o'clock (in which time I can saw enough to last three fires during the twenty-four hours); breakfast; get to school at half-past eight; recite a Greek lesson at nine o'clock; a Latin lesson at half-past ten; at eleven the school is dismissed; get home at half-past eleven; go of errands, etc., till one; dine at half-past one; get to school at two; recite a Latin lesson at half-past two; a grammar lesson at three; another Latin lesson at four; school dismissed at half-past four; return home; drink tea; write for Mr. Evarts till nine; attend family prayers at half-past nine; get my Greek lesson for the next morning; retire to bed at eleven. I do not think I spend half an hour a week in idleness. I allow myself but seven hours out of the twenty-four for sleep, and I should not so much, if I did not think it absolutely necessary. I have made considerable progress in the Latin language, and can read it with facility. I have read but a little more than five chapters in my Greek Testament. I forgot to mention above that I have to read in English twice a day, and speak a piece once a week. Mr. Haskell, my instructor, thinks I have made very great improvement since I have been to him (which is about three weeks), and that if I can continue my studies I can be fitted for college by next fall. You mention that you think it probable that you may take to farming. If I can not get along in my studies, and can have no provision for my support (as I now see no way in which I can), I shall go into the new country, and might, perhaps call on you; if so, and you are then working on a farm, perhaps I might go to work with you. I have received a letter from Uncle Jonathan Todd, in which he complains that he is growing old and feeble; would help me if he could, but says that his burden is very great. I think so too. He certainly has done very much for our dear mother, and has by this means created a debt that I shall never think myself able to repay."

Mr. Evarts had at this time just removed from Charlestown to Boston, and was living on Pinckney Street. For about five months previous, John had been taking private lessons of a Doctor Oliver S. Taylor, who still survives, to write with a trembling hand: "The studies were chiefly in Virgil, the Greek grammar, and the Greek Testament. His lessons were thoroughly studied and well recited. Among all the thousands whom Providence has thrown in my way, or has placed under my tuition, very few have been so careful, so inquisitive, and so thorough as he was." On the removal of the family to Boston, he went to the private school of Mr. Ezra Haskell, referred to in the above letter. One of his school-mates writes: "This school was held in the basement of the old Chauncey Place Church. There were perhaps forty-five or more boys and girls, from fourteen to seventeen years of age; also three others, of whom John was one, who attended only to the languages preparatory to entering college. The boys were there at eight o'clock, and left at eleven. The girls went to school at ten o'clock, and left at two. So that they were together only one hour each day. The common branches were attended to first by the younger members, and were dismissed in season to give undivided attention to the Latin class. Their three desks were placed together on one side of the room, so that they faced the wall; and opposite to them four of us girls also faced the wall. So that what I learned of him was from the back of his head! You smile; but it is true, and I learned much; for his was a character to be studied, and I had nothing else to do, as I prepared all my lessons thoroughly at home. How did he look? In his personal appearance he was *sui generis*. Tall, of a stooping posture, grave countenance, and knit brows, he seemed to live in the realm of thought. His dress was unique; a brown corded-velvet coat, and stockinet pants, and a blue and white cravat tied with a single bow-knot, his hair brushed to his own fancy, and all the most distant from the fashion. His grandfather wore the suit in the Revolution. He was dignified without superciliousness; and he never put on airs. He was an indefatigable student. He was persistent and independent. He knew that his dress excited the mirth of us all, and that no other like it could be found in Boston; nevertheless, he



moved straight on, minding his own business. He would have been known anywhere as 'the scholar,' yet was without the appearance of moroseness. He was genial, with a vein of humor. With a battalion of bright faces and audacious smiles, we girls thought to bring down the citadel from its high estate; but all the notice we received was a twinkle of roguery above his spectacles, which said, 'I could be merry if I would.' He was remarkably kind-hearted. He never hesitated to take his own mind from his books to help my brother; and the loving lean, and the pointing to the sentence with his finger as he explained it, I can well remember." It was thus that, with invincible courage and perseverance, he pursued his studies, entirely uncertain whether he would ever be able to carry out his long-cherished project of entering college. So close was his application that, as appears in the above letter, his eye-sight was already seriously affected. It was on an excursion into the country that he first discovered that he could not distinguish distant objects as he once could. It was not till long afterward that, being in a jeweler's shop, and, for the fun of it, trying on a pair of spectacles, he accidentally discovered the extent of his misfortune, and the means of remedying it. Always after this he wore spectacles; yet to the end of his life he was in the habit of removing them when reading or writing at his desk.

But it was in the year before this, while he was residing in Charlestown, that the greatest event of his life occurred.

From his very infancy he had been subject to religious influences. One of his earliest recollections was that of the family worship. His father's dying charge to him, to make God his father and friend, was fixed in his memory by peculiarly painful circumstances. On his father's grave his pastor, the venerable Doctor Mansfield, tenderly directed him to the God of the orphan, and he made resolutions which were never forgotten. In her humble home at Killingworth, his Aunt Hamilton trained him carefully in genuine Puritan habits, and exerted upon him the influence of a Christian mother, and not without effect. There is a tradition that he was one day accompanying some boys to their home, when, at the foot of the hill, they left the road, and turned into a field of rye. He instantly stopped, and asked, "You are not

going through that rye?" "Yes, this is the way we always go." "I am not going through that rye." "Why not?" "Because the rye will be trampled down and injured." And he turned back and went round, and they went with him. The incident illustrates not only his strength of character, but the conscientiousness to which he had been carefully trained. At his uncle's in East Guilford he was in a Christian family, and came under the influence of Doctor Elliot, of whom he wrote, on hearing of his death, "He was one of the best of men and of ministers. I most sincerely regret now that I had not gone to Guilford during last vacation, and seen him once more, for I loved him very much. Oh that I could so live as to be deeply and extensively lamented when I leave this world! Nothing could be more unexpected or sudden to me than this news of his death, and seldom has intelligence affected me so deeply." At Charlestown he became an inmate of the family of a remarkably eminent Christian: "Mr. Evarts was a holy man." Here, also, he came under the influence of Doctor Morse, and he was now of an age when a pastor's influence begins to be sensibly felt. "I was often at his house on errands; and as I sat under his ministry for several years, and as I first made a profession of religion under him, I had a good opportunity to know him well. On the canvas of the memory his form stands out before me, tall, slight, graceful, and a little stooping, as he rises in the pulpit on the Sabbath morning. His countenance is uncommonly mild and benignant, his face rather long, pale and care-worn, his forehead high and fair. His hair is thin, white, silky, dressed with great care, and, I think neatly powdered. His eye runs over the congregation quick, and, though mild and gentle, I presume it instantly takes in every full pew, and every vacant pew, and every stranger, in his large church edifice. It is an eye that unites the gentle, the bright, and the quick to an uncommon degree. His voice is soft, mild, musical, though on too high a key, and not of great compass. Perhaps it comes too near to the term *chanting*; not that it is unpleasant, but that it lacks depth, compass, and power. In delivering the sermon, which he always writes out in full, and which lies before him in its black morocco case, he seems to aim to win, draw, and persuade, rather than to overwhelm with argument, or

drive by the awfulness of manner or matter. Though all my remembrances of his preaching are only pleasurable, yet I can not now recall striking things, peculiar things, or odd things, that he says in the pulpit. He never cultivates prongs. He has the appearance of a venerable and most affectionate father addressing his children, rather than a reprover rebuking evil-doers, or a judge reading from his scroll the condemnation of the guilty. He loves rather to pluck the roses that grow on Mount Zion, than to handle the thorns which cluster around Sinai. I can recall no one thing which I ever heard him say in the pulpit, which left an unpleasant impression, nor can I recall many that pricked like goads, and left their impression upon the conscience, like a nail fixed in a sure place. His mild, beaming face and melodious voice do much to cover up asperities, should there be any. I remember him as he stood at the weekly meetings in the chapel in his garden, his tender intercourse with young converts, and as he stood at the communion-table, and with the affection of John, the beloved disciple, brake bread to his flock. Those who agreed with him in doctrinal belief loved and revered him as a father. In his dress, personal appearance, and manners, Doctor Morse still stands before the eye as a gentleman of the old school. He wears the long coat and full vest of the day, small-clothes with buckles at the knees, black silk stockings, and nicely polished shoes. His neckcloth is of snowy whiteness, and his gloves black silk, with the tips of the fingers cut off. When he walks the street with his gold-headed cane, his tall and graceful form and his whole appearance point him out to a stranger as a gentleman in all his habits. His manners are highly polished, and he has uncommon conversational powers. Mrs. Morse, too, was a noble specimen of a woman. She was the first woman that ever gave me the full impression of what a wife and mother can be. An orphan myself, and never having known a home, many a time have I gone away from Doctor Morse's house in tears, feeling that such a home must be more like heaven than any thing of which I could conceive."

Such were the religious teachers and associations that influenced the boy from his infancy. It is not surprising, therefore, that he became a conscientious, sober-minded boy,

correct in behavior, and having many deep impressions. Still he knew nothing, as yet, of religion by experience; and, so far from being consecrated to God, he was full of plans of worldly ambition.

“In the spring of 1816, a Mr. S—— came to Mr. Evarts’s, and boarded for a few weeks. He was the first who ever endeavored to arrest my attention to my everlasting concerns. One afternoon, he and myself being alone, he asked me if ever I had a special calling from God. I answered, ‘No.’ He then inquired if I should fear death, and if I thought I should go to heaven if I were to die immediately. I answered that were I to die immediately, I thought God would not cast me off, for I had never done any thing of any consequence against him, and therefore I considered my claim upon heaven to be as good as that of any one. Mr. S—— told me he thought I was building upon a sandy foundation, and, after giving me a few hints of advice, dropped the conversation. I felt a pang after this, such as I had never before felt. I thought much that night upon what I had said in regard to death, and considered it an awful challenge to the Almighty. The next morning was still worse. I felt such a load of guilt lying upon me as seemed nearly to crush me to the ground. I was with Mr. Evarts alone in the forenoon; and although I had to withdraw to another part of the room and wipe my eyes, yet I dared not open my mind to him. Soon he withdrew for about half an hour. Oh, the anguish that then surrounded my soul! It seemed as if hell itself had risen up to condemn me, and yawned to swallow me. My distress was so great that I expected every moment to drop into hell. The room suddenly became dark to me, my senses were confused, and I sunk down into a chair, almost distracted. How long I continued in this state I do not know, but it seemed a full day, so great was my distress. Almost the first thing that I took any notice of was Mr. S——, who entered the room. I was involuntarily weeping very freely, for I did not know what nor where I was. He addressed me very kindly, little suspecting the real cause of my weeping, and asked if I was sick. I at last made him understand what was the matter with me. It seemed as if I would have given any thing to have had Mr. Evarts return soon-

er; that I might have opened my mind freely to him, and reproached myself because I had not before done it. He, however, came in after Mr. S—— had been there some moments. I derived no comfort for several days, but would have given worlds, could that have been done, for a ransom for my soul. I read Baxter's 'Saints' Rest,' and thought the rest of saints indeed glorious, but that I never should enjoy it. I tried to pray, but considered that it was useless for me to pray, for God would never hear me; and therefore I gave it up, and calculated to go to hell. I did not feel now much alarmed at the thought of being a companion of devils forever, for I hated God, and thought I should prefer devils to him. Strange as this hardness, wickedness of heart may seem, I gave over all thoughts of religion for two or three months, and gave myself up to wickedness. Mr. S—— had left Mr. Evarts's family soon after the conversation referred to, and as I had never opened my mind to Mr. Evarts during my distress, I had no one to check me.

"In the following September, Mr. and Mrs. Evarts went to Connecticut. While they were gone, a revival of religion commenced in Charlestown. I attended meeting every evening, and trembled lest I had committed the unpardonable sin. I read Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress,' and trembled at every page. I could, however, at this time pray, and, I think too, in spirit. I now considered against what a merciful God I had sinned, and these thoughts drew tears from my eyes, which, a little before, hell could not have done. I thought that if I were cast out, I would go from the foot of the cross. I considered that it would be just in God to send me to hell forever. About this time I began to feel compassion for the salvation of others. I then began to consider if there was any way in which I might be prepared to do good to my fellow-men, and communicated this to Mr. Brown, a gentleman to whom I was then going to school. He encouraged me, and from that time I have had a very great desire to be an ambassador of Christ. On the 13th of April, 1817, I gave myself up to God in an everlasting covenant. I wrote a covenant in the presence of God and angels alone, signed and sealed it, in which I gave myself entirely up to God. I have never opened it since, and I never aim to again in this world. I also that

day made a public profession of religion, and joined myself with the church in Charlestown."

In one of the last nights of his life, Doctor Todd remarked, "I hardly know what to say about my Christian hope. When I was about sixteen years of age, in Charlestown, I thought that I was converted, and I joined the church. But after a while my interest abated, and I fell into old ways. And then, when I was in college, there was a revival, and I was stirred up again. And then I grew indifferent again. And so it has been all along. I don't know—perhaps it is better to rest my hope upon the general aim and endeavor of my life, and upon the mercy of God, than upon those early experiences."

It is perfectly natural that the mature Christian, looking back, should have a poor opinion of his imperfect beginnings of Christian life; but it can hardly be doubted that in this Charlestown experience he passed through a great moral change. From this period dates a "desire to do good," which was one of the deepest and most variedly expressed and manifested of his feelings all his life long. "To do good" was his great ambition.

One of his first efforts in this direction was made under the guidance of Doctor Morse. "I well remember attending the first meeting ever held in that region to organize a Sabbath-school. Doctor Morse was the mover in it, and I was a teacher in it from its very opening." The only other male teachers were the two sons of Doctor Morse—Sidney E., afterward editor of the *New York Observer*, and Samuel F., or Finley, as he was called, subsequently the inventor of the electric telegraph—with both of whom he was intimate. This was one of the first Sunday-schools in the country; and here he acquired the interest in the Sunday-school work which distinguished him all his life. It was, perhaps, his connection with Mr. Evarts, and consequent familiar acquaintance with the operations of the American Board, which led him to form the resolution to become a missionary. The purpose was after many years reluctantly relinquished, but his interest in the foreign missionary work never abated. From this period his letters indicate that he has passed through a change. He does not wait for a missionary appointment, or ministerial license, to speak to others of that which he

has found most precious. Hardly a letter to one of his brothers or sisters closes without a word of affectionate admonition: "I do entreat you, my dear sister, to strive to gain the one thing needful;" "I hope you will not be careless and indifferent as to your own situation, while in other places they are coming from all quarters to the Fountain to be cleansed;" "I long to hear that my dear brother and sister have made their 'calling and election sure.'"

But the most immediate and marked evidence of a change was, that "the desire for cultivating, enlarging, and disciplining the mind, and making it an instrument of usefulness, was every day growing stronger and stronger. It was all I had with which to do good. The desire to go to college was now rekindled with inextinguishable ardor. But what difficulties were in the way! I was without friends, among strangers, and entirely destitute of property, with not a single voice to encourage. Without a single exception, every individual with whom I conversed endeavored to discourage me. One thought it a bold undertaking which could never be carried through. Another, that I had not talents sufficient to become a scholar. A third, that I might make a good business man, and it was a great pity to spoil me for business."

His teacher, Mr. Haskell, who kindly gave him half of his tuition, had some talks with the boy about his future prospects, and gave him the discouraging advice to wait several years before attempting to enter college, rather than accept of assistance. "Indeed, I believe I shall be compelled of necessity to follow his advice. I sometimes wish I had left my present place of abode two months ago, when I had two excellent offers of doing so; yet, as Mr. Evarts is absent, it was thought I could not leave the trust that he committed to me till his return."

A little while after this, Mr. Evarts sent him an introduction to the Education Society, and he wrote, "I have some hopes of entering college the next fall, if the Education Society assists me, whether Yale or Middlebury I can not tell till Mr. Evarts returns. If God permits me to receive an education, I hope I shall serve him faithfully even unto death. I have made up my mind that if he spares my life I will be a missionary."

The fall of 1818 saw him return from Charlestown to Connecticut in the same courageous spirit, and by the same mode of travel in which he had gone from his uncle's three years before—afoot, with his entire wardrobe under one arm, and his entire library under the other.

“It was afternoon when I reached New Haven, and I went directly to the President's room. There I found President Day, and with him Professor Kingsley, and they proceeded to examine me without delay. They found that I was totally unfit to enter college, but, on becoming acquainted with the circumstances of the case, they agreed to admit me, with the understanding that I was to apply myself to my studies with special exertion. It was late in the afternoon when I left the room. I was tired with a long morning's march, and the excitement of the examination. I had had no dinner, and had but three cents in the world. Two of these were spent in paying toll at Tomlinson's Bridge, and with my last copper I walked till dark toward Guilford. When I could no longer see my way, I lay down under a cedar-bush and slept. Very early in the morning I woke, stiff, sore, and almost frozen. I reached my uncle's in the course of the morning. The college then required, as it does now, a bond from some responsible person that the student's college bills shall be paid. I found that my uncle was unwilling to sign such a bond, as he feared, not unreasonably, that he would have to pay my bills for me. In great discouragement I walked over to Killingworth, and told my brother Jonathan of my trouble. Now Jonathan was not worth one cent more than I was; but he was a noble fellow, and had a great heart, and as soon as he heard my story he exclaimed, ‘Give me the bond; I'll sign it.’ And so he did. I never intended any deceit, but it has since occurred to me that probably my brother's signature was mistaken for that of the well-known Guilford physician, the names being the same. At all events, the bond was accepted, and at last I was a freshman in Yale College.”



## CHAPTER V.

## LIFE AT COLLEGE.

The young Freshman.—A smart Class.—The first School.—Wet Stockings.—A Terror to Evil-doers.—A borrowed Hatchet.—The Sunday-school.—Little Lewis.—“Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.”—A great Revival.—Ill Health.—Correspondence with Doctor Lee.—Farewell to Hotchkisstown.

THE young freshman had undertaken a difficult task, and one which his friends thought he could never accomplish. To sustain himself in Yale College without means or assistance, or even encouragement, and with so poor a preparation as his, he needed a good deal of pluck. How much ambition and determination and energy he must have had, and what exertion he must have made, appear from the fact that he not only sustained himself in the face of such difficulties, but rose to a place of honor in a class of seventy-seven, among whom were many young men who have since proved themselves to have possessed distinguished ability. The class contained, among others of well-known eminence, Doctor Edward Beecher, its valedictorian; Rev. Walter Colton, the eccentric but brilliant chaplain and author; Rev. John Maltby, long a pastor at Bangor; Rev. Jared B. Waterbury, D.D., once pastor of Bowdoin Street Church, Boston, a great friend of John Todd's in college, and his “other self;” Rev. Thomas T. Waterman, D.D.; Rev. Horatio N. Brinsmade, D.D.; Isaac Townsend; Doctor Benjamin B. Coit, one of the most skillful of physicians; Harvey P. Peet, LL.D., the eminent instructor of deaf-mutes; and Hon. John A. Rockwell, a lawyer of national reputation.

In this crowd of then unknown young men, the poor student was merged, and at once lost to sight. He had a room in one of the college buildings like the rest, took his meals at the college commons like the rest, and studied and recited like the rest. But, unlike the rest, he had not a cent of money, or so much as the good word of a friend; and therefore it was inevitable that he should before long come

to the surface, and distinguish himself from the others by efforts for self-preservation.

During his first winter in college he taught a school at Hotchkisstown, or Westville, as it is now called, about two miles and a half from college, walking back and forth every morning and evening, in all kinds of weather and states of the road, and keeping up with his class at the same time. An eye-witness testifies that often, after his long walk through the melting snow, he sat down on the college steps, and, taking off his shoes, wrung the water out of his stockings before going in to make a brilliant recitation. In the effort to keep up with his class while thus employed, he seriously injured his eyes with night study of Greek.

"The next summer I took a school of wild boys in — Street, and never missed a recitation all summer." In this school he obtained the reputation of being a severe disciplinarian. It was the unanimous opinion of the scholars that he was "a *terribly* cruel man." One of them, a mere boy at the time, writing under impressions which have not been effaced in more than half a century, says: "I can see him *now*, walking up and down among the desks, with his hair erect, his lips compressed, his spectacles firmly fixed, mending a pen, and casting quick, fierce glances around, with a large ruler under his arm, having carved on it, in great, easily legible characters, the warning, 'A TERROR TO EVIL-DOERS.'" Such severity was so foreign to all his native disposition, and to all his subsequently manifested character, that there must have been some special reasons for it. It may be that, as a sophomore, he maintained his dignity a little unnecessarily. But it appears that it was a very bad school, which had proved too much for more than one previous teacher, and it was *necessary* to govern with an iron hand until the question of mastership was settled. It was not long in settling. One day one of the worst of the boys hurled an inkstand at the young teacher's head. The missile missed its aim and bespattered the wall, not with brains, but with ink; and the rebel, seeing justice coming with determination in its eye, and "a terror to evil-doers" in its hand, hastened to leap out of a window, and never returned. Discipline and order once established, the master relaxed somewhat, and very pleasant relations sprung

up between him and the pupils. The late Hon. James F. Babcock, of New Haven, who has already just been quoted, writes of a *dialogue* in which he took part at the exhibition: "I remember that it was an Indian affair—that there was a murder of some sort—and I held the bowl to catch the ebbing life-blood."

During the fall vacation he taught a school in the town of Orange, then a part of New Milford, where he found some kind friends, with whom afterward, when sick and in distress, he had at one time a thought of taking refuge. At the end of the first year he had gained in position in his class, and had earned a hundred and sixty dollars.

In so busy and hard-working a life he found, of course, no time or inclination to join in the usual college frolics. Indeed, he was too much in earnest and too sober-minded to engage in them himself; but his humor qualified him to enjoy observing them, and he often told of them in after-years with great relish. His friend, poor Walter Colton, had not his steadiness, but was always getting into scrapes, from which his friends with difficulty extricated him. It was at that time the custom for the division which was to recite to enter the recitation-room before the instructor, and to remain standing at their seats till he had entered and taken his place, and then to seat themselves simultaneously. One morning it was not noticed that the supports of the long benches had been cut away behind, leaving only just enough in front barely to hold them in position; and of course when twenty men sat down at once on each bench, they all went over backward, and the legs of the whole division flew into the air with one accord. The authorities could not be expected to pass over such an accident in silence, and, among the rest, Todd was called up, and asked if he knew who had cut those benches. Too conscientious to lie, and too honorable to betray a friend, he replied that he had some reason to think that he *could* conjecture who the culprit was, but he thought that he had done it in frolic, and not in malice, and he did hope that inquiries would not be pushed to the disgrace and ruin of a fine young man for a bit of fun. Marvelous to relate, the authorities had the grace not only to desist from questioning him farther, but also to take his advice; and nothing more was said about it. The "reason"

which Todd had "to conjecture who the culprit might be" was that Walter Colton had borrowed his hatchet to do the mischief with.

But the young student-teacher was engaged in too serious work to enter much into such sports. And, besides, his *tastes* led him to employ what little leisure he had differently. Finding that there were no religious services or privileges at Hotchkisstown, he at once started a Sunday-school, after the pattern of the one which he had helped organize in Charlestown. "At first the project was greatly ridiculed, and many opposed. But ridicule and opposition soon gave way to a good cause, and in a short time I had seventy scholars. The room in which we met was an unfinished chamber of a poor, lame woman—the only place that was offered. The floor was not nailed down, and neither ceiling nor plaster had ever been seen in the chamber. The chimney passed up in the centre, and the bare rafters were over our heads. Yet never did I see brighter or happier faces than among the little groups which I regularly met.

"One hot Sabbath I had walked out to meet my Sabbath-school. The children were expecting me to give them, at the close of the lessons, a history of the holy Sabbath, from its first appointment, and to tell them why God appointed it, and what are our duties in regard to it; for so I had promised them, and I had in fact prepared myself to do it. But being weary and ill, I told them that for these reasons I would defer it till the next Sabbath. While thus putting it off, I noticed a bright little boy sitting near me who seemed to look disappointed. He had expected to hear about the holy Sabbath. Oh, had I remembered how Christ taught the poor woman of Samaria, though he was weary and faint, should I not have done differently?

"The next Sabbath came, and my school were again coming together. On arriving at the house, instead of finding them all quiet in their seats as usual, I found them standing around the door, some sobbing, others looking frightened, all silent. On inquiry, they told me that 'Little Lewis had just been killed by the mill.' This was all they knew about it. At the head of my little flock, I hastened to the house where the little boy lived. For some

weeks it had been very dry, and the streams had become low. But during the preceding day and night a heavy rain had fallen. A mill on a small stream near-by, which had stood still for some time for want of water, was set in motion early on Sabbath morning. I need not ask if the miller feared God. About an hour before the Sabbath-school usually came together, little Lewis went down to the mill-stream to bathe. The poor boy had never seen his parents keep the Sabbath holy. He swam out into the stream. The current was strong, too strong for him; he raised the cry of distress, the miller heard him and saw him, but was too much frightened to do any thing. The current swept along; the little boy struggled, again cried for help; the waters rushed on; he was sucked down under the gate; the great mill-wheel rolled around—crash!—he was in a moment crushed and dead! Scarcely had his last cry reached the ears of the miller before his mangled corpse came out from under the wheel.

“I led my scholars into the room. They seemed to breathe only from the top of their lungs. I lifted up the white napkin, and—it was the same little boy who had looked so disappointed on the last Sabbath, because I omitted to talk about the Sabbath!

“I have never been able to look back upon that scene without keen anguish. And since I have been a minister, when I have felt weary and feeble, and tempted to put off some duty to a more convenient season, I have recalled that scene to my mind.”

Among those who opposed the school was a gentleman, who for some weeks refused to permit his only child, a little girl of eight years, to attend it. “But as all her play-mates attended, and were delighted with the privilege, and as no bad consequences were seen, what by entreaties, and what by a kind request from her mother, it so happened that on the fifth Sabbath after the school was opened, little Clarissa was at school. She continued to attend regularly through the summer, and to improve very rapidly. It was at the close of a pleasant Sabbath in August, when the father called the child to him, and addressed her very mildly. ‘Clarissa, my love, are you not tired of going to that school? I don’t think you learn any thing—I mean any thing that

you understand.' 'Oh yes, father, I do — a great many things; for to-day I asked my teacher about that beautiful text, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days;" and what, father, do you think it means?' 'Why, child, it must mean that we ought to be charitable to the poor.' 'Yes, father, but do you know why it is like casting bread on the waters?' 'No, my love.' 'Well, my teacher explained it to me. He said that in the Eastern country rice and all kinds of grain are called bread, even before they are cooked. He said that every year the river Nile, and so of some other Eastern rivers, rose up high, and had its waters overflow its banks and all the country round. While the waters were thus covering the country, the people went out in their little boats and scattered their rice or bread on the waters. This was sowing it. It sunk down in the mud—the waters covered it. Yet the people knew it was not lost; for in due time the waters went off, and then the rice sprung up, and they usually had great crops. This is casting bread on the waters; and true charity is just like it. Isn't it a beautiful verse, father?' 'Yes.' 'And don't I learn and understand what my teacher tells me?' 'You may go and tell it to your mother, my dear.'

"Toward the close of the summer I was taken sick, and was obliged to leave the Sabbath-school and the college. As I was poor, the ladies of the neighborhood kindly made me up a small purse to bear my expenses. One evening little Clarissa came to her father with a very earnest look, and said, 'Father, will you please to give me a nine-pence?' 'What will you do with it, my dear?' 'Oh, I want it very much, and will not waste it, father.' 'But what do you want it for?' 'I wish, father, you would please to give it to me without asking—I *do* want it very much.' 'I can't give my daughter money, unless she tells me to what use she is to apply it.' 'Well, father, I fear you will not give it to me, but I will tell you. You know that Mr. Todd, my school-teacher, is sick, and must go away. Oh, he has been so kind to me! He is going away, and I am afraid I shall never see him again. I wanted to give him the nine-pence: you remember how he explained to me that beautiful text, "Cast thy bread upon the waters." The little girl sobbed, and a tear stood in the eye of the father. He put a bank-

note in the hand of his child for her sick teacher, and turned aside and wept. He thought how he had been taught a lesson of charity by his little child; how he had opposed the very school where she had been thus instructed; and how he had ever been supremely selfish and sinful. From that hour he became awakened, and was in great anxiety of mind for some time. He then found peace in believing." Thus the bread which the young teacher cast upon the waters in opening the school was found after many days; and he who reaped at once received wages and gathered fruit unto life eternal.

At the beginning of the year he had joined the college church, by letter from the church in Charlestown; and this relation was never sundered till his death.

At just about this time there came to New Haven and the surrounding region a remarkable revival, one of a series of revivals which marked an era in the religious history of New England. "There was a wave of divine influence in those days sweeping through the land, the like of which, so far as I know, has not been witnessed since."

"August 5th, 1820.

"I am happy to state that there is considerable attention to religion in New Haven. Meetings are frequent and crowded. Sinners are inquiring after Jesus. The voice is small, and very still, though not on this account the less powerful. Christians are awaking. With one or two exceptions the work has not reached college, except as the brethren are much engaged. A general seriousness, however, pervades college. We wish to be still, and pray the more. The church met lately, and many tears were shed over our backslidings. The Faculty feel the effects of religion, and are engaged. Oh, sir, do you and your good people pray for our college."

"August 15th.

"DEAR C—,—You have probably heard of there being considerable attention to religion in this place. I can not now give you particulars. I have many times seen a large conference-room crowded with young people, all as solemn as the grave; all, as it were, in an *agony* for their salvation. I hope to give you particulars hereafter. In the mean time, I hope you will not be careless and indifferent as to your own situation."

“August 22d.

“I would speak concerning the state of religion in this place, but I dare not: we stand in the most awful state of suspense; a cloud seems ready to burst upon us, but Christians will not pray with sufficient fervency to pierce it. Oh, pray for us! pray for our college, pray for our college!”

This revival was partly connected with the labors of the celebrated Doctor Asahel Nettleton, who visited and preached in New Haven at this time.

“I recollect his preaching in the Centre Church, on Dives and Lazarus, when the pictures he painted were so vivid that a great, strong student in the class above me told me that he thought he actually *saw* the spirit of Dives in prayer for his five brethren! That student rolled in agony on the bare floor of his room all night, and it resulted in his hopeful conversion. The Great Day alone can reveal the results of the life of Nettleton.”

“In this great revival,” writes one of his classmates, “he, as well as Doctor Brinsmade, Doctor Waterbury, and others of the class, used to labor abundantly. I recollect particularly his often going to attend meetings in Hotchkiss-town. He was much engaged in labors to save souls, not only among the college students, but everywhere as he had opportunity. One conversation with me, or rather exhortation directed to me, while I was rooming with him for a few weeks, and was under deep conviction of sin, I shall never forget. I can remember no personal address made to me in that momentous crisis in my history that more deeply impressed me, or did more to bring me to a definite decision to be fully on the Lord’s side.”

But all this hard study, and teaching, and religious labor and excitement, accompanied with exposure to the weather, and improper and insufficient fare, and unrelieved by a moment’s vacation, at last began to tell even upon his iron constitution. A neglected cold resulted in a settled cough and symptoms of the gravest character. As early as February he had begun to complain of ill health, and said, “Of all the places to be sick at that I ever became acquainted with, college seems the worst; and for these reasons I can have no care taken of my health, and it is with the utmost reluctance that I can think of leaving off my studies.”



A little later he conceived the idea of taking a journey for the benefit of his health in the approaching fall vacation, on foot, of course, as he could not command the means for any other mode of travel. He had at that time a sister whom he had never seen, living in the northern part of New York, a woman of remarkable character and attainments—altogether the most brilliant member of the family. It occurred, therefore, to this sick and enfeebled student to *walk* to this sister's and make her a visit, and return by way of his father's old home in Arlington, Vermont. Full of this idea, he opened, in June, a correspondence with Rev. Doctor Chauncey Lee, settled at that time in Colebrook, Connecticut. Doctor Lee had formerly been settled near Arlington, and had been an intimate friend of Doctor Timothy Todd. The first letter contained merely some inquiries respecting this friend and father, of whom the son knew but very little. In due time an answer was received, written in the kindest manner, giving to the son a detailed account of his father, of which much use has been made in this story. The second letter of the son betrays his real object in opening the correspondence; he asks for letters of introduction to any gentleman at or near Arlington on whom he had better call. "It is my wish to become acquainted with men and manners; and if there are any in Arlington who were acquainted with my father, perhaps they would not be unwilling to see his son." It is possible that the lonely and suffering and destitute student had a secret hope that his father's old friend would be sufficiently interested in him to put him in the way of getting some more substantial help than an introduction to "men and manners," or an invitation, at least, to stop at his house on the weary journey; but his letter contains no hint of it. In answer to Doctor Lee's fatherly inquiries, he briefly sketches his hard career, and then explains the object of his journey. "A constant and violent pain in my breast admonishes me that it is time to do something for it besides studying. I have been advised by the professors and tutors to take a journey during the coming vacation. I have, for these reasons, concluded to take a journey on foot, the next vacation, to Malone, New York, returning by way of the Connecticut River; hoping by means of this exercise to restore my health. Perhaps, sir,

you may smile at my plan, especially when I inform you that I have no money to defray the expenses of the journey. I am aware of fatigues and difficulties, but to these I am accustomed. I traveled from Boston to this college with fifty cents; and though during this journey I slept once under a fine cedar-bush, yet I am as well off now as if I had traveled in a coach. I believe that *walking* will be as likely to restore my health as any other means, and it is the least expensive. I go to Malone because I have sisters there whom I wish to see. Though the flesh shrinks at the thought of traveling six or seven hundred miles, destitute and among strangers, yet the spirit is undaunted. I would endure any fatigues for my old constitution."

While waiting for the reply to this letter, he writes to his sister as follows:

"DEAR CHARLOTTE,—I should give the exact state of my health if I knew what to say. A constant pain in the breast admonishes me to do something besides studying. The president of the college, together with the professors and tutors, advise me to take a journey or a voyage the coming vacation. I had thoughts of visiting Vermont for the purpose of regaining my health, but I am not now able to walk so far; nor shall I be, at the close of the term, unless I am materially better. I would take a voyage, could I afford the expense. Something, however, I must do, though I have not yet determined what. I do not know whether I had better spend the vacation in Guilford or not. I shall not be able to do much. Perhaps I could be upon the water some, and work on the farm. I shall not return to college again, after leaving it this time, till better. I have not, however, omitted a recitation this term, and have seldom been in bed before twelve o'clock. We rise at five in the morning. Our studies at this time are exceedingly hard. I presume Jonathan is married before this time, as I hear nothing from him. I am very much surprised that he has not written to me; but as people do not generally get married more than three times during their lives, I very willingly excuse him."

A day or two after this was written a very kind letter was received from Doctor Lee, protesting against his un-

dertaking such a journey on foot in his state of health, inviting and urging him to come directly to him, as to "a father's and mother's house," and assuring him that the interest awakened in Colebrook by his letters would secure him possibly a horse, certainly a purse.

To this the grateful student replied :

"REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 13th instant is now lying before me. I should have answered it immediately, but feared lest the ardency of youth and high-wrought feelings might tempt me to use expressions more hyperbolical than my cooler moments would dictate. When your letter arrived, I was about giving up the idea of my contemplated journey; but you revived my hopes, as a small shower from a benevolent hand revives the withered plant. Since I last wrote you my health has failed fast. A continual cough, united with my disorder of the breast, severely afflicts me; and the gloomy cloud, which at first was hardly noticed in my sky, has continually been blackening. Before I proceed farther, let me assure you, sir, that I feel my heart, as it were, crushed, by the kindness of a people who never knew me. Ah, sir! were I able to pursue my first plan, and to have gone my journey *solus in solo*, my heart had never shrunk from fatigues and hardships; but when I see benevolence extending the charities that are sacred, my hand shrinks back, impelled by its own unworthiness. The feelings of a student are commonly sensitive; of a charity student, *tender*; of a sick charity student, the most *delicate*. Judge, then, how I felt while reading your letter—a letter not dictated by selfishness, nor written with the pen of indifference; but a letter written by a pen dipped in benevolence, and guided by the fingers of love. I shall accept of your kindness, nor will I attempt to thank you. . . . I took the liberty to show your letter to President Day; it affected him little less than it did me. He feels much more alarmed about me than I do about myself, and advises me to leave college immediately, or to put myself under the care of Doctor ——. I have done neither. I am hindered from the latter by the fear of expense; and from the former because I wish to stay till after the examination. I shall then, if health permit, leave college a fortnight from next

Thursday night, and, if possible, be in Colebrook a fortnight from next Saturday. I know not that I shall be able to walk this distance in two days, especially as I shall have a great-coat and some few clothes to carry; but if not, I trust the Lord will provide for me. As to clothes for my journey, tell my dear mother Lee that I do not know that I shall need more than I have. The ladies in New Haven have been exceedingly kind to me. I shall wear a black suit which they gave me. This suit is much too good, but I have no other, and my next clothes must be made according to the plan adopted by the students in college. . . . I found three dollars inclosed from you. Oh, sir, when a minister gives to me, my heart aches. I fear you could not do this consistently with duty. It is the greatest present I ever received from an individual. I feel as though I was doing wrong to take it. Oh, it makes me feel little, it makes me feel ashamed, to live on the charity of others. I suppose I inherit too much of my father's independency of character, pride. Till I see you, thanks, tears, prayers. Adieu."

This correspondence with Doctor Lee excited so much interest that it was at length published, in the absence, and without the knowledge, and very much to the annoyance, of the younger party to it. He attempted to suppress it, but in vain. It was reproduced in several editions.

Before starting on his journey, he wrote to a lady in Hotchkisstown, at whose house he had taken his meals while teaching there, and who had continued a faithful friend to him, often sending into his sick-room in college little delicacies and soothing draughts for his cough, and moving the ladies of her little village to interest themselves in his behalf.

"DEAR MADAM,—I can not content myself to leave town without dropping you a line, as the only pledge I can give of my remembrance, esteem, and gratitude. I have lived among strangers, and I have acquired friends among strangers; but never did I feel as I now do on separating, and never more deeply lament the necessity which drives me again among strangers. . . . Many a year has rolled away since the sun first beheld me as a forsaken orphan, but He

who feedeth the fowls of heaven has ever given me benefactors and friends, and I trust He has also given me a heart susceptible of gratitude; and if an orphan's prayers can ever reach the throne of Jehovah, these benefactors will not go unrewarded. . . . It is characteristic of some that they are willing to crouch and flatter at all times and at all places for the sake of a little temporal advantage, while others would rather die than receive any thing by way of a present. While I despise the meanness of the former, and pity the pride of the latter, I would take a middle course. And while I would never beg unless misfortune had thrown me into the most forlorn situation, neither would I reject the kindness of friends when performed with a proper spirit. With this stiff preface, I would take this opportunity to acknowledge from the good people of Hotchkisstown the sum of \$8 90, together with a pair of boots, two cravats, and the making of shirts, besides other kindnesses. . . . In the sufferings of the body, I would earnestly request the petitions of those who can pray, that I may be prepared and resigned to the will of Heaven. If it be consistent, I could have wished to spend my life in the service of Him who spent His for us. I had hoped, when prepared, to have taken my life in my hand, and to have spent my days beneath an Indian or an African sun. Such are the calculations of man, and how different are the designs of God! Though bitter be the cup, though gloomy the disappointment, though mysterious are the footsteps of Jehovah, yet I would pray for resignation, and put my trust in Him who is the Judge of all the earth, and who will do right. I can not close without adverting to a topic which, I trust, lies near my heart. While your people are extending the hand of charity and relieving the wants of others, I can not but feel anxious lest they forget themselves. It is now a time to obtain the 'one thing needful,' and I do hope they will not put off the subject till it is forever too late, even till the door of hope is closed, and the voice of mercy is dumb forever. Accept, madam, my thanks for your personal kindness to me, as well as that of your family. I shall ever be under obligations to you. There are those whose unhappy lot it is to receive all their good things in this life, and I have lately trembled lest I shall be among this number. The privation of health

is, indeed, a great affliction, but Providence often tempers our afflictions with mercy, and the sick-bed may often be soothed by the tender hand of charity; and the footsteps of death, though appalling, may often be rendered less hideous by the kindnesses of friends. I return, then, the thanks that flow from an aching heart; receive a tribute of my gratitude as the only reward I can ever make you. . . . Should I attempt to say all that I feel, should I tell of all the tears I have shed on being obliged to leave the endeared walls of college, my letter would be protracted to a patience-wearing length. Should we not be permitted to meet again in this life, I pray that we may meet in a world where pain shall be unknown, and be permitted to walk in the streets of eternal day."

## CHAPTER VI.

LIFE AT COLLEGE—*continued.*

A Thunderbolt.—An interesting Letter.—A Daniel come to Judgment.—At Colebrook.—A Tune with a harsh Name.—Impressions of a Stranger.—On Horseback.—Grand Isle.—A buoyant Spirit.—A family Meeting.—Malone.—Return to College.—Advised to Leave.—A Ride on the Ice.—Brig *William*.—A kind Family.—Glimpses of Slavery.—A Saturday-evening Note.—Scandalous Books.—A Pilgrim Horse.—Health Restored.—Mr. Herrick's Pupil.—Staples's Academy.—The Osbornes.—Graduation.

“LYMAN BEECHER was a thunderbolt. You never knew where it would strike, but you never saw him rise to speak without feeling that so much electricity must strike. I have his memoir lying on my table. No other man could sit for such a portraiture. No other family but his could make the life of a plain country minister as interesting as a novel, and as instructive as a work on moral philosophy. I have never yet met the man in whose presence, whenever I met him, I always felt so small, as in his. Settled in an obscure corner, remote from all the world, he soon burst out in his sermons on ‘Dueling,’ and ‘The Government of God Desirable,’ with a power that startled the land. There was an inward spring that drove the machine with a power often sublime, always effective, and wonderful in results. Beecher and Nettleton were the two great instruments in revivals, such as I have never seen equaled. But I took up my pen to give one or two reminiscences of the man. It was in the year 1820, when I was a member of Yale College, that the Spirit of God came down upon us with awful power. Mr. Nettleton was laboring in the city, and Professor Goodrich in the college. There were deep feeling, pungent convictions, earnest prayer, but for a time few conversions. Just at that time I was compelled to leave college on account of alarming symptoms of consumption. I was going north, and Professor Goodrich gave me a letter to carry to ‘Mr. Beecher, of Litchfield.’ The letter began thus: ‘Brother Beecher, do you know there is a revival in Yale College?

Do you know you have a son in college? Do you know that we want your help at once, and that you must not delay to come? On knocking at his door, he himself met me. I gave him the letter, and, without hardly speaking to me, he ran it through again and again. 'So you are sick, and need advice. Well, we have Doctor Sheldon, than whom no more skillful man can be found. We will go there at once.' Over we went. The doctor examined me, and said—and it was not till years afterward that I knew how much it frightened my new friend—'Young man, I will prepare you some medicine. I *think* it will help you; but if it doesn't, look out!' From Doctor Sheldon's we went to Judge Reeve's house. With what awe I entered! But I needed not, for I doubt whether Mr. Beecher ever thought of me while in the house. He had the letter about the revival in his hand, and he was there to talk it over with his friend. 'I think it will be my duty to go,' said he, 'very soon.' Already his soul was full of it. It seemed to absorb every faculty. After tea I went with him to what he called a 'conference meeting.' Just after taking a seat, some one handed him a slip of paper. He read it, laid it down, and commenced the services. I am not sure whether he performed all the service himself, but think he did. Beginning to speak, he stopped and picked up the little paper, and read it. It was some question in theology which he was requested to answer. There I first saw the man. He first stripped the subject of all that did not belong to it, and then examined, explained, and poured out a torrent of condensed, fiery argument and illustration, such as I had never heard before. I seemed to see 'a second Daniel come to judgment.' He stood on a pedestal in my mind then, from which, to the close of life, he never descended. On going home after meeting, I went immediately, coughing, to bed. It was in a bedroom on the lower floor. After I was fairly in bed, he came and stood by me, and began to ask questions about the revival in college. His son Edward, our first scholar, was a member of my class. Earnestly and minutely he questioned me about the work, about the meetings, the instruction that had been given, etc.; and as he talked about it, the tears came down his cheeks like rivers. I never, in after years, saw him more moved. I went on my way, and he went down to the col-



lege, and was the honored instrument of helping forward one of the most glorious revivals with which Yale was ever blessed. I was not present, but heard much about it. Into the hands of Edward, when his strong mind and heart began to quarrel with the theology which his father preached, he placed Edwards's sermon on 'The Justice of God in the Damnation of the Sinner'—a powerful medicine, but in this case efficacious. From this time I seldom met him, perhaps never to speak to him, till he came to Boston. Then, being settled in Groton, and both he and myself much mixed up in the famous 'Groton Council,' for which he wrote the celebrated and masterly result 'On the Civil Rights of Churches,' I saw much of him. He preached my ordination sermon. His hand was laid on my head in the consecrating prayer. And, what pleased me, he never forgot my first introduction to him. To the very last time I met him, in his extreme old age, he would always take me by the hand and say, or its equivalent, 'Todd, I remember the first time I ever saw you, and I have loved you ever since. I remember going to Doctor Sheldon's with you.'

"Our young friend and correspondent," writes Doctor Lee, "arrived at our house on Tuesday evening, much sooner than he had proposed or we expected, his departure being hastened by his failing health. We found him a very observing, ingenuous, intelligent, affectionate, and interesting young man, and hopefully possessing the greatest of all accomplishments—piety. His state of health was as critical as he had represented. The attending symptoms of pain in his breast, cough, and night-sweats were threatening; so that our fears and hopes about his eventual recovery were equipoised. The account which he gave us of the rapid progress of the revival in New Haven was very animating, and the interest he appeared to take in it tended to endear him to us. In his countenance, figure, air, and manners, I recognized a resemblance of his father, the friend I once so highly valued, and whose memory will ever be dear to me. I put him under the care of our family physician, a gentleman of experience and eminence in his profession, who prescribed for him, and attended to him while he staid. During his continuance with us his health appeared stationary. He tarried till Friday morning, September 8th, and then

took his departure for Malone. I was happily successful in hiring him a horse, and obtaining for him by charity a sufficient sum to defray the expenses of his journey, and rejoiced much in being able to redeem the pledge I had given him in the promise of assistance."

On parting with his young friend, Doctor Lee, who was something of a rhymers, put into his hands some amusing lines of advice, ending with an acrostic on his name. "This acrostic Mr. Lee had set to music, and he and his family used to sing it. The name of the tune was 'John Todd;' yet, notwithstanding its harsh name, it was a delightful piece of music."

At Doctor Lee's he had met a niece of his, Mrs. Bulkley, who became greatly interested in him; and at her invitation he stopped for a day or two at her house in Sheffield, Massachusetts, on his way north. An extract from a letter of hers to one of his sisters will show the kind of impression that he made at that time upon strangers:

"Were I, my dear Miss Todd, to attempt expressing to you the high estimation with which I view your brother, the invaluable blessing I consider such a character to society, the loss that the Church of Christ would sustain by the removal of such a man, you might perhaps think my object was to gratify the feelings of an affectionate sister; but this, I trust, would not be my motive. Your brother's merits and excellencies of character are too conspicuous to need the eulogiums of any; they will soon be discovered by an impartial observer; and I do not hesitate to say that few young men in our country rank so high, and I consider my acquaintance with him among the most fortunate events of my life."

From Sheffield he pursued his journey northward, passing, without knowing it, through the town where the best part of his life was to be spent, lingering a little and delivering his letters of introduction in the neighborhood of his father's old home, and everywhere receiving attention and kindness, and then pushing on toward his destination. Sometimes he "rode forty-six miles in one day," and after it spent "a sleepless night." He kept a journal, also, in which he "wrote every night, at a public house, and often when too sick to hold a pen," and in which he made sketches of the objects which he found most interesting.

“Did the reader never look with admiration upon that enchanting spot called Grand Isle, anchored off as if cooling herself in the lake; while Plattsburg and St. Albans, like an eye in each state, New York and Vermont, seem to be casting most coveting glances upon this water-nymph? If he has not seen all this, he has much pleasure before him, should he ever visit this delightful region. At the close of the day in early autumn, I rode up to a small tavern on the lower point of the island, just in sight of the place around which, during the last war, the British fleet hove on a bright Sabbath morning. There the cannon roared, the groans of death were heard, the blood reddened the waters, and the shouts of victory were heard—the victory of McDonough! I was standing in the little piazza, and calling to mind this strife of blood between two nations bound together by every tie, and between which no other feelings save those of mother and daughter ought ever to exist, when the landlady came up, and asked me to step upstairs and see ‘a poor, sick young man, a stranger.’ ‘Do you know who he is, or where he came from?’ ‘No, sir. He came across the lake a few days since, and when he rode up I thought he must be intoxicated. He could hardly sit on his horse; and when he stopped he rather fell off than got off. He has been here three days; and though I have tried to coax him, yet he has eaten nothing but one soft egg a day since he came. The poor fellow tells me he has no friends, and I think he is not long for this world. He seems to be a very good man.’ On entering the chamber, I found him on the bed, leaning on his elbow, and gazing out of the window upon the same spot at which I had just been looking. He seemed glad to see a new face; told me his name was John Todd, a member of the junior class in college; that he had left college, as a last resort to gain his health, which had been prostrated by study. He was supposed to be in what is there called ‘the galloping consumption,’ had reached this spot, and here became too feeble to go farther. Others thought he was near the grave, and would never leave this place; but he was cheerful, elastic, expecting to live and do much good. I shook my head, but did not shake his hopes or confidence. I never before saw a spirit so buoyant, so confident in the belief that God would use it as an instru-

ment of usefulness to men. It seemed as if nothing short of the hand of death could crush or even repress this hope. He had a dreadful cough, and every symptom seemed discouraging. Even his hopes—were they not such as every consumptive patient cherishes?"

Having recruited his strength a little, he crossed the lake, and soon arrived at Malone. Here he found three of his sisters, one of whom he then saw for the first and only time in his life. His visit with them was a delightful one. It was long since so many of the scattered family had been together. But he seems to have formed an unfavorable opinion of the place. Writing soon afterward to his remaining sister, with reference to an invitation from her sisters to join them, he says: "The country at Malone is entirely new. The roads are awfully bad, and a howling wilderness bounds the prospect on every side. The society is new. It is composed of people collected together from all parts, and of all descriptions and characters. Their manners and customs, of course, are very widely different, and different from what we are accustomed to. The young men are generally active and enterprising, but they are clownish and almost savage. Their first plan, after marrying, is to spend three or four days in building a little log cabin. Here they live, having but one room, till the husband levels the forest around with his axe, and cultivates his farm. In about ten or twelve years they are able, if industrious and prosperous, to build a framed house, which is a great luxury. The young men are much more numerous than the young girls, and an old maid is a great curiosity. They dress very simply, and somewhat slovenly. I dressed as I usually do, in a black suit, and they thought me at first a fop of the highest order. Every man, with few exceptions, is either a colonel, a judge, a squire, or a captain, and yet there is not a man of liberal education among them. I do not recollect that I took any liberties in displaying what I knew, yet they thought me almost a prodigy of learning. I mention these things to give you an idea of the state of society at Malone. I think you would not enjoy yourself there. In looking over this scrawl, I am reminded of the Dutchman's letter. He wrote every thing that he could think of, and then added that he had not time to be particular."

His stay in this charming spot was short, as he was impatient to return to his studies. His health had now begun to improve, so that when he reached Colebrook, on the 17th of October, Doctor Lee was able to write: "His threatening symptoms were gone; his strength and appetite daily increasing. On Tuesday, the 24th, he left here in good spirits to resume his studies at college. Thus our hopes are realized; our prayers graciously answered."

These appearances, however, were deceptive. Scarcely had he been at work for a week when he began to complain: "My health has not been so good. Last night was a very uncomfortable time. My cough is violent, though not so constant as before I went my tour. President Day advises me to go immediately on a voyage to Europe; if not, to the South. I fear my health will compel me to leave soon, though I shall not as long as able to keep about. I room in the fourth loft, and find it hard to get up and down so many stairs."

Just at this time he received a letter from his old friend Mr. Evarts, remonstrating with him against attempting to go on with his studies, and urging him to go South for the winter, find some position in which, by teaching, he might earn a little, and return the next year to join the class below him. The advice was accompanied with a gift of ten dollars. This letter struck "almost a death-blow" to his hopes. On his showing it to President Day, the president, under one of those impulses which led him to do so many quiet acts of kindness that were never known to many, seconded Mr. Evarts's advice, and added to it a gift of fifty dollars. Still the young student hesitated about taking the advice or the assistance. He could not bear to relinquish his studies. Two weeks after this he wrote: "I shall try to make myself as comfortable here as I can, and at this late season shall not think of leaving for the South. I know how disagreeable it is to be in a land of strangers, and destitute and sick; and I know, too, that this would not restore my health. Should my health fail, and should I be as low as I was yesterday and the day before, I shall leave college never expecting to return."

In a very short time, however, he was compelled to yield to the urgency of his friends. The winter was unusually

severe, "shutting up our harbors at the North to an extent almost unprecedented," and his health and strength were rapidly giving way. "Just at evening, on a terribly cold day, destitute and sick, and bleeding at the lungs, I was drawn down the harbor upon the ice, by a sailor, upon a hand-sled, to go on board a brig which had almost cut her way into the open water. I had had no notice of the brig's departure till within an hour before I went down to go. I had letters of introduction from President Day and others of New Haven, from Mr. Evarts, and Father Lee." A purse had also been made up for him among his friends in Hotchkistown and New Haven. "My passage (brig *William*) was very short—four days; but it was stormy, and there were high winds all the time. I did not see the sun while on the big waters. I was sea-sick, and kept my dirty little berth most of the time. It was on the Sabbath when I landed, not knowing, as I supposed, a single soul in Carolina. Walking up the street, I found myself opposite the Circular Church when the public service closed. The first individual that came out was my old acquaintance, Finley Morse, of Charlestown, Massachusetts. He took me at once to the house of the pastor of the Circular Church, Rev. Doctor Palmer, to whom also I had a letter of introduction. In his family I was received with all the tenderness and kindness that parents could manifest."

In a letter written to one of his brothers at the time, he says: "I was invited to stay all night. I did so, and here I have been ever since. Mrs. Palmer, though the mother of a large family, calls me her son. I have proposed to go to a boarding-house, but she has as yet forbidden me. Considering her large family, and the many strangers who call, I am surprised that she is so good to me. I had hoped to obtain some employment here, but as yet have seen no opening. Should I not find any, I must go to Savannah or return to the North. I have an able physician, who daily visits me, though I endeavored not to call medical help; but Mrs. Palmer was stronger than I. Doctor Whitridge has put me on what I call a rigid course of medicine; but he intends all for the best. The climate is very delightful at the present time; it resembles the latter part of our May. The sight of beautiful gardens made yellow by oranges was novel

to me. Oranges grow here very luxuriantly. Roses were in full bloom when I arrived. You may imagine, to come from our deep snows of the North, and in four days to find myself in so delightful a climate, was very strange to me. The ladies are generally dressed in white. The negroes go bare-foot all winter."

"February 3d.

"Since writing the above, I have taken an excursion into the country on horseback with Doctor Palmer. Our ride was about thirty miles from the city, through a most dreary road. I have described it at large in my journal." (This journal, like the one kept on his trip to the North, is irrecoverably lost.) "My health is not much improved by the ride, though my spirits were somewhat exhilarated. I have had a good offer to take a school here, provided I would stay through the summer; but my health and disposition forbid this. The offer was nine hundred dollars per annum without my board, or five hundred with it. I would accept it were my health good; but as I am, I can not. I have agreed to give a young lady private lessons in the mathematics, for which she is to pay me thirty dollars for twelve weeks. Mrs. Palmer has kindly invited me to stay in her family a month, an invitation which I presume I shall accept." The result was that he remained in her family about four months, or during his entire stay at the South. "My friends in New Haven gave me a handsome purse when I left, but every thing is very high here. I wear a Lycurgean dress altogether, which looks somewhat odd in this country; but you know our family love to be odd." Here follow minute directions as to the distribution of his furniture, books, and clothes among his friends, in case, as seems probable, he never return; and then, with an amusing but characteristic change of tone, he adds: "Should I live, I shall return to the North by the 1st of June. Should this be the case, will you furnish me with a new hat? I will try to reward you for it. I trust, my dear brother, though I am many hundred miles from you, that you do not fail to pray for me, and that, too, often. You may wish to know how I like this country. I have not time to tell you now. Every thing here is different from what I had supposed when at the North. I do not think this a good place to acquire religion, though it is so to obtain

ease and elegant manners. The *slavery* here shocks me." And well it might. More than once or twice he saw his kind hostess herself send a servant-girl to a public whipping-house, with a note designating the number of lashes which she wished administered. And very soon after his arrival public notice was given by the authorities of Charleston, to all ministers of the Gospel and other benevolent persons engaged in teaching the blacks to read, in night-schools, that they were violating the laws, and must desist. During this visit to the South he conceived a deep abhorrence of the institution of slavery, which he consistently maintained and frankly avowed all through his life, though he did not approve of the *measures* of the early abolitionists, and preserved too grateful a remembrance of Southern kindness to sympathize with their *spirit*. "You need not feel anxious about me; I shall be well taken care of while I stay here. I am confident God can give the fatherless friends in any situation." Of this he experienced the truth most remarkably. One Saturday evening, as he was reflecting somewhat despondently on his condition, the door-bell rang, and a note was brought to him. On opening the note, he found merely the words, "My God shall supply all your need," and a fifty-dollar bill. The missive proved afterward to have come from two excellent ladies of the name of Grimké, who had become interested in him. They belonged to the Society of *Friends*, and would have liked to proselyte him; but he was not cut out for a Quaker. At another time the daughters of Doctor Ramsay sent him an order on a certain book-seller for books to a considerable amount. It was generally expected among the good people who were interested in him, that the young man who had dedicated himself to the ministry, and who seemed to be on the brink of eternity, would procure with the order some very pious and profitable works; and they were not a little scandalized when they found that, among other books of a scarcely more theological character, he had chosen a copy of Shakspeare.

At the end of about four months, when it began to be hot, and his health seemed almost restored, his friends in the Circular Church made up a purse of a hundred dollars, and bought him a horse, with saddle and bridle, and sent him away with kindest wishes. In the year 1860 he revisited



Charleston, having been invited to a council called to settle a pastor over the old Circular Church, which is of the Congregational order. In beginning his "charge" to this pastor, he briefly recapitulated the story just given, and added: "As a matter of taste merely, this personal incident should have been omitted; but may I not be excused for referring to a burden of gratitude which has been lying on my heart for forty years, and which will not be taken off even now? It is the first opportunity in all these long years I have had to make my acknowledgments; and now, the kind and noble ones whose faces I would recall are mostly among the dead! Their record, I am sure, is on high."

His route homeward brought him near the Natural Bridge, in Virginia, and other points of interest, which he visited, and after his return described in some articles which were among the first that he ever published, and were so well received that they were very soon reproduced in Europe. These sketches are the only memorials of his long and lonely ride. His horse, which he had named "Pilgrim," proved to be a losing investment; for, having been broken, as many Southern horses are, to the saddle only, his excellences were not appreciated at the North, and his owner, when he no longer wanted him, was obliged to sell him for sixteen dollars.

The 1st of June found the student who had been sent away to die back in his class in college again, and "buried in studies." The worst symptoms of his disease had almost disappeared, but he was still far from well, and the closeness with which he now applied himself to his work was unfavorable for his complete restoration. "I study all day and till half-past eleven at night, take no exercise, and rise at half-past four in the morning. It is not strange that he became low-spirited, nervous, and miserable. He was determined to maintain his standing in his own class, and not drop into the next class and lose a year, if he could help it.

In the midst of his despondency, one cheering piece of intelligence came to gladden him. Charlotte, who was nearest and best known to him of all his sisters, had become a Christian. His letter to her is worthy of being read, as giving not merely his theory of religion, but the theory which he put into his own practice: "I hear what God has done

for Guilford, and my heart rejoices. And has he redeemed the soul of my sister? Oh, this is more than I could expect, or dared to hope. I can not tell you my feelings. Ah, Charlotte, how much do you not owe to God! Will you not devote your time, your talents, and all your faculties to the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom? Your opportunities have been great, your advantages great, and much will reasonably be expected of you. Dare to do good. But rest not in your own strength. You have but just entered upon a school in which you are to be instructed throughout eternity. Let the Scriptures be your constant guide. Read them often; pray over them; consult them as you would a chart, were you a sailor. Strive not only to be a Christian, but to be an *eminent* Christian; not only to do good, but to do *much* good. You can not be a Christian without letting your benevolence be an active principle. As well might you catch the beams of the sun and weave them into the mantle of midnight as to enjoy religion without trying to do good to others. I hope you will ever cultivate the religion of the closet. It is here our joys and our sorrows, our light and our darkness, commence. Pray and meditate by yourself every morning and every evening; never omit it, unless you would ruin your soul. I do rejoice I have a sister near me now who can enter into my joys and sorrows, and feel with me. Oh, could I see my sister and friends but for a moment, it would rejoice my heart much—a heart that is almost withered among strangers. I send you a gold piece, which is in value five dollars. It was given me for writing a piece entitled 'The Orphan,' which has been printed in several publications. I calculated to have kept this piece of gold as a kind of pocket-piece, but I find I love you too well."

During his last year in college he came out of the straits somewhat into a broader place. His studies were easier, and he had made up for his lost time, and his standing in the class had become secure. His health was very much better, and he began to show it. He exchanged the *stoop* with which his friends had often found fault for an erect and manly carriage. Having more leisure, he cultivated the friendship of his classmates; and they were surprised to find the hurried, laborious, abstracted, and sickly scholar so genial

and agreeable. One of his classmates writes: "Until the last year he was not as well known by his classmates as others, though he had more acquaintance with the ladies of New Haven than almost any one else." This was in part owing to the fact that his circumstances were such as to excite their sympathy and benevolence. Among the ladies who befriended him was a Mrs. Denison, who had two daughters, into whose society he naturally fell. The elder of these daughters, Mary, was an interesting and brilliant young lady, very generally pleasing to men of education. It was whispered by the gossips that this young lady and Mr. Todd were very intimate. It is certain that he admired her, and equally certain that there was no more serious feeling on either side. She married and removed to New York State, and her history was not a happy one. A more important acquaintance was made by Mr. Todd, while teaching for a few weeks in Rev. Charles Herrick's school. Here he saw, for the first time, the one who was to exercise most influence upon all his subsequent career. She was at that time a pupil in that school; and her only recollection of the young teacher amusingly illustrates that taste for the pathetic, and love of making people feel bad, which was one of his striking characteristics, and which led some one to say at his funeral that the only consolation of the occasion was, that he was not there to conduct the exercises himself, for no one could have endured it. She says that, though he had only been teaching in the school for a few days as a substitute, yet, on the last morning of his being there, in conducting the devotions of the school, he read that chapter of Acts which describes the parting of Paul from the elders of Ephesus, and their sorrow that "they should see his face no more," and so skillfully treated the parallel that *all the girls cried!* During this senior year he wrote quite a number of brief articles, which were first published in the *Seamen's Magazine*, and the best of which were afterward collected in a little volume called "Simple Sketches."

In the spring of the senior year he left college, many weeks before the close of the term, to take charge of a school in Fairfield, in the village of Weston.

"I have the honor to be the preceptor of Staples's Academy, established in this place, and have consequently been

closely confined ever since I came here. My school is not very large as to numbers, but is laborious. Most of my students are studying Greek, or Latin, or French, and some of them all three. My time, however, is almost out, as I have but a few more weeks to stay. I have been urged to stay another year, but for various reasons think I had better not. My wages are not very great, but I receive my wages in money, without any trouble of collecting. I receive two hundred dollars for twenty-four weeks' services. I could receive five hundred dollars for the coming year, if I could think it my duty to stay here; but as I do not, I shall leave as soon as my time is expired. By the aid of the two hundred dollars which I earn this summer, I shall be able to pay off all my college debts, and have about sixty or seventy dollars left. It is now my intention to go immediately upon the study of theology, in which study I expect to spend the three coming years, should I live so long. Perhaps I might get licensed to preach in less than three years; but I wish to have my education as complete as possible. I am undetermined where to spend the next three years. I shall either stay at New Haven, or go to Andover, Massachusetts. Both places afford good advantages. Andover is so cold that I fear for my health, but it is cheap living there. New Haven climate is more congenial to my constitution, but not at all agreeing with my purse. I must, however, determine soon whither I go, as I expect to commence study in about five or six weeks. You may wonder how I am to support myself while burrowed up three years more; indeed, I almost wonder myself; but as I have always got along well, so I think I shall in future. I have many friends who would almost give me their eyes if I needed them; and I hope among some of these good friends to borrow money as I need till I get my profession."

At Weston he first boarded for a time with the minister; but the family being large, and his situation not altogether agreeable, a place was found for him in the family of Mr. Jeremiah Osborne, the father of the late Judge Osborne, of New Haven. Mr. Osborne lived in a fine house in affluence, and the family did every thing in their power for the young teacher. The two daughters especially were really sisters to him; and not only during his service at Weston,

but through his entire theological course, and till he had a home of his own, he always found a welcome and a home with the Osbornes. It was a kindness which he never forgot. During his residence with them, his health, though improved, was far from established. He would often return from the academy pale and weak, so that he would have to sit down and rest before ascending the steps, and would then go to the table, and eat a few little things very sparingly. And this was his habit all through life. He was an exceedingly small eater. Meat he abhorred: with the exception of now and then a favorite dish, his taste was simple and his appetite delicate, and often he would leave meal after meal untouched. Though his consumptive symptoms gradually left him, his constitution always felt and showed the effects of the disease. He was never a well and hearty man.

A short time before the expiration of his service at Westton, he took a week's vacation, and went over to New Haven to take his degree with his class. He had accomplished his purpose. In spite of poverty and sickness and hard work, he had gone through the course without delay, and out of a class of seventy-seven was one of the few appointed to speak on the commencement stage. His dissertation in the afternoon was on "The Influence of a High Standard of Attainment." There was but one thing to mar his triumph. He had only a brother and sister present to share it with him; and when his classmates had dispersed, and he had no longer a place within college walls, he was once more alone, and without a home in the world.

This story of a desperate struggle for an education may fittingly close with the following letter, written many years afterward:

"Pittsfield, April 5th, 1853.

"DEAR SIR,—For reasons which will be obvious (I was educated at Yale, and am a trustee of Williams), I would advise you to go to Yale or Williams. They are both good, but Yale is very expensive, while Williams is moderate. I think if I were poor, and had to feed myself with one hand and hold my book with the other, I would go to Williams. However, a man who *wills* it can go anywhere, and do what he determines to do. We must make our-

selves, or come to nothing. We must swim off, and not wait for any one to come and put cork under us. I congratulate you on being poor, and thus compelled to work; it was all that ever made me what little I am. *Macte virtute.* Don't flinch, flounder, fall, nor fiddle, but grapple like a man, and you'll be a man. Yours, truly,

“J. TODD.”

## CHAPTER VII.

## LIFE AT ANDOVER.

Andover Hill.—Doctor Porter.—Doctor Woods.—Doctor Stuart.—Doctor Murdock.—Quiet Life.—A Letter of Introduction.—Preaching without a License.—Qualities of a Minister's Wife.—Memories.—The first Sermon.—North Andover.—The Blind Student.—A solemn Contract.—Loves to Preach.—A pedestrian Tour.—Osborneville.—Expectant Friends.

“IT is now a little over fifty years since, after a cold ride on the top of the stage, I found myself in Andover. A short examination of my papers and attainments, and I was a member of the seminary. Those who now see ‘Andover Hill,’ with its beautiful buildings, its graded walks, its splendid trees, and profusion of beautiful things, can have no idea how dreary, comparatively, it looked then.” He had finally selected Andover as the place of his theological training—partly from motives of economy, and partly from dislike to New Haven theology. He went to the seminary, therefore, almost directly from Weston, in the fall of 1822. His entrance into the seminary was like the coming of a ship out of a stormy sea into the smooth waters of a harbor. His debts were paid, and though he had but a few dollars to live upon, he had an established reputation and character, and a host of friends. He was no longer a friendless, penniless orphan boy of unknown abilities struggling for an education, with little prospect of success. His health, though delicate, was much improved, and was becoming daily more confirmed. He had now nothing to do but to devote himself to the peaceful life of the seminary. So still was the life, and so absorbed in it was the student, that for several months hardly an incident of interest occurred to disturb its uniformity.

There were fewer seminaries then than there are now, and Andover was a place of great religious importance. The classes were large—that which Mr. Todd entered numbered fifty-one—and the professors were men of distinguished reputation. They were all of them greatly re-

spected and beloved by Mr. Todd, and gratefully remembered by him as long as he lived. His discriminating sketches of them, made after a year or two of acquaintance with them, and hardly changed by the judgment of later years, show the nature of the influences under which he was formed and trained, and the characters of the men who left their impress upon him.

“Doctor Ebenezer Porter, professor of sacred rhetoric, is a gentleman in his manners—rather tall, slim, graceful in movement, mild and winning in looks, with a voice not capable of great compass, but finely modulated, and musical to a high degree, and so managed that his whisper will reach every ear in the house. He thinks slowly, and speaks still more slowly; deliberates well before he pens or utters a sentence, but when he has once got it out, it is *perfect*, so far as language is concerned. His mind is so disciplined, that he can write just so much in a given time without depending on wind and weather. He is generally a good judge of character. He must be, and is, our model as a preacher, and often far too much so. That this necessity of drawing all eyes upon him makes him more or less artificial, I shall not deny. We all prick up our ears when we see him go into the pulpit on a Sabbath morning. Those who heard him preach his sermon on the decision of Nehemiah, as he brought out at the end of every picture, ‘He went on building,’ will never forget the deep impression made. It seemed like the striking of one of the great bells of Moscow, sending out its notes long after the tongue had become quiet. He is clear, gentle, decided, and evangelical.” Of all the professors, Doctor Porter was the one to whom Mr. Todd became most strongly attached, and with whom he came to stand in the closest personal relations.

“Doctor Leonard Woods, professor of theology, is tall in stature, finely proportioned, with a mild, pure, gray eye, and a calm, gentle, patient, and thoughtful face. He is the greatest *thinker* I ever saw. His mind is a complete laboratory of metaphysics. He has no glare, no quickness, no flashes; but he is always interesting, always correct, always unanswerable. He is like a good, strong, iron-sided horse, which goes on a strong, heavy trot, with the same gait, always keeps the same pace up hill and down, never starts or



plunges, is never antic. He knows but little about rhetoric, little about languages; but you may let Demosthenes thunder at him, and pile all Germany with their philology upon him, and you will not move him. He must *reason* the subject out, and reason is the only weapon which he can be made to feel. He does not surprise us by startling originality or new theories, or giving new names to old things. But his thoughts are clear as distilled water. There is no color in his light, but he has the power of throwing off all that is extraneous in the subject in hand; then of holding it up patiently and carefully in the light of the Bible, and unemotionally urging his views with logic unsurpassed. He reads human nature admirably. The reverence that he pays to the Bible is deep and earnest. He ever teaches that what the sun is to the earth—light and heat—that the Bible is to the Church.

“Doctor Moses Stuart, professor of sacred literature, is a tall, slim man, with a musical and sonorous voice, who holds his audience entranced. He is no such horse as I have mentioned; for if you make him a horse, you must now make him a war-horse, and, with Job, clothe his neck with thunder, rushing upon the pikes of the enemy, and now rearing and plunging like a colt newly harnessed. He carries an enthusiasm in his nature that would open a mine of quicksilver in the most barren mountain. He has a sort of magnetic power, never wanting, by which the whole seminary is lighted up into his region of thought and study. He certainly is a great man, and has a prodigious force of mind. His soul is always bounding and burning. If with this everlasting go-forward of his he was well balanced with judgment, he would be a giant. I ever admire him, always feel delighted and kindled when in his company, but never feel that his *ipse dixit* is safe to follow without re-examination. He is like our five-hundred-year comet, bright, fiery, dazzling, but so eccentric in its orbit and so rapid in its course that you have difficulty in calculating its progress. He is always modest, never deciding what the Scriptures *ought* to teach, but what they *do* teach. His reverence for the Word of God is most remarkable; and I remember his saying to me, ‘Light comes from above; you will get more light on the Scriptures by prayer than in all other ways; look up.’

He is a decided dyspeptic; and I have no doubt that he often mistakes the miseries of a weak digestion for the hidings of God's face. But, when the clouds are lighted up, and he feels well, happy is the pupil that can walk and talk with him; and, above all, awed and delighted all are when in prayer he comes to the atonement of the cross. His face fairly glows, and reverence, and awe, and admiration, and love seem to swell up in his heart, and come out in tones and words such as I never heard from other lips. I look back to the influence he had upon me with deep gratitude, and his voice still sounds in my ears like the music that floats over the still waters in the dusk of evening from some island whose form you wish you could see.

“Doctor James Murdock, professor of ecclesiastical history, is a little, apple-faced man, gentlemanly in his manners, agreeable in his conversation. He is master of more literature than any of the others. He is at home in Greek, Hebrew, and German. He has a strong memory, and his head is a complete repository of all the facts, events, names, and dates in the world. He is the most instructive man in conversation that I have ever seen.”

Such were the men who for three years guided and molded him. They were men of extraordinary enthusiasm in their several departments, and the time was that in which the conflict between Unitarianism and orthodoxy was at its height, and the controversy between Channing and Ware, on the one side, with Stuart and Woods and Beecher, on the other, was awakening echoes in every village. Hence there were an excitement and enthusiasm aroused in the seminary such as have hardly existed since. Into all this the eager, earnest young student threw his whole soul, at once delighting in and not a little increasing the fervor.

For the first year, however, he was scarcely drawn into this excitement. He was in the lowest class, and his studies were of a quiet character. Only one event occurred of any importance, but that was destined to exert a greater influence upon his life than almost any other. Among his college memories, the recollection of one whom he had seen for a few days in Mr. Herrick's school was one of the brightest and most carefully treasured. Midnight studies of Hebrew had not effaced from his mind the fair image of Mary Brace.

And so, in June, near the close of his first year in the seminary, he found or made an errand to Hartford; and finding himself *accidentally* in the neighborhood of Newington, he obtained from a young minister who *had met* Rev. Mr. Brace, but had almost no acquaintance with him, a letter of introduction.

“New Haven, June 6th, 1823.

“DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me to introduce to your acquaintance Mr. John Todd, a student from Andover, and now on his return. Should he find it in his way to call on you, you will find him an agreeable and intelligent visitor, and ready for any good work you may propose to promote the cause of the Redeemer among your people. As we students in theology like to form acquaintance among the ministers of our country, you will excuse the liberty I have taken to make my friend, Mr. T——, acquainted with you, although you may be hardly able to recollect me.

“Your affectionate friend, ———.”

Armed with this precious document, Mr. Todd *did* “find it in his way to call” on Rev. Mr. Brace, “ready for any good work,” more especially that of making himself agreeable to his eldest daughter. His reception was such as might possibly have discouraged, not to say dismayed, a less determined suitor; but it was of no use: he had made up his mind, and the garrison might as well have surrendered at once without farther parley. In the course of a stay of a few days he *did* contrive so far to break through the reserve as to obtain the unwilling consent of all parties to the opening of a correspondence, and with this victory he retired. One of the first letters of this correspondence states very frankly the object to which his life is to be directed:

“From the very nature of my situation and circumstances, I know not what is before me in life. I know not, and I care not, where my life is spent; and, if the good of the Church demands it, I care not how soon it is spent. My object in living is but one—to *do good*. To this every subordinate desire, every panting of ambition, every longing after fame, must and shall be subjected.”

During this vacation, while sojourning temporarily in a small village, Mr. Todd was called upon one evening to

make some remarks before a small gathering of persons for religious worship. He did so; and, on returning to Andover, was severely reprimanded by the Faculty, who rigidly enforced the rule against *preaching without a license*. They required him to make in their presence an expression of contrition for this misdemeanor. Without demurring in the least, Mr. Todd rose from his seat, and, with a countenance expressive of the deepest sorrow and with downcast eyes, delivered himself as follows: "I, John Todd, in the presence of this august assembly, with feelings of the deepest contrition and repentance, do express my most heartfelt regret and sorrow for having (on such a day) in the village of —, in a small school-house, exhorted the people to repentance, and to seek their eternal salvation through God; and of such a crime may I be pardoned."

Soon after the beginning of the second year in the seminary, he writes: "I am now pleasantly situated, in a cold climate, but in a warm room, four stories high, whence I can look off on the cold mountains, and see even the Monadnock. As you may suppose, I am buried up in theology. I am much driven in study. My class recites three times a week in theology, once in Hebrew, once in Greek, and attends three lectures, sometimes four. Besides this, I belong to four different weekly societies which meet evenings. In addition to this, I have now the appointment of writing a dissertation of one hour in length, to be delivered before the Society of Inquiry, respecting missions. This society embraces the whole seminary. My object will be to prove that the Gospel, since the Resurrection, has never been propagated in any country except by means of foreign missions. This will require great research and critical investigation. I have not yet begun, though I have thirty-five octavo volumes, of which ten are in French, in my room, for my first leisure. It must be ready in eight or nine weeks."

In the midst of his studies and societies, Mr. Todd found time to do a good deal of literary work. He wrote, and published anonymously, an article on Swedenborgianism, which made great commotion, and excited much indignation among the believers in that mystery. He was also intrusted with the superintendence of the publication of a little work by Doctor Woods. It was his full purpose to engage largely

in such work in his future life, and not to content himself with the sphere of a parish. And in these plans he sought to interest her whom by this time he felt encouraged to associate with them. "You need not that I tell you that a minister's wife is often as useful as the man himself. Your own good mother has taught you this by her example. She can be active herself, and by example and precept she can do immense good among the people of his charge. Add to this, she is to be the adviser of her husband, is to sympathize with him in his sorrows and trials, to cheer him under discouragements and despondency, to check all his improprieties, to mend his weaknesses, to soften all his asperities, to help him grow in piety and holiness. You will, doubtless, find many frailties in me. My pride you must turn to humility; my ambition you must curb and restrain. If I live, I intend to own a good library, and to be a student through life. I can not think of treading the mere path of parochial duties. I hope to be *diligent, active, persevering*. To this object I am now bending my studies and the discipline of my mind. My situation and disposition are such that I never expect to be rich. I hope to be comfortable, and never to be parsimonious. As to my natural talents, being such as God has given, it becomes me neither to be proud nor ashamed of them.

"As to your teacher's innemonics, I perfectly detest them. I studied them once, and wasted my time and strength. I do despise that littleness of mind and soul that can concentrate the powers of immortality upon the points of needles. I can not, will not, be playing in the shell of a mustard-seed when I may rise and survey the universe.

"My chum and myself have sent to Boston and procured a pair of battledoors and three winged attendants, with which we practice for half an hour in our room after breakfast and dinner. I find this exercise exceedingly valuable. As you enter our room you see it is square, and the floor painted yellow. Here you find my chum and myself each bending over a portable writing-desk laid upon two marble-colored tables. You see our room ornamented with four pretty chairs, a beautiful mahogany bureau, large mirror—all furnished by the munificent Mr. Bartlett. All the rooms in this building are furnished alike. Nothing could add to our con-

venience if we had a carpet. But this is of little consequence."

"February 14th, 1823.

"I have just begun my first sermon. You will find the text in Psalm cxxxvii., first three verses. I suppose it will be but a coarse piece of work, like the first productions of the apprentice."

"March 6th.

"I think I have told you how I go out every Sabbath evening to hold meetings in a distant neighborhood. It is situated in Andover, a few miles from the seminary." The ban had by this time been removed, and, though not regularly "licensed," members of the middle class were allowed to preach with permission of the Faculty. "There is something of a revival among my little flock; five or six are hoping in Christ, and many are anxious. You would be interested could you see them, after I have closed my meeting, come around me and express their affection for me. Last Sabbath evening they came clustering around me, and some, with tears, who have lately obtained hopes of eternal life, declared that my preaching to them was the means, under God, of awakening them; and when I saw one or two drunkards among them, I could hardly help weeping myself. Four families among them have lately commenced family prayers, and several are still anxious."

"April 2d.

"A student has lately come, perfectly blind, to become a minister. I go and read and converse with him an hour every day. He has imbibed an idea that my hour is more valuable to him than any other one. I suppose it is because I feel most deeply for him."

The reserve with which Mary Brace had at first received the abrupt addresses of the young student had long since given way, first to interest, and then to a more tender feeling; and now, on the 5th of May, her eighteenth birthday, the two parties drew up and signed a formal contract of engagement, by which, "relying on the goodness of God through the merits of Christ," they "unhesitatingly gave themselves to each other, in the most solemn and tender manner in their power." The young lady was considered remarkably beautiful and attractive in person, manners, and

character; and there had been not a few plans laid for her, and not a few attempts made to prejudice her and her friends against her poor lover; but his determined and persistent "readiness for any good work" had disconcerted and overcome her own and all other opposition, and, as usual, he won the day. Marriage was, of course, deferred "till circumstances should render it convenient."

The following Sabbath was spent in New Haven. "They have a very interesting Sabbath-school here, containing between three and four hundred children. They fill the galleries of the Middle Church. I visited the school yesterday morning. The superintendent wished some one to address the scholars, after the lessons were recited. But no one would speak. J—— refused, M—— refused, C—— refused, a Princeton student refused because he was afraid of us Andoverians. So, after all, I had to do it myself. I told the children and teachers a short story, made them interested, drew a practical inference or two, and sat down while all were standing tiptoe for more. I trust the impression was good. It was an interesting audience to address. You can scarce conceive how much pleasure I take in speaking to an audience on religion, owing partly to the agitations and hurry of the mind, to a sense of responsibility, to a full belief of the importance and consequences of the truth in question. Oh, how I shall delight to preach the Gospel to my fellow-beings, if God should spare my life and health!" This feeling accompanied him to the last. How often has he said that there was no study and no work like his, and that he would not, if he were to begin life again, change his choice on any account! Every Sabbath morning he was happy in the anticipation of entering the pulpit, and felt it to be a trial ever to yield it to another. And even in old age, when friends had been remonstrating with him on account of his many labors, and had counseled rest, he exclaimed, when they were gone, "Oh, they do not know how I *love* to preach the Gospel!"

From New Haven he started, with a classmate, on a short pedestrian tour for the benefit of his health. "On Saturday morning, at an early hour, in company with my old classmate, Carrington, I left New Haven for the West. We looked very untheological, each swinging a heavy cane, and

each fondling a bundle of clothes under his arm, frequently shifting them from one arm to the other, as if unwilling to deny either arm so great a pleasure. Our first stage brought us to Derby, where we breakfasted. We stopped several times in Huntington, and arrived at Mr. Lee's, in Munroe, at dinner, sixteen miles from New Haven. The morning was fair, the country delightfully pleasant, all in the beauty of its bloom; we were on foot, independently at leisure, and enjoyed our walk very much. Carrington, though an odd sort of mortal, is a person of sound, sterling talents, frequently shrewd in his remarks, and always agreeable to a friend. Mr. Lee was writing a sermon, but broke off during my stay. My short visit there was very pleasant. Here I left Carrington for a day or two, when I expect him on to see me, and then we shall take up our line of march and go farther. From Munroe to this place (Weston) I walked alone, and arrived here before night, exceedingly tired, having walked about thirty miles during the day. I intended to ride a part of the way, but meeting with no opportunity, I pressed forward, as I always do, and accomplished my design, and arrived at my old home, where I was welcomed by two as affectionate sisters as you could wish. You will presume, then, that when I awoke on Sabbath morning I did not feel in the best health and spirits. Mr. Osborne lives about a mile from meeting, so I rode with the girls. On arriving, we found the minister was out of town, so there was no way but I must preach. I was not dressed very much like a reverend, but hoped they would forget the man in the preacher. I talked all day, and attended a Bible-class of young ladies at noon, where I talked about an hour, proving to them that the Bible was inspired. You may imagine that by night I was somewhat exhausted. I can not say how the good people in this enlightened place were pleased with their preacher, though one of my acquaintances hinted to me that since I went to Andover I have lost in animation what I have gained in logical correctness. To-day I am resting, though I am shortly going out on a visit. You must now imagine me at the place which for two years I have called *Osborneville*. Your imagination will paint a fine white house, about the size and appearance of yours, with a beautiful door-yard, rich shrubbery, etc. Back of the



house is a steep hill, from which you have a delightful prospect over a rich, extensive vale beneath. This side-hill supports a thriving fruit-yard, where apples, pears, peaches, and grapes are found in abundance in the autumn. I feel well acquainted with each tree, having very narrowly examined the character of each when I resided here. In front of the house, about fifty yards distant, is a lovely winding stream, where I used to go fishing with great success. You can throw your eyes in no direction without meeting with what is lovely and charming. Truly, this would be a most delightful spot, were the society in any degree equal to its natural scenery. Entering, you see me seated in my sister's parlor, where we have a little fire. The room is much like your parlor. Sisters Susan and Phebe are sitting beside me with their white needle-work. The room is still, save the unwearied ticking of the clock, and my watch, with its silken chain, lying before me, and the noise of my pen, as it scrawls this long sheet of nonsense. You see your humble servant sitting, very dignified, in the rocking-chair, with a sprig of the flowering almond and the lily of the valley in my bosom, thinking of a friend at some distance hence. By-the-bye, I wish you would procure some of these flowers for your garden. I admire them very much, as I do almost all kinds of flowers.

"I staid at Weston, writing and visiting, till Thursday morning, when, in company with Carrington, I left for Danbury. We went through a wild, romantic place, known by the name of 'The Devil's Den.' It is a cluster of shaggy, uncivilized hills, thrown together here and there, *sine ordine*. There are two frowning hills stretching along parallel with one another for some miles. They stand close together, as if in the attitude of defiance. We stopped at Reading, where we visited a Mr. Bartlett (minister), a Squire Sanford, an intelligent, reading, visit-loving justice of the peace, a Doctor Davis (physician), etc. At the last place I found Mrs. Davis to be a remarkably curious woman. As soon as she learned my name, and that Timothy Todd was my father, she raised both hands, as if in transport, and declared that I must stay with them a month. She would hardly take 'No' for an answer. Here we dined, having walked eight or ten miles. Our next stage brought us to Danbury, eight miles from

Reading. This is a wicked but interesting place. There is a revival here at the present time. On Friday I returned to Weston, leaving Carrington to assist in the revival. I found myself not a little fatigued, and nearly sick with a cold; but, notwithstanding all this, I could not be excused by my friends from executing a plan which they had formed during my absence. So on Saturday morning I took Mr. Osborne's horse and chaise, and set out for Guilford, which I reached just at sunset, much fatigued, having ridden between fifty and sixty miles. I found my friends all well. I returned by way of North Guilford, for the purpose of calling on a cousin whom I had not seen for a long time. Monday evening finds me again in New Haven. I am now about returning to Weston, where I am to confine myself for a week closely to my writing. I am sorry to find that my friends in Guilford and elsewhere in this region are forming too high expectations of me—higher than I can ever meet. It is in vain that I tell them I know nothing, and have but medium talents; they still persist in their loud demands for my exertions. If I am well, I may, by unremitting exertions, do something toward being what they expect; but if my health fails, these exertions will soon lay me in my grave. I know of no young man who has such a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances, all looking at him and expecting much. Pushed on thus, I must rise and be very respectable in my day, or find an early repose in death."

## CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE AT ANDOVER—*continued.*

A Day's Work.—Ill-health.—Steam-cars wanted.—A Trip to Cape Cod.—The Captain-doctor.—Mirth under Difficulties.—Plymouth Rock.—A Dispute with Conscience.—Determines to preach extempore.—In the Editor's Chair.—Can not change Profession.—A promising young Man.—The Way clear.

It was now June. The spring vacation was over, and the students were re-assembled, and at work. "If I give you the history of one day, I give you the memoirs of a week or summer. I rise at five in the morning, wash, clean my boots, brush my clothes, dust my books, etc., till six; then attend prayers and breakfast till seven. At seven, walk for exercise till eight. From eight to half-past eight, secret devotion. From half-past eight till half-past twelve, severe study in theology. At half-past twelve, dinner till one. From one to two, read *belles-lettres* and polite literature. From two to five, study theology. From five to six, read 'Butler's Analogy' to Plaisted, the blind student. At six, prayers, and tea till seven. From seven to eight, walk for exercise, or visit my fellow-students. From eight to nine I usually attend some society. From nine to ten, read French or write letters. At ten, prayers till half-past ten. From half-past ten till eleven, secret devotion. Thus passes my day. If you could enter my room now you would find me sitting at my high, light-blue desk, mounted on a three-legged chair, which I call a *tripod*. My desk is large, being three and a half feet long and three wide. It holds my books that I use daily, and is covered with soft baize on which I write. Our taste has furnished each of us with a tumbler in which we keep flowers—roses, sweet-briers, and pinks. I change the water every morning, and bring home some buds almost every time I walk. There is one high hill, about two miles from the seminary, which I love to climb, and sit on its top all alone after sunset. It gives a prospect of a wide extent of barren country, but it is a delightful

place to sit and think of this world and the next, and to think of the great God."

Five or six weeks of hard study in summer weather began to produce serious effects. "For the last ten days my health has been quite feeble. I know not that it can be imputed to any cause, unless it be too severe study for the last six or eight months. I am considerably debilitated, with but little strength, and an appetite far from ravenous. There is a general sinking of the system, too frequently forbidding my being about, or far from my bed. In order to benefit my health, toward the close of last week I rode out to Boston with a friend. Visited in the families of Mr. Osgood, Major Adams, and Mr. Foster. They carefully nursed me, and I received from each hand a heavy potion of wormwood tea, or elixir pro, or aloes, or some delectables, which I considered myself bound to take, out of politeness. They were exceedingly kind to me, walked with me, sailed on the lake with me, and carried me to hear their Unitarian ministers, etc. I returned to the seminary yesterday, better in health, as I think, and sat up yesterday more than any day for some time. My physician gives me bark and wine. Our professors here advise me to take a long journey immediately, and are even urgent. On the whole, I think it best to try to stay, taking as good care of my health as possible. But if I come to the conclusion that I must leave or die, I shall leave at once. One of the professors lately said to one of my classmates, 'Your Mr. Todd has a strong, a powerful mind, but I fear he is not long for this world.' This may be true, but it did not frighten me in the least, as I know my own constitution better than the professor. I believe I am getting better."

In her anxiety about his health, his betrothed replied: "How convenient for us it would be were there a steamboat from Boston to Hartford, as there is to New York! I have not yet heard of any land vehicle propelled by steam, but I presume I shall before long. If any such invention is made, I hope that the conveyance will be more safe than by water, for we have heard of so many accidents to steamboats of late that I should almost fear to travel in one."

A week later the overworked student was again compelled to try to recruit his exhausted strength. "During

the last week my health failed so fast that the physician said that I must leave, or have a fit of sickness. Thinking it not most desirable to be sick under the sound of the bell, and the constant calling of the students, I proposed to two of my classmates, Jacob Abbott and Josiah Brewer, to go off with me. They are both superior characters. On Friday morning, then, we early seated ourselves in a stage for Boston, I being admirably prepared for my tour, having been awake all night by headache and vomiting, and having fainted away once after rising; but perseverance is not easily checked. Having wrapped myself in my old cloak, I reached Boston very comfortably about 11 A.M. Here I lay in the Commercial Coffee-house, and slept, or drank soda-water, most of the afternoon, not being smart enough to make more than one call. In the evening we took packet for Yarmouth. I was in hopes, especially as it was windy and stormy, that I should be sea-sick; but no such event happened. We had seven or eight passengers, and but four berths, so Abbott and myself wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, and lay on the deck. The air was cold and damp, and for that reason seemed refreshing to my feverish frame. I can hardly tell you how we passed the long night. Suffice it to say that it blew hard, the waves swelled proudly, the water around the prow phosphoresced, we came near getting on a reef of rocks and oversetting in a sudden gale, etc., etc., which are common incidents on this coast. Having stood it through the night, the morning was but a little more tolerable. Every thing below was dirty and sickening, and every thing on deck was wet and cold. Abbott was sea-sick, Brewer was afraid, Todd sick with a fever. To amuse myself, I put a piece of white rag on a hook, threw it over, and soon caught a fine large mackerel. I felt sorry for the poor fellow, to be so duped by a rag; but as he is not the first who has been gulled, I gave him to the steward to cook for my breakfast, but was too sick to eat him. We arrived at Yarmouth, a sail of about eighty miles, in a little more than twelve hours. Here we were in new trouble. It rained hard, and we must walk nearly two miles to get to a boarding-house. So, calling a council of three, we very gravely deliberated the matter, and came to a unanimous resolution not to stay in our ark any longer. This was

scholar-like prudence. The result was that we got completely wet, and *I* took a violent cold. Our house of rendezvous was kept by a Captain Gray, a plump, hardy, weather-beaten old son of Neptune. What next was to be done? A second council was held (in which, you see, I could only have one vote), to decide upon my health, which was pronounced to be *wanting*. There was no physician near, say within forty miles, whom we dared trust; so we concluded that the old sea-captain should be the doctor; Abbott and Brewer to superintend, and *I* the patient. There was no way but for me to submit with as much grace as I could muster (and even the old captain said he never saw a man take medicine more courageously), and indeed my pains by this time were so great and many that I concluded they could not be made worse. So at seven o'clock Sabbath evening I took I know not what as an *emetic*. It operated in ten minutes, and continued to tear me till eleven o'clock—by far the most powerful I ever took. Abbott and Brewer very sagely concluded that it must do me a vast deal of good, as it was so powerful. I agreed, *provided* it would be content to stop before it took *me* with it."

In recalling this scene, Rev. Mr. Abbott has described his unfortunate fellow-voyager's disposition in terms which will at once remind many of Doctor Todd as he was in later life. "He was at that time, though famed for his witty and satirical sayings, one of the gravest and most sober men that I ever knew. He never seemed to laugh himself, though he occasioned a great deal of laughter in others, and this not merely through the incongruity and drollery of his ideas, but by the very serious and sedate manner in which he uttered them. On this night, for example, while he lay tossing and groaning on his bed, showing a face with as exaggerated an expression of distress as he could throw into it, what he said and did produced so comical an effect that Mr. Brewer and myself were obliged often to go out of the room to recover from our fits of laughter, and I was kept for hours in a most curious state between pitying his sufferings and laughing at his wit."

"My landlady was a large, coarse, deaf fisher-woman, so my only nurse was my captain-doctor and my fellow-students. This medicine left me weak and exhausted, but in full pos-

session of all my pain. On Sabbath morning they concluded (for I was now too sick to vote, and so the captain filled my place) that I must breakfast on calomel and dine on jalap—the captain-doctor to deal the medicines. I ventured to suggest that he might not know how to adapt such powerful medicines to my constitution; but he raised a loud laugh at my ignorance in not knowing that ‘a sea-captain has the care of the medicine-chest, and knows all about it.’ From that time till dark I was in full possession of the benefits to be derived from his medical skill. His medicine acted as powerfully as my worst enemies could wish; and what was worse, I was faint, but could not keep down any thing to give me strength. This lasted till evening. My companions went to hear a Unitarian preacher, who proved to them most indubitably that men are *not* depraved, from the fact that we have a conscience. I kept close to my bed, being unable to sit up, the captain being my nurse. I received no relief from my pain till morning. I then found myself mostly free from pain, free from fever, free from strength, and as limber as a French dancing-master. The fact of the whole seems to be that I had the foundation laid for a severe fever, that this captain-doctor, measuring his medicines by the robust constitution of a sailor, gave me at least twice as much as my physician would have done, and broke up the fever. On Tuesday I walked out, and made several visits in order to learn the character of the people. Wednesday morning was our appointed time to leave on our return. We decided on sending our trunk by water to Boston, and returning by land. Accordingly we set out on foot Wednesday morning, and with a slow march wandered along the coast, gazing at every thing we saw, and imagining many things which we could not see. We stopped and bathed at every convenient place, which was very refreshing, but one of them came near being dangerous. Abbott and myself procured each of us a plank, and while Brewer was hovering around the shore we sailed out of a creek to try our comparative nautical skill. We sailed bravely until we arrived at the mouth of the creek, when a strong current set in, and shot us out into the ocean. Our poor vessels were soon placed beyond the length of our setting-poles, and of course were wholly unmanageable. We had nothing to do but plunge and

swim; and as we both are tolerably good swimmers, we stemmed the tide bravely, and soon regained our starting-point, to the great joy of poor Brewer, who looked rather wild on the occasion. I thought but little of it, as I have been in greater danger of drowning at least a thousand times. We walked eight miles only in the forenoon. In Mr. Fish's congregation in Marshpee are about four hundred Indians; some of them are pious. He has two deacons, and one of them is a full-blooded Indian. In the afternoon we walked eight miles farther to Sandwich. We enjoyed it exceedingly; and while our sedate Brother Brewer would stalk along with all the perpendicular dignity of a vicar, Abbott and myself would stop in almost every house, beg a drink of water, and study the character and manners of the people. I was much pleased with them. They were simple, open, frank, and very kind. At Sandwich we passed the night. The next day we had a dreary walk to Plymouth. You have doubtless heard much of the Plymouth Rock. And, pray, what do you suppose it to be? Do you suppose it a large, flat, romantic rock, stretching off into the water, large enough to contain one hundred and one pilgrims—a rock venerated, marked, notable, conspicuous? So had I imagined! But, alas! *non ita fuit*. Imagine us walking down a narrow, dirty street, with an Indian boy for a guide, all going down toward the water to see the Forefathers' Rock. Imagine Brewer to be striding on with his huge steps forward of the rest, all stretching our eyes to see the rock. Now we are all silent, expecting every moment the rock to burst upon the vision; now we come to the wharf, and just as we are entering the wharf, among tar-barrels, molasses, salt, and codfish, Brewer stalks over a flat rock about four feet square, just on a level with the ground. Todd exclaims, 'Siste, I pray *this* be not the rock!' with great vehemence. The little Indian rolls his dark eyes, and cries, 'Dat be him.' We all stop and look. This, then, is the rock! on a wharf, covered with dirt, run over a hundred times every day with carts and horses! Oh, how unromantic! It was originally about eight feet square, but half of it has been broken off and carried up to the court-house to preserve. It was so hammered and pecked that we could not get a piece to bring away. But we were sadly disappointed, and most



sagely agreed that whenever we took upon us to say we had *seen* the rock on which the Pilgrims landed, it would not be judicious to describe it. We next visited the graveyard. Here we found grave-stones inscribed 1690, but no one knows where one of the Pilgrims lies. On Saturday we returned, having been absent one week and one day. I find my health improved since my return, yet it is feeble. My stomach is such a quarrelsome fellow, it wrangles with every thing I eat; but I hope soon to bring it to a sense of propriety. It so happened that at every tavern at which we stopped they were Universalists, and they all learned where we were from, and charged us enormously. So that though we carried eleven dollars each, yet we had barely enough to get back. The pleasures I receive from traveling are unusually great; for my characteristic boldness and ardency (and some will add, address) carry me at once among all classes of people. I study all kinds of character, and see all I can. This study of original character is what I peculiarly delight in."

"August 23d.

"It was Thursday, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, that I was sitting at my writing-desk, thinking of you. 'Come, come!' says old Mr. Conscience, 'you must commit your piece to memory, which you have to speak at two o'clock in the chapel.' 'Oh yes, Mr. Conscience, but it is a great while since I have heard from Mary: let me just look at her last letter. Now, then, old friend, isn't this a pretty letter?' 'Your speech, your speech!' 'In a moment; but just let me look at that letter in which the girl told me, for the first time, that she loved me—only a minute!' So I began to read that letter, and the next, and the next. 'Stop, stop!' cried Conscience, 'you'll be disgraced! your piece!' 'In a moment, sir; let me just read our engagement, and her next letter. Ah, here is a good letter, old Quiz—a very fine letter!' 'Nonsense, nonsense! commit your piece!' 'Oh yes, but doesn't she write good letters?' 'Your piece!' 'Ay, but doesn't she gradually show how she loves me better and better?' 'Your piece! your piece!' 'Yes, but this is a sweet girl; how I wish I could see the creature!' 'Hold!' cries Conscience, 'your piece is not committed; the dinner-bell rings, and you must speak at two, before the

seminary! See what your foolish love costs you!’ ‘Right, right, Mr. Conscience; but she *is* a lovely girl, say what you will, as the dozen letters I have just read prove.’ Here the dialogue closed, and I went to dinner while old Conscience took a nap. After one o’clock Brother Howe comes in. ‘Do be well prepared, Brother Todd; we are to have a host of ladies to hear you.’ ‘Ah, I have not committed a word of my piece!’ ‘Ay, ay, I told you so,’ says Conscience, just waking up; ‘I told you that you would be disgraced.’ ‘Be still, Mr. Conscience, I will go to work; but—she *is* a fine girl!’ So, pulling off my coat, I took to my work—forgot you, forgot every thing. The bell rings. ‘Ah, now for it!’ cries my old tormentor. ‘Cease, Conscience, let me alone!’ I go in; the ladies are there; I mount the stage, go through without tripping, without hesitating. They listen silently, and I come off well. ‘See now, old fool of a Conscience!’ I say, ‘see how I have got along, and thought of Mary too.’ ‘Yes, but you are too bold, too daring; you may one day get yourself into difficulty with this foolish love of yours!’ ‘Never, never, old friend; but don’t say any thing more about this escape: she *is* a sweet girl.’”

“September 6th.

“I have concluded to take a room at Doctor Woods’s next year, and for these reasons: I can write sermons to much better advantage, and study much more profitably, than if in the seminary. If I am sick, I shall be near Mrs. Woods, who is very kind, and a skillful nurse, which would be no small consideration, if I should be as I have been much of this summer. The expense of rooms there will be considerable, but I had rather economize in something else than forego the advantage of rooming alone senior year. My room will be convenient, large, and very comfortable. I will read you my first sermon when I see you, and you may criticise it, for it needs it. As to committing sermons to memory, I shall not do it. I intend to preach extemporaneously half of the time after I am settled, and half of the time written sermons. My extempore sermons will probably consist in part of exegesis. I am persuaded that no man can be really eloquent very frequently who is wholly confined to notes.”

As soon as vacation arrived, he naturally started for Con-

necticut; but he was hindered by the way. "I had got as far as Boston, when I was stopped by the editor of the *Telegraph*." The *Boston Telegraph* was a religious newspaper, started but a little while before by Gerard Hallock. It was soon afterward merged in the *Boston Recorder*. "He pleaded with me so hard, that I consented to take the editorial chair for a short time. I have just got out one paper this morning, and must now go to work on another. I am constantly expecting Hallock to return; but I neither know where he has gone or when he comes. You may fancy me cooped up in the counting-room of the *Telegraph* office, surrounded by seventy different kinds of newspapers constantly pouring in, with letters and pamphlets, and company, etc. Every evening I am dragged into meeting *volens volens*, and last Sabbath I preached twice in the new society of this city. So, you see, I am busy, and see much good company, and have fine things said to me. As to pecuniary profits, I know not what Hallock will give me, but should presume he can not afford to give me such a compensation as that I can save much. My board is one dollar per day, exclusive of washing. Should the Boston people undertake to make me an editor of some work, ought I to think of accepting? I say *No*. I wish to preach the Gospel, and I don't wish to think of any other business. I mention this because hints have been thrown out, and I have determined, before consulting even you, to say I want no other employment besides the Gospel. I intend to undertake no other."

In about a fortnight he was released by the return of Mr. Hallock, and again started for Connecticut. But again he was overtaken by duty. "I am in Hartford, on business, important business for Mrs. Lee" [his old friend, Mrs. Doctor Lee, of Colebrook]. "She has lately sold some property in New London. I am now dispatched to collect the money and settle the business. So, you see, if I can't get a living by preaching, I may by being sheriff. My circumstances make me turn my hand to almost any thing; but I care not, as it teaches me to do business, to see society, to be placed in different situations, to see men and manners in all their varieties."

