

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 06184539 6

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn



TALL OAKS
FROM LITTLE ACORNS;

OR,

**SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS
OF HUMBLE ORIGIN.**

By WILLIAM A. ALCOTT, M. D.



New-York :
PUBLISHED BY CARLTON & PHILLIPS,

SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, 300 MULBERRY-STREET.

1856.

www.libtool.com.cn





www.libtool.com.cn

.....
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1836, by
CARLTON & PHILLIPS,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern
District of New-York.
.....

C O N T E N T S.

	PAGE
THE CHARTER OAK.....	7
ROGER WILLIAMS.....	23
WILBUR FISK.....	87
MARY LYON.....	159
BENJAMIN WEST.....	235
THOMAS H. GAILLAUDET.....	257
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.....	300
FREDERIC THE GREAT.....	335
LAFITTE THE BANKER.....	361

www.libtool.com.cn

THE CHARTER OAK.

PRELIMINARIES.

In the heart of what is now called New-England, near the western bank of one of its most beautiful rivers, during the season of autumn, an acorn fell to the ground. The spot where it fell was thickly covered with fallen and falling leaves, and it was soon hid among them. No eye beheld it but that Divine eye which never slumbers nor sleeps. Here, in its warm nest, it lay through the long winter. The squirrel had, indeed, often passed by it; he had seized and devoured many like it, in the same neighborhood; but this little acorn escaped.

The snow which covered the leaves kept it still more closely hid, and was, perhaps,

One means of preventing it from becoming a prey to those hungry and improvident squirrels, and other animals whose winter's stock was exhausted. It was, indeed, frozen; but not so severely as to extinguish within it that living or vital principle which had been imparted by the great Creator.

At length, however, the warm sunshine and early showers of spring awakened it to new life and activity. It began to swell; little roots shot forth and spread themselves in the earth around it, and a small stem, with tiny leaves, appeared on the surface of the earth immediately above it. A new oak was now added to the numerous hosts of oaks, great and small, already in existence; and the substance or body of the acorn being no longer valuable for any other purpose, became food for it.

I might here give a very minute and extended account of the manner in which a young oak-tree is fed from the decaying acorn underneath it, and the water and air around it; I mean, as far as this wonder-

ful process is now understood; for how it is, after all, that a seed, whether the seed of an oak or anything else, grows up into a tree, is not, as yet, fully known, except by that Mind which understands all things. But I will go on with my story.

Our little acorn, in the character of a young oak, had other dangers to encounter. Not, indeed, such dangers as befall the infants of our own race when newly born into the world, and which, but for the zealous watch-care of others, would most certainly destroy its tender life. It needed no mother to nurse, feed, or tend it, nor any father to provide for its future wants. Nor was it exposed to such dangers as the young lamb, or duckling, or robin, has to meet at life's early threshold. And yet it had its dangers. The half-starved mole might have gnawed at its roots, or the greedy and never-satisfied worm might have eaten them hollow, or the deer of the forest, in times when grass was scarce, might have cropped its tender twigs, or even devoured its very trunk. But, like the veteran warrior, who, amid the terror of musketry,

and sword, and artillery, has gone on and outlived all his comrades, so our young oak escaped unscathed.

After the lapse of many years, it became a tall tree. It was quite above the heads of men and other animals that came near it; and as it increased in size, it increased also in strength. But the oak does not grow rapidly. Forty years ago, while a mere lad, I witnessed the death of a huge chestnut-tree, from whose roots there grew up a cluster of young chestnut-trees that are now reckoned among the sturdiest sons of the forest. But the oak, in forty years, makes little progress, whether in youth or in age. It is a general law of the vegetable kingdom, and still more so of the animal, that those things which are of slowest growth, live to the greatest age. Many an oak has been a whole century in lifting its huge branches above the heads of men and beasts, and escaping all its juvenile dangers.

It happens, however, that the little oak of which I have been speaking, was not exposed, at any period of its early exist-

ence, to injury or insult from civilized man or domestic animals; for no such had yet beheld it. For more than a century, perhaps for several of these periods, the red man alone had been sheltered by it; the wild beast alone had prowled around it, and the wild fowls alone had made nests among its branches. No sound of the church-going bell, no lowing herds, no bleating flocks had ever been heard within three thousand miles of it. In place of these last, had you been there, you might have heard the howling of the wolf, the screams of the panther, and the war-whoop of the savage; and, in place of churches, dwellings, school-houses, factories, and implements of agriculture, you might have seen the wigwam, the bow and arrow, and the tomahawk.

In process of time, however, things were greatly changed. The white man came; the land was cleared and cultivated, and a city was built, in whose suburbs stood our famous oak. I call it famous, not because it had become so already, but because it became so afterward. The ax

of the cultivator, while it brought low the mightiest trees of the forest, spared this oak, and it stood high, and strong, and able to resist the most violent winds and furious storms that could assail it. Nay, more ; it grew aged amid the ruthless devastations made among its fellows, and at length contained, at the bottom of its trunk, a very considerable hollow, so large as to afford a convenient retreat for many small animals, if not a temporary shelter for larger ones.

The contiguous city had sent out its citizens here and there, to form little settlements, and new towns and villages had sprung up. For mutual convenience, and also for mutual defense, they had become associated under the name of a colony, and had their charter of government.

On a certain occasion, when a difficulty arose about the government of the colony, and fears were entertained lest the charter, of which I have spoken, might unlawfully be taken away from them, its friends availed themselves of the darkness of the night, and concealed it in the hollow of the

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn



aged oak tree. From this little circumstance the tree, ever afterward, was called the Charter Oak. More than a century and a half have elapsed, and it is still known by this name.

This Charter Oak, standing within the present limits of the city of Hartford, in Connecticut, is visited every year by thousands, if not by tens of thousands, of travelers, not a few of whom carry away with them small pieces of the tree, to be preserved as curiosities. I have had letters from friends, in distant parts of the country, requesting me to procure drawings of the tree from which engravings might be made, to be incorporated into books, periodicals, and papers.

It is about two hundred and fifteen years since our forefathers first came to Hartford, and saw the venerable Charter Oak ; and if it was then from one hundred and fifty to two hundred years old, of which there can be little doubt, its present age must be about four hundred years. And if so, it may, according to present appearances, last to the age of five hundred

years. For though it has about it many marks of decay, yet it does not seem to have altered much during the last twenty-five years. Many a "human oak," so to speak, that has already, at sixty years of age, become quite "silvered o'er," lasts on to eighty years, that is, lives one-fourth of his whole life after his frame begins to show the marks of decay; and why may not the Charter Oak do the same?

The trunk of this venerable tree cannot be less than about twenty feet in circumference; though its size rapidly diminishes as you ascend. Its height is not in full proportion to its size. It spreads out widely, however; and the whole trunk and limbs taken together, would make many cords of excellent fuel.

I have seen a few other trees in New-England which appear to be about as old as the Charter Oak, though I do not know of any which are older. From what I have read, seen, and heard, I suspect the oak very often lasts for several centuries. Some have said that it lasts a thousand years; but such an age is probably very unusual.

One of the most remarkable oak-trees I have ever seen, next to the Charter Oak, is in Dedham, Massachusetts. Its age is not known with certainty; but it is older than the first settlement of the country around it, which took place more than two hundred years ago. Perhaps the winds of from three to four hundred winters have already whistled through the branches of this huge tree.

Another, from two hundred to three hundred years of age, was lately cut down in Litchfield county, in Connecticut. The age of the last-mentioned was, of course, determined by counting the concentric circles in its wood, one of these circles being known to form on the surface of the tree every year. There are two huge oaks, of great antiquity, to be seen in Framingham, in Massachusetts.

But there are other large oaks out of New-England. One in Raleigh, North Carolina, is twenty-five feet in circumference; though at a few feet from the ground it suddenly tapers to a girth of fifteen feet. A live oak at Beaufort, South

Carolina, is thirty-three feet in circumference.

All our huge oak-trees, aged and venerable as they may seem, and as they truly are, were once, as you know, mere acorns. They have probably shed from their branches, each of them, such quantities of other acorns as might have produced, had they all germinated, a larger forest of oaks than has ever yet been seen.

Many other trees have their origin in sources apparently as small or as trivial as the oak. The chestnut is little larger than the acorn, yet the tree which it produces sometimes grows quite as large; though it is never as tough, nor as long-lived. The same remark, essentially, might be made concerning the elm, the button-wood, the pine, the magnolia, &c. Some of these trees are from twenty to forty feet in circumference, and the pine, though its circumference is less, mounts up in the air to the height of from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet. Yet from what wonderfully small beginnings! The seed

of the elm, the pine, the magnolia, is even smaller than the acorn.

Our Saviour, in one of his parables, speaks of the mustard, which was common in the country where he traveled, as growing to a very great tree, while it had its origin in a very small seed, one very much smaller than that of the oak or the chestnut. All such facts are striking, and deserve our notice and our thoughts.

And yet, while the well-known, fact that

"Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow,"

has long since passed into a proverb, it seems to be forgotten that many things of great magnitude in human life of much more consequence than oak-trees, even charter oaks, have their origin in very small beginnings. Particularly true is it that many individuals, whose origin may have seemed as humble as that of the oak or the elm, and whose birth or education scarcely indicated anything above mediocrity, have risen to giant size in character.

Regarding these gigantic or extraordi-

nary men and women as so many "tall oaks from little acorns grown," some of them may be called useful oaks; some, of more doubtful utility to the world, may be spoken of as wide-spreading oaks merely; while others, still, may be regarded as poison oaks. For there is a species of sumach which has been called vulgarly by this latter name.

In presenting brief sketches of some of these "tall oaks," I shall, of course, only be able to select a few from the thousands and tens of thousands of those who have figured largely on the great theater of human life.

Those few, however, are persons whose characters cannot fail to be instructive to all young persons who aspire to imitate examples of true goodness and greatness.

www.libtool.com.cn

ROGER WILLIAMS.

www.libtool.com.cn

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I.—HIS BIRTH AND EDUCATION.....	27
II.—REMOVAL TO AMERICA.....	30
III.—HIS RESIDENCE AT SALEM AND PLYMOUTH.....	32
IV.—MR. WILLIAMS BANISHED FROM MASSACHU- SETTS.....	36
V.—HIS JOURNEY TO PROVIDENCE.....	42
VI.—MR. WILLIAMS AT PROVIDENCE.....	47
VII.—HE PREVENTS AN INDIAN WAR, AND THUS SAVES THE COLONIES.....	50
VIII.—HE ASSISTS IN THE WAR OF THE ENGLISH AGAINST THE PEQUODS.....	56
IX.—HIS LABORS IN PROVIDENCE AND RHODE ISLAND	58
X.—HE VISITS ENGLAND.....	63
XI.—HE PREVENTS ANOTHER INDIAN WAR.....	66
XII.—MR. WILLIAMS GOES AGAIN TO ENGLAND.....	70
XIII.—HE IS MADE PRESIDENT OF THE COLONY OF RHODE ISLAND.....	73
XIV.—HIS OTHER PUBLIC SERVICES.....	75
XV.—HIS DEATH AND CHARACTER.....	79
XVI.—HIS LITERARY LABORS.....	82

www.libtool.com.cn

ROGER WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER I.

HIS BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

If the venerable Roger Williams was not, at first, of mere "acorn" dimensions, it would not be easy to prove it; for his origin and early history, like that of many other great men, is at least involved in much obscurity.

With regard to his birth and early years, we only know that he was the son of William Williams, of Cayo, in the county of Carmarthen, in South Wales; that he was born in the year 1606, and that he was early a resident in London. But at what precise age he was removed to the great metropolis, or for what purpose, is, so far as I know, an impenetrable mystery.

We may, indeed, make one *inference* from certain facts which have come down to us. It is, that he received a religious education from religious parents. The evidence of this is found, in the first place, in his remarkable conscientiousness; and, in the second place, from certain statements of his own, made near the close of his life.

“From my early childhood,” says he, “now about three-score years, the Father of lights and mercies touched my soul with a love to himself, to his Only-begotten, the true Lord Jesus, and to his Holy Scriptures.”

Another fact is easily gathered up concerning him, when he was about fifteen years old. It is testified of him, incidentally, by a daughter of that distinguished lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, that he used to take notes, in short hand, of “sermons and speeches in the Star Chamber,” and present them to her father. Sir Edward, it is added, was so much pleased with him, that he sent him to Sutton’s Hospital. Why he should have been sent, as the

reward of merit, or of scholarships, to a hospital, does not now appear. It is most probable, however, that such was the fact; for the records of the hospital testify that he was elected a scholar of that institution in June, 1621, and that he obtained an exhibition, July 9th, 1624; more than three years afterward.

But he had been registered a member of Jesus College, Oxford, several months prior to the period last mentioned. Here it is said that he became what, in those days, was called a finished or thorough scholar. There are reasons for believing that at the close of his college life, he studied law, for a time, under Sir Edward Coke; but it would not be easy to prove this. In any event, he obtained considerable knowledge of the general principles of equity and jurisprudence somewhere.

But the ministry of the Gospel was his chosen pursuit, and to this he ultimately directed his attention with such assiduity that about the year 1630, when he could have been but about twenty-four years of age, he was admitted to orders, as it was

called, in the Church of England. It is even said by some, that, for a short time prior to his leaving the country, he had the charge of a parish, and that he was, as a preacher, highly esteemed. But he was, even at this early period, quite a non-conformist.

About this same period, though history does not inform us with exactness when, he was married. His wife is represented to have been a woman of great worth, and to have sympathized largely with her husband in most of his views and in all of his trials.



CHAPTER II.

REMOVAL TO AMERICA.

MR. WILLIAMS removed to America about the beginning of the year 1631. He took with him his little family. The reader need not be told that this was just about ten years after the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth.

Ministers of Churches in those days were not, of course, so numerous as they now are. Besides, each Church in the days of the Puritans, I mean of their early settlement of New England, employed two persons to perform the very duties which are now usually performed by one. One was called the pastor, and attended to the visiting, which was often done thoroughly, and *by house-row*; the other was the teacher, or, as we should perhaps say, the preacher.

Just before the time of Mr. Williams's arrival at Boston, the Church at Salem had lost its teacher, the Rev. Mr. Higginson. Mr. Williams had not been long in Boston ere he was invited to supply the vacancy. He accepted the invitation, and was immediately settled. This was April 12, 1631. The Rev. Mr. Skelton was the pastor.

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER III.

HIS RESIDENCE AT SALEM AND PLYMOUTH.

BUT the civil authority of Salem, for reasons which would seem to us, in these days, quite frivolous, were opposed to his settlement. The difficulty became quite serious. The Church was, of course, on the one side and the magistrates on the other. The trouble became so great that, before the close of the year, Mr. Williams, who was not willing to live in the midst of a quarrel, or, above all, seem to be the occasion of one, removed to Plymouth.

He was well received at Plymouth, and was immediately employed as teacher there, in connection with Rev. Mr. Smith, the pastor. He had, as it would seem, the entire confidence of the Plymouth people. Governor Bradford, in particular, had a very high esteem for him.

While he was residing at Plymouth, at this time, he had frequent opportunities

of becoming acquainted with the Indians, especially their chiefs, and by frequent acts of kindness secured their friendship and confidence. It is not difficult to gain the friendship of savages, if we only begin right.

The finger of Providence was quite conspicuous in all this. It prepared the way most admirably for his future dealings with them after his banishment from Massachusetts, and probably paved the way for his future labors for the good of his country.

It is even said of him, that while at Plymouth he made occasional excursions among the stern chiefs and warriors, to learn their customs and language. A most admirable plan. It is not a little amusing to hear what he says of these visits. It is found in a letter written many years afterward to one of his friends.

“God was pleased,” says he, “to give me a painful, patient spirit, to lodge with them in their filthy, smoky holes, even while I lived at Plymouth and Salem, to

gain their tongue. My soul's desire," he adds, "was to do the natives good."

After remaining at Plymouth about two years, he was invited to return to Salem, and assist Mr. Skelton, whose health was declining. The invitation was accepted, although the people of Plymouth had become so much attached to him during his residence there, that when he left them for Salem they immediately sold out their estates and followed him.

He returned to Salem, however, not to officiate as teacher, but to assist Mr. Skelton as his colleague. Mr. Skelton died about a year afterward, and left him in the full discharge of all the duties which had hitherto devolved on himself.

Mr. Williams, long before he left Plymouth, had excited much surprise among the principal men there, as well as the enmity of a few, by his steady opposition to everything that was unjust or overbearing, either in their treatment of one another, or of the Indians. The fact is, he was a true republican, both in religious and secular matters; and he was always

disposed to look with a jealous eye on everything that had the slightest appearance of encroachment on the rights of the people, in matters pertaining both to the Church and to the state. He saw further into the true principles of liberty and Christianity than most men, and was more charitable, liberal, and benevolent.

If he had a fault, it was his inflexible determination to hold no truce with anything which he saw plainly to be wrong, especially among those who held places of power and trust. Wrong-doing among the poor, the ignorant, and the outcast, he was much more willing to tolerate than among the great, the intelligent, and the influential.

Such a character, founded on such principles, was greatly in advance of the times; and hence Mr. Williams was unpopular. The famous Elder Brewster, of Plymouth, good man though he was, could not get along with him; and so it was with many of the great in Salem. The Boston ministers, moreover, grew jealous of his influence, and joined in the growing opposition.

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER IV.

MR. WILLIAMS BANISHED FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

THE opposition to Mr. Williams, at Boston, Salem, and elsewhere, continued to grow, while the attachment of the people of Salem to his ministry grew as fast. But it must be understood that I speak now of the common people, rather than the great. It was the common people, as we are told, and not the scribes and Pharisees, that gladly heard our Saviour.