In Colebrook, "on the Sabbath I preached twice. The audience was very full and very attentive. It does not be-

come me to say whether or not they were interested. The people here look upon me as a kind of Colebrook man, and almost claim me as theirs. My friends here seem to have increasing expectations of me, and continue to call me 'the promising young man;' but it is these very expectations that often make me shrink. It is not a good thing for a young man to enter the world under a full tide of expectation, and a wide circle of acquaintance. Perhaps no one of my acquaintance has more eyes upon him than myself. Perhaps, too, here and there one, like our mutual friend Mrs. D——, would rejoice to see me fail and come to nothing. I am a proud creature, and my feelings are all as deep as the seat of life. I do not feel discouraged, but feel solicitous. My father fell under a heavy blow of Providence; he fell in the morning of life. The same stroke crushed my mother, and I was born an orphan, shelterless, penniless. I was but six years old when I knelt over my father's grave, and vowed, even then, to rise above my circumstances. I soon determined to have a liberal education. My friends opposed, obstacles were thrown in my way, every thing opposed. I rose above all; I went to college, half-fitted; I was sick much of the time, owing to too severe application and anxiety; I pressed on, rose above all, and now stand where I can see my way clear."

## CHAPTER IX.

LIFE AT ANDOVER—*continued.*

Doctor Eli Todd.—The new Librarian.—A Pseudo-Baptist.—Answers Himself.—A wise Professor.—An anonymous Letter.—Vanity.—Licensed by Professors.—The first Preaching.—Competitors for Valedictory.—Dangers at the Seminary.—The Christian Almanac.—Wanted for Palestine.—The Hawk and the Jay.—Two Orators.—Doctor Griffin.—Fanny Fern.—A religious Fourth.—The Association at Dedham.—The Oration at Park Street.—An awful Question.—A beautiful Prayer.

HAVING been appointed librarian at Andover for the coming year, it was necessary for him to be promptly at his post; and so, after three or four weeks spent among his old friends in Litchfield and Fairfield counties, he set out on his return, by way, of course, of Newington and Hartford. At the latter place "I walked out to see Doctor Todd, at the Retreat. I was received with great politeness, my name being a passport to their good graces. I should think the doctor possessed a mind quick, inquisitive, independent, daring, and skeptical. He seemed to be well acquainted with the character of my father, whom he seems to have greatly respected, and perhaps from the fact that many traits in their characters are alike. He says my father was an *ambitious* man, but had character to stand on; and adds that, had he not met with that calamity which brought him to an untimely grave, 'there is no doubt but he would have been governor of Vermont in two or three years.' You may think me childish for mentioning this, but the memory of my dear father is all I have to cherish.

"I find the library in excellent order, and my duties as librarian will be lighter than I expected. I am not necessitated to go in, except on particular occasions, and then I charge a shilling per hour for all the time it takes me. It is a delightful place to practice speaking or reading aloud. I am very glad I have the office. I am also librarian for the Athenæum—a reading-room—which makes me some trouble with but little profit. Perhaps you would think me some-

thing of a man could you see how busy I am, out of study hours, in fulfilling the duties of some of my *nine* different public offices. But all these duties help to render me accurate, quick to dispatch business, and prompt at any thing in hand. We have a general meeting of the seminary at the commencement of every new year. In this meeting all the committees, officers, collectors, etc., are appointed for the year. There are about ten or fifteen different committees. At our late meeting *Todd* was called to the chair as moderator, and *Rood* as recorder. The nomination of all the various committees fell upon me. I went through it as well as I could, and, as far as I know, to the satisfaction of all concerned. I believe I am as strange a compound of feeling and delicacy, combined with boldness and decision of character, as ever lived."

"December 4th.

"My class are now on the subject of *baptism*, and as we have no Baptists in my class, I have been appointed by the class to be a Baptist during the discussion. I have accordingly begun a dissertation in favor of the Baptist tenets, in which I have advocated (I.) That infants can not be proved to be proper subjects of baptism; (II.) That immersion is the only true mode of baptism; (III.) That close communion ought to be practiced. I am sorry, on the whole, that I was appointed, for several reasons: (1.) I have taken hold with so strong a hand, that Doctor Woods will feel suspicious of me, lest I believe the tenets of the Baptists. (2.) It does not have a good effect upon the mind to be so placed as to defend what you do not believe. (3.) It will be as much work as to write four good sermons, but will not be as useful to me. (4.) We are so constituted that we retain an objection, while we forget its answer; and thus the mind is left in continued doubts, where there should be none. Miss H— says if I will become a Baptist minister, Mr. P— will give me the right hand of fellowship with all pleasure imaginable. I fear, however, that I am too much tied down to the good old opinions of my fathers easily to surrender my faith at the first sound of the trumpet."

"December 24th.

"After my appointment, I sat down to the business, and in a week wrote my dissertation against baptizing infants

and children. At the close of that time I read it before my class. It took me fully fifty minutes to read it. I had given myself to the subject, and entered into it with my accustomed ardor of feeling. It evidently produced a great excitement in the class. After I had resumed my seat, Doctor Woods did me the honor to say I had 'pleaded the cause of the Baptists better than they ever did themselves.' My 'ground was bold, my reasoning specious, and out of the common course.' The professor then said the dissertation must be answered—that the class might appoint a man to do it, or he would do it himself. The class met, and nominated me to answer it. I declined, for I was wearied with severe study. They then referred it to the professor to appoint some one. The doctor immediately sent for me to his house, and said I must turn upon myself, and answer my own dissertation. I tried to beg off, but he insisted, so I took the appointment. This was Monday. The class all suspended their regular studies till I got my dissertation done. Again I sat down, and for a week I studied from daylight till after midnight. On Monday I again read, in *favor* of infant baptism. My piece was one hour and twenty minutes, as fast as I could read. It was a piece on which I had laid out my strength. Great expectations were excited in the seminary while I was at work, and I feel peculiarly happy in saying that I believe these expectations were met. I believe every man felt as if I had taken grounds from which I could not be shaken. Doctor Woods did me the peculiar honor, after I had finished it, to request me to present him a copy to keep—a thing which he has never been known to do before. But, as I have no time or disposition to copy it, I fear he will never receive it. The essay has not been in my hands since, but in the hands of different members of the seminary, who are copying it. I presume at least fifty copies will be taken. I have been urged by several of my brethren to publish it, but I shall not do it. I am too young to publish at present. Now, from what I have said, I fear you will infer two things: first, that this business has made me vain, which I assure you is not correct; and, secondly, that my piece is very extraordinary, which is not so. It is good, it is able, but nothing very extraordinary; for no piece that was wholly planned and

written in five days *can* be very great. The exertion of these two weeks was so great as to make me sick. My nerves had been so excited during the time that I was writing, that after the excitement was over I was quite unstrung and quite low-spirited. I have now got over it, and have come out quite strongly—*not a Baptist!*”

The last sentence was not without meaning. His enforced advocacy of Baptist tenets had, as appears from his remarks upon it already quoted, produced a temporary effect upon his own mind. Nearly fifty years later he wrote: “Doctor Woods read human nature admirably. I recollect that when my class came to the subject of baptism, there not happening to be any brother in the class, we appointed one to present the Baptist side of the question. This he did, and so strongly, that the professor desired to have a man appointed to reply. The class concurred, but referred the appointment back to him. He immediately appointed the same man to meet his own arguments. This wisdom of Doctor Woods not unlikely saved the young man from taking sides and becoming a Baptist.”

“December 11th.

“As I can keep nothing from you, I must transcribe a short note lately put into my hands. It reads thus:

“MY DEAR TODD,—Mahomet says that he had one drop of black blood in his heart, and that when the angel had squeezed out this drop he was holy. *Idem tibi dico.* That you have accomplished manners, that you have a pleasing address, I know; and that the talents which God has given you are far superior to any of our class, there can be no doubt; and, with *one* exception, you are certainly the most perfect man I have ever met with. This exception is, *too bold, too independent* feelings. I do not say you want humility; I think otherwise; but you need more of the appearance of doubting your powers in those cases where none can doubt them. Alter in this respect, and you will do more for the Church of God than *ten* common men.

“‘ONE WHO LOVES YOU NO LESS THAN  
HE RESPECTS YOU.’

“You may think that this is mere flattery, but I know whom it came from, and know it is every word sincere. The writer is truly a friend of mine, and puts more confidence in



me than in all the rest of our class. I am aware of the evil to which he alludes, and told you of it when I saw you, and suppose you have seen something of it. But I will try to mend, and, with the assistance of God, I have no fear that you will ever have just reason to be ashamed of me."

No man, probably, ever accomplished much who had not this consciousness of, and confidence in, his own powers—a consciousness which is allied to, and perhaps always mixed with, more or less vanity. Mr. Todd had gauged his own talents so well, that he *could* not doubt his own powers, and he was too honest to put on "an *appearance* of doubting" which did not exist.

But if this self-consciousness was sometimes too apparent, it was relieved by a beautiful humility, and readiness to listen to suggestion even from a child. This is apparent in his remarks on the anonymous letter just quoted. In one of the later years of his life, one of the editors of the *Congregationalist* wrote to him, offering a criticism upon a point in a sermon of his then just published. His immediate reply was: "Your criticism in regard to an unguarded expression in the sermon is just. I meant simply, etc. We can't always guard as we would." "It interested me," writes the editor, "that Doctor Todd, though a man of very wide reputation, and venerable in years, should so readily accept a suggestion from one so much younger as myself. And I am happy to add that I always found him a most comfortable man to deal with; the difference between him and many other contributors to our paper was quite marked in this respect." As a further illustration of the same characteristic, it may be added that in the height of his power he not unfrequently submitted a production for which he felt specially solicitous to the criticism of his son, and always considered with the greatest care, and frequently followed, in one or two cases even to the entire recasting of a plan, the suggestions of his boy. One of his striking utterances on his death-bed was, "The last sin that I shall leave behind me on earth is—vanity." Very likely there was justice in this self-condemnation. No man ever more accurately took the gauge of his own character as well as abilities, and knew himself better. But it may be questioned whether in this instance his conscientiousness did not, to some extent at least, mistake for

*vanity* what was really only self-knowledge and self-confidence.

“Friday my class observed as a day of fasting and prayer, as a previous preparation to our being licensed by the professors. These licenses we received last evening, so that I am now a licensed preacher according to the laws of this seminary. To-morrow evening I expect to preach in the chapel, and it would afford me great pleasure could I know that you were then praying for me. I expect a full house, if the weather is good, as there is no small desire to hear me. Oh, it is a great work to preach the Gospel, and to do it with faithfulness! Most earnestly do I beg you to pray for me, that my preparation may be complete.

“The Sabbath after I last wrote, I preached in the chapel, as I expected. My audience was large, and I was so successful as to gain more approbation and compliments than I could have expected, even with my natural share of *vanity*.

“Doctor Woods lately called on me, and said he wished me not to make any engagements for next fall *at present*, until he had some talk with me. By this I mistrusted that he wishes me to go on an agency for the Board of Missions, to the South, as I presume. These suspicions were confirmed by having Mr. Evarts make the same remark to me when I was in Boston. I should very much dread to have them apply to me to be an agent. I know that it is the duty of somebody to do it; I think it a good and honorable employment; and yet I should shrink from it. Not but that I could beg and get them money—I should have no fear of this kind—but I should abhor to begin.

“The subject of our valedictory begins to excite considerable interest in the seminary, as it always does. It is not known who will have it. There have been, for more than a year, three candidates—Howe, Maltby, and Todd. These have been looked upon as a literary trio. But of late, Maltby is pretty much dropped, and the struggle lies between Howe and Todd. I call it struggle, for so every thing of this kind is ever looked upon, though there could be no better feelings than exist between Howe and myself. The seminary are in doubt to which it will be given. The students look upon us thus: Howe is the best speaker; Todd,

the best writer. Howe, the most polished by art; Todd, the greatest by nature. Howe, a man as perfect as art can make him; Todd, as original as need be. The one has most acquired talent; the other, the most genius. The one thinks correctly and beautifully; the other thinks strongly and powerfully. Howe has had much the greatest advantages, but seems nearly at his *ne plus*; Todd, the less favored in boyhood in advantages, has a mind on a broader and deeper scale. The one is never heard without admiration; the other, never without attention and deep impression. The one takes the audience like a refined and skillful orator; the other makes them feel themselves under the control of a mighty spirit. This is what the seminary think, and it is a matter of great doubt who has the valedictory. If, now, you ask *my* opinion, you shall have it. I think *Howe* will have the valedictory. It will not be known, however, till next term. I shall have no hard or unpleasant feelings, for it would make but little difference to myself. I have the honor of being universally considered the first man in my class, and probably the first in the seminary, and with that I am content. I thought, however, I had better mention the subject to you, and tell you precisely how matters stand, lest you be disappointed if I do not have the said valedictory. If I have it, it will be well enough—let it come; but if I have it not, it probably never will make the difference of five dollars with me.”

The disadvantages of all this rivalry and intellectual application he was not slow to perceive. To his future father-in-law he writes: “Your classification of the dangers connected with our situation here is just. The plan of our course of study here is such, that the three years’ discipline makes a man either a giant or a pedant. The greatest men we have here always belong to the junior class. But I have certainly met here with the most expanded and liberal minds, and minds, too, that can and do appreciate excellence of character wherever seen. As to the danger of decay of piety, it is greater than all other dangers united. All our impressions are received passively; all the atmosphere is literary; all our exercises are subjected to criticism; all is intellect, speculation: nothing to draw out active piety. Our studies, too, are pressing, more pressing than I had an-

ticipated. We have as many as six or eight irons in the fire continually. I write a sermon now and then as a relaxation, and find it by far the most delightful of my employments. But I suppose the sermons I write here will be considered by you as too abstract. I suppose they are so. I find it extremely difficult, after being cloistered up nine years in a literary atmosphere, to write such sermons as are best adapted to a common congregation; but I hope this difficulty will be diminished, if not wholly annihilated, when I come to associate with men. Having lived in a city or seminary ever since I was thirteen, I hardly know how I should manage in a country parish. Although I do not look forward to the great work of life without much solicitude, nor to the momentous question of personal salvation without trembling, yet I most ardently long to be preaching the Gospel of Christ. For this I have toiled for years; to this I have devoted all my powers. The news of salvation through Jesus, whether you and I are partakers or not, is 'glad tidings of great joy,' and I pray that we both may be faithful and devoted to the business of proclaiming it."

"January 15th, 1825.

"The Committee of the American Tract Society have applied to me to be the editor of the 'Christian Almanac for 1826.' I shall undertake it, provided my health is good enough. It is a good opportunity to speak to half a million of immortal beings, and I need not say it will bring upon me no small responsibility to do it well.

"Last Wednesday, as a class, we had a day of fasting and prayer, in order to prepare our minds to decide, each for himself, whether or not it is his duty to become a foreign missionary. The ladies in Boston have funds to support a missionary in Palestine. My class all point to me as the individual possessing the proper qualifications for this responsible station. Doctor Woods, who is the most perfect judge of character I ever met with, thinks decidedly, that, should I not go to Persia or Palestine, I ought to go to our own new country, where churches and societies are forming. I do not intend to be solicitous as to where I shall go, or what I shall do. Professor Stuart says my prospects for life are as promising as those of any young man he ever knew. I think it not unlikely it will be judicious for me to go to the

South next winter, as my health hardly bears this cold weather. Doctor Murdock tells me that if I can get a berth in New Orleans, it will be the place for my talents. If I can be a faithful, devoted preacher of the Gospel of Christ, I care very little where I go."

"February 5th.

"At the close of the week I was not well, so I got into the stage for Boston, whence I returned on the Monday following. On my return, I found S——, of my class, in great distress, it being his duty to preach the Sabbath following; and lo! he had no sermon, and could get no one to take his place. This was Monday evening. What was to be done? At his earnest request, I undertook to stand in his place. I immediately chose a subject, drew my plan, and on Wednesday evening finished my sermon. I read it to a professor on Thursday morning, agreeably to the laws of the seminary, and it received his approbation; so last Sabbath evening I preached it before the seminary and a crowded audience. It was forty minutes long, and decidedly the greatest effort I ever made at composition. It was received with breathless attention, and has done me an honor in the eyes of the institution.

"My poor almanac comes on very slowly. I have lately had a memoir of Thomas Hamitah Patoo (who died, in 1823, in Cornwall school) put into my hands to prepare for the press. It is not long, but I must rewrite it entirely, and, what is still worse, it is for the American Tract Society, who have no great appetite for compensating one according to the labor bestowed.

"I was walking out, a few mornings since, in company with a friend — it was a clear, cold morning — when I saw a bird flying, about fifty rods distant. It was a blue jay. Presently I noticed a hawk coming very leisurely, and looking about for a breakfast. At once he dove down and struck the poor jay, which set up a most pitiful yell, as if already in the clutches of a hangman. The blow of Mr. Hawk broke a wing of Mr. Jay, and they both dropped toward the ground together. The hawk now seized the jay with his claws, and, in return, his friend Jay seized him also in his, at the same time keeping up a most dismal screaming. On seeing and hearing the poor jay, I dropped cloak, off hat, kicked off

overshoes, jumped over the wall, which fell down as a kind of chorus, and away I ran to relieve neighbor Jay, for I can never bear to see oppression. Mr. Hawk, seeing me coming, undertook to be off; but no—the jay would not unclinch his claws and let him off, and the poor hawk (not having been to breakfast, and probably having lived rather abstemiously the day preceding), had not sufficient strength to fly off with his load; and so, after running a good long stretch, I caught them both. It was my first feeling to kill the murderous hawk, and let his captive go free; but I thought I would spare his life a while, in order to see their behavior; and truly I was much pleased to witness the difference in their dispositions. I brought them both up to the seminary, and introduced them into my room. The jay was a complete dandy, dressed in a light-blue coat, spotted vest, light small-clothes, red stockings, a full ruffle in his bosom, and a high hat, which he could take off or put on as he pleased; his eye, small and black; neck, long and slender. From the first moment of my catching him, he appeared to be the most ungrateful, uncivil, and ungentlemanly knave I ever met with, and withal a most arrant coward. He kept up an almost constant yell; would try to pick out the hawk's eyes, would seize him by the throat; and made no bones of biting me, his deliverer, every time he could. In short, he was a most contemptible, revengeful, malicious, rattle-headed, mean, cowardly creature, and could be excelled in villainy only by a dandy without feathers. I never met a more despicable fellow—too cowardly to live, too mean to be killed. Monsieur Hawk, on the contrary, was a most dignified personage. He was dressed in a plain, Quaker-like suit of gray—nothing shining or artificial about him; a large piercing eye, a short solid neck, a flat-crowned hat, and a true Roman nose finishes his picture. As soon as I caught him he showed a character really great. He looked me steadily in the eye, was calm, composed. He never opened his mouth to complain, as if he was afraid of suffering; never begged for life, as if a coward. When the jay would yell and peck at him, and try to pull out his eyes, he would only turn his head and look at him with a countenance so full of gravity and contempt, that I really felt small for the jay. Moreover, he never tried to bite or scratch me; and when I threat-

ened him with death, he seemed to look at it with all the fortitude and composure of a Regulus. To be sure, he was caught in an act of aggressive warfare, but then he was driven by necessity, and he seemed to know what was really dignified. In a word, he behaved so much like a gentleman and a hero, and I admired his magnanimity so much, that, after bestowing many cautions and much sage advice (which he received with the most profound gravity and attention), I let him go out of my window. His greatness and nobleness of demeanor was such that I had no heart to kill him. As for Mr. Jay, he was too contemptible to die, and I soon sent him off also, and he went off squealing, and yelling, and growling, as if I had done him a great injury in saving him from the hawk. My classmates laughed at me for sparing their lives, especially that of the hawk; but I stopped them by saying that I regretted that I did not keep the hawk to instruct the seminary in politeness and manners, and the jay for a living exhibition of depravity. I have given you a description of this boyish freak, not because I suppose it will interest you very much, but because I want you to understand that I expect hereafter to respect hawks and despise blue jays, and that I have about me a tenderness of feeling that can spare even a hawk.

“I suspect you will be obliged often to say, ‘John, you must be more prudent in what you say or do; you must be more economical:’ but I trust you will never have to say, ‘Don’t be so mean; do be generous and noble.’”

“April 15th.

“I have just received an invitation to become the editor of the *Recorder and Telegraph* for the last three weeks of vacation, which invitation, though not exactly what I like, I have concluded to accept. The wages will not be very great, but you know poor people like us must be content to labor. You are aware that our Rhetorical Society, which embraces the whole seminary, celebrates its anniversary the day preceding the anniversary of the seminary in September. We have two orators—one from the honorary members, and the other from the seminary. You may smile when you hear that the orators this year are—Doctor Griffin, President of Williams College; and — Todd, of the senior class; and Colton, poet. The oration, which falls upon your humble

servant, is the highest honor which the seminary has the power of bestowing, as it comes from the voice of the students. It is peculiarly so this year, as Howe, the most accomplished scholar of his age I ever met with, was also a candidate for it. We two were the only candidates, and the Middlebury students used every effort to get Howe elected, in order to raise their college."

"May 22d.

"I heard Doctor Griffin preach to-day. He is a large, tall, red-faced, flush-looking man—white hair, and small hazel eye—dressed in blue pantaloons and ruffled shirt. I was introduced to him, and urged to go to his place of abode, so I went and dined with him. He is a very pleasant man, agreeable in conversation, though rather egotistical. The whole subject of our conversation was the cause of Africa, in which his whole soul was deeply engaged. Our conversation was very interesting to me, and seemed to be so to him. He is an eloquent preacher, has a loud, sweet, and clear voice, and a great power in controlling it."

"May 25th.

"I have left my big house of a hotel, and live in the family of Mr. Willis, the proprietor of the *Recorder*. It is a great family as to numbers." Mr. Willis had a large family of children, some of whom afterward distinguished themselves in the literary world. In some way or other, the young preacher was so unfortunate as to incur a displeasure which long years afterward dipped the pen of Fanny Fern in bitterness.

"May 29th.

"A few days since, a committee from Park Street, Old South, and Essex Street churches, waited on me, and informed me that I was appointed orator to deliver an address in Park Street Church before those churches on the Fourth of July next, 'in behalf of the cause of Africa.'" It was customary at that time, in many places, to celebrate the Fourth by a *religious*, as well as a municipal, public service. The latter service, appointed and attended by the city authorities, was at that time held in the Old South Church, as of late years in the Music Hall. "This was very unexpected, and that for two reasons: (1.) They have never before had a less man than an ordained minister; (2.) I have no ac-



quaintance in Boston, and can not see how I was sufficiently known to be appointed. If I succeed, it will be a great advantage to me. The subject of the oration is trite, distant, stale. If I fail, it will kill me as to all my prospects. I immediately called on Professors Porter and Woods (both of whom happened to be in the city), and laid the case before them. They feared my health would break down under the burden which I must necessarily endure this summer. They thought, too, it was a case of life and death—that I must put forth my mightiest exertions, or it would ruin me. But, on the *whole*, they decidedly advised me to accept of the appointment. I then called on my good cousin, Mr. Evarts, and asked him the same questions, stating my exact situation. He was pleased to see his Cousin John needing advice on such an occasion, and very freely advised me to undertake it. Accordingly I returned an answer that I would try to prepare myself for the occasion. What effect, you ask, will it have on the valedictory? This is, probably, decided. If it is *not* decided, I should think it not likely to be given to me. Why? The trustees will know of my appointment at Boston, and they will not doubt, if they have any doubts on the subject now, that I am able to make something of a man in the world, and that I am worthy of the valedictory; at the same time, they know that Howe is equally worthy, that he has not received any of the honors which I have received this year, and that I have now received as much honor as any young man can safely have bestowed upon him. I ought, in conscience, to be content. I have full as many expectations excited as I can wish. Do not fail of praying for me daily, that I may be humble and holy, that I may be assisted in the duties before me, that I may be a devoted and useful minister of Jesus Christ.”

“ June 26th.

“ On Monday evening, in company with Rood, I left the seminary in a chaise, to meet the Suffolk Association at Dedham—a distance of thirty miles. I was almost sick, and glad of the ride. We staid at Medford with my friend Warner that night. Rood lay down, and I went to a church conference, and talked, as usual. After that, I sat down and wrote my creed for the next day, then chatted with Warner till nearly morning. On Tuesday morning I rode with War-

ner to Dedham, fourteen miles, through Boston, to the house of Rev. Mr. Burgess. They live in princely style, in a large and delightful country-seat. Here I was to be examined for license. The Suffolk Association embraces the orthodox ministers of Boston and the vicinity. It was for this reason (viz., their high-toned orthodoxy) that I chose to be examined by them. Our examination was pretty severe, commencing a little past ten, and ending a little after four. I believe I succeeded well enough, as they neither brought me to a dead set nor puzzled me. Mr. Fay was moderator, Mr. Wisner scribe; just the men that I could have wished had I selected from the whole State. I know not precisely what opinion they had of me, but I felt conscious there was not a mind present which I feared. What pleased me most was, that the creed which I made out on the way lay before the association, and they made it a text-book from which to ask questions. The other candidates read sermons, but I did not, and I suppose it was because I was examined as much as all the other three. Every difficult point was laid on my shoulders. After the examination was over we had a sumptuous dinner. Governor Phillips presided, supported by Messrs. Burgess and Wisner. Mrs. Burgess was at the other end of the table. I presume Paul ate a very different dinner when he was licensed. The table was large, richly adorned and served; beef, pig, mutton, ham, turkey, three sorts of puddings, strawberries and cream, iced cream, iced wines, cherries, etc. After going through all the formalities of the table, toasts, etc., and after receiving our licensures, which were granted with the greatest readiness by every one present, we took leave of the association, and returned to Boston."

"June 30th.

"As to my oration, it is all written, but I can not have patience to commit it. I have been at work at it to-day, till it has become so insipid that it seems as if my audience must hoot me when I come to pronounce it. It is awfully long, and dry, and stupid."

"July 1st.

"I have dined twice and drunk tea twice to-day, in order to get along pleasantly. I have declined invitations, and gone to a boarding-house, because I wish to have a room re-

tired, where I can write. I remember, too, that Monday is approaching, and I want to be alone, where I can tremble at my leisure. They have printed a handbill containing a scheme of the order of exercises in Park Street Church on Monday, to be distributed at the opening of the meeting. This was never done before, and was done, the committee informed me, 'out of respect to the orator.' They are beautifully printed, and I will try to send you one, where you will see my name in glaring capitals."

"July 4th.

"At three o'clock my bell rang, and I walked toward Park Street. There were six ministers in the pulpit with me, and more than twice as many below. The audience was quite large." After the singing of two or three anthems, in which "the excellent choir usually officiating were assisted," according to one of the newspapers of the day, by eminent performers on violins and "flutes and soft recorders," and after "the Throne of Grace was addressed in a feeling manner" by a minister from abroad, "the address was delivered by Mr. John Todd, of Andover Theological Seminary, and was a masterly effort.

"I had a severe cold, and a sore throat which almost strangled me, yet I lived through it, and came off with full as much applause as even *you* could wish. I was something over an hour in delivering it. The audience was very still and very attentive; I could not have wished it more so. Mr. Fay shook me warmly by the hand. After I had come out of the pulpit, two strangers came to me and inquired when they could see me."

The two strangers proved to be a deputation from Holliston, who, after hearing his oration, offered him an urgent invitation to settle in that place. Having listened to their representations, he returned, without giving any answer, to the company he had left.

Amidst all this excitement, there was one momentous question which was seldom out of his thoughts: should he devote himself to the foreign missionary work? Many were his deliberations and conversations and letters on the subject. The young lady whom he had selected for his wife had signified her readiness to go with him wherever "the finger of Providence very clearly pointed." Her father

was unwilling that his child should leave the country, her mother still more so; but no positive prohibition was interposed. For himself, he had been for years expecting to go as a missionary, though perhaps the idea had first been suggested by his intimacy in Mr. Evarts's family, rather than the impulses of his own mind. But as his powers had developed, and he had become conscious of them, and his ambition had awakened, he had shrunk more and more from the thought of burying himself in heathenism. And now, with the applause of the day ringing and the sweet breath of flattery still warm in his ear, it was "an awful subject." Still, he wished to do his duty, and he waited for indications of Providence; and, lest selfish and unholy feelings should unduly influence him, he wrote out, before retiring on this day of excitement and triumph, a fervent prayer, and sent it to his betrothed, designing, apparently, to set the subject before the minds of both of them in the most solemn and tender manner by its petitions: "May we love one another with purity, with tenderness, with unreservedness, with constancy; may we long live together; may we make each other happy, useful, respectable, and holy; may we live and labor together in the vineyard of Christ; and wilt thou, O Spirit of Grace, direct us where to go, where to spend our lives, where we can be the most useful. Oh, shouldst thou, by thy providence, call us to go to some heathen land, may we be willing to go and labor and spend our lives for Christ our Redeemer." Having thus laid himself and his ambition and his love at the feet of infinite Wisdom and Strength, his wearied thoughts took wing from the noisy city, and the exciting scenes through which he was passing, and the problems and struggles of the career that was opening before him, to hover for a moment over a quiet village and a peaceful home, and an unconscious one who had given him the first and only real human love of any kind that had ever cheered his orphaned and lonely life: "And now, Protecting Power, send thy guardian angel to watch over my Mary while she slumbers this night. Let Peace kiss her pillow, let Mercy embalm her slumbers, let Health cover her with his mantle. May we long live to make each other happy, and, in our death, may we not long be separated."

The prayer was answered.

## CHAPTER X.

LIFE AT ANDOVER—*continued.*

A Disappointment.—A Saturday-afternoon Ride.—Groton.—The old Minister.—An unlooked-for Supply.—A Dinner-party.—Calls.—The Scholarship.—The Suicide.—A second Visit to Groton.—A Unitarian Church.—A Dilemma.—Dislikes to Go.—Honorable Intentions.—Graduates at Andover.—Arrives at Groton.—A crowded House.—Meat for Lions.—What Unitarians say.—The Babbler.—Closely Watched.—Intends to split the Society.—An Epidemic.—Notes up.—Toddy on the Coffin.—Enemies and Friends.—The little Girl and her Chestnuts.—Toddites.—Thanksgiving-day.—Hurries away.—A Town in an Uproar.

THE gratification afforded by his success in Boston was almost immediately dampened by a great disappointment at Andover. The valedictory was given to Howe. This was in consequence of the adoption by the Faculty of an altogether new and unexpected rule, the justice of which it is difficult to perceive—that the man elected by the students as orator at the anniversary of the Rhetorical Society should not receive the valedictory appointment from the Faculty also. As Mr. Todd had already been elected to the first honor, he was by this rule excluded from the candidates for the other. In announcing the event to his future father-in-law, he shows very plainly that, in spite of all his attempts to prepare himself and his friends for this result, he was for the moment deeply disappointed and mortified. “I should like to have Mary read this letter, as I hate to tell her about the valedictory in her letter, though I don’t really know as she cares about it.”

But there were events at hand which soon effaced the recollection of such boyish contests and disappointments. Already the young student stood unconsciously on the threshold of real life with its sterner battles.

“August 13th, 1825.

“On Saturday I received an invitation from a friend to ride with him. About two o’clock we entered the chaise, and after riding through an interesting country for twenty-eight miles, we arrived at Groton a little past sunset. I felt

quite refreshed by the ride. Groton is a very delightful town about thirty miles from Boston. It has but one society and one meeting-house, though it contains over two thousand people. On entering the town, I was delighted with the natural scenery, which is really enchanting. I was immediately introduced to the minister, Doctor Chaplin, a venerable old man, more than eighty years of age. He was quite ill, and here I first began to suspect the snare into which my friend had drawn me. You must know they are all Unitarians, and hate Andover worse than poison. The good doctor is a kind of Arminian, a man of commanding talents, and, I doubt not, a go-to-heaven-man; still, he has made all his people Unitarians. He was glad to see me, never heard of me before, was prepossessed in my favor at my appearance, for I was dressed handsomely—a thing which strikes Unitarians at once—and immediately urged me to preach the next day. What could I do? I was not well enough, and yet here was a glorious opportunity to show Unitarians how Andover and orthodoxy could appear. You know my temperament so well that you will presume I did not long hesitate. The morning came. Doctor Chaplin was unable to go out; I went into the pulpit; the congregation all stared; no one knew who I was, or where I came from. It was fine sport to take them by surprise. I gave them one of my most popular sermons, and I never saw an audience so still. At noon they gathered around my friend, inquiring who it could be, and put money into his hand to pay our expenses, even before I came out of the pulpit. They knew not that Andover was like this. The afternoon went off equally well. After meeting, at night, I was invited to a dinner-party, which, I am sorry to say, I attended; not that I sinned very greatly, but because I could not enjoy myself in a company where nothing but politics, and roads, and canals, and birds, etc., was discussed. I could not introduce religion. In the evening I visited several families; was everywhere treated with the utmost respect and kindness. They were so surprised that an Andover man could preach, that they did not hesitate to express their delight. Had they previously known that an Andover student was to preach, I presume there would not have been a hundred at meeting; but should it be known that I was to

preach there again, I presume there would be fifteen hundred present. We left early on Monday morning, had a delightful ride back, and I felt no other effects of my preaching than a severe headache.

“Since I wrote you I have had the following distinct offers: (1.) A mission to Maine, on an exploring tour, for a year or less, as I please; eight dollars a week and my expenses defrayed. (2.) A mission to Virginia for six months; same salary. (3.) A mission to South Carolina; twelve dollars a week, and part of the expenses defrayed. (4.) A mission in Savannah, Georgia, for six months; same salary. On mature reflection, I have declined accepting any of these offers. I could succeed pretty well in any of them, but still none of them suits me. In rejecting them I have gone in accordance with the advice of Doctor Porter, on whose judgment I place great reliance. The next offer is the *fellowship* at the seminary. It has now been offered me formally, and I have it under consideration. It amounts to this: I may reside at the seminary one or more years, as I please. My board, room, library, tuition, and washing are all given me. I am to select my own course of study, which must be approved by the Prudential Committee, and in which I am liable at any time to be examined. I must stand ready to preach twice at an hour’s warning. I may preach abroad, for pay, fourteen Sabbaths a year, besides twelve Sabbaths in vacation. I may leave at any time that I have a good call to go—so good that the committee shall approve of it. My expenses will be clothes, wood, light, and postage, all of which, I suppose, I could pay for by preaching. The objections to it are, that my health needs a change, and my debts need reducing. The advantages would be, great opportunities for mental and moral improvement, and a good stand from which to take a good settlement, whenever I did settle. The probability is, that if I should stay I should not settle as soon, but should settle better. Doctor Porter says it is my decided duty to accept it; that he has not a doubt on the subject; that it is the best offer the country can present a young man, unless a peculiar providence calls him into immediate service, in which case I could go. I am now inclined to think I *shall* accept it. I suppose this appointment means I had not better think of becoming a mis-

sionary abroad. Doctor Porter seems to wish to get me into a city, but I do not covet it."

"August 26th.

"Mr. Evarts and Mr. Fay and Doctor Woods have their hands on me still for the Palestine mission. They hang on heavily, and I say nothing. They are so anxious that I should go, that I presume, from what Mr. Evarts said last week, they would be willing to have me go for three years only, and then return, and not go again unless I chose.

"It is quite sickly in the seminary. Doctor Murdock and others are sick with the fever, and I am with some of them most of the time. Last night I watched with Doctor Murdock. I value myself on being a good nurse, and love to take care of the sick. Doctor Murdock is very fond of having me at his bedside.

"Last Sabbath I preached twice for Mr. Wayland, and in the evening for Mr. Greene, in Essex Street. To-morrow I am to go again to Boston, to preach for Mr. Wayland. Our laws will not allow a student to receive pay for preaching, and the good clergymen around us, who make it a holiday at this time, well understand it, and never give us a cent over what is barely sufficient to pay our expenses. I presume I shall preach abroad as many as seven Sabbaths this term, and shall not receive a shilling over what my traveling fees amount to. Still, the ride usually does me good, and I thus become known. Hallock has already besought me to edit two numbers of his paper for him, at the commencement of vacation, as he says the papers which I manufacture are better than his own. I have not promised him that I will, or will not. As we must get our livelihood 'by our wits,' as Burns says, it is necessary that I be active and seize employment whenever it offers to suit me. I have no idea of our starving."

"September 10th.

"About the time of my visit to Groton, a young lady had been disappointed in love. She attended meeting all day, and, I suppose, was deranged. On her return home she said that I had preached at her individually all day. The consequence was, that the next day, or the next but one, she cut her throat. The Unitarians soon spread the report that the poor girl was scared into suicide by my 'brimstone ser-



mon.' This, of course, I did not hear for some time afterward. It did not trouble me, though I supposed it might have killed my influence in Groton. Last week, on Wednesday evening, I received a letter from that place, requesting me to come and preach for them again. Immediately I began to write a sermon adapted to their circumstances, watched with Crosby on Thursday night, and finished my sermon about midnight. Saturday I rode to Groton, where I was cordially received by the family of the old minister. On the Sabbath, went into the pulpit; the Unitarians *scowl*; have eleven notes for the sick; preach twice, and come off with greater popularity than before. Judge Dana and Senator Lawrence both invited me to a Sunday dinner. I had foreseen the snare, and had made an appointment to go and visit the sick the remainder of the Sabbath. They were disappointed, but there was no help for it. I had my sympathies much enlisted in behalf of this people, all brought up in the gayeties of this world, and with very little or no prospect of settling a minister who will guide them to heaven, for they will undoubtedly settle a Unitarian.

"I wrote this morning to Hallock that I should not accept of his offer. I am confident my health has suffered in consequence of my being an editor in vacation."

"September 23d.

"Next Tuesday and Wednesday are our great anniversaries. I have both my pieces written, and partially committed to memory. The employment of my life seems so vast, that I think but little of one occasion on which I am to speak. The trustees have offered a fellowship to Howe and myself—each a fellowship—for the coming year, and I think we shall both stay.

"Something over forty-six years ago a young minister was settled in Groton by the name of Chaplin. He is now Doctor Chaplin. He married into a gay, worldly family, a sister of Judge P—. This family have since all become Unitarians. As Groton was a beautiful and fashionable place, and as he had married such a girl, the consequence was that he was drawn away into the vortex of fashionable society. He attended balls, parties, card-parties, played blindfold, etc. The next consequence was, that, however orthodox his head might be, his heart was cold, and he could

not, and did not, preach faithfully, and to the conscience, on the Sabbath. What was first of necessity soon became a habit, and the consequence is, that all, or nearly all, of his congregation have become fashionable Unitarians. More than two thousand people belong to this society, and I suppose the widest cloak of charity could not cover more than twenty or twenty-five pious people in the place. The church is all rotten. Some of the leading men in town are deists and infidels. The church has never been disciplined, and these men belong to it. The town has a fund nearly large enough to support a minister, another to support a large academy; it has a female academy also, and a kind of law school. I consider the town as given over to Unitarianism. Nothing on earth can save it except the almighty power of God. The few pious people are mourning in secret. Doctor Chaplin is over eighty years of age, is just dropping into his grave, and now begins to tremble for his people. You know I preached once to this people, before they knew what I was. All parties applauded. The Unitarians went too far in praising to retract immediately. The orthodox had no wish to retract. This gave the few pious people courage. They sent for me again. I went. The Unitarians were still mostly silent; they winced, but said but little. The pious were still more encouraged. The next step was for the pious people silently to raise a subscription, and invite me to come there a few Sabbaths, not as a candidate, but as assistant minister to Doctor Chaplin, hoping that a good impression in favor of piety may be made on the town, and that, for a few Sabbaths at least, they may hear faithful preaching. This is the invitation which I have received, and this is the business which prevents my coming to you immediately. I have thought of the subject in its various lights, and, according to the decided advice of the professors and Mr. Evarts, I have concluded that it is my duty to go. I anticipate not much comfort. I shall have many proud hearts rising up against my preaching. All the great men will at once array themselves against me. Who, you ask, will be for me? Truly, unless Jesus Christ and a few praying women take my part, I shall have to wade in hot water. Do I anticipate ever settling among them? No; they will not have an orthodox preacher. There is no prospect of

that; and even if they would, I have no wish to go there. Why do they not get a popular Unitarian? Because the old minister will not let one go into his pulpit while he lives. The moment he dies they will have a Unitarian; and the prospect is, that, for generations to come, they will be led away by this bewitching delusion of Satan. I shall have no confidant, none to uphold my hands. Doctor Chaplin has a son of just my age, a graduate of Cambridge, and now a student in law with Judge Dana. He does not profess to be pious, but is orthodox up to the *ne plus*. It is he who is at the bottom of all this. He it is who is the means of getting me to Groton. It is really affecting to see the old man, who has for fifty years been preaching his people to ruin, now starting up just as he is about to drop into the grave, and the young man, who makes no pretensions to religion, trying to pull the society out of the mire. He will be the only man with whom I shall dare to converse freely."

It was not without hesitation that he accepted this invitation to Groton. In replying to his friend, William L. Chaplin, through whom the invitation had come, he wrote:

"I took a letter in each hand, and placed myself in Doctor Porter's study. One was from Ohio, giving me a flattering invitation to visit Marietta; the other was from yourself. These I read to Doctor Porter, and then asked his advice as to the course to pursue. He thought the Marietta offer a good one—an important station, and an uncommonly good berth for one's comfort. Still, he thinks your town in so critical and peculiar a situation, that, should I have a *bishopric* offered me, it is unquestionably my duty to refuse it, and go to Groton, for a short time at least. I have accordingly made up my mind not to go to Ohio at present; and, unless something should take place of which I am now ignorant, I accept of your invitation, and shall be in Groton before the Sabbath succeeding our anniversary, two weeks hence. In coming to this conclusion, if I know my own feelings, I have been actuated more by the interest I feel for your town than an expectation of personal enjoyment. Not that I shall be unhappy in Groton—*your* society would forbid this; still, there are very many unpleasant things to be expected. It is unpleasant to go invited only by a *few*, feeling conscious that many abhor the sight of you; unpleasant to labor in

such a church, and with so many prejudices arrayed against you. Yet the work itself is pleasant, and probably few trials are without their real advantages. Trials, like the hurricanes of the Atlantic, may carry dismay, yet they commonly purify in their progress. The pearls of the greatest value are said to grow in the most troubled waters, and the poor diver risks neck and limb in obtaining them."

In accepting this invitation he also resolved to do and allow nothing which the strictest sense of honor would not approve. "You know my feeling, that nothing but a faithful, devoted minister can raise your town for this life, or fit your people for the next. To get such a minister is *extremely* desirable. Still, no dishonorable means should be used. We will not do evil that good may come. If prudent, straightforward, yet energetic exertions will not effect the object, we must conclude that God has other designs, and yield to his providence."

"October 4th.

"I was almost made sick by the severe duties of our anniversary. I preached for Mr. Fay, in Charlestown, on the Sabbath; returned Monday. I came off pretty well on Tuesday, the anniversary of the Porter Rhetorical Society; pleased about every body except Doctor Chaplin, of Rocky Hill, Connecticut, and even him on Wednesday. On the latter day my piece was universally and excessively popular." His theme on Tuesday was, "The Peculiar Motives which bear upon Christian Preachers in this Country to excite them to cultivate Sacred Eloquence;" and on Wednesday, "The Sublimity of the Preacher's Work." "I will say to *you* that *I* wrote the piece read by X—, the most popular piece in the forenoon. He gave me seven dollars for doing it, and I must not mention it. He got more reputation by it than by all he ever did in his life. It was applauded to the skies. I laughed in my sleeve, and so may you. He must feel queer, or *queerish*. On Thursday I parted with all my classmates, with many pangs. Rode to Boston Thursday morning; walked to Cambridgeport, and dined with the celebrated Doctor Chaplin." This Doctor James P. Chaplin was the elder son of Doctor Chaplin, of Groton, and an eminent physician. "Returned to Boston; attended a large tea-party at Mr. Willis's; in the evening

attended the ordination of several of my classmates; was wearied beyond description.

“I arrived in Groton on Friday. The pulpit had been supplied the two preceding Sabbaths by a Mr. Gage, a Unitarian from the Cambridge school, the valedictorian of his class in college. The Unitarians hugged him, clapped him. I was to follow, and for orthodoxy to follow was like vinegar after honey. Sabbath came; the whole town was excited, bustling, and fuming. The house was crowded, all staring. I preached. They were still, lost not a word, and through the day the house was in a breathless silence. The few poor pious people wept through the day. The Unitarians raved, after meeting, beyond conception. I gave them orthodoxy with a decision and boldness that awed them while listening. I have no idea of tampering. Prudent I hope I shall be, but God forbid I lower the everlasting conditions of his word for the fear of man.”

Perhaps the reader is a little curious to know with what kind of meat this young Daniel, thrown into this Unitarian den, fed the lions. His theme in the afternoon was, Christ weeping over Jerusalem, and the lesson that he derived from it was, that Christians ought to feel deeply for those who are destitute of religion. (I.) Because the example of Christ requires it; (II.) Because the irreligious have no happiness that is satisfying; and (III.) Because they have a gloomy prospect for eternity. In the course of his remarks on the third head, he said :

“Paul says, ‘They that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power.’ Everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord! Oh, I can conceive of the sufferer clinging to the fragment of the vessel which has been shattered by the storm, in the darkness of midnight; the ocean has been lashed into convulsions, the storm has brought destruction on its wings; his companions have mingled their last shrieks with the howlings of the tempest, as they sunk into the yawnings of the abyss; and as the poor sufferer is tossed from one wave to another, hearing nothing but the hollow roar of the great waters, seeing nothing but the whitened waves, how long does the night seem! and with what ago-

nized feelings does he look toward the heavens to see some ray of morning! and how does he feel as if the sun had forgotten to rise! I can conceive of *such* agony; but oh, who can conceive of the misery of 'everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power!' there to linger out eternity, as it piles its ages on ages; there to gaze on an ocean whose every wave seems reddened with wrath, with no sun to rise on this gloom of night, no beam of hope to send its thrillings into the bosom of despair! And when Christians look at the prospects which lie before the man who dies without possessing religion, how ought they deeply to commiserate his situation, and with tears point him to the ark of safety, whose door is now open!

"I hear something of what the Unitarians say. One says, 'That fellow can preach now, for he has been years in writing his sermons; any fool could do it; but he won't wear.' Another says, 'Because they've got a great orator here, they reckon to put their brimstone preaching on us.' A third calls the eternal God to witness that I shall not stay in town long. A fourth says, 'Though he doesn't singe us now, yet every body who comes from Andover has hell-fire enough to send us all to misery.' There are two things which the Unitarians here fear prodigiously; first, lest I should produce a revival of religion, which they call 'a religious stir,' and abhor beyond all horrors; and, second, lest I produce an impression in favor of orthodoxy that will lead the people to wish to settle an orthodox preacher. To prevent these dreadful catastrophes, the first men spend their time in riding through the town all the week, to do away the impression I make on the Sabbath. My duties are very severe. I have to write two sermons for every Sabbath, preach twice during the week extempore, and visit the sick. You may presume that Mr. Todd, who is now the only subject of talk in the whole town and region, is no unimportant man among them. When I attend a weekly meeting the house is crowded to excess; when I attend a funeral, I am followed by nearly the whole town; you may see the house filled—every corner, the doors, windows, and the very house surrounded by the gaping multitude, all listening to hear what 'this babbler' will say. Last Sabbath I had men out to hear me that had not been before for ten years. You may won-

der how I live amidst so much excitement. I wonder myself; but I do not, and will not, consider myself as a candidate for settlement here, only as an assistant to Doctor Chaplin, so that I feel perfectly independent, as it respects myself. I care not a whit what they say or do, provided they do not shoot me. It may give you some relief to know that I have no personal enemies; that is, no one objects to my manner, to my writing, voice, or personal appearance. It is the matter which they hate. You would pity me, to see how closely I am watched. My every look, gesture, and word is remembered. For myself I feel no concern, except for my health. For the cause of pure religion I feel deeply. I have no expectation that they will ever have a pious orthodox minister here, but there are already, by my preaching, a few who are anxious for their souls, and for them I feel. My responsibility is so great that it destroys my sleep, and, I fear, will soon wear upon my health. I saw wood every morning before breakfast for exercise, and ride in the afternoon. I board at Doctor Chaplin's, and the whole family are very kind to me. The result of my labors here, should my health continue, will probably be a most severe struggle between orthodoxy and Unitarianism. That the latter will obtain the conquest, I have no doubt. Still, I trust it will do the people good. The Unitarians are the great men, the rich, the influential. The poor orthodox tremble and quake before them—all but young Chaplin and myself; we fear them not. He is a fine fellow, and is, were he pious, a man after my own heart. I have enjoyed personal religion much since I have been here, and have no fears except for my health. The neighboring towns are wondering, and sit mute in astonishment to see an Andover student in the pulpit at Groton. It does all seem providential, and it is not impossible that God has good in store for this truly desolate place. Some few of my hearers have sworn that they will never again hear me preach; but they will. They attend the funerals, and will be present wherever I am called to speak. There were more people at meeting last Sabbath than there have been for fifteen years. I presume it will be so next Sabbath. I preach tenderly at the conscience, let doctrines alone, preach heaven and hell, and the responsibility of man; take depravity as granted, and acknowledge it in my public

prayers; speak of the Trinity, Saviour, and Holy Spirit, as if no one ever questioned the doctrines. I can not set this town all by the ears, as I shall, without having it known abroad. To God I look for a blessing, or all is vain."

"October 17th.

"You make me smile when you say you don't know but I may have a call to settle here. You don't know the power of Unitarianism. The Unitarians become more silent, and intend to let the matter go off as well as they can. They come not near me. I should be caressed, were I only of their sentiments. Oh that I were more worthy to suffer such reproach as Christ endured! Last week I preached four times in Groton, a preparatory lecture in Pepperell, and a lecture in Littleton. The object in going out of town was to have a reaction upon Groton; that is, in the same proportion as orthodoxy is popular in consequence of my going-out of town, in that proportion will the news return, and make it popular here. I have no expectation of bringing this great town over to orthodoxy, but I intend to split it, so that an orthodox society can grow out of it. This will be no small triumph, and no small blessing to the town. You must not think I am elated with my popularity. I have enough to humble me, many bitter things said against me and my religion. I should feel very bad if I were a candidate here; but I am only an assistant, and am independent. You will see by my calculations that I can not be at Andover for three or four weeks after the commencement of the term. The committee of the seminary understand it all, and will excuse it. As to not being at study, I never studied harder than now. I have been more with sickness and death than in all the rest of my life. Sometimes I have twelve or thirteen notes up in one prayer. This at first troubled me; but I now classify, load my memory, and cut through all as well as I can." The occasion of so much sickness was an epidemic influenza of a very severe type which was prevalent throughout the country. "At their funerals here, they invariably hand round rum, brandy, and wine, and the bearers are often intoxicated." He used to say that he had seen them beating up toddy on the coffin!

"I am in hopes the poor orthodox people will get over their fright before I leave. When I first came, the Unitari-



ans shouted so loudly that they scared the orthodox, all but Chaplin and myself; but I have taken so bold and decided a course, that the scared ones are beginning to gather courage. It takes the Unitarians a whole week, in riding and talking and blustering, to do away the impression made on the Sabbath, and even then they do not half accomplish their end."

"October 31st.

"My congregations on the Sabbath are immense. Yesterday there was a fuller house than has been known for forty years, and the house is prodigiously large. For a week back I have been ill—caught a severe cold at an evening lecture; yet I preached five times, yea, six times last week, besides three funerals. Amidst all the talk about me, you may presume there is much of good and much of bad. It is true I have many warm admirers, and some bitter enemies. The Unitarians hate me, curse me, yet all come to hear me. The women especially are almost universally my friends, and so are all the poor, the lame, the halt, and the blind, and so are all the little children. A lady mentioned to a little girl, to whom I had never spoken, that Mr. Todd was to leave in three weeks. She burst into tears, and said she would pick up chestnuts three weeks to pay me, if I would stay. The Unitarians have some peculiar phrases which they apply to those who flock to my meetings, such as Todd-crazy, Todd-mad, and Todd-mania." For years they were called "Todd-ites." "They want me to stay and preach on Thanksgiving-day, but I shall get off, as I now think, by pleading my health. The Unitarians here are prodigiously afraid of a revival of religion. They dread that more than any thing else. You presume, by my writing, that I am buried up in the good of Groton. I am so. I dream about them, think about them, talk about them all the time. One thing you may be sure of, that it will cost Unitarianism great labor and time to get the wound healed that it has received since I have been here. People are my constant hearers who have not been into the house of God for ten, fifteen, or even thirty years. I preach at the *conscience*, and press man's accountability severely, and say but little about 'brimstone.' They feel the shoe pinch prodigiously, but know not exactly what makes it. They feel no flames of hell, and yet are in torture, and can not account for it. I know what the matter is, and

lay on. The ministers around me are mostly Unitarians, and do not come near me. The whole region is watching me. I have hearers from the neighboring towns every Sabbath."

"November 21st.

"I can not be with you at Thanksgiving. I never was so disappointed. I expected to set out this morning, but have been overpersuaded to stay and preach to this truly pitiable people on that day. I say truly pitiable, because the town is torn and rent in pieces, and *I* am the cause. The Unitarians are wide awake, and the whole town is in a dreadful tumult. Nobody blames me; but truly my heart is melted for this town. God only knows what is in reserve for them. I shall go into the pulpit on Thursday at precisely half-past ten o'clock, shall preach, and, the moment the services are over, shall get into the stage and go home. I can sleep but poorly, and could not stand it much longer. I am glad I have only one more discourse to write."

This resolution was punctually executed. He had had no vacation for many months, and after so much excitement, especially, he was in great need of rest. The eight weeks for which he had been hired were now fully past. The moment, therefore, that the services of Thanksgiving-day were ended, he hurried away, to bury himself, after a short visit in Newington, in the retirement and quiet study of the seminary, leaving the scene of his brief ministry in a tremendous uproar.

## CHAPTER XI.

LIFE AT ANDOVER—*continued.*

Reasons for Flight.—Defeat.—A stormy World.—Retirement.—Rumors.—The Petition.—A wild Congregation.—Petition rejected.—Claim of the old Pastor.—A Night Ride.—Moderation advised.—Constables at the Church-door.—A Council.—A Committee handled without Gloves.—The Call answered.—A Broad-axe Sermon.—A Sunday at Portsmouth.—The first Sermon in a new Church.—Genuine Drudgery.—Another Defeat.—Another Council.—Compromise rejected.—An Invitation accepted.—Dread.—Good-bye to Andover.

THERE were other reasons for the hurried flight from Groton than the longing for rest and quiet. The friends of Mr. Todd had determined to bring the question which agitated the town to an issue, and he did not wish to be present during the struggle. Already, on the 14th of November, the church had met and voted—seventeen to eight—to call him to settle with them in the ministry, as co-pastor with Doctor Chaplin. According to the usages of Congregationalism, it was necessary that this vote should be confirmed by a vote of the *parish*, which at that time comprehended all the legal voters in town. A town meeting was therefore called for the day after Thanksgiving, at which the friends of Mr. Todd were defeated at every point, and a committee was chosen to supply the pulpit.

*To William L. Chaplin.*

“Newington, Conn., December 1st.

“Your letter arrived yesterday. I was prepared to receive just the tidings which it contained. Since leaving you, I have walked as a distant spectator, with my arms folded, and have rejoiced not a little to get into a more peaceful region. You tell me to hold myself in readiness. I trust I need not tell you that I am sufficiently interested for you, and that I feel grateful for the many kindnesses of your family and of my friends in Groton; but since my retreat, I confess I feel but little disposition to encounter an-

other such warfare. Should I be called again among you, it is evident that it must be a party concern, and will place me in a situation much more trying to my feelings than that through which I lately passed. Your imagination may now find me in a pretty parlor, with a Franklin stove and neat carpet, sitting at my ease at the writing-desk of a lovely young lady, leaning on my left elbow, and musing over Grotton, with your little letter lying before me. It is cloudy without, but there is sunshine above these clouds; it is a stormy world, but there is one above it where storms are unknown. My health is good, but, as I expected, my spirits are somewhat depressed after so much excitement. Give my best love to your good father and mother—to the ladies whose pies I used to steal, and who were exceedingly kind to me, and to whom I feel very greatly obligated. The ‘hoobub’ has doubtless thinned the number of my admirers and friends. Thank them all for their kindnesses to me.”

On his return to Andover, he was met by a messenger from Dunstable, New Hampshire, who brought him an invitation to preach in that place as a candidate. “As I would not, and could not, be considered as a candidate there, I refused at once.

“I found Howe was here, and had concluded to board in commons this winter, on account of his lameness. Of course he needed to room in the seminary. After talking the matter over with him, I concluded to let him have the room alone, as I was convinced that we should both study more. I ought to say that he was very honorable in his feelings. Doctor Murdock has consented to receive me into his family.”

This was no small sacrifice, as it involved the surrender of a large part of the advantages of the fellowship. There were, however, some benefits to be derived from it. “(1.) I want Doctor Murdock’s conversation, which I now enjoy full two hours every day. (2.) I have his whole library at command. (3.) Mrs. Murdock is a good, motherly woman, and will take the best of care of me if I am sick. (4.) I shall necessarily see much good society from abroad, and thus brush off some of my rusticity of manners, and have my spirits cheered by a pleasing variety. (5.) I have a large good room, carpeted, and every convenience heart could wish. It is the

same room in which Gibbs translated his Hebrew lexicon. Mrs. Murdock is very neat, the family very agreeable, and their table elegantly and sumptuously spread. Mr. Stuart says it is the best place to study in town. My friends seem to fear I shall study too hard; and even Mr. Evarts endeavored to make me believe I should go into immediate consumption if I study too hard. I told him he made me think of the wisdom of the old lady, wishing to scare her daughter by telling her that her salt would be poisonous if it was pounded too fine."

In this peaceful retirement he spent several weeks, occupied wholly with his books, and hardly knowing any thing of the outside world or the stormy scenes that he had left. Indeed, even his efforts to learn a little of what was going on were almost fruitless. Absolute silence seemed to have fallen around him. "I am at my studies, pretty much buried up; hear little of the world, and care less. I am all alone, and intend to be the rest of the year. Were it not for my debts, I never was so happy before. Besides these, not a care troubles me. I sometimes look forward, but as I can see *nothing*, I come back again, and enjoy my present existence. I like my boarding-place very much; and, taking my own way in my studies, I hope to make some advancement. I write no sermons, nor any thing else. My studies are mostly of the severe kind, and require no writing. I have no inducement to write sermons, as I have enough (such as they are) to preach in any place to which I may be called. I look forward to no definite prospect for life. Should there be no opening for me between this and next fall, I shall push for New Orleans or the Western country."

Gradually, however, the commotions of the outside world made themselves felt, even in the still waters of this scholarly seclusion. Reports began to come that "all Groton was in a tumult," and "wild with excitement," and that the town was "shaken to its foundations." Presently more definite accounts arrived. Undismayed by their discomfiture in town meeting, the orthodox party got up a petition, and circulated it through the town on a "cold Tuesday," praying the committee for supplying the pulpit to employ a candidate, and that Mr. Todd be this candidate. "It was signed only by regular voters, and contained a majority of nearly

or quite fifty of all the voters in Groton. This was wonderful. The committee are in a sad predicament. If they grant it, and I go there, they fear it is death to their party. If they refuse, as they probably will, it will bring odium upon them, and make their party more and more unpopular. Nobody, not even the petitioners, supposes they will have the liberality to grant it. I hope to hear from Chaplin soon, but he hardly dares write me, for fear his letters will be picked at the office."

Pending the result of this petition, "I concluded, in consequence of receiving a letter from Doctor Chaplin, of Cambridgeport, to go down; so on Saturday I visited a little in Boston, and walked to Doctor Chaplin's. Here I found the old Doctor Chaplin, from Groton, who seemed very glad to see me. I was soon introduced to the Rev. Mr. Gannett, the Unitarian minister, for whom, at Doctor Chaplin's request, I was to preach. I could see at once that he was sorry to see me; but as Doctor Chaplin had requested him to invite me to preach, and as Doctor Chaplin pays sixty dollars annually toward his salary, he could not refuse. Behold me, then, on the Sabbath in a Unitarian pulpit, the minister by my side trembling like a leaf. I went home with him at noon, and sat down to a sumptuous dinner—real Unitarian. His wife is a beautiful creature, gay, dressy, and extravagantly fond of company. Mr. Gannett and myself both shunned any ground on which we should clash, and were both embarrassed. I thought he did not appear to think me much to be feared; but after I commenced the services it was different. People sat in astonishment, looking as wild as a hurricane. At noon Mr. Gannett gave me several hints about how he never preached doctrines, how he never offended his hearers, seemed very anxious to know my subject, etc.; but I kept him wholly in the dark, and pretended not to understand his hints. He must have thought me a stupid creature. In the afternoon his congregation looked still more wild, and as still as if in the presence of death. They never had any thing like it. Curious stuff is this orthodoxy. Mr. Gannett never thanked me, but said he should remember my kindness; and I very much mistake if he does *not* remember it for a long time to come. His church is very large and handsome, but has not much of a congregation in it. It was a charming

place to speak in. In the evening I preached for Rev. Mr. Jacobs, a Baptist. The house was crowded, and very warm. As neither he nor Mr. Gannett would take part in the exercises, I was not a little fatigued; and here I caught my severe cold, going out from this warm house. The Baptists seemed delighted, but greatly wondered how such a preacher could get into a Unitarian pulpit. Many of them were acquainted at Groton, and quickly concluded that Groton people will never bear such preaching; and I more than fear their anticipations are correct. Doctor Chaplin was kind enough to pay my expenses, and Mrs. Chaplin gave me two new white linen pocket-handkerchiefs, or, rather, two 'flourishes;' so that now, when I preach, and use one of my 'flourishes,' I need not reflect I have only one more."

*To William L. Chaplin.*

"January 10th, 1826.

"By a letter received from Cambridgeport last Saturday, I have learned that the petition was rejected, for two reasons: (1.) Unfairness in getting subscribers; and (2.) Candidate engaged. This was all I learned, except that *perhaps* you would think of a town meeting soon. The game you are playing is a mighty game. Doctor Porter told me yesterday that no state question for many years had awakened so much interest; all eyes are turned toward you, all are watching, all are anxious. Seldom has a question been pending on which so many were looking with interest so intense. You must raise your minds and exertions to a level with your station. There is no drawing back. God Almighty seems to have placed you as you are, and you must go *onward*. The sympathies and the prayers of many attend you. It is a heavy throw. All are anxious here, as they are also in Boston, and all the region round about."

The next move in the "game" was made by Doctor Chaplin. He had been "settled" for life, and, according to congregational usage, had the right to say who should occupy his pulpit. The committee, however, took the ground that in consequence of his extreme age, and inability to take personal charge of the pulpit, this right was vacated, and ought to be relinquished. Accordingly, when their pastor had offered to supply the pulpit at his own expense until a man

could be found in whom all could unite, they had promptly rejected his proposition, and continued to exercise the right to take care of the pulpit, which they had taken from him. "They brought Rev. Mr. Robinson there, formerly settled at Eastport, Maine, a pretty heavy man as to talents. Before he went into the pulpit, Doctor Chaplin wrote a note to him and to the committee, saying that if he went into the pulpit it would be against the wishes of the church, the majority of the people, and himself. This was a spirited remonstrance, but it produced no effect. Doctor Chaplin then called a meeting of his church, to ask their advice. They voted, (1.) That they thought Doctor Chaplin had a right to supply the pulpit himself; (2.) That they wished he would do so; (3.) That he employ Mr. Todd; and (4.) That no member should thereafter be admitted from another church without first explicitly assenting to their articles of belief. They next had a caucus of the orthodox present—just one hundred, and all very respectable men. They voted, (1.) That they thought Doctor Chaplin had a right to supply the pulpit; (2.) That they wished him to assert the right; and (3.) That Mr. Todd be the man. These were all legal voters. A committee waited on Doctor Chaplin with these resolutions, and he promised to comply." Accordingly, he undertook to furnish a supply for the following Sabbath, and a letter was sent to Mr. Todd, requesting him to send a suitable preacher. Meantime, the *committee* vowed that no man but theirs should enter the pulpit.

"January 28th.

"A few days since, I received a letter from Chaplin which troubled me considerably, for I did not know what the Grotonians were coming to. I called on Doctor Porter, and had a long talk with him, and slept but little that night. On Wednesday a man was seen riding between Andover and Dunstable. He was astride a poor crazy sort of animal, but which shambled over the ground at a great rate. The rider was a curious-looking object. He was a strong, resolute-looking fellow; a light plaid cloak was wrapped around him, with its collar tied close around his face, so as to conceal it. A large, black seal-skin cap was drawn over his head, saving his eyes, so that you could see scarcely any of his face. His arms, thrust through the arm-holes of his cloak, guided and



encouraged his steed. All stared wildly at him, for he was either very much afraid of the cold, or else he wished not to be known. People stared, the dogs barked, the children whooped, the rider passed on in high spirits. But who was this rider? I presume you have guessed. It was my design to stop at Dunstable till evening, then push on to Groton, see my friend Chaplin, and back again to Dunstable before morning, and thus learn the state of things in Groton without having it known that I had been there. I had Howe's cloak and a borrowed cap, and no mortal could ever have mistrusted who it was. Just as I arrived at Dunstable, I met Chaplin coming over to see me. He did not know me. He went back to Dunstable till dark. I then left my horse, got into his chaise, and rode to Groton, got there about ten o'clock, sat up and talked till four; then he took his chaise and brought me to Dunstable, where we arrived before sunrise, and I got back to Andover by noon, without having half a dozen know where I had been." At this secret interview, it was agreed that he should send over a suitable preacher from Andover to contend with Mr. Robinson for the possession of the pulpit on the following Sabbath.

On laying the matter before Professors Porter and Woods, however, he found that they entirely disapproved of the plan, and on maturer reflection his own judgment condemned it. Accordingly, he wrote to his friend Chaplin immediately, giving as the professors' advice and his own, that Doctor Chaplin should not attempt to supply the pulpit on the following Sabbath, and that he should *never* attempt to take or send a man into the pulpit until the committee had first yielded; "that is, by no means to have the clashing in the house of God. This, of all things, they would deprecate. They think it would do immense injury." He further advised that Doctor Chaplin "immediately address a note to the committee, and another to Mr. Robinson, saying that it is the wish of his church, and of a large number, and, as he believes, a very decided majority of the legal voters, that he should supply the pulpit himself, as he undoubtedly has a legal and customary right to do; that he could not conveniently obtain the supply for the coming Sabbath, but that he wishes to supply the Sabbath after next, and to continue to do so for the present; that he has understood, to his great

surprise, that the committee think of refusing him this right; and what surprised and grieved him still more was, that they talked of doing this on God's holy day; that it is unbecoming his character, his years, his feelings, and, above all, his sacred office, to resist, or to attempt, or to expect, any violent or unchristian measures; that he distinctly disavows any intention to go into his own pulpit, even at the request of a majority of his beloved flock, unless the committee will peaceably withdraw their preacher, and permit him to go forward unmolested, etc. This must bring the committee to a point. Unless they are absolutely mad, and given over to madness, they will not refuse your father the pulpit. If they do, then proper steps can be taken. It is vastly better to have the quarrel in a town meeting than to go to law about the pulpit. At any rate, you *must* not have the quarrel in the meeting-house on the Sabbath. It would be awful to try the question in the meeting-house on Sabbath morning. Their party are expecting a quarrel next Sabbath, but they *must* be disappointed."

The letter containing this wise advice to temperate measures was dispatched by express, and arrived on Friday. But proceedings had gone so far that it was thought impossible to retract. "So they got Fisher, from Harvard, to go to supply; but when he arrived he found the Unitarian committee had appointed constables to keep him out of the pulpit. His heart failed him, and he dared not go into the meeting-house."

After this defeat there was nothing for the orthodox party to do but wait for the annual town meeting. Meantime there was a short lull in the storm, while both parties gathered their strength and secretly prepared for a decisive contest.

"January 28th.

"Chaplin has come up from Boston, in haste, for me to go down immediately, and attend a council of consultation respecting Groton."

"January 29th, Sabbath Evening.

"Our meeting was held at Squire Samuel Hubbard's house. The following gentlemen composed our meeting, viz., President Humphrey, Rev. S. E. Dwight, Rev. B. B. Wisner, Rev. Samuel Greene, Rev. W. Fay, Samuel Hub-

bard, Esq., Doctor J. P. Chaplin, Deacon Procter, Deacon Bumstead, H. Holmes, etc., William L. Chaplin, and J. Todd. The meeting was held over four hours. The situation of Groton was stated. The whole story was told. Much discussion followed, and very much sound wisdom was shown. The following seemed to be some of the points on which they were all agreed: (1.) Groton is one of the most important stands in our country for a minister to do good. (2.) That they are playing for life; that is, which party soever gets beaten is dead. It can have no hope of living and forming a separate society. They have not principle enough to do it on our party, and not zeal enough on the other. The question, then, before the town is an awful question. (3.) The subject of the church was discussed. (4.) The subject of their choosing their civil officers in March was next discussed. (5.) How shall the orthodox sustain their party, increase it, and depress the other, between this time and the March meeting? After much discussion, it was unanimously agreed, no one dissenting but myself, that Mr. Todd was the man who got them into all this difficulty, and he must help them out, and he only can do it; that it was vastly important that I go to Groton by some means or other, to go to work among them, and that, too, if possible, immediately. I know not what will be the result of this. I do not want to go to Groton under these circumstances. If I go, I sacrifice my time, and much more. I should go as an assistant to Dr. Chaplin, should have to assert his right to the pulpit, probably be kept out by constables, and should draw upon me the direct enmity of every Unitarian in Groton or in the State. If I go there, of course it will be my aim, by bold and yet prudent measures, to carry my party through the struggle. If my conscience will possibly let me off, I will never go there again, or have any thing to do with them. But what can I, what ought I to do? I have got the town into this situation; how much ought I to sacrifice to help them out? A few days since, I had an application to go to Henniker, New Hampshire, for six weeks. They offered to defray all my expenses and give me sixty dollars for six Sabbaths. As this was an uncommonly good offer, I felt disposed to go. But on proposing it to the committee, they refused to permit me to leave the seminary.

So you see I am still 'under tutors and governors.' I did not grieve, for I confidently believe God will order all things as shall be most for his own glory, and for what is best for me. By the Groton affair I have doubtless drawn upon me the sympathies of many a pious heart, and I trust God will open a proper door for me. Let me trust in him."

*To William L. Chaplin.*

"January 30th.

"I find that I can not come to Groton, and stay any time, without forfeiting my scholarship. I do not *want* to go to Groton. If I might consult my own personal feelings, I never would go into the town again, unless it be on a short visit. As the town is, with the prospects now before it, I have no wish to think of becoming its minister. My going to Groton would be a hazardous game; it might, and it might not, result in being beneficial to your party. It would warm all the decided friends and foes. How it would affect those who are wavering or indifferent, can be determined only by actual experiment. But I love *you*, love your people some, and hope I love the cause of truth more. If, then, it seems absolutely necessary for me to come, I will sacrifice scholarship, popularity, etc., and *will come and help you*. Still, if you can get along, and conquer in your March meeting without my being seen there, I think it will be better; that is, I will not come unless public feeling loudly demands it. In your caucus, please to handle that committee without gloves. Oh that I could have an opportunity to stand beside you and spout also! We would shave them! Dwell upon the *liberality* of 'the liberal party.' Shut an old man out of his pulpit! appoint constables! their system to be protected by constables! their *courage*, too! (they dare not let an orthodox preacher go into the pulpit a single Sabbath for fear he would upset their dish!) their economy and regard for the town! Doctor Chaplin offers to supply the pulpit at his own expense till they find a man in whom the church and town can be united, and they will not, dare not, do it. There certainly was never a more elegant occasion to make a speech that will 'split the ears of the groundlings,' make their eyes sparkle, and increase your own powers of talking. Be of good cheer, thou champion of orthodoxy,

thou idol of the commons, thou star of truth, thou terror of evil-doers, thou upholder of parsons, thou presser of narrow beds, thou destroyer of the aliens! Be of good cheer and good courage! Oh, how I want to see thee! My sides fairly yearn to laugh with thee! Doctor Murdock can laugh some, but he is no more to be compared to thee than is a wren to an owl: the one only twitters, but the other whoops—like a gentleman. Forgive my trifling, for it may be wrong; but I am lonely, and am thinking how I would laugh, if I could only see you.”

“February 11th.

“Last week, on Friday, I wrote a long letter to the church in Groton. This letter was predicated on the call I received from them, though, of course, it contained no direct answer to their call. I intended to have it a plain, manly, bold address to the church. My only fear is that it is too *smart*, and will cut the Unitarians too deep; but I wish them distinctly to understand that I can, and shall, have no fellowship with Unitarianism. I learn that my preaching at Groton was the means, as is hoped, of converting some four or five individuals; that Robinson does not take—does not have over two hundred hearers; that my friends are anxious to have me come there, but are willing to follow my advice; that they are bending all their efforts to the town meeting in March. It is a contest of parties; but I believe there is conscience at the bottom of it, though, doubtless, much that is unholy is mingled with good motives. Do I think the orthodox party will carry the day? No, not at present. They have too much *mind* working against them, and mind, in almost any struggle, will carry the day. I most sincerely wish the contest were ended on one side or the other, but God’s time is the best.”

*To William L. Chaplin.*

“January 30th.

“Yesterday I preached before the seminary—one of our Groton sermons. It made the natives stare, especially as they knew it was such food as you had to digest. Doctor Porter said I went at you with a broad-axe, but he was evidently pleased with it. I told him it was my manner to let it off at you ‘bush fashion.’ He is now laying a plan to get

me into a neighboring pulpit the next Sabbath, in hopes that I can strike hard enough to split them. You see what a tool they make of me. I think you and I will soon be able to hire out to great advantage to split societies. How much shall we have the conscience to ask? Shall we go by the day, or by the job?"

"February 25th.

"At Newburyport I took the prevailing influenza, and have been sick ever since: till to-day I have hardly left my bed. For several days I was very sick, had a physician twice a day, watchers at night, and was some of the time much out of my head. A pretty severe medical course, with the best of nursing, has set things in the right way again. I am now well, only weak. Howe comes to my room daily, and we read Greek together. He has no plans for the future; wants to get a good settlement in New England. If no opening seems to invite me before next fall—and I have no reason to think there will—I shall take ordination, and away for the West or South. I will try to make one push, ere I consent to die a theological death in the chimney-corner. I am to preach in Portsmouth. They send me into every hornets' nest in the whole region.

"Last Saturday I went to Boston, and preached three times the next day—once at the Old South, Mr. Wisner's, and twice in the new church in Hanover Street, to which Doctor Beecher is called. This is the most beautiful house that I ever saw. I had the honor of preaching in it the first Sabbath, to an audience by far the largest I ever addressed. The crowd was so great that constables had to be stationed at the doors, and probably more went away who could not get in than the audience. I could not get to the pulpit, except by the constables' aid. My audience were very attentive, and I probably never acquired so much applause in any one day in my life. Anderson sat with me in the pulpit, but took no part. They gave me the usual price, ten dollars, for my day's work. The honor of going first into the house to preach is considered very great.

"You know I went to Newburyport, a few Sabbaths since, to preach. In the last *Newburyport Herald* I notice an article, saying that the Rev. Mr. Ford, the minister of the society, is soon to be dismissed, and that the Rev. Doc-

tor Dana, of Londonderry, and the Rev. Mr. Todd, of Andover, are candidates to succeed him. The offer will, of course, first go to Doctor Dana, and he will jump at the chance. However, he is a great and good man, and it is no small honor to have my name stand with his. As to Groton, I really do not know what to do. I can not get *at* them to do them any good, and the professors and good people of this region would not allow me to be a candidate in any other place in the world while the question is pending.

"I have my hands full of sermons, lectures, notes, and exegeses, belonging to the professors. They put them into my hands, and request me to read them, make notes on them, etc. I have just returned Doctor Woods nine sermons on one text, with two sheets crowded with criticisms. He sent me five new lectures, which he wants I should examine. The professors seem to forget that while they thus honor my talents they consume my time, and make me pass through much genuine drudgery."

"March 12th, Sabbath Morning.

"I have been weeping, not for myself, but for my poor Groton friends. They have tried their strength and are completely put down—so I have heard. What will be the result, and what Providence designs for them, is more than I know. I have now no hope that they will ever succeed. Perhaps they may withdraw, and build a house, but I know not."

"May 24th.

"Chaplin came over last week, feeling bad enough. It would have made your heart ache to see him. In the town meeting, while electing officers, the Unitarians had one hundred and fifty-eight votes, and the orthodox one hundred and forty-one—a majority of seventeen. When they came to the ministerial question (which was, whether they would continue the present committee in office six months longer), the orthodox said, 'No; let Doctor Chaplin supply the pulpit, for he will do it without any *expense* to the town.' The Unitarians, seeing that they should lose the day, then moved that the present committee be continued in office six months longer, *on condition* that the preaching shall be no expense to the town.' On trying this motion, the Unitarians had one hundred and fifty-six and the orthodox one hundred and

forty-three—a majority of fifteen. So my poor friends were beaten. Chaplin comes over to inquire what shall be done. The professors advise that the orthodox set up a separate meeting, and that Mr. Todd go and preach down Unitarianism—say, a campaign of six months to begin with. This seemed to cheer Chaplin greatly, and he went home rejoicing, though I gave him no encouragement that I would go. This week, on Wednesday, there was a council held in Boston on the subject of Groton—consisting of Doctor Beecher, Doctor Woods, Doctor Humphrey, Doctor Payson, Mr. Fay, Mr. Wisner, S. Hubbard, Esq., Doctor Chaplin, Mr. Cornelius, Deacon Proctor, Deacon Bumstead, and Henry Holmes, Esq. They passed the following resolutions: that, in their opinion, it is expedient for the orthodox in Groton to have separate worship; that, in order to hold a check upon the fund, the church hold its stated communion as usual, in the old meeting-house; that Mr. Todd is the man to go to Groton. My every feeling, my very soul shudders (*horresco referens*), while I think of going there. Now, what ought I to do? If I don't go, I go contrary to the wishes of half the ministers in the State; though, at the same time, I know they are thinking only of the good of Groton, and think nothing of my good or wishes. Doctor Woods told them in Boston, 'Our Mr. Todd is a genuine hero. He stands and looks at the field of battle, dreads to enter it, but if we once get him there, he will fight most powerfully. There is no shrink to him.'

In accordance with the recommendation of the council in Boston, the friends of Mr. Todd held a meeting, in fine spirits, and voted to have preaching forthwith. They appointed a committee to apply for the use of the large hall in the academy, another to fit it up, and a third to invite Mr. Todd "to come and reside among them, and perform ministerial labor for the present." Alarmed at the prospect of Mr. Todd's return, the Unitarians offered to raise a large committee, half from each party, to settle matters. "The orthodox say, 'No; we won't be duped any longer. No hurry, no hurry; let us have Mr. Todd here a while, and hear a little of the old-fashioned preaching; and then, when we get cool, there will be time enough to talk about compromising.'" The committee appointed to invite Mr. Todd performed their



duty promptly and becomingly. "We are aware that one who can command almost any situation he may choose requires no common degree of self-denial to expose himself to the trials that must inevitably await him in circumstances like ours. Whether the present is an emergence that demands this great personal sacrifice on your part, we must submit to your sober reflection. Though this situation may not promise all the enjoyment that one could wish, yet we believe that the strong hold you have upon the best feelings of this people would give you a vast advantage over any other man for extensive and lasting influence." This official invitation was backed by all sorts of personal appeals. "You have doubtless learned," wrote Doctor Chaplin, of Cambridgeport, "the opinion of the meeting in Boston; and I will add that it is the concurrent opinion of all with whom I have conversed. They are decided not only as to the main question, but that you are the man. I believe you will find yourself more pleasantly situated far than in your late residence there. Your friends have been sorely tried, stand firm, and improve daily by friction. You are expected, by friends and foes, to be there by the first Sabbath in April, in your own proper person, large as life. Be discreet, patient, firm, unwearied in prayer, and the great Captain of our salvation will conduct you and his friends to a glorious result."

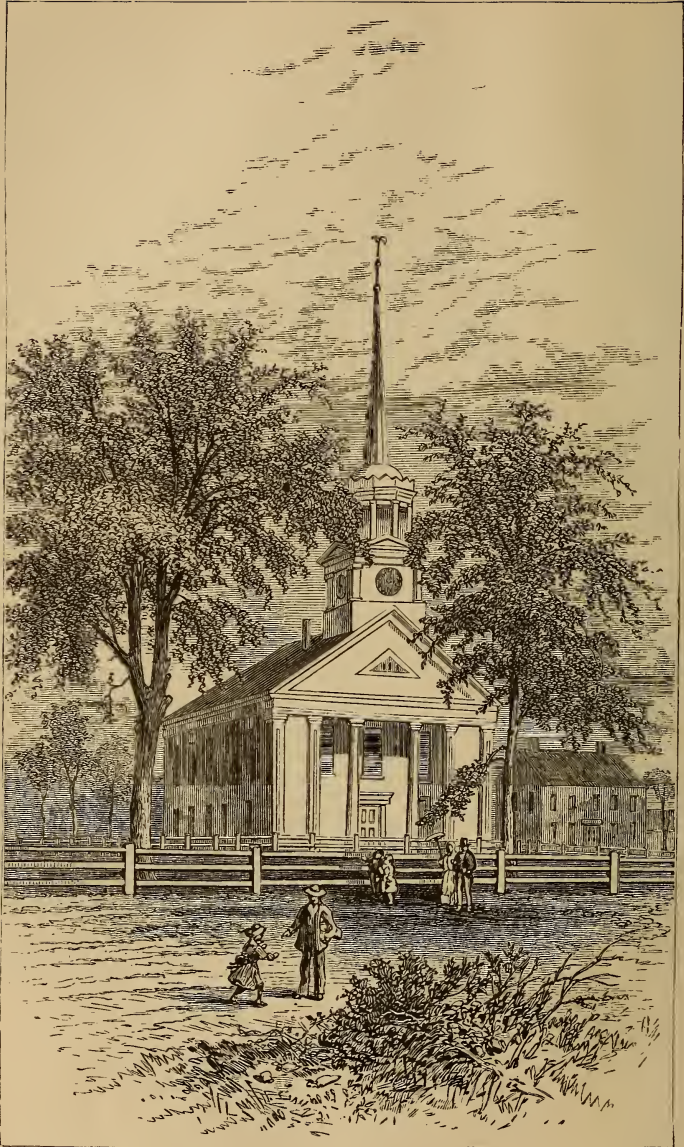
Under the circumstances, Mr. Todd felt that there was but one course for him to pursue. Yet even in his public acceptance of the invitation he could not help manifesting his reluctance. "Permit me to say, I have acted more from a scrupulous regard to what, on the whole, seems to be *duty*, than from regard to my own feelings. You are so good as to say, in your communication, that in accepting your invitation I must make personal sacrifices; and I assure you that what you thus generously intimate I can not but deeply feel. My circumstances are such, that many reasons, to my own mind strong and powerful, have caused me greatly to hesitate as to its being my duty to accept your invitation; and these reasons will forbid my committing myself by any pledge that will prevent my leaving you whenever I shall deem it my duty so to do. But though I have hinted at painful doubts and feelings while making up my mind to

come to Groton, yet you will not thence infer that, after concluding that it is my duty to come, I shall come with any want of cheerfulness. No, gentlemen; the indications of divine providence seem to be such as to promise many spiritual mercies to you and to your children. I trust the hand of God is directing you. You will wish me to come, of course, not as a partisan, but simply in the character of a preacher of the Gospel, considering it my duty to preach this as plainly and faithfully as is in my power, making the Holy Bible, and nothing else, my standard of opinions and practice. 'To the law and to the testimony;' if I speak not according to these, 'it is because there is no light' in me."

To his personal friends he expressed himself yet more strongly: "You see that I must go to Groton. I never dreaded any thing as I do this. I had much rather go to India or Palestine; and could do it with less sacrifice of feeling and comfort. I have tried every possible way to get rid of the whole affair, but can not. I am expecting my friend Chaplin every moment to carry me to Groton."

It was a painful hour which he passed in waiting to be carried away from the quiet scenes and studies in which he had spent more than three of the happiest years of his life, into the struggles and turmoils of the world; and it was with many regrets that he took leave of dear friends, and threw a last glance around him upon familiar and loved objects; but the long period of preparation was over, and the time for active work had come. The bugle-call of duty had sounded, and it remained to be seen whether the battle that had been lost in caucuses and town meetings and elections, and when fought with "carnal weapons," could in any measure be redeemed by a single brave soldier of the cross, covered with "the shield of faith," and armed with "the sword of the Spirit, which is—the Word of God."





THE OLD SANCTUARY.

First Congregational [Unitarian] Church, Groton, Massachusetts.

## CHAPTER XII.

## LIFE AT GROTON.

Preaching in the Academy.—Rum in the Meeting-house.—Invitation to Portland.—A Bible-class.—Hell the same as Eternity.—A Stage-ride.—A young Lady's Desk.—Which is the Church?—Corner-stone laid and thrown down.—A Council.—Beecher on Rights of Churches.—The new Gown.—Invitation to Danvers.—The poor Bee.—The Raising.—A Scene at the Church-door.—An Installation Ball.—A Revival.—Conduct of the Inquiry-meeting.—A Remonstrance.—Organization of a new Church.—A Trap.—The Linchpins.—Call from the Union Church.—The Answer.—Changes.

“Groton, April 10th, 1826.

“I CAME here on Saturday (April 1st), nearly sick. On the next day I went to meeting; house crowded to overflowing. They were all smiling for joy to see me, and I sat down and wept like a child. You too would have wept, could you have seen my poor persecuted flock. They had been trod on all winter, had heard no preaching, and were hungering for the bread of life. Never did I see an audience so eager to hear, never once saw people sit in such breathless silence. Verily, I feel as if God was present every time I meet them. I have been here eight days, and have preached six sermons (two on Fast-day). My audience is three, if not four, times as large as the Unitarian audience. They have the great meeting-house, and I the academy; they are so scattered that they can hardly know each other, and we so crowded that many of our poor women faint away during service. Does it not seem strange to you that I could have an audience of eight or ten to their one, had we accommodations, and yet they constantly carry the town by vote? The reason is, that the great men sway the town by influences which no conscientious Christian could ever use. At the town meeting last month they had their stores open, and all supplied with drink gratis, and cake and cheese gratis, and they even carried rum by the pailful *into the meeting-house*, in order to influence unprincipled men to vote against evangelical religion! Never did I see Unitarianism exhibited on so grand

or so dreadful a scale as at present in this place. But I have good courage, for I believe that God is on our side. I suppose I shall spend the summer here."

"May 17th.

"Soon after receiving your last, I received a letter from the committee of Doctor Payson's society, Portland, inviting me to come there for a few months, stating that Doctor Payson was sick, and probably would not be able ever to preach for them again. I wanted to go. No place in the United States could have been offered more congenial to my feelings; I may never have so good an offer. On the other hand, I had begun a great battle here, and if I left them now, I was afraid they would never move again. I wrote to Portland that I would consider the subject a week. I called the committee here together, and stated my circumstances, that if I did not go, it was making a sacrifice very great. They deliberated, and decided unanimously that if I left it would be impossible for them ever to keep the society together, etc. After much anxious deliberation in my own mind, for I had no one to consult, I concluded that I must not leave this post for the present. Was not this some self-denial? Since I wrote to Portland I have been quite easy. I considered that God had marked out my path for the present, and so I was contented. Last Sabbath I organized a Bible-class among my young people, wholly a new thing in this region. Upward of fifty joined it. My orthodox friends have about concluded to go to work immediately and build a new meeting-house. You can not imagine how interested the people are about the new house. Many a poor girl offers to give half she is worth for the object.

"I lately attended the funeral of a child, and in the course of my remarks I said to the parents they must soon follow their child into eternity. One of the Unitarians spread the report that I said the child had gone to hell, and the parents must soon follow it. On being called to account by some of my friends, he said he always supposed eternity and hell meant the same thing! In one of my public prayers I lately quoted the first twelve verses of the 139th Psalm. The Unitarians caught the eighth verse ('If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there'), and the report over town is now current that I sent God to hell; and they have no idea that

it was quoted from the Bible. Not a neighboring minister dares come near me, lest his people raise a dust. My every movement is watched, and I need much heavenly wisdom to guide me."

Early in June he went to New Haven, "for the purpose of procuring an instructor for Groton Academy," and of course availed himself of the opportunity to visit Newington.

*To William L. Chaplin.*

"Newington, June 15th.

"I left Boston at one o'clock for 'the Land of Steady Habits.' I had a bad crew — two ladies, one crazy man, and three rogues and drunkards. They quarreled, drew shears, broke watches, and so on, till I had to put in a voice, called them to order, made the driver expel one, and leave him by the wayside. At last, after riding all night in a cloud of dust, yesterday morning I arrived in Hartford not a little fatigued. Imagine me now bending over this same 'young lady's desk,' with ink, and knives, and folders, and divers other like implements before me, seated in an arm-chair, dressed in frock-coat, crape pantaloons, white stockings, thin slippers, cravat all awry, glasses off, and now dipping my quill to write to you, and now turning my eye off over the left shoulder to gaze upon a beautiful young lady. And when you have imagined this, imagine too how my thoughts so soon stray off to Groton with great anxiety, and then tell me if I do not feel too much interested for you and yours. I think that I must return as soon as I can, and the more I think of it, the more I dread it. I do dread commencing life under such circumstances; a man of ardent temperament, and yet narrowly watched; a man generous in disposition, and yet his shoulders broken by blows laid on by poverty's club; a man whose soul rejoiceth in refined and elegant society, and yet shut out from it; a man ambitious as a war-horse, and yet tied up to go the rounds of a bark-mill; a man despising ignorance, and yet with only books which might be put into a watch-pocket; a man abhorring any thing that is tame, and yet placed amidst a body of clergy so tame that they need a ladder to go to bed by. Should this letter be peeped into before it reaches you, it may be well just to say that there is more than mere conjecture

to excite the suspicion, that this is neither the first time they have done such a thing, nor the worst thing they ever did."

At New Haven he was offered the editorship of the *New York Observer*, with a salary of one thousand dollars; but he returned to Groton.

A majority of the church, having withdrawn from the worship in the "Old Sanctuary," as it was called, claimed to be *the church*, on the ground that it is the organization, and not the place of meeting, that constitutes a company of believers a church. Their claim was strengthened by the fact that they continued to hold the pastor and the records. But they voted to suspend the celebration of the communion for a time, lest by celebrating it elsewhere than in the meeting-house they should seem to abandon the claim to be the church, and so forfeit their interest in the parish *fund* of upward of sixteen thousand dollars. On the other side, the minority also claimed to be the church, on the ground that the part of a church which adheres to the home and maintains the relations of the church to the parish is the church, even if it is the smaller part; and the departure of any number of members is merely a secession. The smaller part of the church proceeded, therefore, to celebrate the communion in their old place of worship at the usual season. A dignified and earnest remonstrance, addressed by the aged pastor to one of the officers who remained with the minority, was ineffectual, and a committee sent by the majority to demand the communion-plate was peremptorily refused. At this point the seceding church, finding itself in peculiar trials and difficulties, determined to call a council of pastors and delegates from neighboring churches, and ask advice and sympathy. The time was fixed for the 17th of July.

Meantime, on the afternoon of the 4th, the corner-stone of the new church edifice was laid. "The occasion was exceedingly interesting. My address was listened to with intense interest by friends and foes. The stone was hurled off out of its place by wicked hands the night but one after it was laid; but is it any wonder that they who cut away the great Corner-stone in open day, should overturn the corner-stone to his temple in the darkness of midnight?"



“July 15th.

“The council meet here day after to-morrow. I have spent most of this week in preparing a memorial of this church to read before them. It was no small labor to make it out. It occupies ten full sheets of closely written paper. It is a history of events here for the last eighteen months, and closes with the points on which the church needs advice. Though I wrote it, and expect to read it before the council, yet I intend it shall go in the name of the committee of the church, I acting only as a kind of lawyer.”

“July 19th.

“The council all came on Monday, and the very moment that the hour arrived, I called them to order. They took hold like men. I read our memorial, of something like two hours in length, before them, and then the business was in their hands. They sat till ten o'clock in the evening, adjourned till half-past seven yesterday morning, and sat till three in the afternoon, when they adjourned to the 22d of August. In all their measures they went just as I could wish, and Doctor Beecher really outdid himself. They approved and commended all the steps and measures which we have as yet taken, and gave brief advice as to our future course. They appointed a committee to make out a full written report, to be presented at the adjourned meeting next month. From this I expect much. I am expecting it will be a heavy state paper.”

These expectations were not disappointed. The result of this council, which did not make its appearance till late in the year, was from the pen of Doctor Beecher, and was an able treatise upon the rights of churches, which had recently been infringed upon by legal decisions. It attracted great attention, but did not particularly affect the Groton case. “It is more a state paper than an ecclesiastical, but strong as iron. He takes hold of the laws of this State and tears them all to pieces, laying bare the foundations of right and wrong, which Unitarian legislators and judges have buried up in their trappings. In his words, ‘they have killed the Church, and buried her, and placed the law as a sentinel over her grave, lest she should ever rise.’”

“If we follow their advice, we have now to commence a severe course of discipline (even to excommunication) with

all the Unitarians in the church. Oh, how my heart sinks under the thought! It will set the whole town in an uproar, and all the blame and cursing will fall on my head, as they do already. I have to bear the blame of calling the council, and of every measure which is now taken, whether offensive or defensive. On our present situation I have only to remark, (1.) That this quarrel is growing more and more awful, and is extending wider and wider. Still, the prospect of having great good come out of it never was so fair as at present. (2.) I can not, and *will not*, stay here much longer. I can not live through it. Such constant anxiety weighs too heavily upon my health, and I certainly shall sink under it. I do not now feel as if I could live here six months longer."

The upper room in the academy being altogether too small for the congregation that crowded into it, and insufferably hot at midsummer, the ladies presented him with a silk vest and gown to preach in, which he wore for a long time. A few days later, he "received an invitation from the committee of Danvers to go there to preach as a candidate, their minister being dead. It is twelve miles from Boston, a central situation, a large church and society, rich, very intelligent, one of the most desirable stands, with almost any salary. *I did want to go exceedingly.* I met our committee, and told them my situation. They were instantly up in arms, and said that they had thrown out encouragement that I would stay to get the meeting-house agoing; that it all depended upon me; and that it would be impossible to hold the society together, and build the house, if I left; in short, it would ruin them. I could do no more nor less than to write to Danvers that I could not leave. The discipline of the church goes on very well; it is horribly disagreeable business, but they take hold of it like men and like Christians. It is the most trying situation in which I was ever placed; but I look to Jesus Christ for help. In the warfare here, I begin to feel that it is my daily business to meet with trials and reproaches, and I go cheerfully onward, and let them come. I am cursed openly and secretly, on the house-tops and in the streets; have received most severe letters from the first and greatest men here: but they have the wrong man to scare. I ought not to murmur at

Providence for placing me here in these trying circumstances, but it seems too much for me to endure. I am like a poor bee that sees a sweet flower, on which he would light and be happy, but is continually driven away by the storm; and it is in vain that he flies, and buzzes, and hums; he can not settle on the flower, but must be forced from it."

"September 2d.

"This has been an anxious week, but it is now nearly over. The weather cleared off pleasant, and early on Thursday morning the deposit was made under the corner-stone of our new meeting-house. At eight o'clock I was called out to pray; the frame being covered with eighty men selected to aid in raising, and spectators all around, the rigging, etc., all being ready. They raised timbers weighing at least three tons at a time. I greatly feared accidents and misfortunes. Our friend S——, a young man of our own raising, took the command. Before night the number of spectators was immense, say nearly two thousand. It took two days to raise it, and by every body is pronounced the best frame they ever saw. It looks magnificently beautiful, and will probably be one of the best meeting-houses in the State. I am greatly relieved to have it over, and yet no life or limb lost. Not a man got in the least intoxicated, and not one used profane language during the whole. It makes the Unitarians awfully cross, and their bitterness flows out in great abundance."

The town having called the Rev. Charles Robinson "to become their religious teacher," the concurrence of the church was necessary, according to congregational usage; the pastor, therefore, caused to be affixed to the door of the meeting-house a call for a meeting of the church on Thursday, August 31st. "In the morning he sent a note to the chairman of the selectmen, requesting him to direct the meeting-house to be opened, which he presumed he would willingly do, as he had given him distinctly to understand that his 'personal presence *at all times* was not objected to, but cordially desired.' The gentleman wrote back, as I expected, a most scurrilous letter. But I was determined to try the courage of our troops. So at three o'clock you could have seen an interesting sight. An old minister, eighty-three years old, shut out of his meeting-house, standing on

the door-steps in front, with his church gathered around him; I standing at his left; and a little way off, a space being between, selectmen and lawyers, drunkards and judges, looking on. The old man took off his hat; we all took off ours; the sun beat dreadfully hot; he addressed his church tenderly, and prayed. He then made another address, and the votes for Mr. Robinson were called for. Twenty were present; all voted, and all voted in the *negative, i. e.*, not to give Mr. Robinson a call. A committee were appointed to remonstrate with the town, and with the council that should assemble to install Mr. Robinson. The discipline of members was then brought forward, their accusation read, and *five* were excommunicated by a unanimous vote." Two had been previously cut off, and two more were cut off afterward—nine in all—being the whole of what claimed to be Mr. Robinson's church. "It was the most interesting meeting I ever attended. I can conceive of few scenes more interesting to the painter than the one I have been detailing.

"We have established a weekly prayer-meeting in the church, which I think will do good. Our Bible-class increases; we have had one meeting in the *evening*, which is a new thing in this town, and which makes a great buzz, for which I care not a farthing. Mr. Robinson will be installed soon. He is to marry a rich, simple, gay, and bitter girl in this place. He is as bitter against revivals and experimental religion as is possible for the greatest infidel to be. They are calculating to make a great installation ball, and he is expected to attend with his lady, perhaps be one of the managers!"

"October 5th.

"The Sabbath before last I noticed an unusual solemnity on the faces of my people. I did not know why, but I could hardly keep from weeping all day. At the close of worship I observed that in all congregations where the Gospel is faithfully preached there are usually some who feel interested in religion. There *might* be some such in this audience. If there were, they were invited to call the next evening at the house of Doctor Chaplin for free religious conversation. They stared, for it was the first meeting for inquiry ever held in this town. I was a little fearful how it would take,

and did not expect that more than some four or five would come. The evening arrived; I went into the room, and found *eighteen* present. Some of them were under deep conviction. None were professors; *all* were more or less anxious. The next week I appointed another inquiry-meeting, and at the same time invited those of the church who wished for the salvation of men to assemble in the opposite room for prayer. They did so. The church meeting was full. They were warmed, animated, and often very tender. In the room opposite I found twenty-six inquirers, and every one in tears. Their convictions of sin seem deep and powerful; they are still; there is no noise. No less than fourteen are beginning to indulge a hope that they have been born again. They are, however, very timid, as they should be. So far, every part of the work seems genuine and wrought by God. Religion and a revival are all I think of or talk of; but I am all alone, and my anxieties and duties are immense."

*To Rev. J. Brace.*

"October 23d.

"I have now about forty on my inquiry-list; of these about twenty-five are hoping that they have been born again. I am at a sad stand, not knowing how to manage an inquiry-meeting. I have it in the evening in a private room, and the church kneeling in prayer in the opposite room. I manage them thus: I go to my closet, confess my sins, try to feel them, go into the room, read a short portion in the Bible, remark briefly upon it, kneel in prayer (all kneeling), rise, then go round and converse in a low whisper with them individually, inquiring out their feelings, and pressing immediate repentance upon them, trying to shake false hopes, and sifting them, keeping them off from hoping as long as I can. When I have gone half round in this manner, I leave them silent, go into the church-meeting, tell them what are the appearances, try to keep them humble, and excite to prayer, then go back into my meeting, kneel in prayer, then go round to the rest, giving each attention as seems to be needed. I then address them aloud, as a body, pointing out the path of true repentance, and what real religion is. I then close with prayer, and tell them to go home immediately, or else they would linger. I do not en-

courage much weeping or passion, but solemnity, and an awful sense of God's presence. I encourage none to hope; they will do this soon enough. Is this course judicious? is it best? I am a mere babe in experience, and I tremble when they come to my meeting. I do not yet like the attitude of the church, though they have altered most wonderfully within a few weeks. They really begin to seem like other Christians. Many of them are yet complaining of their coldness, though I do not allow them to do it before me, without reproving them for it. The Unitarians are filling up their excommunicated church with Universalists, swearers, etc., and even went so far as to propound a man and his wife without their knowledge. They were quite offended, and would not come forward to the communion. Don't you think they were unreasonably obstinate?"

"November 2d.

"I spent Monday in writing a remonstrance from this church, to be laid before the Unitarian council which met yesterday to install Robinson. It was nearly the length of a sermon, and as severe as argument could make it. I know not how they swallowed the cud; but if they did not find it a bitter pill, I am a poor judge of human nature. That they got it down is certain, and it had fully as much effect as I expected it would have. The remonstrance took the ground, (1.) That a religious teacher or pastor can not be called or settled over this church and parish without the joint concurrence of each body, expressed by a separate vote. (2.) That the Rev. Charles Robinson has never been invited to become our pastor by the joint concurrence of the first church and parish in Groton. The council, recognizing the body that remained with the parish as the church, rejected the second of these propositions, and, therefore, it was unnecessary to settle the first. The installation-day was spent by the seceded church as a day of fasting and prayer. They met at the house of Doctor Chaplin. There were two ministers besides myself present. The meeting was over three hours long, and the best meeting I ever attended in my life, decidedly so. It will do my people good."

"November 18th.

"For the last few days I have been much occupied in the steps preparatory to the organization of a *new church* in this

place. I have gone so far as to take the following steps: (1.) Have selected twenty-six out of the converts, half of each sex, for the foundation of the church. (2.) Have examined them publicly before the members of the old church. (3.) Have drawn up a system of articles of faith and covenant, and had it approved by the candidates, and also by the old church. (4.) Have invited an ecclesiastical council to convene here next week, to organize this church, if they think proper. The articles, covenant, etc., are as orthodox as pen and paper could make them. The object, as you will at once see, is, to begin *de novo*, to let the old church stand as it does, to fight out the battle, and yet to have a regular church to go into the new meeting-house, and occupy it, when finished. So far every thing has worked as I could have wished. It is a very delicate business to manage, and a slight indiscretion would upset the dish." The articles and covenant here referred to were successively adopted without change by every church over which Mr. Todd was settled, and are to-day found in their manuals.

"December 2d.

"On Tuesday, November 21st, the council convened, the old church being present. The candidates for admission were brought in for examination, five at a time. The articles of faith and covenant had previously been read and approved by the council. The examination of the candidates occupied from nine to one o'clock. At two, the whole congregation assembled in the academy. The sermon, as also the admission and baptism, was by Rev. Doctor Church, of Pelham; consecrating prayer, by Rev. Mr. Palmer, of Townsend; right hand of fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Edwards, of Andover. It was the most solemn scene I ever witnessed. The whole audience (except a few Unitarians) were melted. Five received baptism, and thirty were admitted, fifteen of each sex. The church was consecrated by the name of 'The Union Church of Christ in Groton,' a name of my selection, as I hope the two orthodox churches will one day be united. Thus, under God, have I been the means of organizing a new church in this dark part of our land. It is small, but I trust its foundations are strong and pure. I believe it to be built on the Rock Christ Jesus. To him would I give all the glory.