One thing which greatly hastened the hour of Mr. Williams's banishment, was too small an affair to be taken notice of in such a case; but it shows what human nature is most clearly. Mr. Williams, of course, as a Protestant, had spoken strongly against Popery, and against everything that was symbolic of this superstition. Taking the hint, perhaps, from what Mr. W. had said, Mr. Endicott, one of the Sa-

lem magistrates, cut the cross out of the military colors. Mr. Endicott was punished for the deed ; but the blame was laid very largely on Mr. Williams.

At last, the public mind became so excited against him, that in April, 1635, he was summoned by the General Court and assistants, to appear at Boston, to be examined before the ministers. We may judge a little of the strength of the public prejudice against him, from a remark concerning him, which is attributed to Dr. Cotton Mather. "He has," says he, "a wind-mill in his head."

It does not appear that he was convicted of anything criminal at this meeting. All we know is, that the ministers, all of whom were present, proceeded to make grievous charges against him ; and when he attempted to defend anything, to deny, and, as they called it, "confute him."

But neither the controversy between him and the ministers, nor that between him and the magistrates of Salem, was at an end. The latter had enacted a law requiring every man to attend public

worship and contribute to its support. Mr. Williams denounced the law as a violation of the natural rights of mankind. "No one," said he, "should be bound to maintain a worship against his own consent."

In July of the same year, he was again summoned to appear before the General Court at Boston. The charges against him were, that he maintained the following opinions, which they deemed at once strange and dangerous, viz.:

1. That magistrates ought not to punish breaches of the first four of the ten commandments; because that alone belonged to God.
2. That an oath should not be tendered to a man who was unregenerated.
3. That it was wrong to pray with such persons, even though they were wives or children.
4. That we ought not to give thanks *after* eating, either in general or at the sacrament.

How strange it appears, at the present time, that a man should have been tried, little more than two hundred years ago, by the civil power at Boston, on such trifling charges as these, even supposing they had

been true! But some of them were unfounded.

After a long and grave debate, during which no witnesses were brought against him, his opinions were pronounced "to be erroneous and very dangerous." They did not, however, proceed at once to pass sentence against him, and hoped he would repent and retract his heresy.

On his return to Salem new difficulties arose, in various shapes and ways, and Mr. Williams became more and more (excepting always the common people of his own Church and congregation) the victim of hatred and opposition. It was quite evident that those in power, everywhere, were against him.

In October, the same year, he was summoned before the General Court once more. All the ministers of the Massachusetts, or Bay Province, were together, and the Rev. Mr. Hooker, so famous in the early settlement of Connecticut, was chosen to dispute with him. But he could not, in the language of the day, "seduce him from any of his errors."

The next morning after the trial closed, which had been protracted to a very great length, he was found guilty, and sentenced to be banished. This strange and cruel sentence was passed on the 3d of November, 1635. It was as follows :

“Whereas Mr. Roger Williams, one of the elders of the Church of Salem, hath broached and divulged new and dangerous opinions against the authority of magistrates and Churches here, and that before any conviction, and yet maintaineth the same without any retraction, it is therefore ordered that the said Mr. Williams shall depart out of this jurisdiction within six weeks now next ensuing ; which if he neglect to perform, it shall be lawful for the governor and two of the magistrates to send him to some place out of this jurisdiction, not to return any more without license from the Court.”

This, to the people of Salem, was unexpected ; very much so. Even his most bitter enemies there and elsewhere admitted that “he was respected and beloved as a pious man and able minister.” The excite-

ment in Salem was exceedingly great. Neal, in his history of New England, while speaking of the effects which followed the act of his banishment, says, "the whole town of Salem was in an uproar."

His severe trials and hard labors had greatly impaired his health; the winter was approaching; and on stating his case, he was permitted to remain at Salem till spring.

But complaints were soon made by his enemies that he still held meetings at his own house, where he continued to hold forth his heretical opinions; and that he had drawn away above twenty persons to his way of thinking. It was also said that he was looking about for a plantation near Narraganset Bay.

The General Court, on hearing this, resolved to send him away to England. A ship was then in the harbor, ready to sail. It was January 11, 1636. They summoned him to attend court at Boston, as before; but he refused to obey. Determined not to be defeated, they sent a small sloop to Salem with orders to seize him, put him

on board the sloop, bring him to the vessel in Boston harbor, and send him in it to England.

When the officers reached Salem, Mr. Williams, who had friends as well as the General Court, had been absent about three days, nobody knew where. We shall see in the next chapter. It seems that, for the present, he left behind him his wife and two very young children. It is hoped and believed that he was not tortured by any fears about their safety or pecuniary comfort.

CHAPTER V.

HIS JOURNEY TO PROVIDENCE.

It appears evident that Mr. Williams, when he left Salem, steered at once for Narraganset Bay. It was about the middle of January; the snow was deep, and the country, much of the way, inhabited only by savages and wild animals. He was, however, more safe in the hands of

Indians, and bears, and wolves, than in those of civilized men.

How long he was traveling through the country, or how he obtained lodging when night came, is not known; perhaps the Indians befriended him. The journey was half as great and quite as tedious as the journey of the Rev. Mr. Hooker and his company to Hartford a few years afterward, and which occupied a whole fortnight.

From Boston to Hartford, in a right line, is only about ninety miles, while from Salem to Mount Hope, the first place we know he stopped at, is nearly seventy. Besides, Mr. Williams was alone, and it was midwinter, whereas Mr. Hooker set out the twenty-fifth of October, and had plenty of company.

When Mr. Williams reached Mount Hope, he called to see the famous Indian chief Massasoit, who resided there, and who professed to own all the country from Mount Hope, northward, quite to the Charles River. Massasoit was one of the chiefs who had become acquainted with

Mr. Williams at Plymouth a year or two before, and was exceedingly kind and hospitable to him.

Mr. Williams purchased of Massasoit a tract of land on Seekonk River, near the present city of Providence, and proceeded forthwith to settle there. Some of his Salem friends, as soon as they heard of it, joined him. The place where they began a settlement was in what is now the town of Seekonk.

He had scarcely become settled there before he received a letter from his old friend, Governor Winslow, of Plymouth, reminding him that Seekonk was within the limits of Plymouth colony, and that his residence there might offend Massachusetts; he therefore advised him to settle on the western side of the river.

Mr. Williams, who had fairly bought the land of Massasoit, the proper owner, and paid him for it, was desirous to remain. He might have said, "How can I and my company remove again this cold winter?" But after much reflection, he took Governor Winslow's advice. This

was the true Gospel course; but many worldly men would not have taken it.

Embarking in a little frail canoe, with five other persons, he went in search of a spot quite out of the reach of Massachusetts and Plymouth jurisdiction. They landed, and began their settlement on the very spot where now stands the city of Providence in Rhode Island.

He arrived here, it is supposed, about the middle of June. He had been at Seekonk long enough to plant, and to begin to build; but how long is not now known. He speaks afterward of fourteen weeks of suffering; but it must have been twenty weeks or more, from the time of his leaving Salem to the time of his arrival at Providence.

It may give the reader a better idea of his sufferings after his banishment, and before his settlement at Providence, if I here quote from his own letters.

“When I was unkindly and unchristianly, as I believe, driven from my house and land, and wife and children, in the midst of a New-England winter, Mr.

Winthrop privately wrote to me to steer my course to the Narraganset Bay and Indians. I took his prudent motion as a hint and voice from God, and waving all other thoughts and motions, I steered my course from Salem, though in winter snow, which I yet feel, unto these parts. I was sorely tossed for over fourteen weeks in a bitter winter season, not knowing what bread or bed did mean, besides the yearly loss of no small matter in my trading with English and natives; being debarred from Boston, the chief mart and port of New-England. God knows that many thousand pounds cannot repay the losses I have sustained."

There is other evidence that his health was much impaired by the sufferings of this terrible winter. It was no light thing, dear reader, to wander fourteen weeks in "a dense forest, covered with the deep snows of winter, tracked by wild beasts," and to hear no voices except the scream of the panther, the yell of the tiger or wild cat, and the howl of the wolf; and the still more savage yell of the Indians.

Daniel Boone, who discovered and settled Kentucky, once said, and Roger Williams might almost have said the same thing: "Many dark and sleepless nights have I spent separated from the cheerful society of men, scorched by the summer's sun and pinched by the winter's cold; an instrument ordained to settle the wilderness."

CHAPTER VI.

MR. WILLIAMS AT PROVIDENCE.

THE country about Providence, where Mr. Williams proposed now to settle, was claimed and owned by two Indian chiefs called Canonicus and Miantonoh. Mr. Williams proceeded to purchase such tracts as he could of them, but it does not seem that they were easy to be obtained; for, as he says in his writings, the old chief, Canonicus, was, to his last breath, shy of the English.

"It was not," said he, "thousands nor

tens of thousands of money, could have bought of him an English entrance into this bay; but I was the procurer of the purchase by that language, acquaintance, and favor with the natives, and other advantages which it pleased God to give me."

He not only paid for everything he bought of the Indians, but paid for it to their full satisfaction. They owed him no grudge afterward. In addition to the price agreed on, he gave them many presents. It is said that he was even obliged to mortgage his house and lands at Salem, in order to make additional presents and gratuities to the sachems.

All the lands he bought were, therefore, as truly his as if they had been bought of white men. They were transferred to him by deed, somewhat in the same way. They were, moreover, conveyed to him alone; so that he could say, as he was accustomed, and as William Penn could have said of the Pennsylvania lands, they "were as much his, as any man's coat upon his back."

But he did not purchase lands to monopolize them, or to aggrandize himself or his family; but that he might be able to control them for the public good. And this he actually did. For it was not long after he bought them before he reconveyed them to his associates in the settlement, reserving for himself only as much as each of them had.

It does not appear that when he gave up the land to others, as just now mentioned, he received anything in return, except that the town of Providence, many years afterward, voted him thirty pounds sterling, which they called a "loving gratuity." What a wonderful man! And how disinterested!

Soon after the lands were divided thus, and Mr. Williams knew which was his, he built himself a house. The only certain evidence of this arises from the fact that in a letter written by him at this time, he says, "Miantonomoh kept his barbarous court, lately, at my house."

Some time before the close of this year, 1636, Mrs. Williams and her two children

came from Salem, and joined the little company at Providence. They brought with them a few more friendly families from his old parish. They were poor; they had to subsist chiefly, till they could raise something, by hunting and fishing, and by what they could buy of the Indians.

No wonder they were good men. Such trials must be a means of softening or hardening men. They must be a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death. No wonder the new and rising town was called by such men as Williams and his associates by the singular name of PROVIDENCE.

CHAPTER VII.

**WILLIAMS PREVENTS AN INDIAN WAR, AND
THUS SAVES THE COLONIES.**

THE Narraganset Indians, over whom Canonius and Miantonomoh were chief sachems, were very numerous, and were spread over what is now called Rhode

Island, and also a part of Long Island. They were the most civilized and most friendly to the New-England settlers of all the Indian tribes. They cultivated some of their lands, and manufactured a few coarse articles.

The Pequods and Mohegans inhabited Connecticut. They were fiercer than the Narragansets, but perhaps not quite so numerous; for the latter could raise, in an emergency, about four thousand fighting men, which the Pequods and Mohegans could not do. The latter were as treacherous and hostile to the new settlers as the former were open and peaceful.

Mr. Williams, as we have seen already, had taken some pains at Plymouth to make himself acquainted with the customs and language of the savages. This he continued to do after his arrival in the Narraganset country. "With his knowledge of the Narraganset tongue," as he says in later years, "he had entered into the secrets of those countries wherever the English dwell, about two hundred miles between the French and Dutch plantations." And he adds, "With this help a

man may converse with thousands of natives, all over the country."

About the time of Mr. Williams's arrival at Providence, the Pequods were endeavoring to have the Indians, all over New-England, unite in a general war against the inhabitants. During that summer, they had actually murdered one man, John Oldham, at Block Island. Some time toward the close of that year, Mr. Williams found out what a secret league the Pequods were endeavoring to bring about; upon which he wrote to Governor Vane, of Massachusetts, and gave him information concerning the plot, and admonished him of the danger.

Some may be surprised to hear that he was so ready to give important information to the people who had just banished him. But Mr. Williams was not the man to harbor revenge in such a case. He was a Christian. But then, the danger was to them all; and if a general war should arise, he would be likely to suffer among the rest.

The governor and magistrates of Massa-

chusetts, aware of his great influence with the Narragansets, wrote to Mr. Williams, begging him to act as their agent in endeavouring to prevent the Narragansets from uniting in the general league. Mr. Williams at length consented, and being informed that the Pequod ambassadors were already endeavoring to enlist the Narragansets in their bloody scheme, he immediately executed his agency by going among them.

The following is his own curious account of the manner in which he fulfilled his mission, and is better than any account I could give you of it in my own language:

“Upon letters received from the governor and council of Boston, requesting me to use my utmost and speediest endeavors to break and hinder the league labored for by the Pequods and Mohegans, against the English, excusing the not sending of company and supplies by the haste, the Lord helped me immediately to put my life into my hand, and scarce acquainting my wife, to ship myself alone, in a poor canoe, and to cut through a

stormy wind, with great seas, every minute in hazard of life, to the sachem's house.

“Three days and nights my business forced me to lodge and mix with the bloody Pequod embassadors, whose hands and arms, methought, reeked with the blood of my countrymen, murdered and massacred by them on the Connecticut River, and from whom I could not but nightly look for their bloody knives at my own throat also.

“God wondrously preserved me, and helped me to break to pieces the Pequod's negotiation and design, and, to make a finish, by many travels and changes, the English league with the Narragansets and Mohegans against the Pequods.”*

Mr. Williams performed his work so admirably, and made so favorable an impression on the mind of the old chief, Canonicus, that he sent Miantonomoh and two of his own sons to Boston, to visit and converse with the authorities there. This was in October, 1636. They were accom-

* See Frontispiece.

panied by a large number of their countrymen as their attendants.

They were received in Boston with much parade, and a treaty of peace was concluded between the English and Narragansets, in which it was agreed that neither party should, at any time, make peace with the Pequods, without the permission of the other.

The Indians could not read the articles of the treaty, as they were in English. Governor Winthrop proposed to send a copy of them to Mr. Williams, who would explain it to them. This shows at once their friendship for Mr. Williams, and the confidence which his Boston enemies reposed in him, and is a historical fact which reflects great praise on his character.

In this way, and by these heroic acts, Mr. Williams was the instrument, in the hands of God, of saving not only his own little colony, but the larger ones of Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Connecticut, from the horrors of a long and perhaps fatal war.

How much good a man may do who

sets his heart on it! Roger Williams was a doer of good, emphatically so. But we shall see his character more and more developed as we proceed with his story.

CHAPTER VIII.

HE ASSISTS IN THE WAR OF THE ENGLISH AGAINST THE PEQUODS.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Williams had been the means of preventing a general league among the Indians against the English, yet he had not wholly prevented war. The Pequods were not satisfied, and proceeded to the attack single handed.

They began the war by an attack on Saybrook, or rather on its fort, at the mouth of the Connecticut River. The colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Connecticut, resolved to invade the country of the Pequods, and exterminate them.

In their attempts to carry on the Pequod war, Mr. Williams was of very great

service, by giving to the proper authorities much valuable information concerning the Pequods, and many important hints in regard to the best mode of conducting the war against them. He knew the Indian character, at this time, better, in all probability, than any other man in New-England.

I cannot enter into particulars about the manner in which Mr. Williams afforded that aid which was so timely and essential to his countrymen, except just to say that he wrote a very long letter to Governor Winthrop, of Boston, and gave him such a full account of the situation of the Pequods, their manner of fighting, how to meet them, &c., &c., that it is supposed by competent judges that the favorable termination of this war, and the forty years of peace that followed it, were, in no small degree, the result of his benevolent labors.

And they never gave him much credit on account of it. Governor Winthrop, and some of his friends in Boston, tried to pass a vote of thanks in his favor, and a few thought that on account of his ser-

vices he ought to be recalled from banishment. But, according to the old Spanish proverb, that "the man who has injured you will never forgive you," the enemies of Mr. Williams in Boston were numerous and unforgiving, and, as one would think, almost without consciences.

A solemn thanksgiving was proclaimed by the colony of Massachusetts at the close of the war; but we do not hear that any confessions were made to God for their ill treatment, or even their ingratitude to Mr. Williams.

CHAPTER IX.

HIS LABORS IN PROVIDENCE AND RHODE ISLAND.

Soon after Mr. Williams and his little company settled in Providence, they drew up an agreement, and all signed it; and they required every one who joined them afterward to sign it. This agreement was

intended to secure two points. One was a quiet submission to good rules; the other was freedom of conscience in all matters of faith or opinion.

As soon as it was known abroad that the little colony at Providence was formed on this basis of true liberty, people began to flock there in great numbers; for it was hard to live in Massachusetts at this time. The persecution, or oppression, rather, was so great that in August, 1637, at a meeting of ministers and magistrates held at Cambridge, no less than eighty-two opinions were pronounced to be erroneous.

Of these heretical opinions, those of Mrs. Anne Hutchinson were regarded as most dreadful. What they were I do not know exactly; but I suppose they were not unlike those of William Penn, the Quaker. She was, however, found guilty, with several of her friends, and banished. They, too, went to Providence, where they were kindly received, and where they behaved as well as the other citizens.

Not long after the arrival at Providence

of Mrs. Hutchinson, Mr. Williams procured of the Indians the island of Aquetneck, now Rhode Island, and, with the aid of others, formed a settlement there. The deed of the sachem who sold it was signed in 1638. Within two or three years the inhabitants became so numerous that they banded together and formed such an agreement about liberty of conscience as had been already formed by the people of Providence.

In the year 1642 commissioners from the colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New-Haven met at Boston, and formed a league, or agreement, to defend each other against the Indians. Yet, strange to tell, the colonies of Providence and Rhode Island were not allowed to join them; doubtless on account of their dislike to Mr. Williams's free opinions.

This was cruel, when it is considered how much Mr. Williams had done for the general good of New-England. But Mr. Williams had the confidence of the Indians so generally that, though he and his two colonies were particularly exposed to

their depredations, as the league well knew, they were the most safe of the whole.

And then to their cruelty they went further and added meanness. They claimed the Narraganset country, in which he had settled. The inhabitants of these colonies met at what is now called Newport, to see what should be done, and finally to procure a charter from the mother country.

But all these abuses did not prevent this great and good man from doing what was right even to those who hated him. "No injuries to himself or his fellow-settlers," says Mr. Elton, in his "Life of Roger Williams," "could provoke him to refuse his good offices on behalf of the neighboring colonies, in order to preserve harmony between them and the Indians."

All this while, too, though doing so much for others, he was very poor. "My time," says he, "was spent, day and night, at home and abroad, on the land and on the water, at the hoe and at the oar, for bread." And what added greatly to his poverty, and that of his people, was a cruel law passed in Massachusetts, that none of

the Providence people should be found within the jurisdiction of the aforesaid province. They could not go to Boston, therefore, to trade; and were, in consequence, very great sufferers.

In closing this chapter you must allow me to relate one or two anecdotes which serve to show what an honest and just man Mr. Williams was, and how even the savages held him in high esteem on account of it.

Four young colonists at Plymouth had attacked and mortally wounded an Indian. Mr. Williams not only sent out messengers in search of the murderers, but fearing their search might not be successful, he collected together a band of men and went in search of the dying Indian, and brought him to Providence. But he could not save his life; he died soon after. Three of the murderers were taken and executed in the presence of Mr. Williams and the Indians. This greatly strengthened the attachment they already felt for him.

A rumor had reached Boston that the Narraganset Indians were plotting mis-

chief, as well as others, against New-England. They sent an officer, with three or four men, to Miantonomoh, the sachem, inviting him to come to Boston and have a talk with them. Miantonomoh told them he would go if Mr. Williams would accompany him. But as Mr. Williams was under sentence of banishment, and as they would not relax the sentence, the negotiation was broken off, and Massachusetts chose to run the risk of having the Narragansets attack them and their sister colonies rather than permit Mr. Williams to come to Boston. How strange, at this day, does such conduct appear.

CHAPTER X.

HE VISITS ENGLAND.

I HAVE said that the people of Providence and Rhode Island were determined to have a charter. They made Mr. Williams their agent, and he prepared forthwith once more to visit England.

But as the people of Boston would not allow him to come there in order to set sail, he was obliged to sail from New-York. This was in June, 1643.

While he was waiting for the vessel to get ready, in which he was to sail, he had another opportunity to do good by conciliating the Indians. Provoked by the ill treatment of the Dutch at or near New-York, the Long Island Indians had attacked them with great fury, burned their houses, and murdered many persons, among whom was the famous Mrs. Hutchinson and her family, who had just left Providence to settle in New-York.

Mr. Williams, with his kind feelings and wonderful skill among the Indians, immediately went to work, and brought about a treaty of peace between the Dutch and the Indians; and thus saved we know not how many valuable lives.

Soon after he had accomplished this glorious deed, he sailed for England. What happened on the passage we do not know, except that he prepared a remarkable book on his way, which will be men-

tioned in another place. When people were from one to two or three months in going to England, such active and busy men as Mr. Williams had time to do something on the passage.

He reached England at a period when the nation was engaged in a civil war. However, by waiting a little, he succeeded in procuring a charter. It was dated March 17, 1644.

Having accomplished the object of his mission, he returned to America. On his return, he was permitted, and even requested, to go by way of Boston. He was the bearer of a letter from several noblemen in England to the government of Massachusetts.

Mr. Williams landed in Boston September 17, 1644. His letter procured him so much favor that he was permitted to pass, unmolested, all the way to Providence. But this favor was granted out of respect to its authors, and not because they felt, in any respect, differently toward Mr. Williams. His enemies at Boston and Salem never forgave him while they lived.

I have before mentioned the old Spanish proverb, "The man who has injured you will never forgive you." It is as true elsewhere as it is in old Spain.

CHAPTER XI.

HE PREVENTS ANOTHER INDIAN WAR.

THE news that Mr. Williams had arrived at Boston reached Providence sooner than he, and was the occasion of great joy. The inhabitants, in great numbers, with a fleet of canoes, met him at Seekonk to welcome his return, and to convey him home in triumph. No Eastern monarch was ever received to his royal city, after a successful campaign, with greater rejoicing than Mr. Williams to his own dear Providence.

And it was well that he came just when he did. For not only were the citizens anxious to receive the charter and proceed forthwith to form a government, and frame their own laws, but he was needed once more to try to quiet the Indians.

The case was this. The Mohegans, with the sanction of the colonists, that of Connecticut at least, had put Miantonomoh to death; and the Narragansets had resolved to punish them for it. They also determined to carry on the war against the English colonies, all except those at Providence and Rhode Island; which, on account of their friendship for Mr. Williams, they were willing to spare.

Mr. Williams, as I have intimated, arrived in time to write to Boston, and inform the government what was going on. They immediately sent a deputation to the chiefs of the Narragansets to try to effect a peace. Roger Williams, it seems, had already been sent for by the Indians to advise them, and was still there when the messengers from Boston arrived.

Here was work for him to do, just such work as he delighted in. He was preëminently a peace-maker. Saul, intent on a work of destruction, eighteen hundred years ago, is said to have *breathed* out threatenings and slaughter. Mr. Williams, on the other hand, as did the great Saul

afterward, breathed forth love and goodwill to mankind.com.cn

By means of his efforts, Passacus, the brother of Miantonomoh, and some of his chiefs, were persuaded to go to Boston and try to effect a peace. A treaty was at length actually concluded, and the Narragansets even agreed to make peace with the Mohegans. This was in August, 1645. The country was saved, no doubt, from a desolating war, and Roger Williams, under God, was the instrument of its preservation.

Mr. Williams was also greatly needed, at this juncture, for another purpose. I have already observed that Providence had become quite an asylum for those who were in search of what they called liberty.

As might have been expected, there were among the settlers many restless spirits, and some few who mistook liberty to mean, or at least to include, licentiousness. They were creating difficulty. Especially was this true of one man; a man of some merit and influence, but of great

ambition—William Coddington. In this emergency, Mr. Williams was wanted to throw oil on the troubled waters.

Mr. Williams appeased the difficulties everywhere, it would seem, except with Coddington. He was immovable. Determined on carrying out his ambitious views, he proceeded to England, and procured the appointment of governor, for life, of the islands of Rhode Island and Canonicut. In 1651 he returned with his new charter.

His return created much dissatisfaction. Other troubles then arose. Some men from Rhode Island were taken for what was regarded as heretical preaching in Lynn, near Boston, and fined, and one of them whipped. All this only made bad worse.

One man in Boston, one of the magistrates, and a most worthy man, too—Sir Richard Saltonstall—tried to put an end to these abuses, and quiet the ill feelings which grew out of the fining and flogging; but Providence and Rhode Island were still in distress, and no hope of relief

seemed to be near. In particular were they troubled with the ambitious conduct of Mr. Coddington.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. WILLIAMS GOES AGAIN TO ENGLAND.

In this crisis of affairs, the people of Rhode Island determined to send out an agent to England, to solicit the repeal of Mr. Coddington's commission as governor. They selected for this purpose a very worthy man, a minister and physician, by the name of Clarke.

Mr. Williams was urged by the Providence people to accompany Dr. Clarke; but Mr. Williams greatly desired to remain at home; besides, he pleaded poverty. However, the demand was so strong that he "sold his trading house at Narraganset," as he afterward stated, "with one hundred pounds profit per annum," and devoting it to his family's support and his own, at once proceeded on a second voyage to Old England.

For reasons which do not appear, he was obliged to sail from Boston. It was not without considerable difficulty, and not a little risk, that he and his friend, Dr. Clarke, got through the territory of Massachusetts and reached the vessel. But they at length arrived in safety and sailed. It was now November, 1651.

On their arrival in England, they presented the petition they had brought; which, after considerable discussion, was granted. Their success was owing, in no small degree, to the friendly interference of Sir Henry Vane, a man of a kindred spirit and enlarged benevolence as well as strict justice.

While Mr. Williams was in London, the General Assembly, which met at Providence, wrote him a letter expressive of their deep sense of his exalted services, and requesting that he would secure the appointment of governor for one year; and adding thereto many other instructions and suggestions.

But it was enough for Mr. Williams that he had succeeded in getting Mr.

Coddington's commission revoked. He was not over solicitous who should be the governor after him. Besides, he was so much of a republican that he preferred to have his fellow-citizens elect their own officers without any interference.

It was not till the beginning of the year 1653 that the people in Rhode Island were ready to proceed with the government under the new arrangement; and even then there were many difficulties to encounter. Besides, they were without the assistance of Mr. Williams, who still remained in England, having sent over the documents by another person.

Mr. Williams met with many interesting adventures during his stay in England. He corresponded with several distinguished personages, and either wrote or published one or two books. He made the acquaintance of Oliver Cromwell, as well as of the poet Milton. He also became the teacher, for a time, of two young gentlemen, sons of members of Parliament. Probably he was compelled thus to labor for his own support.

He returned to Boston early in the summer of 1654. He brought with him explicit orders from Cromwell's council, requiring the government of Massachusetts to allow him to embark or land, in future, without any molestation, on their territories.

CHAPTER XIII.

HE IS MADE PRESIDENT OF THE COLONY OF RHODE ISLAND.

ON arriving in Providence, his first object was to assist, to the utmost extent of his power, in regulating the affairs of the government. He found great difficulties to contend with, as, indeed, he had expected. But he so far succeeded, that on the 31st of August, 1654, all was amicably settled, and the government being administered according to the charter, and in conformity with his best wishes and desires.

On the 12th of September following,

he was formally elected president, or, as we should say, governor of the colony. Though he had never sought office, yet when thus tendered him by the voice of the people, fairly and fully expressed, he did not feel at liberty to disregard it; and he was regularly inducted into the office.

He continued to act as president of the colony till May, 1658, or nearly four years; when he resigned his office and retired from political life, except that he occasionally held a seat in the upper house of the General Assembly. But he did not retire until he had, by his counsels and influence, accomplished an immense amount of public good; and thus engraved his name, most indelibly, on the hearts of his countrymen.

One thing remains to be mentioned in this connection. It was during the administration of Mr. Williams that the Quakers were so persecuted in New-England. Great and unremitting effort was, for some time, made to induce Rhode Island to join in the persecution. It reflects immortal honor on that little commonwealth

and her worthy president, that they steadily resisted every appeal, and continued to adhere to the great principle of liberty of conscience which they set out with.

CHAPTER XIV.

HIS OTHER PUBLIC SERVICES.

AFTER the death of Cromwell, and Charles II. had come to the throne, Dr. Clarke, who was still in London, was requested to procure for Rhode Island a new charter. He did so, and it was presented to the General Court, November 24, 1663.

Under the new charter, the governor had a certain number of assistants. Though Mr. Williams would no longer serve his citizens as governor, he consented to act as one of the assistants; and he was subsequently, with Dr. Clarke, appointed to revise the laws. He was also made one of the commissioners to fix the eastern boundary of the colony.

Some time during these years, difficulties rose about the Quakers. Mr. Williams proposed a public discussion with them. To pave the way for this, he sent fourteen written propositions to George Fox, then at Newport, but the latter left for England without seeing them. There was a discussion, which lasted three or four days; but it is doubtful whether it did much good.

When Mr. Williams was seventy years of age he continued to render services to his country, just as before. The two following anecdotes will illustrate the character of his services, as well as show what manner of spirit he was of.

Philip, the son of Massasoit, after the death of his father, was making preparations for a war against the English. It was in the year 1671. The governor of Plymouth invited Philip to meet him and his commissioners at Taunton; but Philip was afraid of being entrapped, and demanded that they should come to him. In these circumstances, Mr. Williams, like a veteran hero, went to Philip with another man, and

promised to remain as hostages till Philip's return. Philip consented, and the war was deferred four or five years.

The war, however, finally came, and when Mr. Williams could no longer avert it, he accepted a commission as captain of militia, and actually buckled on his armor for the defense of his fellow-citizens. Think of this! An old man, beyond seventy, a minister of the Gospel, putting on his armor to fight Indians! What energy of character! It is even stated that when, on one occasion, the Indians appeared near the town, Mr. Williams took his staff and fearlessly went forth to meet them. Some of the old warriors came forward to talk with him. "Massachusetts," said he, "can bring thousands of men at this moment, and if you kill them, the King of England will supply their places as fast as they fall." "Well," said one of the chiefs, "let them come; we are ready for them. But as for you, Brother Williams, you are a good man. You have been kind to us for many years; not a hair of your head shall be touched."

The Indians proceeded, and burned about thirty houses in the town; but it does not appear that any one was killed. How much a regard for Mr. Williams may have restrained their rage, it is not possible at this day to determine.

-In 1677, he was once more elected a member of the upper house of the Colonial Assembly; but he positively refused to serve. He continued, however, as long as he lived, to watch over the affairs of the colony, with all the solicitude of a father over his rising family.

He also had much to do in establishing a proper and equitable system of taxation. This was late in life; but his suggestions bore the marks of wisdom, and were listened to as the words of a sage. His remarks were almost as good, at that time, as the voice of law itself. His last public act was to sign a document which bears date January 16, 1683, settling a dispute about the boundaries between Providence lands and those of an adjacent township.

www.litool.com.cn
CHAPTER XV.

HIS DEATH AND CHARACTER.

MR. WILLIAMS, like other men, was bound to the judgment-seat of Christ, and his pathway through this world to that great tribunal must, of course, terminate with life.

He had lived to enter his seventy-eighth year. He had seen many and great changes, and had enjoyed ample opportunities to ripen for immortality. Death at length passed over him. This event took place about the first of May, 1688.

There are no records of his death-bed sayings extant. If there were any, we as little know what they were, as we do what were those of Moses, Isaiah, Daniel, Paul, and John. Nor is it, after all, of very much importance.

Nor do we know anything of his last sickness, or whether he had any. Perhaps life went out as the lamp goes out,

when it no longer contains oil. We know, from his oft-repeated statement, that he never entirely recovered from his sufferings in the woods, on his journey to Mount Hope, immediately after his banishment. And then we find the following account of himself a little before he died. It is part of a letter to Governor Bradstreet, of Boston. "This inclosed tells you that being old, and weak, and bruised, (with rupture and colic,) and lameness in both my feet, I am directed by the Father of our spirits," &c. He then goes into certain details about publishing a book of his discourses.

Mr. Williams was buried on a spot which he had himself selected on his own land, a short distance only from the place where, forty-seven years before, he first set his foot in the wilderness. It is said, moreover, that "he was buried with all the solemnity the colony was able to show."

His wife survived him, and, so far as can now be ascertained, the whole of his family, consisting of six children. His descendants are said to be numerous; and

I believe they are generally respectable. They are, as we might well suppose, widely scattered.

One trait in the character of this celebrated man was his self-denial, and his almost, if not quite, disinterested benevolence. With ample opportunities of enriching himself, to use the words of his son, "He gave away his lands and other estate to them that he thought were most in want, until he gave away all. His property, his time, and his talents, were devoted to the promotion of the temporal and spiritual welfare of mankind."

He has been generally, as I suppose, regarded as belonging to the Baptist denomination of Christians; and yet we have no evidence that, after a few years of residence at Providence, he ever became officially connected with any Church. Nevertheless, that he was a good man, I suppose no person, not even his enemies, ever doubted. Even Dr. Cotton Mather, who would be as likely as any one to have doubts, says, that "in many things he acquitted himself so laudably, that many

judicious persons judged him to have had the root of the matter in him."

One of the best authorities on the subject, as quoted by Elton, thus observes: "Mr. Williams appears, by the whole course and tenor of his life and conduct here, to have been one of the most disinterested men that ever lived, a most pious and heavenly-minded soul." His forgiving spirit, his fervent devotion, his energetic, vigilant, and untiring efforts in the cause of humanity, demonstrate that he was an eminent Christian.

CHAPTER XVI.

HIS LITERARY LABORS.

THE literary labors of Mr. Williams, though not very numerous, are somewhat peculiar. I have therefore reserved an account of them for a separate chapter.

While on his first voyage to England, he employed himself in preparing a book

which he called a *Key to the Indian Languages*. This book was published soon after his arrival in England, and was the first work ever published on the language and manners of the American Indians.

The work was somewhat in the shape of a dictionary or vocabulary, and yet it was divided into chapters, of which there were thirty-two. Each chapter closes with pious reflections. It made a volume of about two hundred pages, and is still preserved, like Eliot's Indian Bible, in some of our large public libraries.

While in England, he also published a little book, in answer to something which had been previously written in justification of the act of banishing him. This book he probably wrote while in England, after his arrival, for it is difficult to believe that he had time on his voyage to do more than to prepare his "*Key to the Indian Languages.*"

He also wrote several other books about this time, most of which, except one, were mere pamphlets, though they undoubtedly required labor. The one alluded to was a

quarto volume, of two hundred and forty-seven pages. Its title, in the strange orthography of those days, is, "The Bloody Tenent;" meaning the "Bloody Tenet."

His next work was entitled, "Experiments of Spiritual Life and Health, and their Preservatives." "It was written," as he himself says, "in the thickest of the naked Indians of America; in their very wild houses, and by their barbarous fires." This also was published in England, soon after his arrival there on his second visit. It does not appear that, at that time, much printing and publishing was done in this country.

A small treatise, entitled, "The Hiring Ministry none of Christ's," was published about a month later than the preceding.

I have noticed already his "Bloody Tenet." Mr. Cotton wrote a reply entitled, "The Bloody Tenet made White in the Blood of the Lamb." Mr. Williams, at this second visit to England, replied to this in a work entitled, "The Bloody Tenet

yet more Bloody, by Mr. Cotton's Endeavors to wash it White in the Blood of the Lamb."

It does not appear that he wrote any works of importance, except the foregoing, till near the close of his life, when he collected together, and attempted to publish, his various discourses or sermons, delivered as a missionary in different parts of the country. In this work he had one obstacle to contend with—his great poverty. However, I believe, that with the aid of Governor Bradstreet, of Boston, they were finally published.