“Would you think it? At our last evening lecture the Unitarians set a trap for my poor self, intending to catch me and break my bones! The next morning it was currently reported among them that Mr. Todd had met with a sad accident, having broken his ankle, returning from an evening meeting. But thy servant was not caught.” The “trap” was a rope stretched across the dark staircase leading down from the upper hall of the academy. It was Mr. Todd’s practice to close the meeting, and then, as he stood nearest the door, to go out *first*. This habit was well known; and the rope was apparently designed to trip him up and throw him down the stairs, and perhaps break his neck. The attempt was made more than once, but was always discovered in time to prevent harm. “This was not the worst they did. The night was very dark, and the meeting very full. On our coming out, the carriages were in a dangerous situation. Most of the reins were unbuckled and tied to the collars; most of the linchpins were taken out and thrown away. Some thirty lives were exposed; but the good providence of God so ordered it, that the whole affair was discovered before any one was hurt.” Within a few years, in the repairing of some old wooden steps, these linchpins were found concealed beneath them. “It is not known who the individuals were who did it; but this is a fair specimen of the Unitarian spirit of this place and region. I should not be surprised if our new meeting-house should be burned down by them. They have a mortal dread of me. They see I am laying plans and springing traps that will eventually revolutionize this place. It is out of the question for them to attempt to stop the influence of Bible-preaching upon this community. Our people are actually afraid that poor I shall get stabbed or shot dead in some of my evening walks. I have no such fears. They have the wrong man to be moved by threats or flattery. Both have been abundantly tried. Since the revival, they have hardly dared to be seen at any of our meetings; they are sore afraid. Over ninety have attended my inquiry-meetings, though some of these were from neighboring towns, and frequently came seven or eight miles. About fifty among my people have obtained a hope—such a hope, I trust, as will never forsake them. I pray God the work may not be stopped. The Unitarians yesterday offered our people a thou-



sand dollars if they would 'sign off,' and form a distinct parish. And yet they pretend we have no claims there! It is, doubtless, all out of pure, disinterested benevolence. There is one subject which I have not yet mentioned, as it is one I dread to think upon. I have been hoping that the providence of God would open a way of escape from this place of turmoil and anxiety. I have been the means, under God, of placing the falling standard of truth on these walls, and I have been hoping some other one would be sent to hold it up, and I should be permitted to leave this trying post. But God knows what is best. The new 'Union Church' here have given me a unanimous call to become their pastor. Their affectionate call now lies before me." The call proposed that the ordination should take place at the time of the dedication of the new meeting-house, and pledged the church to pay a salary of eight hundred dollars, or one hundred more than the salary of the Unitarian minister; which, when it is considered that orthodox people had no *fund*, or men of wealth, and were still taxed for the support of the Unitarian worship too, must certainly be considered very liberal.

The question of the acceptance of this call was at once laid before the young lady whose interests were most at stake in it, with the request that she and her friends would decide it. But they were unwilling to assume any such responsibility, and no answer was returned. After waiting for a fortnight in vain, and having no one to advise with, he made the decision for himself. In the letter announcing this decision to the church, he says: "When I began and when I completed my studies, preparatory to preaching the Gospel of Christ, I had marked out a very different path of life from that which I am now treading. I had hoped that God would deem me worthy to go to some foreign heathen land, and proclaim 'the unsearchable riches of Christ' among some people upon whom the Sun of Righteousness never shone. I had expected to lay my bones in some distant clime, far from kindred and friends and my native shores. I had pictured in my mind months and years of toil, and then the little church planted in the darkness of heathenism, like a light breaking through the gloom of midnight; and then I had hoped to die there, and sleep there till the morn-

ing of the resurrection, and then to awake to receive a crown of glory from the hand of Him who died for sinners. Such were my expectations. But there is an overruling Providence who is wiser than we. It was an unseen hand that first led me to this place; and the same mysterious wisdom hath since led you and me to the spot on which we now stand. God himself seemed to hedge up my way, so that from my first acquaintance with you to the present hour I have seen no time when I dared leave you. His interpositions and tokens of approbation have been so manifest in your behalf that it would be the height of ingratitude not to acknowledge his great goodness, and not to trust him implicitly for the future. . . . I have watched your prospects for the year past with an interest that has often been painful. I have seen the cloud rise and hang over you, and then seen it burst and the floods rush over you. But the cloud is withdrawing, and the *Dove* that lighted on our Saviour's head at his baptism is now spreading the wings of mercy over you. As a monument of the everlasting kindness of God, the infant church whom I now address has arisen from the desolations of this Zion; and I pray God she may long stand 'the pillar and ground of the truth,' with her mouth filled with praise and her hands uplifted in prayer, till her glory go forth as the sun in his strength. Being free from all other special engagements, I hereby signify my acceptance of your invitation."

The close of the year saw a great change in old Groton. The slumber of generations had been broken as by the last trumpet. In eight short months the greater part of the old church had been roused to do their duty; a great revival had brought one hundred and sixteen to inquire the way of life, and affected the whole community; a new church of thirty members had been organized, and eighteen more stood propounded; a congregation three or four times as large as any other in town had been gathered; a class of two or three hundred were studying the Bible; a new meeting-house had been built, and stood ready to be dedicated; and the man who had been the means of accomplishing all this was about to enter its pulpit as a settled pastor. Surely there was truth as well as beauty in the opening sentence of the letter missive which summoned a council to dedicate and to or-

dain: "The church of the living God in this town has for a long time been sitting in affliction. The cloud still hangs heavy over her. But the great Head of the Church has of late been visiting the desolations of this Zion, and the ransomed are beginning to take down their harps from the willows."

## CHAPTER XIII.

LIFE AT GROTON—*continued.*

Ordination.—Dedication.—Shawls without Fringes.—Sale of Pews.—Revivals.—Sickness.—A hard Journey.—A Sunday-evening Meeting.—Girdling Trees.—The Bride.—Examination.—A great Barn of a Thing.—Sunday-school begun.—Active Ladies.—A judicious Pig.—The new Horse.—An unexpected Arrival.—A Week of Hope.—Fears.—A household Baptism.—Tears in the Pulpit.—A sad Evening.—The Rose-bud plucked.—A little Funeral.—Memories.

THE 3d of January, 1827, was an important day for the infant Union Church. In the afternoon the pastor-elect was solemnly ordained by a council called for the purpose, Doctor Lyman Beecher, then pastor of the Hanover Street Church, in Boston, preaching the sermon. In the forenoon the new meeting-house was solemnly dedicated to the worship of the Triune God. In inviting the people to join in the act of consecration, the preacher, who was the young pastor-elect, with a beautiful Christian spirit, exhorted them to cherish no bitterness of feeling in the remembrance of the past:

“In looking back, you who have erected this house will be in danger of indulging hard and unchristian feelings. But do it not. It is true you have seen a strong hand stopping the church of God on the very door-steps of the ‘old sanctuary;’ and you have seen age and sobriety and religion cast out, and unholy hands drawing aside the curtain from before the holy of holies, and the awful mysteries within brought forth to vulgar gaze. You have seen—but stop! The history of this house will be unfolded at the great day of accounts. It has cost you many tears and sacrifices; but weep no more. All is written in the book of God above. Weep no more. Rejoice in the great goodness of God which you have experienced. I call upon you to lay aside every hard, every unholy feeling, and come in the spirit of Jesus, and unite with me while we now solemnly consecrate this house to God.”



LAWRENCE ACADEMY, GROTON, MASSACHUSETTS.



Some idea of the interest that was felt in the new meeting-house, and of the sacrifices that were made for it, will be obtained from the fact that "almost all the active women and girls cut off half of the long fringe of their shawls to make a rug for the pulpit." One lady said that she would rather her husband should sell half his farm than that the undertaking should fail.

"On the Sabbath after the ordination I administered the communion—an afternoon service. My great house was *full*: I was astonished at the multitude of people. I want you should become acquainted with my people during this revival. You can have no possible idea of the change that has taken place in society since I came here. Three miles west of me is a beautiful river, called the Squanecook—the Indian name. Here a part of my parishioners live, and here multitudes of heathen live. My friends are preparing me a pretty chapel over at this spot, and as soon as it is finished I am to open a battery there."

A week or two later: "The pews in our meeting-house were put up at auction. The highest went at about one hundred and twenty dollars. I believe some ten or twelve went at over one hundred dollars each. Enough were sold to pay for the expense of land and building, and then we have from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars' worth of pews left. These will be reserved to rent. Every body was astonished at the sale of the pews, and the Unitarians stand in wonder."

All this time the revival continued unabated. "Eleven are now propounded for admission into my church, and as many as twelve more are hoping: a hundred and eighty on my inquiry-list." This religious interest seems to have been wide-spread. "Revivals of religion are quite astonishing in this part of our land. Boston is yet all in a ferment. Great good will undoubtedly result. In Lowell there are a hundred inquirers, and fifty hoping. In Andover, Mr. Edwards opened an inquiry-meeting last week, and thirty attended. Almost every one in the academy is under deep conviction or rejoicing; in Bradford almost the whole academy. In Portsmouth and all the towns around it—towns where they have been a desolation and without a pastor for half a century—there are great revivals."

The severe and continuous labor and excitement of this protracted revival at last began to tell upon the pastor's health.

“February 22d.

“A fortnight ago to-day I wrote you. The next day I was taken sick with a slow fever. On Sabbath I did not sit up. Monday and Monday night, was quite light-headed. Since, I have sat up about half the time. Last Sabbath I made out to preach. This week I have been gradually on the mending hand, though I gain but slowly. Thus my meetings have been mostly checked, which has cost me much anxiety. I know the Lord can carry on his work in his own way, but as this way is usually through the use of human means, I feel sorry to have them stop. Nothing is the matter except a running-down of my strength, which, with kind care, I hope soon to regain.”

Even before this attack his need of rest had been so apparent that, a favorable opportunity of supplying his pulpit offering, it had been arranged that he should take a vacation of two or three weeks early in March, and that his marriage should take place during his absence—some weeks earlier than had previously been intended.

His journey to Newington at this season of the year was necessarily tedious. “It rained in torrents, and, what was worse, there were sloughs and snow-banks in abundance, so that every now and then the passengers had to get out and lift, and push and tug, to keep the carriage from turning keel up. Of course I lifted among the rest, though, as you may suppose, I was not quite as stout as some. I got wet and cold. We were three hours and a half in going nine miles. We had a noisy, story-telling crew, sometimes laughing, yelling, hooting, drinking, and swearing. We had no lady to protect us from the coarseness of their language. I neither ate nor slept till after eleven o'clock last evening. I arrived here yesterday toward three o'clock, quite cold and worn out. My feet were not dry from the time I left Boston till I got home. All my perils by land and by water, by storms and colds, were soon forgotten when once more among my friends. You had kept me so long at Groton that I was almost a stranger here, but am becoming acquainted slowly. I should say that in the course of a week I could feel quite



at home. Formerly I used to eat mince-pies, and cakes, and fruits, and all manner of delectables, when here; but now I can only sit and gaze. However, amidst all such privations (which to men of our taste are very great), I do not feel peculiarly unhappy in my present situation. How to give invitations for the occasion has been the anxious question since I came. They can not invite fifty without offending five hundred. On the whole, as the most safe and judicious method, we have concluded to have the oath administered publicly in the meeting-house, on the evening of the coming Sabbath."

This somewhat unusual programme was actually carried out. After preaching twice on the Sabbath (March 11th), the bride being one of his hearers, the bridegroom-elect in the evening led the fairest girl in the village, and the sweetest singer in the choir, to the front of the pulpit, and they were married by her father, "with appropriate remarks." A very "small reception, after the ceremony," to which only the family and immediate neighbors were invited, completed the solemnities, and gave sufficient offense.

It was the intention of the bridegroom to take his wife, first of all, down to East Guilford, to see some of his relatives; but want of time and strength made it impossible. In writing his excuse to his sister Charlotte, he added, "I lately received a package of letters from Vermont, containing letters from Jonathan, Eliza, and Sister P——. They all seemed to be pretty well except Jonathan, who was feeble. He mentions his little *John*, about a year old, one of the greatest rogues that ever walked. So I suppose he inherits some of the virtues of his uncle. They all scold *at* me and *about* you, because, say they, we have been most unwarrantably negligent in our correspondence. I know not how you may answer the accusation, but for myself I immediately dispatched a huge sheet, almost as big as a barn-door, hoping it would still the storm; and I advise you to do the same. Jonathan and Eliza are very good-natured; but as for Sister P——, she is in quite a pet. A strange sister, that! but there are some people who, if you put them in Paradise, will girdle the trees."

The wedding tour consisted in the stage ride to Boston, and thence, after a visit of a day or two, to Groton. "The journey was so horrible, that I almost shudder to review it.

Mary stood it fully as well as I did. It is just as I told you; she is becoming so popular, that I must hereafter stand in the background. I have several times overheard them whispering, 'What a charming woman our Mrs. Todd is!' 'We are all delighted with her.' 'She is a great addition to our society,' etc., etc." It was arranged that the newly married pair should go to housekeeping about the 1st of May, and meantime should board at the old minister's. "We have a pretty parlor at our command, and an agreeable chamber over it, with a small chamber to put clothes in, etc.—giving us two fires. We are to have board, washing, wood, lights, horse and chaise, etc., as we need, for five dollars a week for both. In the parlor we receive calls; in the chamber we study, sleep, and work. In the morning and evening we read and pray together, one reading the English and the other looking on the Greek alternately. Then we study the Bible together. Mary sings also at times, at my request, and for my particular benefit. Our hymn-books are just alike. I bought her a beautiful Watts's Psalms and Hymns at Boston, and our people had put a carpet in her pew before our return. Her new hat very much becomes her. It is leghorn, simple, trimmed with white satin, and lined with the same. Wednesday we dedicate our little chapel at Squane-cook."

"April 9th.

"Last Wednesday evening candidates were examined to be admitted into my church—five besides my dear Mary, four of them fine young men. The house was full, crowded, a very interesting meeting. Mary bore her part wonderfully; and lest they should think I was partial, the examination was severe. I could not wish her to do better. She is now a member of our church." Mr. Todd himself never joined any church of which he was pastor, but to the day of his death remained a member of the church in Yale College. He was opposed, on principle, to a pastor's becoming one of his own flock. "On Fast-day I preached—morning, on intemperance; afternoon, on slavery. I suppose my morning sermon will probably make 'no small stir' in town, for I drew and hewed with a broad-axe. Among other interesting items, I told them we should not keep any spirits in our family, not even wine."

To Mrs. Lucy Brace.

“April 12th.

“I can conceive something of your feelings, my dear mother, in having us leave you, though probably nothing as you do. I feel for you in these trying circumstances, but all I can do for you is to thank you, and that most unfeignedly, for giving me so great a treasure. We are perfectly happy, and, so far as I know myself, it will ever be my highest ambition to make your dear child happy to the utmost extent of my power. I could wish it in my power to do more for her in the way of property, but I need not tell you how little, on the whole, of real happiness depends upon mere drapery. There is one thing that troubles me, my dear mother, and that badly; it is your health. Martha says it is poor, and you hint the same. What shall I say? I say, do spare yourself. I fear your anxiety respecting us has worn upon you. If I may give my advice, I would say, get help, and spare yourself labor till June, and then ship off for Groton. I feel confident it would do you good; and you *must* do it. We urge it, we entreat it. You say you love us, and we do not and can not doubt it; do, then, for our sakes, be careful. The things appear to have come finely, though we have not as yet opened many. Very many thanks do we owe you, and do we give you, best of mothers, for your great goodness to us. We do and will love you; do and will pray for you; and will do all in our power to make you happy in this life, and we will hope to meet in a world where separations are unknown and sorrows come not. I have not shed a tear since I left you, till I took up your letter; but now my eyes fill, and now they overflow.”

The only house that could be obtained for the young couple was probably the most unsuitable one in town. It was a great barn of a thing, “in the confusion of business,” very much out of repair, and commanding a high rent. Before taking possession of it, Mr. Todd wrote, “Nothing in our prospects is so gloomy as our great and expensive house.” And after a few months’ trial of it, he expressed the opinion that “it is the most villainous house that ever stood with so respectable a character.

“It fronts east, three stories in front and four behind. It is light straw color, with new green window-blinds, fourteen

windows in front. You come in, turn to the left, and our parlor is there. Opposite is a room for small meetings, private conversations, etc. Back of the parlor, kitchen, and cellar-kitchen beneath. Back of the other front room, two store-rooms and a dining-room. Second story, over the parlor, my study; opposite, our sleeping-room. Back of my study, best chamber; back of our chamber, workshop and another chamber. Third story, two chambers and a beautiful hall for meetings, capable of holding three hundred. Here I have my Bible-class, and many meetings. It costs us considerable, but we make this a part of our annual charities." But this was not the only cost. So many meetings in the third story involved a great deal of labor, and carrying of chairs and lamps up and down. And, besides, for the sake of company in that great ark, and with a view to reducing the rent, Mr. Elizur Wright, the principal of the academy, and a lady teacher, and one or two boys, were received into the family as boarders. All this brought upon the young wife an amount of labor which, with insufficient "help," she was unable to perform, and which soon produced disastrous results. For a time, however, all went well. The "workshop" was fitted up with a rude lathe and a few joiner's tools, and was really useful as a place of manufacture as well as exercise. The garden was more of a failure. "I do long for a garden more than I ever supposed I should. We have land enough for a noble garden, but it is so wet and cold that we can not use it to any advantage. I see no way to remedy this evil. Gardens are not very much attended to here.

"As to this place, the struggle is still continuing. Unitarians are active, and so are we. They swear much, and we pray a little. Our Bible-class continues with unabated interest. It never was more flourishing. Our hall is filled. Unitarians come in also. We have commenced a Sabbath-school, between eighty and ninety scholars. The Unitarians followed us immediately, and are scouring the town for scholars. We have collected twenty-five dollars to begin a library for our school. The Unitarians immediately followed us, and got twenty dollars to form their library."

*From Mrs. Todd.*

“The Unitarians are very much troubled to keep their people together. The Hon. Mr. Lawrence said in Boston, ‘There is a fanatic in Groton who has made a great noise, and has gathered the lower class of people about him, and, what is worst of all, he is picking from the other society.’ Almost every day some strange story comes. One of the Unitarians came along the other day, and said to our next neighbor, who is also a Unitarian, ‘Do you smell Mr. Todd’s prayers? I should think he had got near enough.’ Last week we had a meeting of the ladies to form a charitable association. About thirty-five were present, and several have since joined it. We hope to get seventy-five. Of course I am dignified with the office of president. Some of our benevolent ladies, finding that the children in the poor-house did not attend any Sabbath-school, determined to fit them out. They went about it immediately, and on the morning that they had fixed upon to go and carry the clothes, the committee went over and forbade their going to our meeting, and said they would clothe them themselves. They had passed a vote in the spring that they would not fit them out to go to meeting anywhere. On Tuesday afternoon we had a meeting of between thirty and forty of our ladies to clean the meeting-house. It was swept and washed thoroughly from beginning to end with hot water—pews, aisles, galleries, stairs, etc., all scoured with soap and sand—and it produced a great change. When the proposal was first made, many were in astonishment, for it has been considered almost a disgrace to go and clean the meeting-house. Nobody could be hired to go and do it. This is another evidence of the readiness of our people for every good work. I do not believe that we should find a people who would treat us more kindly, or appear to love us more, than ours have done so far.”

*From Mr. Todd to Mrs. Lucy Brace.*

“August 2d.

“OUR DEAREST MOTHER,—We want to tell you a thousand things, all in the same breath; but as you are good at picking out a troublesome skein of thread, so you can pick

out all our little items of intelligence as you please. But time and paper are wasting, and, after all, I shall forget what I am going to say. I am in a hurry, have dipped my pen several times while thinking how and where to begin. I can not stop to tell you how father's letter at last came to hand; how it gratified us all to know you were in the land of the living; how the little books did *not* come to hand, and then, after a long time, they *did* come to hand; how Mr. Wright was delighted, and cheered, and swelled on the occasion (and while my finger is on the little fellow, I must just wink to you that I believe he is courting our landlord's daughter, a pretty, wee bit of a thing, with a fine neck and good teeth, and large, rolling black eyes, and a little lisping voice, and small feet, with which she bewitches the little fellow. I really don't know but our happiness—Mary's and mine—will excite our very pig to fall in love, for so every thing else does that comes near us; even the philosophical Mr. H—— came near falling into a swamp); how the New England school flourishes, as also does the large one, and we have a hundred and thirty scholars; how our hens have actually left us, though the pig sticks by and holds on well, though he has had a bad cough, and came near going into a consumption; and how about the same time (last week on Monday) his dear master was also taken sick, and hardly sat up till Monday following, and was unable to preach last Sabbath, but is now slowly recovering. But I must stop, for want of breath, and begin anew. This is the reason why we did not write before, viz., my sickness (not the pig's)."

"Later.

"Our pig continues to maintain his character as a judicious and talented pig. He is such a gentleman in his way, that we shall regret to kill him. You remember we told you how we had two hens given us, and how they ran off to our neighbor's. Well, this was slander, base slander! for, lo and behold! the yellow hen (the other is speckled) came off a few days since with six most beautiful little chicks, and did it all in our own barn! We immediately made her a glorious coop (just four feet square), and there she is, educating her children."

“August 8th.

“Early in the morning got into Mr. Chaplin’s old wagon with Mr. Chaplin, and set our faces toward New Ipswich—twenty miles. Our journey was to buy a *horse*. I had seen one here more than a year ago which I liked very much. Very dusty. Arrived at about one o’clock. Found Captain Solomon Davis at home; looked at his horse: raised it himself; seven years old this summer; black star in forehead; fine build; very gentle, but full of life; a great jumper; no fence in the State can check it. We liked the creature. His name is *Charles*. Captain Davis asked a hundred and thirty dollars. We played the jockey. There were several circumstances in our favor: (1.) He jumped so badly that they could not manage him. This was no objection to *me*. (2.) They were already determined to sell him. (3.) They were exceedingly attached to the horse, and dreaded to have him sold where he would be abused. I made an offer. The women and children set in that I should have their “*dear Charles*,” as they believed I would take good care of him. At last my offer was accepted, and I took the horse for a hundred dollars, and ran in debt for him. We put him in the wagon, and led *old Charley*. He got away, and we had to chase him over fences and meadows, and through corn and through thorns, for miles, before we caught the old creature. Got home in the evening exceedingly fatigued. My dear Mary was glad to see *Charles*, and quite as glad to see me. She likes *Charles* very much, and is going to make me a gingham apron, with sleeves, for me to clean him in.”

“Later.

“Our horse answers, and more than answers, every expectation. He is a beautiful creature, and I must add what you won’t like to hear, that ours is the handsomest horse and chaise in town. But they are both new, you must remember.”

“September 10th.

““Why don’t we keep Mary for hired help?” For three special reasons: (1.) We don’t want her; (2.) She has the rheumatism so that she can do nothing; (3.) She is published, and is on the very brink of matrimony. All that we have to say on this point more is, (1.) We have had miserable help for some weeks past; (2.) We have engaged a

new girl, and expect her this week. At her approach we hope many troubles will vanish. I take care of my horse Charles myself, but very much need a boy. Every thing thus far goes well with us. People wonder, and congratulate us on having all go so 'glibly' and smoothly. It does so; but then, as you know, it needs a prodigious power at the crank to keep the wheels in motion, and great care to prevent their tendency to friction."

But the sunshine was now interrupted by a cloud of real trouble, which gathered suddenly and unexpectedly.

"There are a thousand impressions which we receive during our earthly pilgrimage, and which at the time are interesting, and often deep and solemn. But as soon as they have gone by, and we return to the active pursuits of life, they gradually become less and less vivid till they are wholly gone. All can look back to such events, and they seem like pleasant or troubled dreams; and all wish that they had something to recall the circumstances of the scenes, so that they could live them over in all their detail. It is for this purpose I now write these pages, that when one and another event shall have partially obliterated what now seems as if it could never be forgotten, I may recall it to my own mind and feelings, and to those of my dear wife. For her eye and mine alone I write.

"Our dear little boy was born at sunrise, October 6th, 1827. Mrs. Todd had been remarkably well and active since our marriage, and probably his premature birth was owing to her over-exertion. At his birth, none seemed to think he could live but a short time; but with great exertions he was made to revive. He was small, but promised, humanly speaking, to do well. He soon opened his eyes, and began to notice sounds and objects of sight. For a week we had no fears concerning him, and enjoyed as much as parents could enjoy. When I went out, I hastened home to see my dear child lie in his mother's arms, and, at the sound of my voice, open his dark-blue eyes and turn them toward me. We began to talk of a name, and in my own mind I had begun to form many little plans concerning him.

"As we had been married not quite seven months, the enemies of religion at first made a great noise about it, and threw out a multitude of stories; but as it was well known



that I had not been out of Groton for eight months previous to our marriage, and as Mrs. Todd's character stood far above all suspicion, the stories only buzzed a while through the region, never disturbing us, and never injuring us in the least.

"On Saturday, the little boy being a week old, we weighed him again, and found that he had lost. Here I first began to fear that he would not be spared to us. Still, he seemed well, and his nurse appeared to have no fears concerning him.

"In the afternoon of the same day he was evidently sick, and we began to be alarmed. Every thing was done for him which could be. That night he rested pretty well.

"Sabbath morning he was evidently very sick—appeared to have something like fits—and during breakfast he turned so black as greatly to alarm his mother; but from this he soon recovered. I was obliged to leave at half-past ten o'clock, to go into the pulpit. I left the child in his nurse's arms, and tears in the eyes of his mother. I endeavored to conceal my fears and feelings, and went into the pulpit with a heavy heart. As soon as possible I was at home, and found the child worse, and his mother greatly distressed. It was then evident that he could not live. When I really came to the conclusion that he must die—our own sweet boy, our first-born, must die—it was almost insupportable. As we then came to the conclusion that he must leave us, we determined to give him formally to our covenant-God in baptism. I immediately wrote a note to our friend, Mr. Chaplin, requesting him to bring his venerable father down to baptize our dying child. Mrs. Todd's dressing-table was placed before her bed, the baptismal font was placed on it, and the family stood around the room. The child was in the arms of the nurse. The venerable old man, Doctor Chaplin, prayed with deep feeling and great appropriateness. I was kneeling by the side of the bed and holding my dear Mary's hand, while we both wept, and endeavored to give our child to God. The prayer ended, I took the dear babe in my arms and presented him to Doctor Chaplin. The old man was eighty-four years old, upward of six feet high, silver locks, and the most venerable person I ever saw. Our child was eight days old, fair, well-proportioned, and seven-

teen inches in length. Striking contrast, indeed! He was solemnly baptized into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, by the name of John William—the former name being his father's, and the latter that of his friend. The bell rang for meeting while the ordinance was administering, and I was obliged to go again into the pulpit, expecting to find my child a corpse on my return. I walked alone to meeting, with my eyes flowing. It was an agony which I can remember, but can not describe. On entering the pulpit, I felt somewhat composed: attempted to read that beautiful hymn beginning,

“It is the Lord, enthroned in light,  
Whose claims are all divine,  
Who has an undisputed right  
To govern me and mine.’

“Immediately a thousand inexpressible feelings rushed through my heart. I choked, hesitated, faltered, wept, and sat down after reading one stanza. The audience felt for me, and very many wept. I preached as well as I could, hardly knowing what I was about, and again hastened home, and again found our dear child alive.

“It was now toward night, and he continued to have spasms, in which he would turn black, groan, and seem to be in great pain. I sent immediately for a physician, who put him in warm water, and he revived; but it was only for a time. During the whole afternoon the nurse held him in her lap without moving. In the evening, hoping it would endanger Mrs. Todd less, I had him removed into my study. He was carried out, and it was the last time his weeping mother ever saw him alive. I was in and out of the study during the evening, but was for the most part with my wife. At ten o'clock he had an awful spasm. I went in, and was told he was no more. I gazed at him: his beautiful little features were all composed and set, and it seemed as if Death had indeed now set his seal. All hope was cut off, all doubt removed. I returned to my dear Mary, and was obliged to tell her our first-born was no more. She burst into grief the most passionate, and it seemed as if her very frame would be crushed under the burden. We spake but little: it was, that God ruled; that our dear boy had gone to his bosom; that we trusted he would be among the angels, himself an

angel; and that we should meet him again beyond the shores of mortality. I then knelt by the bed of Mrs. Todd, and we prayed, our right hands joined, and we committed and gave ourselves away to God.

“At eleven o'clock I left Mrs. Todd and went into the study; and here was the most severe trial I was called to undergo. I found the child was *not* dead: he had revived, and was now in great agony; it was the agony of death. He was in the arms of Miss Chaplin, his eyes open, his arms thrown out, his little fists clenched, and every muscle brought into the most intense action. They dared do nothing to relieve the little sufferer. I immediately gave him paregoric, and anointed his chest with warm olive-oil. His pains were less intense after that. As he lay with his eyes open, I spoke to him, called him ‘John;’ he turned his head and bright eyes toward me with an expressiveness that I shall never forget. I do not pretend he knew me or my voice; but it was such a look as a dying child might wish to leave with his father, if he could choose. I sat without turning my eyes from him for an hour, and then returned to inform his mother that he was still living. I did not see him again alive; for he ceased to breathe soon after the Sabbath was over. I never saw such suffering before; and it seemed as if God had indeed cursed our race, and had most awfully written his displeasure with sinners on the features of our dying boy. Mysterious system! that such a child should suffer so intensely! But ‘clouds and darkness are round about Him,’ which we trust will one day all be rolled away.

“Early on Monday morning I opened my study door. The room was solitary, the windows open, and the cold winds of a chilly morning were sighing through the shutters. The room was in perfect order. In a corner, near my book-case, were two chairs, and a white cloth between them. I went slowly and lifted the cloth, and there lay my sweet boy, pale as the cloth which covered him; the beautiful white robe of the grave was upon him; his little hands were folded on his bosom; he was dressed for the coffin. Never did I see a countenance so beautiful. Every part was well-proportioned and perfect. His dark-brown hair was parted on his forehead under his cap. It seemed as if death never could

gather a fairer flower. I stood over him for a long time, and, if possible, loved my boy more in death than in life.

“For fear of injuring Mrs. Todd, we had rather a private funeral, that afternoon, at half-past three o’clock. There may have been fifty present, all of whom seemed to feel for us. The good old man was our pastor. He talked well to us: they sung a hymn, and he made the prayer. The little creature was put into a mahogany coffin, with a plate on the top with the following inscription: ‘John W. Todd, who died October 15, 1827, aged nine days.’ Without any parade or bell, he was carried in a chaise, and I rode alone in my chaise, and saw him softly laid in Doctor Chaplin’s tomb, in the very spot where the good man himself expects to lie. When that event takes place, I intend to have him placed beside the old man’s head, or on his breast, that in the morning of the Resurrection they may rise together. It seemed to be his wish to have him entombed there, and it was gratifying to us, for it seems as if even the grave would be sanctified by his remains.”

Years afterward he wrote:

“I shall perish sooner than forget the feelings which I had clinging around our dear first-born. I know that we did not deserve him, and that it was all right; but my aching heart too frequently goes back to that dear lost one, and the gems of all the earth could not compensate for the loss of that one. Is he now alive? Shall we ever know him? Will that beautiful form ever come up again from the tomb? Oh, the agony of that moment when the little coffin-lid was actually closed! May God in mercy spare me from ever witnessing another such scene!”

## CHAPTER XIV.

LIFE AT GROTON—*continued.*

How to get a Bell.—The best House in Town.—The haunted House.—Pattering of little Feet.—A Unitarian Funeral.—Immortal Hens.—Missionary Visitations.—A Runaway.—An extraordinary Woman.—A Baby Infirmary.—Invitation to a Funeral declined.—The Letter.—A New-comer.—Death of Doctor Chaplin.—The bereaved Father.—A lazy Agent.—Medicine with a Vengeance.—A pretty Girl.—The dying young Man.—Results of the Groton Movement.—Author *vs.* Pastor.

“IN one year my people have done as follows: Meeting-house, \$6000; horse-sheds, \$1000; salary, \$800; stoves, \$120; communion furniture, \$120; singing, \$85; bell, \$600; Sabbath-school, \$48; Bible-class, \$100; total, \$8873. Is not this doing well? Three years ago it would have been next to impossible to raise fifty dollars in town for any object connected with religion. They are a peculiar people, are in a peculiar situation, and my influence is and has been somewhat peculiar. My influence in carrying a point is never direct. I come as near to it as possible without broaching it, and then set a few about it. For example: I wanted a bell, and knew not how to raise six hundred dollars. I felt of a few minds, and found they were off. All was still. I then got three sets of subscription-papers ready, one for young men, one for elderly men, one for ladies. I then took a little strip of paper, and wrote the names of five active young men, about seventeen or eighteen years old. I then gave it to one of them, and requested him to invite them to my study. They came: I talked with them about the bell; got them warmed up, just as dogs have their ears rubbed to make them fierce; then gave them each a paper, to go to the young men in their several parts of the town. They did so, and got one hundred and eighty dollars. Very well. I next started the men; and then the ladies. When the thing began, no one favored it but myself; and in all this I have kept entirely out of sight, and the people think they did it all. This is a specimen of my generalship.”

In the beginning of 1828 an opportunity offered to occupy half of one of the best houses in town at a low rent. A wide hall separated the vacant half from the part that was occupied by a small and respectable family, and the two tenements were in other respects quite distinct. As the rent was kindly remitted for the first two months, Mr. and Mrs. Todd hastened to leave, even before the year for which they had hired it, the house which had been so unfortunate a one for them, and had become so sorrowful. Hardly were they comfortably settled in their new home, when there began to be rumors that the house which they had left was "haunted."

"It was a large, three-storied house, with brick ends, wood front and back. It was well lighted with a multitude of windows. It stood in the midst of a thick neighborhood, other houses clustering all around it. In short, there was nothing about the house, inside or out, that would lead one to suspect it was the place where ghosts would resort. It was the last place one would select for a murder to be committed; and yet the house was said to be haunted. It stood empty, and strange noises were heard in it. Sometimes it would seem to be filled with groans, then again with sighs, and then the patter of little feet would be heard, and then the wails of an infant. The neighbors became excited. Some heard all sorts of noises, some only one, and some *almost* heard them. In the night, when all was stillness and darkness, the noises were the most fearful. Some felt sure that 'all was not right there;' some said 'strange secrets lie concealed within those walls;' some were very sure that a murder had been committed there, and the dead one was haunting the place. They were not exactly sure whether the murdered one was a full-grown man, as the many groans would seem to indicate, or whether it was a little child, whose feet were pattering on the naked floor. They were almost afraid to go past the 'haunted house' in the night, and no one, even in the daytime, dared to enter it.

"As I had occupied the house last, and as I had lost my little infant boy there, it was natural that I should hear of it; and though I believe no one actually accused me of murder, yet they shook their heads, and arched their brows, and thought 'the whole thing wonderfully strange.' At first I

paid no attention to it; but as the hints became louder, and the whispers deeper, and the murmurs clearer, I saw it would injure the character of the house, and prevent the owner from renting it, even if it did not injure me. I must confess, however, that though I could never hear any noises as I passed by in the evening, yet the testimony of so many staggered me. I determined, therefore, to investigate it myself, and that very quietly. So I procured the keys, and, strange to say, as I went toward the house, and was seen to have the hardihood to enter it alone, the neighbors gathered round the front door in the street to watch the result. I said nothing, but went in. A few moments satisfied me about 'the little feet that pattered on the floor.' There had been many such, for the rats had made the house their head-quarters, gnawing the floors, tearing off the paper from the walls, scattering the plaster, and leaving their little foot-prints very abundantly. But those groans! I could find nothing that cast any light on them. The house was silent as a tomb. The sunlight streamed in the windows, and I had but to think over the hours of joy and sorrow I had passed there. There I had had a happy home, had rejoiced over my first-born child, and had there seen him breathe out his young spirit to God who gave it. From room to room I wandered, and all was silence till I opened the door of the chamber in which my child died. Then instantly there was a sharp, deep groan! What could it mean? The people about the door heard it, and what an awful feeling of terror went through them! I was not frightened, but I was at a loss to account for it. It evidently had been called out by my opening the door. But the room was perfectly bare; not a thing in it. Soon the groan was repeated. I now went to the chimney and tore away the fire-board, and looked up, and there, just in the throat of the fire-place, was—not a ghost, but—a *shingle* that had been blown into the chimney, and had fallen down and been lodged in the throat, so that it could swing backward and forward, and when the wind blew it would groan sharp, or shrill, or deep, according to the strength of the wind. Thus it was that, on my opening the door and letting the wind into the room, the shingle swung and nearly filled the throat, and the air rushed and groaned past it. I took pains to call up the people, and I

verily believed they wished rather to go home than to go in. I put back the fire-board and opened the door, made them hear the groans, took away the fire-board again, showed the shingle, and how it rattled and groaned, then took it away, and put things back, and opened the door, and—there were no more groans. A little ratsbane scattered on the floor stopped ‘the pattering of little feet,’ and the house ceased to be haunted! And yet it *was* haunted as really as any one ever was, as I verily believe!”

“February 27th.

“Doctor Chaplin has applied for his salary, and is going to sue for it, and that makes a big buzz in town. Our people are going to try to put new men into office in town, if possible, next week. I have many doubts as to their succeeding. As things now appear, if we can persuade our people to stand just as they now do, the time will come when they will be a majority in this town. It is best that they should not do it at once; for I should deprecate the effects of sudden and unexpected victory while wrongs are unforgotten—if that is an English word.”

“March 26th.

“Mrs. Todd and myself have attended, on special invitation, the funeral of Mrs. Robinson (the young wife of the Unitarian minister). In the room of mourning were Doctor R—, of Concord; Rev. Mr. W—, of Littleton; etc., besides the mourners. The Doctor was consoling them when we went in. I was glad to go, on Mrs. Todd’s account, who had never heard any Unitarian. As she did not take it in the natural way, I think she will not in any other, for she seems satisfied even with *her* minister in comparison. The Doctor said nothing about sin, depravity, atonement, repentance, regeneration, resurrection, or future retribution. Of course his remarks and prayer were, like the bones of the vision, ‘very dry;’ and they were ‘very many’ too—a great deal of repetition, but not a single thought calculated to do any soul any good. Every thing future was dim and indistinct. By-the-way, the more indefinite your views are respecting eternity, the less is your power over men in preaching. Hence the New Testament is everywhere as definite as human language and comparisons can describe unseen and unearthly things.”



“April 18th.

“We must once more mention our hens, though their very name is associated with gloom. They were doing most judiciously, that is, the leader was crowing most manfully, and the ladies had already afforded us one hundred and ten eggs, and were continuing to give us four per diem, when, lo and behold! our neighbor wrote us a note informing us that our hens annoyed him. How they did it we know not, save that they crowed and cackled, and thus raised a little demon called envy. So, as we could not think of killing them, we gave them away to the old minister’s family, who have promised to be kind to them. ‘Sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.’ The old hen is sitting on fifteen eggs, and is to follow as soon as she comes off. They were all beautiful in our eyes, and we almost wept when they departed. They must now probably finish their course like vulgar hens, and have no one to give them immortality.

“At our weekly prayer-meeting before the public fast, I proposed to my church to spend the forenoon of Fast-day in prayer, and in devising ways of doing good for the ensuing season. They agreed to it, and appointed a committee of four to report on that occasion—one on the Bible-class, another on the Sabbath-school, a third on intemperance, and myself on the situation of the poor families in this town. In consequence of my report, the church voted to take measures to ascertain the wants of this people in regard to the Bible. A committee of twenty-two ladies was chosen, to go and spy out the land. They divided the town into eleven sections, and went two by two. Out of almost three hundred and thirty families, they visited two hundred and sixty-seven, their hearts failing them in regard to the rest. Some of these ladies were two full days on their mission, taking their food and their horses’ food with them. The business was all done up in two days. It set the whole town in an uproar, but no lawyer could bring an action against us. What is equally pleasing, the church voted to supply all wants at her own expense. In a few instances only were these female missionaries treated otherwise than with politeness and gratitude. It did them all good. The Unitarians are mad enough at me, considering me as the author of all this mischief.”

“April 28th.

“This afternoon, as I was going to Shirley, I thought it best that Mrs. Todd should visit at Mrs. Dickson’s while I was gone. We called at Doctor Chaplin’s door. Just before we got there, our horse became a little scared, but we thought but little of it. At the door I stepped on the doorstep to call William, holding the reins in my hand. The horse was rather restive, and, as I always do, I endeavored to bring him to obedience. Mrs. Todd was in the chaise talking with the ladies, and I was talking with William, but just stepping into the chaise. All at once Charles jumped, and dragged me off the steps. I held on to the reins till the chaise came up to the side of the house, and was crushing both of my hands, when I could hold no longer. Again he sprung, and ere human aid could reach, he was off, chaise, Mrs. Todd, and all—the reins on the ground—and never could a deer run faster. I sprung, and the women groaned. I nearly kept up with him till after he had crossed the main street, when he seemed to outstrip the wind, as he really did. The merchants dropped their pens, and two wagons were immediately after him as fast as horses could go. I gave my dear Mary up to God, and if ever I prayed, it was during these moments of agony. I never expected to see her again alive. The horse ran, and turned round Judge Dana’s to the right, still keeping the path. Mrs. Todd, with wonderful presence of mind, kept her seat, spoke kindly to him, calling him by name, and soon he began to slacken a little. At the end of the street was a boy sitting down by the roadside. Mrs. Todd beckoned to him, and pointed to the horse. The little fellow sprung up, caught the reins, and stopped him. By this time the wagons had arrived, and there was help enough. Mrs. Todd was safe, unhurt, and, what is still more wonderful, the least frightened of any of the company. It was a most wonderful escape; and I do hope and trust that we have hearts grateful in some degree proportionate to the magnitude of the mercy we have received. Mrs. Todd is now thought to be the most extraordinary woman in the world—not to jump out! not to scream! not to yell! not to faint! Indeed, I have long had this opinion of my dear Mary, so it is nothing new to me. But I have determined to sell my horse as soon as possible;

and shall never ask her to ride after him again. We shall both cry when he goes, for he is the most beautiful and affectionate creature in the shape of a horse that I ever saw. But he is too gay for us, and, I suppose, we have been too proud of him."

*From Mrs. Todd.*

"April 22d.

"I had no idea that boarders made so much difference in a family. Mr. Todd says we have never known what it was to live before. You would smile to see *how* we live. We have bought fresh meat only twice (except for the association), and fish once, in two months. Sometimes we have pancakes for dinner, and nothing else, sometimes bread-and-milk."

"May 23d.

"We are interested in all that interests you, and, with mother, have most deeply lamented the great distance that passes between our monthly dispatches. It certainly has a bad effect upon the heart; and if 'absence is the tomb of affection,' it does seem as if we ought to hear more frequently. So, for our part, you need not wonder if you hear from us oftener. Mary and I once tried to write only once in three weeks, but we both grew poor upon it, and altered it to a fortnight. The months of our little lives are going rapidly enough; and the time may come, nay, it *will* come, when we shall most fondly go back and look upon every monument of love, and wish that they were many more, and perhaps regret that we did not cause more to be reared.

"That Dwight Gymnasium! I believe it to be mere fudge; but it will go for a short time. You can not start any thing new but it will go, especially if it be some new mode of learning. The fact is, parents can not bear to think their children are not geniuses; and in the old way it is soon discovered that not one in a thousand *is* a genius; but a mere plodding mortal like others. Therefore is the call so great for innovation; and if you would set up a skating-school, I have no doubt that it would be amply patronized. If God ever gives me any children, I hope he will give me that modicum of common sense which will send them to learning in the old way. Not that I suppose every improvement in education complete: Johnson said so, and we know he was

a fool at times; but the rage for innovation is so great, that it seems as if it would sweep down all barriers. A man in Newburyport has actually sent me a circular (I wish the poor dog had paid the postage) in which he proposes to set up a baby infirmary! that is, if there are any babies six months old who can not walk, or talk, or run, it is some disease, and the learned fool is to cure them!"

The runaway Charles was succeeded by Prince—"very large and strong, six years old, perfectly gentle and docile, can not live upon air, and is not particular as to his diet. I hope he will be the creature we want."

*From Mrs. Todd.*

"July 20th.

"Mrs. Peabody has recently died here. Mr. Todd had visited her, by request of her husband and herself, several times; and with some it was doubtful who would be called to attend the funeral. Mr. Todd, however, did not expect it. On the morning after her death, who should appear, in one of the hardest rains we ever have, but L. Lawrence, Esq., with Mr. Peabody's request that Mr. Todd would attend the funeral, read a hymn, and address the mourners, and Mr. Robinson would make the prayers. For his part, he said, he could see no objection. It was very evident that he came prepared to persuade Mr. Todd, if he made objection. It seemed to be a difficult case. She was one of our nearest neighbors. Mr. Todd had visited her often. She died professing to trust in an almighty Saviour. It might be a fine opportunity to do good, to say nothing about pleasing Unitarians, and some of our own people. What was to be done? Mr. Todd said that if it would be just as well, he would give Mr. Peabody an answer in a few hours. He went directly into his study, and in about two hours wrote a letter to Mr. Peabody, refusing to go, and giving his reasons. Thus we are called upon to exercise wisdom, prudence, and self-denial."

A few weeks after this, Mr. Todd wrote, "My church have printed my letter to Mr. Peabody. Copies and reports were so numerous that we printed it in self-defense, in a little pamphlet." And again, some weeks later, "To-day I have received orders for fifty of my 'Letter,' for Worcester, and ten

for Shiriey. We have only twenty-five left. The Worcester people are greatly nettled by it. The writer of the letter to me says he got a single copy of it, and lent it among all denominations, and it produces a most marvelous stir among the Unitarians. What will be the result of it, God only can foresee. I heard nearly a month ago that they had an answer to it in press, but it has not come out. Never has any little affair produced so much excitement in this whole region."

This "Letter," which created such commotion, and which defended a course so much at variance with the practice of orthodox ministers at the present day, disavows all personal feeling in the case, and places the refusal on the broadest grounds of conscience.

"I do believe that Unitarianism is not the Gospel of Christ. I have read the Bible, I have wept and prayed over it, and there is nothing like it there. Christ did not preach it; the apostles did not preach it; the redeemed in heaven do not celebrate it. I can not do any thing to uphold it. I repeat it, I have no personal enmities or dislikes; but as I conscientiously believe that Unitarianism will not and can not save the soul, I can not give my feeble influence in its favor. I do not believe that Jesus Christ will ever acknowledge it as his religion, or its ministers as his ministers; and I can not, therefore, acknowledge it as being the Gospel, or them as being the ministers of the Gospel. Do you say this is bigotry, and exclusiveness, and illiberality? Call it what you please, but so is my most solemn conviction; and though I know I shall lose popularity with the world by avowing such opinions, yet, in view of the great judgment-day, I dare not do otherwise; my conscience and my God would condemn me if I did. By acceding to your polite invitation, I come alongside of a Unitarian minister, and thereby publicly acknowledge him to be a minister of Jesus Christ. Sir, in view of the judgment-day, I dare not do it."

"September 23d.

"It is a very beautiful morning. Mother is well, and Mrs. Todd is quite well, and little Mary Brace Todd is well! She was born last evening; is a perfect child, as fat as a partridge, and as beautiful to us as she could be. I trust we all unite in giving thanks to God for his great goodness." How

little was it foreseen in what an evening of darkness and sorrow the life whose morning was so fair and joyful would end!

“October 12th.

“This community will not soon forget Doctor James P. Chaplin, late of Cambridgeport, a man highly and universally beloved. He has been cut down suddenly in the bloom of health and in the midst of usefulness. His fall will be felt far round the spot where his dust sleeps, and his name will be embalmed in the sweetest recollections of those who knew him best. He was the child of many prayers, the object of fond expectation, and all that a father could desire in a son. The affection between the father and the son was reciprocal: the father leaned upon him as upon a staff, and the son repaid the confidence by acts which nothing but the most refined affection could suggest. It might be said, as of Jacob, the old man’s heart was bound up in the child. On Friday, as I was going to ride with Mr. Chaplin for my health, he received a letter stating that his brother was worse. He had been ill for some time, and had just returned from a journey. So Mr. Chaplin took the chaise, and went down to Cambridgeport as quickly as possible. This evening, just as I was going to attend my Bible-class, Mr. Chaplin stood on the door-steps. He was chilled through, and looked more than sick. I took him by the hand, for I knew at once that his only brother must be no more. Never did I see affliction more deep. The lamented man died this morning at nine o’clock. He came in, and I immediately went to my Bible-class, and told them to turn their meeting into a prayer-meeting, and added that Doctor James Prescott Chaplin was no more. A deep, audible groan through the assembly testified how the stroke was felt in his native village. As we were going to the house of the aged father, the son said, ‘These are heavy tidings to carry to an old man, a father almost ninety years of age!’ It was all that passed between us on the way. The old man had been to meeting this afternoon, and had a note up in behalf of his son. Mr. Chaplin could not go in till I had first communicated the tidings. In a few moments I was standing in the family parlor. There was the old man, with his wife and daughters. He was sitting by the stand, reading his little Testament. ‘Have you

heard any thing from Cambridge to-day, sir?" "No," he replied, with uncommon quickness. There was a long pause, each dreading to speak. "Are you prepared, sir, to receive any tidings which Providence may send?" He started perceptibly; the hectic flush passed over his countenance, but it was gone in a moment. "At what hour," said he, with a calmness that was more than affecting—it was sublime—"at what hour did the awful event take place?" I told him. A burst of agony broke from every one except the aged father. His youngest and only son came in. He had not slept nor eaten since he left home. The good old man wiped the tears which gently stole down his cheeks, and calmly took William by the hand. "Had the Doctor his senses after you reached him?" "No, sir, he was then dying." "Does he look natural since he died?" "Perfectly so." "This is hard, my son; he was a great pillar to our family, but I rejoice that Christ is a greater pillar. It is hard for flesh and blood, but I am thankful that I had *such* a son to give back to my glorious Saviour. In the great scale of Providence it is all as it should be. He was in the prime of life and in the height of his usefulness, but Christ knew best when to call him away." He then resumed his seat, and while we were all weeping almost aloud, the venerable man, with a steady voice, for a full hour continued his discourse to us in a similar strain. Never did I conceive of a resignation like this. It was not stupid feeling, nor the blunting of age, for tears rolled down his cheeks continually. It was the man, the father, the minister, baptized by the Holy Ghost. I was ashamed of any resignation or religion which I ever called my own."

"October 26th.

"Have been mad, and plagued, and bothered, four days and as many nights, with one of those paltry *agents*, and his horse! Wanted money for the Tract Society; a good object, but why *do* they send such green, raw-headed, self-sufficient, lazy fellows about? He is a student, and wanted a gentlemanly way of spending his vacation; lazy, and could hardly feed himself. I gave him my mind on this agency business with a freedom which he will not soon forget. At first I told him that I would not further his designs one hair, unless he would do just as I wanted to have him, and go to work. After some grumbling, he surrendered. I then

marked out my plan, and set him to work. It was this: he should go twice to all the towns in this vicinity; first, to appoint meetings for every day next week, and, secondly, to attend those meetings; the object—to form an ‘auxiliary Tract Society for Groton and the vicinity’—to plant a good and permanent depository of tracts at Groton. He has visited the towns, and their ministers fall in with it. I want to raise two hundred dollars for this depository, and this would give us a good one. I drew a constitution, and this evening met my people at the academy, without telling them what I wanted. The said agent opened the business in a tame, unintelligible speech of ten minutes. I followed it with a speech of half an hour, for I felt it would not do to let it fall through. I pressed the thing very gently, however, and proposed my constitution. It took, and in ten minutes sixty dollars were subscribed, and they set me to nominating officers. Was not this doing up business? God be praised for his goodness to us and to my people! I do think such a permanent depository will be a great thing for this region.”

An amusing illustration of the medical practice of that day is furnished in the following extract from a letter from Mrs. Todd, dated when the baby was six weeks old:

“Little Mary seems pretty well, except that I am obliged to give her physic often. Last Wednesday evening I gave her more than an even tea-spoonful of salts. She has needed nothing since. When she does, I think I shall give her an emetic.

“P.S.—Yesterday Doctor Cutter was here, and advised us to give Mary a dose of calomel and jalap.”

“A little later.

“All the medicine that I give her is a little magnesia and elixir asthmatic every night.

“We carried her to meeting when she was seven weeks old. She behaved very well indeed—never cried a word till we got her out into the entry. I was obliged to carry her with what clothes she had; for there was no dimity to be bought, and no socks. Those little stockings which you gave me, and a couple of pairs of socks which I knit for her, and colored with a little cochineal which I brought from home, are all she has had.



"From Thursday to Saturday we had Miss Harriet Beecher with us. She seems to be a very pretty girl. She talks some of coming to assist her brother in the academy. I wish she would. I should think she had a taste for school-keeping." George Beecher had before this time succeeded Elizur Wright as preceptor of the academy.

"October 26th.

"To-day I was sent for to visit a sick man in Shirley. He is a young, dissipated, wicked creature, had religious parents, was well instructed, once had strong convictions of sin, resisted all, and now has nothing but the most dreadful horrors; no softness, no penitence, no hope, nothing but the hardness and the horrors of the damned. The neighbors came in, and I preached, taking him for my text, and spared not. Got home late, and very tired. Hastily drank tea, and went off again to my inquiry-meeting. There were thirty-six in the number of inquirers, an increase of twelve during the past week. A very solemn and very fatiguing meeting." The next week there are "forty-nine, and a few begin to hope;" the week following, "forty-eight; considerable solemnity; but I have great fears lest we do not have a deep revival. The consciences of my people are awakened, but have not so deep convictions as we could wish. Mrs. Todd has got up a female praying-circle, and it promises well; seventeen present at the last meeting. Religion seems to be quite popular, and yet I try to deal as faithfully as I can with the heart. But you can not imagine how much I have to do."

"December 23d.

"I lately preached in Townsend. They are doing well, and will have a fine orthodox meeting-house there within a year. Day after to-morrow I go to Westford, to assist in organizing a church there on orthodox principles. Evangelical religion is taking hold of this community most wonderfully. I have a special quantity of odium to bear, as Groton headed the revolution." Eight churches, in as many different towns, were among the immediate results of the Groton movement. "I *am* sorry that the Unitarians dislike me so extensively. In all this region they consider me a fearful foe, and, what is curious, they have an idea that I am a most perfect general—a very artful fellow—which certain-

ly is not true. But God can do his own work with his own instruments, and will do so. I suppose a great book-maker would consider you and me as doing nothing—throwing away our time, and doing nothing but taking care of a little parish. But the book-maker is the lazy one; and it is easier to write as much as did Chrysostom, than it is to be faithful to a little parish. This is our world, and it is big enough. To make a folio is a contemptible business compared to bringing a soul to Christ. The one can be done by any one who can sit and plod: the other can be done by no one, not even an angel, without the assistance of God's Spirit."

## CHAPTER XV.

LIFE AT GROTON—*continued.*

Boarding.—A crying Child.—A Horse mired.—A new Parish.—Purchase of a Horse.—The lame Boy.—Temperance.—A Horse-trade.—A new Vestry.—Inks.—The Barrel of Brimstone.—Trip to Philadelphia.—A mighty Concern.—Yankee Character.—A Revival.—Piety of Ministers.—Morbid Feelings.—Depression.—An Idol.—The Deist in the Inquiry-meeting.—A wonderful Time.—Union of Churches.—A Call refused.

EARLY in January, 1829, the family broke up housekeeping, stored a part of their goods, and went to board at the old minister's, where extensive repairs and alterations had been made with a view to the reception of boarders. Quite a number of circumstances combined to lead them to take this step. The owner of the house which they occupied had died; and the heirs, wishing to sell, had for some time been wishing them to surrender their lease. The expenses of establishing and keeping up a home had involved them seriously in debt, which they hoped to be able to pay off by living in a more economical manner; a hope which was so far realized that in three months more than half of the debt was paid. The cares of an establishment had of late been heavy, and Mr. Todd wished for "more time to study." Their going to Doctor Chaplin's would secure to the family a number of other boarders also, and so be a kindness to them. But that which most influenced them was the need of rest for Mrs. Todd, in consequence of the care required by her little one. Already the parents had a foretaste of the weary years of watching, anxiety, and sorrow which this gifted but unfortunate child was to cause them. "Mary never has been well. She is a most lovely and playful and perfectly amiable little girl, when free from pain, but this is but a small part of the time. She cries more than any child that we ever saw. Sometimes there is not an hour in the night that we are not disturbed, and do not have to get up to still her. We have asked the advice of four different physicians, but nothing that we have ever tried has done any good. We

sometimes get quite discouraged, and almost worn out with her. Mrs. Todd has *now* really more than she ought to do, simply in taking care of Mary, though she is teaching French and Euclid to a young lady who boards here."

"March 29th.

"I seem to be prophesying over a valley of dry bones. Besides my own unfaithfulness, many things have united to prevent a revival; such as, (1.) Weather. Our roads have been almost impassable, being blocked up with snow. It has been next to impossible to go from one part of the town to another for a long time. One Sabbath morning I undertook to go to Westford to preach, and rode about four miles and a half through deep snow, got my horse into a drift, and *mired* in the snow. It took three men an hour and a half to dig him out! (2.) No good place for meetings. Almost every school-house in the town is closed against meetings. (3.) Law-suits. Doctor Chaplin's case will be tried probably next month; and the heirs of old Mr. Sawtelle have sued for the farms which went to constitute the fund here. The ground which they take is, that the will has been violated, as these farms were *never* to be sold. The ground of the defense is, that the *spirit* of the will has been preserved. How and where the quarrel will end we pretend not to say. (4.) Forming of parishes. Our people have just gone through the difficulties of forming themselves into a new parish. The current is so strong in favor of belonging to the First Parish, where there are no taxes to pay, while there are heavy ones for those who belong to ours, that I at one time feared it would sweep all before it. But I believe all is safe for the present. The Unitarians have also just issued their warrant to form themselves into a new parish. These movements have probably had a tendency to divert the minds of our people from personal religion. But, after all, I feel disposed to take most of the blame to myself. Time flies, and I resolve and re-resolve to do more and better, and yet I go too much onward in the same old track."

In the month of April an opportunity occurred to buy an old house "within ten rods of the meeting-house." The place needed many repairs; but it was cheap, and its purchaser needed exercise. And so, boarding having by this time become tiresome, he once more established a home of

his own. "We have a good parlor to shut up—a thing indispensable to human happiness—and we have a good study, if it could be warmed, a good keeping-room, and a good kitchen; and this is all. Our bedrooms, garret, and barns are poor things; and if we were to live on earth *always*, I should feel that we must have a bigger house, and more land, and more room within and without."

Before fairly taking possession, he secured a short vacation, and spent it in a visit with his wife at her father's. It was the second visit home since their marriage. They drove their own horse, Prince, all the way, and were nearly three days on the road. "Little Mary was as good a child as possible, but the poor little creature was dreadfully wearied before we reached this place. She sat in my lap, and assisted me in driving many a long mile, and, on the whole, was of great assistance and a great comfort to me."

On their return from Newington to Groton, Mr. and Mrs. Todd took with them one of her little brothers, who spent a whole year with them at this time, and subsequently was for many years a member of their family. Joab was at this time about fifteen years old, and an object of special care and tenderness, from the fact that in him a superior mind was united to a poor, frail, crippled body. "In his very infancy, it was discovered that there was an enlargement of an internal organ, which must prevent his ever having good health, even if he could live. No medical aid could remove the difficulty. Still, he was a sprightly child till about two years of age, when he was suddenly smitten with a kind of paralysis, which added lameness to feebleness. For a long time he could not walk or even sit alone. At seven years of age, his father used to carry him to church on the Sabbath in his arms. Then, gradually, he began to get about on crutches, a feeble, helpless child, kept alive by the greatest care, tenderness, and nursing. When I first saw him he was about nine years old, a pale little boy, leaning upon his crutches, and in his mildness and meekness looking on and enjoying the sports of the other children, which he could partake of in no other way. As the years rolled away, it became apparent that he was to be a sufferer, a cripple, and an invalid for life. But his eye was already bright, and he had already endeared himself to his friends,

so that the softest light began to fall upon his path, and the hand of love was careful that his pillow should not be the hardest. The watchings, the anxieties, the wearisome days and nights which witnessed parental love hanging over him I shall not describe. And there was a difficult question for his parents to solve. Should they tenderly nurse him, watch over him, and keep and prolong mere animal existence, or should they put him on a course of education that would develop his mental powers, awaken and bring out his moral faculties, and thus, as far as they could, fit him for God's service, and leave the event to him? Without perhaps formally discussing this question in this shape, they determined to take the latter course. When he was about fifteen, he spent a year in my family in Groton. Among the studies which he pursued, I put the large Hebrew grammar of Stuart into his hands, and long before the year was out, he had not only mastered it, but delighted his father by reading, with admirable correctness and ease, whole chapters in the Hebrew Bible. This year was the only period of his being from home, or under any teacher except his father, previous to his entering college." And thus was introduced to Mr. Todd's family one of those many members of it whose dependence upon him nerved his strength, and whose helplessness and suffering deepened the tenderness of his character.

"June 28th.

"I preached this afternoon on the progress of the temperance reformation in our country. Was heard with attention, and, I doubt not, in very many cases with detestation. I took the ground on which the subject must stand, and struck in the face and eyes of intemperance with all my might. I do believe that ardent spirits will exclude more from heaven than all other things put together."

"November 28th.

"We have a new horse. It was Mr. Chaplin's trade. 'Dick' is a bay, seven years old, small, light, beautifully formed, arched neck, long tail, small feet, quick as a weasel, and as gentle as a dove. I never touch him with the whip, and can drive him eight miles an hour without striking him or worrying him. The great advantages over Prince are, he can be kept much cheaper, is much more nimble, nearly

twice as quick, and is the prettiest creature under the saddle I ever 'backed,' as the jockeys say. He is nothing as large or heavy as Prince, and of course can not draw so great a load. But I have been very glad and perfectly satisfied every moment since the exchange was made. I fear I set too much by him.

"Our vestry is finished and dedicated, and is a beautiful place. The pulpit is complete, and is trimmed by our ladies very richly. I am every way satisfied. The large room seats one hundred and seventy, and all together will hold three hundred and fifty. We usually have about two hundred on Sabbath evening. I feel very thankful, as I hope, for such a place. We want nothing now but the special and powerful presence of God's Spirit."

"January 18th, 1830.

"Joab and I have been trying our skill in making some new kinds of ink, and I thought you might wish for a specimen. *Red*, you are familiar with. It snows now quite fast, and I have got to go to Shirley, seven miles, to attend a funeral; and so I tell you of it in *blue*. Mr. Chaplin has gone 'below,' to attend the trial of his father's case; and because I am very doubtful how it will turn out, I mention it in *yellow*. Our congregation is larger on the Sabbath than ever before in the winter. We have a singing-school with seventy scholars, and a leader from a neighboring town, hired for a year at one dollar a Sabbath, after the school is closed. This is a sort of *purple* circumstance, that makes all sides look cheerful. We have been setting out rock-maples in front of our house, and some pretty evergreens in our doorway. We fear they will all die, but they look *green* now.

"Day after to-morrow I must be at Rindge, New Hampshire, thirty miles off, to talk on intemperance. All the ministers who are afraid to preach on this subject themselves are sure to send for *me*, supposing that I have nothing to lose; or, if I have, that my loss is not theirs.

"Little Mary grows well, and learns to talk fast, and to *us* is interesting; but oh, what a child! She never wants to sleep or to rest. It seems as if we should never have a night's rest, or ever be free from headache and fatigue. She carries Patty, and tends Patty, and loves Patty as a first-born, though she is terribly mutilated and defaced."

“February 22d.

“A week ago last Saturday evening, a bitter cold night, I was called up in the dead of night to go and see a dying woman, but before I got there she was a corpse. It appeared that in the afternoon (she lived in a room by herself) she had drunk freely, and at six o'clock fell into the fire, and, before discovered, was awfully burned. All she could say was, ‘Oh, I’m going into eternity!’ Although her breath smelled as strong as a brandy cask, she denied having drunk any. In six hours she was a corpse—the most shocking-looking object conceivable. A few weeks ago I called on her, and warned her most solemnly against this sin. All her relatives are either cold Universalists or bitter Unitarians. Contrary to my wishes and expectations, I was called to attend the funeral. And there was her son, a merchant in Boston, who not two years before had tried to hire a man to bring me up half a barrel of brimstone. Now he met me for the first time, and *had* to hear me speak over the hideous remains of his own mother. What must have been his feelings! It will do our temperance cause good. I took this opportunity to press the subject one evening, and did it in such a manner as to cause Mrs. Todd to quiver. It was while the woman lay dead, and too offensive to be seen. The next step which we propose to take is, to try to get our church to make the use of ardent spirits by any member a subject of discipline. If we can carry this point, it will greatly add to our strength.” The point was subsequently carried.

“March 29th.

“The Unitarians here are quite humble. They have compromised with Doctor Chaplin’s family by giving fifteen hundred dollars, and paying the costs, which will be at least four hundred dollars more. It is a sore pill for the Unitarians, but they see they must take it. The Universalists—for fully half who have sailed under Unitarian colors are in fact Universalists—have moved somewhat, and talked of forming a society and building a meeting-house. I think they will probably not do either. Just for the present time it would be well to have them drawn out by themselves, and I could wish it; but in the long run I should deprecate having such a cage built. The fowl that would flock to it out of the Unitarians would be unclean indeed.”



In May Mr. Todd went down to New York (leaving his family in Newington on the way), to attend the anniversaries, and make a speech at one of them. "I will not say how good my speech was, but believe that it was thought to contain too much *pepper*. It was *heard*. I was delighted to see that the different denominations of Christians were brought together with the utmost harmony of feeling, and seemed to love one another the more for their little differences." From New York he made a hurried trip to Philadelphia, his "great object being to become acquainted with the Sabbath-school system as it is understood by those who manage its great concerns. This I have done. The managers of the American Sunday-school Union showed me every thing, from the clerks' books up to their publishing committee's manner of doing business. It is a mighty concern."

"May 21st.

"I am once more in Newington, having hurried away and around and back again. Whatever I have seen done, whether in religion or any thing else, the Yankees are the doers thereof. I had no idea that you would find them everywhere, and in every kind of employment. If you find an intelligent man, he may be a Yorker; but if you find one intelligent and liberal too, he is a Yankee. I have never been so much delighted with Yankee character and Yankee energy as since I left home, and never felt so proud as at this time that I am a descendant from the Pilgrims."

In June the "General Association" held its annual meeting in Groton; and immediately after it, and perhaps in consequence of it, followed an important revival.

"July 5th.

"Last evening, after being exhausted by the labors of the Sabbath, I attended an inquiry-meeting, the church holding a prayer-meeting in the opposite room. Eighteen in the inquiry-room. I had requested that none be urged to attend, and that none come who did not feel interested for their salvation. A few were joyful; some awfully bowed down; others solemn, though not under deep conviction. The prayer-meeting was full and solemn. Mr. Chaplin, who conducted it, seemed overwhelmed; I never saw him appear so much affected. If there is any one thing that looks more encouraging than another, it is that the church are deeply solemn."

“ July 12th.

“Twenty-seven in the inquiry-room. I never saw meetings, countenances, every thing, so solemn as they are in this town now. There seems to be no excitement, no joy, not even in the church, but a certain awful sense of the presence of God. I am glad to find that the people seem to put unreserved confidence in me, perhaps too much. They almost think they can be saved by their minister. I have conversed with over sixty people within four days on the subject of personal religion. It is the only subject on which I converse at all.”

“ July 13th.

“I do not know as I ever had the great subject of religion so fully and constantly before me as for the week past, and am sure I never had such clear views of the way of salvation through Christ. I have been reading to-day the life of Doctor West, who entered the ministry without piety, but was afterward converted; and I *think* I would rejoice if I could now be led through convictions equally deep and awful. Oh, how I do pity those in the ministry! They have none to sympathize with them, can not open an aching heart to any one, for they are above all, and all feel that they are above sympathy, or fears, or dangers. I more and more fear for the piety of ministers, and never felt it so deeply as within a few weeks. In looking at my own case, I find that I have many of the fears of the Christian, many of his temptations, little or none of his contrition, and none of his joys. Never did I enjoy less of the consolations of the presence of God than at this moment, when sinners are inquiring, some are rejoicing, and God's people are filled with joy. If I can weep in secret, I fear it is nothing but nervous depression, not sorrow for sin; if I rejoice in public at what God is doing, I fear it is nothing but professional sympathy. I have no time for study, and all I read is a little in the Bible and in Payson's Memoirs: the former would be degraded by my commendations; the latter gives me more satisfaction than any uninspired book I ever read. To me it is valuable beyond all price; the reason is, I have just his weaknesses without any thing of his piety or any thing of his talents; so that I can sympathize with him when he is under the cloud, but my eyes can not bear such sunshine as sometimes falls upon him.”

Keen observers of human character will detect here a strain of morbid feeling suspiciously like one of the results of ill-health. In fact, he was very far from well. His long and uninterrupted studies and exciting labors had seriously and permanently disturbed his nervous system. It was sometimes thought that the pulmonary disease which had so nearly taken his life in college had assumed another form. On the other hand, it was thought by himself and others that his enemy was the dyspepsia, and accordingly he resorted, for years, to severe courses of medicine and diet, which unquestionably aggravated rather than relieved his distress. Those who were not intimately acquainted with him, who saw his strong frame and hardy appearance and the amount of work which he performed, will probably be surprised to learn that he was never well, that he was a great sufferer, mentally and physically, and that he was almost always on some course of diet, medicine, or exercise, in the vain hope of recovering health; and those who read his remarkably healthy and cheery writings, and those who witnessed the humor and fun which overflowed in his social life, will probably be still more surprised to learn that, all his life, he was subject to frequent and long-continued turns of depression of spirits and mental suffering of the deepest and darkest character, and that much of his writing was done under these shadows. "My spirits have been very unusually depressed, and I have felt all the horrors of those whose troubles are something more than imaginary. Among the sufferers in this sad world, I believe that poor Cowper may take a foremost place. I know you will find fault with me for my hours of depression; but if you could experience one such hour, you would only pity and weep. No language can describe it." He seldom allowed these turns of depression or their effects to be seen in his writings or public life; but his family were familiar with them, and their letters from him were almost uniformly sad. Probably mental suffering is almost inevitable for those whose mental organization is so delicate, whose feelings are so finely-strung, and in whom the imaginative and poetic is so exquisitely and excessively developed.

The revival went on. "The Unitarians know something of the state of religion among my people, and it makes them

exceedingly angry. My people seem most devotedly attached to me, and this makes the Unitarians very much vexed. They say there was never any idol on earth so much worshiped as Mr. Todd. I think they are very much mistaken. My people have confidence in me and respect me, but I have kept them too distant to expect they can love me as a friend. I have no doubt this is one secret of my influence.

“A week ago last evening I found a young man, a Universalist, or deist, in my inquiry-meeting. He came out of curiosity, with a view to make sport of it. I asked him if he was a Christian? ‘No.’ Ever thought of it as a personal concern? ‘No.’ Live without Christ, and hope, and God? ‘Yes.’ During the whole evening there was a sardonic smile upon his countenance. At the close of the meeting I said, aloud, ‘All seem to be under the direct influence of the Spirit of God, except *one*.’ There was a pause. I added, ‘There is one young man who came out of curiosity, or to make sport, who confesses that he has nothing to do with God.’ I then bore down upon him openly, fully, and with all my power. The malignity of hell seemed to sit upon his countenance. It was a harsh medicine to use, but I felt that no other would do any good; and I thought it best to make an example of such characters, lest others should come. Last evening he was there again! His countenance changed, sober, grave, solemn; and the Spirit of God seems to have touched his heart in some measure. I don’t know as he will be converted, but he is in God’s hands. The change already produced is very wonderful.”

In writing to his father-in-law, to beg him to come and help him for a few weeks, he says (August 28th), “We want efficient help amazingly, and never did labor produce so much effect as now. One hundred and four different persons have attended the inquiry-meetings; of these about forty have a hope that they ‘have passed from death unto life.’ It is all most evidently the work of God, and yet it moves forward only *in exact proportion to severe, faithful labor*. It does seem to me as if there might be a powerful work here, if we had help. Never was the contest between sin and holiness so great in this town as at the present time. God is shaking terribly the land.” His application was success-

ful, and for about three weeks he enjoyed the assistance of Mr. Brace.

“October 3d.

“At the meeting of the church last Monday evening the subject of the union of the two churches was brought up, and it at once kindled a fire. There were two reasons for it—pride, and love of rum. Many of the old church can not bear to have it become extinct, or, rather, they can not think of coming down to a new church. ‘It is like a general’s being reduced to the ranks,’ say they. But many more hate our rules about rum, and so the churches will not at present be united. A good deal of warmth and temper was shown, and some most severe remarks made. I thought, when I came home, that the revival was at an end; for it could not be but such a spirit would grieve the Spirit of God.”

“October 25th.

“We have had bad times. During the last week several applied to the old church for dismissal, and a vote was passed that any might come (to the new church) who wished; but this vote only increased the difficulty, till it seemed as if there would be bursting somewhere. I only lamented the ruin of the prospect for a revival of religion, as I felt perfectly convinced that the revival was at an end for the present. At length the tide ran so high that it seemed ready to sweep away every thing. But the wind is shifting, and I trust the storm is over. I called the Union Church together, and they passed a vote giving the old church a kind invitation to unite with them. To-day I met the old church at Doctor Chaplin’s, and communicated the invitation. They unanimously accepted it, and are to sign our articles of faith, covenant, and rules, without altering them a hair in any way. We are to have a religious meeting at Doctor Chaplin’s some time next week, when the union is to be consummated by their signing our book. They were perfectly harmonious, except on the subject of total abstinence. How that will turn I do not know; but I am expecting a few will stand out and not come in. They will have to stand so; and where will they belong? Nowhere. We shall cut them off from our communion, if they need it. I do trust that in the course of next week this disagreeable business will be over.” Thus was accomplished at last the

event in anticipation of which the name Union Church had been selected.

The pastor was right, however, in his expectation that the controversy attending the event would kill the revival. For some time the congregation on the Sabbath continued to be "unusually large and solemn;" but "the inquiry-meeting had lamentation and woe written upon its walls." During the revival one hundred and fifty-eight persons attended the inquiry-meeting, of whom fifty-two joined the church before the close of the year. "I do not know how many more will be admitted. Many would like to come in, for it is thought to be respectable; but there is more danger of having the church too large than of its being too small. The Unitarians have made very great exertions to get their congregation into the church, and, after all their efforts and open doors, their church now consists of about sixty, old and young, male and female. I do not know how they account for it that their system does not work faster. Never did Satan invent any thing so poorly calculated to enlist the feelings of mankind as this same system of Unitarianism."

"November 30th.

"At Lowell they are organizing a new Congregational church, and building a new stone meeting-house. A secret committee did me the honor to call on me to inquire if they could have any hope of getting me to become their pastor, if they should give me a call, with the offer of one thousand dollars salary. You will readily suppose I did not listen a moment to the proposal. Not that I suppose we shall always live in Groton, should we live long; but the indications of Providence must be plainer than this to induce me to take the risk. It would be a very great risk for me, and equally great for this people at present. I sometimes—nay, often—think our stay here will be short; but that will be as God shall direct."

## CHAPTER XVI.

LIFE AT GROTON—*continued.*

The new Cloak.—A kindred Spirit.—Another Arrival.—Antimasonry.—Death of Doctor Chaplin.—Death of Mr. Evarts.—A second Hamlet.—A four-days' Meeting.—The House divided.—Bochim.—The last Day of the Feast.—Powerful Medicine.—The Bowling-alley.—Early Meetings.—Alone.—The black Kitten.—The lost Puppy.—Homesick.—Hard Work.—Milk Diet.—Sick.—Meeting at Sodom.—A Journey.—The Poles.—The Slaves.—One Foot in the Stirrup.—Basted together.—Poor Tea.—A Providential Dispensation.—Stormy Times.—Death of a Sister.—Called to Salem.—A handsome Grave.—Council.—Dismission refused.—Broken up.—Another Call.—Farewell to Groton.

“January 7th, 1831.

“MRS. TODD, instead of putting me up to get a tidy goat's hair wrapper, with wadding, etc., has turned my old college plaid cloak, taken out one lining, cut up my old fur cap for a collar, and then persuaded me that it is warmer for having lost one lining, and, as to looks, is really superior to any thing that can be purchased. Should you doubt it, I can probably send you a certificate. I get it on, rub my cheeks against the fur, imagine that it is new, and prove its warmth by shivering in every limb. The *Biblical Repository* has just come to hand. It is most beautifully printed, and has far more show of learning than any thing that I have seen this side of the water—except Catharine Beecher.”

“February 22d.

“Mr. —, of Fitchburg, will probably be dismissed shortly. His crime is, not having talents great enough for that people! May he be forgiven. Last week I was made sick by the ordination at Townsend. The young man's name is Kittle, and he promises well. He certainly is a man of talents.” With Mr. Kittle Mr. Todd became quite intimate. For a long time he had been almost deprived of ministerial society, the nearest pastors with whom he could fraternize living fourteen or fifteen miles away, and he took great pleasure in having a man of kindred tastes and spirit so near him. Of his friend's abilities and indolence he entertained a high opinion. “Kittle would often ride over to see me,

and we would sit down in my study, and take a text, and plan out a sermon together, and I would dig over it the whole week; while he would stick the paper in his hat, and never look at it again till he got into the pulpit on Sabbath morning." To please an uncle, Mr. Kittle subsequently changed his name to Rogers. He afterward became the first minister of the Central Church in Winter Street, Boston.

"April 5th.

"Little Martha was born on Friday—fat as a partridge, and perfectly quiet. I do not deny that my disappointment was great in not having a son; but when we have so perfect and beautiful a child given us, I feel that we have no right to complain. I trust we feel something of the goodness of God in this event, which so far has been most merciful.

"There are many things about my people which are very discouraging. The whole town is in a convulsion, and where it will end I see not. The subject of antimasonry is exciting great attention. A lecture is to be delivered on the subject this evening, and the prospect is that the community will be very greatly excited. I feel more and more that this is a changing and passing world, but fear I am not trying to prepare for a better."

"April 27th.

"Last Sabbath afternoon I preached the funeral sermon of Doctor Chaplin to a very full house. He was a father to me, and I loved and honored him as a son. I never heard him, during all his trials, make use of any angry expressions, or make a severe remark against any man, or evince the least bitterness of feeling. It seemed hardly possible for imperfect human nature to pass through what he did, and yet so uniformly and so clearly reflect the image of Christ. I do not believe he knew what it was to feel enmity against any human being, or that, for years before his death, he had a personal enemy. His last sickness was severe and trying, but he bore it in meekness. As death approached, there were no raptures, no high excitements, nor were there any fears. He went down the valley of death as the full sun of autumn sets when not a cloud dims its brightness. He had been so often on the mount, and had so often seen eternal things, that when the king of terrors came, he found the



pilgrim ready. It was not so much like dying, as like the sweet confidence of the infant falling asleep in the arms of its mother. Many men have been more noticed in life, and, perhaps, longer remembered after death; but few, it is believed, have found a nearer passage to the bosom of the Redeemer, or will wear a brighter crown in the day of his appearing."

"May 31st.

"I went to Boston to attend the election. It rained most of the time in torrents, and I got jaded out. The pulse of religion in Boston is very high. All that I did was to make an extempore address before the Massachusetts Missionary Society, and to mourn, with all the rest, over the loss of Mr. Evarts. I never before knew any such effect produced by the fall of a man in Israel as there was in Boston by the tidings of his death, and I verily believe his thus falling in the greatness of his strength will give a greater impulse to the cause of Christ than his living twenty years would have done. Mysterious providence! He died in the very chamber (in Charleston, South Carolina) in which, in 1820, I was confined for months by sickness. He fell, too, just after having made his greatest efforts; as if the sun should sink suddenly away, after having just thrown up his most golden beams. I think I have seldom contemplated a death by which heaven seemed to be brought so near. Oh, how few have ever come so near rising above the effects of the fall, and so near serving God with the ardor of a seraph and the purity of an angel! His family are cheerful and happy. It seems like the same cheerful home, and, while there, I seemed to forget the event; but the moment I cast my eye upon the very natural portrait on the wall, I could not keep the tears from my eyes. It did not seem as if a body which had been occupied by such a spirit ought to return to the dust. But I know it must. He was the son of my father's favorite sister. I need not eulogize; the tears of thousands put the eloquence of words to shame.

"I have never had so large a congregation as this season, and never has my society been so prosperous *externally*; but *within*, all is dark and discouraging. I can look over the garden, see what wants to be done, form great and good plans, but, alas! have not life enough and soul enough to ex-

ecute them. I seem to be like young Hamlet, when a spirit from the other world was continually haunting him and urging him to great deeds, and he resolved that he would do them; the only weak spot in him was, that he had not strength enough, manhood enough, to carry out his resolutions. I do not know what is to become of us, if God does not shortly visit minister and people. Next week we are to have a four days' meeting begin; and I pray God for a preparation. I have some—many hopes, and many fears. There are *five* such meetings in this region, commencing on the same day."

The four days' meeting began on Tuesday, June 7th. By way of preparation, the pastor appointed a prayer-meeting on Monday morning at five o'clock, expecting six or eight persons, "but was delightfully surprised to find fully fifty." There was also a meeting of the church in the afternoon, "full and encouraging." The order of exercises was the same for each of the four days. At five o'clock in the morning there were as many prayer-meetings as there had been meetings on the previous evening. The first morning there was one meeting; the second, one; the third, eight; the fourth, ten, in as many different school-houses. At nine o'clock the ministers met to arrange plans for the day, and then and at a later hour had a season of prayer by themselves. These ministers gathered from the region about, on the first day, to the number of six; the third day, there were twelve; the last day, there were eighteen. In the forenoon there was preaching, followed by addresses. In the afternoon there were addresses and prayers. In the evening, preaching in as many different places as there were preachers.

"June 8th.

"One day is gone. The life-boat has been with us one day. Last evening I attended a meeting at the academy; at least one hundred and fifty present, the other six meetings notwithstanding; a very solemn, good meeting; many present of those who seldom hear the truth. Those who were sitting at the doors of dram-shops and stores looked cross enough, as we went by to go to meeting."

"June 9th.

"At the close of the services to-day, the audience was divided, the Christians taking the wall-pews, and the uncon-

verted the body of the house. It was solemn indeed. The Christians, each way from the pulpit, filled the wall-pews, and nearly the aisles, and there were as many as three hundred and fifty unconverted in the centre. After this division, they were addressed by Mr. Chickering and myself. It seemed like the grave for solemnity, and like Bochim for tears; altogether the most solemn time I ever witnessed. The unconverted were by themselves, and the professors of religion were all around them, like a thick wall, and were weeping for and over them. The ministers of Christ were praying and weeping too. It was a time in which the souls of men were melted."

"June 10th.

"This is the last, great day of the feast, and so anxious a time I never knew before. The ministers came together at noon, and I never saw men so weighed down. Worn out with labor and sleepless nights, they seemed to sink under the thoughts of the afternoon. All came around the table, but ate scarcely a mouthful. All seemed to breathe short and quick. All felt as if the most powerful medicine had been given, and we were soon to know the result. Much weeping and praying. The house, this afternoon, was full. Between thirty and forty notes were read of those who desired prayers, and truly they were the sorrows of many hearts. Oh, if our Redeemer be *not* divine, how useless to spread all these sorrows before his throne! During the farewell address, God seemed indeed to be present. Near the close of it, I called upon the impenitent who had determined to make religion their chief concern, to rise. Over one hundred and fifty arose and stood. I then called upon those who were professors of religion to rise, if they would pray for them; almost all in the house rose. I then inquired what would become of those who continued to sit. Where will they go? Heaven and earth are witness that they deliberately chose to keep their seats and deny Christ. While they were thus standing, the Christians and the anxious, I called for the judgment hymn,

'Oh there will be mourning  
Before the judgment-seat,' etc.

It was sung slowly and solemnly, and its effects were aw-

fully great. Several who held to their seats rose up; they could sit no longer. Among those who rose were some whom we never expected to see softened in the least. In all our efforts we have tried to lead the people to be *solemn*, rather than to cause high excitement.

"The meeting has done little to the Unitarians, except enrage them. They have attended our services but very little. They talk, and swear, and hate. On the second day, the Unitarian minister was found at a bowling-alley, setting up pins while the party were rolling. On the third day, he and some such men as —, and some most profane ones, got up a riding party, and went over to Pepperell. Some forbade their wives and children to attend any meetings. A husband forbade his wife to attend the meetings in the school-house near which they lived. She would get to her chamber-window, and open it, and listen, and weep, because she could hear only the sound of the voice without distinguishing the words. But it is wonderful that God has so changed public sentiment that we could have ten meetings in ten school-houses at once, and could have had the whole fourteen houses, if we had had the men to occupy them."

"June 29th.

"At our first inquiry-meeting after the above there were nearly thirty present. The number has since increased to forty, and some have obtained hope. We have prayer-meetings every morning at half-past four o'clock: a good state of feeling in the church."

"Later.

"I have attended many of these meetings, have seen them under all circumstances, and, on the whole, am at a dead loss to say whether I think the good or the evil of them preponderates. I might fill sheets on this point, for it is one that has cost me much anxiety. That good, much good, has resulted from them, I do not doubt: that enormous evils are almost inseparably connected with them, I believe quite as firmly."

In July, Mrs. Todd, with the two children, went home to her father's to make a visit and obtain needed rest, leaving Mr. Todd to occupy the house alone, except for the hired boy, and to take his meals with the Chaplins. His four years of domestic happiness, after the long solitude of his

early life, had so endeared his family to him, that he keenly felt his separation from them, and his loneliness.

“I am now in my study, looking out of my window toward you, and seeing the new moon with a little star beside it, and am wondering where you are, if you are sick, if you are tired, if the children are sick, if you feel good courage. Father writes as though he expected you would come, and as if I should make nothing of having you gone—several months, I should think, by his account. Have you thought of lonely me? I am truly so. But your plants are here, and I have watered them; and the kitten is gleesome; the evening air is sweet; the heavens are beautiful to the eye; and all far, far above them, is beautiful to the eye of faith. To Him who dwells far above these bright stars, I commend you.

“I have had a truly lonely evening. Just at night it began to rain, and there has been a wet easterly storm all the evening. In whatever part of the house I am, I hear the same dripping and pattering. You know how gloomy our well-room is at such a time, even when the family are all here. How different is your situation from mine! I suppose to-night you are surrounded by all the great family, and all is light and cheerful. But when I move around, how many things tell me I am alone? The rooms are darkened. I go into the bedroom, and there is Mary’s ‘little summer-bed;’ I go into the other bedroom, and there lies your bonnet on the bed, and little Martha’s cradle by the side of it. I go out-of-doors, and there is Mary’s wagon, with no little prattler by it. Every step and turn brings you all fresh to my memory. May every mercy be upon you, and about you.”

“LITTLE MARY,—Your little black kitten goes with me out to the barn, into the garden, into the workshop, and follows me all around, because she is so lonely. She wants to see you. Yesterday she went out to the barn with me, and, as I was at work, I heard something squeal. So I turned around, and your little kitten had caught a rat! and the rat was squealing, and trying to get away, and trying to bite her; but she held him fast, and would not let him go. And then she carried him out-of-doors and let him run, and then

would jump and catch him. She eats milk, and grows finely. The pig grows too, only he thinks it too hot. Father is all alone, and wants his little girl to help him. So you must be a good little girl, and take good care of mother and little Martha, till you are ready to come home. Tell all of them that father sends his love. Good-bye."

"MY DEAR LITTLE MARY,—Father must tell you about the little puppy. Last Wednesday night Deacon Adams heard something trotting in the meeting-house. So, after dark, Allen and Mr. Farley took the key, and went and opened the meeting-house door and whistled, and down came a little puppy out of the gallery. He was almost starved, and jumped and capered about, and was so glad to get out! The poor fellow had had nothing to eat since Sabbath, and this was three days and three nights. Don't you think he was very hungry? So they took him into the store, and gave him some crackers to eat. Poor fellow! he had nobody to take good care of him, as my little girl has. So you must be good, and don't forget your father at Groton. Good-bye. Kiss little Martha for me."

"*You* do not mention the subject of ever seeing Groton again; but father does, and in such a way that I should conclude that he expected you to stay at least six months. I certainly shall be ready to make any self-denial, if it may benefit your health; but in making your estimates upon the whole subject, I presume you will not forget that I am here in a loneliness almost beyond description. Nobody has called, and I have felt so down that I have called on nobody. The silence in the house is dreadful. The clock ticks so loud, that I sometimes think of stopping it."

Undoubtedly these feelings were greatly aggravated by the state of his health. The intense excitement in which he had now lived for years had worn upon his nervous system terribly. But, mistaking the nature of the difficulty, he put himself upon a rigorous and insufficient diet, and, neglecting every thing else, devoted himself to severe manual labor, with an energy which soon exhausted what little nervous strength he had left.

"I have been at work all day. This morning I pitched

off my load of hay, and then worked in the shop; this afternoon I helped Mr. Chaplin; I pitched three loads on the cart, and one off. Both of my hands are blistered, and my wrists lame.

"After dinner I went down into the corn-field, and hoed till it was done. It took us most of the afternoon, and was very hard. I have but one feeling, and that is, excessive fatigue and low spirits. All my bones ache; but I feel determined to keep on with hard work, from sun to sun, till the experiment has been fairly made.

"I have eaten milk every night and morning since you left. At present it neither suits me, nor do I love it. But I must do something. I have worked hard every day, either on land or in the shop. I do not feel that I am any better as yet. Never did any man need to have more horrible nights than I do. I either do not sleep, or, if I do, my dreams are painful and terrific beyond all description.

"I have not much opinion of dieting, though I have tried it most faithfully, and it seems as if I should *die* under it. As yet I have not relaxed an iota. I have made up my mind not to alter for a month from the time I commenced."

At last he was taken down with violent chills and pains, and every symptom of a fever. In this condition a friend "happened to espy" him, and medical attendance and careful nursing were at once obtained for him. A severe course of medicine broke up the fever, but his physician urged him to take a few weeks of rest immediately; his nervous system was in a bad condition.

"August 7th.

"This afternoon I crawled out and tried to preach, extempore. When about two-thirds through, my lungs seemed to fail, so that I could hardly speak aloud. The last third of the sermon was like drawing a sleigh on bare ground. However, the people, by their looks, forgave all. After meeting I had to go up to Sodom to preach. It seemed wrong, but there was no help for it. It was a terrible time: meeting full: some drunk, some swearing, some talking, some pushing, some trying to keep order, and some weeping. There evidently is some seriousness there, else would not the devil come down with such wrath. I don't suppose a third of what I said was heard, for the noise."

He was now convinced that a short rest was indispensable. "I feel bad to be cut off from my work when I have over sixty inquirers, but *can not* do any good as I am." After considering many plans, and rejecting them as too expensive, he determined to drive to Connecticut with a pair of horses, and bring back his family. The journey was a pleasant one, and he returned, after two or three weeks, not restored, and with "very little elasticity," but much better.

"November 1st.

"The lawsuit has been decided in favor of this town; so that Unitarianism will quietly settle down on these funds, till God shall overturn it in his own wise way.

"I am in distress for the Poles. Poor fellows! their fate seems to be sealed; and, after having waded long in blood, they are to be crushed. God speed the day when the foot of tyranny will not tread on the necks of the brave! I am in distress, too, for our two millions of slaves, who are made cattle of, and yet who, if they lift the head at all, are butchered in a moment. Poor missionaries, too, in Georgia State-prison! When *will* the river of salvation quench the fires of persecution? And at what point will our country stop in its career of wickedness? I have a heart full of fears and griefs caused by looking at the world. But, poor worm! there is One above who holds the hearts of all, and who is calmly carrying on his own plans, while I, poor short-sighted creature, am worrying and wondering where these things will end. I feel like Mary, see that they have taken him away, and wonder where they have laid him, while at the very moment he is risen, and holding the keys of death and hell in his hand."

About this time the peace of the community was disturbed by the antimasonic excitement, which mixed itself with politics.

"December 4th.

"The church is full of jealousies and coldness, and it seems as if Satan had come down, and was setting all by the ears. Every man's hand is against his brother's, and we are in a most deplorable condition. As yet the storm has not reached *us*, but I am expecting every day that it will. I stand with one foot in the stirrup, ready to mount at a moment's notice. As yet I do not know that we have been blamed



by either party much, though the antimasons probably feel that we are too cool. You can readily see that if such a whirlwind should take a minister, it would lift him high and dry. We borrow no trouble on this score. The women are partisans, and talk (for a rarity) as fast and as rashly as could be desired. I need not say there is but little religion among us. The Holy Spirit does not live in storms."

The explanation which Doctor Todd used to give of the restlessness and tendency to extremes which were developed in his Groton church was, that the excitement of the struggle with Unitarianism, without which the separation from the old church could never have been accomplished, caused a high-pressure condition of mind in the people which could not at once subside. After a few years all wildness and disorder disappeared, and the church became as steady and sober and substantial as any in the State.

"December 27th.

"Last week we dedicated a new meeting-house in D—, and ordained a new minister. What he is, there is no saying. He was a Princeton theological student, not very clear in his views and ideas. Some men are sewed, and others are only *basted* together.

"I have the honor to be addressed by name frequently in long letters in the *Trumpet* (Universalist) at Boston. Of course I take no notice of such attacks. They are bitter enough *here*. At one of the meetings in a distant neighborhood they put potato-tops before my horse, with a bottle of whisky emptied upon them. And one man has a pig which he has named after me. He calls, 'Todd, Todd,' and the pig knows his name. It is altogether the likeliest member of his family.

"The *tea* which I procured in Hartford proves poor, that is, you can't make good tea of it without putting some of it into the pot; but put in a reasonable quantity, and it is delicious."

"January 29th, 1832.

"To-day a committee of our church reported in favor of electing *deacons*, an office which we have never had in our church. Next Saturday is to be spent in prayer and fasting, and the election is to take place at three o'clock. I can not now say who is likely to be elected. It is a matter of

some considerable consequence, and one which I have been dreading for several years. Four is the number fixed upon. Why *four*?' Because sometimes a drink which is injurious, or in danger of being so, may be made perfectly harmless by *diluting*." Many years afterward, when asked by some one how he went to work in electing deacons, he replied, "Always with the greatest reluctance." At another time he wrote: "I don't believe I should like the rotation of deacons; for, if it is equally Scriptural, it seems to me it would bring the evil and anxiety upon us certainly and periodically, whereas now we go through it as a *providential dispensation*."

"February 12th.

"Our church is in a dreadful state, and there seems to be a fair prospect that it will be rent through and through. In the first place, there is the masonic question; and then there is the — affair; and then a great deal of hard feeling of one against another, which has been growing a great while; and that 'little member' is as busy as a bee, as sharp as a dirk, and as poisonous as an asp. I have felt for the last two months that if I should not stay here a month longer, it would not be a matter of surprise. I don't know that our people dislike us for any thing, excepting that, when there are two parties, you are blamed by both for not hoisting colors, and the most by the most violent. I used to repeat the words, 'Oh, that I had the wings of a dove,' etc., till I met with an old writer who said, 'David would have shown a better spirit had he prayed for the patience and strength of an ox to bear his troubles, instead of the wings of a dove to fly away from them.'"

"March 23d.

"To-day I received a letter containing the unexpected news that my sister Mary is gone. She lived at Georgia, Vermont, and was unquestionably the flower of my family. She lived and died as a Christian; and, though I never saw her but once in my life, few brothers ever loved a sister more tenderly. I had set my heart greatly upon seeing her the coming season."

"March 24th.

"I have spent all the morning in writing a sermon suited to my feelings on the death of my sister. I have seldom, if ever, performed a task so trying as the writing of this ser-

mon. This death has seemed to bring eternity nearer to me than any event for many years."

"May 14th.

"You will remember that neither of us has any parents but you, and no place to rest the heart in on earth but in your family. If I had parents and friends with whom to centre a part of the flowings of the heart, it would be different. But I have not; I have unreservedly given you all that affection and love which would in part, necessarily, have gone to my own parents, if God had seen fit to spare them to me. I have no doubt that you have been aware of this, in part; but none of you has ever known what desolation of the heart means, as I have known; and it would be a great source of sorrow to me if I did not suppose you were willing to receive from me the affection of an own child."

In the month of June, a unanimous and urgent call was received by Mr. Todd, from the Howard Street Church, in Salem. The invitation was one which he felt strongly inclined to accept. The tempestuous and unsettled state of public feeling about him made him long for a more peaceful and hopeful field of labor; and Salem was then "the second place in New England as to size, and the first as to need of evangelical labor." His judgment and wishes leaned toward Salem; but the moment that his people heard of it, they were "all in an uproar," and could not endure the thought of his leaving them, and so strong and touching appeals were made to him that his *feelings* were all enlisted in behalf of his familiar flock. At one time he decided, against his judgment, not to go; and went off to attend the meeting of the General Association at Northampton, and preach a sermon before it. Soon after his return, in consequence of renewed pressure from others, and from his own convictions of duty, he formally asked his church for a dismission, at the same time declaring that he could not decide what his duty was, and laying the responsibility upon them. They unanimously voted not to dismiss him or call a council, and assumed the entire responsibility. In the mean time, in anticipation of a different result, Mr. Todd had sold his house, and must vacate it within two months. In this state of uncertainty he determined to send his wife and children to her father's for a visit, while he himself went to Vermont to at-

tend the meeting of the General Association of that State, to which he had been sent as a delegate. His hope was, that, in his absence, events would make the path of duty more clear, and that his own mind, removed from excitement, would become more settled.

“Middlebury, Vt., September 7th.

“I found my sisters better off as to this world than I expected. They have good homes, and enough of every thing; and both have very kind husbands. I can not sufficiently express my deep regret that you could not come with me. I think much of you and the dear children, and though you may not send your thoughts up over these high mountains, yet I shall think much of you till I see you. You never seemed so perfect and so good a wife as at this moment; and while I thank God for having given you to me, I hope I shall prize you more and more. You must forgive me any and all my faults, if I have ever failed to treat you as you deserve, or as I ought. I do not expect to hear any thing at present from Groton. It seems as if I could not long endure this awful state of suspense.”

“Saratoga Springs, September 22d.

“The home of my poor sister, I found to be lonely beyond description, though very pleasant. The house was planned by her, and, for its size, could not be more convenient. Even the trees and shrubbery in the yard were hers, and grew green and beautiful, though the hand that planted and nurtured them is gone. She must have been a good mother. She was walking, and kissing her beautiful babe, but fifteen minutes before she was in eternity. The yard is full of trees and roses planted by her hand. Her husband has dug up four of the most beautiful, and replanted them: they now bend over her grave. I hardly ever felt worse than when I left the four little motherless ones. The youngest clung to me, and seemed determined to claim me as his own. The people there all loved Mary exceedingly. As I was standing over the grave, a man tried to console me in these words, ‘We all loved her, sir, more than we knew of, and we dug her the *handsomest* grave you ever looked into.’”

It had been a part of his plan to visit a brother in New York State, whom he had not seen for nineteen years; but his anxiety about Groton would not permit him to prolong

his journey. On his return he found nothing yet settled; the Salem people as importunate, his own people as resolute, as ever. Again he laid before the church his request for a council. The request was granted, and the council met, and "the church had a meeting, and took back all that they had said and done, and wept and prayed, and then presented themselves in such an attitude that the council could not resist them." The council decided not to sanction his dismissal; and as he had left the whole question for their decision, he now brought back his family, and prepared to re-establish his home, and to resume his work in all sincerity. It was, however, a difficult thing to do. There was no house to be bought or rented, and every thing was unsettled. But, more than all, the charm was broken. The ten thousand delicate and subtle fibres that bound the tree to the soil had been broken and weakened by the storm. The pastoral relation rarely long survives such a shock. Accordingly, when, in December, a unanimous call came from a church in Northampton, where he had preached before the General Association in June, he was ready to listen to it. Taught by experience, he asked no advice, and allowed the call no publicity, till he had quietly formed an irrevocable decision. To such a decision his people could offer no objection. He was dismissed almost immediately; but his thoughts never ceased to turn back to Groton with peculiar love.

"O flock led by my youth, tender and kind to forgive my imperfections, dear to my memory as the apple of the eye, may peace ever rest upon you, and a light, pure, bright and warm, go up from your altar, and hang far over the hills and valleys around you!"

## CHAPTER XVII.

## LIFE AT NORTHAMPTON.

A beautiful Town.—In the Town-hall.—The Building-spot.—No Stores.—An anxious Day.—A judicious Irishman.—The Baptist Meeting-house.—A Revival.—Bitter Memories.—The sick Child.—Just alive.—Out of Danger.—The Communion-plate.—A green Spot.—New Theology.—Nothing Accomplished.—Error Misapprehended.—A Son.—Dedication.—Always too Late.—Ramming down.—The Devil losing Ground.—Meetings! Meetings!—The Baby at Church.—The Ministry at Fault.—A Book.

THE beautiful town of Northampton, nestling in the meadows of the Connecticut River, in the heart of Massachusetts, is one of the older towns in the State, and has many interesting historic associations, not the least of which is the fact that it was there that Jonathan Edwards preached and wrote and suffered. The parish over which he had been settled had increased with the growth of the town, till in 1831 it contained over two thousand eight hundred souls, and the division of it, which had long been strenuously resisted, became manifestly necessary. Accordingly, a few of the brethren consulted together and adopted measures, and shortly afterward asked and received permission from the old church to organize themselves into a new church and society. Their first step was to invite Mr. Todd to become their pastor. His ministry among them began in the town-hall, January 20th, 1833, at which time there was in existence no church, society, Sunday-school, house of worship, or any thing but the congregation, which then met for the first time. It was beginning at the very foundation.

“January 18th.

“We arrived night before last, very cold, very tired, but all well. We left the people in Groton feeling well and kindly toward us. We do not think we made a single enemy by coming, and yet they lamented it quite enough, and they and we suffered quite enough. Our prospects here are sufficiently flattering. Almost all of my church will be young men, and men of a very high order. We are now

boarding, and have not yet decided upon a house. They have selected three, none of which is such as they want we should have." Subsequently the people purchased a house on Market Street, "for which we pay them one hundred dollars rent. I have the same salary that I had in Groton, with the promise that it shall be increased to one thousand dollars yearly, as soon as the people are able."

The 30th of January witnessed the double solemnities of the organization of the church, and the installation of the pastor, the Friday preceding having been observed as a day of fasting and prayer. The sermon in the morning, at the organization of the church, was preached by the pastor elect. The church was organized as the Edwards Church, with ninety-nine members, of whom forty-four were men, and adopted the articles of faith and covenant which Mr. Todd had drawn up for his church in Groton. The installation took place in the afternoon, Doctor Hawes, of Hartford, preaching the sermon. A few months later the Edwards Church Society was incorporated by act of legislature.

"February 26th.

"Our place of worship is full; and we have much fewer than if we had better accommodations; and, what is more, the audience is solemn, and we begin to hope that there are tokens of the special presence of the Lord. At the union prayer-meeting on Friday evenings we have as many as four hundred to pray."

"March 3d.

"We feel the decay of grandmother more than you might expect. We rejoice that she is so calm, and hope the passage will be straight and bright and easy. It is a great thing to die. I think of it more, though I do not know as I grow better prepared for it, every day. . . . We can not tell as to our prospects here; there is a strong, almost bitter attachment to the old house and the old establishment, and for the first year or two we may have hard lifting. They make quite as much opposition as Christians ought to make. . . . Today our committee have purchased a building-spot for the meeting-house. It is nearly opposite the old meeting-house—decidedly the best spot in town. The man who sold it is a bitter Unitarian: nobody expected he would sell, and yet he has done so. The heart is in the hand of the Lord."

“March 5th.

“This evening Mr. Rowe, of Groton, arrived, we having sent for him to come and draw plans of a house, make estimates, etc. He has refused six meeting-houses this winter.” Mr. Rowe, it will be recollected, was the builder of the meeting-house in Groton.