Yet it is by no means improbable that the various letters he wrote, as a public man, to the several governments, and magistrates, and ministers of New and Old England, together with a free correspondence with many distinguished men in private, if collected together and published as his correspondence, would form of themselves several huge volumes. He was a laborious man with pen and tongue, as well as with his hands. He was faithful over a few things, and, as the necessary

consequence, under the Divine arrangement, is now ruler over many things, in a world of light and glory, of which, as yet, we who sojourn in the flesh have no adequate conceptions.

www.libtool.com.cn

WILBUR FISK.

www.libtool.com.cn

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I.—HIS BIRTH AND FIRST YEARS.....	91
II.—HIS BOYHOOD.....	95
III.—HE PREPARES FOR COLLEGE.....	100
IV.—HIS COLLEGE LIFE.....	104
V.—STUDY OF THE LAW.....	108
VI.—RESOLVES TO BE A MINISTER.....	113
VII.—VARIOUS FIELDS OF LABOR AS A MINISTER.....	117
VIII.—PRESIDENT FISK AS A TEACHER.....	128
IX.—VISIT TO EUROPE AND SUBSEQUENT LABORS....	134
X.—THE CLOSING SCENE.....	140
XI.—ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE OF PRESIDENT FISK'S CHARACTER.....	144

www.libtool.com.cn

W I L B U R F I S K .

CHAPTER I.

HIS BIRTH AND FIRST YEARS.

PRESIDENT FISK, the subject of this sketch, was born at Brattleborough, Vermont, August 31, 1792. His father and mother were plain, but respectable people; and he received, at their hands, that kind of education which, half a century ago, was more common in New-England than now; but which was, in some respects, well adapted for establishing and maintaining solid and useful character.

His first, or Christian name, Wilbur, was the maiden name of his mother. He had an elder sister, Mary, and a younger

brother. The latter died early ; the sister survived him.

From some cause not now easily ascertained, Wilbur appears to have inherited a scrofulous constitution, and to have suffered all his lifetime from a troublesome cough. He was accustomed to speak of it as a pulmonary complaint, which had hung round him from his childhood ; and as one from which one day he expected, as it turned out, to die.

Whether it was on account of his feeble health, or partly on account of this, and partly for the want of any suitable schools in those days, and in the region where he resided, we do not learn that till his seventh year he received any other education than that which his mother was able to give him, except a little private instruction from a distant relative.

It was not, however, from any disinclination to learning that he was thus neglected. He belonged to a class of persons distinguished for their brilliancy of intellect and aptitude to learn. They are also above their years in their knowledge of men and

things, and consequently in their turn of thought and manner of conversation. Wilbur Fisk was all this, and much more; he was as remarkable for his conscientiousness as he was for his brilliancy and activity of intellect.

“Mrs. Fisk,” his mother—so says his biographer*—“was very assiduous in impressing upon the minds of her children the great principles of Christianity. She took them early and constantly to church; made it a particular business to read to them the word of God; required them to learn their catechism and commit texts, hymns, and prayers to memory. She had the happy art, too, of rendering these things more a pleasure than a burden.”

The parents of young Wilbur were very exemplary in their observance of the Sabbath. When they were not at church, they were engaged chiefly in the study of the Scriptures, and in teaching their children. They neither gave nor received fashionable calls, and yet, according to the testimony of those who are most to be

* See his “Memoirs,” by Professor Holdich.

relied on, the Sabbath was far from being regarded as a dull and gloomy day by those who were under their roof.

Mrs. Fisk's training of her son was, I repeat it, that of the best families of New-England fifty years ago. The children respected religion and venerated the Sabbath; and when they failed to keep it according to the customary usages, they mourned over their delinquencies. It was a religious education, but it only made them negatively virtuous. It was a religious character established without trial, in the calm, passive seclusion of a happy and quiet home. It was, as I never doubted, a good preparation for religion; it was not religion itself; for even the character of young Fisk, under all the happy influences of which I have spoken, was not formed on the Gospel basis. Though he was thoughtful and conscientious, "he was hasty, passionate, and self-willed." "At times he gave way to strong temper." Yet he was easily made sensible of his errors, and induced to repent of them.

Even when he was only four or five years of age, he was addicted to these outbreaks of passion, with their subsequent repentances. "Often," he says, in a brief sketch of his early life, "I have watered my pillow with tears for the sins I had committed; and frequently have I feared to sleep, lest I should awake in misery."

CHAPTER II.

HIS BOYHOOD.

WILBUR FISK's father, though at various periods a public man, and always highly respected, was a farmer. Except for a few months in the winter, sometimes only three, young Wilbur assisted his father in such departments of labor as were adapted to his years and natural delicacy. It is said that between the ages of seven and sixteen years, he only went to school, in all, about two or three

years. But his mind was not idle all this time, as might easily be supposed.

Young Fisk was not addicted to sitting up late for reading or study. His mother would never, in all probability, have permitted it. But he rose very early in the morning, as early, sometimes, as three or four o'clock, and busied himself in reading till the rest of the family were up.

His fondness for study was so great, that he was sometimes beguiled away from his duties; for, like many other precocious lads, he used to carry books with him to the field, that he might fill up his leisure moments there with reading. In one instance, for example, while he was attending to the fire of a lime-kiln, he became so absorbed in his book as to let the fire go out. An anecdote is related of him at this period, which goes to show the native tendency of his over-active mind, while it also shows the beginnings of a glorious conquest over his inferior nature, his animal appetites.

As he was at labor, with his book in his pocket, at a considerable distance from the house, he was anxious to save, for the

purposes of reading, that time which would otherwise be taken up in going to and returning from dinner, he would sometimes open a potato-hill, and get out the potatoes, and after rinsing them in the brook, roast them in the lime-kiln for his dinner.

It is related by Weems, in his "Life of General Marion," a Revolutionary officer of South Carolina, that when a British officer, by previous appointment, met him one day, with a flag of truce, he found him and his men eating a dinner of roasted potatoes, just taken from the ashes of a log near by; and that on his return he told his countrymen that the war was useless; that men who could make their dinner in this plain way, could not be conquered.

This story is mentioned, as will be obvious, to show, by analogy, the invigorating tendency of plain physical habits. President Fisk was not made for the tented field, but he was made to go forth "conquering and to conquer" in the army of Jesus Christ, and he ultimately fulfilled his mission.

It was not, however, till his eleventh

year that there appeared to rest on him any permanent religious impressions. At this time he lost, by death, his younger brother. This event deeply affected him, and was followed by a great change in his feelings. He had now permanent convictions of sin, with comfortable evidences of a beginning faith in Christ.

It was not long after this period before he was received on trial into the Methodist Episcopal Church, a Church to which he always afterward belonged, though he did not, as we shall see by and by, always retain his first zeal and love.

The distinguished John Foster used to say he had known a man converted in middle life, make more real advances in knowledge in six months, than he had made before in his whole life. Religion, he said, had a wonderful tendency to wake up the intellect, and to rouse into active energy all the dormant faculties of the soul.

So it seemed to be, in some measure, with young Fisk; for though he was active-minded before, he seemed to be roused

anew by the heavenly stimulus. He became forthwith "a striking example of youthful piety," and gave indication of his future usefulness.

We are told that President Fisk himself always regretted the disadvantages under which he labored, with regard to books and school, up to his seventeenth year. In a brief sketch of himself, he says: "I shall always consider these years of my life as little better than thrown away." This was probably a mistaken view. Had it not been for active employments, had he been permitted to study devotedly, as he wished, he never would have been spared to near fifty years of age, to be a tall oak, as he was, among his fellow-men!

His biographer, Dr. Holdich, while he seems to concur, in part, in the sentiments of President Fisk, admits as follows: "Young Fisk enjoyed advantages at home. The ideas, views of things, and principles which he learned from his well-informed and thoughtful, though not highly-educated parents, were such as to awaken

thought and create a thirst for information." This was the only school he was then fit for; and it is the school which thousands need who never enjoy it. It gives them a good mental appetite, and at the same time preserves it. One of the best means of forming and maintaining a good bodily constitution, is to secure and preserve a good appetite. In like manner, the best thing for the intellect is to create, and preserve, and strengthen the mental appetite. Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after knowledge, as well as after righteousness.

CHAPTER III.

HE PREPARES FOR COLLEGE.

SOME time before young Fisk reached his seventeenth year, his parents had removed from Brattleborough to Lyndon, Caledonia County, only forty miles from the Canada line. The house in which they lived stood

on an eminence that overlooked a wide extent of country. "Hills, rising one above another, were seen in the distance, till, as far off as the eye could reach, the tops of the White Mountains appeared."

As he was always very fond of natural scenery, the subject of this sketch now found his mind enjoying a full feast of that in which it so much delighted to revel. He would wander off by himself for hours, traversing the woods, climbing the hills, or tracing the windings of the rivulet. There was one spot on the farm which was a favorite resort. It was the summit of a sloping hill, which on one side terminated in an abrupt precipice, some two hundred feet high, crowned with a beautiful grove.

This was, next to the church, the most sacred spot, to him, on earth; and, when liberated from the duties of the farm, he made it, at one period, a place of frequent resort for meditation and prayer.

His health, at times, was such as seemed to disqualify him for farming; and never dreaming that the very thing which

was becoming irksome to him, was the very thing needed to invigorate his constitution, he gradually grew discontented with its monotony, and sighed for books, school, and college life.

When he was fairly entered upon his seventeenth year, his father permitted him to attend a grammar school for three months, in Peacham, about twenty miles from Lyndon. Here he gained a tolerable knowledge of English grammar and common arithmetic. This was all his father could afford at the time. When the term expired he returned to the farm.

Two years afterward, having become still more tired of the farm, he obtained permission to attend the same school as before for six weeks. At the close of this time, he took charge of a district school for the winter. He was now eighteen years of age.

All this while he was becoming more and more anxious to study. He had become acquainted with several young men who were fitting themselves for college, and his own desires became strongly

enkindled to pursue the same course. But how could he think of it for a moment? For his father, though willing to do what he could for him, was by no means able to defray his expenses at college.

But he had found that not a few young men, as indigent as himself, had succeeded, by their own exertions, in obtaining a college education; and though his health was by no means firm, he began to indulge the belief that he could do the same. His father was opposed to the plan entirely. However, the son said so much that he consented, at length, to let him try.

In May, 1811, when he was almost nineteen years of age, he began the study of Latin grammar. Such was his progress in this and his other preparatory studies, that in about a year, that is, at just twenty years of age, he was qualified to enter the University of Vermont, not as a freshman, but one year in advance, viz., as a sophomore.

While making preparation for college, one misfortune had befallen him of a very serious character. Not only had his re-

ligious zeal and fervor abated, but he had become almost skeptical. Having lost his spirituality, he did not recover his former state of mind until some time after he had left college.

At this period, he became ambitious to an extent that religious principle could not justify.

CHAPTER IV.

HIS COLLEGE LIFE.

I DO not know that there was anything very peculiar in his progress while at college, unless it was his determined perseverance in whatever he undertook. He was, indeed, a good scholar; but this, from what has been said already, would be expected. There are, however, a few incidents connected with his college life, with a few observations on his general character, which must not be omitted.

He had scarcely been a year at Burlington before the university was broken up *by the war*. The very college buildings

were converted into barracks for soldiers. Some of the students went in one direction, some in another. Mr. Fisk ultimately went to Brown University, in Rhode Island, but not till he had been at home about a year.

During his senior or second year at this university, which was in the summer of 1815, he was associated with five of his class-mates in conducting a series of essays in the *Rhode Island American*, the most able paper in Providence, under the general head of "The Trifler." Some of the articles were pieces of considerable merit, and one of the best of the whole was written by Fisk.

It is stated by those who best knew him, that while there were few, if any, who were his superiors in college, his greatest skill lay in extemporaneous speaking. In this, it is most distinctly stated by the Rev. Mr. Taft, one of his class-mates, he "had no equal."

As one evidence of his talents, not only at extemporaneous speaking, but in general, as well as of the high estimation in

which he was held by the various classes, the following anecdote is related: It was customary in the college, whenever a death occurred in either the freshmen or sophomore classes, to select a member of the senior class to pronounce a funeral eulogy. During Mr. Fisk's senior year, one such instance occurred, and he was chosen to deliver the oration.

There is yet another evidence of his high aims at this period, especially of his ambition to be a public speaker, perhaps a statesman, in the fact that he took very great pains to improve himself in elocution. It was in the days of Tristram Burgess, James Burrill, David Howell, and their coadjutors at the bar. Often did he sit up almost all night to get his lessons, after having spent his evenings or his afternoons in hearing these gentlemen speak.

Among the last things which those who knew him, and in particular those who regarded him as habitually grave, and of a cast of mind highly practical, would have suspected, he had a fondness for poetry. I have seen a few specimens of his

skill, which were quite above mediocrity. www.libtool.com.cn

The following testimony, in few words, may be regarded as a brief summary of his character, according to the estimate of Mr. Taft, his class-mate, of whom I have before spoken :

“He possessed a nicely balanced mind. All its faculties were called forth and cultivated. No one was nurtured to the neglect or injury of another. His imagination, luxuriant, and naturally, perhaps, having the ascendancy over the other attributes of his mind, was subjected to a sound, discriminating judgment, and an elegant and cultivated taste.”

It is hence not to be wondered at that he should have had an important part assigned him at the commencement exercises of August, 1815, when he graduated, nor that he should have felt a little proud of it.

It does not appear that he ever identified himself with any Church during all this period. It is even said, that in his fondness for society, and with his ambition to

please and to shine everywhere, he even, on occasions, attended places of fashionable amusement.

CHAPTER V.

STUDY OF THE LAW.

WE have already observed an inclination in young Fisk toward the bar rather than the pulpit; although, at the time of his making an early profession of religion, certain friends had marked out for him a sphere of usefulness which lay in quite another direction. Both his father and his mother had set their hearts, so it would seem, on his being a minister of the Gospel.

Being now fairly through college, and being fitted for an extended sphere of usefulness, the question arose with regard to a profession. He knew well what was the choice of his parents and other friends. He knew, moreover, that his own choice formerly, when he felt more than now the force of religious obligation, had been the

same. But it was otherwise now; and he inclined to become a statesman.

There were not wanting motives to impel him to the study of law or medicine, especially the former. Yet he felt a repugnance to both these; and in becoming a statesman, he had no thoughts of plodding his way. He hoped to leap, as it were, to distinction, and to maintain his post by strong effort.

After considerable time spent in discussing the subject among his friends, and elsewhere, it was the decision that he should study law. For this purpose he entered an office in the town where his father resided, and immediately proceeded to gratify his ambition, and perform his duty in the perusal of Blackstone, Vattel, and Chitty.

Here, as we are told, he commenced laying a foundation, deep and broad, for future usefulness. It was his uniform practice, as it usually is that of those who have the same temperament, to do whatever he did with his whole heart and soul. He did so in the law office at Lyndon.

His industry was untiring, and his perseverance almost without a parallel.

But he was dissatisfied. Doubts still hung round him whether he had not made an improper choice. There was still a looking back to the ministry as a sphere of usefulness. Conscience, moreover, had begun to wake up from her long slumber, and to reproach him for his spiritual apostasy. It does not, however, appear that as yet he had returned to the state from whence he had fallen; but he was awakened never again to sleep the sleep of death, as he had done.

A new difficulty now arose in his mind. Though he was fond of the study of the law, yet he knew full well he should never relish the practice of it. And though his most ardent desire was to become a statesman, to which the law is usually regarded as a favorable stepping-stone, yet he was in debt to his father and to others for his education. It seemed desirable, therefore, that he should aim at some shorter way of extinguishing his debts and relieving his father, than any which had yet presented.

At this juncture he received various offers from different quarters, and among the rest, that of a suitable salary to act the part of tutor to a wealthy family near Baltimore. This last he accepted. He did not, however, at this time, abandon the study of the law. He still clung to it, at such hours as he could spare from his duties as an instructor.

We are not told precisely at what date he commenced the study of law; but it was probably in the autumn of 1815, or the spring of 1816. Nor do we know, with certainty, how soon he left Lyndon for the South; but it is supposed to have been in the latter part of the year 1816.

His residence at the South was, in some respects, favorable; in others not so. Secluded from the world, as it were, except the world of his own heart, he was providentially led to review his past life in a religious aspect, and to take the first steps of return.

Still he was never happy here. Though treated with the greatest hospitality and kindness, and though successful in his

vocation, he was in a land of strangers. His health, moreover, was less firm than it had been. In truth, it is supposed that inroads had already been made upon his lungs by two attacks of disease while at college.

In the month of March, 1817, a violent cold brought on him a most alarming pulmonary affection, that ended with bleeding at the lungs. He was, in this instance, reduced so low as to be, for some time, on the very borders of the grave; but by careful treatment and the blessing of Heaven, he so far recovered as to be able to go North again in the latter part of May.

He went home, however, with a heavy heart; for not only had his medical adviser directed him to abandon teaching, but also to give up his cherished hopes of becoming, ere long, a public speaker. He must pursue some employment, it was thought, which did not call into very frequent exercise the vocal organs.

To discourage him still more, on his arrival at Burlington he bled again at the

lungs. So severe was his case, that for a while little hope was entertained of his recovery. Although he was sick at a public house, he had the best of care; and he at length so far recovered as to be able to go home with his father.

CHAPTER VI.

RESOLVES TO BE A MINISTER.

MR. FISK, in this instance, was a long time in regaining his health. Another thing, in this connection, deserves notice. His convictions of religious error and declension came over him like a flood; and he now saw, more clearly than ever before, not only his lost condition by nature, but the claims of Christ and his Church.

He was no sooner recovered from his backslidden state, than he made up his mind, that if God should give him bodily strength, he would devote himself unreservedly to the ministry. It was, to many

of his friends, a humiliating step, especially to those who knew of his strong predilections for the Methodists, who, in those days, were humble and obscure.

His sorest trial was of another kind. Miss Peck, a lady to whom he was engaged, and whom he afterward married, was an Episcopalian; and what would she say to uniting her fortune to that of a Methodist preacher? Most persons, females especially, dislike the idea of frequently removing from place to place, as is the custom of itinerant ministers.

But his purpose was now fixed, and in spite of all obstacles, health alone excepted, he was determined on the ministry, and that in the Methodist Church. He accordingly devoted himself to a course of study suited to his purposes. He re-examined his theological opinions, but came out, as before, a confirmed Methodist.

What added greatly to his resolution at this time, and no doubt added greatly to his actual ability to meet and overcome difficulties, was his constantly improving state of health. Those who are without

this kind of experience know very little how much confirmed, or even an advancing state of health, has to do with the state of mind and heart. No doubt there is action and reaction. The healthy soul reacts upon and invigorates the body; but, in like manner, and with at least as much certainty, the healthy body reacts upon and invigorates the soul.

In a very short time after he began his theological studies his health became so good that he began to officiate as an exhorter, and early in March, 1818, he was licensed to preach.

His first sermon was preached early in February, 1818. Though at a school-house in his native town, it did him much credit, and especially encouraged his friends and relatives. Their prayers were now answered, and the father and mother, in particular, were highly delighted.

And yet, observe in this their great prudence and caution, and the natural source whence the son derived no small share of the same needful qualifications: they were very careful to conceal from

their son all the warmth of feeling they entertained. Indeed, the mother, in her excess of caution, carried this so far as to make it a rule always to mention his faults when he was praised by her friends, taking care to set off some fault to match every trait which was praiseworthy, till many supposed she had a want of full confidence in him.

This mistake was soon corrected. A friend of hers was one day speaking of the delight she felt in the promise of talent and usefulness in a son of hers, just entering the ministry, in terms so glowing that it was reported to Mrs. Fisk. The good old woman, in her zeal for young Wilbur, lost her caution for a moment, and said with much emphasis, "Sister B. [the mother of the young minister so much praised] has never heard **MY** son!"

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER VII.

VARIOUS FIELDS OF LABOR AS A MINISTER.

IN the month of April, 1818, the presiding elder for the region where Mr. Fisk resided made an appointment for him to preach, by way of trial, on what was then called the Craftsbury circuit. Craftsbury is the shire town for the county of Orleans.

Here he entered upon his duties with all that ardor which, in a young man of his temperament, piety, and promise, is to be expected. His person and manner were good, and he had a fine voice. Then he had other qualifications which, though in the eye of the medical man or the physiologist they would have been set down as at the least doubtful, were a high recommendation in the eyes of many. He was grave and sedate, with a countenance that bore the marks of study and thought quite beyond his years, and, in short, as

his biographer calls it, he had quite a sepulchral appearance.

He preached at first in a school-house, but afterward in the court-house. Besides his general studies and other duties, he prepared himself for three sermons weekly. What was much to his credit, he persevered for a long time under very great discouragements.

Two or three anecdotes will serve to give the reader some idea of the nature of these difficulties, and to show, in a more striking degree, perhaps, than in anything else, what the materials are from which the "tall oak" in the moral world is sometimes made.

Craftsbury is a hilly, not to say mountainous country, hard to travel in at any season; but peculiarly so in the winter. It was Mr. Fisk's rule, when he made an appointment, to fulfill it, without regard to wind, weather, or any other ordinary circumstances.

Besides preaching in Craftsbury, he was obliged to go out, on his circuit, many miles. The winter of 1818, the first after

his arrival there, was severe. After a very heavy fall of snow, in one instance, he set out with a friend to fulfill an engagement fourteen miles distant. There were but one or two houses on the road; the weather was extremely cold, and the road nearly blocked up with snow. It was hazardous in the extreme, especially for a man of delicate constitution, to set out; but he was unwilling to disappoint his audience, and he accordingly proceeded.

On the road, both he and his friend became exceedingly chilled, and the horse almost exhausted. They were obliged to go before the horse and break a path for a long distance in the woods, till they began to despair of being able to get through. What, then, could they do? Their first thought was to go to an old, solitary barn, not far off, and wrap themselves in their buffalo skin till morning. But this was too dangerous to attempt, and they resolved on proceeding as before. At last they got through; but the effort cost him several weeks of sickness.

Another time he was riding with his sister in circumstances somewhat similar, when a poor woman came wading through the deep snow to get him to carry a bundle of yarn to a house a little further on, as the snow was so deep that she could not carry it herself. He and his sister were both much amused at her simplicity, and Mr. Fisk, with his usual pleasant smile, observed, "Well, Mary, if we can help this poor woman a little, I believe it's all the good we can do this snowy day."

It was his custom, at all seasons, when traveling, to take people into his vehicle whenever he could, especially children. It was done chiefly as a dictate of kindness; but then he often had his reward. Often he was able to gain important information from the conversation which followed; and sometimes to sow seed which sprang up, religiously, to bear fruit a hundredfold.

After laboring a few months, under much discouragement, a revival sprang up in Craftsbury, the result of which was a

well-organized Church, and great and lasting good to the whole community.

The next year he was appointed to preach at Charlestown, Massachusetts. Such was his attachment to Craftsbury, and such his modesty, not to say diffidence, that he was almost unwilling to go; but it was apparently unavoidable. He was supposed to be well adapted to the circumstances of the place.

His labors in Charlestown were very acceptable and successful. He also preached occasionally in Lynn and other adjacent places. He was kept here by the Conference two years. At the commencement of Brown University, during his second year at Charlestown, he took the degree of A. M. He was not fond of titles, but his friends had over-persuaded him.

As might have been expected, his health was not so good as it was in Vermont. He took one cold after another, till in November, 1820, he was suddenly seized by his old enemy, hemorrhage from the lungs, under which he had well-nigh perished.

He bled profusely five several times, till

so great was the prostration by it, that he lay for months suspended, as it were, between life and death. At length his physicians gave him up, and his father was sent for to witness the closing scene. A meeting of his Church was held, as also meetings of several other Churches in Boston, not only of the Methodists, but of some other denominations, with special reference to his condition.

But on the very night which it was expected would prove his last, when not only his friends hung round his bed, but the Churches of Boston and Charlestown—such was the general love and regard for him—hung round the mercy-seat, deeply engaged in pleading for his recovery, He who has said that the prayer of faith shall save the sick, rebuked his disease, and from that very hour he began to recover. I do not say that his recovery was owing to an immediate Divine influence in answer to prayer, but both he and some of his friends always thought so. And it is by no means impossible that such was the fact.

It may not be out of place to say here, that notwithstanding the high respect entertained for him at Charlestown, Boston, and elsewhere, he had bitter enemies. One man in Charlestown took occasion to propagate the vilest slanders he could, concerning his moral character. The slanderer afterward made a public confession of his wickedness ; and yet, strange to say, some of those whose feelings had been alienated from him by the reports, never returned, and would never afterward hear him preach.

By June, 1821, he was so far restored as to be able to go, by slow and easy stages, to his father's, in Vermont. There he spent some time in endeavoring to recruit, for his lungs were in such a condition as to render preaching not only unsafe, but impossible. The truth was, he had gone beyond the proper limit of strength all the while he had been in Charlestown ; and as he had been a long time in getting down, he must ascend the hill, if he recovered at all, in a similar manner.

“ He spent his time,” we are told, “ in

riding on horseback, visiting his friends, reading, writing, and talking, as his strength would permit. Study he could not for some time, at least to any great amount; nor engage in vocal prayer, even at the family altar. Yet it was not possible for such a man to be useless. He preached by his example; he instructed by his conversation; he enlightened by the halo of piety that surrounded him."

It was with the utmost difficulty that he could be reconciled to what seemed to him a life of idleness; and he was accustomed to speak of this period of his probation as the most painful of his life. He visited Craftsbury, and conversed with his old friends, both there and elsewhere, with great freedom; but it was many months before he ventured to preach, except occasionally.

The next summer, that of 1822, he was ordained an elder, though he was not expected to preach immediately. About this time he was urged, by the New-England Conference, to assist, as far as his strength would permit, in raising funds to sustain

the academy at Newmarket, New Hampshire, the only institution that belonged exclusively to the Methodists in New-England. But the character of the institution was such as not to meet his entire approbation; and though he visited it and other schools, and became more and more deeply interested in the cause of education, I do not learn that he ever acted as its agent.

He began to preach more frequently than he had done, though not by any means regularly. In passing through Brattleborough, about this period, he had occasion to stop there and spend a Sabbath, and was invited by some of his friends to preach in the Congregational Church. The people, in general, did not know that he was a Methodist, but thought very highly of the preaching. One aged lady, who was exceedingly prejudiced against the Methodists, was particularly lavish of her praises. "Well, mother," said the son, "you have heard a Methodist preacher at last, and have lived through it." She was, as it were, thunderstruck; but it was too late to recall what she had said.

In the autumn of this year his health began to improve more rapidly than before; and during the succeeding winter, his progress every month was such as to be plainly perceptible. By the following spring, that of 1823, he was able to preach five times a week, without any considerable inconvenience.

His acquaintance with Miss Peck, his future wife, now became more and more intimate; and in June, after an acquaintance of seven years, he was married.

This year he was made the presiding elder of the Vermont district, and he immediately entered upon his proper field of labor. His duties were arduous. He was obliged to travel over the whole of eastern Vermont, and a small part of New-Hampshire, once in three months, and to preach a good deal wherever he went. He had also many other arduous duties to perform, incident to the office to which he had been appointed.

Mr. Fisk's interest in the cause of education has already been alluded to. In April, 1824, he was invited to address the

Methodist Missionary Society, at their anniversary in New-York. In the preparation which he made for the proper discharge of this duty, his heart became, for the first time, deeply interested in the missionary cause. His head had, indeed, been right on the subject before, but it now became to him a sober reality.

The Newmarket school was about to be removed to Wilbraham, Massachusetts, and it had already received the name of the Wesleyan Academy. While Mr. Fisk was a presiding elder in Vermont, he was made one of the trustees of this institution. One of the duties which devolved upon him, while performing his office, was that of soliciting funds for its support.

In the summer of 1825, while he was officiating in the region of the Green Mountains, General Lafayette passed through that part of the country. As he was to stop in East Randolph, the place where Mr. Fisk now resided, it was necessary to make preparations for receiving him with due honors, and Mr. Fisk was appointed to address him. He had no

heart for petty politics, but he was quite willing to discharge a duty of so extraordinary and general a character, and did it to the admiration of all.

CHAPTER VIII.

PRESIDENT FISK AS A TEACHER.

LATE in the year 1825 he was appointed principal of the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham. He accepted the appointment; and as soon as his term of office as presiding elder expired, which was in May, 1826, he removed to Wilbraham, and took full charge of the school.

One of the best evidences of his success in this school, not to say of his usefulness, is found in the fact that, though he was connected with it as acting principal less than five years, its reputation became so firmly established that it has never been lost to the present day. The school is one of the most flourishing in all New-England.

It was here that I first became acquainted with him, and with his manner of teaching and governing; and though I did not consider him deficient as to tact in teaching, it was for his talent at discipline that I most valued him. He governed a school as well as any teacher I have met with. There was a proper mixture of the parental with the autocratical, which is more than can be said of most of the teachers of our schools.

At the opening of the school at Wilbraham, there were only seven pupils. During Mr. Fisk's connection with it, one thousand one hundred and fifty different names were entered on the books, and he was instrumental in sending abroad, in five years, nearly one hundred and fifty teachers.

He was elected President of the Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut, in August, 1830, but he did not remove from Wilbraham till the following December. Indeed, the institution was not opened for students till September 21, 1831.

His great popularity at Wilbraham had secured for him a degree of public confidence which could not easily be shaken ; and the university over which he was chosen to preside could hardly be otherwise than flourishing. It had no overgrown salaries, and, of course, no lazy professors. Its officers, from the president downward, were all working men.

But President Fisk worked too hard. In December, 1831, in less than three months after he commenced active duties, he was prostrated by lung disease and fever, which kept him from his post for several weeks. He recovered, however, much sooner than on former occasions of sickness.

During his sickness, especially after his recovery began to be rapid, he prepared an address to the Methodist Church on temperance. It was well received at the time, and has since been very extensively circulated and read.

It was also during the first year of his connection with the Wesleyan University that efforts were made in Connecticut to improve the condition of its common

schools. President Fisk was not wanting in sympathy for this cause, and he even attended some of the meetings which were held on this subject. At a convention of a more general character, held in New-York in 1831, during the progress of which the great question of using the Bible as a class-book in our institutions was fully and freely discussed, President Fisk was particularly efficient, and his services were highly useful.

He was not only active in the temperance cause, and the cause of education, but, more than all the rest, in the cause of missions, both domestic and foreign. Perhaps the mission of his Church to Oregon lay as near his heart as any. But a Christian is essentially—I mean in spirit—a missionary, and President Fisk was deeply interested in everything connected with this great subject.

He was engaged more or less in religious controversy, in the various publications of the day, as well as by private correspondence. He was also a warm friend of the American Colonization Society.

In truth, there were few of the great and stirring questions of the day, in which he was not interested, and in which he did not engage. He was ever alive to the wants and claims of humanity.

He, however, excelled as a college instructor. When he began his labors at Middletown, the number of students was, of course, small. Before the end of the year 1833 it had risen to one hundred or more. This was certainly all that could have been expected in the short space of about two years.

Early in the year 1834, at the close of a protracted meeting in one of the churches in Middletown, a revival broke out and extended to the University. It was deep and thorough, and its effects abiding. As might have been expected, President Fisk's feelings were deeply enlisted, and his labors in its promotion were unremitting.

These revival labors, together with other efforts, made inroads upon his health; and after being ill from exhaustion a short time, his lungs became seri-

ously affected, and he was confined many weeks. Indeed, it was the decided opinion of some of his friends, that from the effects of that sickness he never entirely recovered.

Many facts might be mentioned, and many cases presented, going to show the worth of President Fisk's services in the cause of education, not only in Middletown, but elsewhere. Some of these will be appended to this sketch in a chapter by themselves; but others, for want of space, must be entirely omitted.

He was, in the highest and noblest sense of the term, a *progressive*. With him there was no standing still in anything. The Wesleyan University itself, for example, was never, in his estimation, what it ought to be. He wished, among other things, to have connected with it a department of law, and also of medicine. The former has been added within a few years, but President Fisk did not live to witness it.

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER IX.

VISIT TO EUROPE AND SUBSEQUENT LABORS.

ALTHOUGH President Fisk, as we have seen, partly recovered from his last-mentioned sickness, yet, on resuming his labors in the University, he was but too painfully reminded that he was not the man, physically, he once had been. But such was his habitual cheerfulness, as well as his determination to *do* something, that he continued to labor.

For years he had desired to visit Europe. The failure of his health led to more frequent and serious thoughts on the subject, particularly during the year 1834. He consulted an eminent physician on the subject, who advised him to go, but to take with him, wherever he went, *a home*, meaning his wife. He had no children. In accordance with this advice, his mind was soon made up.

Various circumstances, however, pre-

vented him from going as soon as he had at first intended, and it was not till the autumn of 1835 that he got fairly under way. Meanwhile he was subjected to another trial on account of his health.

In the month of October, 1834, he was in New-York on business, in which he probably over-exerted himself. On his return to Middletown he was confined at once to his bed, with most of the symptoms of quick consumption. His night sweats and cough, especially, were terrible. He slowly recovered, at length; but this sickness and other things kept him back, so that he did not set sail for Europe till the 8th of September, 1835.

Accompanied by his wife and Professor Lane, of the University, he set out, Tuesday, September 8, 1835, for Europe. They went first to Liverpool, thence to London, and afterward to Paris, but not till they had been detained by the sickness of Mrs. Fisk, for a short time, at Dover. They were at Paris in mid-winter.

From Paris they went to Pisa, where President Fisk was taken sick and detain-

ed about two weeks. From Pisa they went, by way of Leghorn, to Rome. They remained in Rome about two months, and about May 1st went again to Florence, and thence to Milan and Switzerland. They arrived in London about the end of June, and remained in England till autumn. On their passage home, President Fisk suffered much from sea-sickness; but at the time of their arrival in New-York, which was November 23, 1836, he was so far recovered as to be able to preach.

His return to the University was an occasion of great joy to all his friends. His health, though not good, seemed to be much improved. Appearances in consumption are, however, well known to be deceptive; and some of his more intimate friends were far enough from being destitute of fear, and even of forebodings.

He now devoted himself with renewed zeal and determination to the duties of his station at Middletown. The institution was prosperous, and the students had even increased in number during his absence. No doubt he labored hard; but it was not

easy for him to do otherwise. Before we complain of his imprudence, we should be placed in similar circumstances.

Soon after he returned from Europe he wrote out his travels for publication. This, too, for one in his state of health, was a severe tax upon his constitution. They occupied about seven hundred pages, and must of necessity have consumed many months, if not a whole year of valuable time. But this was only one thing that he did. He was always writing, when he had leisure, for one purpose or another.

In the summer of 1837 he attended the New-England Conference in Boston. His anxiety and labors at this meeting, for the business was perplexing, affected his health very seriously. When, however, his friends expressed fears lest he had gone quite too far, he only said, "I hope not; after resting I shall be better."

In the summer of 1838, the citizens of Middletown resolved to celebrate, in the usual manner, the fourth of July. President Fisk was appointed to be the orator of the day. He accepted the appoint-

ment, though reluctantly. The result was a most able and statesman-like performance of an hour and a half, a copy of which was earnestly solicited for publication.

But he had no time nor strength to enable him to comply with the request. The effort had been too great, and he must now pay the penalty of transgression. He had, in fact, gone to the meeting from his bed ; but then he went back to it more enfeebled than ever.

August soon came, and with it the annual commencement. President Fisk was exceedingly feeble at the time, and particularly so on the morning of the day appointed for the usual exercises. However, he attended and took a passive part in the ceremonies of the occasion.