“March 8th.

“All the forenoon the building committee, of whom I have to be one, met Mr. Rowe, and talked over plans. We are to have the house of brick, and so constructed as to seat one thousand people without crowding. In the afternoon, our little church came together, to see if they could prevent having stores under it, which we proposed to do on account of the great expense of the land, and saw no way to avoid. They determined that they would not have stores; and of the two thousand dollars which were needed to prevent it, they raised seventeen hundred on the spot.”

“March 13th.

“A very anxious day. In the afternoon we had a meeting of our people, to see if we could raise money for the house. The sum which *must* be raised for the house and land is twelve thousand dollars. It was a very anxious time with me, but we came out of the meeting feeling better. Nine thousand dollars were on the paper at the close of the meeting. This exceeded my expectations.”

“The First Church met this afternoon, and voted a call to Doctor Penney. It is thought he will undoubtedly accept. He is an Irishman—came over in 1819—taught school at Flatbush, New York, first, then settled at Rochester: seems to be a moderate, judicious, sober, good man.”

“April 28th.

“We are now worshipping in a new brick meeting-house (owned by the Baptists in Boston), while ours is building, and it is *full* of people, galleries and all: we have not pews enough. The congregation is solemn and very attentive. I have had between thirty and forty attend the inquiry-meeting within three weeks, and two hopeful conversions.”

“May 3d.

“We have been moving and shifting and repairing and cleaning, wearied and hurried almost to death. We are now at housekeeping in our new and beautiful house, and our



prospects for domestic comforts are too great. I feel afraid, absolutely afraid, that we are to receive some severe and merited chastisements, to counterbalance these many, many comforts and conveniences." "I wish that — would not always feel so jealous, and be throwing out her intimations that she is forgotten and forsaken, and the like. It is not so. Nobody is forgotten who is worthy of being remembered; and such suspicions always bring upon us the very things which we deprecate. She must know that, with the entire weight of my mother to carry, it is impossible for me to do more. So far as my means go, I have never been accused of being stingy or ungrateful. Any thing I *could* do for her I would most cheerfully."

"June 9th.

"Doctor Penney was installed last Wednesday. It seems as if we should get along very well together. I should think him a man very free from jealous feelings, and if so, there will be no difficulty. We have been tried and troubled for 'help,' till I wished society reduced to the primitive simplicity of eating roots, and the man to roast them, pots and kettles not being invented. At last we have a girl — very good; but we don't know how long she will stay with us, as she intends to be married as soon as 'he' is ready. Our meeting-house is to be *enlarged*, with the expectation that my popularity will fill it up at once. *Too* large, as it has galleries. We shall have to use all the economy which is possible, in order to live. The people are very kind. Hardly a day passes but we have a little present of some kind or other."

*To William L. Chaplin.*

"June 17th.

"I went into the Post-office after meeting, the other evening, and found your letter. I broke it open on the spot, and ran it over. It was dark, and I went crying all the way home. I cried almost all night over it, and it made me down sick. Do not, I entreat of you, ever allude to the past again. You delayed writing so long that I concluded your silence would never be broken, and mournfully supposed our friendship was at an end till we met on the shores of immortality, where I trusted it would be renewed, to flow, like the river of God, forever. I am so well situated that I could

not wish any thing better, were there no remembrance of the past. Let memory cease to throw the past so vividly upon the soul, and that, too, in such burning colors, and I would not ask for more. You are the only man living whom I have ever met whom I could call and feel to be a *friend*. You will be the last, as well as the first. 'Very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.' Oh, my heart will bleed over our separation till the hand of death has stilled it! May you find a brighter side to your tears than I can to mine."

"July 27th.

"On Monday of this week little Martha began to show symptoms of being out of health. We were not troubled till Tuesday afternoon, when we called a physician. She is now *very* sick. Two physicians are at her bedside, applying leeches to her throat: fever very high, distress great. Dear babe! we have done hoping that she can live. Dear Saviour, may we be prepared to give back this dear, sweet spirit to thee—to thy arms—to thy bosom!"

"Half-past one o'clock, Sabbath morning.

"The doctor has remained here all night, so far; a great alteration in her within two hours: she is but just alive. Mrs. Todd and myself have just been kneeling in the study, and surrendering back this dear child into the hands of its Redeemer. She may live several hours, but the doctor gives us to understand that she may not but a few minutes. It seems as if no child could ever be dearer than this. We have loved her too much."

"Five o'clock, Sabbath morning.

"The child still alive. The fever fit has subsided: the whole body, except the hands, cold and livid. Though life still lingers in her frail body, we have no hope of her living."

"Nine o'clock.

"Doctor Penney has just called, and will supply my pulpit to-day: a very great favor indeed, as I am not fit to be about."

"Two o'clock P.M.

"Oh that you could see the beautiful one once more, ere the spark which even now lights up her eye is quenched forever! But we have not a word to say. We have had the keeping of this dear babe longer than we deserve; and now,

at any hour or moment, we must be ready to deliver her up into the hands of her heavenly Father."

"Eight o'clock P.M.

"The poor child is still with us. She is quiet, but breathes badly. I should not be surprised at any moment to be called to close her eyes. Oh, the anguish of memory, and of anticipation, and of fear!"

"Monday, noon.

"Every medicine seems to work well, but there is no subduing the disease. It is controlled, but is gradually wearing the dear child out. The physicians have both just left, evidently discouraged."

"Five o'clock P.M.

"I go to her bedside and gaze, and hear her short groans, as long as I can stay, and then go away to weep. Wonderful skill! in creating and planting in the human heart that wonderful passion which we call *parental!* As I go about the house (and oh, this feeling is to increase to agony!) I see her little chair, her clothes, her things: here she sat, there she sung, there she gave me her sweet looks; every spot is associated with the past, and with fear. Her little swing, her place at the table, are empty; and when I tell you that there is to my mind no hope that they will ever again be filled, you will know how to feel and sympathize with us. I have never recovered from the scenes attending the death of our first-born. It seems as if even now I could see its countenance, its eye, and hear its cries."

"Six o'clock P.M.

"I come every little while to my study, and take my pen as a sort of alleviation. For the last hour and a half the frequent shrieks and cries of the little sufferer have been filling the house, and I can most plainly hear every one in my study now."

"Half-past eight o'clock P.M.

"I know we ought not to refuse to give this dear one, this sweet child, back to her Maker and Father: she must be better off than with us; but oh, the agony of breaking the heart-strings! Before this reaches you she *may* be in heaven: she *probably* will be."

"Midnight.

"She looks like alabaster, with a rose painted on the cheek."

"Tuesday morning, six o'clock.

"The physicians both in. They seem amazed at the strength of constitution which can live under such a fever. The flush is gone from the cheek, but the pulse is not diminished. The only hope with the physicians, and it is a very small one, is that she can sustain the disease till it has spent itself. They have been able to control it somewhat, and that is all. Poor Mary! she wanders lonely about the house, now trying to amuse herself, and now weeping in secret, and now weeping aloud."

"Half-past eleven o'clock A.M.

"It now seems evident that the poor sufferer is near her end. The powers of life are failing, and rapidly. No human skill can do any thing. She now lies in a deep slumber, the fever still upon her, hardly moving the white sheet over her as she breathes. I have been trying to lay her gently in the arms of her heavenly Father; but oh, how hard, how hard to lay such a child even on the bosom of Jesus!"

"One o'clock P.M.

"For the last hour and a half we have supposed Martha was beginning that sleep from which she will not be awaked till the morning of the resurrection. She has every appearance of dying."

"Half-past eight o'clock P.M.

"She lies comfortable now; has lived far, far beyond the expectations of all. Every hour we fear will be the last, and at every encouragement we catch. I fear Mrs. Todd will fall under it. If she lies down, a shriek from Martha will bring her to the bedside."

"Eleven o'clock P.M.

"Martha woke from a sleep, shrieking, 'Mother, mother! father, father!' Mrs. Todd and myself had lain down a few minutes. I was at her side in a moment, and her mother soon. But all to no purpose; she was lost, and seemed awfully frightened. She kept crying the same thing, till we could administer a powerful anodyne, and have it take effect."

"Half-past four o'clock, Wednesday morning.

"The physicians both here. They are gratified to see how marvelously the little creature bears medicine."

“Wednesday, noon.

“The physicians have been in once in about an hour, seeming very anxious to know whether the quiet of the dear child is that which immediately precedes death, or that which indicates the yielding of the power of the disease. They are satisfied that it is the latter. Thanks be to God! hope once more shines into our anxious hearts, but shines but faintly.”

“Thursday morning.

“The physicians say that she is yet dreadfully diseased; yet they can not but take courage, because it would seem to them that if she were to die she would have sunk away before this.”

“Friday evening, sunset.

“Little Martha is pronounced out of danger; and, though she is very restless and very sick yet, there is no return of the disease, and she is most manifestly better. The crisis was on Tuesday. She gets better imperceptibly; but we bless God that we may now hope that she may live, and be spared to us. We trust you will unite with us in giving thanks to God for his great goodness. It will require very great care and patience and labor to raise her from this point.”

“August 26th.

“Our little Martha has been spared to us, though she has but just lived. She is now so that she walks a very few steps, and has begun to ride out. She is still very feeble, and it has been a world of care to get along with her. Every thing in my prospects looks fair; but I have lived too long not to expect the rising of clouds, and from any part of the heavens.”

“September 24th.

“The First Church met and voted to give the Edwards Church five hundred dollars out of their fund, which is eleven hundred dollars, that they might procure as good communion plate as they chose. This step will do more good to both churches than four times the amount of money. It is exceedingly pleasant to us, and will make all parties feel better. And this evening I have had the present of an elegant new suit of clothes, all made up, from some members of the *old* church.” It will be perceived from this that, in

spite of some unavoidable jealousies, the relations of the two churches to one another were far more pleasant than those between a colony and its parent church often are. Mr. Todd himself also, as will presently be seen, was much thought of by the old church, and performed a great deal of work for them. With their pastors—for old Mr. Williams, their superannuated pastor, was still with them—he was always on the friendliest terms. Years afterward Doctor Penney wrote: “Often, and with deep feeling of its truth and value, have I borne my testimony, both publicly and privately, to the priceless worth of fidelity and love between ministers, based on our experience in Northampton. That was truly a green spot in my pilgrimage, which brightens with the lapse of years, and will, I think, seem bright in heaven.” With Mr. Williams, who was old and feeble, he had less intercourse, but in what there was he maintained the attitude and feelings of a son, and it was to this aged pastor that he presented his own little boy for baptism. Thus, for the second time, he was called to the somewhat difficult position of a minister subordinate to men of superior position or more advanced in years, and by his conduct in it earned the kindness of others when he himself should become an aged pastor.

“It is marvelous that I have got along so well, considering my difficult situation, with both societies. The ministers in this region meet at Doctor Penney’s, or in my study, every Monday morning, for conversation, discussion, etc., and it is very pleasant indeed.”

“October 29th.

“I see that you are to have a new theological seminary in Connecticut. We are to have some of your Connecticut theology here yet; and when and where it will begin, and when and where it will end, is more than I dare predict. C— thinks that none will hereafter come on the stage as preachers who are not Taylorites, and that the rejecters of that system will soon be only those who are too old and obstinate to see light. It may be so; but of this I feel assured, that, to counterbalance the evils which it has already caused, Taylorism ought to do very much for the world, and pour an abundance of oil of joy into the wounded bosom of the daughter of Zion.”

“October 30th.

“I was never so busy as of late, and yet never accomplished less of what I wished and determined upon. Is there no way of studying without wearisomeness to the flesh; no way of seizing time and compelling it to leave something behind it upon which we can look with pleasure? What with feeding the body thrice daily, resting it a long night on a soft bed, and clothing and warming it continually, there is left to the soul but a fraction of time in which to act, to say nothing about reading poor papers, and seeing stupid company, and attending to ten thousand calls to promote the supreme selfishness of others. I begin to feel that I shall never acquire or create that unconquerable, unquenchable fire which is so necessary to prevent life from running through the fingers, leaving not a distinct mark or remembrance behind. Sometimes I lay out a good plan, and have something that fills the mind, like Cicero's ‘aliquid immensum infinitumque,’ and which seems not entirely beyond the reach; but the next call, or the next jog, puts all to flight, and leaves me lower than ever in the scale of self-satisfaction. Did you ever see an ‘agent?’ When will their number be filled up? As their number increases, so does their brazen-faced impudence. I am sick of the very name of agent.”

“November 14th.

“Even in this beautiful valley, where the waters murmur soft as those of Siloa, the heart of man is selfish and proud and full of sin. The waters of life flow unheeded, and there is more eagerness to see Henry Clay than to see One greater than he.”

“November 22d.

“Religion is low here, to a degree that is awful and alarming. The slumbers of death seem upon us. What to do, or which way to turn, or what will be the final result, I know not. I ponder somewhat over your new theological school, and, living in a day when all manner of experiments are made, and most succeed, I feel too modest to predict its fate. Professor — complains of misapprehension! It is always the fate of error to be misapprehended. When was it otherwise? We have a new violin, and a new double-bass viol, besides a common viol, in our choir, to say nothing of flutes, etc. Don't you think we can sing? Well, we *can't*, if you do think so.”

“December 6th.

“You will rejoice with us, I trust, in the goodness of God. This morning our dear *son* was given to us—a beautiful, well-proportioned boy. I had made up my mind to leave it wholly with God, and to be contented, whether it were a son or a daughter; but when distress seemed to be over, and it was announced that it was a *son*, my eyes at once filled, and more than filled, with tears of joy.

“The question is coming up, is it proper and right for a Christian at this day to keep back any part of his property from the service of Christ, and lay it up for his children? Can you answer it? I am in no particular danger of sinning in this way at present.

“A National Anti-slavery Society is about to be formed at Philadelphia, and then auxiliaries are to be formed, and then a warfare is begun such as this country has never seen. God grant that it result in nothing worse than the outpouring of passions in words.

“I have been reading the Life of Robert Hall with intense interest. A wonderful man! A sun in brightness and splendor and glory, with large and dark spots upon him.”

*From Mrs. Brace.*

“December 12th.

“They think of calling the little boy Jonathan Edwards. It will probably be the first child baptized in the Edwards house. Mr. Todd has just received a note containing seventy-five dollars, saying that they had taken off his subscription for the meeting-house, and sent it back, with twenty-five dollars additional.”

The dedication of the new meeting-house took place on Christmas-day, the sermon being preached by the pastor, on the influence of the pulpit. The building was severely simple, but was considered as handsome as any thing in New England outside of Boston. “I never expected to have any thing like it.” It was destroyed by fire in 1867, and replaced with a still better structure.

“January 1st, 1834.

“We can not say what our audience will be hereafter, but it was large last Sabbath—very large; twice as large as before we left the Baptist house. Our pews sold wonder-



fully well—between nine and ten thousand dollars in one afternoon; so that we shall have no trouble in paying for the beautiful house. Mr. Chaplin came to the dedication, and got here in the evening. Always too late! He will live to a good old age, if he is as long in dying as he is in beginning to live and do any thing.

“We had a poor kind of installation at Amherst. I have never met the man educated across the water who had a mind disciplined by severe theological education. There is no *ramming down* of the mind, as in New England. Why, I do not know; but the fact is unquestionable.”

“January 24th.

“We held meetings every evening last week, and are going to continue them this week. The tide of feeling is rising with us. A very solemn meeting this evening, and two have been to see me, anxious for the soul. Our meetings are held together, and the two churches are completely melted together, and run together in great harmony and love and unity.”

“March 3d.

“I am so worn out by duties and labors, that I have no time, no strength, no courage, and no desire, to move or to do any thing, except as I must. Martha has been getting better, but Mary has been sick; and what with being up nights, and attending one, two, or four meetings daily, and a uniform course of toothache, I have got down. The revival has been going on, still, silent, decided, and glorious. I do not know the number of inquirers. In my own little congregation there are over a hundred, of whom between forty and fifty are rejoicing in light. We have about two hundred and fifty at the inquiry-meeting, and there are probably over three hundred in town, if not nearer five hundred, who are inquirers. I never worked so hard in my life, and never learned human nature so fast. I am glad to say that I think the old way of doing things is getting in vogue here, though there are very many who would catch quick, and be glad to be off in a world of excitement. It is so much easier to have a protracted meeting, and rouse up, and make a noise, and then go to sleep again, than to repent, and live out religion. Just as some families would prefer having a great ‘*bee*’ once a year to doing the work themselves. In

all our meetings we continue united, and every thing seems to work well. That we shall have trouble from some quarter or other is to be expected. It would be an unheard-of thing for the devil to give up so much ground, and not make a noise about it.

"We feel glad, and, I hope, grateful (though there is a difference between the two things), that we are so far spared and recovered, and that Mrs. Todd can get out once more. Surely this is one of the most favored spots in the wide world; and we could not reasonably expect ever to be so well off in this life as we are at this moment."

"March 30th.

"Meetings, meetings, meetings! I am worn out, and cry for a separation of the two churches, but can get none. We have nine or ten meetings every morning for prayer at six o'clock, and all full, solemn, and good. Every evening we have some public meeting, and frequently two. Our house has been opened for worship almost every night. Conversions are very common, though not *as* common. There have been over ninety in my little congregation who have hoped in Christ. Almost every man in my congregation is hopefully converted. I really work more and harder for Doctor Penney's people than I do for my own. They seem to enjoy it; but we should do better to go alone. Our Sabbath-school is in fine order. One class has sixteen young men in it, all of them over sixteen years of age, and all of them Christians. One class of young ladies contains twelve, and every one of them has become hopefully pious during this revival. My church appear well, and seem to be setting out well. We have now about six more to be added to us by letter, one of them from Doctor Penney's church, and they scolded so that I do not know when another will dare to come to us. They are as tenacious as if we were Unitarians, and some of them more so."

"April 7th.

"Little John Edwards went to meeting yesterday. Father Williams baptized him, and all went off to admiration. He looked beautiful, and behaved like a man."

"April 10th.

"I was gone all Wednesday, attending a council; worked hard all day, and fear I did not accomplish much, though it

may be the beginning of healing to a church which has been shipwrecked and torn asunder by too violent a ministry. I lay more fault and blame at the door of the ministry, when such evils arise, than I used to do. I believe they usually, by some injudicious measures, produce the evils. Yesterday I was gone all day also, to attend a protracted meeting at Southampton: full, and I hope good will be done, though I have less and less faith in such meetings every day I live. It seems to me I would give a finger to see the time when I need not mourn over things all around me which I ought to do, but can not. As for study, a new idea has not come within half a mile of my head for months. I never expect to study any more. It is a dead set. We are *ut semper*—which is about all the Latin I can remember.”

“May 22d.

“I send you my little volume of ‘Lectures to Children,’ and I beg you to be kind enough to read it at once, and send me *instantly* any suggestions, hints, remarks, or criticisms which you may please. As I have said in the preface, I have preached such kind of talk once a quarter; but the fact is, when I began to prepare the book (since my dedication sermon was published), I had but one of them written. I have made the book during all the labors of the revival. I intend to give a copy to each of my two hundred Sabbath-school children. These cost me sixty dollars—rather more than my income on the first edition. I do most earnestly hope the book will meet with your approbation, and, above all, with the approbation of God.”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

LIFE AT NORTHAMPTON—*continued.*

Vacation.—A Presentiment.—The Red Sea.—The Devil's Invention.—An Organ Difficulty.—The old Pastor's Sunset.—Mrs. Todd an Author.—Keep Cool.—Mount Holyoke Seminary.—A new House.—Student's Manual.—Under the Wheel.—The Door Locked.—A Call.—Frozen Rattlesnakes.—A Revival.—Council in Philadelphia.—A loud Call.—Hangs back.—Beecher at the Oar.—A gloomy Time.—A great Move.—A pleasant Home Broken Up.—Farewell to Northampton.

THE labors and anxieties of the revival and of authorship had so worn upon Mr. Todd that in July he took a short vacation, and, in company with Doctor Penney, started for Saratoga Springs. The stage-route took them through Pittsfield, over whose beauty, little dreaming of any more intimate relation to it in the future, Mr. Todd was eloquent in sundry letters to the local papers.

From Saratoga he continued his journey to Lewis County, to visit his oldest brother, whom he had long wished to see.

*Dictated by William C. Todd.*

“For eighteen years I had not seen John, and I asked a young man going to Massachusetts to call at his house in Northampton, and ask him to come out to see me. The young man delivered the message, and brought me back word that he did not think he could get away from home that summer. At that time Lewis County was a new, rough country, and I lived in a log-house with two rooms, in each of which was a bed. It was a warm July night, and, my little child being restless, I told my wife I would take the baby and go into the front room. There it grew quiet, and I soon fell asleep. I slept a little, but soon woke suddenly. It seemed to me I heard, almost audibly spoken, ‘Your brother is coming.’ I reasoned with myself how impossible it was for either of my brothers to come. Jonathan wrote he could not, and John sent word *he* could not. A second time I started from sleep, feeling the same impression.

Again I settled that it must all be imagination, and fell asleep again. Once more I was awakened by wife's calling to me that some one was knocking. I jumped up, slipped on my clothes, and, opening the door, I saw a stranger. I stirred up the embers, still alive in the great fire-place, but I could not recognize the features. He said, 'You do not know who I am?' I looked again critically, and said, 'Yes, I do know you: you are my brother John.' It was the only presentiment I ever had. He had hired a man to bring him over from Denmark in a buggy, and on the way they passed a school-house where there was a prayer-meeting, and a woman's voice was heard in prayer. He made the driver stop the horse, that he might listen; he asked him if this was common in this part of the country, as he was not used to it in Massachusetts, where the women held prayer-meetings by themselves. The man said that with us it was common. John came just at the right time. This was Wednesday night; and he staid until Monday, and preached twice on the Sabbath, and I united with the church in the afternoon. My wife joined the church soon after. We had had quite a revival; and the Baptists proposed forming a union church. Committees from three churches were chosen, to confer concerning the creed. As the Baptists had proposed union, the others asked them how applicants should receive baptism. The answer was prompt, 'By the only Scriptural way.' 'What is that?' 'Immersion.' They retired, to report to the churches, and never met again. The people were to have another meeting, to see what should be done. Hearing of this meeting, John said he would attend, and he went in, and sat near the pulpit. After a while he rose, and said he would tell them a little about Massachusetts. He said they had just given the Baptists ten thousand dollars to help the Burmah mission; but they had just had a revival, and though many Methodists had communed with them, he never heard of but one Baptist who did, and he never knew how they disposed of his case. He went on: 'My brethren, your table is too narrow; you must make it broader; you must spread the *Lord's* table.' At this a Baptist sister was so discouraged that she knelt right down and prayed that the brother's heart might be changed, and told the Lord they had come to the Red Sea, and she did not see

how they could ever get across to dry land. Another sister followed, and, as I did not like such talk, I took my hat and went out. But John staid through; and as he was coming out of the meeting a Methodist came up and thanked him, and said he would remember him as long as he lived; he did not think they could have union, and now he was convinced they could not. John replied, 'It would not do for *you* to say such things, but I am a stranger; and if any one is to be blamed for kicking over the basin of porridge, it had better be I.'

On his return from this short vacation, his labors were as great as ever. "I am hurried beyond measure. I have this week to visit two academies, attend five meetings, write two sermons, letters, give advice to two distracted churches, and have been sent for to sit in two quarreling councils. So it is all the time. You have no idea of the misery of having such a constant run of company, inviting and going, and inviting and going the whole time. If the devil had not both hands in the invention of tea, I know not who had."

"October 28th.

"For some time my people have been in commotion about music, especially in regard to an organ. Where we shall come out is more than I dare say. It seems sometimes as if the ship would founder in the storm. I am not implicated, though of course it is known that I have an opinion on the question. I believe they will have an organ, but it may be the means of splitting us all in pieces. I sit and gaze at the storm, trusting it all with Him who 'stilleth the tumult of the people.'

"Father Williams is alive, though we have been expecting for some time that every day would be his last. He is rational, clear, collected, humble, and happy. He appears exceedingly well, and his sun grows brighter and brighter as it goes down. The angel of the everlasting covenant stands by him. He holds firmly on to the old and great doctrines of the Bible, and makes them his stay in this hour."

"December 1st.

"Mrs. Todd is actually coming out in the world. She is preparing a little selection of poems for the press, which she calls 'Gleanings for the Nursery,' and will probably have it

through the press in a few weeks. Would you have thought it? But what is the use of having talented wives, if one may not tell of it? and what is the use of having friends in Connecticut, if we may not tell all the smart things which we are doing, and are going to do? I have had fine offers from New York and Boston, if I will write again; but I am a curious creature: when I have found I can do a thing, I never want to do it again. I do suppose I could make a small fortune with my pen, were I to give myself to it; but I have such a reluctance to doing it, that I sometimes feel ready to vow never to think of the press again. I say nothing about doing good; for in a heart as bad as mine I am afraid to inquire about that motive."

"February 1st, 1835.

"Tired, tired, tired! I don't know as I should have tried to write a word, if the peculiar modesty of Mrs. Todd had not come near making you believe that some parts of her book are not *original*. You must know they *are*, and I esteem it, taken in all its 'circumstances,' as one of the wonders of the age. But do not give her *all* the credit. *Magna pars fui*—some of *her* best are *mine*. What will not come next? Shall we all turn book-makers and witlings? I have imagined myself in almost all conditions, from that of being an emperor to that of a boot-black, and yet never had a fancy to place myself in the chair of an author. But 'hunger will go through a stone wall,' and, for aught I know, I may yet write for the salt of my porridge."

"April 1st.

"You know I have been sick; was on my back nearly a fortnight, and all my work and plans were thrown back about a month. I am not yet well; have half of my head aching and ulcerating from my teeth, and much of weakness left. My plans, business, courage—every thing—have sunk at times very low. My book ('Student's Manual') has worried me prodigiously. It is all written save the last chapter. It is more than half stereotyped, and I can already begin to see out. When it is all written there will be an inconceivable load of anxiety removed from my mind. I now feel that I shall never undertake to write for the press again. Even after it is all done, I have to groan under the apprehension of its failure, and smart under the flippant criticisms of a

thousand who do nothing in this world but snarl at others; and I have to ache for my publisher, lest *he* lose. No one who has not been through it can imagine the anxieties of authorship. I sometimes feel sorry that I ever touched it.

“It makes me laugh to hear of father’s sorrows about his good Jackson men. Let them have their meeting-house, and get to heaven, if they can; and as for their scowling and hatred, it will all pass away in a short time, *if you can keep cool*. But don’t be worried in the least; and especially don’t let them *see* that you are worried, even if you are. These popular commotions and changes must always be taking place, as long as we are not kept quiet by a standing army. It is the very nature of man to be restless and restive under all authority, human and divine; and I do verily believe that the devil never hated any thing, since the days of the apostles, as he does pure Congregational churches.”

“April 22d.

“We call the South Hadley school, ‘The Mount Holyoke Female Seminary,’ a name of my own. Is it not better than that Greek affair with which you quarreled so?” This seminary was just starting at this time, chiefly through the labors of Miss Mary Lyon. Mr. Todd was one of the ministers who co-operated in it, and “a great meeting” had been held in Northampton a short time before, partly through his influence, to promote it. He never had much to do with it, however, except to give it its name. His removal from the vicinity soon after its establishment, and subsequently his dissatisfaction with some of its features, withdrew him from connection with it.

The parsonage in Market Street having proved small and uncomfortable in the summer heat, Mr. Todd had been looking all winter for a chance to buy a pleasanter residence. “If I know my own heart, so far as *myself* is concerned, I care not a farthing about it. I *do* hope I sometimes am looking to a better home than I can ever find here. I have laid out this thing before God, and have asked him to do with me just as he pleases. Oh, if I could be wholly and entirely swallowed up in him, all things will be right! I want my wife and babes should have a home, so that if I should be taken away they will not be turned out-of-doors.



If I live, and have my health, and the countenance of my friends, I can pay for a home; if I do not, God will take care of all."

"May 26th.

"We are now fairly and fully moved into our new house in Pleasant Street. We were troubled by the family, who would neither redeem it nor go out. Then we had to white-wash, and yellow-wash, paint and paper, and scrub, scour, and sweep. We then had to move. Oh, what a job! Then we had carpets to fit, furniture to arrange, carpenters, painters, whitewashers, movers, and gardeners: then we had a load of grand cousins: then we had friends from Gorton: then we had a throng of company, and a world of hurry and worry, tear and rips. But we are fairly here, all well, have a fine house, fruit-trees, shade-trees, shrubbery in abundance, and now all in bloom. If we were not tired almost to death, if we were not thronged with company, if we had no fear but we could support such an establishment, if we owed nothing toward it, if we had no fear of ever losing on it, if we could make all the repairs we want—in short, if we had no troubles, real or imaginary, we should do pretty well. The place is every way pleasant, convenient, central, retired, and in all respects more than answers my expectations. I am satisfied that the purchase was judicious and proper. We plan and fix and work, so as to have every thing suit your eye; and we keep saying to ourselves, 'How will father like that?' 'How would this strike mother?' In fact, this is the way with all; we all work, not so much to be comfortable ourselves, as to convince others that we are comfortable. Our new organ is up: it is beautiful, well-proportioned, sweet in its tones, perfect, and in every way gives universal satisfaction. How many good things! May we be thankful and humble, and devoted to the great work of serving Him who hath bought us."

"June 28th.

"I am greatly obliged to you for your kind commendations of the Student's Manual. I have had several moody times, some of which have brought tears into my eyes, since that book came out, when I reflected that I have no father and no mother who can read that book, and say, 'My son, you have added to my joys.' Oh, why could it not have

been permitted me to have the high motive of pleasing one of my own kindred! Alas! poor I am one of the last twigs of one of the noblest families that ever relied on worth for name, and I shall soon follow them all. The book sells well, and I can not but hope it will do good."

In September the family paid a visit to Newington, traveling with their own horse, as usual. In an account of the return journey, Mrs. Todd wrote: "As we were going very slowly up a sandy hill, Mr. Todd walking, Mary proposed to get out. I told her she had better not do it, but before I had done speaking she jumped, and did not clear the wheel. The wheel threw her down, and, I suppose, went over her leg and hand. Being very much alarmed, I told Mr. Todd I believed the wheel had gone over her. He turned round, and found her lying between the two wheels. He was obliged to back the horse to get out her clothes. Nothing but the special providence of God prevented her from being killed. As we were going up the hill, and Mr. Todd was out, there was probably little weight on the front wheel."

"October 27th.

"I have got on a plan by which I study, and *will* study, in spite of all the world. I go into my room immediately after breakfast, and lock the door, and see neither man nor beast, sun, moon, nor stars, till dinner-time. This is really fine. I have had sixteen calls before dinner."

"December 16th.

"I am shut up with pains in teeth and head almost insupportable, else I should write a long letter. You will see by the *Gazette* of to-day a rumor of my being called away. There is so much in it that I want to see you exceedingly." This refers to propositions received from the First Church in Utica, New York, which were afterward declined. "I am more than used up by Doctor Penney's parish and the neighboring parishes, all of whom seem to feel that it is a kindness to use me." Doctor Penney having accepted the presidency of Hamilton College, a great amount of parochial labor fell upon the remaining pastor.

"February 22d, 1836.

"We have been like rattlesnakes here, too much frozen even to rattle. I have never suffered so severely in any winter of my life. To-day we have had a most delightful

day, the first for a long, long time. I have sunned and enjoyed it highly. No old goose ever crept out and cackled with a higher joy. But such a body of snow as we still have! We have had to shovel it from the roof of our house, lest it come in upon us. It now begins to turn to water, and the warm rays of the sun to-day seem to go to its very heart and melt it in tenderness. I long once more to see my mother earth: never before have I been so long at a time without seeing her countenance. I am sorry to say there is no *revival* among my people, in the usual acceptation of that word. There have been perhaps two hopeful cases of conversion, and a few more are anxious. The church is becoming better, more engaged; but one misery is that the old church must go with us, *i. e.*, must be carried by us. The two churches are now under a united course of visiting; but many of the visitors are so poor Christians that I am fearful it will do no good. A community needs to be under a very high state of excitement and attention to receive much good from cold, inefficient, and dead professors."

*From Mrs. Todd.*

"April 6th.

"The state of things in our society is very interesting. Three weeks since, Mr. Todd held his first inquiry-meeting; there were eighteen. The next Sabbath evening there were twenty-five, and the next, over thirty, with an increase of solemnity. I suppose as many as twelve or fifteen are indulging hope. The two churches are to unite to-morrow in the exercises of the fast, Mr. Todd to preach. I wish the old church would get a good minister. Mr. Todd has to perform the labors, not of one great society, but of two. I have never known him so absolutely driven as at the present time. He is the chairman of four school committees, besides what he has to do for the district schools and building a boarding-house for Miss Dwight's school. He has all the parochial duty to perform for the town, besides having weddings and funerals to attend in other towns."

In June he "was called to the city of Philadelphia, to assist in organizing the first Congregational, or New England, church ever gathered in that city," and to preach the sermon on that occasion. It was arranged that during his ab-

sence he should leave his family with that of his father-in-law, who was called to the same council. "The children all dance at the idea of seeing Newington, except J. E. T——; he is too grave to dance."

"June 24th.

"All things look as if I should *not* go to Philadelphia. As I get away from the excitement and anxieties of the place, the more the difficulties seem to rise up, and the fear the ship can not weather the storms which are before her seems to increase. If I should go, the thing must go, or I must die in the attempt. But the hazard seems very great. The more I look at it, the more it seems doubtful whether they are sufficiently strong to weather the opposition which is coming, and to stand under the burdens which *must* come upon them as a matter of course. If they had not the united strength of Presbyterianism to contend with, and only the ordinary obstacles in the way, I should shrink less. Add to this, that my people here feel that it will be death to them, utter ruin, for me to leave them. I think the result will be that we stay where we are. The old Society here long to have me go, and would give all their old shoes to have me. This makes my situation here unpleasant, *very* unpleasant; but perhaps it is no reason why I should go. If I go, and lose in the opinion of men in this region, and then not succeed, it will very nearly destroy me, body and mind. Success, decided and splendid, and nothing else, would lead people to say and feel that I had done right in going. Is not the risk too great? I believe that for once I am less sanguine than you are."

"July 17th.

"After many tears, and more fears, I have decided that I ought to go to Philadelphia. The committee have been here; they met Doctor Beecher at my house, and he put in his oar, and rowed like a good fellow on their side of the boat. My brethren in the ministry have all set in, and said that such an opening has never before taken place; that it is of immense importance to man that post with one who has had some experience, and who can bear to be crowded and pushed, without shrinking or sinking under it, and that it is most clearly my duty to go. There are at this time no less than twenty-three agents in New England, begging for

'the far and the great West.' I most deeply feel that if our country is ever saved, and her institutions made permanent, New England, under God, must do it. As she must lift and labor untiringly for generations to come, it is highly desirable to have her distinctive character, her institutions, and her churches all move South and West, as fast as the providence of God shall open the way. After mature reflection, I have thought it my duty to go. My people are all weeping and groaning; and my dear wife weeping and down-spirited, and feeling dreadful because we must go. She sees not a ray of light, nor a single thing which is not undesirable, hazardous, and dark. I already feel a burden resting upon my shoulders which is truly oppressive. It will be a gloomy time for me for several months to come. But I try to keep up good spirits."

"October 6th.

"MY DEAR SISTERS,—For several months past I have been in the sorrows of tearing away from a most devoted and affectionate people, and the place has been a Bochim. I believe no minister and no people were ever more happy in their connection than we have been, and for a long time it seemed to me that I could not make a sacrifice so great. To-morrow we set out for Philadelphia, amidst the tears of my people and in full grief ourselves. I take my wife, who is a universal favorite in this place, four children (the youngest a quiet little girl a few weeks old, Sarah Denman by name), and two domestics, making eight in the whole. I have sold my house, without much loss, and have sent on our furniture and books—five tons! They are building me a most beautiful church, the largest in the city. My salary is two thousand dollars a year; but when you recollect that the rent of a house is five hundred dollars, and other expenses proportionate, you will not envy me my salary. I even doubt whether it is as good as my salary here. Be this as it may, it has had no influence on my decision. I have never tried to make or to save money, and I certainly have not been successful in doing either. God has hitherto given me a comfortable home, and bread to eat, and, furthermore, I ought not to care, if I may do any thing for him."

Undoubtedly one of the greatest sacrifices of Mr. Todd's life was made when he left Northampton. He had just

established himself in a delightful house of his own, in one of the most beautiful and cultured towns in New England. "The whole land could not, probably, present a sweeter home than was mine." He was surrounded by a large congregation of young and active people, worshipping in a new and beautiful house, and showing him every possible kindness, affection, and devotion. He had not yet been with them long enough for a single one of those clouds to rise which are sure, sooner or later, to throw a more or less transient shadow upon every pastorate. In the older parish, in spite of some inevitable jealousies, he was hardly less honored than in his own; and in the whole community he enjoyed a wide and growing influence and popularity. On the other hand, he felt to his home and to his people the tenderest attachment. He had watched and prayed and wept over the church from its very cradle; many of its members were the fruits of his ministry; among this people he had spent some of the best years of his manhood, and done some of the most important work of his life; their sympathies and affections had brightened his happy home, and comforted it in scenes of deep distress. From the midst of the toils and turmoils of the great city, and the troubles which came upon him there, he often turned back in memory to "the green pastures" of Groton and "the still waters" of Northampton.

"O flocks, led by my inexperienced youth, kind to forgive my many imperfections, ready to sustain me by your confidence and love—O flocks, dear to my memory as the apple of my eye, may peace rest upon you, and a light from your altars, pure and bright and beautiful, go up and spread wide over the sweet hills and valleys which surround you!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

## LIFE AT PHILADELPHIA.

A new Sunday-school.—A new Church.—A new Pastor.—Helps.—Hinderances.—Installation.—Salting a River.—A bitter Minister.—Solemn Meetings.—Lectures on Sunday-schools.—Paul for a Colleague.—Panic.—Two General Assemblies.—No Salary.—A sad Journey.—The morning Cloud.—Dedication.—The Spark.—A Howl.—Take it Coolly.—Galvanism.—The Dutchman's Horse.—Gathering the Harvest.—Resolving.—Work accomplished.—Sabbath School Teacher in London.—Mustard-seed Souls.—To the Editor of the *Keepsake*.—Life of Scott.—Reminiscences.—Will not be Soured.

THE Clinton Street Church began in a Sabbath-school. A part of the teachers in the school connected with the Fifth Presbyterian Church, conceiving that their efforts were not sufficiently appreciated, but rather were opposed by some of the older members of that church, became dissatisfied and seceded, and established an independent school. A place was found for it in "Union Hall," at the corner of Chestnut and Eighth streets, and it was soon comfortably fitted up with the requisite benches and desk. The school opened with good numbers and every promise of success; and the attendance soon became so large that it was thought desirable to have preaching also in the hall from time to time, as preachers could be secured; and it was not long before there began to be talk of organizing a new church. The quarrel between the Old and the New School parties in the Presbyterian Church was at this time just at its height, and many minds, weary of dissension, were beginning to long for repose. The teachers in the new Sabbath-school, in addition to this feeling, had, as they conceived, suffered a special injury at Presbyterian hands. Several of them were of New England birth; and it was natural, therefore, that they should look favorably upon the Congregational system, under which the churches of New England were at that time enjoying a peace which was unusual, and which contrasted strikingly with the storm that was rending the Presbyterian Church asunder. It was determined to organize a Congre-

gational church; and as the leaders of the movement had already begun to look upon Mr. Todd as a man specially fitted, by his talents and experience, to conduct it successfully, he and a few personal friends of his were summoned as a council to organize it. The services were held in the evening of June 7th, 1836, in the Presbyterian church on Arch Street, above Tenth, which had kindly been tendered for that purpose; and, in the presence of a large and attentive congregation, twenty-six persons—thirteen of each sex—were constituted the First Congregational Church in Philadelphia. Four days later, Mr. Todd was unanimously chosen pastor, to his great surprise and against his wishes. He could not for some time see that it was his duty to accept the invitation, and in the end he was influenced more by the judgment and wishes of others than by his own. But no sooner was his acceptance received than the new movement began to be pushed with great vigor. A large building-lot was secured at the corner of Clinton and Tenth streets, plans were adopted, a subscription-list was opened, and soon filled to within ten thousand dollars of the estimated cost, and ground was broken, and operations commenced at once. The corner-stone was laid on the 18th of August; and it was promised that the rooms in the basement should be ready for occupancy before winter.

There were several things which conspired to make the movement a great success. The men who were engaged in it were for the most part young and enterprising business men, and some of them were wealthy enough, as was supposed, and as they supposed, to carry the whole load, if necessary, without assistance. There were many New England people in the city to welcome a church such as they had been brought up in; and the Presbyterians recognized the propriety of their having such a church, and, so far from opposing it, were ready to offer their houses of worship for the use of the new church, when occasion demanded. At the same time, the dissensions among them led many of them to welcome a peaceful refuge. To all this must be added the novelty of the thing, the attractiveness of the new edifice and its appointments, the activity and life of the congregation, and, not least of all, the popularity and power of the new preacher, now at the height of his fame and abilities.



On the other hand, there were elements combining to bring the new movement to ruin. The church became inevitably, under the circumstances, a kind of Cave of Adullam, for the gathering of the disaffected and difficult ones from all the churches, and was, therefore, in its composition heterogeneous and inharmonious. Its origin as a Sabbath-school lent it some unfavorable features. It stood apart from the influence and sympathy of other churches of the same kind, and was in a community, and was composed of men, not practically used to Congregationalism. The Presbyterian churches around it, though ready at first to tolerate it, were, naturally, sure to become jealous and fearful of it, as it rose in importance and began to draw upon their own strength; and were sure to be none the less, but rather much the more, hostile to it for their own hostility among themselves, even as a quarrelsome couple unite in falling upon an unlucky intruder with all the more unanimity and violence for their mutual anger toward each other. And, finally, unseen and unexpected by any one, there were now rapidly advancing and already near at hand those commercial tempests of 1837 which were to sweep away and sink in their waves all but the very strongest institutions. But none of these difficulties appeared at first. The success of the new undertaking seemed certain; and passers-by beheld with amazement the rapidity with which the walls rose where New England had planted her foot.

“On the evening of November 17th, 1836, the services of installation took place in the First Presbyterian Church (Rev. Albert Barnes), which was kindly and generously placed at our service, in the presence of a large and intelligent audience. The sermon was by Rev. John Brown, D.D., of Hadley, Massachusetts. After the installation of the pastor, the church continued to worship, as before, in Union Hall, the congregation and the Sabbath-school steadily increasing, till April 2d, 1837, when they removed to the basement story of the new house of worship, seven months after the corner-stone was laid. At this time there were about one hundred children in the Sabbath-school.”

“December 27th, 1836.

“I sometimes think there is an increasing degree of spirituality and of solemnity—full meetings, solemn and still;

but in a city it is so difficult to have impressions abide. The same seriousness and attention in the country would have produced a revival; but not so here. You cast the salt into the water, and soon see that you are trying to salt a river; it all runs away at once. What shall a minister do to save sinners? is the greatest question that ever came before my mind. How to answer it, or what to say, I know not; but still I go on, laboring and hoping. Why did they have such powerful revivals in the days of Edwards and Bellamy? Was it owing to the men, or to the counsels of God? Next Sabbath we have our communion; seventeen added to our church, coming from the four quarters of the earth. The roof of the church is nearly covered. It will be a most noble and beautiful building. I should feel proud of it, did I not daily, hourly, and almost momentarily think how little I am doing to fit worshipers for the spiritual and glorious Temple above. When I think of my opportunities, and my doings, and the results of my labors, I am astonished and ashamed."

"January 31st, 1837.

"Mr. —! Do you remember how I asked him to give me the 'right hand'—how he groaned in spirit over Philadelphia and Presbyterianism—how his soul yearned in behalf of true Congregationalism? Well, he has come to the — Presbyterian Church, and when installed did not even ask me into the pulpit, though I dismissed my congregation (Sabbath evening), and went with my people; and there is not a church or a minister in the city so bitter against us as they are. Poor human nature! Such things do not trouble me in the least. I am hardened to all such treatment, and expect it as a matter of course, and care no more about it than if the wind changed—suppose I am too proud to care.

"Our meetings are full, crowded, still, solemn as the grave; and several have lately, as we hope and trust, passed from death unto life. Some of the most interesting conversions I ever saw have taken place. They appear exceedingly well, though the manner in which the Spirit led them is as different from my former experience as city habits are different from those in the country."

"February 20th.

"My room will not hold my hearers. I am at work hard

upon some lectures on Sabbath-schools" (afterward published under the title "Sabbath School Teacher"); "each is over one hour long. They seem to attract great attention. The ministers stand off, and I care not a pin for it. I should say that my prospects for usefulness were never so good, and growing better every day. My church is in more danger of being ruined by wealth and fashion and splendor than any thing else. It is amazing hard work to keep piety alive in this world. In the country they sleep it to death; in the city they kill it by ice-creams and silks. I do wish I had Paul here for a colleague two or three years, that I might know what to do and what to say. I know I have not flinched as yet in my teaching and preaching."

"March 24th.

"It is an awful time here with our business-men. Our merchants are in a panic, and failing. You can not conceive the distress which such a state of things produces. It is a matter of public prayer in all the churches. We hope it will be better soon."

"April 25th.

"I never had a conception of what was meant by commercial distress before the present time. There is no confidence in men. Those who are worth, could they collect it, hundreds of thousands of dollars, are breaking and crumbling all in pieces. None of my people have as yet gone by the board, though I should not be surprised if they all should. It is no matter of surprise to hear that the heaviest, wealthiest, oldest, and most noble houses in the land have been crushed. The worst of it is, the storm seems to thicken, and no end is yet seen to it. No class of men, no individual, is unaffected, or escapes loss and suffering, more or less. I tremble at times for my church, but trust its foundations rest on eternal Love, and that earthly storms will not rock it."

"May 30th.

"The General Assembly are in session, full of quarreling, and wrath, and strife on both sides. The probability is now that they will divide and have *two* General Assemblies, rending through the middle. I have attended the meetings some, have become indescribably disgusted, and am thankful that I do not serve under their banners.

"We receive no salary; but on *this* subject I am never

low-spirited. I work too hard to starve; and as to the rest, God will direct. My children can not be poorer than I was; they will not work harder than I have done; and need not be more prospered to be happy."

*From Mrs. Todd.*

"September.

"We have had most melancholy intelligence from Mr. Todd's oldest brother, William. He left the Black River country a few weeks since for Illinois; and after having traveled twenty-eight days, all their children (three in number) were taken sick with dysentery, and died in the course of one week."

*From Mr. Todd.*

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,—The letter in which you described your afflictions and losses cost me many tears. I gave you all I could give you, my sympathy, my pity, and my prayers. It was indeed a most severe cup which you were called to drink; and I pray God that you may see the hand which smote, and be enabled to kiss the rod. You and your wife will indeed be lonely, and be pilgrims now; but may I not hope that, since God has taken your treasures to heaven, there your hearts may be also? The world will indeed look sad to you; but you must look up to that brighter one above, where sorrow and sin and death shall be unknown. The great source of consolation is, that 'the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.' His will is holy, his doings wise, his plans glorious."

"September 25th.

"My congregation is as great as can possibly be accommodated as we now are; and the probability is, that, when we get into our new church, we shall have a congregation as large as I or any other man can take care of. We are most abundantly prospered. There is so much solemnity in my congregation, that if we were in the country I should say we were about to have a revival; but here all is 'like the morning cloud, and the early dew, which goeth away.'

"Thursday, the 9th of November, was spent as a day of fasting and prayer, preparatory to the dedication of the new church. The house was solemnly dedicated to Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, on the evening of November 11th." It was a rainy evening, but the house was densely packed.

The sermon which was preached at the dedication by the pastor, and which was soon afterward published, was on the "Principles and Results of Congregationalism." It was written in no unkind or party spirit; and could not properly be regarded as an *attack* upon any other denomination. It was a simple comparison of Congregationalism with other church systems, in the light of historical facts which could not be denied. That with respect to it which was fairly open to question was merely, the *expediency* of preaching it just at that time and under the existing circumstances. The leading denominations in the city had seen this strange vine planted among them with comparative indifference; but as they watched its rapid growth, and saw it in a single year taking a position abreast of the first churches in the city, their composure gave place to feelings of uneasiness and dislike, which increased till but a spark was needed to produce a general explosion. The opening of this splendid house wrought these feelings to the highest pitch, and the dedication-sermon was the spark. Upon its production one universal howl of rage went up from Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Unitarians alike. "I have seen nearly twenty notices of my dedication-sermon, and nearly all fly right at my face." From this time the dislike of the other churches became more undisguised, and the path of the Congregational Church and its pastor became a more thorny one to tread.

"December 10th.

"If people see that they can nettle the minister, it at once gives them power and importance, which they are sure to exercise. The world will have weak women and stubborn men in it, at present; and I am afraid that it will still have fools in it, though you and I teach the world better. So we must take it as we find it, and *take it coolly*. I have enough every week to throw me into the scarlet fever, if I did not stand still, and let Folly kick up her heels till she is tired, and then goes to be sick of a cold caught by the exercise. I have cares and anxieties, and constant demands, which make me haggard; and yet I am as well off as a city minister *can* be. God gives us, and all, their portion in due season. Let us not be weary in well-doing."

"March 1st.

"We have, for the most part, been well, and are still so,

by the blessing of God. The two eldest children, Mary and Martha, are at school, murdering Latin, and finding things in geography which Columbus himself would never have been able to discover. John E. reads and spells to his mother, runs over to the study, sings loud, preaches often, and baptizes multitudes of children. Sarah is full of life, frolic, and mischief, and has her mouth half full of teeth, some of which are those wonderful executioners commonly called *double-teeth*. We have been laboring for a *revival*, but to no purpose. We visited all the members of the church; we held prayer-meetings all over the city, six each evening; we had a day of fasting and prayer; but—did you never hear of galvanism? They can take it, and by it make a corpse laugh, and weep, and even jump upon his feet; but after all it is a corpse still; there is no *life* in it. So it has been with us. The Spirit of God has not been given. Sometimes I feel discouraged, and wish I had the ‘wings of a dove,’ with which to fly away. More, too: I feel sometimes as if I must drop all, and stop preaching forever. I know that we do not *pray* enough; but *why* we don’t I do not know.”

“March 8th.

“I have been hard at work, though to no very great purpose any way, since I wrote you. The fact is—there are *two* facts about it, both of which trouble me not a little. First, I have no *time* in which to do any thing; and, secondly, I have no courage to do it, had I time. Like the Dutchman’s horse, I am hard to catch, and good for nothing when caught. I wish I could live by three hours’ sleep, and have vigor to give all the rest of the time to mental efforts; but, alas for me! I have not much wide-awake about me, and what little of the ‘everlasting go forward’ I once had is about all run out. Did you ever feel young—I mean so that you could run a mile across lots and jump over every fence you met? Ah, those days! when your lungs were young, and you could halloo; and your feet young, and you could jump; and your limbs all young, and you could *bound!* Oh, the hills over which I shouted and leaped in boyhood’s green hours! Could these hours return but for *one* day! Ask W—— if *he* ever saw such days.”

“March 9th.

“You surely have a revival, and a delightful one too. I

hope that your hopes may all, and more than all, be realized. I hope, too, that you will not call in much foreign help. As far as possible, do the work of gathering in the harvest yourself. It is no more evidence of the approbation of God, as I know of, to be permitted to gather than it is to sow the seed. Yet it is more delightful to our unbelieving hearts; and our people are apt to have their confidence in their minister greatly increased if they see that he can gather in the harvest as well as sow. So far as my own experience goes, it is well to bring the awakened sinner at once to the bar of God, and make him see how he looks in his sight. The difficulty is, that they mistake *impression* for conviction. It is a rock on which multitudes split.

“To tell the truth, I am placed in new circumstances. Human nature does not seem to be the same thing here that it is in New England. Such a thing as real, deep conviction for sin I seldom find. Professors, in talking, praying, speaking in meeting, do not seem to feel that this is of any importance. If they will only ‘*resolve*,’ and ‘make up their mind,’ and all that, they feel that *this* is religion. I can not find as it has ever been the case that people here, in general, have had any conviction of sin previous to professing religion. And yet they appear well, and perhaps give as much evidence, taking the year in and out, that they *are* converted, as those in New England who are taught by law. What shall we think of all this? I confess I am at times at a dead loss what to think. That there is, comparatively speaking, no *stability* in such Christians is plain; but I do not know but they are as stable in religion as in any thing about which they are no better informed.

“Our Sabbath-school numbers four hundred, teachers and pupils. The House of Refuge (one hundred and fifty bad boys), a Sabbath-school at Hamilton village, the Alms-house (two thousand now in it), and twelve hundred inhabitants supplied monthly with tracts—all done by members of my church. My two theological students preach, in their way, at the Alms-house. We keep up eight or ten weekly meetings in the lanes and alleys of the city. So we are not absolutely idle.

“I see that my ‘Sabbath School Teacher’ is reviewed in at least *three* monthly periodicals in London. They are in ec-

stasies. You would smile to see how the Londoners puff what was written in my study in eighty-two days last winter. It seems certain, however, that the poor thing, fearful as you seemed to be about it, will revolutionize the whole system of Sabbath-schools in Europe. For good, or for evil, it will have a greater influence than any *one* thing I have ever done.

“Why *need* people be so niggardly? If the possession of property shuts up the heart, I rejoice that I never possessed it, and pray God that he will never let me have any. I have no sympathy with *stinginess*, and am thankful that I have never had to deal with mustard-seed souls.”

“March 12th.

“*Rev. John A. Clark, now in London:*

“MY DEAR SIR,—Your good niece tells my good wife to tell me that if I write you a line, she can send it. Your ‘dear five hundred,’ and more too, have been following you, and looking after you, and sending sighs, and good wishes, and tears. But your letters will tell you all this; for if you are honest, you will tell me that you read *my* letter *after* all the rest. Now is it not so? As to your family, they will tell you all about them. They have been, and are, blessed, and you could not keep them any safer than your house has been kept. Your congregation are sticking together like bees who are afraid to go out even in fair weather when the queen-bee is away. Even with all my popularity, I have not been able to steal a single sheep! But, then, you know that your great ‘canons’ shut such heretics as I am out of your pulpit, and that gives me no chance. Don’t you see that? Oh, how I *do* envy you, going and seeing, and seeing and going, looking in the very mouth of every lion, and, if you choose, pinching the tail of every monkey, seeing great folks and little folks, applying all the rules of phrenology, and filling your mind with a world of half-formed impressions and shadows of images! What would I not give to be near you, and, like a good pump, sucking all I could out of you, and, like the said pump, proudly spouting it out as if my own! But some birds are *eagles*, and they fly as a matter of course; while some are *geese*, who are privileged to twaddle and quack. I am like the latter—provided, moreover, the feet of the said bipeds be frost-bitten.



Well, see all you can; stare 'right at' every thing; and then come and tell us all about every thing. I envy you even three thousand miles off. As to the 'Keepsake,' we have swept the net round a great way, and, as I think, shall gather in fish both good and bad. We shall have matter enough, but some of it, unless they begin to print soon, will hardly keep. Some of it is like the old-fashioned New England pig-walnuts—very large, much 'shuck,' hard to crack, and very little meat in the nut. I shall do the best I can, and you will have the credit of it. I hope you will write the preface, and something which you see, 'et de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.' I would not be in a hurry to get home, because I should want to *recover* my health, and because you will not be able to go to Europe again this season. Among your many handsome letters which now reach you, few will come from those who are more sincere than my poor self when I say, God bless you most abundantly with every blessing, and fill you with joy in him."

"March 17th.

"Have you read Lockhart's Life of Scott? If you have not, I want you should. You will be absolutely amazed that a man with so little learning, and what he had resting on so poor a foundation, could have produced such a sensation among his species. He seems like a huge, splendid castle resting upon a cob-house for its foundation. Read him, and learn what 'unaffected amazement' means."

*To a former Parishioner.*

"March 26th.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—For some days before Mr. B— came, I kept saying to myself, 'Surely W— will write a few lines;' but he came, and your letter did not. Don't you suppose there was ever a pretty girl who gave her lover the go-by, and thought she was losing nothing; but who, in after years, thought to herself that she did a silly thing, and wished she had the ground to go over again? I do not *aver* that this ever was so, but I do suspect it. Well, what then? The moral is, if you and I let our friendship die away through sheer neglect, will not the time come when we shall wish we had been wiser? I have thrown away too many most valuable friends, simply by neglecting them when circumstances separated us. Should I live to have the almond-blossoms

on my head, I shall regret it. It gives me great pleasure, in reviewing the past, to know that in the intercourse which you and I have been permitted to enjoy, there never was any thing to mar our pleasures, or to give a sting to the memory of the past. My foolish pen can not tell how much I have loved you, nor how much I have enjoyed in your society. If I could *now* enjoy it again, I should know how to cause our intercourse to be more useful to both of us. Do you grow old any in feeling? Do you know it is almost two years since I began to be taken away from your society? Shall we meet next summer? Shall we have a week, or a fortnight, of solitude, where we can hide and be out of sight? Is the romance of life *all* used up with you? I begin to find myself a strange compound of selfishness and generosity, ambition, and indifference to men's opinions, a timid hare, and yet a dreadnaught; in short, such a fellow as you never saw before. Yet I like *you*, and I wish I were near you, and could keep near you. To return to 'the said girl,' as you lawyers say, does she not sometimes, just at dusk, when weary, hang over the window and say to herself, 'Why *doesn't* he come?' Even so I have been saying about you, 'Why *doesn't* he come and see us?' I have been saying so for more than a year. When *will* you come? Is it spring with you? Do the birds sing, or the frogs peep? *Here*, nor spring nor summer, fall nor winter, comes to us. The wheels rattle over pavements; the sweeps, and the fish-carts, and the oyster-carts bawl (not the *carts*, though, but creatures about as stupid), and this is our variety. I have been almost the whole winter sick. One more such winter will, I fear, finish off my preaching—sore throat, sore throat! and Mrs. Todd, I fear, will never enjoy health here. Love to your family, and to all inquiring friends."

"March 29th.

My congregations are very large, attentive, apparently solemn; but, alas! there is nothing permanent in the impressions which they receive. But God has dealt with us in great mercy in the past, and for the future we must trust him. I have taken no notice of the severe things said about my dedication sermon. Years ago I made up my mind not to be soured by any thing which might be said against me, and I have never regretted this resolution."

## CHAPTER XX.

LIFE AT PHILADELPHIA—*continued.*

The old Gun.—Annealed Wire.—The Dinner-set.—Measles.—A new House.—To Miss Beecher.—The Clam split open.—The Maple Molasses.—Lungs of Leather.—Cholera Infantum.—Dispatch.—Anguish of Spirit.—Robert Hall.—Bowditch.—The plucked Rose.—The still, small Voice.—Nesting out of the Pulpit.—Not Paid.—A young Ladies' School.—A Boys' School.—A daily Newspaper.—To Mrs. Palmer.—Congregationalism.—Preaching Sovereignty.—Trials of building a new Church.—Swine and the Water.—Genius.—Boys' Education.—Sighs for New England.

*To S. C. B.—*

“April 9th, 1838.

“MY brain is much like the pan of an old gun which I used to tug round in my boyhood—so leaky, that when I attempted to get her off the priming was sure to be gone. When I have thought of writing to you, I always seemed to be full, too full; but now I scratch my head in vain to find a single idea suitable to so important an occasion. I am delighted with your discussions in the theological chamber, and not a little astonished that the walls of the citadel should so soon shake. Not that I would insinuate that your battering-ram is not of the first power; but still, I had supposed the walls were built of chains instead of stones, and that while you could easily make them clink and rattle, it would not be so easy to overthrow them. So far as accuracy of thought and of definition (a very difficult thing for an undisciplined mind), and clearness and distinctness of conception, are concerned, the discussion will be useful to you. As to the effect upon the moral feelings, I should think it about as good as chewing annealed wire for food for the body. But ‘have at them.’ You have them on the right ground; and if the jackdaw will strut in the feathers of the peacock, he must not complain that he is *called* a jackdaw after the borrowed feathers are plucked off.”

“April 13th.

“Now and then I put my phiz into a bookstore; but men of that stamp dare not import a single book, even if you ad-

vance the money: they think the ocean will shortly cease to bear up ships, and that our Government can reverse the very laws of nature if they please. Our 'Nic' [Nicholas Biddle] says we are to have no specie at present, and the very boys who get married pay their wedding fees in a depreciated currency. They have been giving 'Nic' a dinner-set of silver, said to have cost twenty thousand dollars. It is superb, of course; but what *would* the world say if such an offering should be made to any other priest, equal to that which they thus make to this great high-priest to Mammon!"

"April 24th.

"We have been sick, sick, sick. John was seized with the croup, about three weeks ago, accompanied with a high fever. He is now just getting out of his room; and if he does not take more cold in this doleful weather, we trust he will shortly be well. Then Sarah was taken sick, and went through a siege of medicine. And then Joab, who is still on the sick-list, and looks bad enough for any two dead men." [The poor lame boy, who spent a year in Mr. Todd's family in Groton, had taken the valedictory at Yale in 1837, and from that time made Mr. Todd's house his home.] "You hear the rattling of vials and spoons, and see the ranges of pill-boxes, and you would think we were indeed a hospital. J—— and S—— do our singing on ordinary occasions; and while we can hardly raise sound enough to get through a prayer-meeting, we propose to give an oratorio which will electrify the city. We are compelled to move out of our house; and what will surprise you is, that, characteristic of my rashness, I have bought a new house. It is the first house in Clinton Street east of Tenth—just finished, and now being fitted for our occupancy. It is, as I believe, most thoroughly, and, as I *know*, most beautifully, built. Is it not a bold undertaking to try to shoulder a debt of eight thousand dollars? It does not worry me in the least, nor will it. No change is or can be great here; none can come unexpected; nothing surprises us; there is nothing new. Solomon must have lived in a city when he preached so eloquently, and in the country when he compared his beloved one's *nose* to Mount Carmel. Most of our earthly joys are in expectation, and we find it much easier to sell the skin than to hunt the bear."

“April 26th.

“*Miss Catharine E. Beecher, Walnut Hills, Ohio:*

“DEAR MISS B.,—Yours of the 9th reached me in due season, but your manuscripts did not get to me till this blessed day. Harriet ought to thank her stars, or somebody else, that she did not live in the days when they hung witches. She surely would have been hung. Three babies in two years! and yet write a volume before breakfast! She is a strange one! I always did like her, *i. e.*, ever since I knew her, and at those seasons when I could get her to talk, and am determined to like her pieces, though, according to your request, I do not stop to read them before I answer your note and tell you they are safe. They *are* in season, and though I have enough for two volumes at least, yet much of it will hardly keep through the hot weather. You can hardly conceive what mawkish stuff can be written, if one has a gift that way; and yet some of this was promised to be inserted, by Mr. Clark, before he left the country. I charitably hope he made the promise when the docket was low. I feel disappointed in not having something from your pen. I will ‘keep the polls open,’ as they say at elections, to the last moment possible, waiting for your ‘tale,’ and ‘poetry’ to be measured by the yard! Just recollect that when we buy by the yard, we get the best quality off the first end of the piece. If I can not keep a place for you, I shall be more sorry than you will. When I think of the amazing ease with which ink flows from your pen, and how well it reads, I often think, What *ails* her? why *doesn't* she write more? I have read Professor Stowe's report with admiration. It is noble, and will do immense good in this country. In looking over ‘auld lang syne,’ I find I have corresponded with him, but never, as I recollect, seen him. I hope I can not say this many years longer. Your father's lectures! wonderful man! he keeps on the wing untired, and goes up higher, and sees wider and wider into the ways that are everlasting, as he grows older. His eye was never keener, his flight never more lofty, his strong powers never more gigantic, than at this moment. ‘O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ!’”

“May 15th.

“This buying a house, and fitting it up, drain a poor

man's purse. But we have a good and a beautiful home. If we may enjoy health and do good, other things are of small consequence. I have enough to do, and far too much. My congregation seems to be wonderfully growing in reputation and popularity in the city; but this I attribute to my *beauty*. Now, is not this insufferable, to talk so much about ourselves? But do remember that we have not a cat, nor a hen, nor even a peacock, else to talk about, and what *shall* we do?"

"May 29th.

"Joab had a siege with the *measles*. For a long time nobody could tell what ailed him. The first day he was able to be out, and the very day before John and Sarah were taken, we moved—or, rather, we tumbled along the street, out of one house into another. Such a world of furniture and trumpery! Where it came from, and of what possible use it could be, was more than I could tell. But we had it, and must move it, and move it we did. We are now in the house, and it is a most beautiful and convenient one, very far exceeding any thing we ever had before. I hope we shall be thankful for it. We have had a world of company, from the four quarters of the earth, and are in no danger of being delivered. For about ten weeks we have had severe sickness, and during that time never had a good night's rest. We have here two General Assemblies of the Presbyterians. Both claim to be the *real* Assembly; and it is amusing to see a farce so solemn, and in many respects so poorly played. I laugh at them, and tell them that they are now like a clam which is split open, and are quarreling to see which is the upper shell, when the *meat* is gone out of both."

To J. H. B.—

"June 13th.

"I have, as usual, many kindnesses to acknowledge from you, such as a little barrel of maple molasses, the draft for one hundred dollars, etc., all of which came in due season, and for all of which I return you special thanks. I hope that whoever has the honor to write my biography will not forget to commemorate the kindness of *thee, mine publisher*. The molasses has been a great affair with us, comprehending in itself, and therefore a substitute for, almost every thing. 'Mrs. Todd, have you no preserves for tea?' 'Oh, you see

the molasses.' 'You have forgotten to set on the cake, Mrs. Todd.' 'No, but the molasses is a substitute.' 'But we have no smoked beef, or cheese, on the table.' She points to the molasses. So it is like the Irishman's shirt, 'victuals and drink, and pretty good clothing.'

"E. H.— is making a *first-rate* singer! a voice that Hercules might covet! I tell him he may sell his lungs for leather, at a great price, after he has done with them."

"June 30th.

"Within a few days past, little Sarah has been quite ill. If she gets no better within a day or two, I shall try to get the family off to you on next Tuesday morning, for if the summer complaint be once fixed upon a child here, it is certain death. Joab will accompany them, as I must not leave at present."

The little one grew worse so fast that the departure was hastened, and Mr. Todd accompanied the family. On the way it seemed impossible for the child to live from hour to hour. She was so weak that her father carried her on a pillow, and in the crowds held the pillow up above the people's heads, lest she should lose her breath forever. In New York, "When my whole family were shut up in a stage at the steamboat-landing, at the end of the wharf, the horses began to back the carriage; and had they gone *six inches* farther, they would all have been precipitated in the deep waters, and undoubtedly have found a watery death." In the air of New England the sick child at once revived, and her father hastened back to the city for a few days longer.

"October 11th.

"It is absolutely impossible for any one who does not live in a great city to conceive of the multitude of things which cut up all our time, weary the spirits, exhaust the mind, and corrode the heart. I accidentally cast my eye on an old letter, written many years ago by Doctor Porter, of Andover, in which he is kind enough to say that they 'never had a man of Mr. Todd's age who, in a given time, could do so much, and do it so well.' This is too high praise; but if I have any one gift peculiarly my own, it is *dispatch*. But even that avails nothing here. I never lie down without having conscience reproach me for not having done at least four times what I have done; and I never rise in the

morning without feeling that I *can not* do what I must during the day.

“There is nothing interesting among my people, excepting an indescribable anguish of spirit which I have felt for them for some weeks past. I write my sermons and preach as pointedly, as plainly, and as solemnly as I know how; the congregation is full, very large, and very attentive, and apparently solemn; but there is nothing that abides; in a few hours it is all gone. I am now laying my plans to make a great effort to improve the spirituality of my church. If these plans fail, it now seems as if my heart would also fail. A few days since was my birthday. I solemnly dedicated all that I have anew to God, and consecrated the remainder of my life to him. I have prayed for this flock, now a great flock, and every week increasingly so. My people feel that I am to fill the church with people, pay for it all at once, support the concern itself: this is the first and great work; and, subsidiary to this, I am to carry them to heaven, while they live entirely to the world, and am to convert the congregation also. To do *their* part of this immense work, they are jealous of each other, afraid that one or another will have too much notice, or they too little, and then they wonder why the minister does not accomplish more. It is a dreadfully hard field in which to do good. If it were allowable to preach pretty and fashionable sermons, to eat and to drink good things, and not to deal with the sins of men, I could get along and do well. But my desire and aim and standard is, to see my church become spiritual, and my congregation savingly converted. This must be done, or I shall sink under my labors. Do not fail to let us have your prayers. We have not a single leaf in the mulberry-tree that shakes, and not the least breath from the Spirit of God. I *think* that I desire one thing above all others, and that is, that I and mine may be holy.

“I have had the luxury of reading a few hours to-day, under a sick headache. I have re-read the life of Robert Hall. I felt that I envied him, and wished that I could preach like him, till I came to John Foster’s wonderful dissection of him as a preacher, and then all my envy was gone. He is immeasurably distant from being a model for the ministry. If all could and did preach just as he did, it



seems to me the day of the world's conversion would be distant.

"Many thanks for a copy of 'Eulogy upon Bowditch.' A wonderful man! Very few sons of a poor cooper could rise by their unaided genius and industry to accomplish what he accomplished. I sat down at once, and read his memoir with astonishment, and with sorrow too, to think that a mind so gigantic, clear, and discriminating should pass through life and go into the eternal world giving so small evidence of knowing Jesus Christ, 'whom to know is life eternal.' I should hope that his eulogists have left out something, and that such a noble spirit has not gone to the presence of God clothed in the poor garments of its own righteousness."

"October 19th.

"Poor H——! poor orphans! seven of them! Nothing for a long time has affected us like the death of this lovely woman, and this warm, constant, and sincere friend of ours. Her sun set suddenly, but in glory. The earth can show but few like her. I love to dwell upon her sweet image, which will never fade from my mind and heart; and to thank God that, among all his mercies to me and mine, he has permitted us to know and enjoy such a friend. I can not yet realize that the blow is struck, and the rose has been plucked from the sweet buds which clustered around it, and is now withered and gone. No, it is not dead. The hand of Love has carefully shaken the dust from it, and transplanted it into a world where the wind shall not shake it, where the storm shall not bruise it, where the dust of earth shall not defile it. The spirits of but few, as I believe, ever went more directly *up*, or were at once admitted nearer to that blessed One, whose prayer, 'Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me be with me where I am,' has now been so unexpectedly and mysteriously answered."

*To a Parishioner at the West.*

"November 13th.

"In that land where all goes by impetus, and all is moving, do not forget to ask for that 'still, small voice,' which is not heard in the crowd, which can not be heard except when the heart is withdrawn from the world, and which is *always* given for the asking. Ask for yourself, and for me, and for this church."

“November 28th.

“To-morrow we are to have a day of Thanksgiving in our church, to keep time with our father-land, New England. We are determined to bring New England this way as fast as we can. The Lord only can aid us to do it in reality. The proposal in my church *took* well, and I encourage every thing that tends to give the New England stamp to my church. As to our situation, I can hardly say what it is. My church is coming up in influence and character, and in the confidence of the community; and I suppose I am, individually, more known in the city at the present time than ever before. But I have my trials, and they are neither few nor small. Our congregation is large and very attentive; but there is no breath in this valley of dry bones, and I seem to beat the air. I work as hard as I can, and ‘it profiteth nothing.’ But results are not in our hands, and we ought to rejoice that they are not. Ministers come into my church and into my study, and envy me my situation; but they little know with what heaviness of heart I engage in my duties. I am trying to write a lecture for the Athenian Institute, but I have no heart for it, and it must be a failure. They will not allow me to introduce the subject of religion, and I am out of my element if you take me out of the pulpit.”

*To an absent Parishioner.*

“January 6th, 1839.

“A private word in your ear. If you ever go away again, I must go with you, or starve. My good people have not paid me a cent since you went away, and only nine hundred and fifty dollars in more than a year. I have been sorely pinched and perplexed; but I have not said a word, nor shall I, and I beg *you* will not, before your return. They may do better before that time. The congregation was never so large before; but there is no energy—no moving, active spirit. I believe I never stood better in their estimation, and I am sorry that I can not live on their esteem. I am invited everywhere to preach, but shall not go away from home at present.”

“January 22d.

“I am trying to get up a young ladies’ school connected with my congregation. Miss G——, formerly in

Miss Dwight's school in Northampton, has been at my house six or eight weeks. I do not know as I can carry out my plans. If I do, it will cost me something personally; but I am anxious to have it done, and if it *can* be, it *shall* be. She commences her school on Wednesday next, under very good auspices." [The school was successfully established, and continued for a number of years, a school of a high order.] "Joab begins the same day. I will tell you how I went to work to accomplish an object. I wanted to get him a school here. He came, and I selected thirty or forty of my friends, to each of whom he sent a polite note, stating that he was going to open a school. To this note I appended a note of my own, stating his character, scholarship, etc. He commenced with two or three scholars. His prospects are fine, and I think he will shortly have at least a thousand dollars income. I have charged him nothing, except to have little John go over half an hour each half day and read a little lesson. I love to give my friends a lift as I can, and all I ask is, that when *I* get in the mire they will not forget me." [Mr. Brace, soon after this, had all the pupils that he wished, and his school continued in successful operation for some years after he, with Mr. Todd, had left the city.] "When Collins" [Mrs. Todd's eldest brother] "came, I took unwearied pains to introduce him to gentlemen of the first standing here, both by personal interviews and by letter. The result will be, I think, what I want, and have wanted. I think they will get up a new daily paper here, and make him the editor. They have not decided, but have gone so far as to have several meetings, and C. has drawn up a prospectus. I think it will go." [The *North American* was soon afterward established on this basis, and still continues, united with the *United States Gazette*, one of the leading journals in Philadelphia.] "I sometimes feel like sitting down and having a hearty cry; for I seem to have the faculty and the opportunity to help others, but no faculty to help myself.

"Deacon — is in Europe. The last year he was scolding because I wrote books. He now writes from France that he receives great kindnesses and attentions because he belongs to a Mr. Todd's church—Mr. Todd being extensively known there by certain *books* which he wrote. So the

world goes. I wish I had pluck enough to write some more."

*To Mrs. Doctor Palmer, formerly of Charleston.*

"January 28th.

"I have been hard at work, with little or no good resulting. What hard work to convert the human heart! I wish some of those new divinity folks who allow God only to *permit*, while they *decree*, would come here and convert some of my hearers. It is more than *I* can do.

"We have had some sickness, and I have had the dyspepsia—the only fashionable, genteel thing I ever had—and have stood still with both hands full. Yet I have found time to follow you in your dismal journey, your stages, your low river, and your new entrance into the Far West. I have felt very sorry for you; for I have too often been upon wheels, with all I had in the world on wheels with me, among strangers, and with a short purse, not to know how badly off we may be, and not to pity you. But I was glad that you could live it through, and from your last I gather that the good doctor is catching the spirit and enterprise of the West, and is again taking off his coat to go to work. I hope he may find the fountains of life replenished, and that he still has the arm to nerve a strong bow, and to send many arrows, with great effect. I suppose that you will not always find there that Art has reared her temple on the dry hill of Zion, lighted with silver lamps and sweet-smelling oil; but you will find enough to do; and I pray that you may live long to do much of it, and have grace to do it thoroughly."

"February 14th.

"I am poor, and always shall be: I have met with some losses by dishonest folks; but I thank God that I never yet refused to aid a fellow-man, be he who he might, if I had any evidence that he deserved it, and if it was in my power to do it; nor do I ever intend to."

*To Rev. S. G——.*

"February 15th.

"All Congregationalists profess to love Congregationalism, and yet you could get them to yield no sympathy for *Congregationalism*; but show them a weak, devoted feeble Congregational church, organized and struggling for exist-

ence, and you excite their sympathy. The system is different from any other. Men will join (and fight for, too) Episcopacy or Presbyterianism or Methodism, but not Congregationalism. The very life and soul of the system consists in embracing *men*, and not an abstraction. In my experience, you can do nothing toward raising a church unless there is enough of the self-moving spirit on the spot to make a fair beginning. Had the New England people sent me here to raise a Congregational church, and pledged me funds for support, I do not believe that in five years I could have got any foot-hold. The only hope of success was, that there was self-movement here: the people wanted such a church, and were ready to move and act, to labor and to give. But to this hour it remains an experiment. I started here too weak, and would never do so again. We have been much prospered, but the trials through which we have passed, and must yet pass, are almost beyond what you can conceive of."

"February 23d.

"I have just organized a young ladies' Bible-class. We have sixty already, with fair prospects of many more. I am working with all my soul. Last Sabbath I threw my congregation 'all aback' by preaching on the sovereignty of God, and election. It shook the building terribly. Some cried, and some threatened, and some were grieved, and some were mad, and some were disappointed, and *I?*—no more moved by it than you are in Newington. I preached not only the truth, but truth that I am prepared to maintain anywhere. I hope it will do good."

*To Rev. J. C. W—.*

"March 3d.

"Let no man who values his soul, or his body, ever go into a great city to become a pastor. I thought I knew what hard work meant before I came here; but I did not, nor did I ever dream of it. I can not describe it to you; but here every thing works on a different scale, and human nature is cast in a different mould, from what it is in New England. But it is unsanctified human nature, after all; and I sometimes feel as if I must cut every string and run. I have been here nearly three years, preach to a great congregation in a beautiful church, and have, generally, three

or four theological students; but oh! the care and wear and tear, the tears and fears, the pulling and lifting, the creeping and weeping, the sighing and crying, necessarily connected with raising up a new church in a great city, all alone, with none to love you, or aid you, or go with you! I could tell you a long and a sad story. Yet we have been most abundantly prospered. We have exceeded the hopes and expectations of all; and we have, on the whole, very far exceeded my own expectations. Yet if you were to see me, you would be surprised to see how many gray hairs cover my head, and how very old a man may become in three years.

“I was, of course, not surprised to learn that you were dismissed; for I have ceased to be surprised at any thing, and, least of all, at any change in the ministry. God will overrule it all for good; and if you can find a snug place soon, you will find your materials of very great service to you. But when you settle again, do not lean too much upon old sermons, and become lazy; consider how poor they are, and how little execution they have done, and go to work and make better. They will be your ruin, if you lean upon them. I can not judge as to the causes which drove you away, or of your judiciousness. I have no reason, however, to suppose that you were *not* judicious. At this day you will find breezes and storms everywhere, go where you will; and the great thing you need on such occasions is, to keep cool and self-possessed. Many a ship has outridden the storm, by the coolness of the captain, when the least worry or flurry in him would have thrown her on her beam-ends. This is a hard matter, and requires much manhood, much nerve, much philosophy, and more grace. As a general thing, it is not best to reprove or instruct or reason with those who are fools, or drunk, or mad, or under any strong excitement. When the swine get to running, you can not stop them. Cold water is the place where they must go. When the storm is over, and the passions are cool, and all parties are calm, then is the time to reprove and instruct. Had Christ reproved Peter in *words*, when he only put his cool eye upon him, very likely Peter had sworn at him!”

“March 7th.

“Doctor Johnson wrote a small but *good* book, to pay for

putting his mother *into* the grave; and I am writing a small and *poor* book, to keep my mother *out* of the grave."

To Mr. A. M——.

"March 7th.

"If there is any one thing above all others which I am disposed to envy, it is the privilege of those who are now in our colleges and seminaries, preparing, under a stimulus almost overwhelming, to act their part in human affairs. Set your standard high. Fix your eye on a star far above the horizon, and take it not off. Study—hard, flesh-tiring study—is the only thing that can make *men*. Genius, like other ghosts, is much talked of, but seldom seen. The only genius that I ever saw, worth naming, is the result of severe application. With this, success is within the reach of every young man; without it, it can seldom be obtained, and can not be permanent, if obtained. The intellect and the heart must be cultivated together; a divorce between them, like that between man and wife, is ruin to both."

To Mrs. W——.

"March 15th.

"Don't think of sending —— into a great city. If there be a spot on earth full of pitfalls and death-holes, it is the city. Bringing my children here was the greatest trial I had in coming; and keeping them here is still the greatest trial I have. A boy of his age would be exposed to all manner of temptation unavoidably, and a world would not pay for the mischief which he might receive. Of all places in the world, New England is the place for education. It is the great school-house of the land; and an education obtained there, and habits formed there, are vastly more valuable than those of any other part of the land. I would not determine to educate my son unless he first gave evidence of piety. This may seem hard, but it is my deliberate opinion. The first thing a boy needs is a good, firm, powerful constitution *worked* on him, so that in after-years he can endure great fatigue and labor. The next thing he needs is a firm, decided government over him, to which his will shall bow without any reserve, and with cheerfulness. The last thing (though the first in reality and in importance) is piety—a heart submissive and obedient to God. I know that if ever I have accomplished any thing in the world worth

naming, it is in a great measure owing to the fact that I *worked* hard in my boyhood. I am persuaded that most go to college too young. You may not like my notions, but they are the result of experience; and were they generally adopted, many a good Eli would be spared the sorrow of having sons who are ruined."

*To a former Parishioner in Northampton.*

"March 25th.

"Those Market Street, 'cross-lot, run-over-the-way days! they were the honey-moon of life, and will never cease to live in my memory. Alas that a rainbow can not last! You can not look back upon those days, dear W——, with deeper emotions than I do. But we are bubbles, tossed about here and there for a few moments, and then we are gone forever. Oh that I could think that I had done *one* action, *one* deed, from a motive sincerely and truly *good*, or one thing that will live and do good when I am gone to the dead! I am here yet, laboring sometimes amidst discouragements exceedingly great, and, then again, with much pleasure and some hope. If I were to live in this world only *for* this world, and were not a minister, and had no responsibility as to whether men went to heaven or not, I should like to live here, and should be very happy. But when it is my duty to see a great congregation prepared for heaven, and feel that I can not begin to begin to do it, the work is discouraging. I do rejoice, *toto corde*, at the uplifting of the Edwards Church—that child of my heart! May her banner wave gloriously long after you and I, dear friend, are forgotten on earth. No, no! I have no desire for the West. When I think of rest, I think of a grave under some beautiful tree in dear New England (bah! my eyes fill with tears at the name, though I do not speak it aloud), where I shall sleep till the great morning of the great day of the great rising."



## CHAPTER XXI.

LIFE AT PHILADELPHIA—*continued.*

Revival.—“Truth made Simple.”—Difficulties.—Young Men’s Association.—A wonderful Meeting.—Quidnunc’s Letters.—Billy.—A Day of Calamities.—A fearful Medicine.—“Oh, rise some other such!”—A great Profession.—Quarrels.—Scarlet Fever.—Did what he could.—Five sick at once.—Sermons in the Sick-room.—What a Storm!—A hard Row.—The Place for Usefulness.—Italian Darkness.—A city Church.—Preaching of Doctor Kirk.—Dissatisfied Evangelists.—Abandoned.—The resolving System.—Abundant Labors.—Never so Prosperous.—Varioloid.—A hard Year.—The lost Sister.—Disaffection.—Wholesale Lies.—Water on a Rock.—Threads of Gold.

“May 6th, 1839.

“ALL the winter and spring, the state of religion among my people has been most lamentably low. I have felt at times as if the waves of worldliness would go over and drown us. Over a fortnight since, I told my church that it seemed to me that we must perish. I urged them to have a prayer-meeting every evening during the week. They had not life enough to say no; so the meetings commenced, many *feeling* opposed to them, many expressing regrets, and more feeling indifferent. The state of feeling was sensibly altered during the first week. One man, a professor of religion, and captain of a Chinaman, was greatly awakened. He who had never dared to draw a full breath in a religious meeting, broke out and most eloquently described his feelings. It was electrical. At the close of the first week, I told my church that I had assumed the responsibility of the meeting for the first week, and now, if they continued, they must assume it for the second. During the last week a great advance has been made. Some of the church have been in deep distress; some have been broken down, and given up their hopes; some have become active and wide awake. All feel that the Spirit of God is here. Yet the work has only just begun. I have an inquiry-meeting, which over twenty have attended. Of these perhaps half a dozen have a trembling hope of their conversion. Their convictions seem very deep, pungent, and sincere. . . .”

To Mrs. Lucy C. Brace.

“ June 3d.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,—When I last saw you, you promised, of your own accord, to read any book which I would write. You probably had no thought how soon you would be called upon to exercise the self-denial. I send you ‘Truth Made Simple,’ and shall be glad to know what you think of it; and if it meets your approbation, I shall rejoice. Oh that I had a mother, whose smile would repay me as I laid at her feet my humble efforts! But if I had, I probably should not have made an effort beyond my profession.”

“ June 7th.

“The secret of all the difficulty, and the apparent cause of my want of success among this people, is the jealousy of a few of them. They are not sensible of it themselves. Each one can see how the others are to blame, but see no beam in their own eyes. It seems at times as if I should sink under it. No one but myself knows, or *can* know, the difficulties of laboring as I am situated; my church eying each other, and each afraid that his neighbor will do less than his part; the whole city crowding against us as interlopers; the ministers all standing off; my time all cut and cross-cut up: I am down at heart and sick. Still, I must hold on as well as I can, and as long as a wise Director tells me to do so.

“I am trying to get up a society of young men in the city, for the protection of young men who come here from abroad. It is to save thousands from ruin. I think it will go; and if it does, it will be worth a year’s labor. I don’t know but my *forte* consists in setting things in motion.

“I have just had a book-seller from London to see me, to make arrangements to publish ‘Todd’s Works,’ as fast as they are written, in London. He seemed very much in earnest; and I was sorry that I was so situated that I could not negotiate with him. But so is my fortune. It was predicted of me when a mere boy, that I was born to be poor.”

“ June 9th.

“A most wonderful meeting! full, solemn, impressive! Between sixty and seventy in the inquiry-meeting, and the most solemn meeting that I have seen this year, or since I have been in the city. It took me and the whole church by

surprise. I had preached all day on prayer—a very full house in the morning, but, owing to the rain, thin this afternoon. But what a meeting this evening! I was tired, and went in, expecting to preach little or none; but when I saw the house so full, I could not but preach. I can not but hope it is the beginning of a great work. It seems almost too much to hope, and yet how easy for God to do what we can not do! I should hope great things, were there not great obstacles in the way; but even these *can* be overcome by the power of God.” These hopes were not fully realized. The heats of summer were at hand, and already the people were leaving the city. A few weeks later, Mr. Todd sent off his family to their usual summer retreat at his father-in-law’s, in Newington, and himself, in company with his lame brother-in-law, took a long journey through the interior of Pennsylvania. While on this tour, he wrote a number of descriptive letters which were published in the *North American*, which stirred up quite a breeze. “Did you write a certain Quidnunc’s ‘Letters from the Interior?’ They raised a mighty storm, among the Pennsylvanians, about the fellow’s ears; but though six big guns were discharged at the fellow through the newspapers, yet I can not find that they hurt him any more than Samuel’s rifle did your cat.” While traveling among the mountains in the interior, he came upon a deer-hunt. The hounds had started a little fawn; and just before he reached the spot, the little creature had leaped for refuge into the arms of a man by the roadside. He at once bought the little thing, and took it with him to his children at Newington, with whom it was a great pet for two or three years, whenever they visited at their grandfather’s. At last “Billy” became so troublesome, and even dangerous, that it was necessary to administer to him “euthanasia.” His horns are still preserved among the family relics.

The financial condition of the country, which had been improving since the panic of 1837, had now again become very bad, and threatened to be worse than ever.

“September 26th.

“It is wonderful to notice how in a commercial community every thing is cramped and straitened by a pressure in the money market. Every thing here looks blue. No money to be had, no debts paid, and every body feels as if he

had just been eating new bread and could not digest it. The prospect is, there will be fearful times before it is all over."

"October 14th.

"The banks have all suspended, and we are in a dreadful condition. Merchants are failing, business at a stand, and every thing looks as if we were going to ruin. What will be the result God only knows. It sometimes seems as if my church would sink in the storm."

"October 24th.

"We live here in a day of calamities. You can hardly, nay, you *can not*, conceive of the distress into which the commercial world is at the present time thrown. Our banks are all down, our merchants are all stagnating, and every thing is as gloomy as you could wish. All the money we can get is reduced in value, and, indeed, we can hardly get money at *any* rate sufficient to go to market. The distress must and will go through the country, and every man, woman, and child must suffer. As to my church, I have stood looking as coolly as I could while the ship was sinking under me, and it seemed as if the next moment she must go down. I have expected it, and calmly went to the helm, anticipating this result. The failure of — and the knocking-away of some other props let down a debt of twenty-two thousand dollars directly on the church, and nobody to sustain it. No one knew what to do. Some came and condoled with me, and said very kindly that, when the church was sold, there were friends in the city who would give me another post! In this emergency my *daring* came to my aid. On my own responsibility, and without any body's advice, I wrote nearly a hundred notes, and called a meeting. There were over eighty present. I made a statement, and offered a plan of my own. It was a fearful medicine; but I had made up my mind, and administered it as coolly as you could take a pinch of snuff. Most faint-hearted were the few who had an inkling of what I was at. Very few suspected. Most nobly did they meet me. Before we parted, twenty-one thousand dollars' worth of pews were sold. We are now to carry out the plan, and sell the other one thousand dollars' worth, and *then* the church is afloat! She never was so well off as at this moment. But it cost me some

sleepless nights, a few more gray hairs, and one speech the like of which few ministers ever made. So you see I have gone to financiering, and doing the business of this world as well as my own. I have just received a call to go from this post; but though I should like to go back to dear old New England, yet of course I can not think of it. I have pledged myself to stand by the ship, not only till she floats, but till she is in open sea, under full sail, and not a rock in sight." The sale of pews here mentioned amounted to nothing; the increasing financial commotion ruined some, and cramped others, of the purchasers, and the debt remained unpaid.

"October 27th.

"We have no change and no money here. I married a little fellow last evening in my parlor, but can not spend his fee, because nobody can change a two-dollar bill. A sailor came to me lately, to have me tie him to an old woman, and gave me ten dollars in gold. 'Oh, rise some other such!'"

"October 28th.

"I esteem the pastoral office the highest and the holiest on earth, since the apostolic was laid aside. It is one that God has appointed, and it is *incomparably* the most important in the world. As long as God gives me health, I should not dare break my ordination-vows for any thing else. My heart and soul are in it, if in any thing, and it would be an unspeakable grief to me to be obliged to leave it."

"November 25th.

"J—— is in real distress, without any mistake. He begged for help; and I sent him twenty dollars in two hours after receiving the note. *Bis dat qui citò dat*. I have been hard drawn upon this year; and if, at its close, I have not fallen greatly behind, I shall rejoice and be disappointed; but I shall make it my rule to do for others as long and as far as my power extends, trusting that Providence will reward me by taking care of mine. We have received great mercies; we have health, we are surrounded by comforts, and even luxuries; and why should we grudge to do what little we can to make others happy?"

"December 21st.

"I never knew what *changes* meant, till within a week; and I hope never to see another such week. First, there were *two* quarrels in my church, which were enough to sink

it; and I thought they would, and they came very near it, but we got over them by God's help. Next, we have two children now sick with the scarlet fever. This is the fifth day with Martha, and the third with Mary. Martha has been, and *is*, very sick. I have been with them day and night for the last three days. We expect that John and Sarah will follow next, though perhaps a kind Providence will spare us. In the midst of all, this morning our dear little *Lucy* was born—a fat, plump, sweet child, who promises to bear up her grandmother's name with propriety. Just before all this, came the crash of the Schuylkill Bank—loss over \$1,300,000—and all through the knavery of one man? The mightiest piece of villainy ever practiced in this country! Thousands and thousands of widows and orphans are ruined, for *there* they had invested their *all*. We have lost our little all. God grant that such distress may never again fall upon this city. We forget our individual sufferings in the general woe. My church is shaken to its foundations. Is it not wonderful that the pillars on which my church was reared should be thus swept away? God only is wise, and good, and to be trusted. I am worn out, and sick of every thing I see; but so long as God in mercy spares the lives of my family, I will not say one word. I hope whoever writes my history since I have been here, will be able to say, 'He did what he could for that church.' If I can say this from the heart, I shall not need to say more."

"December 31st.

"Martha continued to droop and droop till she seemed almost gone; but is, we trust, now recovering, though she can not turn herself in bed. On Friday, *I* was taken most violently with chills and pains, and for forty-eight hours was in agony. Now I have begun to get off the bed, and nurse again over the sick. Last night, at midnight, John was taken, and, I suppose, must now go through a regular siege of scarlet fever. If our lives may be spared (oh, how easy to be reconciled, when we may thus make one great reserve!), we shall feel that God is dealing with us in great mercy and kindness. We have but *five* at present who are confined to the chamber. Of these, three are with me, and over them I hang day and night. I count myself the fourth. If man at his best estate is altogether vanity, what is he at his lowest

and weakest? Did you ever read Charnock on Divine Providence? I have been tossing on my bed, and reading it in great pain of body, and yet great mental delight."

"January 6th, 1840.

"John is very low—so much so that I should not be surprised were he to be taken away at an hour's warning. I dare not tell Mrs. Todd how I feel, lest it injure her. The poor little emaciated groaner! you would not know him. He is out of his head most of the time, but even then tells me that he says his prayers softly. Martha sits up fifteen minutes in the day. I have had my clothes off but once for eighteen days and nights. I preached twice yesterday, sermons that I wrote in this sick-room. Pray for us much, that God would be with us in this hour of darkness."

"January 20th.

"John is slowly recovering, though he can not sit up yet. Sarah has just got over the *worst* of her sickness. Martha has had a very narrow escape with her life, but is gradually creeping uphill. It is now five weeks since I have had a night's rest. But few of the nights have I taken off my clothes. Here I have staid, and here written my poor sermons. But, oh, what a storm we have in my church! a storm that threatens to sink it, and *will* sink it, without a special interposition of Divine Providence. The fact is, that some of my church have been at swords' points for the last year and a half; and I have been burning up between them. The result, I have no doubt, will be that I shall leave, and my poor church will quarrel and tear each other a while, and then fall into the hands of the Presbyterians. Great efforts have already been made to effect this end. No one knows, or *can* ever know, the difficulties I have had to meet, since I have been here, from without and within. I am wearing out here with hard labors, all alone, with none to sympathize with me, none to aid me. I am as solitary as if there were not a fellow-minister within hundreds of miles of me. My row has been a hard one; but I have labored without murmuring; and if God calls me to leave, I hope I shall do it without a tear."

"January 27th.

"Were I to go back to my theological life (and oh that I could!), I would do differently from what I did. I would

not enter the ministry as young by four or five years (I was twenty-five). I would then, Providence favoring, settle in some small, pleasant village, make me a convenient and desirable home, get me a great pile of books, and there I would stick, dwelling among mine own people, and trying to carry them with me to heaven. I have done very differently. I have built three large churches out of nothing, all of which are now strong and powerful. I have had anxieties too great, because upon the success of each church my character has been staked. I have preached in the cottage, and the school-house, and the saloon, and the splendid church. The *medium* is the place for usefulness. 'Society,' says Sam Slick, 'is like a pork-barrel: the middle is good, but the top and bottom are apt to be a *leetle tainted*.' What we call 'common folks' are the backbone of all that is good, and among such, were I Horace, I would seek to spend my life. Let him stick to his books, make all he can his own, save every thought in his power; it will all be needed, and come in use hereafter. Let him live near to God in the closet; it is worth more than all the world besides."

"February 3d.

"I consider J—— a young man of first-rate mind in most respects, and of uncommon attainments. There seems to be but one great defect in him—a certain Italian darkness—a stern withdrawing from every human thing, and making his own soul the repository of its own confidence and secrets. This is well, if not carried too far. If it increases upon him, it will be unhappy, and eventually lead to misanthropy; but should it pass away, as the cloud passes from the sun, he will be a bright man. I trust that he will outgrow it, and that eventually it will become only an independence arising from native energy of character. It is owing very much to original temperament; and I know what it means, for I have a spice of it in my own constitution."

"February 5th.

"Till I came here, I never knew what *work*, what *trouble*, what *anxiety* meant. The ship in which you are sailing is continually under strong headway and forever in sight of the rocks. You can not sleep a moment, you can not relax a moment, you can not cease to labor a moment. It is for this reason that so many break down in cities. My poor



head has turned gray faster here in one year than in any ten years of my life before I came, and yet I have been exceedingly prosperous. But ah! the wear of such eternal labor, such sleepless vigilance! I can truly say that for comfort, for health, for personal enjoyment, I would prefer the smallest country parish in good old New England to any great church in any great city. In a city it is all luxury and all misery—no such thing as comfort; and the more splendid the church, the greater your misery. But add to all this that I stand *alone*, have no minister to sympathize with me, none to *associate* with me. I have been sustaining a load enough to crush shoulders broader than mine, and the moment that Providence allows, I shall lay it down, or it will sink me into the grave.”

At about this time Rev. E. N. Kirk, then at the height of his popularity and success as an evangelist, visited the city, and preached in several of the churches to immense audiences. A general religious interest was excited, in which the Clinton Street Church shared. “My people are beginning to pray, as I believe, with great earnestness, and are asking for a blessing. The last two Sabbaths I have thrown aside my notes, and preached right down upon and at the people. There is already a very unusual solemnity upon my congregation.” In these circumstances, Mr. Todd wrote most urgently to Mr. Kirk to come and labor with him. He came, but soon became dissatisfied with something, and left abruptly, after having “preached a few times without much effect.” “Mr. Nettleton, too, is here—has drunk tea with us. I have tried very hard to get him to preach for me, to attend some meetings, to visit with me, but he will not. When shall we be done with the idea that we may pout, and refuse to eat, if every dish is not served just to our liking?” Thus abandoned, Mr. Todd, already exhausted by sickness and watching in his family, had to shoulder the whole burden of the work of the revival.

“March 10th.

“I have preached, or exhorted, in public over sixty times in the last four weeks, and am much worn down. My nerves are in such a condition that I can not sleep at night. There have been over one hundred and twenty in the inquiry-meeting; of these perhaps fifty are my own people; the rest are

wanderers, strangers, any thing. The most distressing part of it is, that the work is superficial. They want to be converted on the *resolving* system—to leap into the kingdom without a pang of sorrow or remorse, or a single view of sin. They want to be excited a little, and then coaxed into the kingdom, and at once raked into the church.”

“April 13th.

“I have been so ill for the last three weeks that I have been able only to drag through daily pressing duties. I have had, and still have, a severe pain in my breast, and have, at times, thought of dropping all till better. Still, I have held on, and am trying to do what I can for my flock. I have preached, and talked, and labored most abundantly. More than two hundred have been in my inquiry-meetings, of whom one half were members of my congregation. We shall probably have nearly or quite fifty added to our church at our next communion. Most of these are young, and nearly one half are young men. In many respects my church was never so prosperous as at this hour. The money-affairs are in a dreadful condition: if we live through this storm, we shall, as I hope, have a clearer sky. Two or three times I have been on the point of laying down the burden and running for my life, and should have done it, were it not that perseverance is a part of my character and a part of my religion. The Presbyterians stand off more and more.”

“May 24th.

“We are but indifferently well here. I have not been out of the house myself for nearly two weeks. While at New York, I had chills, and, on my return, a severe attack of bilious fever, added to a touch of the varioloid, which I took in visiting a poor miserable creature dying with the small-pox—visiting her officially, after six other ministers had refused. I have suffered much pain, but am now better. We have just had all the walls of our lecture, Sabbath-school, and conference rooms taken off, and an entire new coat of hard white plastering put on, and it looks very inviting and cheering. Things have gone wonderfully well with my people this spring, so far; but it is about time to have trouble of some kind or another.”

“July 5th.

“Early in the morning I expect to send off all my treas-

ures. She who thirteen years ago went off alone with me will now return to you, for a short season, with her five children! I hope they may have Divine protection on the way, and during their stay. It is a great thing to be thus obliged to break up every year, and leave my people for so long a period; but I am almost worn out. The past is by far the hardest year I ever had. I could not go through another such without sinking under it. Every possible exertion is made to make me pull down the Congregational flag; but I have nailed it to the mast. *I can not change: I have not been used to it.*"

Having thus sent off his family to Newington, he again started, with his lame brother-in-law, for a journey into the interior of the State. Their route led them through the coal region, where they visited some of the mines, through the beautiful Wyoming Valley, and up the Susquehanna into New York State, whence, after a short visit among friends in the lake country, and a brief halt at Saratoga Springs, they returned home by the way of Newington, bringing the family with them. It was on this journey that the facts respecting Wyoming Valley and its history were collected, which were afterward embodied in the little book called "The Lost Sister."

"September 22d.

"On coming back to my flock, I found almost every thing wrong and out of order, and God only knows whether it will ever be otherwise. The disaffected seemed to have matured their plans to turn the church into a Presbyterian church. To effect this, nothing was too bad to say about me, my family, preaching, talents, etc. My course was, first, to see how the great body of my church and congregation stood; for it now became a question, what should be the fate of my church. I found shortly, that, as a whole, the church were unitedly and firmly knit together, and that they were firm friends to me and to Congregationalism. I found, moreover, that if I left, it would distract and break up my church; and, at all events, it would not do to leave them at present, unless I was willing to see the church utterly in ruins. My course was soon fixed, and from it I have not deviated a hair. I at once stood aloof from every body. I have let them say just *what* they please, and *as* they please,

and *when* they please. I have taken no notice of stories or slanders, violence or threatenings (which have been most abundant). I have preached as good sermons as I could possibly get time to write, have visited the sick, and made eight regular family visits every week. I have quarreled with nobody, and I *will* quarrel with nobody. I shall stay as long as seems to be my duty, and leave the very moment when duty to my trust will seem to admit. If there were *any thing* that I had done or said that could be got hold of, the most that *could* be made of it would. Fortunately such timber has hitherto been very scarce. I should ask and take a dismissal at once, were it not that in so doing I should endanger, and probably upset, Congregationalism in this city for a long time to come. And yet it seems as if I could not live here in this state much longer. I get used to it, just as the eels did to being skinned. I have tried to feel right, and to do right, and, so far as I have, I am sure God will shield me. I admire one sentence in one of Luther's letters to Melancthon: 'Monendus est Philippus, ut desinat esse rector mundi.'"

"November 14th.

"I have been driven almost to madness by the conduct of some of my people. I do not believe that *Edwards* ever had so bad things said of him, such wholesale lies told. But I go on, and, though I have been brought into close corners, yet I have outgeneraled all so far, by standing still and doing nothing. I have no plans for the future; all is in the hands of Providence."

"December 29th.

"We have trials with our people, and such, at times, as it seems as if we should sink under. Nobody except those on the ground can conceive of the methods taken to annoy us. The disaffected disgust and keep people away; they give the impression through the city that we are going to ruins; they try to persuade those now with us to leave us; they keep people from joining us, who would do it otherwise; they seem determined to destroy the church. I spare no health, strength, heart, or soul in preaching and in laboring; but it would do as much good to pour water upon a rock. It is now six months since I have received a cent of salary; the whole church is in a state of heart-sinking;

and God must deliver us by his special interposition, or the church is gone to ruin.”

It was in such a furnace that Mr. Todd's character was tried and made more perfect, his ambition and pride humbled, his meekness and patience increased, his experience of human nature enriched, and his courage, his indifference to men, his composure and endurance, wrought out for the work of the ministry that yet lay before him. Not a few of the threads of gold that gleamed in his later character and life were drawn and woven in these fires.