In the evening he entertained more than eighty strangers at his house, which, while it enabled him to pass the time very agreeably, and perhaps very profitably, greatly increased his exhaustion, and no doubt injured him.

One more of his public efforts must be

mentioned. The Wesleyan University was poor, and it was believed, had claims on the state which ought to be regarded. President Fisk wrote an appeal to the citizens of Connecticut on the subject, which came before the next Legislature in such a way as led to an appropriation of ten thousand dollars for its support.

But the good president had now, unconsciously, almost finished his work. He had done much in a life not yet long, and done it well; though he was still young enough, had his constitution been good, to do much more. But the oak, even though tall and enduring, cannot endure everything. It must at last yield to surrounding circumstances.

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER X.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

PRESIDENT FISK, while in Europe, after his illness at Pisa, was troubled with a peculiar numbness and dull sensation of pain in his lower extremities. In the year 1888, this affection returned upon him with increased severity, attended with swellings and stiffness of the knee.

As winter drew near and the trouble increased, he sought for medical advice, and sundry local applications were made. The results are not known. It is well known, however, that he did not wholly relinquish his labors, at home or abroad. Some of his best public efforts were made during this very winter.

In a letter to his parents, who were then living, under date of January 29, he says: "I have been confined, partially, for a great portion of the winter. My lameness continues, though not so bad as it

was at one time ; and, in addition, I have latterly had a new symptom on my lungs ; a shortness of breath and difficulty of breathing, which has greatly disturbed my rest at night. It seems something like spasmodic asthma.”

It was not, however, till two days later than the date of the letter above referred to, that he was confined to his room. Even then, he had strength to attend to his duties for several days longer. During the evening of February 5th, with Mrs. Fisk's assistance, he sealed thirty letters.

On the 8th of February a medical consultation was held in regard to his case, at which it was decided that he could not long continue. He was surprised, yet perfectly unagitated. Soon afterward he began to arrange his papers and to give directions to his executors. When this was done, he endeavored to rest. But his breathing was difficult, and sleep, at times, was very far from him. He was even obliged, in order to breathe, to keep his chest continually erect ; and when he

could lie down at all, it was not more than one hour in twenty-four.

Of his feelings at the approach of death much might be said, as he was in a state of perfect consciousness all the time.

I shall indulge myself in one anecdote of his death. It is truly striking, and illustrative of his true character. Here is an evidence, if evidence can be gathered from death-bed scenes, of true greatness, true Christian heroism.

Hearing Mrs. Fisk say something about his life being sacrificed, he looked up and said, "Sacrifice! sacrifice! what did you say?" On being asked if he did not know what the physicians said of his case, he replied, "Yes; they say my nervous system is prostrated; and that, to be sure, looks like it. But it is too late now."

After the lapse of a few minutes he added: "I do not know but my friends will think I have done wrong in exerting myself so much, and I do not know but I have; but I have not intended it. It is, however, much more pleasant to me *now* to look back and feel that I have endeav-

ored to exert myself to the utmost of my strength, for you know I could do but little at best, than it would be to look back on a life of idleness. We were not placed here to be idle; no, nor shall we be idle in heaven. I feel, indeed, as if I should hardly want to go there, if I thought I should be idle. If the Lord take me away, he has something for me to do; for he never gave me such an energy of soul as I now feel that I have without designing to employ it."

It was now past the middle of February, a severe season for persons with lung disease, and the tide of life was obviously fast ebbing. Reason, however, retained her throne to the last solemn yet joyful moment. This was February 22, 1839; the day which commemorates the birth of Washington.

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER XI.

ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE OF PRESIDENT FISK'S CHARACTER.

I HAVE collected from the Life of Fisk, by Professor Holdich, several interesting anecdotes, which may serve to show his character more fully than I have made it appear in the foregoing sketch of his life, derived in part from the same work, and in part from other sources, especially my own recollection. My object in adding these anecdotes is to show the greatness of his mind; that he was, indeed, a tall oak among his brethren.

I. HIS FONDNESS FOR CHILDREN.

I regard this as always an evidence of simplicity of character, and hence a sign of true greatness.

It is testified of him that, whenever an opportunity offered, the children who knew him would be found on his knees, or clinging around him. Thus, after an ab-

sence of some time from Charlestown, on his return, two little boys, one eight, the other ten years of age, were seen seated at his side, each holding a hand, with their heads reclining on his knee, occasionally looking up into his face for a word or smile, and this for a whole hour.

Again, at Wilbrahan Seminary, where I once visited him, a little boy was looking a little dispirited and somber. Going up to him, President Fisk observed, "John, what is the matter? We want no sad faces here." Then taking John's hands, he put them into those of a little girl somewhat younger than John, saying, "Come, M., I must give John into your charge; do you try to cheer him up."

In traveling abroad, too, as I have before said, he was always fond of taking children into his carriage, and talking with them. It was, in short, one of the most common things in the world to find him with a boy or girl hanging on his knees or lips.

www.libtnd.com.cn
III. HIS BENEVOLENCE.

I suppose that a fondness for children indicates kindness; but his love and good will to mankind generally, adults as well as children, may be further illustrated by the following:

He did not labor for fame or money, or for any purely selfish end. He did not ask when he did a thing, How will it affect myself? but, Will it do good? He was, for example, rather fond of writing short articles for the papers, such as he thought might be useful; but by no means such as were calculated to display talent. One day a friend reminded him that this was not the way to acquire a reputation for greatness of intellect, but that he ought rather to concentrate himself on some great subject, if he wished to be favorably known and regarded by the public. His modest reply was, "I do nothing merely for the present life!"

He was passing alone in the night, on a certain occasion, over a piece of ground where the greatest caution was needful to

prevent being precipitated to the bottom of a precipice of fifty feet or more. President Fisk remarked to his wife, who was with him, that there was a carriage immediately before them, which, though he could not see, he knew from the sound was in great danger. His wife doubted. But no persuasions could remove the impression from his mind, and giving up the reins of his own horse to Mrs. Fisk, who well knew the road, he went forward to see what could be done. To his surprise, he found a carriage, containing an intoxicated man, with his wife and two small children, on the very verge of the precipice. He had great difficulty in relieving the family from their danger; but he persevered, and was, no doubt, a means of saving their lives.

One of the most striking instances of benevolent feeling occurred on his death-bed. On a certain occasion, he wished his physician to remain with him, as he expected, during the night, a severe paroxysm of his disease; but on learning that a poor woman needed the doctor's services, he instantly

gave up his own claim, and bade him go. Some very good people, with less true benevolence than he, would have said, not with Sir Philip Sidney, in the case of the wounded soldier, "Thy necessities are greater than mine," but, "I need you and must have you; others must get along as best they can." This selfishness is sometimes found "the ruling passion strong in death."

His benevolence and kind feeling extended even to the brute creation. He could not and would not give needless pain even to the mind of any living animal. He was particularly kind to his horse; and while in his father's family, to the domestic animals that were there. By this is not meant that he was addicted to that over-fondness which often makes them troublesome; but only that he so treated them as made them love him in return. Striking anecdotes are on record to this effect. I will mention one only.

He had been absent several days from his father's house, and was not as yet expected, when one evening the dog Dia-

mond made signs of great agitation, and tried to lead the family to the door. They at last yielded to his importunity, when lo! the son was approaching! but was still, as the story relates it, almost half a mile distant! The dog was almost instantly at his side, and kept close to him till he reached the threshold of the house. It is thought, however, by some that the dog heard him cough.

III. HIS DISINTERESTEDNESS.

A young man had just died, and people were lamenting his death, and among other things, speaking of a certain document which he had at one time prepared, as indicating great promise of usefulness. President Fisk and his wife were among his admirers; but President Fisk said nothing in favor of the document. His wife took notice of it, and as soon as she was alone with him, sought an explanation. He went to his desk and brought her the original of the document, in his own handwriting. As it was written in haste the young man had copied it, and

being found in his handwriting, it was ascribed to him. When President Fisk's wife reminded him that he ought to have the honor of it, especially as he was a young man, struggling for an influence that he might exert for useful purposes, he only replied: "I do nothing for honor; I have honor enough."

When he accepted the office of President of the Wesleyan University, he refused a part of the salary which was offered him; not that he did not need it as much as many others, but he hoped to be able to get along with a smaller sum than he afterward found necessary.

IV. HIS SELF-DENIAL.

Of this we have an indication in the last-mentioned anecdote. But there are other facts on record of a more striking kind.

He would labor for the good of others when he was actually unable to hold his pen firmly. In these cases Mrs. Fisk many a time was called on to aid him in guiding his pen.

One indigent young minister was so sit-

uated as to be anxious to come and recite to President Fisk at midnight. It was a disturbance to the family, and a task that ought not to have been imposed on a feeble constitution, already borne down with excessive labors; and no truly benevolent man would have asked such a favor; yet the good president permitted it. In short, he would do almost anything for the good of others, and even for their gratification. This last trait of character is hardly to be commended; for we are not required to gratify others in what we believe to be injurious to them without forewarning them of their danger, yet the error itself showed the goodness of his heart as well as his self-denial.

He was writing a lecture on temperance at the time of being taken ill, on a certain occasion, and as soon as he began to mend, was inclined to continue it; but his physician advised him to defer it. This was a sorer trial than any other; but his good sense and spirit of self-denial enabled him to triumph over his inclination, and submit to follow the doctor's prescription.

While absent in Europe he was elected a bishop in the Church of his choice, and it was with the utmost difficulty he could satisfy his friends that it was not his duty to accept that high office. The refusal certainly involved not a little self-denial, especially as he was offered a purse of ten thousand dollars to procure him a comfortable residence if he would remove to and settle in Alabama. He was also, in one instance, offered the presidency of a college in Louisiana, with a compensation of three thousand dollars a year. But he chose to exercise a little self-denial, and remained where he believed he could do as much good, and probably more, and this without running any new risks.

The following extract of a letter to his wife, just before their marriage, is as good as a well-told anecdote would be, as it shows what manner of spirit he was of: "We live, not for ourselves, but for the Church; and we must get along in the way that will cause the Church the least expense, and give ourselves the least trouble and the most time. What conven-

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn



iences we cannot obtain this year, we will, if we should live, try to get next year. At any rate, we will not so far *inconvenience* ourselves for the sake of convenience as to injure our health."

V. HIS SELF-POSSESSION.

A woman, at a house where he often stopped in Vermont, was subject to attacks of insanity. During one of these seasons she rushed upon President Fisk with a large, sharp-pointed knife, tore open his vest and shirt-bosom ere he was aware, and presenting the sharp point to his skin, said, "You must die. You talk so much of heaven, I am going to send you there; for you are too good to live." All but President Fisk trembled. Without quailing in the least, he looked her calmly and steadily in the face, but said nothing. After some time she withdrew the knife, saying, "You are fit to live or die. We want such men on earth, so I will let you live a little longer."

While at Wilbraham, he was accustomed to close all prayer-meetings at an early

hour. Coming home rather late one night, he found that the zeal of those who had taken charge of the meeting in his absence, had led them to continue the exercises to an unusual hour. But, instead of raging or even frowning about it, he went softly to the room, entered it, and as soon as he had opportunity, sung one or two stanzas of a favorite hymn, spoke a few moments in great kindness and sympathy, and then told them it was quite time to close the meeting. They felt the reproof, and yet were by no means displeased.

VI. HIS MENTAL ACTIVITY.

One of his ablest addresses was written in pencil while traveling in his chaise, his hat serving him for a desk, while his wife took the reins and guided the horse.

I believe I have already told you that he prepared his *Travels in Europe*, a very large volume, in about twelve months. This was almost enough for any man to do who was entirely at leisure; but for one who was busily engaged in the perform-

ance of college duties as he was, it was a proof of the most astonishing activity, as well as industry.

An extract from a letter written to a friend while he was in Wilbraham is, perhaps, about as fair a specimen of his great mental, and, so far as his constitution would permit, bodily activity, as could be presented.

“Once I had leisure, and spent much time in cultivating the friendships of life; but now I have become almost a man of business. I never coveted this situation; to give myself wholly to the ministry was always more pleasant to me; but Providence has thrown me here, and here, for the present, it seems to be my duty to stay. Somebody must take care of our literary institutions, or we shall have none; and whoever does so will find it no easy task, especially if he has to be teacher, beggar, builder, treasurer, secretary, steward, book-keeper, proctor, preacher, &c., &c., all himself. And perhaps I may as well be that man, so far as my abilities will permit, as any other.”

One more specimen of the mental ac-

tivity which such a situation as Dr. Fisk's was while at Middletown requires, and in the present case secured. Mrs. Fisk showed her friends seven hundred and twenty-five letters, all of which were received by him, and answered after their return from Europe, in a little more than two years; and this, she said, did not include anything like the whole of the letters he was compelled to answer.

I must close this sketch with an anecdote which relates to his *death* rather than his *life*.

An American gentleman who was in Paris, in 1841, at the re-interment of the bones of Napoleon, after describing that gorgeous but heartless pageantry, observed: "As I looked upon the coffin I could not feel veneration for Napoleon; the halo of true glory shone not around it. The chamber where I saw that good man, the late Dr. Wilbur Fisk, calmly and triumphantly meeting his fate, was, to me, a scene of infinitely higher and more enviable glory."

www.libtool.com.cn

M A R Y L Y O N .

www.libtool.com.cn

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I.—HER BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.....	163
II.—HER YOUTH AND SELF-RELIANCE.....	170
III.—GOES TO SANDERSON ACADEMY AT ASHFIELD...	177
IV.—SHE ATTENDS SCHOOL AT BYFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.....	182
V.—MISS LYON A TEACHER.....	187
VI.—HER LABORS AT IPSWICH.....	193
VII.—MISS LYON'S NEW SCHEME.....	198
VIII.—MISS LYON AND MOUNT HOLYOKE FEMALE SEMINARY.....	202
IX.—PROGRESS AND AMOUNT OF HER LABORS AT THE NEW SEMINARY.....	210
X.—HER SICKNESS AND DEATH.....	217
XI.—RESULTS OF HER LABORS.....	227

www.libtool.com.cn

MARY LYON.

CHAPTER I.

HER BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

FEMALES of noble birth have seldom become giant oaks. If woman has risen, in any instance, despite of the difficulties which custom has placed in her way, she has usually been pre-eminently self-educated. She has escaped all fetters and barriers, and, like the little acorn, risen with a weight which it is a wonder had not crushed her.

One of these tall oaks from little acorns, a most distinguished one, too, was Mary Lyon. She was born in a small town called Buckland, in Franklin County, Massachusetts, February 28, 1797. Her parents were obscure people, and not rich, unless

it were in faith. They seem to have been good people. Her father, as it is said, was never known to speak an angry word in his life.

Mary, however, in constitution and temperament, followed her mother, who was a person of strong mind and good sense. Mary regarded her as almost a prodigy of excellence; but I believe most of the excellent of the earth might make the same boast. How few, indeed, whether male or female, have been distinguished in life, without the early influence of a good mother!

Mary was the fifth of seven children, only one of whom survived her. They were all bred to habits of industry. It was even necessary that it should be so, in order to their support.

When Mary was about five years old, her father died. The family was left comparatively poor. Still, with great activity and energy, they contrived to support themselves. Such was their reputation for industry and every virtue, that the mountain home, the place of their resi-

dence, was spoken of with respect far and near.

Although the family to which Mary belonged was descended from long-lived people, yet only one of them survived Mary; and she, as we shall see hereafter, broke down in the very midst of her usefulness. It was a matter of surprise to many, that children inheriting such constitutions as they did, should not attain to old age. Yet we must remember that with not a few among us the laws of health are very imperfectly understood; and many are supposed to be sound in constitution when there is a worm at the very root of the tree of life.

Her opportunities for receiving instruction, during her first years, were better than they were some years later. Until she was six or seven years of age, there was a district school within a mile of her mother's house. After this, the distance was two miles or more, and she attended but seldom.

Still it appears that she attended when she could. Young as she was, she some-

times resided in families near the school, working for her board. Brought up to labor, however, as she was, and possessed of uncommon vigor of body, she was able to do so without any apparent injury.

She was, in some respects, from the very first, a very remarkable scholar. Her chief peculiarity, however, was her astonishing power of committing to memory. In four days she learned all that is usually committed to memory in Alexander's grammar, and repeated it correctly at a single recitation. Her progress in arithmetic was almost equally rapid.

Another peculiarity, of less practical importance, was her rapid utterance. She was not able to express her thoughts in as *few words* as some persons; but what was wanting in this respect was more than made up by what might be called a vocal torrent. Her enunciation was so rapid, in some instances, as to be painful to the hearer. In this respect I do not recollect to have known her equal.

Many pupils at school, who have her power of committing to memory, become

indolent. They find themselves able to keep up with their classes without studying much, and hence they become drones, and sometimes prove mischievous. For whom Satan finds idle, in school or elsewhere, he generally employs.

But not so with Mary Lyon. She studied every moment of time she could get, just as faithfully as those who made slower progress. At a period not much later than that of which I am now speaking, and at a time when she had no work to do, we hear of her studying twenty hours in twenty-four. But this is too much for any constitution.

She would even, in some instances, carry her book to the table with her. I do not mention this to commend it. In general it is wrong. The strongest constitution must have some time for relaxation from severe labors of body or mind, just as the strongest bow will finally lose its elasticity, if it continues bent.

To me it excites emotions of pain when I hear of such prodigious effort. Yet many are pleased with it, and think the

child who studies all the time, a bud of great promise. One of the teachers of Mary Lyon said one day, no doubt with this feeling, "I should like to see what she would make if she could be sent to college."

I ought perhaps, ere now, to have said that she was trained religiously. I do not find that she became acquainted very early with religion experimentally; but she was, from the earliest period, particularly attentive to religious instruction. Her parents were careful to honor the Sabbath according to the customs of Puritanic days, and Mary was not restive under it. They began their Sabbath moreover, at least a preparation for it, on Saturday evening.