## CHAPTER XXII.

LIFE AT PHILADELPHIA—*continued.*

A kind Publisher.—Scalding Water.—Great Cities.—The Pension.—Character attacked.—A severe Ordeal.—Insults.—A boyish Heart.—Days of Anguish.—Temporary Peace.—Vacation.—Burlington College.—First Glimpse of Adirondacks.—The Backing-spider.—Philosophical Fog.—Winking.—In the Woods.—Restored.—Welcome Home.—A mortgaged Church for Sale.—A distressed People.—A solemn Birthday.—Dismission asked.—Postponement.—Efforts.—Tears.—All over.—A Cradle overhung with Gloom.—In a Hall.—How far a Failure.—Causes.—How little lacked.—Presbyterian Generosity.—Congregational Liberality.—A heavy Blow.—Character saved.—Invited to Remain.—The scattered People.—Farewell to Philadelphia.

*To J. H. Butler, his Publisher.*

“January 15th, 1841.

“I do not know how much longer I shall feel it to be my duty to stand my ground here, to be scorned, and slandered, and abused beyond all description. I should let go in an hour, but the moment that I do the ship is all a wreck. I have not received a cent of salary for more than six months; and had it not been for thee, thou good friend, I don't know but my babes would have starved. Many thanks, dear B., for your many kindnesses to me and mine. You have no idea how much you live in my memory, or how much I value your friendship. May the Lord bless you! and if you do as well as you know how, he certainly will.”

*To Rev. G. R. H.—*

“January 20th.

“I have been in water scalding hot ever since I saw you, and have been scalded all over; but as I keep perfectly still, I heal up fast. There is an onset made—an effort which I have never seen equaled for violence, for slander, for cruelty, for virulence—to upset the ship, discharge every hand, throw the cargo into the sea, and hoist another flag. What the result will be, will depend entirely upon the will and designs of a wise and gracious Providence. I can not think that I and my church will be allowed to be killed. But if we are,

it will be open murder: we shall die hard; and you will hear our death-throes even in New York, noisy as you are. I could tell you a tale that would amaze you. I have a Monday-morning prayer-meeting of ministers at my study weekly, and have ten ministers of seven different denominations, but not one of them is a Presbyterian. I am delivering a short course of lectures on 'Great Cities,' which are making a noise here, and drawing great crowds."

Evidence having been put into Mr. Todd's hands, about this time, that his father had served in the Revolutionary War, he made an attempt to secure for his mother the pension to which she was entitled.

*To Rev. and Mrs. S. N. Shepard.*

"February 4th.

"DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,—I have run a curious course since I saw you. On reaching home, I pushed on at once to Washington, and pushed here and there; but pushing did no good. They would not begin to begin to give me a pension; and so I came home with my finger in my mouth, having spent just fifty dollars in the two journeys, and having become perfectly satisfied that no star shines propitiously on my path." [At a later day, a small pension was secured.]

"We have had trial upon trial since I saw you, and I don't suppose you will be particularly delighted with their recital. It is enough to say that I have been the butt at which there has been sharp and hard shooting. Some of my good folks, and those who were bitter enemies to each other a few weeks since, have banded together, and have had caucuses about every evening. One says this, and another says that, and the rest swear to it. I had about made up my mind to leave them at once and cut clear; but just at this time they attacked my moral character; said that I was a liar and a slanderer, and that my moral character was both of these in New England; and showed the *backside* of a letter which they said would prove this, etc. I then made up my mind to die hard. I simply said, 'There is my character, which I have been twenty years in earning; take it, make the most of it, impeach it, if you please. I am ready to try any issue between you and me you choose. I only demand that you bring your charges, and that they be tried

before the strongest ecclesiastical council the land can afford.' They then tried to *buy* me off—would give me a year's salary to leave. No, I can't be bought. The hawk has taken the cat up in the air, to eat her up; and when he finds that puss won't be eaten, he says, 'Let go, let go.' 'No,' says puss, 'you must first carry me back to the place where you took me up.' They are now daily and nightly plotting. They say, 'Why doesn't Mr. Todd discipline us for slandering him? Will he lie under such imputations?' I reply, 'Cool, cool, gentlemen! you may pick at my character all the day, and all the year, and I shall have enough left. You don't trouble me, and I am not in a hurry.' So I stand perfectly still, and let them work. I am sometimes amazed at my own coolness; but, then, I know that I am on the right side, and they on the wrong; that all the praying part of the church are against them; that all the rest of the church and congregation are united and firm; that the community will go against them; and that on their part it is merely a determination to triumph over one poor worm of the dust. What will be the result I know not. I have thrown myself upon that Providence that has ever taken care of me, and leave it all in his hands. I shall aim to follow that Providence. In the mean time, I go on, through evil report and through good report, unmoved. I wish that I could get away, if it be God's will; but I dare not do it of myself. In the mean time, the sympathies of my people are gathering around us more and more. I have pledged myself not to run, come what will, and I think they will stand by me. It is the most severe ordeal and the most severe trial that I ever passed through, and God grant that it may do me good. I think it *has* done me good; for though I shall not break, or flinch, or sink, till I die, yet it has led me to throw myself more upon God, and by prayer to commit my destiny unto him. My head whitens fast, and my nights are sleepless; and yet I can laugh as heartily as ever, and feel no more discouraged than on that buoyant morning, when I left Boston on foot, with my worldly goods under my arm, for Yale."

To W. K. B.—, in Paris.

"February 8th.

"I am insulted daily, in the house of God and everywhere



else: Mrs. Todd, too, comes in for her share of reproach and contumely, and it sometimes seems as if we must sink under it. But God has been gracious hitherto, and he must be praised and confided in. I think that I should have left and gone to dear New England, had they not so violently attacked my moral character; but when they did that, I said, 'I don't go at present.' I have suffered all that the tongue *can* inflict, and henceforth every new infliction will be less and less felt. I have often said, 'Oh that I had *one* true New England heart with which to commune!' What a world this is, that one's friends should turn against him! and what a world will that be, out of which all that is sinful shall be cast! I have tried to be still, to return good for evil, and blessing for cursing, and on no occasion to be thrown off my guard. My church and congregation, as a whole, are united, and would be cheerful and happy, were it not for 'men.' But I will leave all till I see you. I will only add that you may expect to be amazed. I have worked as hard since I have been in this city as a man ought ever to do. I have put up with as much, and have been willing to do any thing for the prosperity of my church. A thousand changes have taken place since I saw you, a thousand new developments made, and a thousand new things have turned up. But the heart is the same, the heavens over us are the same, and the hopes of the good man are unchanged. You, too, I learn, have been touched by sorrow and disappointment. May you receive good from it. Can you ever, in your gay city, send your thoughts across the great waters, and think of such a place as the White Mountains, and the pure, green, murmuring Saco, born up in the very solitudes of nature? Boyish heart, this of mine! It might travel the earth over, and see every thing upon which the sun shines, but never could memory let go that vision! Shall we ever again see it in company? Is there any air in La Belle France to be compared with that of our own native hills? In all the world, is there such a spot on which to die and be buried, as under the shade of one of our own trees, where our native birds would sing over our rest?"

"March 23d.

"Since I last wrote you I have passed through more troubles than at any time in my life during the same period.

The determined and avowed attempt has been made for months to destroy my Christian and ministerial character, in my church, out of my church, and through the city. I have spent sleepless nights and days of anguish. I have been lacerated and worn down; and you know that 'oppression maketh the wise man mad.' I have almost wished for the grave as a resting-place. I have not retorted or thrown back. I have stood still and waited upon the Lord. In the mean time I have worked hard, have attended five meetings between the Sabbaths every week throughout the season, have not lost a half day this winter, have written my lectures on Great Cities, and preached them twice over in the city to immense audiences."

About this time his opponents determined to measure their strength in a church meeting. The result showed that they could command only their own less than half a dozen votes. Greatly chagrined at this signal defeat, they at once withdrew from the congregation, leaving the church to enjoy a temporary peace.

"April 10th.

"Every day shows that the world turns round very rapidly. The death of Harrison filled all hearts with deep gloom and sorrow. It is real, even in a great city; and the impression is so deep that the very streets are saddened. Our churches are hung in mourning, and the nation grieves. Hardly had we recovered from the shock here, when the disclosures came respecting the United States Bank. Every thing is now prostrate here, and all is in distress."

*To Samuel Brace, his Brother-in-law, in Yale College.*

"May 5th.

"I congratulate you on your appointment, which certainly speaks well of you as having character. I think father and mother have great reason to be proud of their children—of all except my poor self. I am not what God made me, nor what man made me; merely what I made myself, with no model to work by. I shall send you my little new book ('Great Cities'), and you must tell me how you like it. I don't know that I shall stop writing till Noah Webster does. It's a vexatious business; but a French writer says, 'He who has written once will write again.' The only pleasant thing,

by way of relaxation, that I have had since I saw you was, that this morning I shot a large rat in my cellar in the dark, and he upon the jump. Can you beat that?"

To Hon. W. H—.

“May 24th.

“It is difficult to unite all needed qualities in any one man. He who shall possess character, heart, piety, and intellect sufficient to leave the marks of a powerful ministry in after-years upon a community can hardly be expected to be the most popular for the present moment; and the boat that sails beautifully upon the smooth waters with soft breezes can hardly be expected to have a build and a strength that can weather a gale and outride storms. I feel that the right man, in a position like yours, ought to have the power of doing as much good abroad, by character and influence, as at home. But you have lived too long not to know that *men* are very imperfect creatures. Charity comes with age.”

The severe trials through which Mr. Todd had passed, together with the sickness in his family, and the excitement and labors connected with the revival, had so worn upon him, that when the hot weather and the time for his annual vacation came on he found himself seriously out of health. He had engaged to deliver an oration at Amherst and Burlington colleges. Leaving, therefore, his family in their usual summer retreat, he hastened to perform this duty before seeking entire rest. From Burlington he writes:

“August 2d.

“This place is indescribably beautiful in location and scenery. It stands on the side of a hill running parallel with Lake Champlain. On the top of a hill, facing west and east, stands the college, just a mile from the lake. You look down west, and the beautiful village, containing five thousand inhabitants, and all embosomed in trees, lies at your feet. You look over it, and there is the lake, curving along toward Canada, just ten miles wide, and *apparently* not a quarter of that width. Opposite Burlington, some three miles off, a rock rears up its form, like a tall hay-stack, naked, cold, and solitary, and beautiful. Then, beyond, are four little islands, exactly alike, called ‘The Four Brothers,’ covered with trees and foliage. They rise up apparently seventy-five or one hundred feet, and then are covered and

crowned with a most beautiful green. Beyond the lake is a horizon of mountains, from twelve to fifty miles off, in different ranges and tiers; and among them, some forty miles away, rises Mount Marcy, over five thousand feet high. That whole region is a wonder, and, in other years, I have often tried to pierce it with the eye and see what is there. No pen can describe the beauty of those blue mountains, apparently withdrawn from the world that they may commune and live together. It is a region of wilds, and lakes, and rivers, and steeps, and precipices, and the place where Nature walks alone, without any troublesome people to follow her to gaze at her naked limbs, or to take the measure of her footsteps. From the college you also look east, and there are my own native Green Mountains, most symmetrically beautiful. They are twenty miles off, but you would not think them over three. They have also a veil of blue over them, so that you can not exactly see what is going on there. 'Mansfield' is the name of the peak directly east of this; and it is the highest peak in the whole range."

"August 3d.

"Last evening I delivered my oration before the college, in the large Unitarian church, and under the pressure of such a sick headache as almost killed me. I had the most undivided attention, and I believe it went off well; but I feel awfully on this most beautiful morning. My head rolls, and plunges, and twitches, 'with a hobble and a hitch,' and goes each way like a 'backing-spider.'"

"Evening.

"I lay on the bed all the forenoon. Dined at Professor W——'s, in company with several gentlemen. This afternoon I heard an oration before the literary societies, and also a poem. The oration, as I *presume*, was deep, but it was the driest of all fodder. The poem was a long string of rhymes and good pious feeling. This evening we had the Junior Exhibition—very manly and sound, with a vein of the obscure, foggy, misty Coleridgeism in all. This gives a kind of deep, philosophical fog, through which common thoughts appear quite magnificent. Did you ever see that boy who owned the parrot, and that other boy who owned the owl? 'Can your bird talk?' says the owl boy. 'Oh yes,' says the parrot boy, 'he can talk every thing. Can

*your* bird talk?' 'No, he can't talk yet, but he can *wink* terribly.' I believe greatly in this winking: it is a most infallible evidence of deep thought. Were I to stay here among these professors long, I should have to brush up my learning; but I contrive to get along with small shot and paper-wadding. To-morrow I am going across the lake, with two or three of the professors, into that wilderness of mountains, in measuring heights and depths, climbing mountains and exploring lakes and rivers, and peeping into the very cupboard of nature. You will be satisfied to have me go, when you know that I go under the protection of barometers and spy-glasses, as well as of fish-lines and poor guns, and also an experienced 'woodsman,' who goes as guide and navigator. We carry tea, and salt, and sugar, and pork, and Indian meal, and a kettle, and expect to have 'a time of it.' One of the professors, an enthusiast, has been every year for seven years, and was the first that ever explored the wilderness. I am in hopes that this jaunt, most of which must be taken in canoes or on foot, will renew all my powers."

This was the beginning of those annual hunting-tours among the "Adirondacks," which were continued for many years, till the increasing multitude of visitors to the region drove him to seek wilder haunts. From this expedition he returned to his work with renewed health. "Could I feel uniformly as well as I now do, this would be a new world to me."

"September 6th.

"My church were down, and divided, and disheartened, and ready to sink, when I reached home; but yesterday I put in the oar with more than my own strength. The congregation was very large, very attentive, and very solemn. They have again a rallying-point, in having their minister. Our people never seemed so glad to see us as on our present return."

Mr. Todd had returned to his work with many fears, but yet not without hope that he would be permitted to go on with it; but he soon found himself and his church so "hedged up" that further progress was impossible. His opponents were in control of the finances of the church; and, though they had retired from active participation in its

affairs, were in a position to determine its fate. No money was allowed to reach the hands of the pastor; he had received no salary since the beginning of the year; and it was evident that he could not much longer support his large family in an expensive city without any income. But, more than this, the church itself was in the hands of his enemies. At the time when it was built, a mortgage was given for a part of the purchase-money of the ground, which contained this condition, that if at any time the interest should not be paid within thirty days after it was due and demanded, the whole principal might be demanded, and collected by foreclosure. In the midst of the financial troubles of 1837 the interest became due, and its payment was neglected for more than the thirty days, and foreclosure was threatened. In this strait, the managers of the society found a friend to buy up and hold the mortgage for them. In doing so he obtained, of course, the right to foreclose. By means of this right, therefore, vested in one of their friends, they now took measures to sell the church over the heads of the congregation.

The following extracts are from a private note-book:

“September 16th.

“My people just begin to learn that our church is to be sold, and have been calling all day in great distress. I know not what I can do for them, or how to advise them. The Lord only can guide them, and I pray that he will. The perplexities are almost innumerable.”

“October 9th.

“My birthday! forty-one years! I have tried to recall the mercies of God; to be affected in view of them; to repent before him; to mourn, and to ask his forgiveness for the past, his aid for the future, his mercy, his compassion, and his Spirit. Oh, the past—how solemn in review! the future—how solemn in prospect! My God, my Saviour, my Sanctifier, oh, never forsake me!”

“October 19th.

“Asked a dismissal from my church—a full, solemn, awful meeting. The debt now upon us is intolerable, together with the opposition of restless spirits. I tried to write and speak and act in the spirit of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It is the most severe trial that I ever had. But all the providences of God have worked against us, and it seems to be

the will of God that Congregationalism shall not be established in this city. I have spared no labors, no anxieties, no efforts; but all in vain. God, in his infinite mercy, forgive my sins, frailties, and short-comings in duty, and lead me in a straight path, and bless my poor flock. I have given my heart's love to my people, but must leave them."

"October 23d.

"My church met this evening. In the *hope* that they might yet raise the money needed, they voted to postpone acting on my request till Wednesday next, in the evening. Vain hope, as I fear!"

"October 23d.

"All my poor flock are hoping, and striving, and praying for deliverance. *I* have very little hope."

"October 26th.

"To-morrow evening I expect to be dismissed, without home, without property, without employment, without any future prospects, and with the atmosphere poisoned by the insinuations, the reports, and the falsehoods of the disaffected."

"October 27th.

"No hopes for my people, no deliverance! The Lord hath hedged up the way. We have spent the day as one of fasting and prayer—my family, and many of the church.

"*Six o'clock.*—The gentlemen have called to inform me that they can not raise the money. With many tears and an agonized heart they have come to that conclusion.

"*Nine o'clock.*—It is all over! God in his mysterious providence has severed the tie which bound me and my dear flock together. They have, with many tears, voted my dismissal, with their unabated respect, affection, and confidence. Oh that I may have a heart to say, 'Thy will be done!' I know, believe, and, blessed be God, *feel* that he is wise and holy and good. He hath done all things right, I doubt not, all wisely, and all for the best. To him I commend my helpless family, my afflicted flock, and my own bleeding heart!"

In the midst of all this trouble and sorrow, the fifth daughter, Anna Danforth, was born. It was a dark world that she came into, and her coming may have seemed, for the moment, to deepen the clouds that already lowered over

the helpless family of many little ones, though the father was the last person in the world to express or to entertain such a feeling; but not one of the children has brought more sunshine into the family than this one, whose cradle was thus overhung with gloom and rocked with tears.

On returning from a trip to New England, Mr. Todd found that his people had opened public worship in a large hall, not without hope that he would remain with them. He had, however, already accepted a call to another post, and therefore preached to them but a few Sabbaths in this hall, where, with numbers unthinned by disaster, they gathered to hear him.

How far his work had been a failure may be determined from these facts, that, in spite of the unparalleled pecuniary distress of the times, and of the difficulties of planting a Congregational church in an uncongenial community, and of inconceivable obstacles and opposition without and within, he had built up a handful of people into a great congregation, had added more than fifty annually to the church, had caused the Sabbath-school to become a "model school" of about four hundred members, so perfect in its machinery as to attract visitors from all parts of the land, and even from Europe—had trained two young men for the ministry, and seen them settled over large and important churches—had brought his people to contribute annually more than one thousand dollars to send the Gospel abroad, and to pay more than forty thousand dollars toward their own church edifice, and had acquired a position and influence in the city as a preacher and lecturer excelled by none. At the very time when he and his people were "tipped into the street," his congregation was immense, his Sabbath-school was full, and all the activities of a great, and young, and earnest church were in full operation.

It is evident that but for the great and long-continued financial distress of the times, the church must have succeeded in spite of all obstacles. It is equally evident that it would have triumphed over even this obstacle also, had it been sustained by the assistance, or even only the sympathy and moral support, of the churches around it. These were withheld. "Our Presbyterian brethren have never felt as if they dared, either Old School or New, to invite me even



into a ministerial prayer-meeting." "The ministers here, and the churches, crowd; and I can have no sympathy and no aid from them, but the contrary. If the ministers of the Gospel would only stand by me, I should have no fear in staying." And this was written after the church edifice was abandoned.

The reader will be surprised to learn how *little* the church lacked to success. "I asked my people to give me a dismission. They laid it on the table for a week, and made a death-struggle to raise the twenty-seven thousand dollars which they still owed. They strained every nerve, and found that they could raise twenty-two thousand dollars, but only on the condition that the whole twenty-seven thousand dollars should be raised. We are, therefore, compelled to yield to circumstances which we can not control, and relinquish the undertaking." Only five thousand dollars, then, were needed, to put the church on a secure foundation; but for this comparatively small amount appeals for help were made in every direction in vain. "I was born and bred a Presbyterian," writes one, "but I can never have much love for the denomination, because I am well satisfied that had but a few of its leading members extended toward you the true friendship of Christianity when you were in our midst, you still would be, where you ought to be at this moment, at the head of a much-loved people here. We asked but little, a very trifle, from them beyond their sympathy; a very trifling pecuniary aid was needed; but this, in the hour of our trial, was refused." Mr. Todd also writes: "Kind and plain intimations have been thrown out that if I and my late people will become Presbyterians, there will be no lack of funds. My determination is unwavering, that I can not sell my principles."

The course pursued by the Presbyterians must not, however, be judged too harshly. It was questionable, and Mr. Todd himself, in after-years, doubted whether it was desirable for a new denomination to force itself into a field already well occupied by one differing from it only in polity, and better suited than itself to the genius of the people. The Presbyterians, naturally, felt under little obligation to assist an institution whose very existence was a standing protest against their own system, and whose growth would

threaten it. A great deal of ill-feeling, too, had been unnecessarily excited; for though Mr. Todd had shown no controversial or proselyting spirit, some of his people had been very bitter and exasperating in their language. And not unlikely, if Mr. Todd found his ministerial brethren unsympathetic, there was another side to the story, and his native pride and Congregational independence had, especially in the full tide of success, and then still more in the ebb, repelled rather than invited sympathy. From Congregationalists in New England, to whom, also, vain appeals for help were made, more might reasonably have been expected. But it is the vice of Congregationalism, that in it every man's hand is against his brother. Its traditional short-sighted policy prevailed; and, for want of five thousand dollars, Congregationalism allowed a position to be lost which is not yet regained, and will not be in half a century.

The necessity of abandoning their undertaking was a heavy blow to the devoted pastor and flock. "I have never witnessed such agony, such efforts, and such weepings, as among my afflicted flock. I have labored unweariedly, have gone without my salary, have bought money at eleven per cent. to give my family bread. I have endured reproach, and slander, and malice—I trust, in meekness—in the hope that a New England church would be suffered to stand and live here. But I can do no more." It was a long time before his sore and aching heart ceased to feel the smart. From Pittsfield he wrote: "I suppose that my church is stripped, and sacked, and sold! I protest before God that *I* have not done it. When I think how I watched it as it went up and was completed—when I think of the organ, the pulpit, the dedication—I am almost frantic. I thank God I am not there!"

There was one thing, however, which he saved from the wreck, entire—his character. His enemies had not been able to destroy it. Two of the most bitter and determined of them, of their own accord, sought in after-years, and received, his forgiveness. In the community generally he stood above reproach.

"December 28th.

"I never had half the influence in and through the city which I have this winter. I have four public lectures this

week out of my own church, and more were entreated. The thing which gives me the most comfort in all this is, that this whole community feel that the failure of Congregationalism here is not my fault; and that, in all the wars and fightings which I have had, I have not suffered in character in the least. This *is* a consolation."

Many of the leading Presbyterian ministers were desirous that he should remain in the city as a Presbyterian; and several years afterward, when an opportunity was offered him to return, were earnest in their wishes that he would embrace it; but his steadfastness to his Congregational principles, with, perhaps, a trace of pride and of bitter recollection, and subsequently an interest in another people, forbade it.

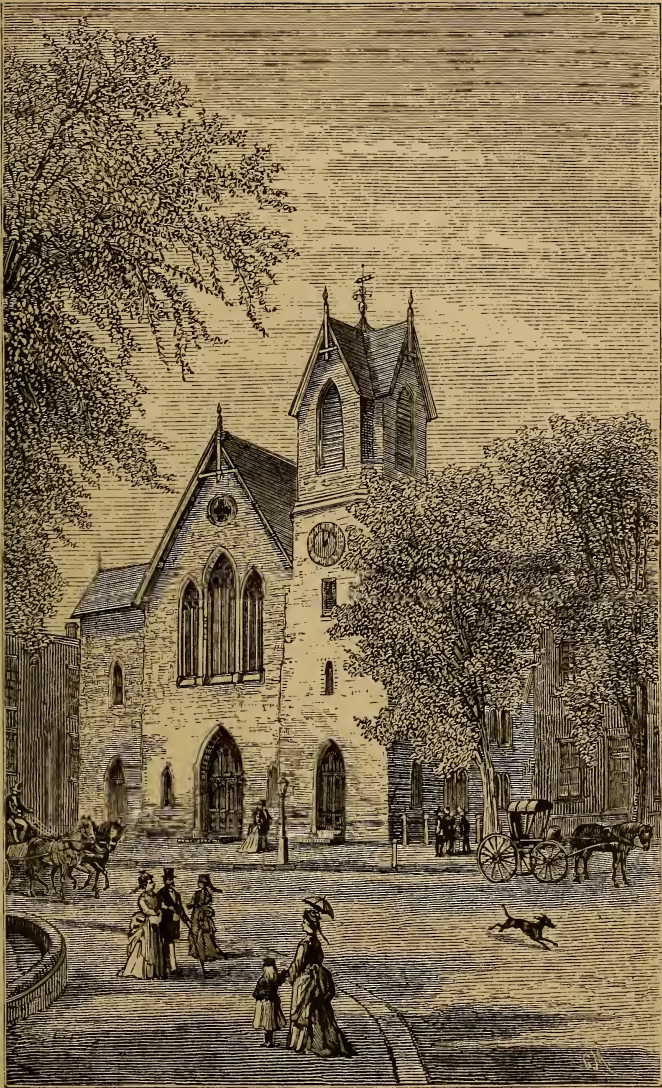
His own faithful flock stood by him and clung to him to the last. In the churches among which they were eventually scattered, their conspicuous Christian character and activity have been a standing witness of the influence and power of his ministry among them. Whenever he preached in the city, even down to within a month of his last sickness, they gathered around him with touching affection, and tender memories of the time when they parted from him with many tears, and prayers, "that the patience and firmness with which you have encountered the extraordinary trials attending your ministerial charge in this city, the meekness with which you have borne persecution, and your various and unwearied labors in the cause of the Saviour, may find their reward in the Holy Spirit's blessing upon your future exertions, in your own peace of mind and in the everlasting bliss of heaven."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

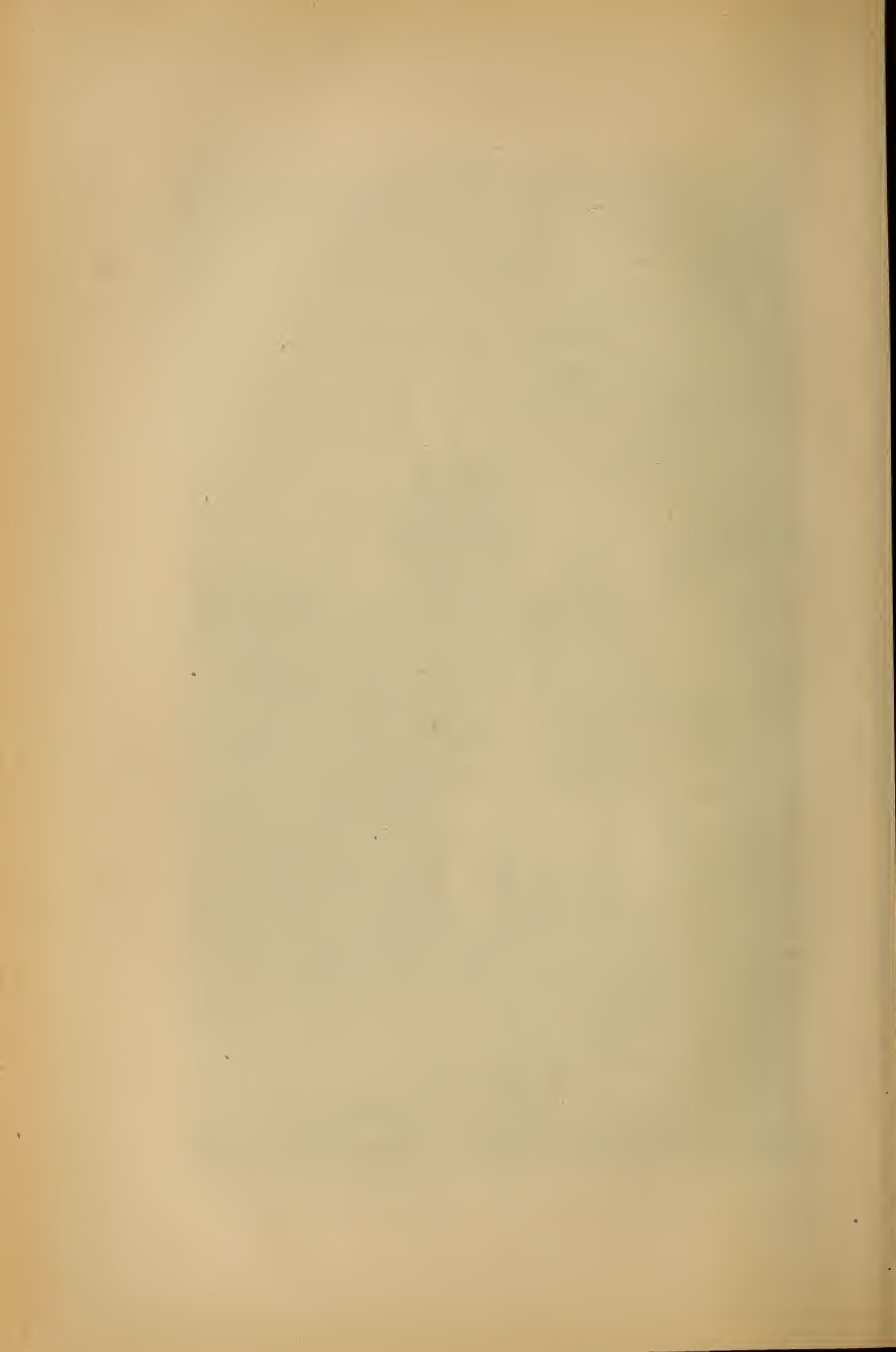
## LIFE AT PITTSFIELD.

A great Change.—Pittsfield as it Was.—Every thing Strange.—Immersion under Difficulties.—Jack Frost in the Pulpit.—The old Church.—A great People.—Discouragements.—Revival.—A cheerful World.—Installation.—The Stake *vs.* Gnats.—In the Parsonage.—A stormy Night.—“You’re burning up.”—“Where are the Children?”—All over.—A Home gone.—“All I have left.”—A dark Cloud.—All Kindness.—Trips to Philadelphia.—In the old Pulpit.—A mere Dream.—A Town awed.—The Inquiry-meeting.—“I’m your own Mary.”—Deep Waters.—Hope.—A cold Snap.—Evil Tidings.—A great-souled Brother.—Cut down Trunk and Branches.—Ministers taught.—The clouded Mind clear at last.—“No more than my Duty.”

THE change which Mr. Todd made in going from Philadelphia to Pittsfield was an important one. It was a change from a great city to a small mountain town, from a commercial to a farming and manufacturing community, from a quiet and easy to an active and restless people, from a mild to a keen intellectual atmosphere, from a genial climate to the rigors of an almost Canadian winter. But it was more than this. Hitherto his course had been aggressive and constructive. In every place he had been called to assail the old and established order of things, to pull down walls which had long been reared, and with the materials so gathered to build anew. Three large new churches attested his power as a progressive. He was now for the first time transferred to an old and established church, where his duty was not to attack, but to defend, existing things; not to revolutionize, but to conserve; not to draw upon the strength of other churches, but to maintain strength upon which others were constantly drawing. It was now to be seen whether he could manage the inertia and fixedness and prejudices of an old church as well as he could the ardor and activity of a new one; whether he could lose with as much grace as he could gain from others a colony; whether he could prevent or repair, as well as he could create, a waste. The result proved that, in assuming the care of the First Church



THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.



in Pittsfield, he was for the first time placed in such a conservative position as, despite his success in other relations, he was really best fitted for by his natural tastes and talents.

Pittsfield was then a town of less than four thousand inhabitants, situated near the middle of the valley of the upper Housatonic, with numerous small factories strung along its slender streams. The central village was on a broad elevation, from which its four wide streets, radiating toward the four points of the compass, and lined with ancient maples, descended on every side. At their junction was a small oval park, surrounded by a dilapidated fence, and having in its centre an immensely tall elm, the last relic of the primeval forest. On all sides of the village, at a few miles' distance, rose densely wooded mountains, whose outlines were beautiful even in winter, and whose various forms and colors in spring and autumn made the scenery of the region surpassingly beautiful. But all the beauties of the place were buried, at the time of Mr. Todd's arrival, under the snows of an unusually severe Berkshire winter. "Every thing seems strange to me here. It seems strange to see the mountains all around me covered with snow. It seems strange not to be able to leave the stove for half an hour without having all the fire burned out and the room cold. It seems strange to find the water frozen in your room, though you make up a hot fire at ten o'clock, and get up at four. It seems strange to go to meeting when the thermometer is six below zero, and stranger still to see the Baptists go down to the river and baptize seven, when the thermometer is six below zero, and a man has to stand with a rake and keep the pool from freezing over! Last Sabbath you might have seen the richest man in town going to church with a huge buffalo-robe under his arm, which he used in his pew; and I actually had my toes touched with frost in the pulpit."

Fronting the little oval park by the side of the old town-hall, which thirty years more have not yet improved, stood the long, cupola-crowned white frame meeting-house of the First Church—an object of great admiration to its original builders, but somewhat the worse for wear, and presenting a strange contrast with the new and elegant edifice which the pastor had just left. In the interior, low galleries ran

around three sides, one of them being appropriated by men, the opposite one by women, and the middle one by the choir, who were not crowded by an organ; in the back corners, under the galleries, lingered two or three box-pews claimed by some of the older families; along the fronts of the galleries ran interminable stove-pipes, which dripped pyrologeneous acid abundantly on the well-stained carpets, but diffused little heat; behind the lofty pulpit, a supposed window was concealed by faded and dingy crimson tapestry. But the cheery disposition of the new pastor, determined to look on the brightest side of every thing, found something even here to approve. "The church has a good bell, a *very* good town-clock on it, and a good clock inside, on the gallery, fronting the pulpit." In his new *people* he found much greater cause for satisfaction. "It is a great, rich, proud, enlightened, powerful people. They move slowly, but they tread like the elephant. They are cool, but kind, sincere, great at hearing, and very critical. I have never had an audience who heard so critically. There is ten times more intellect that is cultivated than we have ever had before. You would be surprised to see how much they read. The ladies are most abundant, intelligent, refined, and kind. A wider, better, harder, or more interesting field no man need desire. It is large enough to task the powers of any man, responsible enough to make him tremble, and desirable enough to satisfy his most fastidious wishes." It was, however, in a poor condition in many respects. "The Sabbath-school has sadly gone to decay, the monthly concert is all down, and the sympathies of the out-districts are all dried up: these three points demand my immediate attention." The only lecture-room was the upper story of an old church which had been built and abandoned many years before by an unsuccessful colony, and it was dirty, cold, and ill-lighted, and was rented as a hall to every traveling troupe or showman. The society was burdened with a debt over which it groaned, and which hung like a small millstone about its neck, and owed for the very oil burned in evening meetings. It is not strange that in the face of such discouragements, and alone among strangers, and with such painful disappointments fresh in his memory, the new pastor had some hours of despondency. "I do lament most deeply that I



come here as I do, with spirits broken and crushed, the feelings wounded and lacerated, the hopes cut off, and the daylight of the heart shrouded in the darkness of disappointment. I am all alone, and lonely too, and feel it most keenly. I have sometimes had great fears lest my own reason should follow that of my mother, especially since our troubles; but God has been merciful hitherto. I try to feel and keep cheerful, but I want my family around me." As if to divert him from such thoughts, and to encourage him, it happened providentially that at the very time of his arrival there was an unusual religious interest among his people; and, even before his installation, he was taken up with the labors and tender anxieties of a revival. "When I reached this place I found some unusual attention in the Sabbath-school, and immediately took measures to meet such of the children as professed to be anxious. There were fifty who came. Thinking that many might have come through curiosity, I tried to sift them, and to have none come the next week except those who were really anxious. There were fifty-seven at the second meeting. I do not think that all these are impressed, but as many as twenty are expressing a hope of salvation." Amidst such labors, his naturally elastic spirit soon recovered its tone, and he began to take an interest in his new work. "I am not much acquainted with this people as yet, and feel unable to attempt any movement at present; but if they do not do a thing or two by-and-by I am no prophet. I think I should at once enter into my work, and enjoy preaching once more, if I had my family here, and had done with Philadelphia. I am putting levers under the ship as fast as it will do. If the past could be blotted out, I should be perfectly happy here with you and my family. The mountain air is free and sweet. The difficulty with your health is nervous excitement, worry of mind. It has eaten us up, and the sooner you get away, the better. You need rest, and to see a community upon whom the blasts of ruin are not constantly falling. This is a cheerful world here compared with what it is where you are, and I rejoice to say that I begin again to take comfort in preaching: it *begins* to seem as it once did. No inducement could get me back to Philadelphia. May the Lord forgive me that I ever provoked him by going once."

The installation took place on the 16th of February, Dr. Shepard preaching the sermon. In his inaugural sermon, the new pastor, who had heard something of the difficulties of his predecessors, took occasion to say that he wished his people would not come and tell him every little criticism or complaint that they heard, or what this and that one said or felt; if they wished to kill him, he would prefer being taken to the park, in front of the church, and burned at the stake to being stung to death by gnats. The hint gave considerable offense at the time, but it was effectual.

Early in the spring he returned to Philadelphia for his family, and after a few weeks of boarding they were all at last quietly established in the old parsonage, and another attempt was made to make something of the stony garden, which successive pastors had abandoned in despair.

"April 29th.

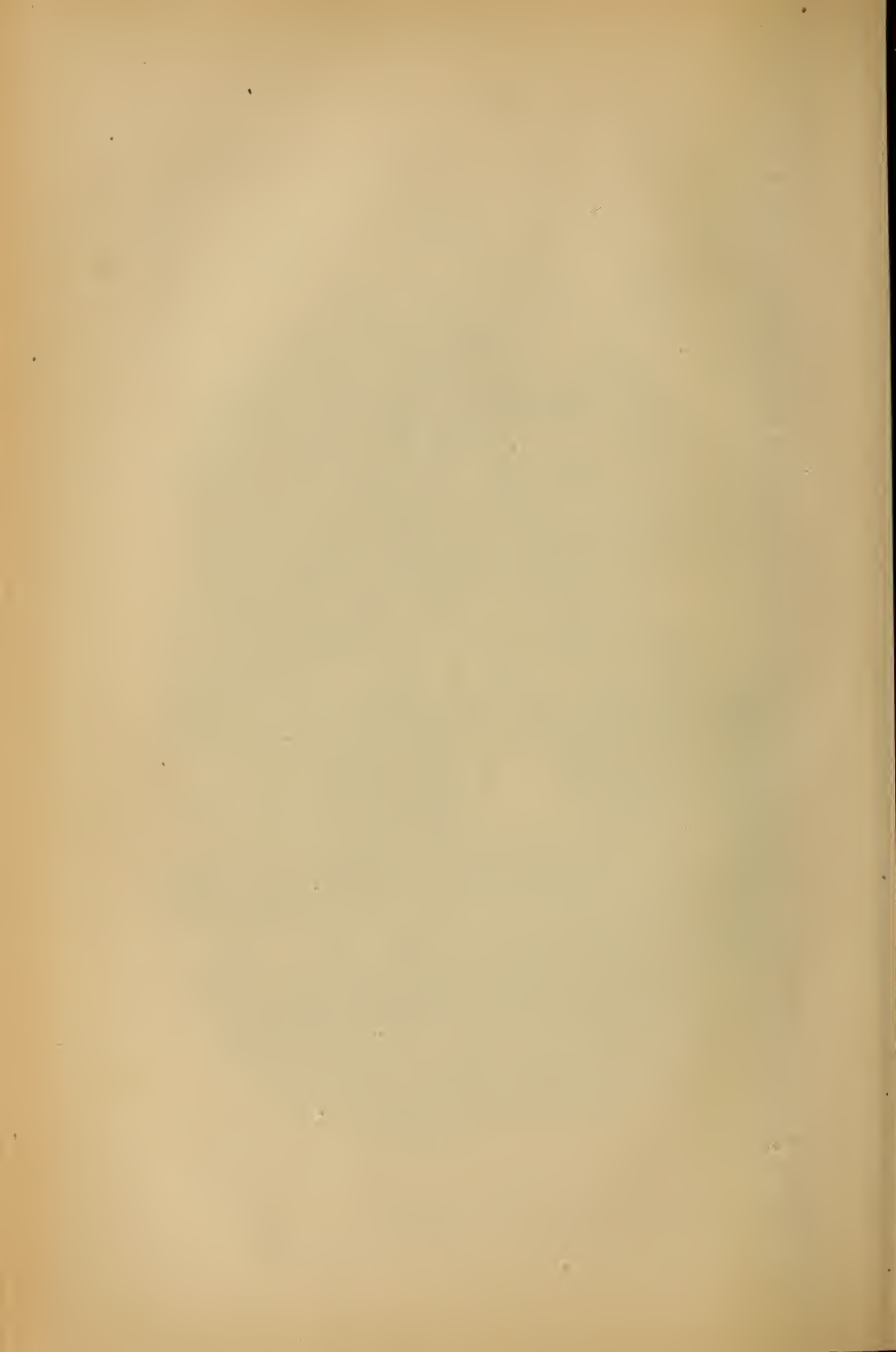
"We have got into our new house, and, as usual, every thing was down at the heel. I have whitewashed, and painted, and paped, till it seemed impossible ever to get through. Then the fences and barns were all in ruins. We have had a day of visiting: not less than three hundred, and probably not less than four hundred, came; and they all had to be teaed and coffeed. We had provisions enough sent in, and the ladies came in and did all the work; but it was a day of fatigue, as Mrs. Todd and the baby could well testify. I have a young ladies' Bible-class, and have one hundred and fourteen members. It is very sickly, and we have a funeral almost every day, and yet there is no particular disease. Death comes in every shape and direction. Is it not a marvel how depravity came to be introduced into the kingdom of God? I believe this will long be a mystery, notwithstanding all that Dr. Taylor has written on the subject."

The year was quietly spent in cultivating the acquaintance of his people, and in prosecuting various literary labors, for all which his accumulations of written sermons afforded him ample leisure. But at the beginning of winter an event occurred which at once drew his people around him, and compelled him again to go to work at making sermons. In this light it was, though terrible at the time, the best thing, probably, that could have happened to him. It was the Sunday after Thanksgiving, the last Sunday in No-



DOCTOR TODD'S RESIDENCE.

Parsonage of First Congregational Society, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.



vember, an intolerably cold and fiercely windy day, when, at ten o'clock at night, he sat down to write a few words to his father-in-law.

“November 27th.

“DEAR PARENTS,—You may thank that Providence who sends an indescribable storm this evening, which keeps me from my usual lecture, if this scrawl shall afford you any satisfaction. It is now blowing and snowing here, just as it did last February, the day after my installation. I have just returned from the thirty-sixth funeral I have attended since my installation! All my associations with Pittsfield are connected with sicknesses and deaths. . . . I have work on hand enough for five honest men, and yet seem to accomplish but little. I have a lecture, delivered here before the young men, in press; and then, my cattle-show address in press, and an introduction to H. K. White's works in press in Philadelphia (for a suit of clothes), and some dozen other irons in the fire—all of no consequence, and yet all taking time and labor and thought. It is also a hard time for money; and I find it exceedingly difficult to get the what-nots for a family of eleven persons, constantly, without means. But we all have good health so far. I am quiddling with sermons and other things, and think, on the whole, life will run away, and I shall do nothing. They have sent for me to deliver two lectures in Philadelphia, and one in New York. I thank Heaven I can do as I please now about such things. All send love, and hope the wind blows more softly with you. Yours ever, *operose nihil agendo.*”

What occurred within the next four hours is best described in the following letter, written a few days afterward:

“MY DEAR SISTERS,—What would we not give to be near you now! Sabbath last was one of our most severe and awful wintry days. In the evening the winds were fearful. We went to bed after eleven, afraid of the fierce winds. Between three and four o'clock we were aroused by the peculiar, agonized shriek of a woman at the door, ‘You are burning! you are burning up!’ I sprung from my bed, and groped my way upstairs to my study in the dark and in the smoke, to get a match to kindle a lamp. I came back, put on my boots and pantaloons, tying the suspenders around me, and throwing away my drawers in haste. Thus equipped, I

was ready. I first screamed for my family to come to me, then ran to the front door and screamed, 'Fire! fire!' Mrs. Todd gathered the three babies into one bed, in their night-clothes, and thus the men, whose loud shouts were now heard, snatched them up and carried them out. For five minutes it was doubtful whether I could get my family out alive. Then the shouts were heard, 'Mr. Brace is left!' 'Little John is left!' 'Where are the children? for heaven's sake, get them out!' The roof had begun to fall in. As soon as the children were safe, I made for my study, now sheeted with flames, and began to throw from the windows, which I first dashed out with my foot. Out went the books, pell-mell, into the snow and soot; out, out, out, went tables, and bureaus, and wardrobes, and every thing. As soon as the study was cleared as much as it could be, I made for Mr. Brace's room, and pitched out his books, and down they went, and after them went tables, and bedsteads, and globes, and secretaries, etc. I stood there till nearly surrounded with flames, and till every thing was out. In the mean time the scene was fearful. It was intensely cold, the wind was high, and, oh, the bright flashes of the fire as it leaped and licked through the chambers, the wild cry of the men, the crash and crush and smash of furniture, the roar of the fire, the falling of timbers, the shouting of maddened men in the background! But on it went, smash, crash, till it was all over. It seemed as if the sun would never rise; but when it *did* rise, what a scene! The streets filled with furniture, broken and destroyed, carpets half burned, china in fragments, my beautiful home in ashes, and my children and wife somewhere, but I knew not where. Here I stood over the burning mass, with a family of eleven hanging on me, my home and my all gone! What a sensation! I knew that three-fourths of my manuscripts were gone, all our trunks and linen, and much clothing, my library of one thousand volumes nearly destroyed, all my valuable papers, including some nearly ready for publication, all the correspondence of my life—all, all, gone forever! But I knew that, had we slept five minutes longer, Mr. Brace had been no more, and that the joyous laugh of my only son had been quenched forever, and I felt resigned that all the rest should go—it was nothing. You can not, however, conceive of my distress. 'You are in good spirits, and we re-

joyce to see it, Mr. Todd,' said many. 'Yes, it is all I have left, sir,' was my reply. 'But now, O Lord, thou art our Father; we are the clay, and thou our potter.' 'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth good in his sight.' My people have been kind beyond expression. The ladies are trying to make Mrs. Todd and the children comfortable. In three hours after the fire they had procured us another beautiful home, had hired the family to move out of it, had moved the family out, and by dark had the fragments of our fine furniture in it. I suppose that twelve hundred dollars would probably not replace our losses, to say nothing about the house. But the Lord has been gracious to us beyond all that we deserve. This is a dark cloud sweeping across our path. May it be sanctified to us all!"

The story of the disaster awakened great sympathy not only among Mr. Todd's people, but in the places where he had been previously settled, and brought him many tokens of it.

"December 26th.

"Our people here have been all kindness, and we have received many gifts from all sources. The year has been a heavy one to me: our moving, our losses at Philadelphia, the fire—and yet we are alive, and the head is yet out of the water. How it has been done is more than I can say; but, somehow or other, I have paid a great amount of money in 1842, and yet I am not so much in debt as I was a year ago. The Lord has given it in as needed, and that is all that I can say.

"P.S.—The twelfth turkey has just arrived."

A few days after this, Mr. Todd returned to Philadelphia, to deliver his promised lecture. It was his first visit since his removal.

"January 6th, 1843.

"It seemed strange to tread those unchanged streets again. All the past six years came rushing in upon the memory most bitterly; but a few scalding tears gave great relief. The providence, so dark when I left, is still equally dark. I saw but few of my friends till my lecture, Thursday evening: then they came around, with tears and smiles and sobbings. I never had such a reception. The great church (Central Presbyterian) was crowded; over three thousand

tickets had been taken. My lecture was well received, and it was after it that my poor flock came from all quarters to greet me. I never saw any thing like it. Every night I met them at some one of their houses. The first evening there were sixty present, and so every evening till the last, when over one hundred came to spend the evening with me. Every evening was closed with tears, singing, and prayer. On the Sabbath, I preached in the morning for Mr. Patton, at noon visited my *own* Sabbath-school, in the afternoon preached for Mr. Rood, and in the evening (would you think it?) in my old church and pulpit, the house that you and I so solemnly dedicated to God! I felt as if I *could* not do it, but thought it best to show that *I* had no resentments. The house was piled up full, and more than full. I preached with a bosom boiling over with emotion, but outwardly as calm as if in my own study. It was a wonderful hour. My text was Revelation, xix., 6. If I had not derived consolation from my own sermon, I do not believe I could have got through with it. It seemed, as I stood there between the pillars in my own pulpit, with my hand on the Bible, with Kingsley at the organ—it all seemed a dream, a mere dream; and I never before so clearly realized that life is but a dream. Thank God, I lived through it!

“While I was gone, my church visited all the church members. The visit had done great good. On the Sabbath the congregation was very solemn. In the evening there were solemn inquiries. The Spirit of God has been with us. The whole town is awed. I have seen as many as fifty anxious ones. Some of these are trembling in hope. Among others, we do hope our dear Mary may be numbered. She is wonderfully altered; but God only knows the heart. We hope and pray that we are to have a great work of God here.

“I am thinking of a Sabbath evening when, with much trembling, I ventured to appoint an inquiry-meeting, as it seemed to me the Spirit of the Lord was among my people. In a dimly lighted room I met them, and, to my amazement, there were over thirty. I am thinking how I went up to a little girl who sat by herself, weeping bitterly. Her head was down. I said, ‘My little one, do you so feel your sins that you feel the need of a Saviour?’ ‘I do, oh, I do!’ ‘Whose little girl are you?’ ‘Why, father! I’m your own



Mary!' My blood seemed to curdle cold in my heart. None but a father situated just as I was can know my feelings. For weeks she remained in great distress of mind, and lay like a little boat rocked in the storm, with no pilot to guide her into the harbor. I waded into the deep waters to reach and save my child, but my arm was too short. But I saw her led forth by a hand mightier than mine, and I followed after to see her come to land and sing of salvation on the shore. Hope gradually poured her warm, soft light into the soul, and darkness and distress were gone. The child received the kingdom of heaven as a little child, and from that hour religion became interwoven into her character."

The revival resulted in between eighty and ninety hopeful conversions. After it was over the overworked pastor felt, as always, the reaction of so much anxiety and excitement.

"June 1st.

"I have a body full of ills and aches, and an oppression of spirits that is any thing but desirable. I trust it is, in part at least, from the body; I sometimes fear it is inherited. I shudder at my own thoughts at times. . . . It is so cold here that we are all blue. People have to sit up nights, because they have no bedclothes, having used them all up in covering up gardens, currant-bushes, etc. As for me, I have said to my garden, 'Go to the dogs!' and it is going there, or somewhere else, fast. People are putting up the stoves again in their parlors. We keep four great fires, and should have one or two more if John were here to bring in wood. It is a fortnight and two days since winter set in. . . . I am overrun with 'agents' from the West—poor, impudent, and saucy. I have always been sorry that my rifle was burned up."

Near the close of this year, Mr. Todd received a letter from a minister in Illinois which kindly and gently broke to him tidings which completely overwhelmed him. "I sat down in astonishment and tears, and it was some days before I could lift up my head." His brother Jonathan had always been the favorite one, as he was the best known to him, of all his brothers and sisters. "There was no human being on earth, previous to my marriage, whom I loved as I did that brother. We were boys and orphans together. The

highest luxury which we ever knew was to meet each other. He was, from boyhood, a great-souled creature, and I never knew him to do a thing unworthy of himself. I knew him more thoroughly than any other one, and I never knew a more noble-hearted man. He never had a good example, or kind or judicious training in childhood, and my wonder has always been that his defects as a man were not much more prominent and marked." This brother had removed, with his large and fine family, from St. Albans, Vermont, where he had first settled, to Illinois, where, having no acquaintance with localities, he had bought a farm in about as unhealthy a region as he could have found. The letter referred to detailed the terrible consequences, which were announced by Mr. Todd to his only remaining brother, in the following terms:

"November 27th.

"Are you prepared to weep with those who weep? Are you ready to hear *any* tidings which God may send you, however astounding? Can you read a scroll like that of the prophet written within and without with lamentation and woe? Come then, let us weep together. I can hardly realize the tale of woe which I am about to write. May God give you strength to bear it. On the 16th of September, my namesake, John Todd, aged eighteen, was called into eternity. He was a noble fellow, and they feel that he died in the Lord, and will rise again with the just. This death made a very deep impression on the whole family. In three weeks after the death of John, William, aged fifteen, was taken sick. Hopes were entertained that he would recover, but the disease grew violent. He was, as they think, prepared to go. Just before his departure, he called his mother and brothers and sisters, and bade them a most affectionate farewell, saying that he was going to heaven, and then calmly passed away. His death was so gentle, that his mother felt that he had fallen into a sweet sleep. Oh that I could stop here, and say to you, 'My tale is done!' But, alas! the heaviest part is yet to come. On the same day that William was taken sick, Jonathan himself was taken, and lay prostrate in the same room, within a few feet of his son when he died. There he lay, our brother, our own dear Jonathan. Did we not love him? Was he not worthy of

our love? As we look back to the days of boyhood, do we not see that we had cause to love him? and does it seem possible that he is gone, and we shall see him no more? It is so—Jonathan Todd, our own dear brother, is dead! From his being taken down, he was confident that he should not recover. He was disposed constantly to consider himself as unworthy, unfaithful, and deficient in Christian duty, while at the same time he admired and indorsed and wondered at the goodness of God toward him. He told his pastor he could not give up his hope. ‘Oh no,’ said he, with an emphasis peculiarly solemn, ‘I can not, I can not give up my hope!’ This hope, which had been an anchor to his soul in the storms and conflicts of life, was now bright, enduring, and strong. And he has passed away from us forever. Even now, my dear brother, I have not told all. When Jonathan was dying, Timothy, the eldest son, was also sick, and in a few days he also was called to die. He gave delightful evidence of being a Christian. His views were deep, clear, and Scriptural. He went up, after the others, on the 24th of October, aged about twenty. He had a strong desire to live for the sake of his mother, but told her that God would take care of her without him. Thus, in one short month, the trunk of the tree, and the beautiful branches, have been cut down and withered. They all sleep side by side in a lonely spot on the farm, till the archangel’s trumpet shall call them to come forth. Sweet memories will long cluster around that lonely spot, where the four have gone to lie side by side. What a tale of sorrow is this! The tidings came to me like a thunderbolt, and I have been sick ever since I received the letter.”

To his father-in-law, whose youngest son was very sick at the time, he wrote, a few days later:

“We must bow, and be still, and trust in God. He is wise, and holy, and good, though he does not order things as we could wish. It was needful for Christ to be tempted in all points like unto his brethren, and it seems necessary that his ministers should also pass through all the scenes through which our people pass, and that they should see us practice the resignation which we teach them to practice. How could they know that we should not falter on this point, if they never saw us tried? I have waded deep in

affliction lately, and the more deeply that my friends were all strangers to my family, and I had no one to know what I lost. You are now passing through the waters. Oh, how many of our parishioners have we seen pass through the same! Let us commit all to our covenant God. He knows what is best."

Close upon the tidings of the death of his brother and his sons, came the intelligence that his aged, unfortunate mother was at last released from a world in which she had been bewildered for half a century. The conduct of Mr. Todd toward this unhappy mother was one of the most remarkable and characteristic things in his history. She had never been a mother to him; even in his childhood he had never received from her any motherly caresses: in after-years she had never recognized him. And yet, from the moment that he began to earn a livelihood, he devoted himself to the care of this mother, taking her from the poor-house, and hiring for her a comfortable home and the best of attention, frequently visiting her, to see that she was properly cared for, and exercising through others a constant supervision over her. With all his large family and great expenses, even in the hardest times, when his salary was unpaid for months, and money could only be obtained at an enormous premium, he never failed to send his remittance for his mother at the appointed time. When other resources failed, he seized his pen, and wrote at night, and became an author, solely for the sake of obtaining money for his mother. And when, in her extreme age and feebleness, she required extraordinary care, he furnished cheerfully every thing that was needed, till the modest headstone was set up at her grave. It was, of course, impossible to mourn the loss of such a mother as a different kind of mother would have been lamented. Yet the son writes: "Though my poor mother never knew me, yet I have a sense of loneliness which I did not expect." Those who were acquainted with all the circumstances of the case sympathized with the minister, and almost brother, who had watched over the unfortunate woman, and followed her to the grave, in the feelings which he could not help expressing to the son: "If I were to specify that in your life which I most admire, it would not be your untiring industry, your unyielding perseverance, no, nor even the best productions

of your pen, but—your kindness to your mother. Those I have admired, but in this I have seen the heart of an affectionate son, and *I love you for it!*” The son himself, however, with characteristic humility and conscientiousness, saw nothing remarkable in what he had done. “I have for years felt that so long as she lived my life was safe; for I trusted that God would not cut me off and leave that helpless creature friendless. I have expended over two thousand dollars for her, but I count it nothing, nothing at all, in comparison with the satisfaction I have in view of the past. I praise God that I have had the privilege of taking care of her so long. Others have commended me for it, but I feel that I deserve no commendation. I have done no more than I should hope a child would do for me, and no more than my duty.”

## CHAPTER XXIV.

LIFE AT PITTSFIELD—*continued.*

A new Parsonage.—Not much to Do.—Berkshire Jubilee.—A Book-seller.—Samuel.—Revival.—The Farm.—Desire for a Home.—Great Preparations.—The lame Boy's Wedding, Sickness, and Death.—Death of Doctor Shepard.—Chronicles.—The new Lecture-room.—A good Fight.—D.D.—Beautiful Gardens.—Six Towels.—A remarkable President.—Fanny Forrester.—The sick Baby.—Physicians Baffled.—Still with us.—Lent to the Lord.—A great Vacancy.—An Epitaph.—Wonderful Work.—The Spirit here.—Three Times in a Fortnight.—King's Sons.

IN less than a year after the burning of the parsonage, it was rebuilt and occupied. The planning of it was left entirely to the pastor, the only limitation, as to design, being that it should conform to the old foundations, which remained uninjured. It was built in the cheapest manner, the original contract specifying thirteen hundred dollars as its cost. Various improvements and alterations have since been made in it, but none materially affecting its appearance. The growth of Pittsfield, however, has increased the value of the place twenty-fold. Here Doctor Todd lived for thirty years, till every room became associated for him with scenes of deepest interest, and the whole grew to be a part of his very existence.

*To Mrs. J. W. P.—*

“March 4th, 1844.

“We have got into our new house, and find it *very* convenient and comfortable. Here we have been all winter. My people had bought the parsonage before I came, but had not paid even the interest on it. Then it was burned down, without insurance, and so they have been feeling amazingly poor; but I think they will live through it. As for me, I think (when I can get any thoughts), write till my wrist aches, visit the sick till I feel diseased, attend funerals till I feel mournful, and the rest of the time write sermons and books, and make bee-hives. I am now delivering a course of lectures to the young men; and though you might think

the subject exhausted, I actually find several things to say, and shall probably spin out my thoughts so as to make a book as large as any one will want to buy, and larger than any one will wish to read. I don't have much to do. Let me see: a parish of over two thousand souls, three sermons on the Sabbath, three services between Sabbaths, chairman of the school-committee and sixteen schools to take care of, a church of over six hundred members, over fifty funerals a year, letters, calls, visits, journeys, etc., to say nothing about authorship. I forgot a new and brilliant map to make for every monthly concert, and ten thousand other things too numerous to mention. I wish I had about seven acres of land, and then I verily believe I might contrive to fill up my time. I am popular when I do just as the people want to have me; but when I touch their darling sins, they rear up, and threaten to fall over and crush the poor driver who sits on the box. . . . We rejoice to hear that you are well, and happy, and useful. And the *baby!* Who would have thought! Well, I wish him all good things except *beauty*. Having suffered so much myself in that way, I can not wish others to suffer thus."

In the summer of 1844, there was held a great gathering of people of Berkshire County origin. It was called the Berkshire Jubilee; and the hill, west of the village, on which it took place has ever since been called Jubilee Hill. From his position, and because of his energy and executive ability, Mr. Todd naturally had to shoulder a large share of the responsibility and labor of the undertaking, and was the cause of much of its success. Upon him also devolved the labor of preparing the history of the event, which he performed successfully, so far as the interest of the work was concerned, but with what pecuniary profit to himself will be seen from the following, written to his brother, the next spring:

"I had set my heart on coming to see you this summer; and by extra sitting up nights last winter, making Jubilee books, and writing some other things, I had got a book-seller three hundred and sixty dollars in my debt, when, lo! he failed and ran off, and I am left to stay at home. This is about the history of all the money I have tried to save. Within the twelve years past, I have lost over six thousand

dollars of money honestly and hardly earned. I believe that Providence intends me to be a poor man. But I have much, very much, to be thankful for and to be happy in."

In the fall of this year occurred another of those domestic events which always gave him so much pleasure:

"November 8th, 1844.

"DEAR PARENTS,—The Lord has been very gracious to us, and we want you to help us to praise his name. This morning our little *boy* was sent to us, a perfect, fair, and beautiful child, weighing over eleven pounds. You can hardly realize how much joy it gave us to have a son. Mrs. Todd at once pronounced his name *Samuel*—asked of the Lord." The name did not particularly please the family, and as the name of Samuel Walley, the father's old friend in Boston, was subsequently adopted, the little one was almost always called Walley. "The child is very quiet, fat, blue eyes, etc. I trust that He who creates mouths will not forget to feed them. We have now only seven children. I wish they were a dozen. 'Blessed is the man who hath his quiver full of them.'"

The spring of 1845 was marked by another revival of religion. There had been a tendency toward worldliness among the people during the winter, which grieved the pastor's heart; and he came out with some sermons of great plainness and solemnity, and preached them, at first not without offense, but with decided effect. The conscience of the church was touched, and others were moved. "For three months back I have preached three times on the Sabbath, and attended at least four meetings between Sabbaths. We have had many delightful conversions—forty, perhaps, among my own people, half of whom were boarders in Mr. Tyler's school."

This spring was also marked by several less important but interesting events in the home circle. One of these was the purchase of a small farm, not far from the village. It was always the life-long desire of Mr. Todd to obtain a home of his own, where he could settle down and rest when the work of life was over. Very soon after going to Pittsfield, he found a large, unproductive field near the village which could be purchased for four hundred dollars. So strong was his desire to have a home, and so much faith had



he in the future of Pittsfield, and the consequent safety, at least, of the investment, that he went to some of his parishioners and proposed to them to join him in the purchase, which he was unable to make alone. They felt, however, that they had "no money to invest in a cow-pasture." That ground is now intersected with several streets, and has many residences upon it, several of which are among the most beautiful and expensive in Pittsfield, and one of which is among the most elegant and costly in the State. The little farm was purchased in the hope of making it at some time the long-desired home, and many were the plans for building at "Wyalusing," with which its owner amused himself. When, after some years, the place was sold, his hopes were transferred to one building-spot after another; but they were never realized. Like the patriarchs of old, he all his life dwelt in tabernacles, always seeking, and never finding, a permanent home, and died, not having received the promise, but looking for it still, beyond the sunset.

Other family events which occurred about the same time were the baptism of Walley, and the marriage of his lame brother, Joab.

"April 17th.

"DEAR PARENTS,—As to your coming, it is our song, and our saying, and our doing, and our thinking. It will truly be an expensive business to us! Mrs. Todd has got at least two great new carpets on purpose, and a huge new bureau made, and a new window cut to let out the last rays of darkness; and the children new dresses all around; and for this event we are all preparing; Joab is going to be married to honor the visit; our bees have a new yard; our hens ditto, and the old hen is just getting out her chickens for the occasion; Jenny thinks of having a calf ready; and Violetta has made a whole barrel of soap, and it's all tumble and turn carpets, bed-quilts, dresses, etc., to get ready. Verily, if you don't find us all ready with cap in hand and our shoes brushed, then I don't know. Little Samuël expects to be baptized, the Sabbath you are here, by his grandfather; and there is not a chick on the premises which does not look forward to the event as one of surpassing interest. From garret to cellar it is all overturn and get ready. The best of all invitations must be the scampering

and scudding through the house to get ready. So don't feel that we don't write. We are so full of it, that we suppose, of course, you must be. I forgot to say, too, that we are plastering with hard finish, and putting on new paper, and feel determined that folks who have a grand, nice "North Parlor," shall find that other folks can have such also. So come on, and see what a good visit it will be. You astonish us in talking about your 'garden.' We have snow-banks here, and most horribly cold weather—as disagreeable as it can well be. Garden! we sha'n't make or think of ours for weeks to come yet; we wear overshoes and great-coats, and should wear muffs, if we had them."

Mr. Brace, whose approaching wedding is here referred to, had now been in Mr. Todd's family, "more like a son than a brother," for many years. In the preceding year he had "completed his studies in theology, and was licensed to preach the Gospel. His examination was thorough, and he acquitted himself so well that the association had the highest hopes of him. He soon afterward preached to the destitute church in Lanesboro', a small town five miles north of Pittsfield, who shortly gave him a unanimous call to become their pastor. After much delay and many doubts, owing to another severe fit of sickness, he finally gave his consent to go to them. About nine months before his death, he was solemnly ordained to the work of Christ's ministry in Lanesboro'; and when, amidst a most fearful storm, we saw his feeble frame rise up to receive the ordaining hands, there were many tears, and a tide of sympathy moved. The father who preached at his ordination, and the old minister who charged him to be faithful, seemed to feel that it was doubtful how long ere he would have to give up his charge." Mr. Todd himself was more than doubtful. "I have never expected that he would be able to preach, and I think the sooner his friends come to the same conclusion, the better."

These fears were justified by the result. Only two or three months after his wedding, he was again taken severely sick. "But it was so like what we had seen him go through before, that neither he nor we were seriously alarmed, till a very short time before his death. He died Monday, September 22d, and the week preceding I had ridden out with him three times. I watched with him alone, the night preced-

ing his death. When it came upon him, he was surprised, but not overwhelmed. Twice during the struggles of death he asked me to pray. That glorious eye of his was never so illuminated, and the smile of his life hung upon his lips till death. Oh, how he bade us farewell, with a voice and look inexpressible! Probably I shall never recall the scene without tears. At the last he died, as he had lived, like a child; not a finger was straightened, nor a limb moved. We laid him among his own people, at Lanesboro', cut off on the threshold of life, of hope, and of usefulness. Few ever die so much beloved. He was a creature of the affections, and home was the place where his sensitive spirit rested. Since the revival here, two years ago, he has been a different man from ever before, more chastened, more subdued, and of deeper piety. He walked with God since that time. Often have we heard his voice of prayer in his room till midnight, and even till three o'clock in the morning; and there was a tenderness, and a depth of emotion, in these, as he supposed, secret devotions seldom equaled. As all that we do and are will one day seem, it all seems like a dream to us. I myself have never felt a sorrow so deep or an affliction so severe. But we have unwavering confidence that it is all right, and all good. He is better off than longer to dwell here in a body so frail." Months and years after this bereavement, even within a short time of his own death, Mr. Todd wrote: "I dream about him every night. Last night I walked with him, and he talked and leaned on my arm, just as he used to in the snow, only I thought he was *heavier* than ever before. Then I awake to tears." Such sorrows did not produce impressions upon him which were soon effaced; but each of them left a deep, incurable, and always bleeding wound in his loving nature, till at last their increasing number almost drained his very life. Two other such (but lesser) sorrows came near the close of the year. Mrs. Todd's youngest brother, John, who had been taken sick at his house, and over whom he had watched night and day, and who had always been feeble, like his brother Joab, followed him into eternity. But he had been less intimately associated with Mr. Todd. Quite as great a loss to him was that of old Doctor Shepard, of Lenox, whose whole-souled piety and friendship, and hearty, cheerful manner, made him particu-

larly congenial and beloved. Every day for more than a fortnight did Mr. Todd drive down in the intense cold over the crisp snow to take by the hand his dying father and friend, and comfort him in the dreadful anguish of his terrible disease; and when he came away for the last time, having laid the venerable form beneath the winter snows, he felt that there was a void in his circle of friendship which would never be filled.

“And Samuel died, full of years and honors, and all the people lamented him; and at his burial a great multitude mourned for him, as at the mourning of Hadad-rimmon, in the valley of Megiddon. Albeit Tertius, of the nether valley, was wroth, and his countenance changed; for he supposed that it was he who was to stand up and speak to the people at the grave of Samuel.

“And it came to pass that when Samuel was buried, the people said, ‘Lo, we are now as sheep without a shepherd; there is no man to go in and out before us, to teach us the good way of the Lord, and to lead our little ones in the right path. Let us come together and see if the Lord will give us one heart and one mind?’ And when they were come together in the house of their fathers’ God, and when they saw the sackcloth which was spread over the mercy-seat, and over the table of show-bread, and the seat of the man of God empty, their hearts melted together, and their eyes ran down with tears. Then said they, ‘Behold, our beautiful house is desolate; for the godly man ceaseth, and the faithful faileth, from among the children of men. Who will show us any good?’

“Then answered John the rabbi, and said, ‘Was not Samuel our shepherd and guide? and are not the sons instead of the fathers? Let us look to Samuel the younger, and put him in the place of the elder, and make him to rule over us in the Lord; so shall we be fed.’ And there was a good spirit upon them; and they felt joy in their grief.

“But it came to pass that at the self-same time there was an evil spirit abroad; and he stirred up men of Belial, even six men, who lifted up their voice, and said, ‘Ye men of Oxnel, why are ye so hasty? why do ye seek to put a yoke upon our necks, which neither we nor our children can bear? Was such a thing ever told us, in the days of our fathers,

that a prophet's seat was filled ere the Lord be waited for and he raise up a prophet? What do ye? Ye grind the people of the Lord, in that ye do not tarry. Lo, we will lift up our voice like a trumpet, and cause our chidings to be heard afar, so that the ears of our neighbors shall tingle.'

"And these men of Belial cried even as the wolf crieth on the mountains, in so many voices that it seemeth the voices of many wolves. And the people forbore for a time, and went to their homes sad; for their heart was set on Samuel the younger; and, moreover, they remembered these same voices of the men, even of the six, in the days of the great smoke, when the land was scorched, and the earth was shaken. So they rested for a few days, to see what the hand of the Lord would do for them. And the old judge mourned, and the scribes were sad, and John the rabbi waxed red of countenance, and was moved in spirit; but they all held their peace, and said, each man in his heart, 'Let us tarry a little; peradventure a better day shall soon come, and we will then prevail, and these men of Belial shall no more vex the people.' And so they went every man to his house, the six sons of Perverseness, crying out, 'Give us Heman the elder! give us Heman the elder!' But there was no voice to answer; for the snows of the Lord were upon the mountains, and Echo was unable to stand before his cold."

"March 10th.

"It is terrible getting about here; the snows and the drifts are so deep, and yet so soft, that it is almost impossible to move. We have had just one hundred days of uninterrupted sleighing this day! Our new lecture-room is done, painted inside and out—convenient, beautiful, and attractive. It has its stoves, seats all painted, aisles all carpeted, and the pulpit is a perfect gem. We have dedicated it, and enjoy it very much." The building of this lecture-room was occasioned by a characteristic action on the part of the pastor. He had urged his people, from the first, to secure some more suitable place for their meetings than the dirty old hall, which was used for every conceivable purpose, but they were slow to move, and felt too poor. At last a traveling theatrical company came along and engaged the hall for two nights, one before and the other after the evening on which

it was occupied by the church. Having set up their stage and scenery, they refused to take it down again, as they thought that the minister could just as well preach from their stage as from the pulpit. This Mr. Todd declined to do; and, when urged by some of his own people, finally declared that not only would he not preach from that stage, but he would never again attend a religious meeting in that desecrated place. This resolute stand led to the immediate construction of a new lecture-room. Some time afterward, a friend, congratulating him on the result, said, "You 'fought a good fight.'" "Yes," he instantly replied, "and I 'kept the faith,' and came very near finishing my course."

"April 30th.

"We have our new organ up, and it makes trouble, of course. Was there ever a movement among singers that did not. Mary and John and Rollo have gone to Vermont, up the west side of the Green Mountains, to Middlebury and New Haven, for a long journey, to see their aunts. I was told that it was rash to send them off so; but if people never have any responsibility laid upon them, they will never come to any thing."

It was at the commencement at Williams College, in the summer of this year, that he was made by the college a D.D., and, at the same time, one of its trustees.

*To Mary.*

"Union College, July 21st.

"I am at President Nott's, where they are *very* nice, and particular, and genteel, and hospitable. This evening I have been issuing my oration: a most beautiful church, the finest to speak in I ever saw. Oh that I had just such a church! It is unlike any other that I ever saw. The audience was very large—one hour and a quarter—as well as could be expected.' The governor, secretary, comptroller, etc., of the State were present. Governor Wright doesn't look 'a bit' as I expected. He holds a very remarkable pen, one of the strongest pens in the world. I am grieved that I can not go over these beautiful grounds, and see them and Mr. Jackson's garden. This garden is a part of the college premises, and the college pay a part of its annual expenses. You can hardly imagine any thing more beautiful than the location of the college, its grounds, and the fullness and richness of

every thing here. The professors are very refined gentlemen, but I have had no time to go to their houses. I am treated with much more attention than I deserve. Every thing is on a more democratic scale here than with us—a warmer atmosphere—and I am turning democratic fast. . . . For my chamber, I have a French mahogany bedstead, wardrobe, bureau, every convenience possible, and *six towels!* Tell mother of that! Oh, the luxury of six towels! and soap, and a pailful of water, in addition to the pitcher!" Mr. Todd was always remarkably neat in person. There was hardly any luxury which he prized so highly as a well-provided wash-stand. Some one once had the curiosity to watch him, and count how many times in the day he washed his hands. The number that day was forty.

*To Martha.*

"July 22d.

"The college exercises were very different from those of our colleges. More politics, more New Yorkish, and every thing bearing the impress of one mind, one head, one man. The college is a unit, and one man has made it all that it is; and that man is certainly one of the most shrewd to manage men with whom I ever came in contact. There is no stateliness, no dignity, but the power to manage men, and make them do just as he pleases. One thing *is* remarkable, that there is no resisting law, no rebellions, no college tricks. This was the universal testimony of all the professors. All the students are allowed to go into Professor Jackson's gardens at all times, and yet not a flower or shrub is plucked or injured. The whole is an enigma to me, an anomaly in human governments. I have formed a new conception of the power of gardening: it certainly is a most wonderful art, and, if able, I would go into it. . . . The young ladies in this region dress quite as plainly as with us. They are good-looking, many of them handsome. I am told that 'Fanny Forrester' has, with her pen, bought a little farm for her parents, and paid for it, all within three years. This is all very well, except the foolish things which she wrote for the money. I have never yet seen the thing which she wrote with which I was pleased. No one has a right to use her education and powers merely to amuse. Life is too important a trust thus to be squandered."

To Rev. J. Brace.

“September 7th.

“Little Samuel was taken sick on Friday, and has been growing worse ever since. He is very low, and I have many fears as to the result. It now *seems* as if he must die. But God can raise him up, and in him is all our trust. He looks beautiful in his paleness, and it will be a terrible stroke to us if he must die. But I know that he belongs to God; he is *his*, to dispose of as he sees best, and I rejoice to have him in such hands. We all love him, excessively perhaps, and yet I know that his Maker must love him more. He has but just come from the hands of God, and if he recalls the gift, we *ought* to say nothing. Let us have your prayers, that, whatever the event, we may be, and do, and feel right.”

“September 10th.

“Last night Mrs. Todd and I had a very sad night, hanging over him, and giving him up, and doubtful whether he could live to see another morning. But the morning has come, and he is here. We know not what a day may bring forth. We are in the hands of God. He lent us this jewel, and if he recalls it, to place it in the crown of Christ, we ought to be silent. I hope we shall be; but we need not tell you that, as a child draws near the grave, he becomes inexpressibly near and dear.”

“September 15th.

“The dear child is still with us. He is wasted to a skeleton, and, oh, his pains and shrieks! The skill of the physicians is baffled, and they stand confounded. He may hold out a day or two longer, but I have relinquished, as I *think*, nearly all hope of his life. My prayer is that he may be spared the agonies of the body, and be transferred kindly to that world where groans, and contortions, and cries of distress are unheard. We have ever held this child as a *special* loan from God, and to be cheerfully surrendered to him. When you hear again, I think, undoubtedly, you will hear of him as one who is gone to join our loved ones in that better country. Do you read the fifteenth of First Corinthians with new interest?”

“September 17th.

“Little Samuel is still with us, to the surprise of every body. The physicians are very attentive and watchful, day



and night, but human skill seems unavailing. We try to leave the event, and him and ourselves, in the hand of God. We have a sort of feeling that the poor little fellow must go away *alone*, but we ought not. We bring him every hour to Christ, and ask him to take him up in his arms and bless him."

"September 19th.

"The dear one is just going—is beyond the power of swallowing. Day and night we have hung over him, and watched and prayed; but God has his own thoughts and ways. Amen."

"September 28th.

"He died a week ago last Sabbath. He was a very promising little boy, and filled a large place in our hearts and in our family; but at his birth we received him as a precious loan from God, and when we presented him in baptism, we gave him to the Lord, and when he was dying, we again lent him to the Lord as long as his soul liveth. He suffered unspeakably during his sickness, and was twenty-four hours in dying. I had to preach on the Sabbath, and came home at noon to see him give up his little life to God, who gave it. We had fasted and prayed most earnestly, during his sickness, that if God, in his wisdom, saw best, he might live; and when we saw that this was not God's will, we said, 'The will of the Lord be done!' We have now again but six children, and only one son; but our earnest prayer is, that we may be led to more faithfulness to our children, and in the ministry, and in whatsoever our hand findeth to do. It makes a great vacancy in our family to have the *baby* taken away, to have his ringing laugh and clear voice silent in the grave; but we trust that when we go to him, we shall find our jewel in the crown of Christ."

In the latter part of his life Dr. Todd once said, that if all the little children whose funerals he had attended could be brought together, they would make a great congregation. Perhaps it was, in part, to fit him for such a ministry that he was thus a second time made to find in his own experience the peculiar sorrows and consolations in the loss of a little child. It is certain that the tenderness and poetry of his nature made his words remarkably beautiful, and caused his

services to be much sought for and greatly valued, on such occasions.

Not long afterward the father caused a small marble monument to be set up at the little grave, with a brief inscription, and the following epitaph:

“Te optato, precatus sum;  
Dato, lætatus sum;  
Ægroto, te Christo commendari;  
Mortuo, flevi:  
Cum te, in morte requiescam!  
Iterum, tecum, sim dignus, ero!  
Vale, o ter carus, vale!”\*

It is worthy of note that in later years, when his grown children died, he wrote no epitaphs. The deeper sorrow refused such consolations.

The old church had by this time become so crowded that a division began seriously to be talked of. “The complaint is, that they are too prosperous, too full, too crowded.”

*To Mrs. Todd, absent from Home.*

“February 13th, 1847.

“The division is more and more the subject of conversation; and I believe it is the universal opinion, with but few exceptions, that it had better be done, and that now is as good a time as ever can be to do it. Amen. I think it will break us up, but that fear must not be expressed. The only way to prevent it is, to determine that it shall not do it. I attended a funeral yesterday of an old Methodist—not much of a Christian, as well as the rest of us. Mary gets along very well, drives all before her; Irish and Dutch have to stand around.”

“March 1st.

“I have been at work very hard in preaching and prayer-meetings, in hopes that God would be pleased to grant us a revival. But the wind does not come, and the spices do not

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When thou wast desired, I prayed;  
Given, I rejoiced;  
Sick, I commended thee to Christ;  
Dead, I wept;  
With thee in death I shall rest!  
Again with thee, if I am worthy, I shall be!  
Farewell, O thrice-dear, farewell!

flow out of the garden. How little can we do without the Spirit of God!"

Only three days after this he wrote: "I drop a line to you to entreat that you and mother would pray for us, especially for Martha. The Spirit of the Lord is in some measure here. The boarders in the school are under powerful impressions; and a terrible conflict is going on in the mind of dear Martha. I am beseeching God, with many tears, that she may live. She has shed many herself. I know that God can be glorified though Israel be not gathered; and I know that he can be glorified even though my children are lost; but how can I go up to my Father's house, and the child go not with me? Oh that God would have mercy on my child!"

"March 6th.

"The work of the Lord is most wonderful in Mr. Tyler's school. I have never seen any thing like it during my ministry. Between twenty and thirty of the boarders have hopefully been born again within one week. The work is commencing, as I hope, among the day-scholars. Our Martha is in very great distress of mind. We pray very much for her, and so do many, many others. We have had among my people some most curious meetings. I have preached, at home and abroad, twelve times since last Sabbath morning. We seem to be in great suspense, fearful lest the cloud go past; and very irritable and fretful, and almost quarrelling, because we must, in the church, repent of our sins."

"March 21st.

"The work is very powerful in the schools, very searching and thorough. It leaves some to groan in despair. I have met one hundred and sixteen in all in the inquiry-meeting. Of these about half are hoping in Christ. But the work is hitherto mostly confined to the schools. The most discouraging thing among us is, that very few Christians are awake, or know or care any thing about it. Why is it that it is so much more difficult for even the Holy Spirit to awaken Christians than to convert sinners? I do not know what to do, except to hope and to pray that God will save by the *few*, as he did under Gideon. We can not but hope that dear Martha and John have the divine principle within them. They appear so changed, so delightful, that it seems

too much to believe. And Isaac, poor ignorant hired boy, he too has been called, and, so far as the poor fellow knows, feels as if there had been a great change in him. How wonderful, if it be so, that HE, the latchet of whose shoes we are not worthy to unloose, should come under our roof *three* times within a fortnight! We know that you will help us to praise redeeming mercy. I am full of anxieties and labors among my people, and feel afraid that Christ can not do many mighty works here, because of our unbelief. How I think of *Joab* now! Four years ago, in the revival, he was here, how active and prayerful! The 'former rain,' in olden time, was to prepare the ground for the seed, and the 'latter rain' to fill out and ripen the harvest. Was he not then receiving the latter rain? And when they rejoice in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, is he not rejoicing with peculiar joy? Has he not a knowledge of what is doing here? Is he not unspeakably blessed? 'Neither do they die any more!' I feel that he is to be envied rather than mourned; but in this revival my mind turns to him with indescribable emotions. He was to me an eldest son, and no more sincere mourner has he left on earth. Oh, if we might but meet in heaven! How soon shall we know all about it? Are *Joab* and *John* and my two babes together? Have the former things passed away to them? I hope they are indeed king's sons, and are now inheriting the crown of life. Amen."

## CHAPTER XXV.

LIFE AT PITTSFIELD—*continued.*

An absent Child.—Letters of Encouragement.—“Make them love you.”—Not Beloved enough.—Not Affectionate enough.—Children joining the Church.—Blue-pill Diet.—Preparations.—Winter at Hand.—A fairy Thing.—A sick Child.—A big Temperance Pledge.—Two ends of a Glass.—Mag.—Tableaux.—Colonizing meditated.—Once more an Editor.—Another Baby.—Worse than a Ghost.—“I’ll be Mum.”—Laying a Corner-stone.—A Mighty Pyramid.—Miss Lyon.—John Foster.—First Meeting of the American Board.—A peculiar Revival.—An endless-chain Meeting.—A pleasant Revival.—Close of the Year.—A Fire.—The Father of Churches.—Proposals from Philadelphia.—Visit to New Haven.—Memories.—“Didn’t know he was so much hurt.”—A surgical Operation.—Voice *vs.* Brains.—A Dedication.

In the spring of 1847, Mary, the oldest child, who had graduated brilliantly at Maplewood Institute the year before, received and accepted an offer to teach in a town on Cape Cod. The following are extracts from her father’s letters to her:

“May 6th.

“MY DEAR MARY,—I have but a moment to write. Your mother came home yesterday, a year older than when she left” [her birthday having occurred], “lean and hungry, having starved herself at every hotel. Uncle Collins came here the day she left, sick and very nervous; and Martha is wretched with the headache; and so I, as usual, am the only hearty, handsome, and blithe man among them all. No great news has been stirred up since you left us, except that we have had storms, and cold, and winter, and I—a new hat! We are all upon the jump, since yesterday was a pleasant day, and to-day promises to be another, and we are all overwhelmed with the pressure of spring-business. Now, Mary, I know just how you feel, for I used to feel just so myself when I kept school, albeit I had no home to think of. I have great confidence in your power and ability to do any thing you please, and the power to make warm friends, if you will only try it. I dreamed about you all last night, and came

to see you, and a queer place I found you in, truly! But I have much confidence in the divine Protector, and in your own good judgment and lofty character. You can not help succeeding in any thing in which you will try. MAKE *the children love you*, make *all* the folks love you. If you succeed well this summer, you will have an enviable reputation as a scholar and a teacher. This discipline, which seems so hard to you, is the very thing you need. It was my food during all my youth, and even till this day. I intend, if you are a good girl, to write much and often. Be as agreeable as possible. They are all prepared to show that they will esteem and love you. At your age I had to be a man, and at the same age you must be a woman. Write often, cheer up, keep busy, think not of yourself or of us, but of making every body happy.

“Yours, Maryissimus,

J. TODD.”

“May 10th.

“Congratulate yourself that you are not here. House-cleaning! carpets up, dust flying, rooms topsy-turvy, women screaming, men coughing, kitchen eating, bedlam greeting—what a week! Well, I’m to be in New York one day out of it all. . . . We were greatly glad to hear from you. I want you should be happy and faithful. You *can’t* work harder than your poor daddy has always done. I want you should be pleased with every body, and try to please every body. I’ll tell you a secret. You and I will ever be likely to be *respected* enough; but, unless we are careful, we shall not be *beloved* enough. I would not have much formality in your school. Mother says you have a sweet set of girls. I would not have any monitors or monitresses. It will not be necessary, and it will only make you more distant and formal—the very thing you want to avoid. We think much of you, and pray much for you. Oh, why *can’t* you hear Mr. — preach! What a loss to you—to him! I suspect he comes all the way to preach to you and other sinners. It’s delightful weather here, and I hope it is with you. Be good, be cheerful, be agreeable, be obliging, and remember that you will be happy just in proportion as you make others happy.”

“May 30th.

“I have been out of health myself of late, having a de-

pression of spirits and courage, energy and hopes, very unusual with me. I hardly know what to make of it, or what to do for it. The spring has come on with a voice of gladness, and in a pathway of flowers. We have planted two mountain ash-trees, and one lime, or linden, tree, in our front yard, all of which now promise to live. We are also dipping into the land of roses. . . . Be punctual in your correspondence. Do you attend prayers in your own school-room by yourself? I heard that Mr. — spoke very well of you in Boston last week, and I hope you will gain the approbation of all. We don't tell you how much we want to see you. It isn't time to think of that. Keep busy as you can. 'I want you should walk much every day, in all weathers, as soon as you can accustom yourself to it. Do take as much exercise in the open air as you can. Do you call on any of the parents of your children? I want to have you do so, and you will find it pleasant.'

“June 12th.

“I am a perfect boy when your letters don't come, and when they do. If you could see how eagerly I watch for them, and how glad I am to receive them, or how much I want to see you, you would not doubt that you are remembered here, and much thought of. . . . As to —'s sociableness, you and I are not by nature very social or very communicative. We appear reserved to others, and I think we are. Few can be very social with us. I believe we have hearts that are warm enough, but we show the cold side of them. If there be any thing which I especially mourn over, in the education of my family, it is that I have not taught them to be *more affectionate*. You, probably, come home from your school, weary, jaded, and sombre, with very little sunshine in your face, and you feel the need of some one to cheer you up and revive you; and *they* feel that you ought to come in and bring sunshine and joy, and light up the countenances of all by your approach, as Doctor Shepard used to do. Now, I wish you would try for one week, and see how affectionate you can be — not how affectionate you can *appear*, but really *be*, and see if there be not a reciprocal influence. We are all so much publicans, that we love those who love us. Try it, and see. You must not exact, or expect, much from the world, and then all you receive is clear gain. I *do*

think you are desirous of meeting our approbation, and you do meet it most unfeignedly in most things. I do not think this apparent want of affection is so much a moral as a natural deficiency in you and me. It is hard work for us to be social and agreeable, and yet, if we try, we *can* be both. Let us *try*, for one week, to love every body. . . . On Saturday I had the melancholy pleasure of setting up little Samuel's monument, grassing over the grave, and setting out a little evergreen at each of the four corners of the lot. It looks beautiful, but my heart yearns with an indescribable tenderness toward my departed child. I feel it most when I am away from home, and think of returning to meet my children. . . . As for being homesick, you must discard the word and the thought. Don't count the weeks, or allow yourself to think any thing about the end. I believe it will come before summer does! We don't say any thing about it, or think of it. When the time comes, you will be sure to be welcomed. 'Deeds, and not words,' is my motto."

"June 28th.

"We have great expectations concerning next Sabbath. Nearly fifty are to join the church, a greater number than at any one communion since 1821, and among them our own dear Martha and John. My heart is greatly rejoiced in the prospect. I shall think of you more than ever, and do wish you could be with us. . . . I have been living on blue-pill and water-gruel for the last week—a poor kind of diet; but I can't do much, and don't try. Probably I shall be off, as soon as the communion is over, for rest and recruiting. I am crippled in health and spirits, and believe all want to get rid of me."

The reader may have noticed that after every season of great effort, and especially after every revival in his church, Mr. Todd suffered in health, and resorted to powerful medicine and violent exercise, thinking himself the victim of dyspepsia induced by bodily inactivity. It is a very common mistake among ministers. There can be little doubt that he injured himself by maltreatment of what was in reality nervous exhaustion. On this occasion, as usual, his vacation journey did him more good than any medicine, and he returned very much restored.



“September 6th.

“MARY DEAR, — We are preparing to have you come home—*i. e.*, the leaves begin to fall, and the plums begin to go into preserves, and the harvests begin to go into the barn. We have, by hook or by crook, fruit enough, and could well spare enough to make you sick once or twice. Have good courage; every week takes off one; and when you get home, you’ll find us looking just as we used to look, and we eat at the same hours, and sleep in the same beds, and go the same rounds; but we’ll be right glad to see you, ‘for a’ that, and a’ that.’ I suppose that mother has written you all the dry news, and I have none that is moist. We do nothing here in the way of marrying or giving in marriage, and the lions are all killed off, and the thunder seems to have gone into winter-quarters. When the cold weather comes on, and it will probably come suddenly, I want you to meet the scowling old gentleman all wrapped in flannels, so that you can look him directly in the face, and defy his fingers to pinch you blue or black. . . . The company are all gone, and I’m glad, for your good mother fumed about them in a way very unusual. I suppose that we men should be more unwilling to have company than we are, if we had all the hard work to do. But as it is, I do like to have a houseful. Still, I know it takes time and labor, and so consumes us that we are poor all the time. . . . It will soon now be cold weather, and glorious Berkshire will put off her beautiful dress, and be as barren as when you left. Well, you have gazed on ‘the dark blue sea’ in the mean while, and have breathed salt air. Write punctually, and particularly, and patiently, and I will try to do so hereafter. . . . So you see the world goes on here pretty much as it does on the Cape. You have most water, and we have most land. Work is hard there, and it isn’t easy here. You will very soon be through now, so don’t borrow any trouble. You’ll value home the more, and see that your father is handsomer than you ever conceived of. . . . I married a Dutchman and his *Vrau*, a few days since, though they could not understand a word of English, nor I a word of their Dutch. But they said I *looked* like a minister, and felt satisfied.”

“September 20th.

“Old winter has already been peeping over the mount-

ains, and piping around our ears, with his bags full of wind. He has sent down two of his hungry messengers, and they have bitten our cucumber-vines to death, and eaten up our squash and pumpkin vines, withered the corn, and, in short, eaten and bitten every thing they could. The trees begin to hang down their ears, the leaves to turn yellow and sour, the crickets to sing their death-song, the city fry to hasten back to sin and sea-coal, while the very clouds look as if they needed great-coats. As to our farm, I'm afraid to look at it. . . . I do not forget that day after to-morrow will be the anniversary of the birth of my eldest daughter, of the death of Uncle Joab, and of the burial of my youngest son. To-day, one year ago, he died. It seems a long time since I saw him; but he still comes to me with his curling locks, his flashing eye, and his joyous laugh of childhood. He still comes back to me just as he used to ride on his little horse—

“A fairy thing, with flaxen hair,  
And eyes of blue, and downy cheek,  
And frolic limbs, and lips that were  
Striving for evermore to speak.

“Seasons may roll, and manhood's pride  
Each youthful breast may fill,  
And one by one they'll leave my side,  
But *he* will be a baby still.

“When six around the board are set,  
And call on father and on mother,  
To mortal eyes but six are met;  
But I, but I, can see another.”

“Have patience, and hope, and courage, dear Mary, and I think you will never regret the severity of the discipline.”

Very soon after this last letter, the recipient of it was compelled by a fever to abandon her school, when the term was almost at its close, and return home. The sickness seems to have been the beginning of her years of suffering.

*To Rev. Joab Brace.*

“November 20th.

“Mary is very feeble, thin, scrawny, and cold—no strength and no vitality—no recuperative power in the system. I am busy, and hurried, and driven, and pestered. Mr. B—, after having been here fifteen years, is now to be driven away by his people, they having just found out that he is

not a great man or a great preacher. So we are turned off the moment that we are not wanted. I've made up my mind to it, and don't mean to worry or grieve when my turn comes. I hope that ministers who are faithful will be appreciated better in the next world than they are in this. We are having Mr. Gough here; but every thing seems utterly powerless in the temperance cause."

In spite of the discouragement here expressed, the writer engaged in the work with his customary ardor. Under his direction, when Mr. Gough had aroused immense enthusiasm, a huge blank book, elegantly bound and inscribed, was procured and circulated by a committee, for the signatures of the whole town to the pledge. Several hundred names had been procured, when the volume suddenly and forever disappeared. It is said that liquor is still sold and drunk in Pittsfield.

"December 4th.

"MY DEAR WIFE,—The children promised you that they would write. I made no such promise, and yet I do more than they in fulfillment. As to how we get along—if you look through *one* glass, poorly: Mary is feeble and discouraged; John and Sarah have been Thanksgivingy sick; the warm weather has moulded the pies, soured the turkey and chickens, spoiled the yeast; and there has been scolding, and crossness, and tewing. If you look through *another* glass, we get along finely; we have eaten up sour turkeys and fowls, and have good bread. Mary is getting better; she works adays, and I warm her bed and nurse her, nights; and she drives every thing except thunder and lightning and me. Martha and Sarah are up, and make every bed in the house, before breakfast! Lucy sweeps the rooms, even to my study, and I don't believe a woman in the town could or would make the rooms look better. When they are ailing, I give them a good dose of magnesia, and that seems to settle them. 'Brimstone morning' comes pretty often. Let the symptoms or complaints be what they may, down goes the *mag.*! Isaac and I have got the windows all on, the chips raised up from the ground, the door of the shed up, and the front of the wood-house boarded up. I am up latest and earliest. I watch the stoves (we have nine up, you know, besides one dummy, and several retired upon pensions in the garret), and then I ride one hour on horse-

back, when the weather is not too horrible, as it is all the time, and walk some when the mud is not too deep, as it is all the time; besides having preached once, attended one teachers' meeting and one funeral, lectured once in each school, written several letters and one chapter, and visited fifteen families, all since you left. Anna eats slow and long, and says she thinks she is adapted to tableaux. They have had one tableau, and Sarah made a very good old woman, Lucy a boy, and Anna a little girl, all weeping at some tomb, except that Anna would snicker during the whole performance. The kitchen-girls were the spectators."

"December 14th.

"My people have started, in full earnest, to rear a new church. So far their measures are unanimous, decided, manly, and Christian. I go with them most heartily; for, whatever may be the result so far as *I* am concerned, the thing ought to be done. There are not less than fifty families and one hundred and fifty young men who have literally found it impossible to get into my church; and they must go to other denominations, or become heathen. I feel it a compliment that so many want to come that can not; still, I should not at all wonder if it should be the means of my leaving the place. I leave it all with Divine Providence, and in the mean time rejoice."

"December 19th.

"I have very little expectation of living to be old; but if I should, I hope and believe I shall have enough of manhood and wisdom, and Christian spirit to retire at a very much earlier age than some do. My only anxiety is, to do what I can while I do work. I am not troubled as to *when* I must stop working. If I should live to seventy, and if I am then in the same mind I now am, I shall drop all: if I am *not* in the same mind, it will only prove that the judgment is so far gone that I ought to *be* stopped."

In the spring of 1848, a publishing concern in Pittsfield started a new weekly paper, which was called the *Berkshire Agriculturist*; and Doctor Todd was persuaded to resume, anonymously, the quill and the scissors, which he had not used for many years. His editorship continued through the first eleven numbers only: with the twelfth number the ownership and management of the paper changed.

“February 15th, 1848.

“You will recollect that I do not expect to make it a *religious* paper: *that* could not be sustained in this region; but I try to give every thing a shove that way, and to throw in guiding thoughts in selecting, writing, etc., which will lead the community aright. Nobody in the region knows that I have any thing to do with it. What I do to it, is done by candle-light, before breakfast.”

“July 12th.

“We have been most kindly and wonderfully blessed, and you have a new grandson, who looks more like you than you do yourself. He is now a great, noble fellow, and we hope and pray that he may live long, and honor the Lord Jesus.”

“October 23d.

“Mr. Shepard came on Tuesday last—the very day I had to go off to an ordination, and leave him. We went down to Lenox on Saturday to see him, and they are coming here to-morrow, and that is all that we shall see of him and Samuel. We can not well entertain Samuel, for John is such an old man that he doesn't run with any boys, of any size or shape. Mrs. Todd came home loaded with your kindnesses, for which we return you many thanks. I suppose it is as hard for me to *feel* thankful as for any body, but I have no difficulty in *expressing* thanks.”

“December 18th.

“I am glad that at last you have written, for I had written *three* letters to you, and no reply! I began to think you were worse than a ghost; for they say he will speak at the third challenge. . . . I truly sympathize with you in money matters, but you are a king compared with me. Last year we fell behind nearly three hundred dollars, and I am now writing for papers, and magazines, and what-nots, to get up. My expenses, this year, are not one cent short of twenty-one hundred dollars. How *am* I to get it? Salary twelve hundred dollars! And yet we *try* to be as close and economical as possible.”

“DEAR MOTHER,—Your letter to Mrs. Todd is all Greek and Hebrew, and Dutch and Mohawk, to me. I don't know what it means. The fact is, I *mean* to do right, to *help* every

body I can, and I do so continually; and then, what they say, or do, or think, or feel, I don't care a straw. I have nothing worth concealing, and if my shirt isn't ragged, I don't care who sees me with my coat off. I hate nobody, and dislike nobody, and am jealous of nobody, and so I get along well. For my life I can't see what you would be at. But I'll be mum, and careful, and wise, and prudent, and judicious, and discreet, and cautious, and I hope you'll be the same. You may comfort yourself with this, dear mother, that whatever any body may say about me, it isn't half so bad as I deserve; and I won't *quarrel* with Beelzebub (Clarke says it ought to be *Beelzeboul!*). So get your barrel and write as often as you can. Nobody's perfect except Doctor Bushnell and his wife. Thine, etc."

The closing event of the year was the laying of the corner-stone of the church designed for the colony which expected soon to go out from the old parish, and which subsequently took the name of the South Church. So careful had the pastor been to avoid all bitterness during the delicate process of colonizing, that he was selected to make the address on the occasion; and so kind and generous were his feelings toward the colony that was taking from his church a large part of its spiritual strength, that he could hardly have spoken more earnestly or affectionately had the corner-stone been designed for a new edifice for his own flock. His sentiments toward his daughter-church never underwent any change, except to deepen. And, on the other hand, the church, in spite of the facts that it naturally carried out with it whatever disaffected elements there were, and that it had to struggle for its own growth against Doctor Todd's popularity, cherished for him an increasing respect and affection. In his old age and leisure there was no one more welcome in their pulpit; and none mourned his death more sincerely than the people whose hands carpeted and hung his grave with flowers.

"February 3d, 1849.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I believe that I gave you an account of the sickness and death of our little boy. But God has kindly given us another little boy, now seven months old, whom we call James Smith Todd, after a friend in Philadelphia. He is a very fine child, and we think altogether

too much about him. So we have now seven children living. Mary is teaching Latin and Greek, two hours a day; Martha, Sarah, Lucy, and Anna go to the Young Ladies' Institute. John goes to the Gymnasium. He is now fifteen years old, a tall fellow, a good scholar, and not much of a boy. How I shall ever contrive to send him to college, should we both live, is more than I can possibly conceive. My children are all pretty well now, though we have had much and severe sickness. Were it not that I pay for my tuition by lecturing weekly in three schools, I could never do it. It is with the utmost difficulty that I can live on my salary; and as for property, I have long since made up my mind that God does not intend I shall have any."

"March 11th, Sabbath evening.

"Twenty-two years to-day since you married me to Mrs. Todd. What years they have been! years of wandering, changing, sickening, dying, hoping, rejoicing, years of mercy! Could we rear a monument to divine goodness equal to what we have received, it would make the mightiest pyramid seem a dwarf. There is a very mournful satisfaction in the review, arising from the mingled vision of happy days and years, while waste and ingratitude are very prominently seen. In my own case, I can truly and honestly say there is not a spot in my life at which I can look with any feelings but shame and remorse. All the horizon that bounds the past shuts down gloomily upon my vision; nor dare I, knowing my habits of mind and body and soul, look for any thing much brighter in the way of my duties and labors for the future. . . . Miss Lyon, you see, is suddenly cut off from a life of great usefulness; but God does not need any one instrument with which to carry on his plans. She was an extraordinary woman, having more physical, intellectual, and moral strength united in her than I ever saw in any other woman. . . . With great delight I have been reading the 'Life and Correspondence of John Foster'—a very wonderful mind. I have never felt deeper rebukes, or had more humiliating feelings, than since I have been reading him. He was a solitary creature, towering aloft like some huge castle, cold, symmetrical, strong, and awful. His chief power was analysis—dissecting and going to first principles; but when he undertook sarcasm, Achilles himself never

poised his spear with more power. It would pierce any shield that was merely human. His piety was deep, cold, consistent, and often beautiful, and I have no doubt but through the horizon which looks cold to us he often had flashes and glimmerings of eternity's light which were clear and warm. I want you should get and read him. . . . I have been quite ill of late: the old complaints have returned with seven other evils, and prostrated my strength, cut down my courage, and thrown a muffler over all that is hopeful. I am trying to live on coarse bread, and such unsophisticated materials—about as good as powdered brick wet up with molasses and water. One abominates to be complaining all the time, and I try to make as little ado as possible; but I have the impression that memory, and judgment, and mind, and every mental faculty, lie so near my stomach that they all suffer. It may not end in a break-down, but I am not without serious apprehensions. God is good."

In the preceding year Doctor Todd had instigated his people to invite the American Board to hold their annual meeting in Pittsfield, although it was deemed by many of his people preposterous to think of entertaining such a multitude. The invitation was accepted; and Doctor Todd naturally had to assume the responsibility of carrying the undertaking through. Never did his executive talents have a better opportunity to display themselves. He organized energetic committees, prepared a systematic plan of operations, and was ubiquitous and incessant in his own personal labors. The whole region was scoured for places for guests, and the people opened their doors hospitably. Among other offers which Doctor Todd received was one from the Shaker settlement, proposing to take a limited number of guests, but on the condition that they should consent to be lodged "the men apart, and their wives apart." The result of the undertaking was gratifying to all. The meeting at Pittsfield was long remembered by hosts and guests as one of the pleasantest, as it was one of the largest, meetings of the Board that had ever been held.

"February 27th, 1850.

"I have been laboring hard to bring about a revival, but 'it is not of him that willeth.' We hold the half-hour prayer-meeting every evening at seven o'clock, which has in



it from forty to fifty. But there is no moving among the dry bones. In A——, where I spent last Sabbath, there is a peculiar state of society, and a peculiar revival. It is on the high-pressure principle; and though most evidently the work of the Spirit, yet not (in its being guided by men) after my heart. I did not enjoy it so much as I should had it not been so much in the hands of men—an apparent feeling that God could do nothing without man's aid. Hence 'the anxious-seats,' the 'speaking' of the young converts every night, and a parade of the new-comers in a way that spoiled it, almost, for me. Perhaps I am too cold, and too conservative, and too old-fashioned; but I feel very sure that, let the consequences be what they might, I should never have such doings under my administration."