Mary's respect for religion was so deep that her friends, to this day, remember an old beech-tree behind the school-house, where she attended school in her early years, on whose crooked trunk she used to sit during the school intermissions, and tell those who gathered round, of the way of salvation as she had been taught it by her parents; although she had not, as yet, begun to walk in it herself.

In that part of her *Memoirs** which was written by Mrs. Coules, of Ipswich, we find the following statement of facts, which will account, no doubt, for the seeming paradox of the preceding paragraph:

“The Bible was the first and best book in their family library. From her earliest infancy, her parents had read it with becoming seriousness as often as the sun roused them to the duties of a new day. Her mother told her its stories before she could read them for herself. Mary, for want of other books, had read it much, and treasured up its words of wisdom in a singularly tenacious memory.”

* See “The Power of Christian Benevolence Illustrated in the Life and Labors of Mary Lyon,” compiled by President Hitchcock.

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER II.

HER YOUTH AND SELF-RELIANCE.

It is not generally known, as I suppose, in what simplicity Mary Lyon was brought up. In the preceding chapter, it has been my object, principally, to speak of her instruction and education during her earliest years. The present chapter will relate more particularly to the formation of her habits and character.

"She was not born," says her biographer, from whom I have just quoted, "to ease and affluence. She was not cradled on down. She did not tread on soft carpets, loll on cushioned sofas, ride at first in her basket cradle, and afterward in a coach. So doing and faring, she might, by middle age, have become so enervated in body and mind as scarcely to adventure to set the sole of her foot on the ground for delicateness and tenderness."

On the contrary, she was born to what

would now be called rather humble circumstances. The parents who were honored with the work of training up Mary Lyon, like those who trained her and our Divine Master, were self-dependent, hard-working people. They sought first the kingdom of heaven, and all things needful to them and theirs were added with it."

Their children, when they asked for food, were not supplied with dainties, but with bread. They went barefooted in the summer; and, for aught I can learn, almost bareheaded. I quote once more the words of the biographer:

"Mary, like the rest, and like the generality of children, was left to her own resources, to look after her own comfort, and provide for her own amusement. Her own genius made her playthings; the summer's sun browned and crimsoned her beautiful skin; the rain and the wind played with her fair hair; the ice, the snow, and the hail were her pastime. Her young hands and feet were soon employed in healthful work or errands of

love. She went to bed sleepy, and rose refreshed."

She seems, in one way or another, to have procured books, though she had access to no large family or town libraries; for we are told that "multitudes of entertaining books did not cloy her appetite for knowledge." But we are told much more frequently of her attention to the great book of nature, which is so accessible and intelligible to all who will open their eyes to it.

"She turned leaf after leaf in another book that never tires by repetition. Their little brown house, snugly nestled under the hill, was surrounded by the wildest scenery. Her young and eager curiosity turned to nature for its refreshment and supplies. The roses, the pinks, and the peonies; the buds, the blossoms, and the fruit; the rocks, the cliffs, the hillocks, and the dells, as she herself tells us, employed her opening mind."

And yet, with all this humility of station, Mary never felt herself lowered or degraded. She seemed to apprehend in-

instinctively what Watts, the poet, had long before taught, that

“The mind’s the standard of the man,”

and not his external circumstances ; and that in the *great day*, if not before, we must be measured by the soul, and not by the trappings, or adornings, or peculiarities even of the house it lives in.

“Miss Lyon used to enumerate it among her early mercies that she never knew a servile, cringing fear of those born to better things than herself. Her mother, the sun of their little circle, the admired of all admirers in that retired neighborhood for her goodness and skill, walked a queen among them. Her children knew it. So while Mary, unfettered by custom and fashion, in her short and scanty robe, ranging from one end of the farm to the other, was manufacturing bone, flesh, and sinew that could stand the draughts of future days, she yet felt herself as good as the best.”

In 1810, when Mary was about thirteen years of age, her mother married again,

and removed to Ashfield, taking with her the younger sisters; Mary, with her only brother, remaining at the homestead. At first, she does not appear to have been the housekeeper; but when she was only fifteen years of age, she took the entire charge of things for her brother, yet a single man, for a whole year; who paid her, to aid her in her studies, a dollar a week. This, for those days and times, was doubtless regarded as the full wages of an experienced housekeeper. Nor have I doubt that she earned it.

No one, I am sure, was up in the morning earlier than she; and few, if any, were ever more busy. It has been said that she was not "handy" at work; but what she wanted in aptitude, she made up in earnest devotedness, so to call it. She was strong, energetic, prudent, and persevering. Whatever she did, moreover, whether it was eating, conversing, amusement, studying, writing, or performing her religious duties, she did it with all her might. She brought to it, for the time, all her powers of body, mind, and soul.

It was her frequent confession that she had no mechanical skill, and yet she could spin and weave with any of her sex of those days and times. The very clothes she wore after she became a teacher, and was more than thirty years of age, were of her own manufacturing. "She could make a batch of bread," it is told, "or a tin of biscuit, without wasting a dust of flour. She could *clear starch* as well as any laundress in the land." She could also apply her needle to the finest work of the milliner, if she chose to do so. But even when things "came hard to her," she did not shrink from them.

Such, in greater or less degree, was the education of an obscure young woman, who was destined, though as yet she knew it not, to exert a mighty influence in society. If my limits would permit, I might stop here to show that such an education as hers always develops character, and gives influence for good or for evil. Mary Lyon, thus thrown on her own resources, became, in a large measure, only what thousands would, in a measure equal or

smaller, did we but give them the opportunity.

Especially was this the kind of education she received while she was keeping house for her brother, which was about one year. When she was sixteen years old, her brother married. But his house continued to be her home even afterward, till she was twenty-one or twenty-two years of age, when he removed to the State of New-York.

Little is known of her from the age of sixteen to that of about twenty besides what has been mentioned above, except that she occasionally attended school at such places as she could, coupling with her studies as much labor as possible (whether she received pay for it or not made little difference in the motion of her "wheels") at home or elsewhere. She commenced her career as a teacher near Shelburn Falls, Massachusetts, when she received as compensation seventy-five cents a week and her board.

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER III.

GOES TO SANDERSON ACADEMY AT ASHFIELD.

IN the town of Ashfield, only four or five miles from the mountain-home of Mary Lyon, there was a school in operation, called Sanderson Academy. Mary had saved from the money paid her by her brother for one year's housekeeping, and from her little earnings by spinning, weaving, working, and teaching, a small sum; and her sole object was now to apply it in such a manner as would best aid her in acquiring a thorough education. Her eye was particularly directed to Ashfield; and in the autumn of 1817, just after she had passed her twentieth birth-day, she entered it.

She was, at this time, a true child of nature. Even among the mountaineers her whole appearance and all her movements attracted attention. It is said that they all laid aside their books when Mary

Lyon recited, as they could keep neither their eyes nor their minds off from her. And though they sometimes laughed, yet her warm and true heart soon gained their love and confidence.

Some have said she was negligent of her person and dress. This is not quite true. She was not devoted to dress; nor was she an admirer of her own person. But she meant to be decent in her appearance, and, above all, not to violate the great law of neatness and cleanliness. Nor is it evident that she was accustomed to do this, whatever may have been her devotion to other things, and whatever may have been thought by the fastidious.

Her progress in her studies was as rapid as they had been while at the district school. She was only three days in committing to memory all those portions of Adams's Latin Grammar, which it is customary to commit at first going over it, besides continuing her other lessons. Her teacher, the late E. H. Burritt, author of the "Geography of the Heavens," used to say that he never knew the Latin Grammar more accurately

recited than it was at this time by Mary Lyon. www.libtool.com.cn

With all her care, prudence, and economy, her slender means of support were in danger of becoming soon exhausted; and what then should she do? Just at this moment of necessity Divine Providence provided her with a friend and patron. It was a Mr. Thomas White of Ashfield. His keen observation of men and things enabled him to detect in Mary Lyon "a diamond of uncommon brilliancy," that needed but "to be polished to shine with peculiar luster."

It is true, he did not furnish her with much money at the first. He sometimes invited her to his house, and always encouraged her. When, however, he saw her exchange her bedding, table-linen, &c., all that she had in the world, for her room rent and board, he was moved to do much more. By means of his timely influence, she received from the trustees of the academy permission to avail herself of all its advantages gratuitously, which was a most substantial aid.

He did more than this. A small share of her father's estate had been left her; but in such a way that it was not easy for her to spend it at once. But Mr. White was successful in so arranging the matter as to leave it to her own discretion when and where she expended it. This was done, however, in view of her necessities, when she left Ashfield for Byfield, of which I shall speak presently.

One way in which she helped herself, was by weaving heavy blue and white coverlets, a kind of work which required the full strength of a man, and also commanded more pay than ordinary female work. But she was by no means unequal to the task; for the physician who attended her in her last moments, and was well acquainted with her, has been heard to say that she had six times the strength, both physical and mental, of a common woman.

An assistant was now needed in the academy where she attended; who, the teacher thought, must be a male. Mr. White proposed to him to employ Mary

Lyon. He hesitated. "Try her," said Mr. White, "and see if she is not sufficient." He took his advice, and was satisfied with his decision.

Her connection with the Sanderson Academy appears to have lasted, in all, about four years. First, she was, as we have seen, a pupil; next, an assistant. She seized opportunities that occurred from time to time of taking the charge of extra classes, in various branches, both as a kind of apprenticeship to the profession in which she enlisted, and also for the emolument. She also taught, at one period, a family school in Buckland; at another, a select school in Conway. She studied a while, also, with Rev. Dr. Hitchcock of Amherst, and we even find her, for one term, in Amherst Academy.

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER IV.

SHE ATTENDS SCHOOL AT BYFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

ABOUT this time, the school of Rev. Joseph Emerson, at Byfield, Massachusetts, was in high reputation, and Miss Lyon, who began to feel a strong desire to become a teacher for life, was anxious to avail herself of its privileges.

In the spring of 1821 she had become acquainted with a young lady who knew something of Mr. Emerson's school, and was importunate to have Miss Lyon attend it. Her friend, Mr. White, as we have seen, was in favor of the measure, and did all he could to forward her plans. After collecting together, with Mr. White's aid, as aforesaid, all her pecuniary means, she proceeded to Byfield.

There were, of course, no railroads in those days. Byfield was a small place, a few miles southward of Newburyport.

Mr. White had a daughter whom he wished to have attend there, so that he concluded to take them over in his own private carriage.

It was a journey of two or three days. As all they knew about the place was its distance from Boston, and its general geographical position, they sometimes missed their way; and in one instance came where no one knew anything about Byfield, or had ever heard of it. This was quite a trial to the young women, and Miss Lyon, though now near twenty-four years old, wept, in her simplicity, like a child.

But they at length arrived there in safety, and were admitted to the school. Miss Lyon had for her room-mate the same young woman who had been so urgent to have her join the school. Her connection with it throughout was most happy during the whole term. She was particularly delighted with her teacher, Mr. Emerson, as I believe all young ladies have been whose lot it has been to attend his school.

In a letter to her mother, not long after

her arrival at Byfield, she thus observes of Mr. Emerson, and of his method of instruction :

“ I feel that this summer is or ought to be peculiarly profitable to me. Such a spirit of piety is mingled with all Mr. Emerson’s instructions, that the one thing needful is daily impressed on our minds. He renders every recitation attractive. Never have I attended one from which I might not gain valuable information, either scientific, moral, or religious. We have Sabbath lessons to recite Monday morning.

“ You ask if I am contented, and if I am satisfied with my school. I am perfectly so. I can complain of nothing but myself.”

It was while attending Mr. Emerson’s school at Byfield, this summer, that she became acquainted with Miss Z. P. Grant, the individual with whom she was afterward so long associated at Ipswich. Miss Grant was at this time one of Mr. Emerson’s assistants.

Both Mr. Emerson and Miss Grant had a very high opinion of the talents of Miss

Lyon. Mr. Emerson once remarked to Miss Grant, that he had instructed several ladies whose minds were better disciplined than Miss Lyon's, but in mental *power*, he considered her superior to any other pupil he ever had in his seminary.

I am unwilling to deny myself the pleasure of introducing here one more extract. It is from a letter written after Miss Lyon's death, by the female friend who urged her attendance so strongly, and who was her room-mate. I insert it, because it reveals so clearly particular traits of Miss Lyon's character.

"I made it a point to attend to the nameless little duties necessary to our comfort in the room, leaving to her share such as she could not well overlook or omit. You know she then needed constant watchfulness as to her personal appearance, the care of her clothing, &c.

"Indeed, she did not devote sufficient thought and attention to the subject to know when she was suitably dressed to appear in company. Of course, she never went out without my inspection, to

see that all was right, as she was very liable to leave off some article, or put one on the wrong side out. She was also one of the unfortunate ones whose wearing apparel was doomed to receive the contents of every overturned inkstand or lamp; but she met every such accident with the same good humor and pleasantry that she manifested on every occasion."

It was during this summer term at the Byfield school, that her mind became more interested than ever before on the subject of religion. There was a revival in the school, and Mary, as it is fully believed, was one of the converts. I believe she thought so herself. Such, however, was her tendency, in her after life, to look to present feelings and character for evidence of piety, that she seldom reverted to her experience at Byfield for this purpose.

Miss Lyon returned to Ashfield in the autumn, not because there was nothing more for her to learn, but for other and very different reasons; some of them, as I suppose, quite imperious. However, she had been electrified with the spirit of Mr.

Emerson, and had already prepared herself to tread the same path trod by that now sainted man.

CHAPTER V.

MISS LYON A TEACHER.

ON her return from Byfield, late in the autumn of 1821, she was employed to assist in the academy, as before. Mr. Burritt, however, her former teacher, had left Ashfield; and his place was supplied by a Mr. Cross, afterward a minister at West Haverhill, Mass.

She remained here, as nearly as I can ascertain, about a year, perhaps a little more. During this time, Mr. Cross left the school, and, for a short time, Miss Lyon had the whole care of it. Dr. Converse, afterward editor of the Philadelphia Christian Observer, was, however, for a part of the time, the principal.

In the spring of 1822 she united with the Congregational Church of Buckland,

her native town. She had been, as we have seen, a believer for some time ; but her zeal for intellectual improvement had seemed, at times, almost to eat up her piety. She now became as active in the cause she had espoused, as she had hitherto been lukewarm and inefficient.

This summer (that of 1822) her brother returned from Western New-York on a visit, and with a determination to take Mary home with him as a teacher if possible. She wished much, on many accounts, to go, especially as she was greatly attached to him. But after balancing the subject in her mind for some time, she came to a decision in the negative.

Not long after this decision, she was invited to assist Miss Grant, before mentioned, in conducting the Adams Female Academy at Londonderry, (now Derry,) in New-Hampshire. Derry is a small place near the present city of Manchester. Miss Grant had recently taken charge of it, and desired to change, and, if possible, to elevate its character.

It was some time before she could decide

on her future course. She had found a field of promise where she was, one which was every day widening. Yet the proposals of Miss Grant were tempting to her. And then she liked the idea of a co-laborer like Miss Grant.

In January or February, 1824, Miss Grant visited Miss Lyon, and at length persuaded her to join her at Derry. Meanwhile she attended a course of lectures on chemistry and natural history, at Amherst, Mass., in order that she might be able to illustrate the subject of chemistry by experiments in her new situation.

Before she went, her old friend Mr. White, knowing the low state of her finances, became surety for her at the stores in Northampton for over forty dollars' worth of clothing.

She went to Derry in the spring, and entered immediately upon her duties. The school consisted of about sixty pupils, under the care of the two associated principals and two assistants. The plan was essentially that of Mr. Emerson, at Byfield, namely, the topic plan, with some modifica-

tions. I have spoken of them as being associated, but Miss Grant was, to all practical intents and purposes, the principal.

Miss Lyon had not been long at Derry before she set out on what, no doubt, ought to have been begun much earlier, the correction of some of her unpleasant, or at least undesirable habits; especially certain defects in her external appearance, manners, and style of conversation.

The work was difficult, but not impossible. Her success, though slow, was nevertheless quite as rapid as ought to have been expected. What she determined on must be done; there was no alternative.

One point on which she wished to correct her habits was in regard to her hours of eating and sleeping. In the early part of her career, she had allowed herself to study, eat, and sleep just when she could find the time; and she had been even known to sit up all night to study. But on becoming convinced that it was wrong to do so, and that she was setting a bad example, she at once entered upon a correct system, and ever after adhered to it. When the hour

for retiring came, for example, she would retire, how much soever remained to be done.

The long winter vacation at Derry was spent in Buckland, among her friends. But she could not be idle. She accordingly took a school of about twenty-five young women. It appears that she was quite successful; and that this proved the beginning of a series of winter schools, in that place and Ashfield, that was continued many years.

She used to consider herself deficient in the art of governing. But her indomitable perseverance appears to have conquered this defect also, for she was generally very successful in her discipline. Perhaps her great earnestness and devotedness had influence. Who that knew her but a single day, would be willing to displease, or even not encourage her?

At the close of this term in Buckland, she spent a little time at Troy, New-York, in the family of Professor Eaton, and attended lectures at the Rensselaer School, in chemistry and natural philosophy. But

the spring and summer found her again in Derry, assisting Miss Grant.

The school had increased greatly in point of numbers. From sixty it had risen to one hundred. During this summer Miss Grant was sick a long time with bilious fever. This made the labors of Miss Lyon doubly arduous, but then it proved a trial of her strength. We know not what we are except by trial.

The next winter, that of 1825-6, she was in Buckland again, with about fifty scholars; and the winter following that, in Ashfield, with nearly as many. Her reputation was constantly rising, and her influence gradually extending all over the country.

During the winter of 1827-8, while she was teaching in Ashfield, there was quite a revival of religion in the school. Nearly half the whole number of pupils appeared to be the subjects of a deep work of grace in the heart. This gave great joy to Miss Lyon. Her object in making her pupils wiser was mainly to make them better.