"March 26th.

"As to my profession, I have had, and do have, not a little anxiety. The fact is, that in every church there are 'new-measure,' fiery, sky-rocket people, who feel that God can do little or nothing without their shouting and lifting. About four weeks since I established a half-hour prayer-meeting every evening, and called as many in as I could get in. These have been observed every evening since. The week following, the Baptists started an endless-chain meeting in their church every night. They got a man from Boston to come and preach; then they got public 'anxious-seats;' then they got men and women to talk, 'tell what the Lord had done,' and 'confess their sins.' This goes on every evening. I pretend not to say but that they are doing good, and that souls are not converted: this is their way. I have called my church to observe a day of fasting and prayer this week, and to keep up their half-hour meetings. I have also appointed an inquiry-meeting. This has been my way for the greater part of my life, and when I have varied from it materially I have always been sorry. But some of my ardent and burning ones feel greatly dissatisfied. They want, and are determined, to have a protracted meeting, and anxious seats, and to run a race with the Baptists. I simply stand still. Unless I alter my mind *greatly*, I shall not do it: nay, I think I shall resist it at all hazards. They act and talk as if their minister were behind the age, cold and dry; and they give thanks publicly that 'there *are* altars to which the poor

perishing sinner may come,' and 'warm hearts to receive the heart-smitten,' and they are almost out of patience with me, if not quite. But I don't think the course is wise or Scriptural, beneficial, or *safe*. I am at work just as hard as I can. My people almost all run to the Baptists. I let them run. I say, 'If you want a protracted meeting, there is one, and you can go to that: I shall not make fight against it by opening an opposition-line.' What will be the result, I don't know. But the Lord reigns, and he will do as he sees fit; and it is not likely, on the whole, that *I* shall materially and successfully resist his will so as to stop his plans."

"May 18th.

"We have had, and still have, much religious attention among our people. As many as one hundred and twelve have been at the inquiry-meetings, and perhaps as many as sixty or seventy have entertained hopes. I have been very hard at work, and the effects have been very happy upon my church. It has been a most *pleasant* revival."

"December 30th.

"This last Sabbath in the year is always very solemn to me. I attended one funeral yesterday, and preached thrice — 'The Barren Fig-tree,' 'Strangers and Sojourners,' 'Where art thou?' The pews in my church never sold better than for the year coming. We have been through some trying scenes, but I have tried to hold the helm very steadily, and to meet things very calmly. We have great trials, and very great mercies, as I can testify when I see you. The great trials which Christ experienced came through his friends. So ours must come. I was treated with very great consideration and kindness at New York, as I always am when I go abroad."

On the first Sabbath in 1851, only an hour or two before the time for public worship, the cry of "fire" was raised; and it was found that the old church was all in flames within. An overheated stove-pipe had set the vestibule on fire, and the flames had soon reached the organ above, and found in its well-dried pipes fine kindling. Of course the whole village was soon on the spot; but it is believed that, amidst much show of zeal, there was no special haste to save the old house, which had long been too small and too anti-

quoted, and the removal of which would make the way easy for a better structure. "Come," said one prominent member of the congregation to another, slyly, "let us go and set fire to the other end." The flames were extinguished when they had progressed far enough to make it probable that the building would not be repaired for a church. The largest hall in town was immediately hired—a great, but low, dingy, ill-ventilated, and disagreeable room, up two flights of stairs. And here for two years the preacher held together his great congregation with no diminution.

"February 4th, 1851.

"You know we have had our church burned, and we are all adrift. How things will turn up, in Providence! Have I not got back into a hall? and am I not now planning to build the *fourth* church whose corner-stone I have laid since I have been in the ministry? Shall I not be the father of churches ere long?"

"April 22d.

"Doctor Brainard came on from Philadelphia, to urge me to return to that city, and with such proposals as are very flattering. But I see not how I can leave my present post. My people have been racked and shaken, and are now dwelling in booths, and it seems hard to leave them just now. At their meeting, at the beginning of this month, with entire unanimity, and self-moved, they added fifty per cent. to my salary. I do not think the call from Philadelphia had much to do with it, as they had determined so to do some time since. It is a great kindness, and especially so as it is a testimony, after nine years' acquaintance with my weaknesses and imperfections. I regret that my health is so poor and unpromising for their good."

*To Mrs. Todd.*

"New Haven, Conn., August 8th.

"The city is wonderfully spread and grown out in every direction since the time when you and I were here, and is freer from poor, filthy houses than any place of its size that I ever saw. What used to be my solitary walks *out* of the city are now covered with houses and shops, new squares and mansions. I have enjoyed riding about the city very much. I can not understand why it is that I receive so

many kindnesses and so much attention when I go abroad. I am sure that I in no way deserve it, and it really makes me feel ashamed that I am so overestimated. I keep saying to myself, 'I wish she were here to enjoy it with me.' I don't half enjoy any thing when you are not with me. Being *here* carries me back to the old Herrick house, and to the time when I first saw you; and I have been living it all over, forgetting our great family of children, and the years that have gone past since those days. The fences are taken away from in front of the churches, and the green looks larger and much more beautiful. The college looks natural, and I pick out the rooms in which I used to study some, and dream of the future. Life was then fresh, and the rainbows of hope were many and bright. Well, God has since dealt most kindly by me, and I have ten thousand mercies for which to be thankful. I don't know but I have done about as much as we had reason to expect when we first met, though if I could now go back, with my experience, I should hope to do much more."

"Madison, Conn., August 9th, 1851.

"Nothing surprises me so much as to see how fast the shadows of time, as they fall upon our friends, deepen their wrinkles and leave their mark upon them. Our friends here are well, but, to me, wonderfully altered. On reaching here, I learned that John actually passed his examination and entered college. I was right glad to learn it, for although I had no fear as to his preparations, yet there are so many slips that few things are certain till they become facts by having passed by. I believe that the sooner a young man forms a plan and a great purpose in life, the better. He is more likely to pursue it steadily. Our real and great anxieties for John are now to commence."

An English publisher, designing to publish one of Doctor Todd's books, wrote to him for a brief sketch of his life as an introduction for it. Doctor Todd noted down some items, and gave them to one of his daughters to work up into a sketch. The following is his acknowledgment of her work:

"November 18th.

"As to the sketch, it is beautifully written; and on reading it I felt like the man who cried when his lawyer was describing his sufferings to the jury, 'I didn't know I was so

much hurt? It seemed like an imaginary character, and undoubtedly owes more to you than to me. I presume you painted as the painter did his angels, when he set porters, and waiters, and any ill-shapen creature he could get, before him, and then 'drew as unlike them as he could.' I am very thankful that I have a daughter who can 'make up' such a picture, though she may not be able to see the many places where she can not discern between truth and fiction, or, rather, imagination and reality.

"I am not surprised that you meet with trials. They are everywhere, if we do any thing and are any thing. They are what make us. And my anxiety is, not lest my children should meet with trials, but lest they should not meet them rightly, and improve them wisely. I think you will meet with as few in your present situation as in any place away from home. We should be educated to expect and to meet with crosses continually. Set the Lord always before your eyes, and you will not be moved."

"January 16th, 1852.

"Since I saw you I have been through a terrible scene, in having a surgical operation performed on my back. For about twenty years I have had a small tumor on my back, near the spine, and a little below the shoulders. It has always been tender, like an inflamed eye, so that touching it put me in agony. For the last twenty years I suppose that I have not spent a day without pain, or been able to lie a moment on my back. At last it became so painful that it was wearing my life out, and I felt that, if I could not get relief, I must die. The reason why I did not have the knife used years ago was, that the physicians were in doubt whether or not it was attached to the spine. If it was, cutting it out would cost life. On consulting a distinguished surgeon in Philadelphia last fall, he gave it as his opinion that it might be safely removed. On returning home, I called in a surgeon and a professor in the Medical College, who examined it by putting me under ether, so that they could handle it. One felt that it would be safe, and the other that it was not certain. So the next morning they came, with two men to hold me. My family, wife excepted, never mistrusted any thing, though I met them all at the breakfast-table. I sat down and took ether, not sure that I should come out

alive. Even after I was fixed and the knives were out, there was hesitation as to the fact of its spinal attachment. It took them half an hour to do the cutting; and, though unconscious, I filled the house with groans; and yet the surgeons, being so intent in their operation, did not hear me! The tumor lay by the side of the spine, among the great nerves, and *under* the tendons and ligaments of the back. It was an inch below the surface, and was of about the size of a turkey's egg. They had to pull it out with hooks. But, oh, the agony, and the fainting, and the distress, for the next twelve hours after I came out of the ether! I was laid up several weeks, very weak; but it healed kindly, and *is now entirely well*. It is an unspeakable mercy; and I tell you of it, that you may see that we all have our trials, and the Lord knows how to deliver us from them."

"February 11th.

"Mr. A—— thinks of coming back and building a splendid house on the old spot of ground, and living here. I sometimes feel almost thankful that I have no spot of childhood to which I long to return."

"July 21st.

"We sympathize with Mr. B—— in the death of his little son. We have one in heaven who left us at just about the same age. He is an infant still: he alters not. We know that his little grave is no longer, and so we can not conceive that he is advancing. The blotting-out of one such little bright star makes the world seem very dark to us for a long time; but it shines brighter in the new sphere to which it is removed."

"August 2d.

"I am reading Chalmers's Life with great interest, and, I hope, profit. It gives me new views of the way in which God leads the blind, and new views of that charity which we must entertain concerning those who were not brought up just as we were."

"October 30th.

"I am expecting to send Mr. —— to Lee in my place. If he suits them, I shall marvel; and if he does not, *he* will wonder, for he is blessed with a deep conviction of the value of his own powers. I hope that Lee will shortly get a minister; for it is hard to be an island for them, and stand against the waves that roll toward them."

*To John, in College.*

"March 8th, 1853.

"Only four weeks more to vacation—how soon here! Let us see, you speak to-morrow! Well, put it through, and remember that the more voice that you have, the less sense you need."

Doctor Todd was once present at a meeting where a speech was made by a minister who had a magnificent voice. As he was passing down the aisle, after the service, he overheard a humble minister lamenting that *he* could not make such a speech. He immediately touched him on the shoulder, and whispered, "Brother, you must remember that to some of us the Lord has given a great voice, and to some of us he has given—*brains*."

"April 25th.

"My people have now nearly completed a new church edifice, larger far than my church in Philadelphia, built of stone, and which in your city would cost at least seventy thousand dollars. It will be done in a few weeks, we trust, all paid for, and all *given*, so that the annual rent of the slips will support the concern. There is no stock, no ownership of pews, and *no debt*. For nearly two and a half years we have been building the stone church, and we have all that time been like a swarm of bees out of hive and shelter, hanging on the limb of a tree. We hope that it will be a permanent, large, Pilgrim Rock church, for generations to come."

The church was duly dedicated on the 5th of July.

"Children of this congregation, this house is built chiefly for you. Had we not children whom we loved, and whose eternal welfare lay near our hearts, we should not have built this edifice. We shall soon pass away, and not need it. But you, we hope, will remain—will worship, and praise, and honor, and love God here when we are dead. Never forget that as we dedicated this house to the great God, we charged you to fill this house, to keep it, and to honor God in it, by believing his word, obeying his commands, and receiving Jesus Christ as your Saviour—the Way, the Door, and the Life."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

LIFE AT PITTSFIELD—*continued.*

An Indian's Letter.—An Indian's Reply.—The Water-cure.—Fitted to adorn.—Doctoring a Father-in-law.—An Invitation.—The old Eagle.—Oaken Literature.—Gushing Waters.—Death of a Mother.—Slaughtering Weapons.—An open Mouth.—A Resignation.—A new Member of the Family.—Gabriel's Complaint.—Trip to the West.—Snows.—Spiritual Longings.—Surgeons.—A Blow.—Must not Preach.—To Europe.—Not a sound Man.—Two Enemies.—The Barber's Shop.—The Dutch Minister.—Reminiscences.—Description of Pittsfield.—A Flower-garden.—The Busy Bee.—What an Argument!—The Taper and the Sun.

*Rev. Mr. —, to Rev. Dr. Todd.*

“May, 1853.

“*Manabozho, Chief of the Six Nations, to his Brother, Maskwashakwong, Chief Sachem of the Massachusetts Tribes:*

“I HAVE thought much about my brother, as the time is drawing near when our chiefs contemplate taking their belts of wampum, their knives, and their rifles, in order once more to enter upon the war-path; and I felt sad to think that I could obtain no blanket such as I knew that my brother would like to have, though I scoured our whole territory in order to obtain such a one. Finally, I succeeded in learning that such an article might be obtained of one of the traders on the island of Manhattan; and immediately thereupon I dispatched one of my young warriors thither, with directions to secure it, even though he should lose his scalplock in the attempt. He has returned with the accompanying package, which I entreat my brother to accept. My brother must first commit it to the care of his renowned squaw, in order that it may be thoroughly soaked in water, either cold or hot, in consequence of which it will become almost impenetrable to the rifle-bullet itself. Then, when it is dry, summon before you your blanket-maker, and command him to make for you what the pale-faces call ‘a pair of pantaloons and a tight-fitting coat.’ My brother will find sufficient for both. My brother, if he desires an increase of warmth and smoothness, can have his pantaloons lined; but



Manabozzho wears them without lining. My brother must likewise command his blanket-maker to make ten or twelve little pockets in front, and on the outside of the coat, so that he may have every thing convenient, and not mixed up all together in one great pouch, as old Cavonicus used to have his bullets, and flints, and powder, and tobacco, and tinder-box (which he got from a pale-face), all mixed up together; and many is the deer and moose that escaped while he was getting what he wanted. My brother will do much better than that. Farewell."

THE REPLY.

*"To the great Manabozzho, Head Warrior of the Thirty-six Nations:*

"GREAT BROTHER,—Thou hast spoken. Thy words have reached my ears, those deep words that come like the voice of the far-off loon of the wilderness, mysterious and solemn in the depths of night. Thou hast traveled into the far spirit-land, and brought back awful and strange words thence concerning the great one-in-three Spirit. Such words are comforting and strengthening to the spirit-warriors around thee, and they make me feel as if on the top of some Katahdin, whence I can look over the thick woods and lakes, and see a beautiful land which lies over and beyond the farthest mountain I can see. Thou art great with hook and line, and takest up none but such as are big and bright. Thou art great in thy hunting, and bringest none but large moose to thy hunting-ground. For the thoughts, more than for the characters on the white-birch-bark-like leaves, I thank thee. May thy rifle never miss fire!

"To-day, while in my wigwam, the swift runner brought to my hand the new war-blanket, and also thy greetings; and my squaw and papooses will bear me witness that over both my spirit was glad. Great brother, I know not what there may be in all the world, among all the pale-faces, but to me it seemeth that no blanket could be better, though woven by the hand of that famous squaw, Penelope; and should I ever be wrapped in it in the far-off woods, where the owl hooteth, and the frog belloweth, and where the cry of the panther is heard, it seemeth to me that I shall feel as strong as fire-water, courageous as the yellow wolf, and fierce

as an old hunter of my family who lived many moons ago, and whose name was Nimrod. It seemeth to me that the brave who owns such a blanket may shake his finger at that old, fierce tribe of warriors called Mosquitoes; ay, and their cousins, the Gnats; ay, and their allies, the Midges. As soon as thy words reached my ears, I put it into the hands of my jewel-eyed squaw, and she hath it already in water. And thy words about the pouches shall be heeded. And when thou seest the blanket all ready, thou wilt mourn that thou hast no such squaw to adorn the Big Chief and send him forth to meet the dangers of the wilderness. Or if the Big Chief hath found a white doe, and brought her to his wigwam, it may be she will be dull to see how the heavens and the earth, the woods and the lakes, the rivers and the brooks, all lift up their hands and beckon thy coming, and utter the voice, and cry, 'Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. Rise up, and come away!' I know not, mighty chieftain, that my hand can ever repay thee, and send something to gladden thine eye; but I will lay up the blanket in the corner of my memory, and charge my heart to be grateful, and my hand never to forget to return what it can. Till then my thanks must be loud, and my tongue straight.

"Great brother, I am sorry to hear that thou thinkest of removing thy wigwam southward, and leaving the hills and the mountains and rivers of the North. Think thee well. Wilt thou see fairer skies, mountains more blue, rivers more clear, brooks that laugh louder, braves that are truer to thee, tribes more glad to listen to thy voice? Will the summer cloud there be more silvery, or the spirit of the storm-cloud more grand? Think thee well. It grieveth me to have thee turn away thy face and go to sunnier climes. At any rate, don't let the voice of men, or even of bright-eyed squaws, take thee from thy yearly visit to the wilds, where Health sleeps on the rock, where Vigor is drawn up from the ground, where Hope comes in the wild dress of Nature, and Courage is drunk up from every brook. May the spirit of life and of hope ever go and be with thee.

"From my wigwam, the tenth day of the fifth moon.

"MASKWASHAKWONG."

During the first part of the year 1854, Doctor Todd's health became seriously affected by his long-continued and exhausting labors—so much so, that in his summer vacation he was driven from his usual resorts in the forests by very alarming symptoms, and compelled to take refuge for a short time in a water-cure establishment. Here he found temporary relief, and began to hope that he would soon be restored to his accustomed strength.

“Saratoga, July 26th, 1854.

“Tell mother that I met a lady last evening who gravely told me that she had repeatedly heard it said, ‘What a pity it was that such a *splendid* woman as Mrs. Todd should be obliged to bury herself all her life in the cares and toils of a poor minister's family, when she was fitted to adorn some *brilliant* station!’ Oh dear, do ask your mother what I *can* do about it.

“Best love to all, from the woman ‘fitted to adorn’ down to James, the first boy in Berkshire. Tell them that yesterday and to-day I really begin to feel like myself again, and shall now, probably, grow handsome every hour.”

*To Rev. Joab Brace.*

“August 16th.

“MY DEAR FATHER,—Should it afford you any gratification to know that a college, standing high and very sparing of its honors, has conferred on you the title of D.D., and if this has been brought about by any little agency and influence of myself—if, at a time when the shadows of earth seem less and less to you, the good opinion of men comes to you in a form new and unexpected—you may feel assured that your friends who know you best will feel that you deserve all that you receive, and that, for myself, the gift of your child to me, at a time when I had neither character nor influence, has laid me under obligations which I can never express. That your life may be prolonged, and your last days made bright by the beams of the Sun of righteousness, is the prayer of your affectionate son.”

At about this time, an old friend wrote to him, sounding him as to his willingness to listen to an invitation from an important city church. The following was his reply:

“September 6th.

“MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I give you many, many sincere

thanks for your kind letter, for your partiality to me, and for all your acts of friendship. As to your letter, and the inquiries made therein, let me see, what shall I say?

“An old eagle sat in his eyrie, where he had been gathering sticks and building his nest and raising his young for many years. He looked off over the lake, on the bank of which his eyrie stood, and it was fair and beautiful. The trees around him were green and lofty, and their bows waved and their leaves rustled whenever he alighted on them. The lake afforded him fresh fish; and the blue herons and the fish-hawks, the gulls and the loons, all kept at a distance, and let the old eagle alone. His family was large, and he tried to feed them, and train them so that they might look the sun full in the face and fly toward him. At length they came to the old eagle, and asked him to remove his eyrie to another lake, where the waters were wider and deeper, and the fish more abundant—where there were more herons and fish-hawks, gulls and loons, to fight away from eating up the fish. They told him that his eyrie would be higher, and he could see and fly farther. But he said that his lake was already as large as his eye could see over, and there were more fish than he could take, and his family was too large to move, sticks and all, and he feared that the very friends who urged him to go would be disappointed in the result. Then he looked toward the lake, and saw it not beginning to dry up, and at his tree on which his eyrie stood, and it seemed to be firm and strong, and gave no signs of decay; and then he looked up toward the deep-blue sky, to see if the angel who takes care of eagles was in sight, and beckoning him to leave; and not seeing him anywhere, he said to himself, ‘Perhaps I *could* do more and better to go, and the eyrie would be higher, and the fish more abundant; but I remember that when the good angel guided me here, and placed me on this high tree, he said, “Stay there, birdie, till I call for thee; and if I think of a place better for thee, I will come back and make some sign;” but he doesn’t come and make the sign yet.’

“What say you to the eagle? Is he not a wiser and safer bird than you had supposed?”

To N. T.—.

“September 5th.

“I am glad to learn that the Ministers’ Association in New York think of republishing some of the genuine old Scotch theologians, particularly the writings of John Logan and Robert Walker. These are wells of pure and cooling waters, refreshing and purifying to those who draw faithfully from them. And a pleasant thought it is, surely, that as fashions and tastes change, they wheel in a circle; and that the same unsatisfied desires which are setting aside the light, frail, and fragile chairs and tables of our day, and are calling back the strong oaken furniture of past generations, begin also to turn from the light, small-idea books of the present day, and call for the solid, oaken thoughts of other days. I hope the willow age is going by, and a more solid one returning. Every such valuable old writer that can be made to live again should be; and thus, in the cycle of ages, may it not be that great and good men who are dead will often be reproduced, and still prophesy before many people? My best wishes for your success.”

To J. C. H.—.

“September 5th.

“Your very kind note proves to me several things, such as that you and I both belong to the Mutual Admiration Society, that our partialities and admirations meet about half-way between us, that I have the high satisfaction of having gained a friend whom I prize most highly, and that in the art of letter-writing and beauty of composition I must be content to fall immeasurably behind you. As to the circumstance to which you allude.... And yet I should not have wondered if the devil (you know I am orthodox, and believe most firmly in the existence and character of this ancient and mischievous fellow) *had* whispered in your left ear that if the Pittsfield folks had heeded you some years since, their sufferings had been far less, and their enjoyments far greater, and that you had almost brought waters to their doors and lips, and they would not have them. However, when the day comes when waters shall be gushing into every dwelling and room of our village, and when the old man and the infant are refreshed and strengthened thereby, it will be found that you and Mr. M—— set the first wheel

in motion, and really opened the first gate, to let them flow in. Thus, my dear sir, seed that we sow comes up in after-years; and thus great blessings may be traced back to small sources and remote causes. The bread cast on the waters is found after many days. Keep adoing, and in due time we shall reap. How I wish I were as young and healthy as yourself. Well, God gives us our portion in his own way and manner. You are among the very few who need to be cautioned not to be too generous, too great-hearted; and a queer thing it is in this world to ask a friend to cultivate selfishness. That isn't exactly what I mean; *perhaps* I mean self-love. My best bow and respects to the wife, whom I want to know; also to my friend, glorious B——."

In November of this year, Mrs. Todd was suddenly summoned to Newington to the bedside of her mother, who died after a very short sickness. Doctor Todd went down to preach the funeral sermon, and to mourn as a son. Mrs. Brace had been the only mother that he had ever known, and, from his first acquaintance with her, she had been a true mother to him. "The *home* there is gone. Nothing can ever make a house cheerful when the mother is gone. It is she that makes home."

"November 23d.

"The medical commencement was yesterday, and twenty were sent forth, like the angels in Ezekiel, with their slaughtering weapons in their hands."

"November 28th.

"I am going to Groton next Monday, and to Albany, to attend the Missionary Convention, on Wednesday; I'm apostolic only in this respect, that my mouth is always open."

On the 16th of January, 1855, Rev. Doctor Brace completed a half century of ministerial labor, and, without resigning his pastoral office, retired from active service.

"January 11th, 1855.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—You are going through it bravely and admirably, and were never gaining honors to yourself and to your memory as fast as now. I don't believe that five years of common labor would make an impression on your people that would be as lasting, and of as much value, as these few weeks will do. I never saw a sight in my life that delighted me more than that of the feelings and the do-

ings of your people, and I trust you will be carried through it all, even to the last; and *then* you must expect, and we must all expect, that you will feel a reaction, and pay a terrible interest for all this excitement. I can not praise you enough for the quiet, gentle dignity which you are manifesting before us all, and which will be felt a hundred years hence. I think that the next Sabbath will be as trying as any day, but, like David, you know how to 'encourage' yourself (1 Sam., xxx., 6). I hope to see you in a few days. It will never seem like home to any of us again. 'We have here no abiding city; we seek one to come.' You know our doors and hearts are open to you, if you say so."

The invitation contained in the last sentence of this letter was accepted, and after the close of his active ministry, Doctor Brace went to Doctor Todd's house to pass the remainder of his days. At his coming, Doctor Todd said that he felt, "like the centurion, unworthy to have him come under his roof;" and, during the six years of his stay, waited upon him with the same reverential, child-like spirit, and treated the infirmities of age with an unruffled temper.

Not long after his arrival, Doctor Brace said one day, on hearing of a young book-keeper's salary, "Why, that is more than I ever received in my life!" "Yes," replied Doctor Todd, "but money is not your reward. Suppose Gabriel should say, 'I haven't any money. I don't receive any income; I'm poor.' 'Why, Gabriel, you are the strong angel; you stand in the presence of the Most High.' 'Oh yes; but there's John Jacob Astor with ever so many millions, and I never had a thousand dollars in my life.'"

In the latter part of this winter, Doctor Todd, accompanied by his wife, made an extensive lecturing tour through the West, and was everywhere received with great attention. It was the only visit that he ever made to the Far West, and at *this* time he saw but little of the country, for it was buried under snows of unusual depth. For twenty-one successive days snow fell more or less every day; roads were blocked, locomotives disabled, and trains blockaded. At one place he barely escaped with his life. The sleigh in which he was crossing a river broke through the ice, and was with difficulty drawn out of the water.

To B. B. C——.

“March 2d.

“I wish I could tell you of my journey, how they got me into the Maumee River, and I barely escaped with my life; how I visited the cities of the West, and spoke to twenty-two different audiences in twenty-six days that I was gone; how I saw young men whom I had known in Philadelphia, and in New England, and everywhere else; how I was treated with a kindness and respect utterly beyond my deserts; how I had a terrible cold all the time, and went away sick and dizzy in the head, and have returned better and more hopeful.

“You ask me what my plans are. I have none, but to work every day as the day returns. I have a heavy burden on my mind and heart, in my large family, and large people, and many calls of duty and of labor. Last autumn I had a most kind invitation to go elsewhere; but the old eagle kept in his eyrie, and moved not. I know there is many a spot far up the hill of Zion, where the airs are pure, the sun is bright, and the vision is clear, and I sometimes have the faint hope that I am going up the hill, and pausing at these places; but I wish that I could hear the whisper of angels, and feel the breathings of the blessed, and hear the rustling of the wings of the Holy Dove, plainer than I do. I know there are cool walks, and smooth paths, and murmuring brooks, and sweet flowers in the valley of Sharon, and I know that One walks there who is altogether lovely, and I sometimes feel that I should love to walk down deep in that valley; but I wish that I could feel more plainly the cool of those shades, and perceive more clearly the spices which the south winds waft there from the garden of the Lord. I thank God I have passed over the hill of Ambition, and am no more afraid lest my feet slide in its sandy sides. The trees of earth are not so tall as they once were, nor their fruit so fair; but God has given me unnumbered mercies, for which I try to praise him. Not among the least of my joys and mercies is the fact that now and then he gives me such a friend as the one who is now reading the tracings of my pen. God bless you, dear C——, now and forever! Let me live in your prayers, as I do in your memory. Should you outlive me, let my children share in the love



of their father's friend. Our united love and deep remembrance to all of the dear circle who gather around you. Tell them that my head is turning gray, and time is setting me onward; but my heart is no colder to them than when I left your city. Thanks, many thanks, and, once more, adieu."

Soon after his return from the West, he was obliged, by increasing infirmities, to put himself more than once in the hands of the surgeons, and to endure sufferings which completely prostrated him.

*To B. B. C—.*

"June 1st.

"You know you have always insisted that I should keep you advised of the dealings of Providence with me, whether in the sunshine or under the clouds. For more than eight weeks I have been shut up under very great sufferings. I am very weak, and greatly in want of courage, strength, and hope. My physicians now say I must stop preaching for four months more, and spend all that time in recovering my health. You can hardly imagine what a blow this is to me. My family is very large, my oldest daughter a confirmed invalid, Mrs. Todd much worn down, her father living with us. Add to this, John is just about to graduate, and he wants to go to the Theological Seminary at Andover, and it is not in my power to send him; for I find, after having been licensed to preach the Gospel thirty years next week, that I am so poor that I must borrow to defray my expenses this summer. Where to go, or what to do, or how to do, I know not. For the present, I expect to hang on and off Saratoga, till I see what I can, or can not, do. You will say, 'Why, four months, how soon over!' True, but is it certain that I shall be well then? Is it certain that God will let me live and work longer? I am sure I have done so little, and that so poorly, and with such poor motives, that he will not do as man would do, if he does. Let me find a place in your prayers, as well as in your love and sympathy.

"My physicians have decided that for six months I can not preach; and my friends are trying to raise a purse to send me out of the country. How sad my heart is, to have to drop all and leave preaching, none can know; and how earnestly I pray that I may yet live, and recover, and do

some little good, you can imagine. I am walking in the dark.”

His people found no difficulty in raising among themselves a sum of money sufficient to enable their pastor to travel for six months, and to this some of his old friends in Philadelphia sent a generous addition. The latter called forth the following acknowledgment:

To B. B. C——.

“June 14th.

“MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—What *should* we do if we had not friends! and, above all, that great Friend whose kindness never wearies, whose compassion never fails! I feel humbled when I see myself falling upon the generosity of my friends, because I feel that I have not deserved this at their hands; and most earnestly do I pray that I may not receive all my good things in this life. I beg you to express my sincerest gratitude to yourself and my other friends who have so kindly and nobly remembered me. Is it not marvellous, that after thirteen years’ absence I should thus live in the hearts of my once-beloved flock? Oh, this fact is greater to me than all the money in the world! I know it is asking too much for you to come and see me, and I dare not expect it; but be assured there is hardly a face this side of heaven that I would be so glad to see. If I *may* see you, glad, glad; if not, may I ask you to remember me when you stand nearest to the throne, and when most under the shadow of the wing of the Almighty Redeemer?”

It was near the close of the year when Doctor Todd returned from Europe, very much invigorated.

To B. B. C——.

“January 7th, 1856.

“I am not a *sound* man, but probably am as well as I may ever expect to be in this world. I am hard at work in my great parish. You don’t know how much pleasure I anticipate in seeing you. What *will* the meeting of friends be in heaven! Did I tell you that Sarah is about making a profession of religion? Ah, if our children may be jewels in the crown of Christ, what can we want for them more?”

To B. B. C——.

“April 11th.

“Do you know two bitter enemies of mine, who follow

me, and haunt me, and almost ruin all my peace? The wretches! I can hardly contain myself when I think of the mischief they have done me! Their names are Procrastination and Indolence; and they look so much alike that I hardly know which is which. Alas! were it not that these fellows had got hold of me, and borne me down like the nightmare (they *are* a kind of *day*-mare!), I should long since have written you.

“As to the book of travels, I confess my fear that I could make nothing that would go any length of time or way. But *one* thing I *have* achieved! Congratulate me! I have actually delivered *one* lecture on Europe in Pittsfield—by giving the avails to the library here. It has but just been done. So you see how a prophet is appreciated at home. I don’t suppose that Alexander himself was considered any thing very great at home—or *would* have been, had he been nothing but a country pastor. Then, as to the volume of sermons; I have been reading the volume of Mr. Barnes’s, which you sent me, and magnificent sermons they are, and I say to myself, ‘You foolish fellow, if such sermons as *those* are not appreciated, and will not sell or be read, what can *you* do?’ And the foolish fellow replies, ‘Verily, there is weight in the saying, and I will not be too hasty.’ I wish you would tell me how to convert sinners, how to rouse up saints, how to do the work of a messenger of life. How I think over the pleasant hours I spent in your family and in your city, during my last visit! It was truly a green spot in life’s pilgrimage. Our snow-banks are failing, though they freely discount still. March lays his head in the lap of April, and teaches that sister to blow as if it were fun.”

*To Lady V—.*

“April 25th.

“Last autumn, as I was in a barber’s shop at Marseilles, there came in a young man, an entire stranger, but whose voice led me to speak to him as an American. I found he was from Baltimore, of very respectable parentage, not very well, and cast afloat, like a solitary flower, on the great ocean, without a father’s experience and advice to guide him, or a mother’s love to cover his head with her prayers. He was an orphan in a strange land, seeking health, with no one to aid him to find paths that are right, or to shun

those that are wrong. I invited him to go with me to Paris, which he did, roomed next to me, kept with me, and went with me to the sight-seeings of Paris. With the assistance of a pious friend, I got him into a good Christian French family for the winter, and felt relief. He then went with me to London, Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick, Kenilworth, etc. I introduced him to a kind Quaker hotel in London, and to a true theological student in that city. He kept with me till I took the steamer for home, when he returned to Paris, according to our arrangement. Since then, a friend has written me that he has been sick at Paris. This information I immediately communicated to his friends. This is the last that I have heard of poor S——, till the letter of your husband came, a few days since, informing me that he is sick at Torquay, and that his sickness is alarming. I lost no time in communicating with his friends, beseeching them to go to him or to send for him, but have as yet received no reply. Your ladyship will see that my interest in the young man is only that of an almost entire stranger; and yet it is so deep that, had I the means, I should cross the ocean to see him without hesitation. I shall write him by this mail, and any kindness which your good heart may prompt you to do for him will receive its reward from Him who thinks of the stranger and the fatherless.”

*To Rev. J. De L——, Amsterdam, Holland.*

“ June 7th.

“I am afraid you will think me almost a bear, in selfish forgetfulness of you and of your kind letter. But *our* bears sometimes hug people when they get hold of them, and, could I get hold of you, I should do little less. You may be sure that so long as I live I shall never forget you or the Sabbath I spent at your house. Doesn't it all rise up before me now, so that I still see the wide Zuyder-Zee, that sweeps down and fairly kisses the old city, and the hundreds of windmills all around throwing out their arms and striking the air with all their might? and don't I see the old canals running in all directions, with their boats and their bridges, their clean little Dutch vessels and water-tanks, and the tall houses and narrow streets? and don't I see the Blum-market, where the flowers are so abundant and so gor-

geous? and don't I see No. 16, where I meet you in the front room so curiously papered; and good Mrs. De L——, who gives me all the English she is mistress of in bidding me welcome; and the little boy, who looks at me and asks if I am a 'believer-man?' and don't I see the chapel full of people with their hats on, and see you in the pulpit, and hear your sweet voice, and sit and cry like a very baby because I can't understand a word you say or sing? and don't I see my upper chamber, next to your charming study, where I hear your voice singing in beautiful Dutch, while in my room, under the thick folding curtains of my bed, where the paper of the room hangs so smooth, but never touches the walls; and your schools of sewers, and the little creatures so happy and multitudinous in the infant-school-room? Ah, don't I see it all yet, and think of my visit with you as one of the bright spots of my life? I have not looked at my journal since I was there; but here it is, as fresh as if it were but yesterday. The stranger from the far-off land whom you received so kindly will never forget you or your dear family."

"Well (as we Americans say), after leaving you, I wandered up the Rhine to Frankfort-on-the-Main, thence through Hanover to Hamburg, to Denmark, then back through Prussia, Austria, Bohemia, Styria, Tyrol, Bavaria, Switzerland to Geneva, Chamounix to Milan, Venice, Florence, Leghorn, Rome, Naples, France, England, and then across the great floods to my home, having traveled over twelve thousand miles. The wandering bird found the nest all safe, and the birdlings in it. The hawk had not plundered it, and the serpent had not invaded it. And now how strange my home would seem to you, could you be put down at once by me! Do you see? We are in a little valley which the Indians used to call the Housatonic (the river of the hills); we are surrounded by high, wood-covered, green-mantled mountains; and our rivers and brooks do not lie still as yours do, but they run and leap, and murmur and roar. We are not diking out the sea, as you are, for we are at least twelve hundred English feet above it. You would see our wide streets shaded with our own sugar-maples and lofty elms, and our white houses surrounded with shrubbery and roses, with our stores and shops of brick; while in the centre is

the house of the Lord, around which all the village clusters, like Mary sitting at the feet of Jesus. If you will go with me on the Sabbath morning, we will go to a great stone church, where I met my beloved flock on my return, and where they would gladly meet you; for I have told them all about you, and what you are doing. And now you have preached to my people, and they seem cold to you; but never mind, we are like your own Dutch stoves—slow to heat up, but we retain our heat finely, after we get warm. Stop now, if you please; don't look at my high church, with its simple arches and pillars; I want you to look at my flower-garden—yes, my flower-garden: there it is—my Sabbath-school; all those teachers and bright scholars: how they look at you, and their eyes flash a welcome upon you, and they want to extend their little hands to you! They are our own children, our jewels, heart-blossoms, whom we are training up for Jesus Christ. O Brother De L——, you can't speak to them; you are not here, we do not see you, we do not hear your voice; but we believe you are in Holland, and are at work for our Redeemer, and we love you for your work's sake; and these dear children have commissioned me to salute you in their name, and beg you to accept the inclosed, to aid you in carrying on your schools for little children. If their gift shall make any of your little ones as happy as it makes us in sending it, it will be thrice blessed. The good Lord accept it, and you, and us!

“Since writing the above, the ‘Busy Bee,’ a society of little girls, though they are every day growing up toward great girls, have handed me thirty dollars more. This society, if they were turned into algebra, might be called co-efficients—the most active bees that ever gathered honey. Now, don't you believe that we have jewels here? though we do go all the way from New York to buy diamonds of your Jews in Amsterdam! Why, we would not give one of these jewels for a hatful of your diamonds! I wish I could send you a daguerreotype of all of them; but the great Master has their images and names in his keeping.”

*To B. B. C——.*

“September 22d.

“You complain of a certain cold heart you wot of. Alas! if you begin on that theme, and each of us begins to tell all

he knows and feels, and *doesn't* feel, on that subject, we shall want quires of paper, instead of sheets. How infinite Holiness can desire such hearts in heaven, or even receive them, is one of the deep mysteries of God's love. Did you ever think what an argument David uses: 'Pardon mine iniquity, O Lord, *for it is great!*' What an argument! 'for it is great,' and therefore none but God could or would pardon it. It is a work worthy of God. Alas! alas! I have a larger body of sin and death to carry round, and all the evidence I can sometimes get that my hope is not utterly worthless is, that I *think* that if I am lost and thrown away, I shall see it to be so just that the mouth will be stopped and every murmur hushed. I am trying to commit my family all to God's wisdom, and leave all the future of this life in his hands—to labor as long as he permits, and, I hope, cheerfully to retire when he says, 'Stop.' As to *your* heart and *your* state, do something for Christ every day, and you will grow warm. He can lift the universe, but will reward us for lifting a straw. He has but to say, 'I am he!' and his enemies go backward and fall on the ground; and yet he will reward us for saying that Christ is he, the Saviour, though nobody cares what we say. He is the Sun, and yet wants us to light our tapers, and show men the way to the Sun. They look so low, they may see the taper, when they won't look up to see the Sun."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

LIFE AT PITTSFIELD—*continued.*

The Burden of Souls.—A Wedding.—A Todd Trade.—A Storm.—Solitary.—“My Father’s House.”—Not Unhappy.—A cold People.—The old Wheel-horse.—“We stand on Character.”—The sick Daughter.—A Son in the Pulpit.—Diphtheria.—The World Mad.—Death of Doctor Humphrey.—Death of Doctor Brace.—The old Father.—Stopped in the Pulpit.—A queer Infirmary.—The War.—“Ye are Idle.”—“*Tendresse maternelle.*”—A River of Providence.—A lean Ministry.—Economy.—Horseback.—A Letter from the West.—An Accident.—Clinging to Life.—Going.—Mary Slept.—A Vacancy.—Polished Diamonds.—The Garden of Hope.

To B. B. C—.

“January 20th, 1857.

“FOR the last five or six weeks there has been a very unusual and deep solemnity on the minds of my people. All our meetings are full, and solemn as the grave, and the work has thus far been deepening. I have preached twice or thrice between the Sabbaths, and held prayer-meetings. I have labored as much, to say the least, with the church as with the unconverted. I have felt that to have conversions, and have the converts come in and set out in the Christian life on the low platform on which we were, would be no gain and no strength, and that we might thus pass through a revival of religion, and come out actually weaker than when we began. Hence I have been trying to get my church up on a higher platform of piety than we were on, and thus ‘the living epistle’ would be of some value in the future. I hope and believe that I shall not be entirely disappointed. As to converts, eleven united with my church at the last communion, and about fifty more are indulging hopes. But oh dear! how many labors and anxieties and prayers it costs to get *one* sinner to Jesus Christ! My body has sunk, and my mind become jaded, and my heart fainted under the burdens. Oh, Aarons and Hurs, where are ye, that I may lean on you? I don’t think I have for many years felt the burden of souls lie on my heart as of late. Whether the Great Master does it to let me see how much I have to account



for, or how impotent I am to save a soul, or how much he means to do for my flock, I know not. I have sometimes felt that my work is almost over, and that he is permitting me to see a few more sheaves gathered in before I lay down my commission. Oh, C——, life looks barren and lost, in looking back on a ministry of thirty years. God give you a richer field to look back upon!"

*To B. B. C——.*

"March 4th.

"Can you possibly be with us at Martha's marriage next Wednesday? If any thing could gladden me at the sad hour of feeling that my child has gone from me for life, it would be to have you with us. Her home is to be Nashua, New Hampshire, where Mr. Hill is settled over a large church.

"We have a delightful revival among my people; the church has come up wonderfully; meetings are almost daily, full, solemn, and pleasant. There have been, I trust, many conversions; and among them I count our dear Lucy, thus making five out of our seven whom we hope to see as jewels in the crown of Christ. I have had no help, and my working hours have been constant, and my anxieties far more heavy than I can describe. Such seasons make heavy drafts upon the heart of the pastor.

"I know how busy and how driven you are; but I want often to hear from you, and to know that the rainbow arches over your home, and the morning angel sings at your gates. My head whitens with age and care, and probably the wings of my mind droop, and the visions of earth every day grow more and more dim; but Hope still sings of a better future, and the eye looks *over* the river for green sights."

*To Lucy, at School in Groton.*

"April 10th.

"Your letter about your journey was just right, and such as did us all good—very minute and graphic. The art, or *one* art, of letter-writing is, to say little things naturally, and, therefore, they will be graceful. It seems to make a great vacancy in our number to have you gone. It has come to be the time of day with me when I must begin to look to my children for enjoyment, hope, and brightness."

To Mrs. Todd.

“May 9th.

“James cried hard after you during all the first day after you left, but is now on the recovery, and has made money by exchanging his iron hoop and hook for a scaly wooden one—a perfect Todd trade!”

To B. B. C—.

“November 16th.

“I suppose that of late you have had too many anxieties and business troubles to wish to write or be written to; but when the fragments of broken ships are coming to land, and the wrecked are creeping up on the sands, we want to know who is alive and who is bruised. The storm came so suddenly, and with such power, that there was no time for reefing, and many a really good ship has been thrown upon her beam-ends. In *this* community, where we live almost entirely by manufacturing, we have been taken all aback. A few months since, there were supposed to be three millions of property in my congregation; and now it is almost impossible to get money enough to pay for postage-stamps. Our factories are mostly at a dead stand. The wheels of industry are all stopped, if not broken. Avarice howls in amazement; the temples of Mammon ring hollow; and Fashion offers to make her own shroud, if you will only give her the coarsest materials. But I think that the result will be good for the churches of Christ, and will lead many to see that, like the birds, when the trees were green and the leaves abundant, they built their nests in places not very secure. The leaves fall off, and we wonder how we could have built there. I presume that you have suffered personally—who has not?—and that care and anxiety and sympathy for others have left new lines upon your face. Well, my dear friend, if you have been *honest*, and done *right* in and through it all, as I doubt not you have, you need not worry about the rest.

“As for me, I preach to a very great assembly on the Sabbath (there is but one pew in my church which is not rented, and yesterday not one empty, above or below); I preach every Wednesday evening, attend a prayer-meeting on Friday evening, and lecture every week to the young ladies at Maplewood Institute, to pay my children’s tuition, to say nothing about my quill, speech-making, etc. But I am a poor

creature; and if you hear that the Master lays me up on the shelf soon, don't wonder at it. I don't know that my people were ever more constant at meeting, ever gave better attention to my preaching, ever paid me more respect; but it is so cold, so distant, that I feel solitary. Never one comes up and says, 'Sir, you have removed some doubts that troubled me,' or, 'I feel strengthened by those views,' or, 'I thank you for that particular train of thought;' no one ever asks me, 'Sir, are you comfortably off?' or, 'Are you getting along well?' or, 'Don't you need to stop and rest awhile?' or, 'Can I do any thing for you?' I never feel the breath of sympathy, to say nothing about flattery. And yet they would not fill the church, and hang like icicles, as they do, if they were dissatisfied, and do it year after year. Oh dear! I hope heaven will be a warmer world than this! And yet they never come to me with fault-finding; they let me come and go, and do what I will and as I will, and never trouble me.

"I want to know all how and where you are; sitting, I trust, under Nathanael's fig-tree, with the eye of the great Redeemer upon you for good. We shall probably never live together in this world; but it will not be long before we shall be in a better one, where the burdens of life will all be laid down, and the weary one at rest. Shall *I* ever be there? I seem to feel that there are few so unlikely, and few so far from it, if moral fitness and holiness be the condition. Alas! my Father's house is seen no more plainly than when I began to ascend the hill of life, and the mists and shadows that hang over the inheritance of God's children seem to be no nearer being lifted off. Is my title-deed safe? God bless you and yours, my dear friend, and may the golden dust of the angels' wings every day drop in your path!"

*To his Sister Elizabeth.*

May 15th.

"I have intended, every day, to write; but every day had new sorrows, or troubles, or duties. I have had much to do; for, though there has been no revival among us, I have attended ten or eleven meetings every week. In the next place, I have been very much out of health, have been under the surgeon's tender mercies three times, and am hardly able to say that I am better."

To B. B. C—.

“June 22d.

“My courage and self-reliance are failing continually. Though I have no new theories in religion, and hold to the old landmarks, and preach the same old doctrines that I did when we were together, yet I sometimes catch a new thought, and have a new ray of light break in upon me from, I humbly hope, the Father of all lights. I should regret to have you draw from my letters that I am discontented or unhappy; if I am, it all arises from imperfections and sins within, and not from outward circumstances. In money I am poor, and always shall be. In position, I have enough to do, responsibility sufficient to bear, and all the respect and influence that I deserve. And yet the warfare within is not terminated, the victory is not yet achieved, and the song of triumph is not yet sung. I am too often trying to hold a light for other footsteps, while my own are in the dark. But Berridge says that the *name* of him who plucks us from the burning is Holdfast. . . . I wish that I had something to return for all your kindnesses; but when shall I have? I belong to the great family of Debtors, a very old, if not a respectable, family, and it's too late for me to deny my relationship.”

“October 6th.

“It makes me sad to go and come and not have my people know that I have been away. Not a soul bade me good-bye; not a soul came to welcome me back. I do hope that when I die they will bury me with great propriety.”

To M. H. F—.

“November 8th.

“It is a long time since I have written to you; but it has only been put off in the hope, from time to time, that I should be able to command more time, and do the thing up with more propriety, and more to my own satisfaction, if not to yours. But leisure never comes to me, and seasons and flashes of inspiration are too seldom; and you might as well expect the old wheel-horse of the mountain stage to play the colt, and run and kick up his heels, as to expect *me* to break out in strains eloquent, original, or interesting. The angel of poetry, if he ever flew near me, has long since shaken out all the gold-dust he had in his wings.”

*To Sarah and Lucy, teaching in Kentucky.*

“November 24th.

“Do tell me all about your tableaux, and your Thanksgivings, and your calls, and your visits, and your teaching. I hope you are faithful therein, and eminently successful. See every thing you can, without sacrificing the character of a lady. Don't feel that you are to be affected by the question of money, as they are around you; but remember that *we stand on character.*”

For more than ten years, Mary, his eldest child, had been slowly sinking under the power of an unknown disease. Every possible remedy had been tried; she had been sent, at immense expense and sacrifice, to medical institutions of every kind; and physicians of every school, and some of them among the most eminent in the country, had been summoned to prescribe for her; but all in vain: it had now become evident that, so long as she lived, she would be a helpless sufferer.

“December 25th.

“Mary is about the same; but the angel of hope, as he looks in upon her, shakes less and less gold from his wings, and the poor thing has come to the conclusion that she will never again walk a step in this life. Thank God, she is cheerful, and sheds fewer tears than I do over her situation, though neither of us tells the other the secrets and the sorrows of the heart. While *I* live, the poor thing will be cared for; and when I am dead, will not some kind hand be raised up to minister to her? Why *should* I distrust?”

*To B. B. C—.*

“February 7th, 1859.

“At the close of the services yesterday morning, I said to my congregation that it was an uncommon thing for a minister to introduce his own son into the ministry; that, during the seventeen years that I had been their pastor, I had had trials which I had not designedly been forward to obtrude upon them, and also blessings for which I hoped that I had been thankful; that I proposed in the afternoon to introduce my son to preach his first sermon, and perform his first public service before them, and besought their kind sympathy toward youth and inexperience. I wanted to disarm criticism. The people thought me almost mad to do it,

and him mad for doing it; even Doctor H—— thought it would be better to have him preach somewhere else first. So in the afternoon my great church was crowded with people, and all in a state to sympathize. What would I not have given to have you present! You can't think what a time it was; how he went through the services amidst more tears than I ever saw shed in that house before; and how I was as cool as a wooden clock till it was all over, and then—the tears—they *would* come!

“I thank you for Mr. Barnes's ‘Sixty Years' Sermon;’ and when you meet him, I want you to thank him, in my behalf, for that cheerful, gladsome light in which he sees things, and which he so beautifully sheds all around him. It is truly a luxury to find *one* man at three-score who has not become in the least acid, and who can allow that all that is good and great and bright on earth is not clean gone forever. To me men and things look smaller and smaller; but, in every light in which I can look at it, the kingdom of Christ looms up larger and more important.”

*To B. B. C——.*

“September 12th.

“At the present time we are very anxious about Lucy, and are sparing nothing to obtain the best medical skill for her. She must receive help soon, or my bright flower fades. It is a fearful time when you see the angel of woe poised on his wings near you, and you are watching to see if it is upon *your* family that he is to pour his vial. We shudder lest he fold his wings and pause before our door. Take all the comfort you can with your children *now*, I pray you, for as they grow up your anxieties will be immeasurably augmented.”

*To his Brother William.*

“February 16th, 1861.

“I have been very sick with the diphtheria, and am just creeping up, though weak and feeble. For a long time I had two doctors twice a day, and twice a day had my throat excoriated with nitrate of silver; and when that was somewhat better, I had such a prostration of strength, that it seemed as if I could never rally. It seems all a troubled dream to me, but it was undoubtedly a narrow escape from the grave.”

On account of his prostration, his physicians prescribed great quantities of brandy. One morning one of his parishioners met another who loved a joke, and asked, anxiously, "How is Doctor Todd getting along, do you know?" "Pretty well, I believe," was the reply; "the only danger now is—delirium tremens."

"Does it seem possible to you that I am sixty years old, and have been thirty-five years preaching the Gospel? What a dream is life! And how little in the field that we have been cultivating now looks green and fair!

"*Did* you and I ever expect to outlive the union of our country? Is the whole world mad? Did you ever see the world so full of fools, all as mad as March hares? Where we shall drift to, or where come out, the Lord only knows. Well, I mean to plant a few potatoes, and make my garden as usual, and leave the country and the world in God's hands."

In the month of April Doctor Todd was called to part with two venerable ministers, who had for years been his parishioners, and had always found him respectable, affectionate, and faithful as an own son. They had enjoyed the evening of life, and now finished their course, together. The venerable Doctor Humphrey was the first to go; and he was followed, after a short but painful sickness, by Doctor Brace. Of the latter, Doctor Todd wrote:

"When I first knew him, he was in the glory of his days, nearly six feet high, straight, finely built, strong, and vigorous. His hair was curling and beautiful. His teeth even, and very white. His eye large, black, and brilliant as a diamond. His forehead was lofty and commanding. His lips somewhat compressed, and the whole impress of his character was, that he was a man decided and hard to be moved, capable of great mental labor, quick of apprehension, and devoted to his one work. To see him, in the mellow ripeness of years, so calm, so bright, so cheerful, and so loving, you would have no idea of the rough, stern, and hard materials out of which that character was formed. To see him denying himself almost in clothing and in comforts, that he might annually give more in charity to spread the Gospel than many whole churches, you would not think that he did this contrary to strong natural tendencies. His

character was one of great simplicity. He made conscience of every thing, great and small. He would often ask if he had any duty, or if he had done his duty, as to this or that. This conscientiousness embraced his dealings, his studies, his dress, and even his sleep. Religion was the work of his life; and it pervaded, transformed, purified, altered, adorned, and beautified the whole man. He spent most of his time for the last six years in studying the Scriptures, meditation, and prayer. His love for the Word of God exceeded that of any other man that I ever knew. He daily read it in different languages, in five of which he was nearly perfect. He began the study of Hebrew at forty-five, and for the last thirty-five years has had a familiarity with that language seldom equaled. During his last sickness, when his mind was clouded on other subjects, the Scriptures lay in his soul like a well of pure, deep waters, every few moments gushing up with unrivaled beauty. He would even then mention a verse in English, and then put it into Greek, and next into Hebrew, with entire accuracy. In prayer he brought in the Scriptures so appropriately and beautifully, that it seemed like weaving a cloth of gold without the coldness of the brilliant metal; and I have often been astonished to hear him take such passages as the Hebrew names in Chronicles, and use them in prayer most naturally and instructively. You seemed to feel that the very thorn-bushes were loaded with fruit, and wondered that you had never seen it before. We seldom, if ever, heard his equal in prayer. We have heard others pray as earnestly, as tenderly, and as fluently; but we never saw the man who was his equal in lifting an audience up to the very throne of God, and holding them there till they felt the very dews of heaven falling fast and cool upon them. His last sickness was one of terrible sufferings; the pains which others suffer all the way through life seemed to be condensed and laid upon him. Much of the time his mind was overpowered by disease, and always in agonizing pain, but even then his spirit was beautiful and child-like. Not an expression escaped him inappropriate, or which you would wish altered. Much of the time was spent, even in these circumstances, in quoting the Scriptures and in prayer; and every thought was in the line of religion. He wanted prayer in his room even longer than he could command his



thoughts to follow it fully. And when at last, in the silent, hushed chamber, the messenger came, in the arms of his children he breathed out his soul as softly as the rose shuts her leaves at night. For many minutes we knew not in which world to think of him. Oh, father dear, dear! we, thy children, will try to take up thy mantle, and walk in thy steps, and feel that thy warm breath is upon us, while we seek to follow thy example."

It is evident that from a father whom he held in such estimation, and with whom he had been in constant and intimate correspondence and communication for nearly forty years, the son must have received many influences which went to form and modify his own character.

"April 16th.

"Last Sabbath morning, in the pulpit in the first prayer, I gave out, and stopped—a dizziness in the head and brain, and a cold sweat over the whole body. I had presence of mind enough left to tell the congregation that I was over-worked, and could not go on. The gentlemen helped me down from the pulpit, marched me out, carriaged me, and brought me home. The doctor pronounced it over-mental labor, gave me no medicine, and ordered me to go out and work on my farm; but there has been, and is, and is to be, I fear, such a horrible snow-storm here that there's no such thing as getting out."

"May 6th.

"All mind, and thought, and feeling here are absorbed in the war; and I am afraid that even good people are too blood-thirsty in their feelings and prayers."

"June 3d.

"It may be true that I don't *write* to my friends as often as I would, but they may feel assured that they live in my heart as warmly, and in my memory as freshly, as if I wrote every week. Indeed, I consider it one of my infirmities that I can't forget my friends."

To B. B. C—.

"September 9th.

"We talk, we read, we think, we dream of nothing but the war. Now, my good friend, don't you think that if you and I had the ordering of things, we should order them very differently? Truly we should. But, could we see the end

from the beginning, so as not to get all things so snarled up, that, to move or to stand still, would be a wide ruin? Dear me! if we can't manage our own heart and conscience and will, what *should* we do if we had a nation or a world to manage? Now, don't you wish that you had wealth, so that you could retire, and get away from all this noise and strife and struggle, and have quiet? Ah yes, but instead of being *my C*—, whose face I look at in my parlor every day, and who is now so kind, so humble, and so generous, you would be some old, avaricious, sour fellow, who would feel like an old pigeon which had gathered a great heap of grain, and must now flutter and fight over it, to keep all the pigeons in the land from picking it away from him—whom nobody would love or esteem. Now, you don't have to worry about an estate which you may lose in a day, nor about a country which is already dishonored, and may be a ruin within a week, nor about battles which are the fulcrums on which the destinies of unborn ages are poised, nor about a Government which is in danger of being crushed by its weakness, or of becoming an iron despotism in its strength. No, you are not troubled by any of these things; for you have a pavilion, even faith, into which you may enter till the indignation is overpast. Good Father Brace went down before the war; and, if he has heard of it, he is so near the throne, that the roar of cannon doesn't trouble him. I do want to see you and yours, and to unite with you and thank God that he reigns, that he doeth all things well, and that he is leading us to a kingdom that shall never be moved."

"October 24th.

"Our ladies here are greatly engaged in knitting for the soldiers, and think of making the charity richer by dancing to close the exercises, so that the feet need not have the hands say, 'Ye are idle.'"

*To Mrs. Lizzie H. Todd, after the Birth of her first Child.*

"December 23d.

"I am greatly pleased with the *name*; not for my present great admiration of the *state* of Virginia, but because it is a long prefix to a short name. It sounds and reads well. I have thought much of you, dear Lizzie, in having this little creature to awaken in your heart anxieties that are new,

that are great, and increasingly so as long as you live. The French proverb is full of truth:

“‘Tendresse maternelle  
Toujours se renouvelle.’”

“If her life is spared, her education will commence before she is six months old, and every day of life after that is a day of discipline. I want you to lay the dear little one on the altar of baptism, and in the arms of Christ, at an early day, and to feel that she is only *loaned*, to be recalled at the wise pleasure of her Maker. I anticipate that, as a mother, you will be all that a relation so tender and sacred can demand.”

“October 27th, 1862.

“As for the war, I’ve preached over it, and talked over it, and prayed over it, till the thing has got too big for *me* to manage, and too big for any man or number of men to control; and now I am fast coming to the place where I can leave it all in the hands of God, and let him manage it. I look upon it all as a deep river of God’s providence, whose waters no human being can hasten or retard; and I look upon battles and proclamations as nothing more than little chips cast ashore here and there, to show that the river is in motion. I have not yet seen a ray of light revealing the *design* of God in permitting all this. It is all dark to me. My great joy is, that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

“As to the disease with which you are afflicted (I mean a weak and lean ministry), I hardly know what to say. When good men remove, or seek a new home for their families, they are not always anxious, like Abraham, to journey toward *Bethel*, where he knew there was a good altar. Patience and prayer are the best remedies you can use for the present, as it seems to me. I hope, my dear, good friend, you are growing in all that is really of any consequence in this world—the knowledge of Jesus Christ, admiration for his glorious character, love to his person, and communion with him through the Holy Spirit. Let me, dear fellow, share in your warmest, best moments of prayer. • Do eternal things *grow* upon you, come nearer to you? Shall we soon meet—over the river?”

“May 8th.

“I am delighted to hear you speak so well of L——’s

economy. Tell her it's what I've been studying all my life; and though I have not attained, nor am already perfect therein, yet I continue to reach forward, and expect soon to attain it. Don't discourage her, as you do me, by insinuating that she really has not got it in her."

"December 31st.

"Were you to see me at about half-past eleven o'clock daily, you would see my hair whiter, my face older, and the cares and burdens and sorrows of life lying heavy upon me; but you would see me mounted on a wild, noble, four-year-old colt which few would dare ride, and taking my exercise irrespective of cold or heat. I ride about an hour daily, and thus am able to bear my burdens."

The following letter was written in reply to one from a minister at the West who had, when a little boy, been baptized by Mr. Todd during his first pastorate at Groton.

*To J. K. N——.*

"May 5th, 1864.

"I should like to know what kind of a man J. K. N—— is! to write to me—a man whom he never remembers to have seen, and of whom he, probably, by the merest accident heard—and to write about his own father and mother and old grandfather, and fill the soul with the memories of other days long since gone past, till the heart swells, and fills, and wells over through the weeping eyes! Pray, what right has this Rev. J. K. N—— to make one look over long years and recall the imperfections of early manhood, and to see the forms and faces of the dead pass before the eyes of the mind? Among the many letters I have received, I never received one like *that*; and, moved by the insinuations therein, I lost no time in communicating it to my flock; for I knew they were always ready to sympathize with their pastor, and, if need be, avenge his wrongs, so far as they judged best. The result has been, that they have directed me, in their name, to administer the reproof which the said N—— deserves. This I do by inclosing a draft for one hundred and ten dollars, to aid your faithful church people in completing and paying for their church edifice. I have only to add, that the Sabbath of our collection was a rainy one, that we had three collections on that day, and a heavy one on the Sabbath preceding, and that forty dollars of this sum is the gift of our

Sabbath-school, and is therefore, like the honey collected from the white clover of the spring, peculiarly precious, and should be made to go as far as possible. And now, dear sir, having administered the reproof which you deserved, let me say, that, though I may never meet you or any of your people in this world, my warm affection will travel the thousand miles that lie between me and them; and all I have to ask is, that I, going on the hill-side of life that lies toward the setting sun, and my dear people, who seldom refuse any thing I ask, may be remembered in your best moments and your most fervent prayers."

*To his Brother William.*

"November 28th.

"It has been a hard year for us. Mrs. Todd was sick, the first six months of it, with nervous prostration; and then James was violently seized with rheumatism of the heart, which threatens to destroy life; and then, just after receiving your letter, our invalid Mary, who has not walked a step for over ten years, and who for the last year and a half has not sat up for an hour, suddenly broke her thigh-bone. She was lying on the bed; and it was done in moving the limb. Ever since, for over two months, we have had nothing but watching, and care, and anxieties on our part, and, on hers, pains, spasms, and agonies."

For a time it was hoped that the sufferer would be restored to at least her previous condition; but as the year drew to a close, the shadows began to deepen on the walls of "Mary's room."

"December 16th.

"My poor child doesn't rally, and I am trying every hour to say, *cheerfully*, 'Thy will be done.' You can't think how we cling to her."

"January 5th, 1865.

"Several times we have thought she was nearly through, and then she has rallied, and come back to pain and suffering. She has clung to life with a tenacity unexampled, and with a desire to live, that has given us inexpressible pain; but now she bows to the divine will, and is resigned to die whenever God calls. Her life has been a wreck, so far as this world is concerned; yet we can not but hope she is one of those who will have come out of great tribulation, and

washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb. You will, perhaps, wonder why we cling to the poor sufferer so; ah! if you ever have a bright child sick for eighteen years, and loving you only for thirty-six years, you will find the heart heavy enough if placed where mine is."

*Extracts from a private Note-book.*

"*January 8th.*—Poor Mary—thrush begun!"

"*January 13th.*—Mary low—living by inhaling chloroform. A day of great distress to us all."

"*January 15th.*—Preached in great anguish of spirit. Four ounces of chloroform daily!"

"*January 22d.*—A day of tears to us all."

"*January 28th.*—Sufferings very great. Immense quantities of chloroform."

"*January 30th.*—Poor Mary—slept."

*To Lucy.*

"January 30th.

"Our dear Mary is now at rest. We have followed her through all her untold sufferings, hanging over her day and night, till half-past twelve o'clock to-day, when she was released. Such sufferings you never dreamed of. And what a vacancy in our household!"

The vacancy was felt elsewhere than in the household. The invalid had for many years drawn to herself the sympathy and love of a wide circle of friends, and indeed of the whole people; and they had testified their interest by great and unnumbered kindnesses to her, which are gratefully remembered in the family.

The father never fully recovered from this blow. The brilliant mind and long sufferings of his oldest child had taken hold of his very heart-strings. Months after her death he wrote: "In the removal of our dear Mary, the very centre of the house was darkened, and the sunlight seems shut out forever." For years he used to dream of her almost every night, and often woke in tears. In his own last sickness, he remarked that the person above all others whom he longed to meet in the eternal world was—Mary.

"They have printed one hundred thousand of 'In Memoriam,' and are now talking of making it into a tract—'Polished Diamonds.' Perhaps her mission is not yet ended."

“My poor suffering one is at rest. We have buried her. I was never aware that we did much or little for her while she was with us; but I can not now recall one thing more that we could have done for her. I sit alone, and think. She seems to be going farther and farther from me, and faster than I can follow. Shall I ever overtake her? When I come to the border-land, will she be far off?

“I sometimes walk in the garden of Hope; and it seems as if I could see her form now and then gliding among the trees, and her face turned toward me, and saying, ‘Why, father, I’m your own Mary still!’”

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

LIFE AT PITTSFIELD—*continued.*

The fatted Calf—Message to a Prayer-meeting.—Sick.—At Saratoga.—Second Meeting of the American Board.—“Vanity Fair.”—An honorable Character.—A John Gilpin Time.—Chronicles.—Billy in the Pulpit.—Ring-tailed Monkeys.—The Power of Prayer.—Raffling.—A great Matter.—Thanks.—Trip to California.—The last Rail.—A holy Fossil.—The Mormon Temple.—Weak Consciences.—Sermon before the American Board.—Times of Paul.—New Lecture-room.—Swaying Bedclothes.—How to deal with Temptation.—A Pocket-pistol.—Rutland Centennial.—The Resignation.

To B. B. C—.

“February 5th, 1866.

“WE were greatly disappointed, and almost grieved, that you did not come to us last summer. We were told by Doctor M— that you so calculated, and so we put on the best ‘bib and tucker,’ and killed the fatted calf, and dressed up the angel of welcome and placed him at the front door, and directed him to hold it wide open and bring you all in; and wife got up her best cap, and I wrote—oh, a most magnificent sermon, or, at least, I selected a beautiful *text*, and we set every wire and spring in order, intending to have a glorious visit, and to recall old times, and read over the last chapters in the history of our lives, and to turn the telescope toward the future, and talk over our meetings and feelings a thousand years hence. So we calculated, and so we were disappointed.

“Our children are so gone that, for the present, wife and I are alone. We are not so young as we once were, but we try to be as comely in each other’s eyes; and if, perchance, we see that the hair grows whiter and the wrinkles more abundant, we are careful not to notice it, and dream that when warm weather comes we shall be as young and as fresh as ever. For variety, I have a broken arm” [in consequence of a fall on an icy sidewalk], “which I carry round done up in boards, heavy and useless, unless its continual achings are good to remind me what a beautiful thing patience is.



“But I *do* want to see you, and to talk over many, many things; to compare notes, and to take the latitude and longitude of life’s voyage. I want your advice and good judgment; but, ah me! how many things I want which I can’t have! One thing I hope, dear fellow—that we shall never spend twenty-four years separated again—never!”

“March 19th.

“I am working, aching, sighing, and wearying, all in the superlative degree. The Lord won’t do as I want him to, and as I exhort him to do; but he *will* move in his own way, and lets the wise and prudent remain in darkness, while he reveals himself to babes.

“If I only had two well arms, and teeth that wouldn’t ache, and legs that wouldn’t tire, and feet that wouldn’t shuffle, and eyes that could see, and a few other like wants, I should be quite young.”

“April 22d.

“I have been down—much on the bed, but managed to preach once—the most solemn audience I ever saw in that church. I feel very much as — does, that the Lord can’t do without me; else I should drop all and rest at once. Our meetings were never so interesting and important. To us the whole subject now is religion. I am hoping for a great work of grace. I number one hundred and five who have been to talk with me.”

The following was read at the morning prayer-meeting, May 4th: “Since God has brought us into the situation that we must now *chiefly* depend on prayer and individual efforts for the salvation of men, I beg leave to say to my dear brethren and sisters, that in our united prayers we should be careful and earnest not to *listen* to the prayers as we would to preaching or music, but earnestly and intently make every petition our own, and every prayer the full individual prayer of every heart. As to personal efforts, the Spirit has now so far prepared the way, by softening the heart, that you may safely ask every one to come to these meetings, and even to Christ, without offense, and with hope of leading to Christ. I can not but believe that there are at this time many Nathanaels praying under the fig-tree, who would be glad to be led to Jesus. My spirit and my heart are with you in every meeting, though I am confined to my bed.”

*To his Brother.*

"Saratoga Springs, May 29th.

"Between seventy and eighty have united with my church since January came in. But I have had to work with a broken, shattered arm, which even now can not be used; and then I have been sick, very sick, so much so that the doctors had consultations together, half a dozen at a time. I am better, but have not preached for many weeks. I am here on a furlough, with Mrs. Todd to take care of me. I don't expect to be able to preach again for at least two months, and I sometimes feel that my work is about done. All that I can claim, in looking back, is, that I have worked hard."

In the fall of this year the American Board again held their annual meeting in Pittsfield. Of course, Doctor Todd was again the chairman of the committee of arrangements, and performed an incredible amount of labor in preparing for the entertainment of four thousand guests. His efforts were abundantly successful, and the second meeting at Pittsfield was, like the first, long remembered with pleasure by those who attended it.

"February 6th, 1867.

"I have been reading Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair,' or, as it might be called, a book describing the selfishness of the human heart. Its effects are not at all pleasant, albeit it has been praised so much. It always hurts *me* to keep bad company, whether in my house or on the pages of a book."

*To J. K. N——.*

"February 19th.

"I have been sorry to hear of the continued feebleness of Mrs. Celeste, and am sorry not to be able to do something for her worth mentioning. I have spoken to some of your and my friends, and the result is, that a small box goes to-day for you, containing remembrances; and if I have not put in all that I would, you can guess why. Now, you know the hardest thing in the world is to *feel* grateful, and the next hardest is to *express* gratitude, and I will cheerfully relieve you of all such oppression, so far as I personally am concerned. By-the-bye, I have them come here for all sorts of charity, saying that Mr. N—— told them how rich and how liberal the Pittsfield people are. Now please stop that,

or else we shall have too much of the superior blessing of giving.

"I am about again, writing poor sermons and attending to pastoral duties, and getting ready for the 'great occasion,' the only John Gilpin time wife and I have ever tried to get up. I send your invitation by this mail, and most truly wish you could both be here and show a specimen of my baptisms.

"As to your leaving, it is a very grave question. You will bear in mind that sometimes a church and a community, which have depended on the breath of one man, may run down very quickly if that man leaves. You must not lose the water which your dam has gathered. Bear in mind, also, that while, if you have a thousand dollars in money, you can transfer it, and it will be worth as much in one place as another, it is not so with character. That can't be transplanted. You must begin anew, and work it out and up again. It takes a long time to become, in a new field, what you were in the old. I am confident that the most useful men in New England have been those who staid in one place. The question of leaving the West is a very important one. I consider a home missionary a very honorable character. Of one thing you may be sure, and that is, if it be the will of God that you go to another field, he will open the door and make it plain to you. Don't put your hand on the latch to open the door yourself. Let Providence open it, if he chooses. Work on hard, and if you are not in the right niche, you will be put into it without your efforts.

"Let us live in your prayers that we may *be* right, *feel* right, and *do* right in age and in the twilight of eternity, and especially that it may be the twilight of eternal day."

The "John Gilpin time" referred to in the foregoing was the fortieth anniversary of the marriage of Doctor and Mrs. Todd, which was celebrated by the family and the people with considerable demonstration. It was also the tenth anniversary of the marriage of the oldest living daughter, and was selected by the youngest daughter as the time for her own marriage to a young Pittsfield physician.

"At half-past seven o'clock (March 11th) the wedding party entered the church, while the organ sent out in melodious strains, 'Mendelssohn's Wedding-march.' The parents, brothers, and sisters of the bridal pair were in advance, fol-

lowed by the groomsmen, the brides - maids, and last, and most admired of all, the bride and groom. Doctor Todd's five grandchildren were also in the procession, and a lovelier sight is seldom seen. The party advanced to the pulpit, and remained standing while Rev. Doctor Brinsmade, of Newark, New Jersey, the predecessor of Doctor Todd as pastor of the First Church in this town, and his classmate in Yale College, offered the anniversary prayer, when the marriage ceremony was performed by Doctor Todd, under the deep and perfect silence of the great cloud of witnesses. At the close of the ceremonies in the church, a reception was held at the parsonage. To the eight hundred invitations issued, at least five hundred responded in person. The presents to Doctor and Mrs. Todd and the bridal pair were numerous and elegant. Quite one-half of them came from friends out of town. A peck-basketful of congratulatory letters was also received from friends who were unable to attend the triple wedding. One of these is a fair sample of the rest :

“In common with a great multitude of all ages, in both hemispheres, we greet you as, on your way up to the top of Pisgah, you come out to view, and stand together on one of its lower peaks. We congratulate you that God has given you strength for the journey thus far, and that he now gives you so wide a horizon and so fair a prospect on every side. We rejoice in what you and we now see, that even while clambering up rough defiles and dark ravines, the great arch above and around you was silently spreading, and the air growing more and more pure. Our heavenly Father, who tenderly spares his own sons that serve him, grant strength and sunshine through the remainder of the ascent, giving you at length, although we hope late, from the summit to see, with undimmed eyes, the Canaan you have both so long loved, to which you have pointed so many, and whither so many follow.” [From a newspaper of the day.]

*“Chronicles of the Todd Family.”*

“And it came to pass, a little after the summer solstice was passed, that the old priest of the hill country with Mary his wife, received by the swift runner (swifter than Ahimaaaz and Cush, the ancient runners in Israel), a loving message from their kinsman Robert. Now Robert dwelt in the

pleasant valley, on the banks of the long river, and near the ancient deer-crossing where the caribou was wont to pass; hence it was called Hart-ford. And then did Robert say pleasant words, written on soft paper of great price, thereby showing a heart greater than the heart of the behemoth, and a spirit sweet as the dew of Hermon, and rich in fruits as the valley of Esdraelon. And so it was that when they read the letter, they did say one to another:

“‘Mary, thou seest that my kindred have the spirit of love and goodness as well as thine.’

“‘Yea, John, how wonderfully does the good Lord pour the streams of his mercy in upon us, at times and in ways we looked not for. I *hope* we shall not have all our good things in this life.’

“‘And what shall we do with these new treasures? There’s the carryall not paid for, and there’s the—’

“‘Hush, John, we shall pay for the carriage; let us carry this to the exchanger’s and get us a bond, and keep the same; so that if the time comes when we are old and have no home, it will be so much toward getting the vine and the fig-tree, under whose shadow we can sit and see the sun of life go down, without anxiety—better off than the good One, who had not where to lay his head.’

“‘Daughter of prudence, thou hast well spoken, and it shall be according to thy word. Thy counsels are to me ever as the wisdom of Ahithophel before he counseled to do evil. And now that we have scrip in our purse, we may not hold our heads high, but we will write to our kinsman Robert, and certify to him that he hath poured oil on our face, and we will thank the good Lord that he hath made Robert a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall, and drop fruit into the basket of his neighbor. And, moreover, concerning Robert and his wife we will ever say, “Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills, and for the precious things of the earth and fullness thereof, and for the good-will of him that dwelt in the bush.”’

("In answer to a note from my cousin, R. B——, containing two drafts for Mrs. Todd and myself.")

"December 30th.

"Alas! when I got home I found my beautiful, my gentle, my knowing *Billy* was dead! I never loved a horse before. He never got into the pulpit till yesterday, but yesterday I could not keep him out. Whether the Lord has another horse created for me is more than I know, and I shall not inquire at present; but I am a deep and sincere mourner."

"January 11th, 1868.

"As to the women's speaking, I would pull out the plug and let the waters out. They will swell, and burst, perhaps. They all know that you do it under protest, and that *you* don't expect to be edified. It won't last long, and it will soon empty the pond. I believe it unscriptural, and *against* Scripture; yet there are some things the Gospel bears with and winks at, till better light comes. I would make no proclamation of a change in the programme, but silently let the dear sisters ventilate.

"I'm crawling into my shell, drying up, making my study into a 'Growlery,' and coming to imbecility as fast as possible. Still, I try not to groan aloud, or make up faces at people, but take it as it comes. Every thing is so dear, that I am almost afraid to ask for my daily bread."

"May 13th.

"I deeply sympathize with you in the low state of the purse, and can truly say I have never passed through a quarter without having agonies of the same kind, if not deeper."

In July he was invited to speak before the "Litchfield County Foreign Missionary Society," in Connecticut. The following was his reply:

"July 27th.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I can't *conceive* of an audience coming together at *ten o'clock* A.M. on *Wednesday!* to see or hear any thing short of a hand-organ and a ring-tailed monkey! But my wife thinks if I decline any call, folks will think I'm growing old! So I'll try to meet your wishes."

"January 4th, 1869.

"I have more faith in the Müller theory than I once had. I certainly have had in my own experience many striking illustrations and confirmations of it."

“ January 19th.

“ I believe more and more in Providence, and in the power of *prayer* to modify Providence. Light comes from *above*; we must look *up* for light and direction. In the next place, when we don't know *what* to do, we must stand still and do nothing till we *do* know. This is a hard and trying duty; for, when in trouble, we want to be relieved as soon as possible. The concordance will surprise you by the encouragements to ‘ wait ’ quietly and patiently when we are at a loss what to do. It is also my experience, that if we *can* refer the questions to the Master, and confidently ‘ wait ’ for him, his providence will make it all plain.”

*To John.*

“ March 4th.

“ I have never worked so hard as this winter, and with results so unsatisfactory that my people are as cross as sin. They feel that I *ought* to have converted the whole town. There have been, perhaps, sixty conversions in my congregation. I wish I could see you. I feel the need of somebody to lean upon. That somebody must be one's own child, or nobody.”

*To Rev. Mr. —.*

“ March 5th.

“ In reply to your note, I would say that I know of no orthodox Congregational Church in Massachusetts who admit or permit raffling, and therefore it can not be common among our churches. I deem it wrong in principle, wrong in execution, and wrong in results. It is gambling—nothing more, and nothing less. A French fiddler was once converted, and he wanted to honor Christ, and so he got a Christ painted with a fiddle under his chin! And so, one wants a Christ who will fiddle; another, a Christ who will dance; another, a Christ who will go to the billiard-table; another, a Christ who will handle a pack of cards! Poor sinners like you and me want a Christ to save us from our sins. Oh, when will the Church redeemed by his blood learn that she is a consecrated, converted, holy thing; not to be the instrument of bringing Christ *down* to the world, but of bringing the world *up* to him; that selling him for money is a poor way to obtain his blessing? If we can't raise money for good objects except by pious gambling, Christ

can do without our money. I speak decidedly, because it is one step among many of our day toward overwhelming the Church of God with the spirit of the world. I may not have met your question, but my words cost you little. Stand near and firmly by the cross. If the children of Wisdom are but few, they will justify her and all other consciences will do the same."

To John.

"March 11th.

"You have, I doubt not, many warm friends; but among them all there is no one who will or *can* feel with and for you like a father; and though I can hope to aid you very little by advice, yet my warm sympathy and humble prayers shall be yours. Sympathy, like Falstaff's 'instinct,' is a great matter."

"April 5th.

"There have been some rumors about my people's sending me for a month across the continent to California, but I don't know as it will amount to any thing."

To Mr. and Mrs. T——.

"April 14th.

"When Paul was in prison at Rome, he wrote to his friends at Philippi that he would send the faithful Timothy to them as soon as 'I shall see how it will go with me;' *i. e.*, I suppose, whether he should lose his head or not. I am so far in the apostolical succession, that I have to 'wait' to see how things will *go* with me; and, waiting to know the probabilities of my California journey, and being yet in the dark, I may delay no longer to write, lest you think me what the Scotch call 'a vera *wratch*' of ingratitude. When my kind boy, Frank, slipped your united card, with the accompaniment, into my hand, at Mr. B——'s, I had no idea what he was 'up to,' and gave him the passing civilities of the hour. I had no idea that he was placing a weight (*not* burden) of obligation on me which I must carry through life, and, as I hope, remember forever. Now, you loving ones, don't you know the luxury of having a pleasant secret which you communicate together, and gloat over together? Even so I surprised my wife, on my return, by revealing the godsend; and we sat down and enjoyed it, as two children would together suck a huge sugar-plum—she entering into my joy,



and I crowing that we still have such kind friends. And what do you think the good creature said? Why, 'that her faith was strengthened that when I could preach no longer, if my people, on my leaving the parsonage to my successor, and my salary ceasing, did not take care of us, God would raise us up friends as we needed.' And this was *not* said, according to the Frenchman's definition of gratitude, 'a keen sense of favors to come,' but in simple, child-like faith. Now, if I go to California, I shall most assuredly need, use, and consume your kindness; and if I do *not* go, I shall put it into a little building-lot which I have purchased on credit, in the possibility that I may hereafter make a short home on Jubilee Hill, before going to dwell on the higher hill, that of Zion. In either case, I am more grateful to you than I can remember words to express; and I pray God to put every cent of it down to your credit and that of your children. And now, good friends, among other things for which you thank God to-night, don't forget to thank him for giving to you each a kind heart, a generous disposition, and a hand that opens easily. God bless you and reward you a hundred-fold, and make me all the better for his and your remembrance of me. My best love to dear Mrs. R——; may every blessing wait on her! and to the lovely children; may they one day become so many angels!"

The journey to California was undertaken early in May, in the company of quite a party from Pittsfield, the gifts of generous friends having made it possible. It so happened that the party arrived at the junction of the Central Pacific and Union Pacific railroads just in time to witness and take part in the laying of the last rail in the great line from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and to enter California on the first train that went through from the East. The ceremonies of laying the last rail took place at Promontory Point.

"The day was clear and beautiful; and the little gathering of less than a thousand people representing all classes of our people, from the humblest citizen to the highest civil and military authorities, met to enact the last scene in a mighty drama of peace in a little grassy plain surrounded by green-clad hills, with the snowy summit of the Wasatch Mountains looking down on the placid blue waters of the inland sea of America in the distance, formed a scene which

can not be fitly described, but can never be forgotten by the beholder.

“It was now announced that the last blow was to be struck. Every head was uncovered in reverential silence, and Rev. Doctor Todd offered the following invocation, which was telegraphed to all the principal cities in the Union as fast as it was uttered :

“Our heavenly Father, and our God, God of the creation, of the waters, and of the earth, in whom we live, and move, and have our being, we acknowledge thee to be the God of the creation of the human mind, with its power and its successes. Now, on this beautiful day, in the presence of these lonely hills and golden summits, we render thanks that thou hast by this means brought together the East and the West, and bound them together by this strong band of union. We implore thee that thou wilt bless this work of our hands which we have now completed, this monument of our labor; and that thy blessing may rest upon it, so long as the hills remain among which the ends have been bound together. We thank thee for the blessings thou hast conferred on us and other nations; bless our future, and those whom thou hast appointed to conduct us in it. We again acknowledge thy power, and beseech thee to bless the waters that wash the shores of our land, the Atlantic of thy strength and the Pacific of thy love. And to thee and to thy Son, Jesus Christ, shall all honor and glory be ascribed, world without end. Amen.” [From a newspaper of the day.]

In California Doctor Todd found many old friends, and was cordially welcomed everywhere.

*To Mrs. Todd.*

May 23d.

“I can not begin to tell you how kind every body is to me, receiving me as a kind of holy fossil, to be handled with care. I am getting the hang of things here, and they hang very queerly. . . . I am honored far above all my deserts, as well as my expectations. I have become ‘very remarkable,’ ‘very gifted,’ ‘of long experience,’ ‘of national reputation,’ ‘one of the most eminent,’ etc., etc. What *would* they say, if they only knew *you*, the creator of all these wonders !”

One large church went so far as to offer him a call with a great salary; but he was wise enough to decline it. With

all his age and infirmities, he was not to be deterred from the laborious journey to the Yosemite Valley, and to the great trees; nor could he, on his way home, pass without visiting the Mormon city, where he was invited to preach in the great temple.

On his return home he announced his intention to deliver a short course of lectures on what he had seen, in acknowledgment of the kindness of his friends in sending him. The lectures were delivered on successive Sunday evenings to immense crowds; but some tender souls being scandalized by such a profanation of the Sabbath, he preferred to suspend the course rather than offend weaker consciences. The rest of the course was delivered in a hall on week-day evenings, for the benefit of the Young Men's Association. There being an admission fee, the attendance was, of course, much reduced.

"August 13th.

"My closing lecture went off far beyond my expectations; the people were so excited that they fairly cried. It was the largest and best audience I have had since the lectures ceased to be free. At the close, I thanked the friends here and in California for their kindness, and the community for their attendance, and then said, that I was glad I could do something for the young men; that I should receive no compensation at their hands; and then said that I wanted to give them one word of advice: if ever they tried to do good, with their consciences satisfied that their motives were good, and if they should be abused while doing it, *not to mind it!* What shouting and clapping of hands! It carried the audience off their feet. If they are mad, they can't help themselves. Now I have delivered the seven lectures, with a continually deepening impression: the success is a fixed fact, and I am as tickled as a boy with a new top."

At the meeting of the American Board at Pittsburg, this fall, Doctor Todd was the preacher, appointed two years previously. His sermon was on "Missions created and sustained by Prophecy," and was a characteristic and much-admired discourse.

"September 26th.

"I preached my American Board sermon this morning to my own people, having rewritten every word of it since you

saw it. I think it took *well*, and it gives me confidence in the thing. Thank God, our sermons don't seem to others as they do to us."

"October 22d.

"You know that I have entered upon my seventieth year, and the last of my active ministry. It is a dreary, sad spot to reach, but I *do* hope I shall have grace to behave right. The feeling that you are doing this and that for the last time is a strange one. The most that I can hope to do is, to behave appropriately. I believe that after Thanksgiving I shall commence a course of lectures to my young people on the life and times of St. Paul. Of course, Conybeare must be the foundation. How does it strike you? I need a good theological library. I want to carry my ministry out full to the end, and stop rather than be stopped."

*To J. K. N—.*

"November 15th.

"I thank you for your kind thoughts and plans, and letter of wishes for my welfare. It is possible that a year hence I may have courage to go to work to build something, not knowing whether it will come out a scow or a barn, a magazine or something else. But it now seems as if I should use up all my courage in bowing my spirit to my fortunes, and learning to behave well when stripped of the priest's garments, as Aaron was, and learning and feeling that the world can get along without *me*, and that I am not needed. But I intend to be cheerful and bright, and neither mourn nor whine. I have no plans whatever."

"November 29th.

"Our new chapel is beautiful; seats six hundred, and by opening doors will seat two hundred more: cost over twenty-one thousand dollars.

"We have a literary club here, limited to twenty-five, all graduates but one or two. We meet every Monday night; hence its name—The Monday Night Club. It meets at the members' houses in turn, with an oyster and coffee entertainment at half-past nine. It goes well—that is, the *eating* does."

*To John.*

"November 30th.

"Now, my dear John, we must take these disappointments and mortifications, and resolve them into a discipline which

God weaves around us, not always making us wiser and better, but *designed* to do so. We *must* all go through these bruising, if we ever do any thing; and the difference between a fool and a wise man is, that the one is brayed in the mortar to no good results, and the other is made better by the pounding. Churches, and congregations, and things, and, indeed, the age we live in, sway this way and that, like our bedclothes at night, nobody knows how or why; but they go, and leave us half naked and *quite* cold. I am sure I sympathize with you enough; and if I don't seem to see your troubles looking as large as they do to you, it is because I have learned that nothing is as great as I once thought—always excepting the Bible and its contents.

To J. K. N—.

“March 31st, 1870.

“If I didn't suppose you a man brimful of truth, I should doubt about my owing you a letter. However, I find it the easiest way to let people *think* they are right; as the old Scotch lady said, ‘I ken the easiest way to deal with temptation is just to yield to it.’

“As to ‘copyright,’ we who use the quill, and tap the brain for the world, are wholly in the hands of publishers, and they are men: ‘Beware of men;’ for, as my unmarried Irish girl says, ‘Sure enough, these men are as dape as the say.’

“I am giving a course of lectures on the life of Paul, with maps, views of cities, etc., which I get from London.

“I have loaded my pistol, and it's in my pocket; and if it doesn't hurt my *people*, it will kill *me* dead. I have written my resignation, and shall present it, if I live, some time in the course of the summer. The poor worm, as he spins his cocoon, doesn't know that it is to be his shroud and grave; nor does he know of the resurrection, when he will come out in new life, with wings! But I'm not intending to whine or whimper more than I can help; and, as my powers decay, I want to take joyfully the spoiling of my goods. I love to hear from you, and hope for often letters. They cost but three cents each.”

To B. B. C—.

“April 12th.

“I'm pleased that you remember your old friend and write

to him, and wonder why he doesn't write to you. I *have* set the time, and times, when I would; but I've so much to do, and withal have not as much courage as Daniel had when they tumbled him in among the lions.

"If to forget and think meanly of one's work is a mark of humility, I'm sure I must be quite humble; for I can not see a single spot in my past history or deeds, in the review, which is not marked by sin or folly, or both.

"At the close of this year, before I get old and foolish, and not able to tell when my faculties decay, I am going to lay down my burdens and retire from my responsibilities. Then, after a life-work of nearly fifty years, I shall be without a house or a home, and as poor as need be; but I trust to the kindness of the Master whom I have tried to serve. What, if any thing, my people will do toward making the old worn-out minister comfortable, I don't know. I try to cast *all* my cares on Him who careth for us. My own experience is, that when I have needed, I have found the ass tied, or had the fish bring money in his mouth. As to the *great* future, why, if I had in any degree, the very smallest, to depend on my own goodness or works, I should despair. The hardest thing I have to attempt is, to realize that I can live and be conscious after I am dead."

"August 8th.

"Next month is the time I have fixed upon to read my resignation. As the time draws near, of course, it brings sadness. They all say that I never preached better, or with more profit to them, but I have had no wavering in my own mind, or judgment, or determination."

"August 28th.

"My congregation was never so large, and, externally, so prospered, as at the present time; and it gives me great comfort to think that I have not been left to see decay written upon any thing pertaining to the concern."

To B. B. C—.

"September 30th.

"Rutland, Vermont, is my native town.

"Rutland is just one hundred years old.

"Rutland was my father's home.

"Rutland celebrates, next week, her centennial.

"Rutland wants me to preach the centennial sermon.

“Rutland says that as I was not present at her starting, and as I may not be there at the next centennial, I must come; and so,

“Rutland will keep me from the meeting of the Board, and also from your most delightful hospitality.

“What a visit we *did* have at your house! It is even now like the odor of one of Lubin’s phials, almost as rich as when the phial was full of essence.

“You will see by the inclosed paper that I have thrown myself upon my friends and a faithful Providence. It was a sad and melancholy duty, but God helped me to go manfully through it.”

“*To the First Church and Society, Pittsfield:*

“DEAR BRETHREN AND FRIENDS,—The aggregate experience of men seems to indicate that the mental and bodily powers may usually be relied upon to sustain us under the duties and responsibilities of life up to about the age of three-score and ten years. In certain cases they hold out longer, and now and then a man retains a good measure of vigor till seventy-five, and even longer; but such cases are exceptional, and should not be presumed upon. Although the winds of autumn have for some time solemnly murmured around your pastor, yet he finds it difficult to realize that he is so near the goal at which wisdom would admonish that the work of his life is nearly done, and its heavy responsibilities must be laid down. Should I live to the close of this year, I shall have come to that age, after reaching which heavy labor is usually a burden to the minister, and most likely unsatisfactory to his people. If he labors much beyond that period, he is in danger of having his powers decay without being conscious of it, and unwittingly trespassing on the kind forbearance of his flock.

“I hardly need say here that, while I have given you the best of my strength and life for nearly a generation, it is a matter of unspeakable gratitude that there has never been an unkind feeling on my part toward my people, nor an unkind act on yours toward me. Few men have ever had more to be grateful for in this respect than myself. I have given myself to you and to the ministry, without seeking this world. When I came to you, now nearly thirty years

ago, I put myself unhesitatingly in your hands, and you have never abused this confidence. And no thanks, however warmly expressed, can exceed what I feel toward my flock. And it is no more than justice to my people to say that the present movement is wholly from myself. I have not heard a whisper from my people that leads me to make it."

The writer then proceeds to indicate his wish to be relieved of pastoral duty and responsibility, to be permitted to retain nominally the position of pastor, to spend the remainder of his days with his people, and at last by their hands to be gently laid in the grave. He refers also to the necessary trials of an aged minister, and invokes the kind consideration of his friends. He then speaks of his circumstances, his inability to do more than support and educate his large family, and meet the extraordinary expenses of years of sickness, alludes to his repeated refusals to entertain invitations to leave them for more lucrative positions, and throws himself upon his people's sense of what is fitting. "And as my feelings toward my people are like those of a father toward his children, may I not confidently hope that the children will never feel that the old man, worn out in their service, is a burden. . . . I ask your charity and forgiveness for all my many imperfections; and, again thanking you for all your forbearance and numberless kindnesses, I close this communication by solemnly invoking the richest of heaven's blessings on you and your children, and asking your fervent prayers in my behalf.

"Your affectionate pastor,

JNO. TODD."



## CHAPTER XXIX.

LIFE AT PITTSFIELD—*continued.*

The old Ship.—These Wives.—Fern Pastures.—Breaking of Heart.—The sick Child.—A sad Baptism.—*Vale.*—The Rainbow.—Spirits in Prison.—Frozen together.—The Decrees.—An active old Man.—Alarming Attack.—Duties relinquished.—Kindness of Parish.—To a bereaved Brother.—To *Saxum Magnum.*—The deceased young Minister.—To his Successor.—A mere Babe.—Turning into a Shadow.—Trip to Philadelphia.—Green Remembrance.—The last Communion.—The last Baptism.—To the President of a University.—A Letter of Consolation.—The last Sermon.

To *J. K. N.*—

“December 12th, 1870.

“THE old ship was coming into the harbor, with masts and spars battered and broken, the sails rent, and hull worn and covered with barnacles, and hoping to cast anchor and rest; but, before she could do it, the steam-tug grappled her and towed her out, to be tossed on the sea and again beaten by storms. In other words, I sent my resignation of active duties to my people, proposing to stop work with this year; and they, when I was vacationing, met, and coolly and unan- imously accepted my proposition—to take effect January, 1873! They made no explanation, nor any promises for the future; only that the old horse seemed to have too much work in him to be turned out to browse just yet! So here I am. I replied to them that I would attempt to meet their wishes, on condition that, if my bodily powers gave out (of which *I* must judge), or if my mental powers failed (of which *they* must judge), I would stop at any time. They made no promises or allusions to any support or kindness when they have used me up. I should have been pleased to have some allusion to that point; but perhaps it is better to walk by faith, especially for *me.* . . . I am always glad when I receive a letter from you and that Celestial being who is your good angel. Oh these wives! what *should* we do or be without them? When you become old, and go down the hill together, and together look toward the sunset, you will understand this better than now. . . . We, my good

boy, plan to do so and so; but the hand that holds and guides us doesn't let us do so and so—we must do *his* will; and the more we make our will like his, and ourselves like him, the better. But it seems almost like blasphemy for such a poor creature as I am to talk about being *like* God—the mote like the planet Jupiter! But I *do* sometimes *long* to be like Christ.... Oh, how did David, with so little knowledge of his Son, ever 'pant after God,' as he surely did? He must have been taught by the Holy Spirit, whom he knew not by name. I am preaching and laboring for a revival, not because *I* can make one, but because God seems to lead my heart that way. When I want it for *his* sake, and not mine, won't he send it? You must understand that my house and my heart are full of mercies; and I can hardly make out a want, before God sends to meet it. Am I having my portion *all* here? God bless you, dear N—, and make you happy in your work, and blessed in success. But if he tells us to rake in the fern pastures, and our hearts are right, we shall be and feel blessed. Don't forget or neglect, when you bring your wants to the throne of God, to bring me also. You hit it exactly; '*I am thy exceeding great reward*'—nothing short of this; and I don't suppose that Abraham understands it as well to-day as he will four thousand years hence. Ever yours, truly and lovingly."

Although the foregoing letter, like others written at about the same time, expresses disappointment in the action of the parish, and though the writer *was* unquestionably disappointed in the absence of encouragement from his people that he would not be allowed to want in his declining years, yet it was very evident that the postponement of his retirement was an unspeakable relief and joy to him. So thoroughly was his work entwined, not only with all his habits in life, but also all his tenderest affections, that, while his reason and judgment counseled him to retire, and his will sustained him in the resolution, yet the very thought of it was heart-breaking to him. There is little doubt that the action of his people in postponing his retirement for two years prolonged his life by so much; and that when he sunk at last, it was more from a silent breaking of heart under the surrender of his work and flock, than from any other cause whatever.

The spring of 1871 brought another great affliction. After several years spent in acquiring familiarity with business, the youngest son, James, had opened a store in Pittsfield, with a small capital furnished by his father and friends, and by dint of great exertion and self-denial was beginning to find some success. Two years previous to this, he had married and established himself in a little home of his own. But, near the close of 1870, he was suddenly attacked by a peculiar disease of the heart, originally induced by rheumatism. For many weeks he lay very near the grave, suffering indescribable agonies; and during all this time constantly visited, nursed, and supported by his anxious parents. At last he began to recover, though with the prospect of being a cripple for life. During his convalescence he read and thought much, and manifestly matured rapidly in intellect and in Christian character. Before he was able to rise from his bed, he was presented with a little daughter, whom he named Mabel, and for whom he cherished many bright hopes. Only one week after this, while his father was watching alone with him one night, he suddenly uttered that cry which so often accompanies death from heart-disease, and expired in his father's arms.

*Extracts from a private Note-book.*

“May 17th.

“My dear son James died in my arms this morning at half-past four o'clock;—a noble creature, never had been well; prepared, I believe, by the long and hot furnace in which he had been lying, for the great change. He died in my arms, leaving a young wife, and a babe one week old.

“Oh for grace, for submission, for faith!”

“May 19th.

“Buried our dear James; age, twenty-two years and ten months. Funeral large, kind, sympathizing. Doctor Strong officiated, and exceedingly well. Services began at his house, where, over his coffin, I baptized little Mabel. Singing there, ‘Flee as a bird,’ etc. At my house, all my children present; all went to the grave; singing soft and good. R. P.— took charge of the funeral, and every thing went like a clock.

“O my noble, affectionate, generous, suffering child! A child of God! To die is gain! *Vale, vale!*”

It was a terrible blow to the tender-hearted father, from which he never fully recovered. For months that cry rang in his ears.

To Mrs. E. J. W——.

“June 20th.

“It is so natural, when the heart is full of *any* thing, joy or sorrow, to want to pour it out upon others, that I fear, were we *now* to see you, you must justly feel that we were burdensome; but ‘a friend is born for adversity.’

“After more than five months of most terrible suffering and pain, after his faithful mother had gone to him day and night, all that time, as none but a mother could do, after hopes and fears (we now wonder how we had any hope), our dear James, in his twenty-third year, was taken from us. He was our beautiful staff, and it was broken without a moment’s warning at last. I was alone with him, and he died in my arms, leaving a little daughter just a week old. He lived just long enough to give her her name—Mabel Todd. His was the largest, brightest intellect among all our children, and the most loving disposition. ‘The whole community loved James Todd;’ and when his funeral took place, every store was voluntarily closed. He was a member of my church, and secretary and treasurer of our Sabbath-school. During his sickness he ripened fast. As the leaves of the tree fell off, it was seen that the bird had built her nest in a strong place. When we laid him in our beautiful cemetery, the heavens were dark and the thunders loud; but hardly had we laid him in his resting-place when a full, complete, low rainbow was flung upon the cloud in the east, bright as the smile of God. Forgive this long moan, dear Mrs. W——; sorrow knows not where to stop.”

In this last year of his ministry he preached very often in the new jail, Pittsfield having just been made the county town.

“September 19th.

“I’m preaching to the spirits in prison; and, as many who don’t go to any church crowd in to see the prisoners preached at, I have made them contribute, and have already one hundred dollars to begin a jail library. I don’t believe any other fifty men in the county receive half the attention and expense that those fifty rascals do.”

“Later.

“I preach three times on the Sabbath; once to the prisoners in the jail, a *punctual* and attentive audience, and with whom I am so popular that I may get a call when I have done in my parish. I have been the means of getting them an organ and a library.”

*To Miss E. M——, England.*

“December 15th.

“MY DEAR MISS M——,—Our mutual friend, Mr. P——, informs me that you have lost your aged mother, and were with her when the unseen hand lifted the latch and beckoned her away. I congratulate you that you have now a *living* mother (‘Whosoever keepeth my sayings shall never die’), who can die no more. I congratulate you on the fact that she knew, and you know, whom she believed, and that the aged pilgrim has reached her home; the old ship, with spars broken and sails rent, has entered the harbor, and storms will no more beat upon her, nor waves of doubt toss her, nor midnight darkness settle over her. Mourning is not the word to apply to such partings. I congratulate you once more that you have so many memories left, and among them the recollection that you had the honor of ministering to her last days and years, and probably were in her last earthly thoughts. God knew the trials of ministering to age, and therefore gave the command, ‘Honor thy father and thy mother,’ with the promise of present reward. Happy the child who can feel that she met this requirement faithfully and cheerfully. Now I seem to feel it impossible, even if I were not a stranger, to send off a letter of sympathy over the great ocean, and for thousands of miles, and have any thing left in it, when it reaches you, but the chill of the ocean and the faintness of distance. It seems like a kind of polite mockery; and yet, my gentle friend, were I with you, I could say no more, feel no more, nor comfort any more than I now can. For the first year, after my friends are gone, they seem to be going *from* me; *after* that, to be coming toward me: on the same principle, doubtless, that *cars* which do not move seem to be coming to us, when really it is our cars that are going toward them. It must be the old soldiers, who come out of many battles and struggles, and the aged disciples, who come out of ‘great tribulation,’ who

wear robes very white. God bless you, good friend, and reward you for all that you have done or will do for humanity, whether it be in the form of mother, or that which is only related to Christ. Yours, in the love of Jesus."

"March 20th, 1872.

"I would not have thought that I ever could lose my courage and resolution to the degree that I have. I tried hard, from the week of prayer, to get up a revival and to convert men, but I couldn't, and the Lord wouldn't, and so we are *just so*—very united, because frozen together."

To J. K. N—.

"April 5th.

"I am always more than glad to receive a letter from you; and if I don't write so often, you must remember that I am an old man; that it takes the old mill longer to grind out the poor weekly sermon than it once did; that I have my great parish still on me; that I have a great many letters to write; and, finally, that I am incorrigibly lazy. . . . We are sorry to hear about the ill health of your good wife. What weights God has to put on us to keep us down! We who have had so much sickness in our family, and who have stood at so many graves, know how to sympathize with you all, and hope and pray that the cloud may soon turn into a shower that shall make your home brighter than ever. . . . As for me, I write and preach, and preach and write, and seem to be like an old frigate rolling in the trough of the sea, not quite in harbor, and not in a condition to bound off on a new voyage. My people throw up their caps, and cry, 'Oh, he never preached so well as he does now!' But I know better; and I know that if I live nearly nine months longer I shall drop all responsibility, and own up that the world can do better without me than with me. Then I shall leave the parsonage, but where to go I know not. I have no house or home, and my people have not yet stirred about it. But I have no fears. God will give me just what he wants me to have. I believe in the *decrees*, and wish there were more of them, even such as would convert my hard-hearted ones before I die. Won't it be a new feeling, that you have done your poor work of life, that you have nothing more to which to look forward, and are now like a piece of soiled foam lying upon the waters, only waiting to have the waves

recede and leave it to dry up on the sand! Well, I only pray that I may have grace to behave well—to do and to be just what the divine Master wishes. . . . We have had a terribly hard winter; the mountains are still white, and the ice is thick, and the frost is six or seven feet in the ground, and Spring dare not show the tips of her fingers, lest they be cut off as boy's fingers are in the cutting-machine. *I wish* I could see you! I have the feeling that it would make me ten years younger. Who knows where I shall go or be after December 31st, 1872. Now, don't go to pity me as a venerable, bent, crooked, trembling, whining, feeble old man; for I walk without a cane, write and read without my glasses, write and study in my shirt-sleeves, have the Nimrodic fever once a year, and hie away into the forests, carrying prog and gun, and—do many other things equally ministerial and puritanic. My glorious old girl unites with me in a profusion of love. Amen."

His release from pastoral duty came sooner than he anticipated.

*To John* [in pencil].

"April 16th.

"A week ago to-night, while attending the installation-services of Mr. T—in New York, I was taken numb; went out, found I could not walk; had a very sick night at the hotel; next day with great difficulty got home; have not sat up since. I am better, but weak and tottering; still, I can walk. I shall at once ask my people to release me from all active service, and make such arrangements for the future as they deem right and proper. Not unlikely I have preached my last sermon."

"Later.

"The parish have unanimously voted that I have the house in which I live as long as I live (I prefer it altogether to any house they could procure), and that my salary be continued unaltered. I *do* think this is kind, generous, and noble—a high compliment to me, and an honor to them."

For many years he had been expecting a stroke of paralysis, and on this account he was perhaps unnecessarily alarmed by the symptoms of this attack. Relieved from pastoral labor, and from all anxiety for the future, he soon regained comfortable health.

*To his Brother William, on the Loss of his Wife.*

“ May 6th.

“How little did we think, when we were boys, what our path in life would be, or through what waters we should be called to wade! Your letter came to-day, and I hasten to give you the assurance of my warmest sympathy and love. It is a matter of thankfulness (and in our sorrows we must not forget this), that you have had this true and faithful friend with you and by you so many years, to share all your joys and sorrows—the best friend a man can have. I have always had a great esteem for her humble, sincere, and true piety, and have no doubt she has gone to dwell among those meek and quiet spirits ‘which in the sight of the Lord are of great price.’ I do earnestly sympathize with you in your loneliness and almost helplessness. You will live over and think over the past, and, doubtless, recall much that you wish had been otherwise; but all these memories will soften the heart, and keep you from dwelling too much on the present. Were it not that the cup of life has bitter dregs as we come near the bottom, we should be too unwilling to have it taken from our lips. In a few weeks, after the first waves of sorrow have rolled over you, you will begin to feel, not that she is going from you, but that she is coming toward you, and you will soon meet. This was sudden; but old people usually fall suddenly; as the aged trees of the forest fall, not in the crashing storm, but after the storm is past and all is still. You won’t feel this wind prostrating you; and yet you may find that it slowly but surely is undermining your strong constitution. Oh, it gives me unspeakable joy to feel that *all* our father’s family belonged to Christ, and will, I hope and pray, all meet again, where God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. . . . I feel that my life-work is done, and that I can only present to the Master a few withered leaves, instead of the great sheaves of wheat, which I ought to have brought him. . . . I mingle my prayers constantly with yours, that you may have the richest consolations of Christ. Keep near *him*; there is none like *him*.”

At the meeting of the trustees of Williams College, in June, Doctor Todd resigned his seat among them, and Rev. Mr. Flint was chosen his successor, the title of D.D. being



conferred upon him at the same time. The following announcement of the change was sent by the retiring trustee to his successor :

“ June 8th.

“ *Reverendus Ephraimus Flint, A.B., A.M., D.D., Curator, etc., etc., etc.* :

“ O Saxum magnum ! thee, Doctor illustrissime, i congratulate, doctissime et illustrissime, that thou, by the uplifting of thy friends, hast risen to the sublime position of DOCTOR DIVINITATIS ! How hard they lifted and tugged to attain this, i shall not now relate ; but *i, i*, laid down and stripped off my honors, that thou mightest become CURATOR COLL. GUIL., and take thy seat among the great, while i, at the end of twenty-seven years' service, return to that obscurity which is my natural condition. Do thou valiantly in Israel, and possess the gates of thine enemies ! and, O Saxum magnum ! when thy head is lifted up into the bright sunshine, do not thou forget the humble friend who did what he could to bring thee out of the prison of Ignotum. GREAT DOCTOR, i sit down at thy feet, most humble, and shall ever rejoice to see thy shadow enlarge !

“ Dear DOCTOR, i am thine truly and humbly,

“ JNO. TODD.”

The death of a promising young minister in the neighborhood, near the close of the year, called forth the following letter to his father :

*To Mr. C—.*

“ October 28th.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I feel so little acquainted with you, that I fear *you* will feel that I am intruding, while I simply express my deep sympathy with you and your family in your recent deep, long-to-be-continued affliction. To think how that young prophet has been born, trained, educated, entered and honored the ministry, completed his work, and entered into his rest, and all since I have been a pastor in this place ; to think how much we need humble, earnest, and able workmen in the Master's vineyard ; to know how qualified he seemed to be, and what large promise he gave of great usefulness, by his natural lovely traits of character, by his thorough education, by the magnetism of his manner, by

his humble and yet manly piety; alas! it makes it all seem a dream! I mourn for the Church of God, and for the cause which lay so near his heart. 'Verily, thou art a God who hidest thyself.' He does not explain, or lift the curtain behind which he conceals his providences. 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.'

"The first thing I want his father and mother and family to do is, to bow in silence, submission, faith, and hope, and believe that God is wise and good, even when clouds and darkness surround him. The next thing I want you to do is, to thank God that he gave you such a son to give back to him. Then I want you to feel that he is not far from you, but so near that you will be the better for his life and death, as long as you remain on earth. Don't ask that the cloud be ever *entirely* taken up from your home; it never will be; but it may become so luminous that you can see bright stars through it. Forgive my intrusion, and receive my warm and deep sympathy, and my earnest prayer that, as you pass through the fires, the flame may not consume, and through the deep waters, they may not overflow. I have no right to claim any title here other than that of stranger, and yet I venture to subscribe myself your sympathizing friend."

*To John.*

"October 22d.

"I am distressed about Lucy's going off to Europe alone with her children, and you all wonder why I don't go with her. Now, you can't realize that with age comes timidity, and a want of what the English call *pluck*. I have a great dread of being sick away from home—a great dread of any change. I want to creep along near the shore, where I can run into a harbor when the wind blows or the storm comes. I can't describe it, but it is a feeling of uncertainty as to every step, and of dimness that is drawn over every object."

Toward the close of the year, the church and parish invited the Rev. E. O. Bartlett, of Providence, to become Doctor Todd's successor, and the retired pastor wrote him as follows:

"November 5th.

"MY DEAR SIR,—My eyes are in a state so unusual, and so unusable, that the doctor forbids me to use them at present: I must, therefore, make my say a short one. Before this

you will have received a communication from my flock inviting you to become their pastor. It *seems* as though your entrance here was providential, and I can not but hope it is all under the special direction of God. I need only say that a people who could bear with *me* over thirty years, and not have a single unpleasant thing occur, must be a remarkably good people. Sometimes there have been nearly forty college-educated men in my congregation—a congregation distinguished for education, wealth, refinement, and nobleness. The church is sound, and every thing in a most desirable condition. Were I now at the age of forty, I would prefer this post and this position to any one I know of.

“But I took up my pen simply to say that, if Providence inclines you to come here, you will find *me*, I trust, broad enough, and man and Christian enough, to welcome you, and to be to you all that you could wish. It is my prayer that I may behave well and do no hurt; if I can't do so, I think God will take me out of life, or I shall take myself out of town. At all events, you will account me a helper, and not a hinderance. I have no fear but we shall both wish to get along well together, and succeed in our endeavors. You can hardly imagine how intense is my interest that my people have a man consecrated, pious, sound, and thorough in theology—a devoted and common-sense man. Excuse my fast writing, and believe me cordially and affectionately and truly yours.”

The installation took place on the first day of the new year, and the retired pastor delivered the “charge” in the same tender spirit of cordiality; and it is believed that he never failed in any respect to keep these promises.

To Mrs. W——.

“January 6th, 1873.

“I have three or four different kinds of feelings in my heart; one is of great *loneliness*, having just seen my successor settled over my flock. I feel like one attending his own funeral, and seeing another man coming and marrying his own wife—like standing bolt upright, and seeing one's self turned into a shadow—like the commander of a great ship seeing himself turning into a figure-head.”

On the 3d of February, the thirty-first anniversary of his settlement, he preached, by request, a historical sermon, giv-

ing a sketch of the First Church and its pastors from its beginning. From his statements with reference to his own pastorate we learn that, during the thirty-one years, he had administered over five hundred baptisms, attended over nine hundred funerals, labored in six great revivals, and admitted over one thousand to the church, "and had those who thought they passed from death unto life at Maplewood (Young Ladies') Institute made a profession here, the number would have amounted to twelve hundred at least."

Early in April, Doctor Todd and his wife made a trip to Philadelphia, and received a most cordial welcome from their many friends in that scene of their former labors and trials. "We have been amazed how many hold us in green and warm remembrance. The papers say I have returned after a 'fortnight's' excursion, 'in fine health and spirits.' What would the papers *not* say, if they knew all the attentions and kindnesses we received while away! Why, types wouldn't *begin* to describe it!... I have returned stronger, in better health and spirits, with more hope and courage, laden with sweet memories, and oppressed by a sense of the kindnesses received. Mrs. T. has been so 'set up' by the journey that I have weighty fears lest she would not be able to come down to 'common doings.'... Please greet all who may ask after us; and take a cathedralful of love and thanks for yourselves, till Mrs. T. writes, which she will shortly do, and with an appropriateness that makes my very pencil tremble."

On his return, he spent a week with each family of his children in Ansonia and New Haven, Connecticut, preaching in both places. In the former place he administered the communion for the last time, and in the latter he administered baptism for the last time, giving a name to the youngest of his grandchildren; and those who were present will not soon forget the group of parents and babies, the font filled with rose-buds, or the prayer of the aged father, so appropriate and touching in its allusions, so tender in its feeling, so fragrant with the breath of the faith and love and hope of an imperishable youth.

Soon after his return he wrote to his friend, J. K. N——, who had become president of a university in Mississippi, as follows :

“May 20th.

“I have long been wishing to write to you, *but* you are so far away it wearies me to carry or follow my letters so far; and I have so much to say, and know not what to say, that days and weeks rush by, and still your good letters remain staring me in the face, and crying out, ‘For shame! for shame!’ The most important thing in the world is one’s *self*, and so there I begin. I am doing nothing; *i. e.*, I only preach about two sermons on the Sabbath, here and there, write weekly for the *Congregationalist*, some for the *Observer* and *Sunday School Times*, and loaf, and groan that Samson must grind in the mill, when he wants to be pulling down the very pillars of Dagon’s temple. Wife and I have just returned from a journey to New Haven, New York, Philadelphia, and Delaware, where we had a kind of ‘*Io triumphe*’ all the way, and were fêted and toasted till my wife is so ‘set up’ that I can hardly board with her since. She is pretty well, as handsome (only sixty-seven years old) as ever, worries greatly to see me set aside, feels that light, and wisdom, and greatness (wives never dare say much about the *goodness* of their husbands!), and judiciousness, will and must and shall die with her husband; and though she has not exactly convinced me of all this, yet I begin to feel that ruin to our churches and to the world can’t be so far off as it used to be!

“So you are changed into a man-of-all-work, to fill your new field, sowing and tilling, and reaping full ears and blasted. Well, I can’t judge for you; and every man must paddle his own canoe in his own way, only remembering that it should go forward, and not backward or sideways. . . . Now, don’t scowl, and purse up your lips, as if I were hitting the dignity of the President of Tougaloo University. Far be that from me! I take off my hat, and reverence such a title and commission, though written on birch-bark and hung on a thorn-bush. I am delighted at the idea of your coming to Williamstown. I have resigned my trusteeship; so I can’t stand in the way of any honors, or break any eggs that the good old hen may want to confer or lay. President Hopkins and I are enjoying (?) ‘*otium cum dignitate*.’ Ah me! how Latin revives in one’s memory when writing to the president of a university! Why, I almost want to talk it.

Three babies ! how fast you grow rich ! Blessings on them ! I have just baptized my twelfth living grandchild : think of that—and be humble ! . . . I'm as ignorant as 'Nicodemus, who built the ark' of all your section of country ; but I *imagine* a poor, illiterate, kind, stupid, prejudiced population, half-civilized in habits and three-quarters barbarous ; the mud-holes inhabited by crocodiles, flamingoes, cranes, and mosquitoes—the woods, by squirrels, owls, and turkey-buzzards (no gophers ! ) ; the waters stagnant and sluggish, inhabited only by bull-heads and blood-suckers, though called *rivers* ! Now, isn't that the right picture ? I may well say *here*, that I write with a pencil, to designate that I know my letters are not worth preserving, *and* because my hand goes steadier, and my (what *you* profanely call) hieroglyphics are not *quite* so bad. My wife sends love, greetings, and every thing but money to you and yours. As you value your word or your life, don't you fail to come and see me this summer. Would you think that the snow is still lying on our mountains in vast drifts, in sight of my study ? I wish you had it ; 'twould refresh you."

*To Mrs. W—, on the Death of her Brother.*

"May 15th.

"DEAR, DEAR MRS. W—,—We were so detained by a sick grandchild, that we have but just reached home ; and here we find your letter, so heavy with sorrow that we could hardly hold it up long enough to read it. I had had such strong hopes that your dear brother had not done his life-work, and that he was to be lent to earth longer, that I was surprised, even to a shock. How unlike our ways are '*His* ways.' We, were we to select, should not strike down the strong, gifted, noble, almost perfect man, at the very noon-tide of life ! But I am talking about only one side ; about 'striking down,' when I ought to be thinking of the noble warrior called home, the faithful servant promoted, the earth-born becoming as the angels of God, the weary one gone to rest his head on the bosom of Everlasting Love. I don't know what I can say, my dear friend, to comfort you : the loss is too great, the wound too fresh, the grief too deep, for human sympathy ; and yet we love to know that we are surrounded by an atmosphere of sympathy, and that we mourn one so

important that, as at the falling of the lofty tree, the ground trembles far around. You know I consider you all as a family of nature's nobility, and so I feel that 'a prince is fallen in Israel.' I am sorry for his afflicted wife, favored as few wives have been; and I am sorry for those fatherless children; and I am sorry for *you*, who now seem to be bending under a second widowhood; and I am sorry for the brother, who feels as if one-half of himself were smitten down; and for the sister, also a widow. What memories must crowd upon you as you meet together! How much to recall in the past! and how much to hope for in the long future before you! Every day you are nearer to them than you were yesterday. Ah! these our precious earthly jewels are falling away; but we know that Christ is making up his crown. They, doubtless, wonder at our sorrow if they know it; and we should have no sorrow could we see how much they have already become like the Redeemer. Letters, my dear Mrs. W——, are cold; they have no tones that are tender, no breathings that warm the heart, and no power to go directly to the soul and comfort it. But there *is* a Comforter who can do all that, and far more; and I pray that you may hear Christ say to you all, 'I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you.'

Soon after his return, he preached once more, and for the last time, to his old flock. This last sermon that he ever wrote had been prepared with special care. His theme was that which had all his life been most precious to him, and on which he had best loved to speak—the divinity and glory of Jesus Christ. "The Word was made flesh." Could he have foreseen the events of the next three months, he would hardly have wished to change the closing sentence: "Oh, the redeemed! the redeemed! they shall see the King in his beauty; they shall walk with him in white garments; they shall drink of the river of pleasure which will forever flow at his right hand; he will meet his brethren, as Joseph did, and say, 'Come near to me,' and so they will be 'forever with the Lord.' Oh, the last look we give on earth, we want fixed on *thee!* and the first look we give in eternity, we want fixed on *thee!* the last song on earth, and the first in heaven, we want to be—Praise to the Lamb who was slain for us, and who washed us from our sins in his own blood."

## CHAPTER XXX.

## HIS STUDY.

A pleasant Room.—The Library.—Missionary Magazines.—Positively Disgraceful.—An omnivorous Reader.—Guns.—The Wood-nymph.—Drawers of Sermons.—Canes.—The Golden Wedding.—The sick Child.—Two old Pastors.—The hard Man.—Jerusalem.—The lame Brother.—Mementoes.—The Fisherman's Lounge.—Pain.—The Desk.—The stolen Knife.—The Clock.—The Chair.—The inner Life of Imagination, Memory, Hope.—Sources of Power.

LET us pay a visit to Doctor Todd's *study*. It was here that most of his hard work was done, and, in fact, most of his life was spent. It is a large, pleasant room, up one flight of stairs, on the south side of the house. In the winter—and much of the year is winter in Berkshire—the sunshine lies warm upon the carpet, and an open coal fire glows brightly in a large soap-stone stove. At the farther end of the room a broad arch opens into a second room as wide, and half as deep, as the first, which contains the library. In the middle of its west wall the book-cases part for a window, adorned somewhat with stained glass, which looks out toward the sunset, and the surpassingly beautiful outline of the Tagh-conic hills. The library contains two or three thousand volumes, and is of a mixed character. At the first glance there seems to be very little that is modern or valuable. A recent visitor, giving his impressions upon a cursory survey, writes: "The book-shelves were well filled with books, but they were all *old* books by Puritan authors, abounding with bound volumes of tracts, missionary magazines, etc. I did not notice a single volume of current literature, art, science, or theology. He was emphatically a man of the old school." The remark shows that the writer's observation was hasty or careless; for nestling among the old brown-calf books are many of the most recent and most advanced publications on all subjects. Doctor Todd did not draw the freshness of his thoughts from old "tracts and missionary magazines." In his reading he kept abreast of the times. But



the general appearance of the library *is* antiquated ; and, as a whole, it is *not* a choice collection. Doctor Todd himself felt it. "My library is positively disgraceful ! Oh, for books, books !" Its condition is easily accounted for.

In the fire which destroyed his house and most of his effects, when he first went to Pittsfield, the library which he had been selecting and purchasing for many years with great cost and care was mostly consumed. In their overflowing



DR. TODD'S STUDY.

sympathy, his friends made him a great many presents of books ; but, strange to say, they proved to be, in general, better adapted to fill his shelves than to store his mind. Then there were old volumes given him by aged pastors of the preceding generation, preserved as keepsakes rather than for their intrinsic value. Here, for instance, are a few volumes from the library of his father-in-law, musty relics of the theology of almost a century ago. And here are the "bound tracts" referred to ; they are a small collection of the publications of one of the London Tract Societies, which,

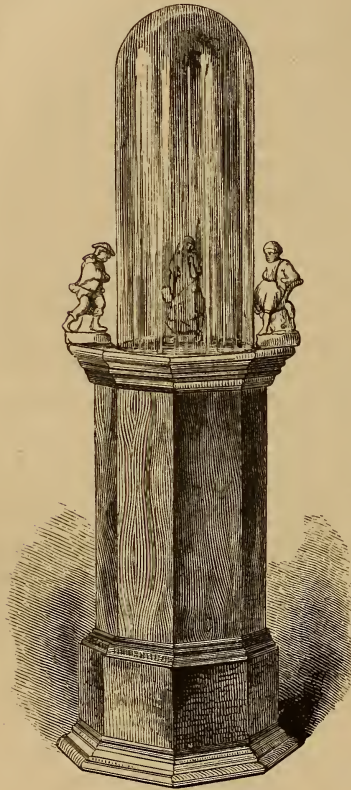
after publishing and republishing his writings for many years without the slightest acknowledgment of their author, at last made him this precious donation as a substitute for copyright money. Doctor Todd did not use such books much; but he referred to the more recent works in his library constantly, and he read a great deal more than was to be found there; for after his great loss he made little effort to accumulate a library. Indeed, he was an omnivorous reader, devouring every thing that he could lay hands on, not only with reference to theology, but that had any bearing upon his various pursuits of fancy, or any thing in science, literature, or art that was of interest. "Deep are my regrets that I have not read less and *thought* more. We waste, or rather never accumulate, the strength that might be ours, by not demanding it. Many a writer popular for an hour has spent his life in shooting sparrows with fine shot, because he was too indolent to carry a rifle with a calibre sufficiently large to bring down the buffalo."

This figure may have been suggested by a glance at the entrance to his library. "As you stand in my study and look into the adjoining library, you notice that over the door are several things that have an untheological look. There is a long, small, iron-pointed javelin, which came from Africa. Near it is a long, double-barreled gun—'my Secesh gun.' What is its history? I don't know. It was made in Liege, Belgium, for so says the engraving on the barrel. But whether the man who made it is alive or dead, I know not. It is a powerful gun; has two barrels, which are nearly four feet long. It weighs twelve and a half pounds. It has a bruise on the breech. The two locks, and indeed the whole thing, seem to be in order. It was taken on the field of battle at Baton Rouge, and the man who carried it out was probably killed. It was sent to me by a young captain, a friend of mine." Near-by are several other guns and pistols and revolvers, some of them of the best and most recent manufacture, others mere curiosities, from their antiquity or associations. Here, for instance, is an old flint musket, manufactured long ago in Pittsfield by a parishioner now passed away. It found its way down to North Carolina, fired its last shot at "the boys in blue," and was picked up on the field of Newbern, and sent home to the Doctor by one of the

brightest and most promising young men of his congregation, who never came back himself. Up in one corner of the collection hangs a pair of snow-shoes, brought home from Canada, on which, it is tolerably certain, the owner never walked. At one foot of the arch are piled two or three shells, sent from the South, one of them, perhaps, still unexploded. At the opposite foot of the arch "you see an eight-sided, pillar-shaped thing, with a marble-colored basin, and a pure marble top, the top being several inches larger than the pillar, which also is eight-sided. The whole height is two feet and nine inches. Then, on the top of all this is a glass cover about two and a half feet high, and large enough round to more than cover the basin. In the centre of the basin is a little brass jet, containing nearly forty little holes in a circle, each hole just large enough to admit a very fine needle. Then, outside of the glass, and on the marble top, are three little statuettes, white as the driven snow. They are about eight inches high, and each is intently looking at the little jet. One is 'Winter,' pausing on his skates, as if in astonishment to see the sight; for I have only to touch a little brass cock, and up leaps the water through those little holes, nearly forty little streams, and each springing two feet into the air, and then turned into a myriad of silver drops, bright as diamonds, leaping, and laughing as they rise and fall, and dropping into the basin with the sweetest, ringing, singing sound ever heard. It seems as if the fairy daughters of music had got under my glass cover, and were each playing on her own harp. I can think of nothing but pearls dropping into a well, or golden balls falling into cups of silver. With what profusion the jewels are tossed out! And yet Winter is gazing, and he seems to forget to put down his foot with the skate on it. On the other side is 'Autumn,' with his sheaf of grain, leaning against a bee-hive, and with great satisfaction and admiration looking at the fountain. On another side still is a gentle girl coming to the fountain with her pitcher in her hand, and a dove perched on her shoulder. These all seem to stop in admiration of what they see. I never tire of this beautiful thing. I hear its noise, and I seem to be in the woods on the mountain-side, listening to the brook as it glides between mossy rocks, and then leaps over stones, and dances down into the

deep basin below. I seem to be on the little stream in the deep woods, where, in childhood, I used to wander, and listen to the sweet notes of the wood-thrush. I have many memorials of kind friends in my study which are beautiful; but the stranger hardly notices them, he is so much delighted

with my tiny fountain—the wood-nymph whom I have coaxed to come in here in the second story, and to pause long enough to sing her wild song, and to dance in her robes of light. There it stands a living fountain. Nobody can see how the waters get there, or how they are carried away. There it leaps and rings day and night, never weary, never pausing, never other than beautiful. I sometimes almost imagine my fountain to be the very one spoken of by the prophet—a fountain for Jerusalem and the house of Judah. I almost imagine it the fountain of life, and my little marble men to be angels ‘desiring to look into’ it. But, ah me! that fountain was opened thousands of years ago, and has been gushing up ever



THE FOUNTAIN.

since; and it will still gush up when I and my dear little fountain shall be forgotten. But a few can ever see mine; thousands will see that, and rejoice in it forever. O fountain of life! opened by the Lord Jesus Christ, not to bless one solitary study merely, but to well up in every sanctuary, and in ten thousand human habitations. The dancing feet of childhood pause, and the silvery voice is hushed, as the child

gazes at my fountain; but the waters of life cause the lame to leap like the hart, the dumb to sing, and the song of hope and of faith to rise up loud and sweet, till its echoes are returned from heaven. O my little fountain, speak to my reader, and whisper in his ear, 'The waters of life, the waters of life! Whoso drinketh of them shall never thirst.'"

Within the library are nine large book-cases, two of them made by his own hands during his first settlement. Every book-case is open, the opening being made to arch overhead by corner pieces of black walnut sawed in open work, hung on hinges, and enlivened with strips of gilt, and has in the lower part of it three large drawers, filled for the most part with manuscripts. "In forty-six years I have written over four thousand sermons. The full drawers on hand, even now, astonish me."

The walls of "the study" are covered with pictures, some of them really fine chromos and engravings, others of no merit, or worse; but every one of them has its history and associations which have made it sacred. Everywhere there are articles which have each its story, and which have furnished each a leaf in his published writings.

In one corner stand a dozen canes. One of them, a very handsome gold-headed ebony stick, was presented to Rev. Heman Humphrey, D.D., ex-president of Amherst College, and a predecessor, and, later, a parishioner of Doctor Todd's, by his children when, with his wife, he celebrated his golden wedding. It bears the inscription:

*"Hodie Baculum. Cras Corona. 1858, April 20th.*

Rev. HEMAN HUMPHREY, D.D., Pittsfield."

After his death it was sent to Doctor Todd, with the following note:

"MY DEAR DR. TODD,— We have all felt that in the breaking-up of our home here we should like to leave something with you which would be a slight expression of our appreciation of your kindness shown to our family through so many years and in manifold ways. We have selected this cane, because we have thought that its associations with our dear father, to whom it belonged, might give it additional value to you. It was one of the gifts of love presented to him at his golden wedding (bearing that date),

and was often carried by him during his later years, until, at the Master's call, he dropped 'the staff,' and passed over the river to receive 'the crown.'

"You may, perhaps, like to give it a place in your collection of articles of association and interest. Wherever our broken family may be scattered, we must always remember with sincere gratitude all that you have ever done for us in the varied scenes and experiences of our dear Pittsfield home. Most sincerely yours,  
S. W. H."

"Did I ever feel worthy to have that glorious old minister sit at my feet for twenty years? Do I feel worthy to own this gift of love on which he once leaned? No, no! The cane seems to say, 'You know, sir, that he bore fruit even to the end of life, and when he fell at eighty-two, he was found watching and at work. The blossoms on the tree in autumn were hardly less beautiful than those of spring. I notice, sir, that you never pass his grave in the cemetery without casting your eye on his tomb. The very sunlight that falls upon it seems softer and purer than what falls elsewhere; and no one ever passes this grave without feeling, if he knew him well, that there rests the dust of the most perfect character it was ever his lot to know.' Yes, good cane, I know all this, and often feel humbled that I so long shared his confidence and friendship without improving more by them; and often mourn that I can recall so many things by which I might have done more for his comfort; but I can truly say I honored him as a son, and revered him little less than I should a prophet. Go back to thy nail, staff of beauty! I shall probably never lean upon thee, or carry thee out of my study; but thou wilt awaken memories tender, sad, and yet thrilling. I doubt if thou couldst have fallen into the hands of one who would prize thee more, thou memorial of a great and good man, and of a remarkable family. This simple chaplet I weave, and hang upon the old minister's cane."

The next cane, "a great, heavy, black, club-like fellow," belonged to the Doctor's eldest son when in college. The next, a light, white stick, of no value in itself, was once purchased and carried for a little while by the younger son, before he died. "The next—that beautifully mottled cane—

was born in Florida. I believe it is a species of thorn; smooth as silver, and about as hard. It has a large, pretentious ivory head, wrought octagonally. It was sent to me by a sick child, when away from home" [his invalid daughter, Mary]. "It is a beautiful cane, valuable to me because connected with memories and anxieties which have left their deep marks upon me, but which are not to be spoken of. I shall probably never use it; but I could not spare that cane."

The next cane was carried for many years by his father-in-law, Doctor Brace, till he was called away from Doctor Todd's own house, and left it behind. The next was not only owned for fifty years by Doctor Brace, but carried for sixty-five years more before that by Rev. Joshua Belden, his predecessor for that length of time in the pulpit at Newington, Connecticut. "They both used this cane all this time. Simple stick! if you could speak, of how many weddings, and sick-beds, and funerals could you give me the history? As you stood in the corner of their study, how many prayers did you witness? How often did you go into the pulpit, as the man of God leaned on you and trembled under his responsibility!

"That stout, knotty, heavy, orange-wood cane grew in South Carolina. It was the gift of a hard, rough man, a long, long time ago. I wish I could recall any good in him. But he has gone to the dead, and I am not called upon to judge him." The gift was received when, a poor, sick student in college, he spent a few months in Carolina for his health.

"Little, long, crooked, and unwrought orange stick, thou comest next! What of thee? Thou art a child of the East. Thou wast hanging over the north wall of Jerusalem, when a beloved missionary cut thee off the parent tree and sent thee home. So thou tellest me that Jerusalem is still there—her 'walls continually before Him'—still trodden underfoot by the Gentiles, and waiting for deliverance! Thou tellest me that the warm heart of the missionary still beats; and though he is now on the 'goodly mountain, even Lebanon,' yet he still remembers Jerusalem above his chief joy. Yes, and thou tellest me that there is a heart, greater, warmer, even than the good Calhoun's, which beats over Jerusalem and his cause! So the morning sun, glinting over

Mount Olivet, fell on thee, as thou didst lean over the wall and look into Jerusalem! Thou dost not tell me what thou sawest in that poor city, but thou ledest my thought away to that New Jerusalem, where nothing that defileth shall ever enter, and where even the orange-blossom shall not be the sweetest thing therein."

The next was the favorite cane of his brother-in-law, Joab Brace, Jun., who was for so many years an inmate of his family. "That beautiful staff helped to support a lame brother, as he pronounced the valedictory oration at college commencement, as he stood up to be ordained a pastor, and as he went down to an early grave. The hand that leaned on thee has been cold many years, and the image of that sainted one has often visited me in my dreams.

"But who will write the history of my canes forty years hence? What old men will lean on them? What memories will they gather as years pass over them? There is a broken one; its history is strange, but I have no time to write it." And now it will forever remain unwritten.

This corner is but an illustration of the associations that hang around the articles with which the room is crowded—all gifts, or memorials of scenes that are past or friends that are gone.

In one corner stands a small glass case filled with stuffed birds of brilliant plumage. Yonder there is another, with a tiny *tête-à-tête* silver tea-set on the top of it, also under glass. Here hangs a barometer, often consulted; there stands a case of mineralogical specimens. Every vacant niche is occupied by some statuette or Rogers's group, supported on carved brackets. There on the floor, in one corner, is a square mahogany dressing-case, once elegant, the gift of a member of a former parish, but now tarnished by years of hard use. At this end of the room, opposite the library, stands a bright-colored lounge, a gift of some of the ladies of his parish, and on it an elegant gray blanket, embroidered with his name, the memento of a friend found in "the sunset land." It was of this lounge that he wrote in the little story of "The Old Fisherman's Dream."

"One day while very busy he heard a knock at the door of his house. 'Oh dear!' says he, 'I hope it is not any body that wants to see me. I am so hurried, I can't see any one.'



Just then a head was thrust into the door: 'Father, somebody wants to see you.' 'Well, child, I am very busy, but I have read somewhere, The man that wants to see me is the man that I want to see.' So he dropped his net and went to the door, and, lo! there stood one of the finest pieces of furniture, called a lounge, that he had ever seen. It seemed too grand to enter his dwelling. The man who brought it said it was a present to the old fisherman. The children thought it must be intended for mother's parlor; but the note accompanying said it was for his sole use and behoof. He rubbed his hands for joy, and the children cooed and wondered over it and admired! Sure enough, there it stood in its fresh beauty. The legs were of black walnut, and had been many years growing in Ohio; the casters were of brass, and were dug out of the mines of England; the hair which filled it came from India; the varnish which made its legs so bright came from Japan; the covering was full of roses and flowers and bright colors, that were gathered from different countries, and woven into the brocatel in the looms of France. The netting of lace that covered the pillow, with the huge deer woven into it, was manufactured in Scotland. The materials for making this couch had been ages in preparing, had been brought thousands of miles, and had employed the industry and the skill of men who live in different countries and who spoke different languages. Is it any wonder that it was beautiful? The note accompanying it intimated that it was from his friends, not to induce him to fish less, but to rest him when weary, and as a token of their approbation. So the first moment he could, the fisherman threw himself on it, and found it so perfect as to length, and width, and softness, and springiness, that in a few moments he was fast asleep, and as he slept he had a dream such as nothing but a new lounge could have created. He dreamed that, instead of being a poor fisherman, he was a minister of the Gospel. The lounge was changed into a pulpit, and he was in it! Instead of the rolling waters of the sea, he was looking down on a great congregation. The fish were all changed into men and women and children. Instead of the net which he had been making was a sermon, from the text, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my disciples, ye did it unto me.' He seemed to have a new cour-

age and boldness, and he preached the Gospel of Christ with as much effort and skill as he had ever used to catch fish. As he spoke, all at once there seemed to be a noise, as if a wind had struck the house, and then a golden net seemed to be let down from heaven, as he would have let it down in the sea, and the net gathered all the congregation, old and young, into it, and it seemed to draw them all up nearer the pulpit and nearer the minister. And then he perceived there was joy beaming upon their faces and flashing from their eyes, and they were heard to break forth into singing. The song swelled up louder and louder, till it filled the house, and rose up even to the heaven of heavens. Then the old fisherman awoke from his sleep and found himself weeping for joy, and felt that the most blessed of all employments in the world was to be 'fishers of men,' whether you do or do not have a beautiful lounge to rest on."

On this "beautiful lounge" Doctor Todd spent many weary and suffering hours. For though he was so strong and vigorous a man constitutionally, and was so cheery in manner and humorous in conversation that apparently he never knew fatigue or pain, there are few who have more infirmities to contend with, or who perform their work in greater distress. A dozen times in the course of a morning's work he would stretch himself here for a moment, unable to proceed without a little relief: the first thing that he did on returning from his pulpit was to throw himself here exhausted, and often in agony; and whole days were spent here in enforced inaction. Never can the givers of this lounge realize how great their kindness was, or what a change it was for him to enter that "land which is very far off," where "the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick."

On the side of the room opposite the windows and the fire stands the mahogany table where, during all the later years of his life, all his writing was done. It is a quaint affair, of unknown origin, but dark with age. It came into his hands from those of a Baptist pastor in the place. On either side it has, in the lower part, drawers for papers, and above, small cupboards filled with pigeon-holes, closed with doors, and connected by a shelf. The pigeon-holes are filled with envelopes, sheets of paper, postal cards, wrappers of all shapes and sizes, to meet the demands of his immense and

varied correspondence. The drawers are full of every kind of sermon-paper. The top of the table and shelf are covered with small trinkets and conveniences. Here is a stick of sealing-wax, and there half a dozen old-fashioned seals. Here is a calendar, and there a railroad time-table; here a card of post-office regulations, and there a porcelain slate, with a list of things to be done written on it. Here lies his watch, when not carried, a handsome gold lever, with a white carnelian seal, which for years dangled from his fob when watches were so worn; and there lie his spectacles, always taken off when he sat down here. He always used quill pens, and several of them are lying about, each worse than all the rest, utterly useless to any one else; and there are three or four knives for mending them.

“About twenty-five years ago a friend of mine was going to England, and I sent by him to get me a *case* (twelve) of good pen-knives. I wanted the best, and enough to last me as long as I live. To be very sure, I went and bought just such a knife as I wanted, and sent it out as a sample. When my friend got to Sheffield, he called on a friend of his. In the course of conversation he mentioned my knives, and was assured that he could have them made just like the pattern. The pattern-knife was in his hand, and on going down to breakfast he laid it on the mantel-piece. While they were gone down to breakfast a little black chimney-sweep came in, and, seeing my knife, stole it and made off with it. They were sorry, but the knife and the sweep were gone. My friend got a case of knives for me; but they were not like the pattern, nor such as were adapted to making good pens. For twenty-five years I have been making pens with a poor knife. One of these poor knives is now before me. The pen that I write with was made with it. But I have never had a good knife, and seldom a good pen.”

In one corner stands one of Fairbanks's little letter-scales, of which he was the first to suggest the idea to the late Governor Fairbanks; and in another, within easy reach, lie his well-worn Bible and Greek Testament, the latter a large copy of magnificent print, over which his father-in-law and his invalid daughter had successively pored, till they went to speak the language of heaven. And in the midst of all, directly before the eye, side by side in two little easel-

frames, are pictures of the two dead children whose going took away so much of his life. Overhead hangs a beautiful clock of the regulator style, in a glass case—the gift of his associates on the committee for the entertainment of the American Board, at their second meeting in Pittsfield, as a tribute to his laborious and energetic management. At one side stands a small movable table, loaded with lexicons and maps. Beneath the table is a crowded waste-basket, and a round soap-stone, designed to warm the feet when too great activity of the brain has disturbed the circulation. Before the table stands a capacious but plain cane rocking-chair, in which, wrapped in a loose study-gown to receive company, but in his shirt-sleeves always when at work, sat the one whose presence lent to every thing its greatest charm.

It will be perceived that in Doctor Todd's "study" there is nothing of any very great intrinsic value; yet this description, heightened by touches from his own pen, is important on other accounts than merely as a frame to set off a picture of the man and his life. It reveals very much of his character, the affectionateness which clung to each token of friendship or memorial of the departed, the gratitude and self-depreciating humility with which each trifling gift was treasured, and the imaginativeness which, with a simple walking-stick, as with a magician's wand, could call up throngs of figures and scenes of thrilling interest; or in the sound of a falling jet of water could hear the voices of laughing and singing fairies, or the tinkling of golden balls in silver cups; or in cheap Parian images could see angels gazing into the fountain of life. To him nothing of it all was cheap or common. Everywhere, but especially here, a thousand images unseen of others rose before him; and in looking at the objects which he gathered around him, and in the midst of which he sat, and thought, and labored, and prayed, we see but the keys which unlocked the world in which he really lived. "You would hardly think," wrote he to a friend, "that a man of my age and granite features and long experience should still have to mourn that he lives too much, and too often, in an imaginary state, surrounded by circumstances so very different from realities; yet so it is." And as in this account of his study we get an insight into his character, so, on the other hand, we obtain from it

glimpses of the springs which fed his mental life and gave him influence and power. It was from this furniture and its associations that he drew much of his inspiration. Every article, freighted with memories and fancies, has had its influence upon his thought and its expression; and though his pen is idle, and his little fountain is silent, and his clock is still, and his study is dismantled, and its contents scattered, and the familiar spot will continue to exist only in fond memories, yet, in impressions made on immortal minds, and direction given to human lives, it will remain, lasting as a picture of eternity.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## DOCTOR TODD AS A PREACHER.

Ambition to be a Preacher.—Conception of the Office.—The Greatest of Sciences.—Middle Ground.—His Doctrines.—No uncertain Sound.—Practical Preaching.—Reverence for the Word of God.—No Doubts.—Commentaries.—Henry.—David and Paul.—Jonathan Edwards.—Thomas Chalmers.—Extempore Preaching.—Planning a Sermon.—Manner of Writing.—Careless Style.—Appearance in the Pulpit.—Dress.—Beauty.—Voice.—Manner.—Prayers.—Hymns.—Characteristics of Preaching.—Simple Language.—Thought.—Illustration.—Solemnity.—Purifying the Fountain.—Knowledge of Human Nature.—Pathos.—Enthusiasm.—Imagination.—Dramatic Power.—The Mount of God.—“It doth not yet appear.”

“I wish I knew how to preach, has been the cry of my heart a thousand times. I once thought I *did* know, but that was a long time ago.”

“I have never sought to be or to do any thing but to be a true minister of Christ. Preaching has been my great effort. I early determined to do what else I could, but, at all events, to make the pulpit the place of my strength.”

To be a *preacher* was, indeed, his great ambition all his life long, as it was also his chief joy. All other employments were made secondary and subservient to this supreme business of preaching the Gospel. It is, therefore, mainly as a *preacher* that he is to be estimated and remembered.

In his conception of the office of a preacher, the application of divine *truth* to the hearts and consciences of men stood most prominent. Hence the most important qualification for the work of the ministry, after a sanctified heart, was, in his opinion, a thorough theological training; and whenever he was called to aid in settling a minister, he never failed to judge of the candidate's abilities and probable success by his appearance in his theological examination. Not that he approved of preaching scientific theology—in all his ministry he never preached but one course of sermons on theology, and could never be induced to repeat it—but he took the ground that no man can present truth

clearly and forcibly who has not its principles thoroughly comprehended and scientifically unfolded in his own mind. His own studies in theology were from the first unremitting and severe, and there was no subject which had such interest for him as this "greatest of sciences."

The theology which he accepted was what in these days is considered old-fashioned, but in point of fact it occupied a middle ground between Old-school Presbyterianism and modern Taylorism, both of which he cordially detested. For the distinctions and controversies of the "schools," however, he cared very little. The doctrines with which he chiefly concerned himself were those which are held and preached by all evangelical schools and sects—"the fall and ruin of man, the trinity of the Godhead, the divinity and atonement of Christ, the necessity of being born of the Holy Spirit, the eternity of heaven and hell, the unchanging condition of the soul after death, and the greatness of God's character." These doctrines he employed incessantly, and expended upon them all his skill and power. And he welcomed all who held to them as co-laborers in the Gospel, with a cordiality which endeared him to all evangelical denominations, and repudiated fellowship with all who rejected them with a sternness which earned for him the undying hatred of Unitarians. It was to this treatment of divine truths that he attributed all his success as a preacher. "If I have ever had any power over my fellow-men, it has been by plainly and faithfully preaching God's word, and clearly stating my convictions, and the reasons for them. I have tried to have the trumpet give no uncertain sound."

Of *practical* preaching, as it is called, the rebuking of specific sins of his hearers, he did very little; and the preaching of politics, and the cheap eloquence of the denunciation of those who did not hear him, he left wholly to others. In this, no one who knew him, or who reads the story of his Groton ministry, will accuse him of *fear*, a feeling of which he seems to have been incapable, or of a desire to *propitiate* his hearers. The course which he pursued was adopted from principle, and a settled conviction that it was the one most likely to make his hearers better. "I have not been accustomed to name and preach against any particular *amusements*—theatres, dramas, card-playing, and the like. I have

thought it best to inculcate the great principles of the Bible on the conscience, to make the tree good, and the heart holy, and then to trust the tree would bring forth good fruits. I have tried to make you live and act 'as seeing Him who is invisible.' In my own experiences I have got along very comfortably, and been measurably cheerful, though I was never in a theatre, at the opera, or in a ball-room; never saw a game of cards or billiards played. And you have all known, by my way of educating my own family, precisely how I have looked upon these things. I have often noticed that people are so much like children, that if you denounce an amusement, or a bad book, they will be sure to seek it. Let the pulpit recommend one good book, and perhaps one will buy it; let it denounce a bad book, and ten will buy it. That is human nature."

The basis of his theology, and of all his preaching, was the Bible. In accepting his call to the first church under his care, he wrote: "In my preaching I shall keep closely to the Word of God; by this I would have you *test* my instructions." And to this he faithfully adhered through his whole ministry. To interpret and expound the Word of God, rather than to philosophize and speculate, was, in his opinion, the business of the preacher. Often his sermons were expository; often they were studies of Scripture characters; often they were presentations of great facts and truths taught in the Scriptures; and always they were full of Scripture language and imagery, and appealed to Scripture authority. For the Bible he always entertained the deepest reverence. To him it was truly the Word of God. It was a feeling which the Andover professors of his day entertained to a remarkable degree, and with which they inspired the students. It was a feeling derived from his very earliest training. No objections or difficulties raised by scientific men ever shook his confidence in the Scriptures; he was ready to reject at once all scientific speculations that conflicted with what he *knew* to be true. Perhaps he was *too* ready to scout at scientific theories, and had too little consideration for honest doubt; but to him skepticism was not merely unknown, it was simply unintelligible. He probably never had an hour of doubt of the Bible in all his life. To him it was like the sun in the heavens, as great and as indubitable.



He was accustomed to read and study the Scriptures a great deal, but was always more interested in exploring their *thought* than in critically examining their language. He read them in the original very little, though he made a practice of examining his *texts* carefully before writing on them, and the commentaries that he used and recommended were those which paid more attention to the matter than the language of the Sacred Writings. "For a practical thing, Henry is the best, far the best, that I have seen. But Poole's 'Synopsis' is the great gun, after all. Henry is excellent in his place, but Poole has great ubiquity. The Germans are cold, carving critics; Poole is a collector of all the shrewd heads that ever wrote on the Bible; Doddridge is flat in his paraphrasing, but pious in his improvement and judicious in his notes; Henry is rich, jewels in dirt, and jewels in miniature, truly pious, and does your own heart good to read him; and Scott is the most dull of all horned cattle. I have tried to sell mine, but no one will buy; so shall pile it up for posterity." So high did Henry stand in his estimation, that in the earliest part of his ministry he frequently "rode eight miles to spend an hour with the book;" and, in the latter part of his life, testified in an equally striking manner that his opinion of it had not changed. "In the year 1858 I wrote and published 'Lectures to Children, Second Series.' Thomas Nelson & Sons, of Edinburgh, Scotland, immediately republished the little book, and as a token of their appreciation sent me a present in money. With that money, as a kind of memento of the gift, and of my estimation of Matthew Henry's commentary, and of my love for my children, I have devoted it to the purchase of a set of Henry for each of my daughters, and I hereby express my earnest desire that they will read a portion of it daily." For German commentaries, though he bought and read many of them, he always expressed the utmost contempt. Of one of them he writes: "It is a labored effort upon *words*, and can be of no use an inch farther than it aids in reaching the *sense* of the Scriptures. I love to see accuracy and discrimination; but to exhaust the resources of a great and immortal mind upon the niceties and shades of a word seems to me like gathering the forces of a world to pick up a straw."

Of Scripture characters there were two whom he especial-

ly admired, and who exerted a great influence upon his own thoughts and feelings—David and Paul. The former attracted him by his poetry and devotion and truth to human experience; the latter, by the breadth and profundity of his thought; and both, by their attitude toward Christ. David was his master in the study of *human* nature—Paul, in the study of the divine; and few were the sermons in which he did not refer to the one or the other of these masters in Israel in terms of admiration.

Of other masters of religious thought and ministry there were two especially who exerted an influence upon his character and thought and style—Jonathan Edwards and Thomas Chalmers.

The works of Edwards were among the first that he studied, and it was from these, and from the "Assembly's Catechism," which he learned in childhood, that he drew the material for his theological system. At the Edwards gathering in Stockbridge, he expressed his appreciation of Edwards thus: "When a young student, I found a woman among the fevers of the rice-swamps of South Carolina who amazed and confounded me by her knowledge of theology. She was so far above me that I felt myself to be nothing. The secret was, that she had for years lived upon the works of Jonathan Edwards. In the revival in Yale College in 1820, under the teachings of Asahel Nettleton, after many wrestlings of the spirit and intellect, I deliberately adopted the theology of this master in Israel, and have as yet never grown great enough, or wise enough, to change. A little later, down on Cape Cod, I met an old deacon who, for profound and accurate theology, might have been a theological professor, and before whom I fairly stood in awe. He, too, for years had lived and grown on a set of Edwards's works. Afterward, I had a parishioner who had read 'Edwards on the Affections' through six times, and he was a giant in theology. Afterward I married a wife, and it was years before I found out what made her so much my superior; but when I discovered that she belonged to the Edwards family, and that she had their blood in her veins, I gave up the contest, and have admitted all that she demanded ever since. When called to the pastorate of an infant church in Northampton, I found that most of my flock were descendants of those

who had been Mr. Edwards's fast friends through all his troubles there ; and I had the honor to propose to them, and see them cheerfully assent, that we should call the church 'The Edwards Church'—a perpetual memorial of Edwards. The council which had organized the church objected to the name, and questioned the wisdom of it, till I finally had to tell them that we submitted our creed and covenant for their action, but the *name* of the church was our own, and that we did *not* submit. And when I add that I gave the name of Edwards to a son now in the ministry, I think I have established my claim to be among those who admire the great character of Edwards, and to sit among those who weave garlands to lay upon his tomb this day. . . . We hardly know which most to admire and wonder over in the ministry of Edwards—his original and luminous investigations, his weighty sermons and powerful preaching, his great and permanent contributions to human thought and elucidation of divine truth, his meekness and gentleness under an ordeal that few could endure, his power in directing and controlling the churches when heaving with excitement, and his bringing them back to Scriptural views, or in the combined greatness, simplicity, and strength of character by which he still walks the earth, and which will cause his footsteps to echo on the shores of time till Truth will no longer need to contend with Error, because her victory is complete and her triumph is eternal."

But the teacher at whose feet Mr. Todd most delighted to sit, and by whom he was most influenced, was Doctor Chalmers. On receiving the tidings of his death, he wrote and preached one of his ablest and most characteristic sermons, in which he said, "Perhaps there never could be minds more unlike than that of Chalmers and that of your humble pastor ; and yet I have never met the uninspired character which I have so much admired, or which has had so great an influence upon me." That there was unlikeness must be admitted ; and yet it was unquestionably a certain *likeness* which drew the pupil toward the teacher ; and it was undoubtedly increased, without any conscious imitation, by their communion. In his preaching Chalmers aimed not so much to show the excellence of virtue and the evil of vice, and to induce reformation, as first of all to reach the hearts

and consciences of his hearers by setting forth the alienation of the heart from God, and the offers of grace through Jesus Christ; in his course of thought he endeavored to lift his audience into higher and broader regions; in his style he employed, instead of the simple and severe logic of Edwards, language that was amplified and beautified by a soaring imagination; in his parochial duties he was practical, laborious, and systematic; "in manners, habits, and feelings he was a child;" in his work "he came nearer tasking all his powers of mind, and living up to his capacities, than most men." These are the points especially noticed in the sermon referred to, and these are the very points most marked in the preacher's own character and ministry. "Is there," he asks, "a congregation in the world that will not sometimes receive illustrations of truth which *he* has wrought out? Is there one mind here to-day that has not, however unconscious of it, been enlightened by the light which he has poured abroad?" It is certain that while he was too original and strong and proud to imitate or ape any man, he was peculiarly fitted to receive, and *did* receive and manifest in his whole character and ministry, the influence, more than of any other man, of Thomas Chalmers. It was by such teachers that he was formed as a preacher.

It was his original intention to preach much of the time without notes. "I intend to preach extemporaneously half of the time after I am settled, and half written sermons. I am persuaded that no man can be really eloquent very frequently who is wholly confined to notes." For some years this resolution was faithfully kept—in part, of necessity—and not without satisfactory results. "I preach extempore in the pulpit about one half of the time, and these sermons do by far the most good." But gradually a practical difficulty arose. "I have been applying myself more closely to study than usual of late, and I find it brings me back to my old feelings: I can not speak extempore when I study hard. The reason I can not assign; the *fact* I am sure of." As he was determined not to abandon study, and become an empty-headed, flashy speaker, he was naturally led to write out his sermons more and more, till in the last part of his ministry he seldom spoke from the pulpit without at least very full notes.

His habit in writing was, first, to select a text and map out a train of thought upon it. This was done, generally, not in his study, but in his walks or rides, or in sleepless hours, or whenever his mind met a suggestion, or fell into a constructive mood. The next step was to trace the skeleton on paper, as quickly and as fully as possible. "A few nights since, as I was watching over my sick child, the text, 'As for God, his way is perfect,' came into my mind with great force, and, taking my pencil, I marked out the particular train of thought which I am about to present to you."

In writing out the sermon, he did not bind himself to any regular hours, though he usually wrote in the forenoon, when he was freshest and strongest; nor did he have to wait for inspiration; he seemed to have the power of commanding the faculty of composition at pleasure. While writing, he sat in a low rocking-chair, so that his eyes were near the desk, his coat off, and his shirt-cuffs rolled back, his collar loosened or torn off, his glasses laid aside, and a warm soap-stone at his feet to counteract the tendency of the blood to the head. He always wrote with a quill, and he wrote without stopping for an instant. While engaged in writing, he was entirely absorbed in his work. One of his first parishioners, referring to an occasion when several persons were in his study, writes: "While we were sewing, and chatting, and laughing in his study, all in the most hilarious spirits, he would sit at his table so absorbed in writing a sermon as to be unconscious of persons or conversation in the room. But when he reached a point, or was tired, he would instantly drop the pen, and strike off in conversation with wonderful buoyancy and humor. Then, feeling rested, he would as suddenly take up the pen, and fall back into abstraction. He possessed concentration and elasticity of mind in far greater degree than any man I ever knew." These qualities remained with him through life. His study-door was seldom locked, and conversation, and even children's play, unless too boisterous, rarely disturbed him. In fact, his abstraction was so great that he became unconscious of what he was doing, and in pursuing a train of thought would fall into most ludicrous errors of spelling and grammar, and into a very imperfect and disjointed style. "I strike only for the thought, write with great rapidity, and have no time to

examine the wheelbarrow in which I trundle my ideas and impressions." Most of his errors he would detect as quickly and laugh at as heartily as any one, on reading over what he had written; but, unfortunately, it was not always so easy to correct his sentences as to detect their faults, without wholly reconstructing them; and as he cared but little for rhetorical finish, provided he was understood, he allowed his works to remain full of lingual errors, for the enjoyment of critics who strain at gnats and swallow camels. After writing for an hour or so, he would drop his pen, and spring up and stretch himself, and walk up and down the room, or busy himself with his tools or traps, singing meantime, in a not unmelodious but perfectly uncultivated voice, some stave of a tune that ear never heard and it never entered the heart of man to conceive before. In later years he often made a flying visit down to "Mary's room," and exchanged a few words and laughs with the suffering prisoner there, and those who were with her. After such an interval of a few moments, he would return to his desk, and in a moment be as rapidly at work as ever. Dinner seldom came before the sheets of at least half a sermon lay scattered on the floor.

On Sunday morning he invariably shut himself up in his study with his sermons, and we would hear him for an hour or more, reading over in a loud voice, and familiarizing himself with, what he was about to preach. His appearance in the pulpit was so striking that few who have seen it will need any description to recall it vividly to their memory. In the prime of life he was tall and straight, and finely proportioned, and wore a close-fitting dress-coat. In later years he was a little bent by infirmity, and preferred a frock-coat, buttoned up in military style. In cool weather he often wore an immense broadcloth cloak, which had a great velvet collar and reached quite to his heels. It was a garment peculiar to himself, but, as he sometimes said, "Our family love to be odd;" and it certainly invested him with a great dignity. Around his neck was wound in many folds a large white cravat, which, with its stiff standing-collar, allowed his head but little movement. It was not till the very last years of life that he discarded this relic of antiquity, and adopted the bent collar and black cravat—to the regret of many of his people, but to his own unspeakable relief. Held

in this linen vise rose a singularly square-cornered but noble-looking head. His face was dark, and its features large and coarse; thick lips; an aquiline nose; dark, shaggy eyebrows, from under which a pair of keen but good-humored blue eyes flashed through gold spectacles; a square forehead, furrowed deep like the cheeks; and above, a crop of short, iron-gray hair, brushed back from the temples and perfectly erect on the top, except where one last brush had swept over a part of it, as when a wind first touches a wheat-field—hair apparently stiff and bristling, but really fine and soft as silk. He was perfectly aware of his lack of beauty, and used often to joke about it. "As to the daguerreotypes for which you asked, I have not been able to procure any fit to be seen. I have had nine different ones taken, and these that I send are wholly unfit; but I see no prospect of doing better. There are two facts to be remembered; first, that I am very hard to take; and, second, that I am so horribly homely that no one seems willing to own the picture as being accurate." Again: "I had my daguerreotype taken in New York; and it is so *awfully* correct that it frightens me to think of it." It was a favorite joke of his, especially when he met persons who seemed to stand in great awe of him, to ask, with the utmost solemnity of voice and countenance, but with a twinkle of the eye, whether they ever saw so handsome a man in their lives. His face *was* unmistakably homely, but there was an impressive grandeur in it, and when it was lighted up with enthusiasm or humor its homeliness was forgotten. His voice, when he began to speak, was loud and strong, not altogether musical, and yet not harsh, and often tremulous with feeling. Of action he had very little, until he became interested in his sermon, and even then his gestures were few in number, though often repeated. To some he seems to have given an impression that he was "rough," "shaggy," "uncouth," a kind of "bear." There was nothing of this kind in his appearance to those who observed him more critically; he was simply a plain, somewhat original, strong man.

In his prayers, which were seldom long, he seemed to feel and to impart to others a very solemn sense of the greatness of God and the sinfulness of men, and was fond of quoting those Scriptures which speak of the divine attributes, and

express humility, penitence, and trust. As he proceeded, he seemed to remember all the wants of his people; and if there were any peculiar cases of need, or any peculiar circumstances in the occasion, he never failed to refer to them in a perfectly natural but beautiful way. His prayers, like every thing else that he uttered, were clothed with beauty by a chastened imagination which continually sought poetical expression. In reading the hymns, he did not always give the most artistic tones, but he showed a deep feeling of their sentiments; and he always maintained the curious practice of first announcing the hymn, then reading it through, then announcing it again, and finally reading the first two lines of the first verse once more—precisely as the hymn was read in old times, when it was “deaconed,” or “lined out,” for those who had no books. In his sermon lay his chief power.

If it is asked what were the characteristics of that preaching which produced so great effects, and held and interested for thirty years a large and heterogeneous and difficult congregation, it is easy to point out some of them.

1. He employed very plain and simple language, loved the Saxon, abhorred uncommon words, made frequent use of colloquial terms, almost always said *don't*, *can't*, and *sha'n't*, and so made himself *intelligible* to all his hearers.

2. He dealt very little in scientific theology, not at all in metaphysical speculation, but almost wholly in what he called *thought*, which is the natural food of mind, and can be more or less appropriated by *every* mind.

3. He made great use of illustration and comparison. His wide reading, his large experience, his retentive memory, his powerful imagination, all the treasures of his mind, were ransacked for images and illustrations with which to explain and enforce his thoughts; and this, while it made his sermons interesting to all, brought them still more within the comprehension of the simplest. “I find that one simple thought, clearly and richly illustrated, and feelingly enforced, makes the best sermon. Illustration is every thing. It is daylight, it is argument, it is application, it is every thing, if properly managed.” It has been said that logic was his weak point; and this, strictly speaking, is true. He did not naturally think in syllogisms, and he was not trained



to use such weapons. Hence, in severe reasoning he was liable to fail. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that he was incapable of powerfully reasoning and convincing. Argument in his mind naturally took the form of illustration and analogy, and in speaking to common minds he threw it into that form on principle. Where some would have laid down premises and laboriously drawn a conclusion, he would tell a story. Where others would refute an error with a solemn array of arguments, he would show its absurdity by a comparison. Such reasoning is sometimes dangerous, and liable to abuse; but in such hands as his, and with the average mind, it is terribly effective—far more so than pure logic.

4. His preaching was always grave, and almost always solemn. The humor and wit which so enriched his conversation and sparkled in his platform speeches never appeared in the pulpit. What he thus lost in attractiveness as a preacher he undoubtedly more than gained in spiritual power. "I have found, by narrowly watching my preaching, that the two great points are gravity and interest. In attending to the former, I am in danger of becoming heavy and tedious; to the latter, of losing solemnity. It is a proper union of these two qualities that constitutes a good preacher."

5. He seldom inculcated specific duties, or denounced particular sins. His aim was to purify the *fountain* of human action, by producing conviction of sinfulness, and holding up Christ as the necessary and only Saviour. He dealt, for the most part, in great general principles of universal application and interest. He was especially careful to make *Christ*, of whom his views were remarkably exalted, the beginning and centre and end of all his preaching.

6. He had a strong common-sense, and a remarkable knowledge of the human heart and of human experience, which was not merely the result of close observation, but apparently a peculiar gift of nature, for he had it from the first. Hence he was able to speak to the feelings and consciousness of all kinds of men. He never rejected a figure or illustration or thought because it was simple or homely, if there was any thing in it which appealed to human experience. And it was this, in part, that made him equally acceptable

to all classes of minds and all degrees of culture, that he spoke to *human nature*, which in all stations and circumstances, and under all disguises, is essentially the same. Sometimes he made the very simplicity and homeliness of an illustration a source of power. A minister once heard him give out for his text one of those magnificent verses in Revelation, in which the universe is represented as breaking forth into hallelujahs, and wondered to himself what beginning the preacher could find which would at all correspond with the grandeur of his theme. He said afterward that nothing could have been so impressive to him as the sentence with which the preacher, abandoning all attempt to keep up the strain of the text, simply and quietly began, "A good child loves his home."

7. One of his strongest points was his power of pathos. His own nature was one of deep tenderness, a little prone to indulgence in melancholy, and the passions through which runs a vein of sorrow; and this tendency was undoubtedly greatly increased by the loneliness and friendlessness and troubles of his early life. He rather *liked* to feel bad; and he enjoyed making others feel bad; and, being sensitive himself, he knew just where the fountains of tears lay. This gave him deep pathos, which he used at times with great effect. He would write occasionally most harrowing letters; and many of his published articles, especially those which he wrote when a lonely student, can hardly be read without tears. In his *sermons* he made frequent use of this power, and on every occasion when there were touching circumstances to refer to, there was no one who could so skillfully employ them to work upon the sensibilities of his hearers. Now, people generally like to have their sensibilities stirred. There is pleasure, if not piety, in tears; and this pathos gave its possessor great power.

8. Another striking quality of his preaching was its *enthusiasm*. It was this in a great degree which gave him his influence over the young and progressive, and kept the galleries of his church crowded with young men, when he himself was an old man. In his feelings he was never old, but in ardor and hopefulness and sympathy with all that was bright and active and enthusiastic, he was abreast with any of his hearers.

9. But his greatest gift, after all, was his *imagination*. With this he clothed his thoughts in an endless variety of costumes, and arrayed the plainest and most common ideas in robes of beauty. It was this which gave his preaching its freshness and charm even in old age. Many years ago a book was published called "The Women of the Old and New Testaments," each female character being assigned to the descriptive pen of some eminent preacher, and to the graver of some skillful artist. To Doctor Todd was assigned poor Zipporah, and from the few Scripture references to her he contrived to call forth a portrait second to none. In his early ministry he allowed his imagination to run somewhat wild; in his later years he kept it under restraint, and so added to its power. He was once asked why he did not repeat some of his earlier sermons; and his reply was, that he could not conscientiously do it; that in those sermons he had allowed the flowers with their profusion to bury up the truth, instead of merely illustrating and enforcing it.

It was from this power of imagination that he derived a *dramatic* power, uncultured indeed, but sometimes very effective. In the exercise of this faculty his whole voice and action sympathized instinctively with the spirit of the passage which he was delivering, to an extent that kept his audience spell-bound, and showed no mean capability of dramatic culture. This account of his preaching can hardly close better than with extracts from two of his most powerful sermons, in which his imaginative and dramatic faculties are most effectively employed.

The first is the close of a sermon on the text, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes: even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight."

"Suppose you are standing in a broad plain. In the very centre of the plain there rises up a great mountain, lifting itself up to a height that the eye can not reach. All around the foot of that mountain are silver streams of water breaking out, cool, pure, and sparkling, and flowers of every hue and form are sown in the richest profusion. On the sides of that mountain are deep, lofty forests, through which gleam

such flashes of light as come from silver and gold and precious stones. Above these forests there hang clouds that grow thicker and deeper and darker, as you look up toward the summit.

“Now comes toward that mountain a strong, lithe man, full of intelligence, educated, talented, and wise. He is one of the strongest, noblest of the earth-born. ‘What mountain is this?’ the man inquires; and a voice comes from yonder cloud, ‘This is the Mount of God?’

“‘Ah,’ says he, ‘this is just what I want! I have long been wishing to see this mountain, to climb its heights, to explore its mysteries, to find out its wonders. I am strong, and can climb; I am wise, have a strong judgment, sound reasoning powers, and now it will be a pity if I can’t climb this mountain, and find out all about God. I will enter that dark cloud, and discover his very dwelling-place! I will now understand God by searching him out!’

“So the man begins to ascend. He leaves the flowers and the songs of the birds, and enters the thick forest. He comes to the edge of the cloud, and enters that. And now he begins to wander, to trip, and to fall. Sometimes he is lost in the forest, and doesn’t know whether he is going up or down. Sometimes he moves along on the side of the mountain, thinking all the time that he is going up. He becomes entangled and bewildered and bruised by his frequent falls. At length he comes to a great rock with a fissure in it; but he says, ‘I will not creep through that fissure; I will climb up over this rock, like a man.’ He makes the attempt, and an unseen hand pushes him off, and he rolls down, down to the foot of the mountain, where he started; and then comes a voice, ‘Who by searching can find out God? I dwell in the thick darkness. These things are hidden from the wise and prudent.’

“Then comes the little child, with her hands full of flowers that she has gathered, and the sunshine of faith is beaming from her face. She passes by the wise man without seeing him; she is looking up the mountain. And now, planting her little feet on a rock, she looks up toward that thick cloud, and her silvery voice rings out, ‘Dear Father, art thou here?’

“‘I am here, my child; what wilt thou?’

“O great Father, I have troubles, and my thoughts and heart make me afraid.’

“Cast all thy cares upon me, little one; for I care for thee. I will be thy everlasting Father.’

“O Father, I can not see thee. Dear Jesus, art thou here too?”

“Yes, little one, come unto me. Come to my arms, and they shall carry thee; and to my bosom, and that shall shelter thee.’

“But, Saviour, I am a sinful child.’

“Though your sins were scarlet, they shall be white as snow: though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.’

“Oh yes, I believe it. But, dear Jesus, they tell me I must *die* this very year, and then what?”

“I will never leave nor forsake thee! Though thou walk through the valley of the shadow of death, thou shalt fear no evil, for I am with thee: my rod and my staff, *they* shall comfort thee. I will lead thee in the paths of righteousness for my name’s sake. Little lamb, I will lead thee to the still waters, and make thee to lie down in the green pastures. I will restore thy soul. Canst thou trust me?”

“The child gazes upward, and the joy of hope and the power of faith come over her, and *she* has these great mysteries revealed unto her. ‘We thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes: even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight.’”

The second extract is the close of a sermon on the text, “Beloved, it doth not yet appear what we shall be.”

“Suppose in a darkened room there are lying the remains of two men—immortal men—who lived and died under the full light of the Bible. They have both just breathed their last, and both are just about commencing that life and that journey which will never end. The one was a converted, prayerful man, who lived the life of a Christian; the other always *intended* to become a Christian, but lived and died without any interest in Jesus Christ. They are both dead, and have finished their probation on earth. They died at the same moment. As soon as they have left the body, they are met by a conducting angel, and are told to stop a few minutes on the threshold of eternity and look off into the

future. They both pause, and both look onward in the way they are to travel.

“What dost thou see?” says the guardian angel to the Christian.

“I see a land—oh, how beautiful! Mountain and valley, lake and trees—I never saw any thing so fair! I never saw *green* fields before! I never saw *flowers* before! I never saw a *garden* before! and as my eye stretches off, it grows fairer and fairer. I can see farther and farther! Oh, I can see off in the distance, so far that it would take ages and ages to reach there; and, what is wonderful, the farther I look, the taller are the trees, the more brilliant the skies, the fairer the flowers! Wonderful, wonderful glory!”

“But why dost thou start?” says the angel.

“I see—I see a form there—off ages hence; oh, how large, how fair, how beautiful! What an angel that must be! Oh, tell me whose is that form—say, angel, whose?”

“But the angel is gone. He is now standing by the side of the other soul—the unconverted man.

“What seest thou?”

“Oh,” says he, ‘I am looking off over those dreary, barren, parched fields, over those burning mountains, over those rivers like ink, over those dark, dark openings that yawn like caverns in the far distance! Alas! there is not a green spot in all the vision, not a single flower in all the landscape, not a star in all the darkened heavens, not a resting-place for the foot in all the journey! And the farther I look—and I can see farther than I can travel in ages—and the farther I look, the more dreary it becomes, the more awful and gloomy the openings. Oh! oh!’

“Why dost thou start back?” says the angel.

“Oh, I see in the far distance a most horrid creature! What a form! What self-made scars does he bear! What a mouth of blasphemy! What a terrible sinner! What a horrid creature! O angel, can a created being ever become like him?”

“Watch and see,” says the angel.

“Again the angel stands by the side of the Christian.

“Hast thou found out who that being is?” says the angel.

“No, no; but oh, how beautiful his garments! how elas-

tic his step! how sweet his songs! How glorious a being! how tall! how wonderful! Oh that I could see his face!

“There, now, he is about to withdraw the veil; dost thou know him?”

“O angel, it is—it *is* myself! *myself!* Ten thousand ages hence I shall be that being! It is, oh, it *is*—myself!”

“Hast thou learned who that horrid creature is?” says the angel to the sinner.

“No, oh no! I have watched him, and have wanted him to withdraw that veil, and yet have shuddered to have him! I don’t know why.”

“There, now, he is about to withdraw it.”

“Myself! *myself!* MYSELF! O angel, take away the vision! I shall sink under it! Ages, ages hence, I shall be like *him*, nay, shall *be* him, shall I? I’m coming to *that*, am I? I must tread over that dreary region, I must climb over those burning mountains, I must stalk on, and on, and on, growing great, awful, hideous in sin, till I become that monster of guilt! What an eye! what a forehead! what a being! and that’s me! *that’s me!* THAT’S ME!”

“Alas! alas! it doth not yet appear what we shall be!”

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## DOCTOR TODD AS AN AUTHOR.

How he came to Write.—The Poor-house.—Little Johnny.—The Bellows.—The only One who Printed them.—Lectures to Children.—How to put Babies to Sleep.—Simple Sketches.—Student's Manual.—A Relic of Franklin.—An Accident.—"Index Rerum."—"Sabbath School Teacher."—A Public Reception.—"Truth made Simple."—The French Chamber-maid.—Little Mary.—The King's Ring.—Power over Children.—Stories on the Catechism.—The Serpent in the Dove's Nest.—Woman's Rights.—The Sunset Land.—Scraps of Time.—Wrote to do Good.—No Money.—A great Life-work.

THE most important thing that Mr. Todd did in Northampton was, to begin writing books. He seems to have entertained from the first an expectation of being at some time an author; and, indeed, from the middle of his college course, had been in the habit of contributing occasional articles to various magazines; but he had uniformly declined undertaking any thing more important, from a feeling that he was not yet sufficiently prepared to write for the public. The immediate occasion of his taking up the pen of authorship was the condition of his poor deranged mother. At her husband's death, she was taken, with all her children, by his brother, Doctor Jonathan Todd, to his home, and while the children found, one after another, places elsewhere, here she continued, kindly and tenderly treated, till his death in 1820. About this time her son Jonathan married, and, having a home of his own, took her to it. The change, however, or something else, produced an unfavorable effect upon the poor woman's ruined mind, and she became violent. The bride found it unpleasant, and not altogether safe, to live with her, and, finally, after having been knocked flat upon the floor, declared very properly that she could endure it no longer. But there was not one in the family who was able to pay for her separate maintenance; and so, after several changes, the poor helpless woman was thrown upon the town, and became an inmate of the poor-house. From this position her youngest son determined to remove her as soon as



possible; and therefore, the moment that he found himself settled and in receipt of a small but regular income, he took his mother from the care of the town, and found a comfortable home for her in a private family; and from that time forward to the day of her death, a period of seventeen years, he took sole care of her. The other sons, though unable to share the burden, appreciated the act, and were always grateful to him for it.

Restored to a quiet and comfortable home, the poor old woman's mental excitement subsided. Although stern and severe in her manner, so that to the children of the neighborhood "Granny Todd," as they called her, was a person to be regarded with awe, she was no longer dangerous. Always disinclined to conversation, she often had periods of deep melancholy, and would sometimes wander away and sit for hours on the rocks, gazing vacantly off upon the Sound. She remembered little that had happened since her husband's death, and seemed to be continually brooding over, and sometimes muttering about, scenes long gone by. Knitting was her only occupation, and she knit many pairs of socks for her dutiful son; but, even while making them of the right size for a man, she always spoke of him as a small boy, and called him "Little Johnny." Many amusing stories are told of her. One evening the farmer with whom she lived came in with one or two others and sat down to supper, and, as they all happened to have keen appetites, the provisions disappeared rapidly. Mrs. Todd watched them a while, and then caught up the bellows and made for the door, muttering, "Well! I'll try to save *these*—I don't see that there will be any thing *else* left!" There is another story which Doctor Todd used to tell at his own expense with great enjoyment. He was calling on his mother with his brother-in-law, Rev. Mr. Shepard, pastor of the place, and in the course of the conversation told an amusing but somewhat extravagant story. As they were all laughing, Mr. Shepard slyly remarked to the company, "You know the Todds always did tell lies." "Yes," spoke up the old lady, who hitherto had remained a silent and solemn listener, "yes, but none of them but John ever *printed* them."

It was always esteemed by Mr. Todd one of the privileges of his life that he was permitted thus to care for his mother;

and certainly, if ever filial piety was rewarded, it was in this case, not only with the promised length of days, but even pecuniarily, and much more in the results of authorship; for it was to meet the increasing expenses of this mother and of his own growing family that he first took up an author's pen. "Should you live to grow up to be a man, my boy, and live, as I hope you will, to do good long after my head rests in the grave, you will wonder why your father, with all his professional duties, should ever write books. Let me tell you. Far away from our house lives an aged widow. She has no children near her. She has no home. She has no money. She has been deprived of reason ever since I can remember. She does not even know her own children. That aged woman is your father's mother. For the last twelve years I have had the honor to provide for this afflicted woman, and, to do it, I have been obliged to use my pen. For this I have written books, and every cent of the proceeds has thus been devoted. Nothing else would have made me an author, nothing else would ever keep me one."

His first book was one of his best, and has had as wide a circulation as any, and is still very popular. In a revival in his church, the *children* had been unusually interested; and he had preached to them a short series of sermons, which seemed to produce a deep impression. These sermons were delivered extempore, and then written out, each immediately after its delivery; and the book thus produced was published under the title, "Lectures to Children." Several years afterward a second series was added to it. Multitudes have testified to the author that some of their earliest and deepest impressions were received from this book. In an address to the young people of Doctor Todd's congregation, a minister once said that Todd's "Lectures to Children" was the first book that he remembered to have received, and that he read in it at four years of age; and that he was so fond of its stories that he used to prevail upon his mother to read them to him night after night when he was put to bed. Doctor Todd was soon on his feet, and, with a droll look, said, "I suppose that many of my sermons have put *grown* folks to sleep, but this is the first time I ever heard that my books were used in putting *babies* to sleep." The book has passed

through an even greater number of editions in England than in this country. It has also been translated into French, German, Greek, Bulgarian, Tamil, Travancore, and several other languages; has been printed in raised letters for the blind, and is used as a school-book by the liberated slaves at Sierra Leone. It was originally dedicated to his first Gorton friend, William L. Chaplin; "and though it can not be much to him that I place his name with mine on this humble page, yet a friendship which has never known abatement, and to which I owe many of the sweetest recollections of my life, prompts me to do it."

This venture having proved so successful, in the following year a friend gathered up the best of the articles which he had contributed, for the most part while in college, and published them under the name, "Simple Sketches." The articles are evidently the compositions of youth, but they are distinguished by a pathos which from the first awakened great interest. This quality in them is due to the fact that they were written while the author was in very feeble health, and in circumstances of peculiar loneliness and hardship. Several of the articles give, in disguise, incidents in his own personal history; and all of them, as almost every thing that the author ever wrote, have this peculiarity, that they are not only interesting, but *true*.

The same year appeared what was perhaps, on the whole, the most important of all his published works—the "Student's Manual." The first one benefited by it, probably, was the printer (since a missionary), who read it by catching a few lines from each sheet as the next went under the press. But it would be difficult to count how many after him have profited by it. For nearly forty years it has found a place in students' libraries, and to this day enjoys the singular distinction of being the *only* standard authority in the field which it occupies. During his whole life the author was constantly receiving letters of thanks, from men in this and other lands, for the influence exerted upon them by this book. It has passed through a great many editions in England, as well as this country, over one hundred and fifty thousand copies having been sold to young men in London alone. Among the few remains of Sir John Franklin that were found far up in the polar regions, there was a leaf of

the "Student's Manual," the only relic of a book. From the way in which the leaf was turned down, the following portion of a dialogue was prominent: "Are you not afraid to die?" 'No.' 'No? Why does the uncertainty of another state give you no concern?' 'Because God has said to me, "Fear not. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."'" This leaf is preserved in the Museum of Greenwich Hospital, in England, among the relics of Sir John Franklin. When Doctor Todd was in Europe, he found that the "Student's Manual" had passed through over one hundred and fifty editions, and had been published in Welsh, French, and German; "and it would have done you good to see the young men who came around me, and said, 'Sir, I owe most or all of what I am to your pen.'"

"Nova Scotia, October 9th, 1870.

"I am receiving much attention as the author of the 'Student's Manual.' I begin to think that that was the great work of my life. It seems to loom up above all the rest that I have done."

*To Rev. A. C. T——.*

"Pittsfield, December 28th, 1857.

"GOOD BROTHER T——,—You were very kind to write me the word you did. I have received many such letters, and every one that I receive makes me feel humbled and mortified, to think that the only good thing that I seem ever to have done was—an accident! There are chapters in the 'Student's Manual' which I wrote in a day each; and in the whole thing I had neither plan nor expectation. It was as if you should accidentally write a sermon that should live and go the world over. So, I suspect, it has been with most of the works of God's creatures. They knew not at the time what they were doing; and I feel, the more I read biography (the most profitable reading that I ever do), that men are mere puppets in the hand of God, to do when and what he pleases, very much as if they were moved as the showmen move their little men of pith. Alas! how little do we, and with what motives! Truly, with old Father Hallock, we may say, 'Put all my good deeds into one pile, and all my sins into another, and I should try to run away from both.'"

Among the earliest publications of the author was a book called "Index Rerum." It is a blank book, with the pages lettered in a peculiar and ingenious manner, so that every thing written in it is self-indexed. It was designed as a kind of commonplace book, to receive receipts, extracts, anecdotes, or any thing worth preserving. The plan of the book was in the author's mind, and was talked of by him, even while he was a boy in Charlestown. Immense quantities of the book have been sold, though the author reaped no profit from it, as he had sold the copyright outright, at the start, for a trifling sum.

In the first year of his ministry in Philadelphia appeared "Todd's Sabbath School Teacher." From the time when, a mere boy, he helped to organize the Sabbath-school in Doctor Morse's church in Charlestown, he had felt a deep interest in this at that time comparatively new kind of institution. For two years, even while in Northampton, he had felt the need of a work of this kind, but had waited for some one else to prepare it. On going to Philadelphia, he found himself in circumstances peculiarly fitted to lead him into such a work. His church had begun in a Sabbath-school, and was specially devoted to its maintenance. It was called a *model* school, and strangers came even from across the Atlantic to visit it. The pastor was, therefore, naturally led to deliver a series of addresses to his Sunday-school teachers, and these, published in book-form at the request of the school, are what constitute "Todd's Sabbath School Teacher," which is, as an experienced Sunday-school superintendent has remarked, "in some important respects the best book for Sunday-school teachers ever prepared by any body." In the course of the volume he hints at the danger of the Sunday-school's becoming an organization independent of, and even hostile to, the Church, a foreboding which was criticised and omitted in the edition printed by the London Sunday-school Union, as groundless. But the author did not write without thought and experience. The progress of the age has developed more danger in this direction than was once thought possible, and shown that the author understood the system and its tendencies perfectly. It also shows how quickly he saw through men and things, and grasped "the situation;" that in the very first year of his

Philadelphia ministry he here detected, in the midst of splendid success, the fatal germs in his church whose development eventually proved its ruin. To the end of his life the author was a firm friend of Sunday-schools, though he never personally engaged in Sunday-school instruction, as he felt that he *could* not do it and preach too. When he was in London, there was a great public reception given to him by the friends of the system, and he explained to them its working in this country, and answered their questions, and excited great enthusiasm. In the last years of his life, he was in the habit of writing short stories, and reading them to his Sunday-school at their monthly concerts. Many of his best pieces in his later works made their first appearance in this way. The last that he wrote was, "The Last Jewel of the City."

In 1839, he published a small volume called "Truth Made Simple." It is an attempt to bring the first principles of theology down to a child's understanding. It was not, therefore, in its *nature* of so *popular* a character as "Lectures to Children," which are more practical. But there are two things in it which have done immense good—the "Address to Mothers," and "Hafed's Dream." The latter beautiful and often-quoted piece "flashed into his head one day as he walked in the streets of Philadelphia, he could not tell how; but it came like a vision, and he wrote it off in a couple of hours." This little book was dedicated to his little boy, then only five years old. It has been translated into several languages. A small copy of it in French, entitled "Simple et Vrai," lies before the writer, which has interesting associations. When the author was in Paris, he saw a chamber-maid in his hotel reading a little book one day. He asked permission to see what she was reading, and found that it was this copy of one of his own little works, and at once bought it of her as a memento of his journey.

"—, February 7th.

"MY DEAR FRIEND MR. TODD,—I have been reading that dear little book which you wrote for little children so many years ago; I mean Lectures to Children. I love it because my dear father sit in one of the pews and he looked up and saw you in the pulpit and he heard you talk it all

over to the children I guess that it done my Father a good deal of good and I guess that he remembered it for my Mother says he was a christian and joined your church when he was a very young man in Northampton but he is now in heaven God took him there so long ago that I can not remember him but Mother says he loved me dearly and I hope that some day to see him there in the promised land I have got three dear little Brothers there too all with the Saviour, how happy they must be, they all went to heaven before they were as old as I am and I but nine years old. I know you will go to heaven you write such good books what a good man you must be I hope that I shall be so good as to go there too then I can see you there, but I should like to see you in this world but if I can not I wish you would send me the picture of your face. It is a cold day to-day I do not like to have it so cold because I can not go to school but God noes best. I have forgotten to tell you my Father's name it was ——— do you remember him? I know that Mary is a name you love very much because you told me so in one of your books. I hope you will not think I have done wrong to write to such a big man as a minister. I have got no more thoughts in my brain to-day so I will close

“Your affectionate little girl

“MARY.”

“Pittsfield, February 17th, 1863.

“MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND MARY,—Can you *guess* how much pleased I was on receiving your little letter? or how they all smiled and cried ‘Good! good!’ when I read it to the family? I receive many such letters from my young friends; and the very next mail brought me one—a very nice letter it was—from a black boy in Africa, to thank me for my books, which he found even there. And when Sir John Franklin’s remains, and the things that he and his poor men had, were found away up among the icebergs of the North, a single leaf—and that the most religious leaf—of one of my books was found with them. May it not be that some poor fellow read it among the very last things he did before his eyes were closed in death? Among the few things that I look back upon with comfort is the fact that I hope some young hearts have been made better by my pen.

“So your father knew me, and heard me, and sat with me at the table of Christ? That father has left his little Mary something better than a houseful of silver and gold; he has left her his example, the example of loving Christ early in life; and the prayers which he offered for his child—those prayers cover her head every day, and perhaps bring angels to keep her from temptation and sin. And if he should be told in heaven that his little girl had become a Christian, would not his spirit rejoice far more than to hear that she had become a queen?

“Now let me tell you a curious thing. When you were a very little girl—in fact, a mere babe—there came a great king into your house. He saw you and smiled on you. He put a beautiful little ring on your finger, and said, ‘Now, if this little girl Mary shall grow up, and be a good child, and be worthy of it, I will, some day, come again and make her a queen. And I put this ring on her finger as a pledge that I will keep my promise. Let her always wear it, and let her look at it every day, and let her feel what she is to become if she is worthy.’

“The king then left the house, and there is the ring on little Mary’s finger. Can’t you see it? Don’t you understand me? *Baptism* is the ring! Your parents took the ring and put it on you, and now you are a *devoted* thing; and the Bible says, ‘Every devoted thing shall be holy.’ So, dear Mary, you must be holy unto the Lord; for, by your baptism, you are devoted unto the Lord as long as you live.

“You tell me that you have three little brothers who have gone to be with Christ. Oh! I don’t know how many funerals of little children I have attended; they would make a great congregation. And, when I see a beautiful child lying in the coffin, I think how the poor mother watched and prayed over the little one, till at last an unseen hand lifted the latch and opened the door softly, and unseen arms lifted up the child, as *his* arms did when the blessed Redeemer was on earth; and then that same hand sprinkled the dew of love and submission on the mother’s heart, so that she could calmly commit the jewel of her heart to the everlasting Saviour, and say, ‘Thy will be done!’ You seem to think, my dear child, that I must be good, because I write good books. No; no such thing. Writing good books or



any thing else doesn't make us good. But believing on Christ—receiving the kingdom of God as a little child, loving and obeying Jesus—that makes us good.

“Very likely, little Mary, you will never see me in this world. If you should, I don't think you would call me handsome. But if you should not see me here, I pray that we may meet in heaven, where we shall all be handsome—if we may go there—because we shall see Jesus as he is, and shall become like him.

“I inclose my likeness, but it is a very poor one. Have I not written a long letter to a little girl whom I never saw?

“Your affectionate friend, JNO. TODD.”

His success in addressing children was very remarkable; and yet he always shrunk from the task. “If I have any good judgment on the subject, it has led me to attempt to preach to children as seldom as possible. It is, in my estimation, the most difficult of all pulpit preparations and performances. I have heard of men who attempted to preach to children every Sabbath the year round. I may be mistaken, but I don't believe the man is living who can long sustain himself in this attempt. I would, at all hazards, rather undertake to preach to the same number of doctors of divinity, and that is saying the thing very strongly.” His success was owing partly to the simplicity of language which he always used, partly to his imaginativeness, which led him to clothe all his thoughts with imagery, and to explain and enforce them with illustrations, and partly to the childlikeness of his own nature, which led him instinctively to grasp truth as a child would. Doubtless, it was owing very much, also, to his great fondness for children. He had a great tenderness for them, and seldom went into any family without at once making friends with the “little ones,” as he loved to call them. “When one of our daughters was four or five years old,” writes a father, “he spent a night at our house. This child was naturally very timid, and particularly shy of strangers, but your father soon made friends with her, and she seemed completely fascinated with his ways, till, by the very tones of his voice, he would make her laugh or weep at will. He would say something in very grave, serious, mournful accents, till her lips would begin to

quiver, and a tear to glisten in her eye, and she was ready to burst out weeping; and then he would suddenly change his tone and tactics, and in a moment she would be in a perfect frolic. It showed his power over children. No wonder he could *write* so well for them." One of the most touching sights, on the day of his burial, was the gallery crowded with children, who filed slowly past the casket to take one more, now for the first time timid, glance at the face of one of their best friends, who was himself, in spirit, a little child.

The later works of Mr. Todd were chiefly collections of fugitive pieces contributed originally to the religious newspapers, for several of which he wrote frequently. Only two or three of them require special notice.

In 1847, he published "Stories on the Shorter Catechism," a series of stories, mostly founded on fact, designed to explain by illustration the answers in the "Assembly's Shorter Catechism." The work was never more than one quarter finished, owing partly to discouragements about publishing, and partly to the fact that its length seemed tedious in prospect. It is, however, greatly valued by the few who know or wish to know any thing about the catechism.

In 1867, he published two little books, which for a time made quite a stir. The one is called "The Serpents in the Dove's Nest," and is a plain and forcible treatise upon certain prevalent vices. The other is called "Woman's Rights," and is a presentation of his views upon that much-discussed subject. On both subjects he held to the unpopular side, and the two works, published at the same time, brought down upon him a double torrent of abuse, which it took a stout heart to endure with composure. Countless letters from all parts of the land poured in upon him, filled with invective and insult, and many of them with the vilest language. He burned these letters as fast as they came, but he used to remark that there was significance in the fact that, in general, the same people abused him for both works; and that, if it were possible to do it, he could in no way so effectually bring the "woman's movement" into condemnation as by publishing the letters which he received on the subject from women. The first of these works secured for him the hearty sympathy and thanks of the medical profession. One of the most eminent in it wrote: "This noble step of

yours will carry joy and courage to thousands of hearts in the medical profession; and in their name, and in the name of science and humanity, allow me most sincerely to thank you. The influence of this little work will be incalculable. One of our physicians, a splendid fellow, just came in, and I handed him your book, which he has been perusing, occasionally exclaiming, 'My stars!' 'Well, well!' When he got through, he said, 'Well, that is *tremendous!* I didn't think so much moral courage could be found in the clerical profession?' The other work presents views respecting which there is more room for difference of opinion among Christian and conscientious people; but it must be admitted that the author gave his opinions with as great good-nature as decision and courage. The work was, of course, attacked from all sides; and "Gail Hamilton" wrote a whole book in reply to it, which was at once smart and spiteful, witty and bitter. Doctor Todd's careless style of writing gave this opponent advantages which she was quick to see, and not too magnanimous to use; and so, in the eyes of those who do not distinguish between faults of style and weaknesses of thought, the author was completely demolished. It is incorrect, however, to say, as has been said, that he had a "controversy with Gail Hamilton," as he wrote without any thought of her, and never answered her rejoinder. The only reference that he ever made to her attack was, "They have sent me Gail's book—a whole half of it is spent in cursing me! It's rich, they say; I have not read it, nor do I intend to." He never did.

In 1870, he published an account of California as he had seen it in the previous year, under the title "The Sunset Land." Its contents were originally a short series of lectures given to his own people on his return, and were not designed for publication; but they excited so much interest that the author was induced to publish them. The subject was not a new one; a great many letters and articles and volumes had been written upon it; it had been presented in almost every possible aspect; and it was no easy task to write another book upon it that should be at once fresh and valuable. The author succeeded, however, in doing this. The book has been pronounced by well-informed Californians the *best* account of their State that has appeared, and

has been much sought after by English readers. One peculiarity of it, and that which gives it its novelty and chief value, is the *minuteness* of its observation. The author *noticed* a thousand little things which attract small attention from the ordinary traveler, but which, in the aggregate, make the chief difference between one place and another. The following passage has been cited as an example of this:

“Here the winds hurry and scurry and change often many times a day; there they unchangingly blow in one direction for six months, and then the opposite for six months. Here the earth rests in winter; there they have no winter, and her rest is in the summer. Here we have storm and heat and cold; there they have no storms or rain in summer, and only rain in winter. Here our trees shed their leaves; there they wear their varnished covering the year round, while some of them, like the bronzed madrona, shed their *bark* annually, and keep on their bright, green, waxen leaves. Here the woodpecker goes to the old tree, and knocks, and wakes up the worm, and then pecks in and gets him; there the woodpecker bores a thousand holes in the great pine-tree, into each of which he thrusts an acorn, in which the miller deposits her egg, and which the woodpecker calls and takes, after it has become a good-sized worm. The blue jay is arrayed in a strange dress, and chatters in notes equally strange. The lark sings in sweeter notes, but they are all new. Here the owl lives in the hollow tree; there he burrows in the ground with the strange gray ground-squirrel, or in the hole of the rattlesnake, or in that of the prairie-dog. Here the elder is a bush; there I have seen it a tree whose trunk is a foot in diameter. Here the lemon-verbena is a flower-pot plant; there it is a bush nine feet high. Here the mustard-seed yields a small plant; there it is a tree often seventeen feet high. Here we have a few grape-vines in a grapery; there you will find five thousand acres in a single vineyard. Here you will see a single oleander beautifying a single parlor; there you will find a hundred clumps in blossom in a single yard, amidst what looks like a shower of roses. Here we make the Ethiopian calla bloom in the conservatory; there it blossoms in every grave-yard, and at the head of almost every grave. Here we have thick green turf on our soil; there they have no turf, and not a dande-

lion, daughter of the turf, grows in all California. Here the sun paints the grass green; there he turns it brown. Here you see the farmer carefully housing his hay and little patch of wheat; there he cuts no hay, except to supply the cities, and reaps and threshes his wheat in the fields, and throws the bags down to lie all summer, sure that neither rain nor dew will hurt it. Here you have scores of trees out of which you make your tools; there you have no tree out of which you can make a wagon-hub or spoke, a plow, harrow, an axe-helve, or a hoe-handle. Here every thing is small; there the trees and all the vegetable world are so large that you are tempted to doubt your own eyes."

Great as was the work which Doctor Todd accomplished as an author, he always considered and made that work subordinate to what he esteemed the main business of life—preaching the Gospel. He seldom allowed himself to write for the press in the forenoon; this best part of the day, as he considered it, was sacredly devoted to preparation for the pulpit. Before ever beginning to publish at all, he wrote, "I expect to gain as much time for this object as possible, by saving *scraps* of time;" and to this resolution he conscientiously adhered to the last. What he published was written piecemeal in brief leisure moments, or in spare hours or days: much of it was written early in the morning; for, though not habitually a very early riser, yet when he was writing a book he would steal from his hours of rest; and often, long after the family had retired and the house was still, his quill could be heard, working rapidly and ceaselessly, far into the night.

So, too, the themes on which he wrote were, for the most part, in the line of his profession, suggested by his ministerial experience, or at least conducive to the same end as that of his ministry—doing good. And so, too, the mode of treating his subjects, and his style, were designedly selected with the same great end in view. He wrote simply and entertainingly, for the masses, not because he could not write technically, but because he wished to do the most good. Though he wrote for money, as well as the good opinion of others, as all authors do, these were always incidental and subordinate objects. "I am aware that ambition is the besetting sin of my family, and that I have my full share. At

the same time, I would not be great, if to do it I must do harm, or be what is called neutral in my influence."

Of money he made very little by his books, numerous and widely circulated as they were. Sometimes, pressed by poverty, or distrustful of success, he sold the copyright beforehand for a trifle. Sometimes the sale of a book was not pushed with much energy by the publisher. Sometimes the author was defrauded by a dishonest publisher. And so it happened that the profits of the author were small, and, in the long care of his helpless mother and in the education of his great family, soon disappeared.

The results, however, for which he *chiefly* wrote have been immense. His work as an author has probably been *the* great work of his life. Whether or not his writings have those qualities which will make them permanent and standard works, and give them perennial popularity, time will show; but should they perish with the author, that which they have already accomplished is a great life-work; and when the multitudes shall be gathered from every land and tongue whom his mind has taught and his character impressed, his will be a blessed and glorious reward.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## HIS RECREATIONS.

Early Vacations.—The Adirondacks.—Two hundred Lakes.—Nothing but Deer.—Hunters' Slander.—Love of Nature.—Religion in the Forest.—The Sabbath.—Long Lake.—A Church in the Wilderness.—A starved Missionary.—Who Cares for the poor Settlers?—One of his Deacons.—Hobbies.—Fishing-tackle.—Never *did* like Trout.—Shooting-irons.—Bees.—In the Attic.—Lazy Emblems.—The Temple.—A Hivite.—Buried Alive.—The Power of a Sting.—Hens.—Patent Inventions.—A Caricature.—A Peace-offering.—The Game-cock.—Gardening.—Conservatories.—Consider the Lilies.—The Killingworth Parson.—Remarks at the Communion-table.—The Farm.—Shade-trees.—Alderneys.—The Wherry.—The Launch.—The Thunder-storm.—The Workshop.—The Frying-pan.—An Apology.—A Relief.—A Weakness incident to Strength.—A little Child.

FROM the very first of his ministry, Doctor Todd was in the habit of taking occasional vacations, compelled by sickness, if not voluntarily; but he had no special or regular mode of spending them. A tiresome journey, a trip with his family in his own carriage, a short stay on a farm or in the crowd at Saratoga, were his only recreations, from which he returned to his tasks little refreshed. It was not till he had been preaching for fifteen years, and the toils and anxieties of his Philadelphia life had almost broken him down, that, while attending a commencement at Burlington College, he was invited by two of the professors to join them in an excursion into the then unexplored forests of the Adirondacks. From that time he went regularly every summer, for more than twenty years, into these wilds, and spent from four to six weeks in hunting, fishing, resting, and enjoying the beautiful scenery. As it was impossible for him to maintain any communication with the outside world, he heard nothing from his family or parish to worry him, and so could throw off all care: the hard work, plain fare, out-of-door life, and entire change of scene were just what he needed to repair the wastes of life; and the novelty and excitement of forest life were just sufficient to amuse, without exhausting,

him. When the region became better known, and crowds of excursionists began to disturb the solitudes and frighten the game, he forsook his old haunts, and turned to the more distant but more lonely forests of Maine or Canada. But for many years there were but few to interfere with him, and he explored the region till he became perfectly familiar with the ponds and streams and "carries" of all that wonderful system of waters. He used to say that he could go, without a guide, to more than two hundred lakes. His traveling was done mostly in a light boat or birch-bark canoe, with an Indian or woodsman to do the hard work. His luggage consisted merely of a tent, a blanket, a gun, a few "woods-traps," a small "kit" or supply of cooking utensils, a few pieces of pork and ham, and a bag of crackers. In later years, having experienced much privation and suffering in his first tours, he was led to take with him more and more conveniences and luxuries; in consequence of which his jaunts were made with greater comfort, but with less manifest benefit than when the change in all his habits of life was greater.

"Orillia, C. W., Kal. Aug. 21, 1872.

"CONJUX CARISSIMA,—Omni virtute predata, et præter te nemo!

"Omnes, usque ad hoc, salvi: item, imprimis, D. D., COL-  
LIS Reverend., et Adolescens magnus. Sine grammatica,  
sine libris, quomodo scribam? Tam feris hominibus et fe-  
rocibus scribere linguam Anglicam obliviscor.

"Cras in iter pergimus. Naves corticæ quatuor sive  
quinque obtinentur, et filii fulvi quatuor nemorum, et homo  
Anglicus unus, expectantur.

"Sic cras per fluvios, per saxa, et per impedimenta omnia  
ruimus. Feræ, scilicet, vulpes, lupi, ursi, castores, lutræ, et  
omne id genus, expectantur: sed non timemus. Ut leones  
feroces sumus. Pabulum multum, scilicet, poma terræ,  
panem, carnem bovium, salem, etc., in navibus posuimus.  
Pisces magnos et parvulos speramus.

"Literæ multæ a nobis non expectandæ: sed in cordibus  
nostris imis vos, diem noctemque, tenemus, et cogitationes  
multas ad vos mittimus.

"Amorem multum, sincerum, a nobis amicis omnibus da.

"Procul a te, tam intra dies paucos, quam multos!



"Sperans quod bonum, faustum, felix, et mali nihil tibi, sum, nunc et semper,

"Tuus, cum amore, cum honore, cum corde,\*

"JNO. TODD."

The first thing that he did, after fairly getting into the woods, was to lie down and sleep day and night for two or three days. He then roused up and was ready for a hunt. Fishing he never really enjoyed. He seldom threw a line, unless he was hungry; and the common practice of catching great strings of fish which could not be used, for the sake of having something to boast of, was his abhorrence. Nor had he any taste for small game. He seldom carried a shot-gun; and the birds and squirrels were left as undisturbed by him as if none of them had been good to eat. He used to say that the excitement of deer-hunting took away all his relish for the pursuit of smaller game. His hunting was done mostly in the night, with a "jack" in the bow of the boat. He had a keen eye, and, until his sight began to be affected by age, there were few deadlier shots. To kill a deer at sixty rods with an ordinary rifle was no uncommon thing for him. The hunters of the region gave him the reputation of being simply murderous and wasteful, killing for the mere fun of killing, and leaving his victims to taint the river-banks. But it should be borne in mind that the hunters came to have a grudge against him, and openly vowed revenge—first, because he could, and often did, guide himself, and dispense with their services; and, secondly, because he

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\* Dearest wife, endowed with every virtue, and besides thee no one!

All safe, so far: first, the D.D., then Rev. Hill, and the great Youth. Without a grammar, without books, how shall I write? Among such wild and fierce men I forget how to write the English language. To-morrow we go on our journey. Four or five bark canoes are obtained, and four tawny sons of the woods and one Englishman are expected. So to-morrow we rush through rivers, through rocks, and all obstacles. Wild beasts, such as foxes, wolves, bears, beavers, otters, and every thing of that kind, are expected; but we are not afraid. We are fierce as lions. We have put in the boats much food, such as potatoes, bread, beef, salt, etc. We hope for fish, great and small. Not many letters from us are to be looked for; but we hold you, night and day, in our inmost hearts, and send many thoughts toward you. Give all our friends much sincere love from us. In a few days how many days distant from thee! Hoping for thee what is good, propitious, happy, and no evil, I am now and always thine, with love, with honor, with the heart.



CAMP ON JACKSON'S POND.

could kill in spite of them; for it is not generally understood among those who frequent the forests and are disappointed that they do not see and get more game, that it is for the interest of the hunters not to allow their parties to find more game than just sufficient to encourage them: they wish to kill and sell the venison themselves in the winter. As a matter of fact, however, Doctor Todd never left a slaughtered deer in the bush when he could possibly find it; never went out with his gun when there was more venison in camp than could be used; rarely brought home more than four or five skins in a season; often spent the whole time without firing more than two or three shots; and could not be persuaded, however hungry, to fire at a fawn, or a nursing doe. And he has frequently been seen gazing upon the eye of a dying deer with an expression of countenance that showed

that the pleasure of the hunt was mingled with feelings which made it a costly purchase.

A great part of his enjoyment of the woods sprung from his intense love of nature and natural scenery. The most minute objects attracted his attention; he became familiar with the habits of all the creatures of the forest; and the scenes which continually opened before him filled him with delight, enriched the treasures of his imagination, and furnished many gems for his writings. "For myself, I have never found any thing like the forest. The ocean is grand, awful, fills you with wonder, and overwhelms you with fear. God is there, awful, walking on the wings of the wind, and on the crested billows; there he is clothed in terrors. In the solitude of the forest, he walks all around you in silence and majesty, each mighty tree a staff if he need, or a beautiful harp attuned to his praise." This enjoyment of the forest was mingled with deep religious feeling. "In the awful silence, you can almost hear the footsteps of God walking among the trees. You lie down, think of your distant home, think of the unmeasured solitude around you, and close your eyes thinking of God. I have several times been left alone in the wild forest all night, and have never seen any spot so congenial to prayer." Sunday was always strictly observed as a day of rest: neither traveling nor hunting was allowed; and many is the deer that has come down to the water in full sight of the camp, and walked unharmed away (though there was nothing but pork for dinner), because it was "the Sabbath." On one occasion, at the foot of a lofty mountain which he wished to ascend, he lay idle during the whole of a glorious Sabbath, and turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of his guides, and refused to begin the ascent till Monday morning, though the weather was uncertain, the supplies were entirely exhausted, and he was twenty miles from the nearest dwelling.

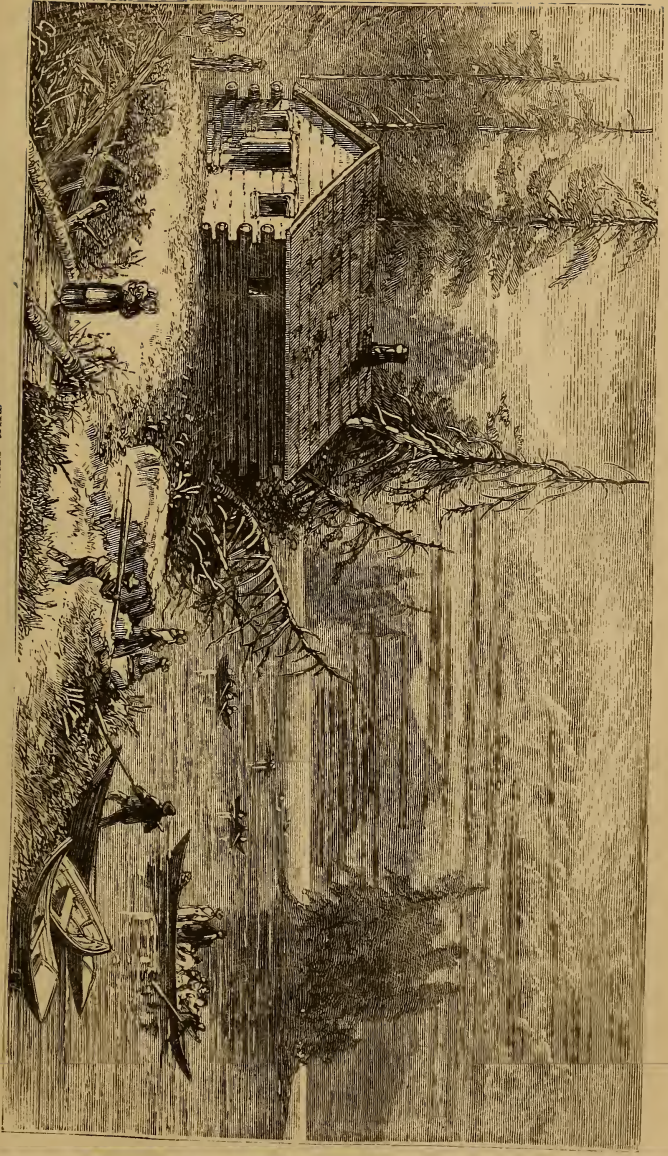
On his first visit to Long Lake, he found a settlement upon it of about sixty souls. They were without a church, or a school, or any of the ordinary blessings of Christian civilization. "Men had gone there to survey lands, to buy and sell, to hunt and fish, but no one to care for the soul. It was Saturday when we arrived, and as soon as it was known that a minister had come, two of the young ladies sprung

into a little boat, and rowed round to let the families know of the event. The ladies there can row and manage a boat as well as they can a horse in other places. In thus calling on their neighbors, they must have rowed twelve or fourteen miles. The Sabbath morning came, and no hounds were sent to chase the deer; no fish were caught; the loons screamed unmolested. It was the first Sabbath that ever broke upon the lake, and I was to preach the first sermon. We met; the little boats coming up, some rowed by a father with all his family in it, some by the sisters, and some by the little brothers; and one huge bark canoe, with an old hunter, who lived alone forty miles farther in the wilderness. We met in a little log-house covered with hemlock-bark. Men, women, children, and dogs were all there. We could not sing, for none had learned the songs of Zion in a strange land. In the afternoon we met four or five miles up the lake, to accommodate one who was feeble. They were all there again. One woodsman now recalled a half-hunting-tune or two, and so we had singing. Oh, what a meeting was that! They hung on the lips. They wept, and remembered the days and privileges they once enjoyed. They came around like children, and promised that, if I would 'come in' and stay with them, they would leave off hunting and fishing on the Sabbath, and become good. And then we passed through the mighty forest, never yet degraded by the axe, down to the little bay, and then we all shot out of that sweet little bay together in our little boats, and then we parted."

The next summer Mr. Todd visited Long Lake again, and found "evident and striking improvement. Some new families had come in, and among them some professed Christians. A temperance society had been formed, and all the little community belonged to it. They had established a Sabbath-school, and around it all were clustering on the Sabbath.

"The Sabbath again broke in silence and beauty. At the appointed hour we were on our way to church, and swiftly along came the little boats, stopping here and there just long enough to drink at the spring which gushed out of the mountain at the edge of the lake, or to pluck the wild water-lily, instead of a rose, for a nosegay. They were all

THE CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS.





there. How still and solemn and appropriate their behavior! How eagerly they listened! How kindly they received the Word, and hung around the door all day, not one going away for food during the intermission. And what an intermission was that! I spent it in conversing with them, and in trying to lay such plans as would be permanent. The Sabbath-school was held in the mean time. In the afternoon there was a bowl of water on the little stand, by the side of a small, new Bible. What could I do? They were here alone. I knew of no church or minister within sixty or eighty miles, and that it would be out of the question to get a council there. So I took upon me the responsibility of going forward. There were eleven ready—five men and six women; and so, at the close of the service, I organized them into a church of God, by the name of *The First Congregational Church on Long Lake*. I baptized eight of their children, including six little boys of one family. It was the most solemn season I ever witnessed. And when, in the name of my own church, and in the name of the beloved churches of New England, I gave them the right hand, I felt safe in assuring them that we should remember and sympathize with this young and feeble sister, who was thus ‘planted in the wilderness.’”

On his return home, he wrote several articles for the newspapers about the little colony, and subsequently gathered them into a small tract. Great public interest was excited. Contributions of money, books, and articles of clothing were offered; a library of considerable value was secured; and a missionary was sent in to the destitute people, and remained with them for several years. With the novelty of the subject, however, the interest of the public in it wore away. Contributions diminished; the colonists themselves did not, in their friend's opinion, do all that they could for themselves, and he wrote them a sharp but affectionate letter; the missionary was starved out, and obliged to retire; and the work came to a pause. It was not, however, wholly lost. Whenever Doctor Todd visited the Lake in after-years, he was warmly welcomed by those in whom he had taken so deep an interest; and to this day, in the condition of the settlement, may clearly be seen the traces of his influence. His work at Long Lake is brought out

into strong relief by the conduct of others. Of the many thousands who have visited that wilderness and have enjoyed its pleasures, who, even of ministers and those who have written letters or books about it, has shown an interest in the education or the moral and religious elevation of the poor settlers along its waters? But not even in the wilderness and in his vacation did Doctor Todd cease to do good, or lay aside the character of one anointed to preach the Gospel unto the poor. There is a story that, some years after the failure of the mission, one of the Long Lakers found his way to Pittsfield and into the reading-room, and was drawn into conversation with the gentlemen there about his home, and what Doctor Todd had done for it. "Oh yes," he said, "the Doctor came up there and did us a great deal of good, sent us a missionary, and organized a church; but—he didn't *quite* understand us; *why, d—n it, I was one of his deacons!*"

But, besides these annual vacations, Doctor Todd had, at different times, a number of other recreations. He was rarely without some hobby, with which he occupied and amused himself in leisure moments, riding it for the time with the greatest enthusiasm and delight, and then suddenly tiring of it, and changing it for another. Most of these hobbies were periodic, and came round in regular cycles; and the zeal with which he took them up one after another, and the mishaps and losses into which they often led him, afforded perpetual amusement to his friends, in which he always good-naturedly joined.

Two of his most constant hobbies were furnished by his summer excursions—fishing-tackle and shooting-irons. All kinds of rods, lines, hooks, flies, bobs, bait-boxes, baskets, and other fishing-traps, found in him an ardent admirer and immediate purchaser. He would walk a dozen blocks in New York City to get a hook of a particular twist, or a line of a special make. And when he had secured them, he would make all sorts of wooden and leather cases to keep them in. He has been known to tug patiently for weeks, in the woods, a heavy case, containing tackle enough to furnish a small store, ingeniously packed and arranged. But he could hardly ever be persuaded to fish unless absolutely starving. And when the trout were caught, and broiled, and set before



him, though his eyes sparkled and his exclamations were rapturous, he always partook sparingly of the fish, and it invariably disagreed with him. In his last sickness, a friend sent him a splendid dish of trout for his gratification, and two of them were brought to him, cooked in the best style. After eating them, heads and all (that was a matter of principle with him), in that desperate way in which we eat when we try to like what we are really anxious to get through with, he turned to his son-in-law, and said, in a low tone, "Charles, to tell the honest truth, I never *did* like trout!"

He had a similar mania for shooting-irons and ammunition of every kind. Every new gun or rifle had to be tried as fast as it appeared, and he always kept three or four on hand. Every one of them had a name, and was a kind of pet—till the next style came out. Not that he ever did much shooting: more than once he has been known to lug two or three guns through the wilderness for weeks without firing a shot. It was the fun of getting the best guns, and adjusting sights to them, and preparing ammunition for them, and contriving all kinds of belts, and boxes, and cases for them, and not the hunting, that he enjoyed.

One of his periodic hobbies was bees. He began with them in Philadelphia. The heart of a great city is not, one would think, the most convenient place for swarms of bees; but he obviated some of the difficulties by putting them in the attic; and, as the slope of the roof made it necessary to set the hives quite in the middle of the room, he devised long, narrow bridges from the hives to the window, and covered them with glass, so that the bees could be seen traveling to and fro, a journey to which they seriously objected. True, it was uncomfortable, whenever any sweet thing was cooking in the kitchen, to have half a swarm of bees come pouring in; and this the neighbors found, for half a block around. But, then, they never knew where their tormentors came from. It was trying, too, to have a new swarm go off and settle on the only tree in the street, an object of interest to a perplexed policeman and a crowd of grinning urchins, but a loss to the owner, who did not care to claim it. This first attempt to raise honey was brought to an untimely end by the singular depravity of the emblems of industry themselves, who, finding that molasses was to be had the

year round at the wharves, and at the wholesale grocers' doors, abandoned the business of manufacture, and joined the street boys always hanging round the precious hogs-heads. But when he moved to Pittsfield, the opportunity for indulging in bee-raising became more inviting; and, but for the trifling circumstance that summer was so short there, that little honey could be made, and the winter so long that a swarm of bees could seldom survive it, the business might have been profitable. However, he went into it with enthusiasm: he bought books on the subject, and saved scraps from newspapers; he corresponded with bee-raisers; he made all sorts of veiled hats, smoking apparatus, and tools, for manipulating the bees and their comb; he constructed all sorts of bee-houses, at one time making with his own hands a perfect miniature model of the Parthenon, large enough to contain two or three hives, which stood for years in his front yard, and proved a perfect bee-mausoleum, as they died as fast as they were put into its dampness. He made hives of all possible and some impossible shapes, trying every new patent, conscientiously purchasing the right to manufacture, and lumbering up his garret with mysterious-looking boxes, each one more worthless than the rest. "I believe that I belong naturally to the *Hivites*. I find that I can make my new hives for \$2 50 each, while I can *buy* them for \$2 each; but, *then*, those I make are so much *better!*" He tried all sorts of experiments. In one of his attacks of bee-fever, he read that the best way to keep bees through the winter was to bury them. Forthwith his forty swarms—for his yard was unusually full at that time of feeble swarms—went into the ground. The hives came out in the spring, but not the bees. It will readily be seen that, although he often had great quantities of honey, the business was not very profitable. The most amusing part of it was, that his bees seemed to entertain a peculiar aversion to him. He could scarcely go near them without getting stung; and a sting produced a peculiarly distressing effect upon him. On being stung, no matter where, he would presently turn deathly pale, lose consciousness, and, on coming to himself, find relief only after terrible nausea, vomiting, and half a day's sickness. Any body could go nearer the hives, and handle the bees with more impunity, than he

could. "Fools rushed in where angels feared to tread." But all this did not in the least damp his enthusiasm.

Another of his periodic hobbies was—*hens*. At intervals of some years he was seized with a passion for building hen-houses and yards, and collecting all sorts of rare varieties of feathered bipeds. Then he bought *books* on the subject, and subscribed for magazines, and corresponded with professional poulterers. Then gigantic Shanghais stalked awkwardly and croaked ominously about, and Polands, and Bantams, and Cochins, and Grays, and a score of other kinds, of names known only to himself and the initiated, made early morning hideous. The hennery was, of course, filled with all sorts of contrivances. The wretched fowls were compelled to walk up curious gangways, and roost on ingenious perches, and eat and drink out of patent machines, till life became a burden to them. Once he made quite a journey to look at a patent thousand-egg-hatcher. Luckily it had just baked a thousand disappointed chickens. Of course, fowls of such choice varieties were too good to be killed, and too bad to lay; so the profit was altogether on paper. On one occasion he brought home a dozen wild-turkey eggs, and from them he succeeded in raising one splendid creature—who was stolen, beheaded, and eaten by a worthless negro, impudent enough to complain afterward that the bird was so heavy to carry. At another time a friend told him that he had just seen in *Putnam's Monthly* a remarkable sketch of a fowl. He supposed that my father had seen the magazine and understood the joke, and was surprised afterward to learn that no sooner was he gone than his victim put on his coat and plodded out in a pouring rain to buy the magazine, and find—one of the broadest of caricatures. The conscience-stricken joker made his peace by sending a present of fowls, which elicited the following acknowledgment:

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—The two Biddies came safely and soundly, and professed to be well pleased with Berkshire reception and hospitality. They could give no information about your health or gloves, your prospects or your peace, your prosperity or your poetry. Indeed, I couldn't find out by them what instructions you had given them, or what

education they had received. By the way they *ate*, I concluded them to be *consumers*; but as they immediately began to *lay*, I suppose you have brought them up to be *producers*. One, I perceive, has her limbs covered down to the feet, and the other, a Bloomer, has hers bare. I shall try to give them opportunity to develop their powers, and to do honor to the teacher at whose feet they have thus far sat. I wish I had some pet to return, but having nothing but a furious tom-cat, who thinks he smells gunpowder whenever he sees one of our sex, I am afraid you would not greatly prize his society, though he has a great deal of character, energy, and go-aheadativeness. I must therefore, *quoad hoc*, return you my earthly thanks for what is so celestial as these Biddies, with the hope that if I don't do you as great a kindness, somebody else will. Most hen-thankfully, yours most truly."

On another occasion he was returning from Albany in his own carriage, with his wife, when they saw at the door of a cabin an uncommonly beautiful rooster. In a very few minutes a bargain was struck, and for a dollar and a half the prize was caught, tied, deposited in the carriage, and borne home in triumph. The next day he was turned loose, and in about half an hour, being a full-blood game-cock, he had killed every rooster on the place, which put an end to the hen-fever for that time.

At intervals he was seized with a passion for flower-gardening. He really was exceedingly fond of flowers; and nothing pleased him more, in the last years of his life, than the flowers with which the ladies of his parish adorned and perfumed his pulpit every Sabbath. One of his earliest purchases was a vast volume entitled "Loudon's Encyclopædia of Gardening;" and this trifling source of information was re-enforced, from time to time, with an army of pamphlets, catalogues from florists in all parts of the land, mysterious packages from the Patent Office, and letters innumerable. His attention was confined, for the most part, to indoor floriculture, his stony garden having few charms for him, and his love for the spade and hoe having been worn out, it may be, in his boyhood. At intervals strange, tiny conservatories would grow out of his study-windows or in the

piazza; and one of the very last purchases that he made was a new patent Wardian case, warranted to keep plants fresh all winter without care. Such an invention was eminently adapted to his style of gardening; for, with his mode of riding his hobbies, it will readily be conjectured that the plants in his care stood but a small chance of receiving regular, patient attention, and were shorter-lived than the Psalmist's "flower of the field." At one time his enthusiasm rose to such a pitch that he wrote and preached a sermon about flowers, which was much admired, but of which in after, cooler moments he entertained many grave doubts. He seldom allowed one of his hobbies to get into the pulpit. But he always loved flowers, and, could he have been present at his own burial, nothing would have pleased him more than the masses of flowers with which loving hands clothed his pulpit and his grave. He was the last man in the world to whom to apply Longfellow's description of the austere Killingworth parson,

"E'en now, while walking down the lane,  
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane."

At the communion-table in his church, November 5th, 1872, he spoke as follows:

"Before taking my place at this table, I desire to say that the unknown hands that have procured and so gracefully arranged these flowers, the beautiful creations of God, were guided, I doubt not, by the same love to Christ that broke the alabaster-box over his head in the day of his humiliation. And as he was pleased, not with the odor of the ointment so much as with the piety that brought the gift, so, I trust, he will receive, as done for him, these beautiful things that adorn his house and his table to-day. And I take this opportunity to return my thanks to the fair ones, whom I love scarcely less than daughters, for the honors which they this day and through the past season have so kindly, and with a taste so cultivated, bestowed upon our dear Lord. May 'the beauty of the Lord,' 'the beauty of holiness,' like the indescribable beauty which radiates from these vases, rest upon their souls, and fit them to walk in 'the garden of the Lord' forever!"

For many years he owned a small farm, about a mile from

the town, which was annually a source of immense revenue, according to his figures. Here every new-fangled agricultural implement was in requisition. Plows, cultivators, sowers, rollers, and every thing else then invented, crowded the sheds, and were borrowed and broken by the neighbors *ad libitum*. Various agricultural books and magazines and papers were deeply studied; and the rotation of crops and the mysteries of fertilization were scientifically and learnedly discussed. All known and unknown fertilizers arrived from all quarters in carts and barrels; and there were, certainly, very few experiments in farming suggested which were not here faithfully tested. At one time he had an idea of making the farm a *fruit*-place; and orders were sent in every direction for all kinds of vines and trees, cions and cuttings; among the rest, for a wonderful strawberry-plant somewhere in Georgia, which was to bear mammoth berries every month, as the tree of life its leaves, and which never bore a single one. With the help of his children, he set out and grafted some hundreds of apple and pear trees, most of which continue to this present, and are excellent—shade-trees. It must be admitted that this farm afforded a great profusion of many articles of food, and so was of great assistance to him just at the time when he had a great and hungry family dependent upon him; still, in itself, as a model of profitable scientific farming, it was perhaps a failure.

At another time he was devoted to Alderney cattle. One of the pure breed was, after much correspondence with various parties, brought in the cars from a great distance, and for a time was the wonder of the neighborhood; and, in spite of several misfortunes, he succeeded in raising a very pretty little herd, of which he thought almost as much as if they had been human beings.

It happened that at about this time the papers had a good deal to say about the voyages of Rev. Mr. C—— on various rivers in a *wherry*. At once a correspondence was opened with Mr. C——, who had been till that time an entire stranger. He was plied with a whole catechism of questions about the structure, use, and cost of a wherry. Not long afterward, at a dinner-party, Mr. C—— happened to mention the singular enthusiasm of his correspondent on the subject in the presence of a wealthy parishioner and intimate friend

of Doctor Todd's, and was at once commissioned to purchase the best wherry that he could select for the pastor. Great was the wonderment of the town, and great the pastor's delight, when Mr. C—— arrived with the strange-looking craft. Mr. C—— says: "Many were the whispered inquiries as to whether the boat was really the property of the Doctor, and whether he was really going to get into it. I assured the questioners that this was a gift to the good pastor from one of his parishioners, and that before dinner-time he purposed to take his first lesson in the new style of navigation under my personal tuition. A wagon was procured, and arrangements made to convey the Doctor, his boat, and his tutor to the nearest pond. It was, meanwhile, only too evident that a goodly fraction of the gazing crowd were making their arrangements to accompany us on foot and see the sport. A natural instinct suggested to the Doctor that the first lesson might involve some embarrassing circumstances; and I will never forget how that crowd looked when the good pastor, whose word was authoritative in Pittsfield, looked over his spectacles, and said, 'I do not wish any of you to go to the pond with me.' The result was, that the Doctor and I and the horse went alone. Arrived at the lake margin, the little craft was speedily launched, and I first rowed her out a piece, to show my pupil how the thing was done. Then, disembarking, I carefully put him into his seat, holding the little wiggling thing steady, and arranging the oars. All ready, and a boat-load of cautions having been put aboard with my precious freight, I pushed him out from the shore, within reach, to try his first venture. He was directed to hold the oars perfectly stiff, and sit perfectly still to begin with, neither of which he did. The boat began to wiggle, and the Doctor went through some remarkable feats of gymnastics to adapt himself to its capricious moods. At length he let one oar drop, and the handle flying up in the air knocked off his gold spectacles and toppled over his brown hat, and made him appear in a most undignified attitude generally. Narrowly he escaped immersion, but I caught the tip of the erratic oar, and pulled my pupil ashore. In vain I tried to persuade him to renew the experiment on that occasion; though he held out hopes that he might do so at some future time. Placing the naughty little boat in

the wagon again, we mounted and drove to the parsonage, where it was carefully hung up under the piazza, the curiosity and the admiration of the whole village." The experiment *was* renewed on a subsequent occasion. One summer afternoon he ordered his man to bring up the wagon and take him and the little boat down to a retired spot on the river, and leave him there. An hour or two later there came up a heavy shower, and in the midst of the pouring rain Doctor Todd appeared, drenched to the skin. He was immediately taken in hand and carefully tended; and, after the shower was over, the wagon was sent for the boat; and no one would ever have attributed the wetting to any thing but the shower, had not an old farmer, wandering along the riparian boundary of his lands, arrived at the spot just in time to see him crawl up from the bottom of the river. But no such misadventure with one of his hobbies ever checked his enthusiasm about another, or, indeed, more than temporarily cooled his ardor about the very one that threw him. And, though he kept his failures to himself as much as possible, yet when found out he would join in the laugh at himself with the most amiable and hearty good-nature.

The hobby that was taken up earliest, and, on the whole, ridden most steadily, was his workshop. He had hardly established a home of his own when the tinkering that house-keeping calls for led him to procure a few carpenter's tools, and from time to time he added to the assortment as occasion arose. Before long he obtained a rude lathe, mostly of his own construction; and soon he had a large shop, containing a work-bench, blacksmith's forge and anvil, and a turner's lathe, with a respectable lot of tools for working in wood and metal. A few years before he died, he accidentally came into possession of a remarkably fine lathe and set of tools accompanying it, and from that time he began to accumulate the furniture of a first-rate turner's shop. A room in the house adjoining his study was appropriated to it, where he could guard his implements from the meddling of others, especially servants, and could have his recreation near his desk, so that he could turn to it at any moment. His friends took pleasure in encouraging his fancy with many gifts of tools and money for special designated purposes; until at last he had a valuable and quite famous





DR. TODD'S WORKSHOP.

workshop. Several descriptions of it have been published. Three or four lathes, a buzz-saw, scroll and jig saws, a fine bench with an anvil, and a perfect little steam-engine of about half-horse power, constituted the main furniture; while all around, the four walls were covered with cases containing several hundred tools, many of them of the finest and most complicated structure and costliest character. There were whole cases of bottles containing oils, varnishes, gums, and paints. There were rows upon rows of boxes of nails, brads, and screws of every possible size and shape. There were drawers upon drawers of rare woods and blocks of ivory, imported from Africa especially for him, in the rough and in various stages of manufacture. Some of the tools were so complicated that it seemed impossible for any one to learn how to use them; but it was his boast that he

knew the use of every instrument, and knew the place of each so well that he could lay his hand on it in the dark. That he made no great use of all these tools will readily be understood. He did, indeed, *learn* the use of them, and acquire a creditable skill in the management of them; and he made a number of very prettily worked articles. Scarce one of the family but has some specimen of his handiwork, in the shape of an ivory box, a match-safe, a shawl-pin, or something of the kind. But he was too busy a man with his pen to spend much time in mechanical operations; and, after all, it was the collecting and arranging of his implements which he enjoyed, rather than the use of them in hard labor, for which, in fact, his infirmities unfitted him. He took the greatest care of his tools, keeping every one of them well-oiled and in its place, wiping off all particles of dust or rust from their shining surfaces as softly as tears from the faces of children. They were too precious to be put to ignoble uses. He did, indeed, condescend to do most of the little tinkering that is called for in a household, though he did not like it as well as turning ivory boxes; but when, one day, a frying-pan with a hole in it was brought to him for repair, it was too much for him. Whether it was the indignity offered to his tools, as he pretended, or the job was really too difficult for him, is not certain; but ever afterward he could not bear the mention of a frying-pan. In his own description of his workshop, he says: "I can repair a lock, cover and recover a trunk, fix a disordered clock, mend tin, and almost any thing except put a bottom in a frying-pan, which I have been asked to do."

"My workshop, *next* to my study, is my glory, and I am improving it every little while. And the *lathe!* O thou Mrs. W——, how *could* you apply the epithet 'hobby' to this noble, sublime, curious, unappreciated instrument? O thou shade of Bergeron! if thou ever walkest the earth to rebuke evil-doers or correct mistakes, do thou appear to good Mrs. W——, and show her the enormity of her words. 'Hobby!' Why, it deserves to be said or sung in song, sounded on the harp, lifted up with the trumpet, and droned through the bagpipe—that is, the *lathe*, and not the word 'hobby.' Well, blessed be thou, and blessed be my wife, for allowing and encouraging us to ride our hobbies!"

It may seem to some that such hobbies as have been described in this chapter betray a weakness of character, and are unworthy of an earnest, intellectual, and Christian man. In the following letter, written but a short time before his death, he seems to be conscious of being exposed to criticism in this respect, and suggests a touching apology for himself:

“Pittsfield, March 25th, 1873.

“MY DEAR SIR,—Will you permit me to suppose you are willing to do an errand for me? If I am taking too great a liberty (and I dare not say I am not), I must earnestly ask your pardon. You know that, just before they put children to bed, they give them dolls and toys to play with and amuse them. Is it not so that old men, who see themselves turning into shadows, need some toy to amuse them, and make them feel that still they can do something—toys just before they go to sleep? Thy servant is such a shadow, and I am trying to behave just as well as I can. . . . My best respects and admiration to your good wife and children, and be assured, my dear good Frank, I love you very much.”

Possibly this explanation accounts, in part, for the increased devotion to his “toys” in his last year of retirement and leisure; but it is evident that the same tendency accompanied him all his life, and was a part of his character.

It must be allowed that there was at least one advantage resulting from it. It enabled him to do and endure vastly more than would have been possible without it. Never could he have borne the burdens and accomplished the work that he did, if he had not had one of these hobbies at hand to which to turn his whole attention, thus unbending his mind, and relieving its strain, and changing, for the moment, all its moods and processes. He would rise from his study-table jaded and exhausted, and go into his workshop, or bee-yard, or to his collection of guns or fish-lines, and in three minutes forget that there was a sermon or book in the world, or any thing but the business in hand; and in half an hour would return to his work with fresh strength like a giant. His “toys” also kept his disposition sweet and healthy and hearty, by furnishing amusement for a spirit worn with the cares and annoyances, and the drain upon his sympathies, incident to his profession. He has often been

known to receive some insulting or vexatious letter, and be troubled by it for a little while, or return from distressing scenes of sickness and sorrow, weary and dispirited, and go to his shooting-traps or his tool-cases, and, in fixing something, forget in five minutes his vexations or his worries, and be whistling as light-hearted as a boy.

It must be remembered, too, that this tendency to hobbies was indivisible from certain qualities which could not have been spared. If it was a weakness, it was the weakness inevitably incident to his peculiar form of strength. The enthusiasm and earnestness and eagerness of interest and purpose with which he entered into every thing, and which gave him much of his power, necessarily led him into the hot pursuit of trifles, too. Had he been less eager in these, he would have been a less earnest man in every thing.

But the tendency here portrayed is not to be regarded as a weakness, but rather as another and striking exhibition of his exceeding and beautiful childlikeness of character. Unlike St. Paul, he never altogether ceased to be a child, or put away childish things. In his love of new toys, as in his interest in young people, and every thing new and fresh—in his hearty enjoyment and mirth—in his unsuspecting simplicity—in his humility, his meekness, his docility, his affectionateness, his tenderness—he was, to the last, a little child; and as I walk among his silent lathes, and glance at his rows of polished tools, and remember with what delight each new acquisition was received, and with what fondness each new toy was handled, I can not but think that “of such is the kingdom of God.”

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## DR. TODD AT HOME.

Wide Sympathies.—The Ballot-box.—Patriotism.—A Bishop.—*Esprit de Corps*.—The Doctors.—A high Mountain.—A good Citizen.—Schools.—Improvements.—Sprinkling.—The Poor.—A converted Jew.—Systematic Benevolence.—Achievements.—Preacher *vs.* Pastor.—Disappointed Deacons.—A Critic silenced.—A good Companion.—Spiritualism.—A wide Circulation.—The Peddler.—Methodist Prayers.—The Under-tone.—Questions.—“Very Satisfaction.”—“Slightly, Sir.”—Hospitalities.—Jokes.—The Bed made.—Visitors.—Overestimated Friends.—Children’s Sports.—Thanksgiving Presents.—Discipline.—A Pea-brush.—The family Post-office.—The family Tryst.—Education.—Love Affairs.—Religion in the Family.—“Prayers.”—Saturday Night.—The Sabbath.—Hymns and Questions.—The right Line of Thought.—Religious Conversation.—Advice.—A wonderful Woman.—Acknowledgments.—A Love-letter.—Home loved.

THE sympathies and labors of Doctor Todd were very widely extended. He was a great traveler, and wherever he went he became deeply interested in the people and places and things that he saw. He took, and read, many newspapers and periodicals, and kept himself informed of all the great movements of the day. He maintained an active interest in all the great institutions of education, charity, and religion, not only in his own country, but elsewhere; and many were the contributions that he persuaded his congregation to send to aid some good work very far away. He was in constant demand, all over the country, to forward by his pen or voice some benevolent enterprise. He wrote a great deal for the press, and aimed to make an impression upon the general public. He was ready to promote any great reform, unless it seemed to him to trespass upon ground taken by the Bible. He was strongly patriotic; and, though some peculiar notions always kept him away from the ballot-box, and though he deprecated much of the spirit, and many of the measures, which contributed to produce the civil war, and though, in addition to his constitutional aversion to strife, he had deep sympathy for the Southern people, growing out of kindnesses received among them in early life,

yet no man, after hostilities had commenced, bore a greater burden of anxiety upon his heart, or preached or prayed more earnestly for the success of the national arms; and many were the companies of soldiers who went away from his church animated by his patriotic appeals, and by his hopeful predictions for his country; and many were the sufferers who were relieved through his labors at the head of the Christian Commission work in the county. His private correspondence, also, was immense, and brought him into connection with many in all lands.

But, after all, he was emphatically a *home* man; and he was *most* deeply interested in, and devoted to, the people and things immediately about him. No one knew him thoroughly who did not know him in Berkshire County, in Pittsfield, in the First Church, and in his own family.

The county of Berkshire was to him the most beautiful region in the world. He would often point out its natural charms to strangers, and speak of them in his family letters, with the enthusiasm of a mind highly sensitive to the beautiful and the poetic. In all this region he was recognized as a kind of bishop, partly, in later years, on account of his age and experience; partly because of his being pastor of the leading church in the county; but most of all, on account of his strong common sense and practical wisdom, and his unconscious tendency to push to the front and take the lead, from sheer weight and energy of character. There was scarcely a convention or anniversary, a dedication or an installation, or a meeting or gathering of any kind, secular or religious, which did not demand his presence. Every church which had no minister, or which had one minister too many, or which was in a quarrel, or any other difficulty; every minister in search of a place, or in trouble of any kind, resorted to him. He was apt to be chosen moderator in councils; and if there was any task of peculiar delicacy and difficulty to be performed, the honor was pretty sure to be assigned to him. Nor was his influence purely ecclesiastical. People came to him for counsel and help from all quarters, and poured the stories of their troubles into his ears till he sometimes groaned for deliverance.

With reference to the ministry he felt an unusual *esprit de corps*. He always felt that his profession was higher than

all others, not only in its aim and mission, but in the average ability and character of its members. He was careful to maintain cordial, social relations with all the neighboring ministers, and always manifested great interest in the younger brethren, and in the new-comers, especially if they showed themselves thoroughly trained in theology. He was always punctual in his attendance upon the meetings of the "association" to which he belonged, and faithful in the performance of the "parts" assigned him; and he enjoyed all that was said and done even by those who were very inferior to him; and when, on account of its size, the association was divided, he greatly mourned the loss of the privilege of meeting regularly those who were withdrawn. The eminence of his position, and his own superiority, naturally exposed him to envy and jealousy on the part of some of his smaller and weaker brethren, who felt that he was "aristocratic," did not love to exchange with them, etc.; but, though he was aware of this, he never *seemed* to know it, and it did not in the least affect the kindness of his feelings toward them.

He was also on excellent terms with the other professions. His relations with physicians were especially pleasant. Not only did he, like other ministers, meet them continually in his parochial labors, but, by the immense amount of sickness in his family, he was brought into more immediate personal relations with them. The kindness which he received from them was unmeasured, and it was repaid, in part, by great confidence in them, and an intelligent sympathy with them in their peculiar trials. Perhaps his interest in them arose partly from the fact that his own father and uncle, and many others of his name, had belonged to the profession. For many years he was a trustee of the Berkshire Medical Institution (which was at one time a large school), and as such took a lively interest in its prosperity and in its students. There are not a few physicians, in all parts of the country, who remember partaking of his hospitalities when students in Pittsfield. For some years of the latter part of his life he was an honorary member of the Berkshire Medical Society, and attended their annual meetings; and they attended his funeral in a body. One of his last acts was to make a speech at the annual dinner of the Massachusetts Medical Society;

and he was received with a cordiality which ought to exist oftener between those who heal the body and those who restore the soul.

The most beautiful place in the county, to him, was Pittsfield. He took a great pride in the place, and delighted to praise it. When he went to Europe, he took a picture of it with him; and he never went away without experiencing a feeling of homesickness. Many an attractive call was declined, simply because his life was so deeply rooted in this place and people. President Hopkins has said: "In losing Doctor Todd, Pittsfield has lost a man"—he might justly have said, *the* man—"who gave it distinction. He was known not only throughout New England and the whole country, but over the world. Every considerable place has its local great men, and when you are among them it may be hard to tell the difference. It is with them as with mountains when you are among them. Your position may make the lower seem the higher. In my home a mountain comes between and shuts off Greylock; but when I go to a distance the lower mountains sink, and Greylock lifts itself, till at length that alone is seen in the far horizon. Doctor Todd was one who thus lifted himself in the distance." The illustration is most apt. He has made the name of that place distinguished and familiar in distant regions and other lands, where, but for him, it would be as little known as it was before he was born. It was his ambition to be a good citizen as well as a good minister, and he was constantly planning and laboring for the improvement of the town in every possible way. As chairman of the school committee, he urged and secured the rebuilding of "all the school-houses in town, one each year, when they were shamefully poor," and also the establishment of a grammar-school, till then neglected. There were also, at different times, several private schools in the place, to all of which he gave countenance and assistance. In one of them he gave Biblical lectures weekly for twenty years, so paying in part for the education of his daughters. In a second school he sometimes gave a parallel course. He was one of the first to urge the introduction of gas and water into the town, even pleading for it from the pulpit on Thanksgiving-days; and his house was one of the very earliest to receive the pipes. He ef-



fecting not a little improvement in the *agriculture* of the town by the new methods and new implements which he introduced in the management of his little farm. It is said that there was not a "compost-heap" in town, till he began to show how peat-bogs and other material could be utilized. He was all his life a very zealous member of the independent portion of the fire department; and before the invention of the modern contrivances for extinguishing fire, such a person had ample opportunity to exercise his gifts. Often he was seen in the very front of the battle. On one occasion he was at work with an axe on the roof of a neighbor's house, when the stream from the hose of one of the engines was accidentally turned upon him. When he came down, completely drenched, a good Baptist friend stepped up to him and congratulated him upon having at last been through the water. "Yes," was the reply, "but you see I believe in *sprinkling* still." There was scarcely a good institution or a public improvement in the town, during his residence in it, to which he did not give encouragement and aid, either openly, or through others who were allowed to appear more prominently. It was his voice which consecrated the beautiful cemetery, and was heard at the laying of the corner-stone, or the opening of the Medical College, the Library, the Court-house, and many another public building and church. One of his last acts was to give to the Athenæum a noble collection of large photographs of views in California. And one of his last projects, a village hospital, has been taken up, since his death, by the ladies of the town, and is in a fair way to be realized. For the poor and the suffering he always had great sympathy and readiness to help. It was very hard for him to refuse to give; he never *did*, when he had any thing and the object seemed worthy; nor was it easy for him to do it, whatever the object; a fact which impostors were not slow to find out. Often has he been seen creeping softly from his study down to the front door with money in his hand, fearful, apparently, of meeting some one who would remonstrate with him. "A gallows-looking converted Jew has interrupted me, and got a quarter out of me. I'm ashamed, but it's very cold, and what can I do?" "And you gave him some money?" asked one of the children on this outrageous occasion. He laughed, and shrugged his

shoulders, and said that he wouldn't harden his heart by refusing. For many of the later years of his life, he made it an inflexible rule to give away one-tenth of his income; but this did not nearly cover his charities.

The First Church was, of course, the chief object of his thoughts and labors. He found the people worshipping "in an old plain church, so leaky that we often had to gather up the carpets in service-time. The church was not more than two-thirds filled. The parish never had a lecture-room, but held their extra-meetings in the upper part of an old church. They owed for seven years' rent of this, for the fuel and light for two years, a long arrearage for the bread used at the communion-table, and a note in the bank for the former pastor's salary." He left them worshipping in an elegant great stone church, completely furnished, with a steam-heating apparatus, and a costly organ; every pew taken at a high premium, and the long side-galleries filled every Sabbath with young men and women; with a chapel, also of stone, as large and as expensive as many a church; with a large and flourishing Sunday-school, having branches in several manufacturing districts; a prayer-meeting enthusiastically attended; three or four ladies' societies, great in numbers and in usefulness; the parish being free from debt except for the recently built chapel, and owning a valuable parsonage, and the congregation contributing ten thousand dollars annually for benevolent purposes beyond their own expenses. And all this had been accomplished with such skill, and with such concealment of his own hand, that the people never dreamed that he had much to do with it, but thought that they were doing it all themselves.

For the accomplishment of this he relied, first of all, upon his *preaching*. He considered this the most important of a minister's duties, and he well knew that this was his own strong point: he felt that when he had filled up the congregation and the treasury, and made the people feel good-natured, he could easily persuade them to do any thing that he wanted. As a pastor he was naturally deficient. He did not love to "make calls," and had little interest in the small talk, complaints, and idle words which people love to pour into a pastor's ears. He always recognized and lamented his deficiencies in this respect, and endeavored to atone for

them in other ways. In one class of pastoral services only was he superior. His sympathetic and tender nature made him an invaluable friend in time of sickness and trouble. He was the one to whom it always fell to perform the delicate and painful task of communicating evil tidings for those who did not dare to do it themselves; and he was sent for from all quarters to visit the sick, bury the dead, and comfort the mourning—calls which he never hesitated to answer, though he shrunk from every one of them beforehand, and was almost sick afterward.

In carrying out his plans he exercised great shrewdness, leading his people to the point where he wished to bring them by gradual approaches; putting others forward to move, as it seemed even to themselves, spontaneously; ruling—a perfect autocrat—and yet never allowing the weight of his authority to be felt. He asked very little counsel, listened deferentially to advice, and—did as he thought best. Seldom were any attempts made to coerce him. A few of his deacons once waited upon him to make a very strong representation in favor of the employment of an evangelist. They came away silent, and the evangelist—was not invited. One of his strongest points was, his ability to control his temper, and remain silent under provocation, and not exhibit the least feeling. Only a few years after his settlement in Pittsfield, one of the members of his church rose in prayer-meeting and began to criticise the pastor very freely, blaming him severely, especially for his faults as a pastor. When he sat down, the room was as still as the grave. The pastor rose, and every one waited breathlessly for a stinging rejoinder. But he merely asked, in a mild tone, but with a peculiar twinkle in his eye, “Has any other brother any remarks to offer?” and then, as the silence continued, gave out a cheerful hymn, to close the meeting. The wretched brother immediately and forever collapsed. “I don’t like a quarrel, can’t endure it; and, when mad, I always clinch my teeth and draw my lips over them, and silently invoke the power of silence.” He understood the use of this perfectly, and often confounded an opponent by declining to give him an opportunity for battle. In this he was aided by a natural slowness to *perceive* offense. He has been heard to complain that he never found out that he was insulted till it was too

late to do any thing about it. And there was something in this. Too magnanimous to have any small spites himself, he could not at once understand them; and an ill-natured remark simply surprised him. With reference to remarks made about himself, he often used to say that he did not care *what* people said about him, *provided it were not true*.

He was a remarkably social man, loved a large company, and delighted to talk with any one whom he met; and in society his ready wit, and cheerful humor, and love of anecdotes, of which he had an exhaustless store, made him a great favorite, and gave him immense power. When in the right humor, he was the life of any company; but when he found himself with a few kindred spirits, of similar culture and taste and humor, then there was a perfect storm of stories, and hits, and repartees, and outbursts of droll remark, which kept the company in a roar; and in which, whoever came off second-best, it was not Doctor Todd.

He was remarkably happy in his after-dinner speeches, and his friends were often amazed by the outflow of thought and wit in one of his impromptu addresses. He used to say that he always said his best things when he was called upon to serve as Jack-at-a-pinch. It was very difficult to get the advantage of him. One day a man came to him with a long account of wonders of spiritualism, which he had witnessed. Doctor Todd, who had a supreme contempt for spiritualism, listened patiently to the end, and then said, "Now, you wouldn't have *believed* these things if you hadn't *seen* them, *would* you?" "No," was the emphatic reply, "I would *not*." "Well, then," rejoined the Doctor, quietly, "I sha'n't till *I* see them."

His humor was so spontaneous that it overflowed on the slightest occasion. Some years ago, there was a small weekly newspaper published in Pittsfield called the *Berkshire County Whig*, and in *the very next building* to the printing-office was a tailor's shop. Going into the tailor's shop one morning, and seeing a paper on the counter, he took it up, and, on seeing that it was a copy of the *Whig*, remarked to the tailor, with the utmost gravity, "Why, I wasn't aware that this paper had *so wide a circulation!*"

His sense of the ridiculous was very keen, and he was quick to avail himself of an opportunity for an innocent

joke. In one of his journeys he wished to pass through the White Mountain Notch. The regular stage having gone, he hired a seat on a peddler's wagon which was going that way, and rode several miles, conversing with the peddler on the arts of his trade. Suddenly they met, at a watering-trough, one of the mountain-stages loaded down, within and without, with fashionable and dignified travelers. Not in the least disconcerted or embarrassed by the situation, he rose, and began to offer the peddler's wares for sale with such fluent wit that the whole stage-load was soon in a roar, the peddler meantime sitting by and grinning to see himself outdone.

He would sometimes make a droll remark on a most solemn occasion—not from any intention to excite mirth, but from an involuntary ebullition of humor. One time, while conducting a union prayer-meeting, with the help of other pastors, he leaned over and whispered to the Methodist minister, "Call on your Methodist brethren to pray; for it takes my men forever to get hold; and, when they get hold, it seems as though they would never let go." During his last sickness he was continually indulging in dry wit and telling laughable stories; and even at nine o'clock on the very night that he died, when he could speak but two or three words at a time, and those indistinctly, he told an anecdote at which it was impossible not to smile, and chuckled at it.

There is one respect in which this book will seem to give, and to some extent *will* give, an incorrect representation of the man. There can be no question that the prevailing tone of his mind and secret inner life was one of melancholy and pathos. His letters, especially the more striking and beautiful of them, and such as would naturally be selected for publication, were apt to be written under the influence of moods, and to reflect the tint of his state of mind as it was in its depths and when in solitude. The humor and fun which overflowed in his conversations, could they be remembered and fixed on paper, would relieve the impression made by his letters, and make this picture of him seem more like him, as he comes back to the memory. It should be borne in mind, however, that the sparkling conversations, having no record but in human memories, were necessarily soon lost; while the written thoughts and feelings remain per-

petual monuments; even as the joyous dashing of the waves is lost a few yards from the shore, while the deep moan of the sorrow of the sea is heard far inland. It is to be considered, too, that the ebullitions of humor were occasional, transient, and superficial, while the sadder feelings were the more abiding and the more profound; in short, that the real character of the man, as of the sea, appears not so much in the laughing voices of the surface as in the under-tone of the deep.

Wherever he went, he contrived to make acquaintance and get into conversation with some one; and in these conversations with strangers he aimed to find out what his man knew most about, and then to get all the information he could out of him by a rapid and ceaseless volley of questions. It was in this way that he acquired that immense store of practical knowledge which enabled him to write and speak intelligently, like Solomon, on all sorts of subjects, "from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall." One day, when he was on a steamer in European waters, a man came on board, accompanied by a great escort, saluted by cannon, and received with vast ceremony. He proved to be William, Prince of Holland, uncle of the reigning king. "Our passengers were many; and all, even his own suite, stood around the great man as if he had some disease which they were afraid of catching. After a while, as he seemed to stand alone in his greatness, I stepped up to him, and, lifting my hat a little, said, 'Does your excellency speak English?' 'Yas, I does.' 'Perhaps, sir, you will not deem me obtrusive if I say I am an American traveler, and respectfully ask you to read this letter of introduction from the American minister at London.' He took the letter and read it, and said, 'It is very satisfaction.' I then opened upon him, and talked incessantly for half an hour." And if in that half hour he did not learn something about the art of governing, it can only have been because the prince knew nothing about it. "I then drew off, saying to myself, 'There, my good fellow, you see just how much, and how little, republicans are afraid of royalty. If you want any thing more of me, it will be your turn to seek the interview.' We now became the two lions of the boat—he, because he was his royal highness, and I, because I had stood close to

him, and talked to him, as if I were at least his equal. So we walked, he on one side of the quarter-deck, and I on the other, till dark. To my surprise, and that of every body, the prince *did* seek several interviews with me; and I had, I should think, two hours' conversation with him. The only time I could feel that he had human sensibilities was when, speaking of his daughter, I said, 'Ah, sir, a son is a thing to be proud of and to bear up our name, but a true daughter is a thing for a father's heart to love.' The tears came into his eyes."

At another time he was traveling on a Halifax steamer. "Among the passengers was an English lord, who was fully conscious of his greatness. We overheard him talking on a subject in which we were a good deal interested; and Doctor Todd politely asked a question, which he would not condescend to answer. He tried again, with no better success. He then turned to me, and, with a merry twinkle of his eye, said, 'I'll make the fellow talk; you see if I don't.' He then began to talk to me about his visit to England, his acquaintances in Parliament, his interviews with Lord Palmerston and other great men. The self-satisfied lord stopped and listened; drew his chair a little nearer: pretty soon he said, 'Excuse me, did I hear you say that you had the honor of knowing my Lord Palmerston?' 'Slightly, sir; slightly, sir. I have met some of your lords.' Then he went on talking to me, as if wholly unconscious of the presence of his lordship. It was not long before he got all the information he wanted out of the man. In his humorous way he said, 'I told you I'd pump the fellow dry.'"

In the course of his many journeys he became the guest, and always a welcome guest, of a great number of families, from whom he experienced much kindness, and with many of whom he maintained a permanent friendship. But on his part, also, he was profuse in hospitalities. Multitudes of people were entertained at his house, from all parts of the world; and their presence and conversation were of great service to the children in laying a restraint upon their conduct, accustoming them to good society, and giving them many ideas and much information. "We keep a public-house, though not a tavern," was a frequent saying of Doctor Todd; and though he sometimes grew weary of waiting

on strangers, or groaned over the demands of such hospitality upon his purse, yet he really enjoyed it: "I do *love* to have a houseful." Not unfrequently his whole congregation were invited to his house. Twice a year regularly, for many years, the young ladies from the Institute, a hundred or more in number, were entertained in the Doctor's parlors, while smaller companies gathered there almost continually.

Those who came to the house as guests had to submit to a great deal of raillery and joking, all uttered in the gravest possible manner, unless for a twinkle in the eye. Those who knew him well, or were quick to detect fun, enjoyed it, and answered back with spirit; while those who were slow to take a joke sometimes had a hard time of it. There were some standard jokes about saving, in connection with eating, and it was really feared sometimes that a poor wight refrained from eating as much as he wanted, out of consideration for the Doctor's "deep poverty." In the worst extremities, Mrs. Todd had to interfere and beg her guests not to mind him; and then he would burst out laughing. On one occasion a hapless "agent" came to spend a Sunday at a time when the mistress of the household was sick. As the Doctor was showing him to his room at night, the guest expressed his regret that he had chanced to come at a time when, as he feared, his presence was an inconvenience to the family. "Oh no," was the reply, "my daughters are old enough to look after things very well; and then, you know," added he in a solemn tone, "you can make up your own bed in the morning." The next morning, when the girls went to the room, they found it in perfect order, and the bed neatly made. In great surprise they began to make inquiries, and presently the joke, which the Doctor had forgotten all about, came out. Of course explanations and apologies were made to the guest, who, on his part, was so much ashamed of his dullness, and of his share in the affair, that he begged that the story might never be told—a request which is here strictly complied with.

This disposition to make fun of every body, even his own wife and children, and all with the gravest countenance, sometimes led stupid people, and those who could not comprehend a joke, or did not know him, to accuse him of



harshness and severity in his family, than which nothing could be more untrue or absurd.

To all who came under Doctor Todd's roof he contrived to do some good. The very servants came in for a share of his thoughtful care. It was his practice to refuse, if possible, to pay their wages in full, and to persuade them to let him deposit the balance in the savings-bank for them. The result was, that some of them acquired considerable property. Even when they left his family they continued to leave their money in his keeping, and from time to time brought additions to it, and persuaded their friends to do the same. Sometimes he had from a dozen to twenty of their bank-books.

At different times there were many extra members of the family, children of friends elsewhere, sent to Pittsfield to get an education—young men in Williams or Yale College, spending their vacation here by invitation—young ladies exchanging long visits with the daughters—theological students reading with the Doctor. There was also, almost all the time, at least one of his wife's family permanently residing with him. All these were treated with the utmost kindness, and made to feel at home, subject to the same rules and restraints as the members of the family, and experiencing the same fatherly watchfulness and goodness.

Although he had a multitude of friends everywhere, there were very few indeed, almost none, with whom he was so intimate as to open to them his heart, and real character, and inward life. He would laugh and talk familiarly with all, but when it came to real confidence he was singularly reserved. And it is a remarkable fact that, while ordinarily he was uncommonly shrewd at reading characters, yet in the choice of those whom he did partially admit to intimacy of friendship he was not always very wise. Some of them were by no means what he thought them, or even betrayed and disappointed him. It would seem that kindness shown him so kindled his gratitude as to blind his judgment; and his active imagination, in the hands of love, clothed the characters of his friends with colors which they did not actually possess; but he always *saw* them there.

Doctor Todd was very fond of children, and, therefore, was always a great favorite with them. To his own children he

was devoted. He liked nothing better than to frolic with them when they were little, and he loved to associate and talk with them as they grew older. In all his watching with them in their infancy, and walking the room with them in his arms, hour after hour, at night, after days of hard work, he was never heard to utter a word of impatience or complaint. As they grew older, they were allowed to play in his study, even while he was writing, so long as they did not become *too* boisterous; and he was constantly planning and consenting to rides, picnics, excursions, journeys, etc., for the benefit and enjoyment of "the children," though he seldom found time to join in them. When he did, it was a treat, for he was the greatest boy of them all. He felt bound to take the more pains to provide innocent enjoyments for his children that they were deprived, by his principles, of entertainments that were generally considered harmless. It was an inflexible rule that, if the children went to a party, they must come home the moment that there was any dancing. This, of course, as the practice became more and more general, amounted practically to exclusion from most of the gatherings of society.

Once a year, usually on Thanksgiving-day or at New-year's—he was too good a Puritan to recognize Christmas—there was a grand interchange of presents, prepared and purchased with great secrecy and mystery for weeks beforehand, and opened in the presence of the assembled family. Doctor Todd used to say that he had himself had so hard a childhood, that he was determined that his own children should have every advantage and reasonable pleasure that he could give them. If he erred in his treatment of them, it was on this side. Yet he did not indulge them altogether; they were required, from a very early age, to take a part in "the chores" and household tasks, and were encouraged to *earn* their little spending-money. Each, too, had his or her quarterly allowance for clothing, and was obliged to gauge expenditures by its measure. The *discipline* of the family was chiefly moral; for, although the father was a great admirer and defender of Solomon's mode of government, he seldom resorted to it practically, and it was in his hands usually a failure. On one occasion, the writer of this, when a boy, had a slight disagreement with his parents at the

breakfast-table, which resulted in his being marched by the "united head of the family" into the study. Here, exposition having proved useless, the mother retired into the yard in search of one of Solomon's correctives, while the father and child sat in moody silence. After the lapse of about five minutes the mother returned, with an expression of painful anxiety on her face, a tear in her eye, and an immense pea-brush, fully eight feet long, in her hand. At the sight of this fearful weapon a grin went around the whole party, and a good-humored capitulation was at once effected.

From the very first the father took the greatest pains to improve and train the *minds* of the children. Even when the family were in Philadelphia, while the older children were still quite young, and while he was pressed beyond measure by his labors and anxieties there, he was full of devices for their improvement. One of these was the "Family Post-office." A large box of japanned tin with this inscription, and with a lock and key, was procured and hung up in the hall, and the members of the family were encouraged to write notes to each other. A postmaster was appointed, who distributed the letters at a suitable hour every day; and the father furnished paper for all, carefully cutting and folding it into small sheets of various sizes, for the day of small paper had not yet arrived. Here is a sample of one of the letters:

"DEAR JOHN,—Don't miss of getting your piece done, ready for the trysting-time. I propose that we have the *reading* at five o'clock instead of six, and then have the *tea*, etc., afterward, at six o'clock; and then we shall all be ready to go to bed, or to our duties. Will you take the votes on it this noon? Yours,  
J. T."

The reference in this letter is to another institution, the "Family Tryst," the constitution of which is still preserved. Under this institution, each member of the family was pledged to write "one original piece every month, and send it through the Family Post-office to the Reader, who was elected quarterly. A "tryst" was held once a month, at which these pieces were read; and at the close of his term of office the Reader provided an entertainment. The young

gentleman to whom the above note was addressed, and who was exhorted to have his "piece" ready, and requested to "take the votes," was at that time just seven years old.

The father took the greatest pains, also, to secure the best schools for the children, and was always ready to help them with their lessons, and sometimes rose in time to hear some of them recite before breakfast, by the whole winter together. "My one great ambition is to educate my children." Undoubtedly, in the ignorance which then prevailed, and still prevails, respecting the laws of health, his loving ambition and solicitude urged them to exertions which in more than one instance produced disastrous consequences; but he had the satisfaction of seeing all his children taking the very first rank at the institutions where they were severally educated, and some of them scholars of remarkable brilliance.

In the love-affairs of his children he never interfered with a view to influencing any important decision; and appeals to him elicited much sympathy, sometimes a clear setting-forth of arguments pro and con, but never much advice or expression of wish. "I am incompetent to advise much. The interests at stake are too great for human wisdom. *If* all things were right, and *if* one of my children should be located near me, it would be a joy to me; but the happiness of the child should never be imperiled by the wishes of the parent. It is a boat that, as a father, I would neither row nor back, if I could help it."

The *religious* influences of the household were constant, but resulted more from a fixed order of religious habits than from any thing else. Every meal was begun with a "blessing," and ended with a returning of "thanks;" and the children were expected to be present at the first, and not to leave the table till after the second. Immediately after breakfast and after supper came "family prayers." In the evening the exercises were limited to the reading of a chapter, and a prayer, by the father; but in the morning each member of the family had a Bible, and two chapters were read (one in each Testament), each person in turn reading two verses. From this duty neither visitors nor servants, if they could be persuaded to engage in the service, were exempt. By this reading of three chapters a day, the Bible was read entirely through in the family annually, for nearly

forty years. To be sure, there were some chapters, in Leviticus or Chronicles, that did not yield much fruit for childish understandings, nor was it altogether "edifying" when some bungling servant made a ridiculous mistake—as when one of them read that the father of the prodigal son "ran, and fell on his neck, and—*killed* him;" but wherein the *reading* lacked spiritual profit, the *prayer* did much more abound. Between the Scriptures and the prayer came, also, the singing of a hymn, with an accompaniment on the piano or organ by one of the children. In this exercise the laboring oar fell to Mrs. Todd, who had a voice of uncommon sweetness. Most of the children were able to join with her; but the father was compelled to be silent, though he professed to enjoy the exercise, and probably did, and perhaps all the more that he could hardly tell one note or tune from another.

The "Sabbath" always began at sunset on Saturday night, and ended at the next sunset; and the school-tasks, and sewing, and secular reading, which were as strictly prohibited on Saturday evening as on Sunday, were allowed on Sunday evening. On Sunday the family were all expected to be at "meeting" and at Sunday-school, unless for special reasons; and walking and visiting were not allowed. Only a cold lunch was served at noon, though at night there was a warm meal. Of course, the day was sometimes a weariness, and it was a matter of joy to the youngsters when "the Sabbath began to abate;" yet the permanent influence of this puritanic severity seems to have been good, rather than evil, on every member of the family. The family prayers on Sabbath evening differed from the ordinary evening exercise. After the chapter, which was often omitted, each of the children recited a hymn, beginning with the youngest. In addition to this, the older children usually gave the answers to a certain number of questions in the Shorter Catechism. Then followed an examination of the children as to not merely the texts, but also the plans and lessons, of the sermons of the day. In this exercise, which tended to fix the instructions of the pulpit in the minds of the children, the examiner himself also often received some mortifying but helpful lessons as to the effect of his sermons, and the causes of their failure. On one occasion the father

was sick, and the minister who had preached for him was present, when, without thinking that she had, like himself, not been out that day, he called upon one of the daughters for an account of the morning sermon. Whenever she hesitated, the questioner threw out a hint; but it soon became evident to all who had been at church that neither father nor daughter had heard the sermon, and meaning looks were exchanged among the other children. At last the brother minister could stand it no longer, and meekly suggested that that was *not* exactly the line of thought which he had pursued. "Never mind, brother G—," was the instant rejoinder, "that's the line that you *ought* to have pursued."

Of direct conversation on the subject of personal religion there was almost nothing. Even when a child was seriously engaged in settling the great question of submission of the heart and will to God, there was very little *said* by any one. His advice to a friend was:

"As to your daughters, I want you should allow me to drop you a hint. They do not, I will suppose, feel interested in religion, but the reverse. They have been given to Christ, and are the children of prayer. I would not *say* much to them at present on the subject. Don't worry them; don't make them disgusted with religion by pressing it on them; above all, don't reproach them for not being Christians. I think it the best way to let our children see by our example that we are conscientious, and that we act on Christian principle, or intend to do so, and that we are more anxious for their salvation than for any thing else. At the same time, they are easily disgusted by any thing like force, and I feel that, while we can not pray too much for them, we had better be very cautious about talking to them. Somebody else can speak to them to better advantage than parents or near friends. You will excuse me for the hint; I know how anxious you feel for them. I give you the results of my observation and experience. But I should be sorry to have you receive the impression that I consider my hints as infallible, or my family as a perfect model."

Whether the course which he pursued is the best in all cases, or not, he lived to see all his children and children-in-law members of the church of God, and two of them pass away with more than ordinarily bright Christian hopes.

It will readily be seen that in such a position, and with such a family, and with such labors and responsibilities upon him, he was necessarily very dependent for his success upon his wife. His obligations to this "wonderful woman," as she was considered by all who knew her, who cheerfully sacrificed great beauty, brilliant powers of mind, and unusual social gifts, to the servitude of the care of a great family of a poor minister, and the work of helping forward her husband's success, keeping herself in the background, and toiling day and night the servant of all, he recognized and acknowledged as fully as any one. He was always joking and laughing about his obligations to his wife, and his obedience to her; but at suitable times he spoke of what she had done for him in more serious language. He often endeavored to impress upon his children how much he and they owed to her. In his last sickness, he told one of them that, in looking back, the one thing which he regretted above all others was, that "mother" had had so hard a life. In his historical sermon, delivered in the last year of his life, he took occasion to make a beautiful and fitting public acknowledgment of what all his hearers knew to be the truth :

"And here I want to say emphatically, that if ever I have accomplished any thing, ever avoided mistakes, ever in any degree honored the Master, I greatly attribute it to an influence which men are not always prompt to acknowledge. In my home has been a life swallowed up in my success, willing to be unknown and out of sight; unwearied in giving encouragement and arousing to effort; prompt and cheerful in concealing my defects and in covering my deficiencies; kind to apologize for what could not be approved; uncomplaining when worn down by heavy burdens such as few are called to bear; more than ready to be unselfish and to wear out, that others might profit by my labors. I say that it is THERE, in that life, I have found the source and the cause of all I have done. O wife of my youth! 'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.'"

Of demonstrations of affection between the parents there were very few. The titles by which they addressed one another were always the formal and distant ones, "Mr. Todd," "Mrs. Todd;" nor did their many and different duties permit them to enjoy much of each other's society; yet it was

well understood that there existed between them deeper and more tender feelings than appeared in the ordinary intercourse of the family. Occasionally the husband's letters, when he was absent, would contain a sentence of peculiar affection; and the writer of this ventures to lift the veil that hangs before the sacred inner life of the subject of this sketch, by presenting a letter which has accidentally fallen into his hands, written to the wife on her sixty-fourth birthday:

“MY EVER DEAR WIFE,—It seems to be so ordered by Divine Providence that I must be absent from you, the third time in succession, on your *birthday*. I was in hopes that it would not so happen again; for, as our friends and acquaintances fall off and leave us, and as I feel sensible that the years we can hope to be together here are growing to be few, you become more and more the centre where my affections gather, and every day become more dear to me. It is my duty, and, I know, your wish, that I should be troubled by your absence as little as may be; yet I am sure you would feel sad and sorrowful could you look down deep into my heart, and see how completely you are enshrined there, and how little of life or of joy there is left to me when you are away. The days seem long, the sombre becomes more so, and the gildings of sunshine are few, when you are not with me. And yet, my dear one, I am cheerful, for I feel that you are to recover, and again bring light and gladness to my home; and, as the loved companion of my bosom, and the honored mother of my children, you are to return in renovated health and bless us all.

“Since you have been gone, I have spent many hours, of course, alone; and I have been living over the past, and recalling the blessings and mercies of my life; and I assure you that *to me you have been a greater blessing, and a deeper joy, than all other things put together*. It would hardly meet your wishes, I think, for me to go into confessions of my unworthiness; but this I will say, that, had I been tenfold a better friend and husband than I have been, it would have been nothing more than I owed you. I can't *imagine* that I should have been any thing, or done any thing, without you to aid and guide me; and the little I have done, I



feel, in my very soul, has been owing more to you than to myself. No woman can desire a profounder homage than I bestow upon my own dear wife, or to be enshrined more deeply in the heart of her husband than are you. God bless you and reward you, my own dear Mary, for all that you have been to me thus far; and, whether we may walk hand in hand together much longer or not, we will fervently pray that we may hereafter never be separated. Don't worry yourself to try to answer this birthday note. I will not doubt that you would say even more than I wish, and very far more than I deserve. You must not, either, doubt my sincerity when I ask you to forgive all the frailties and unworthiness you have seen in me during the thirty-seven years of our married life, and to let them come out on the leaflets of memory as seldom as may be.

"I subscribe myself, dearest wife, by the dearest word I know how to use, your own affectionate and grateful

"HUSBAND.

"This, of course, is suitable only for your own eye—then to be destroyed."

The home which he had created was all the dearer to him that during the whole of the earlier part of his life, until his marriage, he had never known a home; and it became dearer and dearer to him as the years rolled away. He always left it with regret, pined for it in his absence, and hastened to it as soon as he could. It was a trial to him to have his children leave it even for a little while. It was a deep sorrow to him whenever one of them left it to form a new home elsewhere. And it was a joy to him to welcome them back with all their little ones, with a love enlarging as the circle of his ties.

And, on their part, is it wonderful that they loved that home, and almost worshiped *him*? At the first intimation that he might be entering the shadow of eternity, from homes modeled as nearly as might be after his, and from positions of importance and responsibility, near and far, even from across the continent of Europe, they hastened to his side, to hang over him night and day, ministering to his wants, and listening to his latest words of love and counsel. At the last, all his children, and his children only, stood

around him; and from the most sacred spot in that home which his love and character and prayers had hallowed—with his children's voices fainting on his ear in words of divine promise—with his last look resting, as he had wished it might, on the face that was as beautiful to him then as when it first smiled upon him long ago, he went up to our "Father's house," "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## SAILING AWAY.

Sickness.—The old Maple.—An after-dinner Speech.—The last Preaching.—A Letter of Sympathy.—The last Funeral.—His Piece ready.—The last Letter.—A Request for Prayers.—A distressing Sickness.—Anxiety of the People.—Longing to Live.—No Light from Beyond.—Thoughtfulness for Others.—Midnight Talks.—Among the Crags.—The Consolations of God.—A striking Prayer.—Interview with the young Pastor.—Message to the People.—A little Child at the Door.—A Desire to depart.—Saturday Night.—The Messenger.—Last Words.—Sleep.—Sabbath Morning.—The Funeral.

“May 29th, 1873.

“MY DEAR JOHN,—I have been quite sick since last Saturday—one night, a doctor all night. Better now.

“FATHER.”

For several months he had been in the habit of accepting invitations to supply vacant pulpits far and near; partly because he could not bear to give up his loved occupation, and partly because he deemed it wise to be absent a good deal from his old flock while they were hearing candidates, and making the acquaintance of their new pastor and learning his ways. On the 25th of this month he was to preach in Westfield, Massachusetts, and accordingly had taken the cars for that place the evening previous. In the night he was taken suddenly and violently sick. The friend with whom he was staying promptly sent for a physician, and after a time the patient was so much relieved that it was thought safe for him to preach the next day. It was with difficulty, however, that he fulfilled his engagement; and early on Monday morning he returned home. For a number of days he suffered much, and was on the bed much of the time; yet he did not give up entirely, but after a few days fancied that he was enough better to attend to his various engagements.

Accordingly, on the 4th of June he went down to Boston, with a son-in-law, to attend the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Medical Society. He had been invited to be

present at the dinner, and to respond to a sentiment. To this invitation he had sent the following reply:

“MY DEAR DOCTOR,—Just as I was leaving home yesterday morning your letter was put into my hands. You doctors have such power of drawing, with blisters, forceps, and the pen, that one feels powerless when he has fairly fallen into your hands. Your invitation is so kind, and your Society is so deservedly honored, that my vanity feels quite flattered, and, contrary to my wisest doubts, I think I must accept; and *you* will let me know the day, the hour, and the place, and, also, have very low expectations. *Can* the old maple that has been tapped for nearly half a century cause sap to flow as sweet and as abundant as in its fresh prime? Don't even *pills* harden and lose their virtue by age? My best bow to the lady who has undertaken the task of making you a polished jewel.”

Of the speech, Dr. De W——, who had sent the invitation, writes:

“He was received with immense enthusiasm by the one thousand delegates present; and President E——, of Harvard, beside whom he sat at the table, spoke of his twenty minutes' talk as one of the most delightful dinner-table speeches to which he had ever listened.”

Not even the keenest-eyed of all the physicians that listened to that brilliant speech detected that the speaker was even then in the agonies of a mortal disease, and was only sustained by powerful restoratives which no man in health could have endured.

After his return from Boston he still endeavored to keep at work, though suffering distressingly. He preached one Sunday, and for the last time, in the South Church. He also dragged himself from his bed to attend the funeral of a young wife and mother who had suddenly been called away—the daughter of one of his earliest parishioners and friends. On hearing of her death, he wrote the following to her father:

To T. F. P——.

“June 18th.

“MY DEAR AFFLICTED FRIEND,—My heart in its fullness goes out to yours and you. I am held down on my bed for

to-day, but if I can be of any comfort to you, I will get up and come to you. O Sarah! Sarah! How all the past rushes upon me! Her beautiful childhood, her high scholarship, her being with my Sarah in Philadelphia at school, her high promise all the way to the very last—nay, I go back still, to the sickness and death and burial of her noble mother.

“Ah me! If I have so much to recall, what *must* be the images of the past rushing through *your* memory! I feel almost ashamed to offer you my best, most earnest sympathy, it is so inferior to what you need. I pray that the Divine Comforter—‘a very present help in time of trouble’—may come to you, and sustain and bless you all.

“You need not try to make any reply to this, unless I can be of any comfort by coming to you; in which case I will put on my clothes and come. May the God of all grace and consolation bless you! Weeping with those that weep, I am, dear sir, yours ever.

“How small this world is becoming! How bright the next life!”

This funeral was the last occasion of his appearance in public.

He had long been under engagement to deliver an address before the Society of Inquiry at Amherst College, and also before the society of the same name at Andover Theological Seminary, at their respective commencements. These appointments he was, on various accounts, particularly desirous of fulfilling. So earnest was he, that, while confined to his bed, he composed, wrote out, and laboriously copied, in pencil, the address which he expected to deliver.

It was not till the last moment that he sent the following letter:

*To Rev. Doctor T—* [in pencil].

“June 26th.

“Up to the present time I have been hoping to be able to come to Amherst, indeed I have my ‘piece’ all written; but it is now nearly three weeks since I have been on my back and in bed (‘sub-acute inflammation of the bowels’), and the wisdom of three doctors, consulting yesterday, has decided that I can’t go out, even if I get up, in season to prevent my great disappointment in not being able to

meet with you, and again see the college whose history you have so faithfully and beautifully written."

To John [in pencil].

"June 30th.

"Four weeks ago last Saturday, away from home, I was attacked with violent colic. With a doctor, and a watcher, and terrible measures, I got home, and have since been on my back all the time. . . . I have had all the best doctors in town to consult; and, in addition, they called in Doctor A—, of Philadelphia, who stands very high up the ladder. . . . I don't try to sit up, and I couldn't if I did. *What the result will be, God only knows. . . .* Love to all. God bless you all. Yours ever.

FATHER."

This was his last letter.

It was now evident to all his friends, and to himself also, that his condition was becoming critical. As soon as he began to realize this, he felt a strong desire to have the people of God pray for him. Accordingly, one Saturday evening he dictated the following note, which was sent the next morning to every pulpit in town:

"Rev. Doctor Todd, having come to that border land which lies in a deep valley before we reach the New Jerusalem, and where he waits in entire uncertainty to know whether he is longer to dwell under the light of the sun of earth, or whether he may soon expect the full-orbed rising of the Sun of righteousness upon him; in either case he desires your prayers that, whatever may be the will of God, his soul may rejoice in it, and that his sins unnumbered may be all taken away by 'the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.'"

The children had now all arrived, with the exception of one who was in Europe, and who, by making great exertions, returned in time to be with him for a few days. He said, a little while before his death, that when he saw all his children thus permitted to gather around him, he felt that the end had come.

His sickness was, throughout, a very distressing one, attended with great pain, which was only quieted by powerful opiates. From the first he felt unable to see his friends: very few of them, therefore, were admitted to his room, and

his family took the entire care of him. Meantime, a cloud seemed to settle down upon the whole town. It was touching to see the universal anxiety of the people to know how he was. Inquiries were constantly made at the door; no member of the family could appear in the street without being assailed with questions from all classes of people, down to the little children; and when the discouraging reply was given, strong men often shed tears, and poor Irishmen remarked that the poor were losing their best friend.

One of the most distressing things about his sickness was his intense desire to live. For a while he did not give up to the disease at all: when compelled to keep his bed, he still persisted in literary labor; he took his medicines with great perseverance, often calling for them before the time and swallowing them with determination, even when he felt that they hurt him, and taking nourishment when it required the greatest effort to do so. He knew that he was battling with disease, and was resolved to contest the battle to the utmost. The uncertainty of all the physicians as to the precise nature of the disease afforded him room to hope. He was inclined to take courage from their slightest remarks; and sometimes when some one seemed about to repeat something that they had said, he would turn his face toward the speaker with such a wistful look of a child as was painful to see.

It was not, apparently, because he was afraid to die, that he thus longed to live; he contemplated the possibility of death, and arranged his affairs with reference to it, with entire composure. But it was the shrinking of the strong man from dissolution; it was the desire to accomplish work which he had marked out for himself and felt able to do; it was the natural reluctance of one who had much life, and enjoyed his life, his home, his friends, and his work intensely, to leave all; and it was the drawing-back from the future of one who had always been too full of thought and action with reference to his work in this world to be able to make the scenes of another world seem realities to him.

On this last point he was greatly troubled—not so much, apparently, on his own account as because of the effect of his state of mind upon others. “It is bad,” he would say, “to have the future so dark; these unconverted men to

whom I have been preaching so long will feel curious to know how the Gospel that I have set before them supported me in the hour of trial. It is terrible for the old soldier to die so." What he wanted seemed to be not calmness and confidence, these he had; but clear, bright, triumphant visions of heaven. Accordingly, there was nothing that he prayed for more fervently or more frequently than "light from the other world." Sometimes he felt sure that he should have it, and then again he would feel discouraged. "I have not had ecstatic emotions," said he near the last, "and I have ceased to look for them."

Notwithstanding his consciousness of his critical condition, and his dissatisfaction with his own mental state, he was often, when not too much under the influence of opiates, exceedingly pleasant, and even humorous, in conversation, interested in every thing that was talked about, and thoughtful of the comfort of all about him. He never asked for any thing without adding, "If you please," or, "If you are not too tired," and made many apologies for the trouble that he was giving, and never allowed his watchers to depart without his thanks and blessings. Through all his sickness, his mind was not disturbed in the least, except when beclouded with opiates. On one occasion, when the writer wished to make a slight alteration in his bedstead for his greater comfort, he told the precise shelf in his workshop, and the number in the shelf, where each needed tool would be found. It was at night that he seemed most inclined to talk. Then he would speak of his early days, his later experiences, the doctrines that he had preached, his religious feelings, his wishes for his family, and the various interests of his children, in a way that made the watchers feel that theirs was a precious privilege. "Never were his views clearer, or his thoughts grander. It was an intellectual and spiritual feast to be with him. I never read, nor heard, nor imagined such lofty views of God's greatness and majesty. He seemed to be drawing nearer and nearer the burning glory; sometimes he would break out in the language of David, 'As the hart panteth after the water-brook, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.' Then he would turn his thoughts to death, and, just as he had been accustomed to prepare for his journeys, calmly and coolly made all the arrangements for his own



funeral, even to the clothing in which his body should be dressed, and the places which the bearers should severally take at his coffin."

In these midnight talks there was one illustration of his feelings which he used several times. "I seem," said he, "to be away up on the dark mountain-side, climbing wearily and painfully among the rocks and crags. Down below me there is a beautiful, peaceful river; and it seems as though, if I could only get down to it, I should find rest, and see the light shining over from the other side. But I climb and climb, and can not get down to it. Some day, perhaps, I shall get down to the river, and then—*I shall sail away!*"

At one time he said, "I want to take hold on God, to embrace the Saviour, to feel the everlasting arms underneath me." On another night he repeated several times, as if particularly struck with it, the Scriptural phrase, "The consolations of God! the consolations of God!" Many times he was overheard murmuring the line, "But what must it be to be there!" And once he was heard offering the following prayer: "O Lord, have mercy upon me! O Strength, pity weakness! O Light, pity darkness! O Righteousness, pity sin!"

One evening he sent for his successor to come and pray with him. The following is the substance of what he said to him:

"My dear fellow, I am glad to see you. I have been here ten weeks. My physicians have not allowed me to see any one. I sent for you, because I wanted to say a word or two, and have you pray with me. I had hoped to battle through it. I have a strong, iron constitution that fights my disease at every step. It is the oak resisting the strokes. But I am growing weaker, and I don't know how long I can stand it. The Lord's will be done. So much for my physical condition. And now with regard to my religious state: *God* seems to me like a great spiritual dome, covering with almighty power, infinite wisdom, and eternal love, creation and providence and salvation and time and eternity, all things—and *me* also; and I am willing to be anywhere where it will be most for his glory: I am in his hands. I look upon *Christ* as the complete, almighty, infinite Saviour,

who brings us to God. I have perfect trust in him, and know that he will save unto the uttermost. He is *my* Saviour. I regard the Holy Spirit as the divine, infinite Spirit of God, to enlighten, direct, and renew us in this life. What he is in the next world, I don't know. My confidence in God is strong. I can commit all to him. But the clouds of sickness and opiates are so thick, that I do not yet have the light of the other world. I had hoped that I should have it before I died. I shall, if it is God's will. I leave all to him."

On the next Sunday evening he sent to his people the following message: "Tell them that I am too weak to say what I want to, and that I do not trust much to the experiences of a sick-bed when the mind is clouded with opiates. Tell them that I have the strongest confidence in the Gospel I have so long preached and the firmest faith in it. But tell them that I have more than the Gospel—I have *God*; and I am willing that he should place me where I shall glorify him most. Tell them that I have unwavering faith in Christ and his salvation, and that I am waiting and hoping for light from the eternal world. I want to see that light, and think I shall. 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.' *And so, I stand at the gate, like a little child, waiting for it to open and give me a glimpse of the glory.*"

Long-continued suffering at last wore out his wish to live, and he began to have a desire to depart. He seemed to be afraid that he should live so long as to wear out all his family. Once he asked if it would be wrong for him to pray that he might die within a certain time.

On the Saturday evening preceding Sunday, the 24th of August, his children hesitated about separating, as for two or three days he had seemed to be dying, and that evening he was particularly feeble. It was about midnight when the messenger drove rapidly to their various temporary homes to summon them. As they arrived, he recognized and spoke to each one, but was in too much distress to talk. Once, on waking from sleep, he exclaimed, in a bright, happy, delighted but natural tone, "Everlasting love! everlasting love!" His wife said, "That is a good word," and repeated the verse,

“The arms of everlasting love  
Beneath my soul he placed,  
And on the Rock of Ages set  
My slippery footsteps fast.”

One of the children also repeated the Scripture, “I have loved thee with an everlasting love.” He would seem to drowse, but woke frequently, always repeating the same words, “Everlasting love! everlasting love!” On being asked whether he would like to have some one offer a short prayer, he assented, and seemed to follow it. Many texts were repeated to him: “Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil;” “For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.” In answer to a question, he said, “I have hope:” and on some one’s repeating the text, “Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul,” he assented decidedly. One of the children whispered, “Father, I wish I were going with you!” and he replied, “I wish you were, my child.” Said another, “To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.” The assurance that he was so soon to be released seemed to give him a pleasant surprise; for he lifted his face, and said, in the tone of a delighted child, “*To-day?*” “Yes,” was the reply, “this very day.” And another added, “And it is the Sabbath: you will go on Sabbath morning.” After a short sleep, he roused suddenly, and exclaimed, in a clear, strong, triumphant voice, which could be heard all through the house, “Glory! glory! glory!” His wife asked, “Do you *see* that glory?” He said, “Yes.” “Is it the glory which you have been wanting to see?” He replied, “Yes.” Some one repeated the text, “At evening-time it shall be light;” and added, “Do you see that light?” Again he answered, “Yes.” After a little while he broke out in the same clear, natural voice, “Glory!” But now the clouds of pain and distress and dissolution began to settle down deeper and darker upon him, and he could do little but groan, and exclaim, “Oh, mercy! mercy! Oh, my *dear* children! mercy! mercy!” In a few moments he slept. For two or three hours we sat and watched him in silence. At last, when it was nearly six o’clock, a change was detected in his breathing. In a moment all were gathered close

about him. Shorter and shorter came the breath, at longer and longer intervals. It was but for a few moments. Morning—not the joyous, noisy morning of spring, but the quiet, serene, and still morning of the late summer and the harvest—was flooding the sky with glory, and the earth, from mountain to mountain, with beauty, and the peace and calm of the Christian Sabbath. But for him a holier Sabbath was dawning over a better country; for the gates of eternal morning had lifted up their heads, and the everlasting doors had given way; and the little child, who had so long stood before them waiting for a glimpse of the glory, had entered in. The poor climber among the crags had got down to the peaceful river at last, and, over its black waters broadening into amber and gold, out of the darkness into the light, had—sailed away!

## APPENDIX I.

THE name Todd is an altered form of the Scotch word *tod*, which means *fox*. With a single exception, the Todds have all come from the Highlands of Scotland.

“The original name of the Irish Todds was O’Shauagh, which is Irish for *fox*. In consequence of an early English Parliament, which compelled the Irish to assume English names, the family changed its name, the Leinster branch taking the name Fox, and the northern, Todd, or Wolfson, corrupted into Wilson.” It appears from this that a portion of the Irish Todds are of Irish origin. All other Todds are Scotch.

They have come to this country by three different channels. First, there are the Scotch Todds, who have come directly from Scotland. There have been several distinct immigrations of this kind. One of the most important of them was that of Adam Todd, who arrived in New York near the beginning of the last century, still wearing the kilt and the tartan. His descendants have intermarried with the Brevoorts, the Astors, the Sedgwicks, and other old and distinguished families of New York.

Next, there are the Irish Todds, a part of whom came originally from Scotland. In the early part of the last century, Hugh Todd came from County Antrim, and settled on wild lands in the interior of Pennsylvania, whence his descendants spread into New Jersey, Carolina, Georgia, and Kentucky. It was into a branch of this Irish stock that President Abraham Lincoln married, Mrs. Lincoln being the great-granddaughter of Robert Todd, who was a native of Pennsylvania, and a general in the Revolutionary army.

Lastly, there are the English Todds, who have come to this country by way of England, where they have been known at least so far back as the eleventh century. Upon their entrance into England, some of the Todds seem to have retained their Scotch name, while others exchanged it for its English equivalent. Hence the Todds and the Foxes belong to the same stock, and have always borne the same arms. The Todds seem to have settled first in Yorkshire, where the name is common to this day. There was a John Todde, who was high sheriff of York in 1390; and also a Sir William Tod, who was high sheriff in 1477, and lord mayor ten years later. Till within comparatively recent times, there were two inscriptions in preservation on the walls of York, which the antiquary Leland thus

describes, "Under a piece of indifferent sculpture of a senator in his robes and a woman kneeling by him, 'A. Dom. M.CCCC.L.XXXVII. SIR WILLIAM TOD *mair jou-ates some tyme was schyriffe did this cost himself.*' Near this, on a table under the city's arms, is 'A. Domini M.CCCC.L.XXXVII. SIR WILLIAM TOD, *Knight L..... Mayre this wal was mayde in his dayes lx yerdyys.*'" Among the more eminent of the Yorkshire Todds was Rev. Robert Todd, a dissenting minister of Leeds. Among other notices of him, it is chronicled that during the Great Plague "he preached repeatedly and impressively on Hezekiah's boil." There was also a Sir William Todd, who was high sheriff of York under Charles I., in 1625.

There are in this country three distinct families of Yorkshire Todds. One of these sprung from an ancestor of unknown name, who settled in Virginia, whence his descendants have spread into Kentucky. Thomas Todd, associate justice of the United States Court, was one of them. He married the widow of Major George Washington (a nephew of General George Washington), and sister of Mrs. President Madison. James Madison Todd, of Frankfort, Kentucky, is a son of Justice Todd, as was also Colonel C. S. Todd, aid to General Harrison, and the first minister of our Government to the United States of Colombia.

The second family sprung from John Todd, who came to Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1637, and two years later settled in Rowley. His antecedents are not yet discovered, except that he came from Yorkshire. The Rowley Todds are found in Massachusetts, Vermont, and the West, and have furnished a general in the Revolutionary army, and many men of ability and distinction.

The third family sprung from Christopher Todd, who was one of the original settlers of the New Haven colony, in Connecticut, in 1639. He came from Pontefract, West Riding, Yorkshire. The register of the old parish church in Pontefract is still in existence, and contains the records of the marriage of William Todd and Isabel Rogerson, the grandparents, and William Todd and Katharine Ward, the parents of Christopher. William Todd the younger "was killed in a sort of duel," when his son Christopher was but a child; and Christopher was but about twenty years old when, with his wife, Grace Middlebrook, he joined the New Haven colony. Here he became a farmer, miller, and baker. He seems to have been at first one of the less prominent of the colonists. He signed the "General Agreement" modestly, with his mark, and quietly took his allotment in the "Yorkshire quarter;" and when the "meeting-house" was "dignified," he had his place assigned him, not in one of the honorable "midle seates," but in the "third side seate," though "Sister Tod"—for they worshiped in those days "the men apart and their wives apart"—was a little more fortunate.

It was not long, however, before Christopher Todd began to make

another kind of mark. He bought a grist-mill, which the town had built where Whitney's gun factory now stands; and it was long known as "Todd's mill." The records of the "General Court" show that he was continually adding to his real estate. He even rose to the dignity of a "viewer of fences." In 1650, he bought an acre and a half on Elm Street, in the more aristocratic "London quarter," on a part of which St. Thomas's Church now stands, and occupied a house on the eastern part of it. This ground, known in after-times as "the Blue Meeting-house Lot," remained in the family for nearly a hundred years.

Christopher died at a good old age, leaving a will which is a model for sense and wisdom. He had three sons and three daughters, of whom the whole earth around, and in distant states, has been overspread.

Of the daughters, Mercy, the eldest, married John Bassett, and became the mother of a large family. Grace, the second, seems to have been mentally deficient, and, though married, was soon deserted by her husband, and was specially provided for in her father's will, as "incompetent to take care of herself or any estate." Mary, the youngest daughter, was married to Isaac Turner, son of Captain Nathaniel Turner, "the right arm of the New Haven colony," who afterward perished in the "Phantom Ship."\* Her husband's sister Mary was the wife of Thomas Yale, the mother of Elihu Yale, the founder of Yale College.

Of the sons, each became the head of a large branch of the family. The descendants of Samuel, the second son, have been the most numerous. One of these was Rev. Samuel Todd, the impulsive but able first pastor of the North Parish in Waterbury, Connecticut. Another was Rev. Abraham Todd, who was for forty years pastor of the West Church, at Horseneck, Greenwich, Connecticut, which stood on the hill afterward made famous by Putnam's desperate ride. Many amusing stories are told of this simple-minded but respected preacher.

"Although a general favorite throughout the whole of his ministry, he may have had some, though few, enemies. It is related that, during his ministry, many of his hearers were outspoken men, even expressing themselves publicly, during worship, as to the merits or demerits of the doctrines advanced. Among this class of persons was one Palmer, who was present during the service on an occasion when an Indian missionary preached to Mr. Todd's congregation. He preached fluently, and, we presume, well; and so great an

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\* A large ship sailed from the colony for England, with a number of passengers, and was never heard of again. Some time afterward the pious and superstitious colonists beheld the image of a great ship under full sail in the sky, and interpreted the mirage as a message from God, indicating the fate of the unfortunate vessel.

impression did his logic and eloquence make upon Palmer, that at the close of the sermon he exclaimed, with great vehemence, 'Let's swap Todd, and buy the Injin: he does a good deal the best.' Mr. Todd himself was present on the occasion." The length of his pastorate, however, is a sufficient guarantee of his ability as well as his excellence of character.

Another preacher of this line of descent, whose worth is established by similar evidence, was Rev. Ambrose S. Todd, D.D., rector for nearly forty years of St. James's Church, in Stamford, Conn. His father before him had been a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, and he inherited more than the abilities, and succeeded to more than the reputation and influence, of his father. In all branches of the family in every generation the Todds have been inclined to the ministry, and have risen to eminence in the clerical profession more than in any other, unless the medical. To the line of Samuel Todd, however, belong George Todd, late Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, with his son, the ex-governor of the same State; also, Edward Todd, of New York city, who has won fame, not by his pen, but by his *pens*. The descendants of Michael, the youngest son of Christopher Todd, have also been very numerous. Like the descendants of the other sons, they have been mostly farmers. One of them, S. Edwards Todd, is well known in our own day as a writer on agriculture. Another descendant of this line, in a former generation, was Doctor Eli Todd, of Farmington, Conn., who was one of the founders of the Retreat for the Insane at Hartford, and acquired celebrity in connection with it. Ex-Governor James E. English is also a descendant of a female branch of this line.

The descendants of John, the eldest son of Christopher Todd, continued for a time to till the paternal acres at New Haven; but at length one of his grandsons, named Jonathan, feeling the hereditary ministerial impulse, was graduated at Yale College in 1732, and ordained in the fall of the following year, when scarcely twenty years old, "having that part of the Church of Christ committed unto me which is in East Guilford," now Madison. His pastorate continued for more than half a century. He was, naturally, accompanied in his migration from New Haven by his younger and only surviving brother, Timothy, who settled near him, and became a merchant and magistrate, the father of a large family, and the grandfather of the subject of the present sketch. He, too, was a graduate of Yale.



## APPENDIX II.

*From the Remarks of HON. THOMAS ALLEN, at the "Reminiscence Meeting" in the First Church, Sunday evening, August 31st.*

"IF any one doubted whether Doctor Todd had a strong hold upon the affections of his people, I think his doubt should have been dissipated by the manifestations attending his funeral. It should be recorded that the entire body of the people, of all classes and denominations, suspended their usual labor, and came, either in person or by representative, to yield their last tribute of respect. The hearts of his people went down into the grave with his body. Nothing could be more touching and impressive than that burial. His grave was dug upon a natural mound, in the open field, fully exposed to the sunshine, in the highest part of Pittsfield's beautiful cemetery; the tall green trees standing off, at respectful distance, as though they were silent sentinels, and the varied hills and high and solemn mountains around, near and afar, seeming to stand security for the promise of "everlasting love." In that August afternoon, the clouds interposed a veil to shield the mourners from the fierce rays of the sun, and all nature seemed hushed and still. The mourners and the people gathered around the circle—the ground was covered with evergreens and white flowers: there stood the white-haired and venerable Brinsmade at the head of the grave, impressing upon the living the lesson of the moment, and invoking the sanctifying influence of the Almighty; then the friends and relatives, old and young, dropped each a floral tribute upon the coffin; tears flowed from eyes unused to them; the only surviving son, with quivering lip, gave thanks to the people for their kindness, and the scene was over. If ever a man was buried in flowers and embalmed in affection, it was Doctor John Todd."

THE END.



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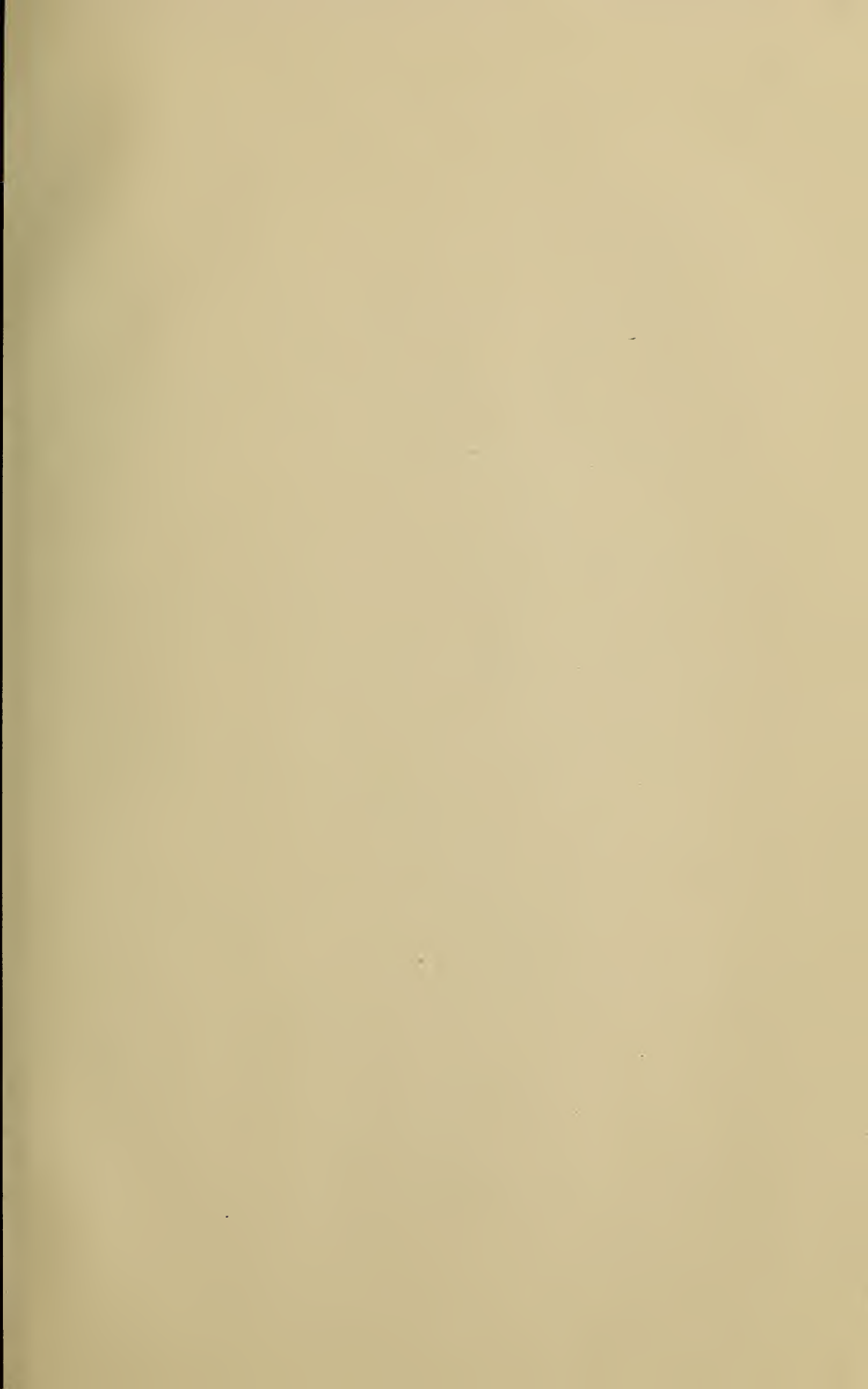
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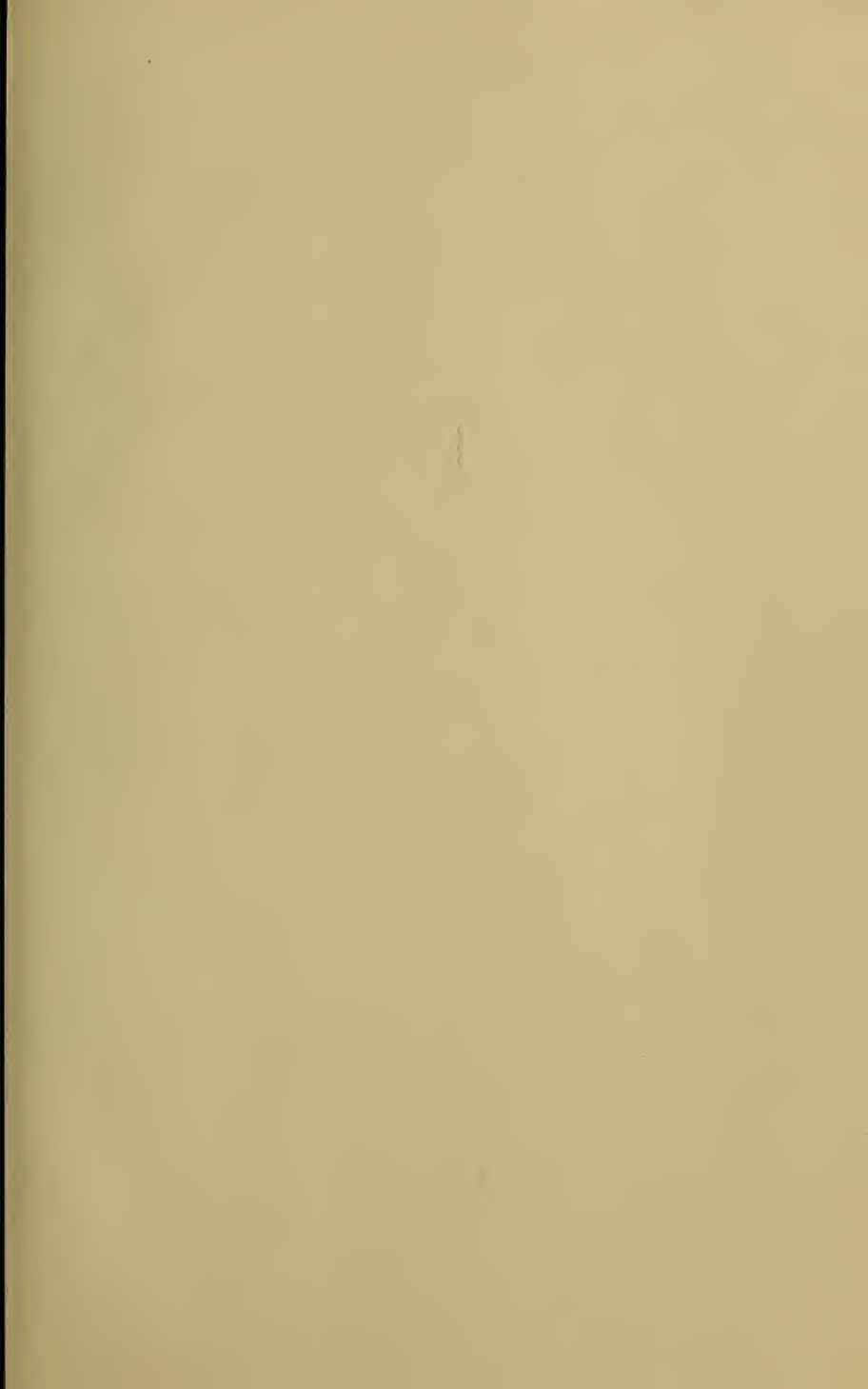
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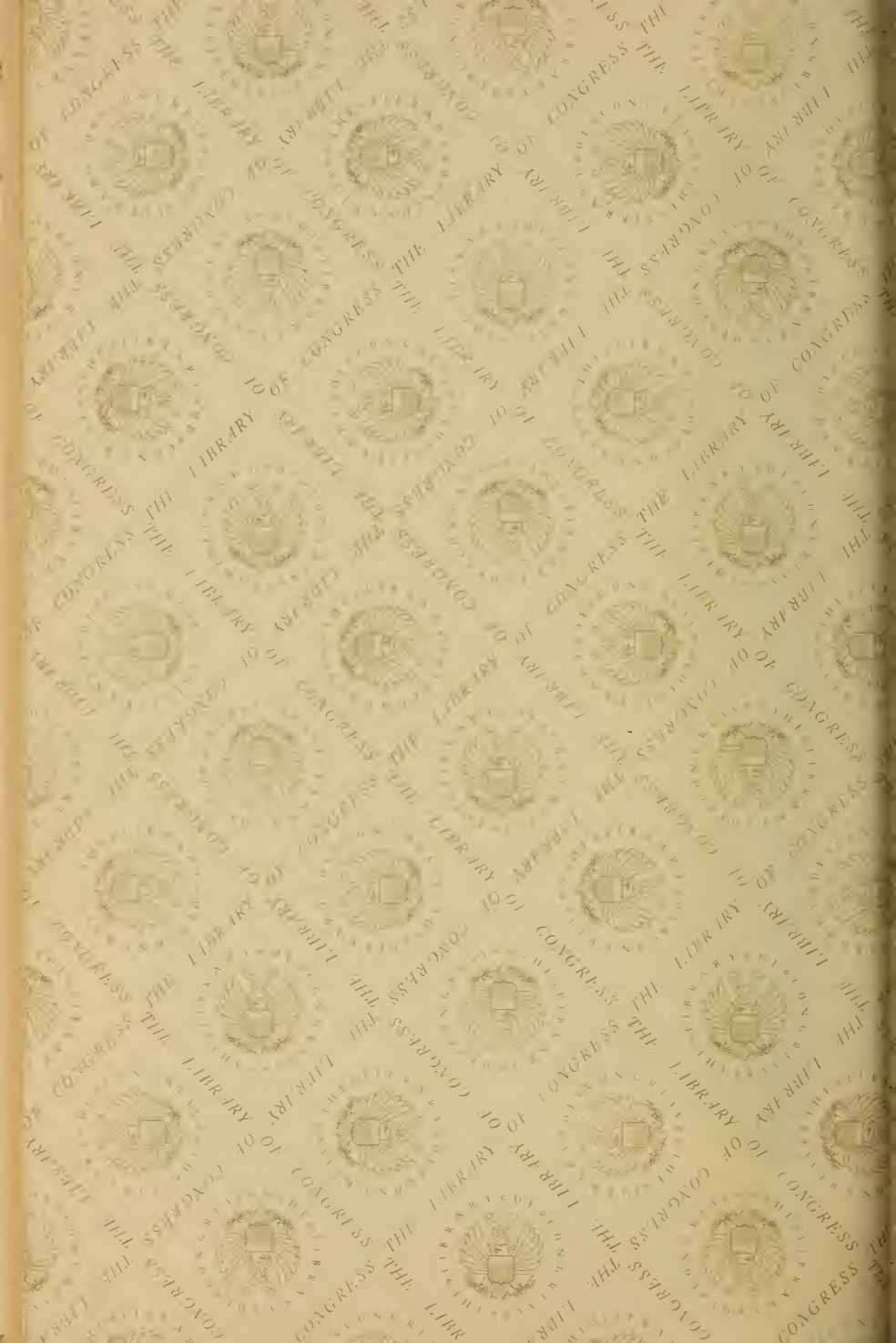
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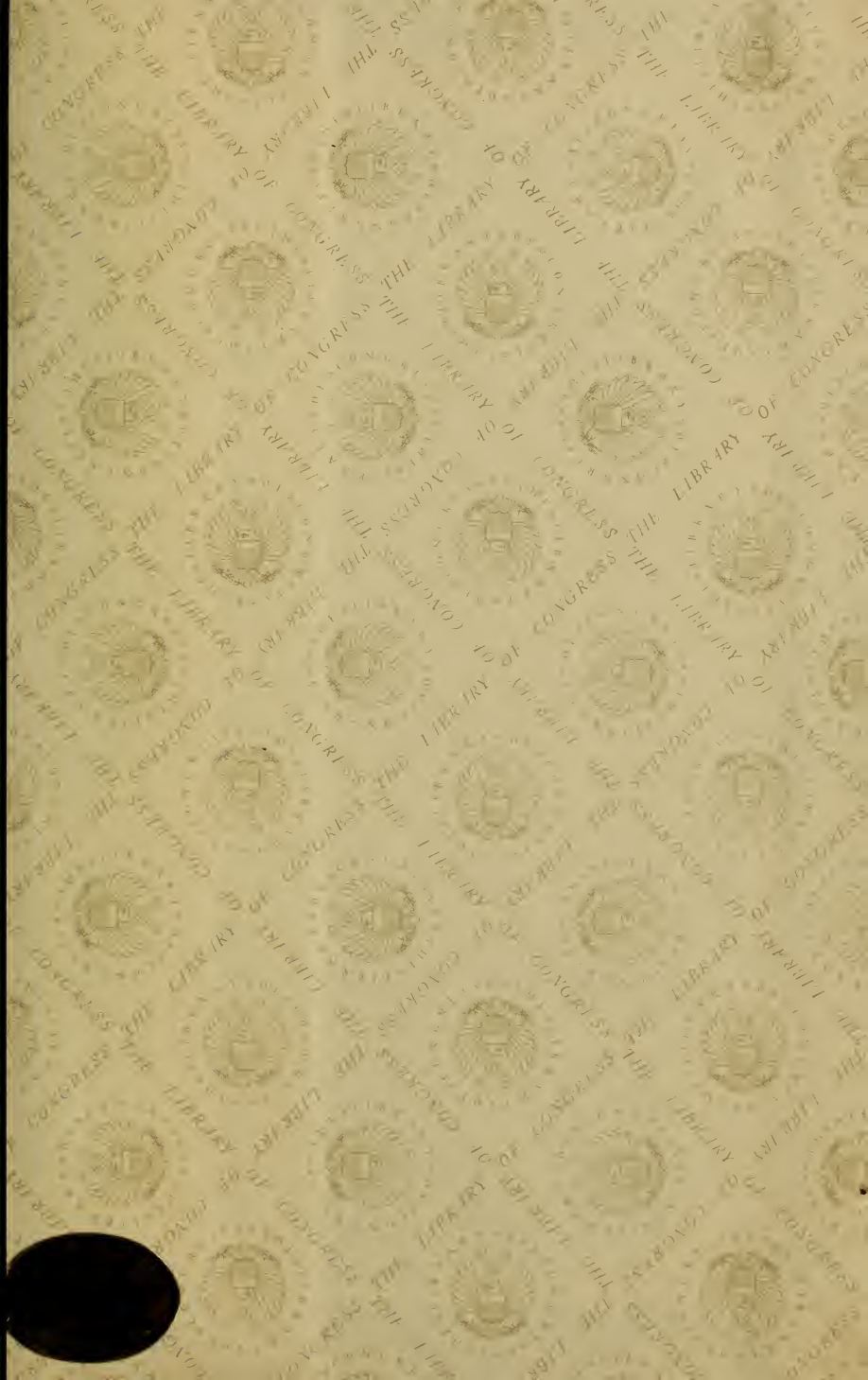












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