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER VI.

HER LABORS AT IPSWICH.

WHETHER to attempt to carry out their plan at Derry, or to remove to some other place, was a question that Miss Grant and Miss Lyon had been for some years agitating; till at length, in the beginning of the year 1828, it was decided to remove to Ipswich, Massachusetts, to which place many of her pupils followed them.

Here they established themselves, and continued together many years. For two years, however, after their arrival, Miss Lyon returned, in the autumn, to Buckland, and taught there. Afterward she remained at Ipswich during the winter.

But though, in form, the school at Buckland was discontinued at the period just alluded to, yet, in one point of view, it was otherwise. It proved ultimately the germ of the Mount Holyoke Seminary, where she was to labor afterward with such signal success; and where she achieved for

herself what Napoleon would have called an [immortality.l.com.cn](http://immortality.com.cn)

Toward the close of her first summer in Ipswich, Miss Lyon was long sick of a bilious fever. Before she was fairly well enough to attend her school, she returned to Buckland. She had seventy-four pupils that winter.

One part of the arrangement this season at Buckland greatly delighted her, because it so increased her power of doing good. She and twenty-five of the pupils boarded together in the same house, so that thus far the institution was almost a boarding-school, and yet it retained all the essential features of the family. The following and last winter of her teaching there, the number of her pupils was ninety-nine!

She had now been with Miss Grant, at Ipswich, about two years, and all seemed going on prosperously. The number of pupils at first was about one hundred, but the reputation of the school was all the while rising. In 1831, the number of pupils was one hundred and ninety.

After the lapse of something more than

three years, Miss Grant's health began to fail, and she sought, for the winter, a milder climate. This brought new and heavier duties and responsibilities upon Miss Lyon than before, and at a time, too, when she was less able to bear them.

It is not a little remarkable that, with such a constitution as she possessed, she should have been subject to occasional attacks of disease, and before she was thirty-five years of age, to a species of periodical headache; and yet it must not be forgotten that her labors were very severe. In the routine of school exercises, she might, it is true, have thrown more of the burden on her assistants; but there are other things not so easy to be thrown off.

The discipline and moral management of such a school must, in the very nature of things, devolve largely on the acting principal. And they who have had trial of teaching, especially in large establishments like that at Ipswich, need not be told that the "wear and tear" of such labor is very great. Nor is it very surprising, after all, that even a constitution like that

of Miss Lyon should eventually give way under it. www.libtool.com.cn

There is another source of wear and tear in such institutions as this, of which some who have taught know very little; for there are not a few who have taught many long years, who have gone on quite contented with what they were able to achieve. But it was not so with Miss Lyon. Though she did not allow herself to mourn over the past, yet regrets would steal in. At any rate, she felt unhappy much of the time, because she could do no more than she did. She felt the full force of what the elder Dr. Beecher once said, namely, "The wear and tear of what I cannot do, is a great deal more than the wear and tear of what I do."

Miss Lyon and her associate had to deal with several different classes of pupils at Ipswich, but their one great object, whatever the intentions of the pupils may have been, was to fit them for usefulness. If there were a few in the school who cared for little but to pass away the time as easily as they could, there were more

who came there for a nobler purpose, and who knew how to appreciate, in some good measure, the labors bestowed upon them.

It was not so much the amount of knowledge which the pupils gained at Ipswich that made this school respectable, (though in this particular, even, it would not probably have suffered in a comparison with any other existing female seminary,) as the practical methods in which it was taught, and the spirit with which they were inspired. Ipswich, under Miss Grant and Miss Lyon, to say nothing of its later teachers, has sent forth to our public or common schools, a host of missionaries, whose influence has done much for the country and for the world.

But this is not all. It has sent forth its hundreds, perhaps thousands, of excellent mothers, to train up their households, all over the country, in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Few are aware how much has been done for New-England by its schools, especially its female schools; although, with few exceptions, (and those of Ipswich and South Hadley

have been of the number,) they have come far short of doing their perfect work, for want of parental coöperation.

CHAPTER VII.

MISS LYON'S NEW SCHEME.

MISS GRANT, for many years, had been desirous of something better for young women than even Mr. Emerson's school or her own. She had hoped, when she left Londonderry for Ipswich, to carry out her idea at the latter place. She wanted something for young women equal to the college for young men. At least, she wanted all that is of any practical value in a college education.

Occasionally, when she found time, she was accustomed to press this subject on the mind of Miss Lyon. Would it not be exceedingly desirable, she used to ask, to have a seminary with buildings, library, apparatus, &c., owned as colleges are, where successive generations of young

ladies might be trained for respectability and usefulness? But Miss Lyon, at first, did not seem to favor the scheme. "Never mind the brick and mortar," she would say, "only let us have the living minds to act upon."

But about the year 1830 she found herself greatly changed in opinion. She now became as anxious as Miss Grant to have something done; and after maturing a plan together for having such a school endowed in Ipswich, they wrote, early in the year 1831, to the trustees of the Ipswich Seminary, requesting them to take the subject into consideration.

The subject was referred to a board of prospective trustees, and such preliminary steps were taken as seemed most likely to accomplish the object. Many eminent men in the vicinity of Ipswich became deeply interested in the plan. Some talked of Ipswich, however, and some of Amherst, as a suitable location. But the whole proved a failure, so far as Ipswich was concerned.

Miss Lyon, at length, began to think of

a school of her own, separate from that of Miss Grant; for the latter was needed in Ipswich, greatly needed; and the field was wide enough for both. She knew what she had done at Buckland and Ashfield, and she knew what needed to be done there or elsewhere still. She at length began to press her scheme more and more, in all sorts of ways, upon the public mind.

The subject was agitated in various shapes for several years. All the tendencies of discussion, so far as mere words were concerned, were toward an institution such as Miss Lyon desired. But whence were the funds to come?

Miss Lyon's health was now beginning to give way, and, in her turn, she traveled, partly to regain her vigor, and partly to feel the public pulse on her favorite subject. During the years 1833 and 1834 she was, as it were, all over the country, conversing with everybody, and endeavoring to rouse the attention of everybody to what seemed to her to be the one thing needful, under God, for the salvation of her sex, and of the race.

Her eye was beginning to be turned toward South Hadley as the place of locating a female seminary; and from its contiguity to Mount Holyoke, it was proposed to call it Mount Holyoke Female Seminary. Some portion of her time was still spent in connection with the Ipswich Seminary, where she was always welcomed by Miss Grant, and where she was always useful.

Miss Lyon had long been desirous of having her proposed female seminary, as much as possible, a self-supporting school. There were two reasons for this. One was to aid a large class of worthy pupils, by giving them a chance to pay, in part, the expenses of their education. Another was to train them to labor as a matter of duty. A third reason was to preserve their health.

She thus developed her plan in a letter to Miss Grant, dated at Ipswich, April 16, 1833. Miss Grant was probably traveling at the time for her health. She says: "I believe I once said something to you about having an institution at the West,

with the style plain, the food simple, almost all the labor done by the teachers and scholars, and the expenses very low. Involuntarily my spirit has been stirred within me to try such a plan on a small scale, but I have heretofore subdued these emotions."

But her plan will appear more fully in the progress of the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISS LYON AND MOUNT HOLYOKE FEMALE SEMINARY.

Miss LYON, in the autumn of 1834, left Ipswich Female Seminary, and the decision having been made to establish her new school at South Hadley, all her efforts were now made in that direction. Her health was not so good as it formerly had been; but such was the courage she took from the circumstances, and especially from the general favor with which her

darling scheme was received, at least in words, that a little headache now and then did not detract much from her power to labor on.

The very first contribution made for the support of her proposed seminary, had been made in Ipswich just before she left. The school with which she had now been for some time connected, and over which, during Miss Grant's absence, she presided, had been accustomed, once or twice a year, to unite in a contribution to some one of the leading benevolent societies. Miss Lyon proposed to them, as she was about leaving Ipswich, to make the new seminary the object, for once, of their charities. The sum collected was two hundred and sixty-nine dollars.

She then applied to the ladies of Ipswich village. The application was made by herself. She did not shrink from the labor or the humility of going from house to house for the purpose. In this way she obtained four hundred and seventy-five dollars more.

Here was an aggregate of seven hundred

and forty-four dollars. But Miss Lyon had set out with a determination to obtain one thousand dollars. She wanted so much, she said, for the contingent expenses of the undertaking. The sum raised was about three fourths of what she had expected. How should she get the remaining fourth?

The first plan that struck her mind favorably was to write to some of the more wealthy individuals who had formerly been pupils of the Ipswich school, and solicit their aid. The next thing was to go herself to individuals in the vicinity of Ipswich, and solicit their help. Both plans were carried out; and the one thousand dollars, or within a trifle of it, was raised.

This success she considered as signing and sealing the contract by which she had bound herself to the new institution. She also regarded it as a plodge of her future success. But it was a costly effort. Along with her labors in school, it made her nearly sick. In writing to a friend at this time, she told her she had not been so much prostrated before in six or seven years.

I have mentioned these labors of Miss Lyon, partly to illustrate the character of the woman herself, and partly that the reader may be able to form a tolerable idea of the difficulties she had to encounter at that early period in the history of female education.

During the winter after she left Ipswich she made her home at Amherst. Her object, in part, was to hear lectures on the natural sciences, especially chemistry and geology. But she had other objects. Amherst was a place where she could meet with many influential persons during the winter whom she greatly desired to see. It was also a point whence she could sally forth to South Hadley, or any other part of the state, with readiness, whenever her presence became desirable or necessary.

In June, 1835, Miss Lyon's plans for the new seminary were so far matured, and so much progress had been made, that a committee of seven persons of distinction, chiefly clergymen, issued a circular, stating that a seminary for young ladies of a most

liberal and enlarged kind was about to be established at South Hadley, and that the public would be required to contribute toward it not less than thirty thousand dollars. South Hadley, they stated, had given eight thousand, Ipswich one thousand, and the ladies of the Connecticut River valley would be expected to contribute, also, one thousand dollars. That it was their object to accommodate two hundred pupils, &c.

This circular was scattered widely over the land, and Rev. Mr. Hawks, of Cummington, an efficient man, was appointed the agent of Miss Lyon, to carry out the plan. Except a short time, however, in the autumn of 1835, when she was called to take Miss Grant's place at Ipswich once more, Miss Lyon was herself an agent not less efficient than Dr. Hawks.

The institution was incorporated in February, 1836. The corner-stone of the building was laid on the third of the following October. But it went on slowly. In truth, it was no trifling affair to build and furnish it according to Miss Lyon's

plan. For it was, in the first place, large. It was ninety-four feet by fifty, and four stories high, besides the basement. Then, in the second place, it was for the double purpose of accommodating the pupils as scholars, and also as members of a family.

The Mount Holyoke Female Seminary was opened November 8, 1837. During the first term the number of pupils was one hundred and sixteen. The building was not, as yet, in a condition to receive the whole number it was intended to accommodate. It was, however, completed as soon as the nature of the case would admit, and a large wing was afterward added, so that, instead of two hundred, it was able to accommodate two hundred and twenty.

During the spring, summer, and autumn of the year 1837, while the seminary building was going on, nothing could equal the activity of Miss Lyon; for she not only had a great deal to do, but she insisted on doing everything. At least, she was determined to see to it.

In regard to her care about the build-

ing itself, she wrote thus to her mother :
“ Our building is going on finely. The seal to everything about it must soon be fixed. My head is full of closets, shelves, cupboards, doors, sinks, tables, &c.”

But she had charge of procuring the furniture also. In addition to crockery and cutlery for about one hundred persons, and parlor furniture and kitchen utensils, forty scholars' rooms were to be provided with bedsteads, beds, bedding, tables, wash-stands, chairs, and mirrors. Now you might have seen her at Northampton or Springfield, purchasing something for the seminary ; now in Boston for similar purposes, and now somewhere else. Her movements were as rapid as the circumstances of the case and a wise prudence would possibly admit.

Perhaps the following quotation will give some idea of her character, as well as of the favor she found in the eyes of her friends and of the world. I have mentioned her early friend and benefactor, Mr. White. His house, as long as he lived, was a home to her ; and it is stated most

significantly by one of her biographers, that whenever, in her wanderings about, she came there, she not only "went in without knocking," but made every little claim for accommodations she would have made in a father's house. But to the quotation, which is from the part of her life written by Mrs. Coules, of Ipswich:

"We can almost see her shaking hands with Mr. White at the door, but, intent on the end of her journey, saying, in the same breath with, 'How do you all do?' 'Could you take me over to Hawley to-night, Mr. White?' 'Well, come in, Miss Lyon, and we will see,' he would answer. 'Your horses are in the barn?' she would ask, hardly seeming to heed his remark. 'I want to see about some furniture for the new seminary, and I must take the stage back to-morrow morning.' The ride to Hawley would be accomplished."

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER IX.

PROGRESS AND AMOUNT OF HER LABORS AT THE NEW SEMINARY.

MISS LYON was about forty years of age when the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary was opened. The first twenty-four years of her life had been spent near home, chiefly at labor, and in school. The thirteen years next following, she was engaged most of the time as a teacher. From the age of thirty-seven to that of forty, she was going through the arduous and tedious task of founding the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary.

She was now educated, so to speak, for her great work, the business of her life. She was, as she herself regarded it, just beginning to live. As fellow-laborers and coöperators, she had a corps of tried teachers and assistant pupils—three of each after her own heart—and a body of trustees, on whose wisdom, and skill, and liberality she had learned to rely.

Miss Lyon continued to conduct the school, as its principal, while she lived, which was about eleven or twelve years. During this whole period, she steadily and perseveringly refused to accept of more than two hundred dollars a year, with board, fuel, and light, for her services. It was in vain to reason with her; she had long thought on the subject, and her mind was made up. She meant that missionary self-denial and economy should be exercised by all who had anything to do with the seminary; and she meant to set the example. The salaries of the other teachers varied from two hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and twenty dollars a year, except one, who, on account of ill-health, was induced to accept, for the time, of three hundred.

During this period of eleven years, the school prospered beyond example. Its numbers increased from one hundred and sixteen to two hundred and forty-four. The demand for assistant teachers rose also, so that from four, the number needed in 1837, it increased to thirteen. The

whole number of different pupils, in eleven years, it would seem, was not far from fifteen hundred.

You will say, and it is natural enough that you should, that you hope she did not toil quite so hard after the seminary became established and furnished, especially as she had so many teachers and assistant teachers to aid her. Perhaps she did not *worry* so much. I recall; I do not know that she had ever allowed herself to worry. It was certainly against her principles to worry herself, or be over anxious. It was her fixed rule to be active to do what she could; and having done this, to commit her way to the Lord.

And yet, though she had less temptation to be over-anxious after the seminary was fairly "under way" than before, she could not escape the necessity of working hard, had it not been a part of her nature to work hard. Had she begun with forty teachers and assistants, instead of four, she would still have found enough to do, especially of brain work. Some teachers say the more help of this kind they have, the

harder it is for themselves, on account of the sense of responsibility they feel, and the care which grows of the necessity of having a general oversight of the whole. But this, though partly true, is not wholly so; at least it is not so with all.

The reader should know, however, that Miss Lyon's troubles were not all over when the school had begun; for there were many things yet unfinished, and some things even unprovided, and then, for a long time, changes, additions, and repairs would be necessary. I remember seeing Miss Lyon at Springfield, some two or three years after the opening of the seminary, looking at cooking-stoves for her establishment.

Then, too, there were business matters to be attended to. For though provision was made, as far as is ordinarily done in such circumstances, for the payment of all bills by the proper officers, so that no responsibilities of this kind may be allowed to devolve on the teachers, yet it sometimes happens that the operation of "the law," in these cases, is slow. It would be likely

to be so in the case of Miss Lyon. And so ~~as I have no doubt, it~~ sometimes was.

For here is a letter, or rather an extract from one, which was written to Miss Grant just before the opening of the seminary, showing how Miss Lyon sometimes needed money; and, of course, had her mind occupied, more or less, with financial matters, despite of the good management of the trustees and other officers. She says:

“I take my pen to ask of you a very great favor. I want to use five hundred dollars this fall, which is not due me till February; and if I could get it of some personal friend like yourself, who would not talk about it, it would be a very great relief, besides being a very great accommodation.”

Another thing should be remembered. It was no small thing to answer all the letters she received, which required answering, as well as to write to those with whom she was obliged or disposed to correspond. About the time of opening the school, as above mentioned, in a letter to her mother she said: “I have so much

letter-writing to do that I seem not to have time for much else; and yet, I have four times as much as I can do which I wish to do. But I must do what I can, and let the rest go undone. There is scarcely a mail that does not bring me a letter; yesterday's brought five. Most of them require an answer, and many of them will require two or three before I get through with them."

Nor is it at all likely that all this correspondence, which was going on about the time of opening the seminary, ceased as soon as it was opened. No one who knows the history of such institutions will, for one moment, believe it.

We must remember, too, a maxim already alluded to, that the wear and tear of what she could not do, might be more severe on her frame than the wear and tear of what she actually did. Even when she went abroad for rest, as she sometimes did, it is testified by President Hitchcock, who well knew the facts in the case, "she usually accomplished about twice as much as ordinary women in the way of writing

or consulting about plans for the seminary." It is even said, that her mental activity was so great, that at times the wheels would not stop ; by which, as I suppose, is meant that she became sleepless.

She gave a large share of her thoughts to the domestic department. For though she did not work much herself, "she was careful to watch the movements of every wheel, and to learn the force of every spring and weight." The plan of having the pupils, by rotation, perform the house-work of the institution was new ; and this, in particular, would be likely to involve care and occasional anxiety.

I repeat, therefore, let no one think Miss Lyon's activity faltered after she saw the institution going on prosperously. No one will doubt that self-sacrifice is sometimes called for, unless he doubts the authority which affirms that we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. The only doubt in the case which would be proper is, whether Miss Lyon did not mistake her calling, and sacrifice herself unnecessarily, unwisely, or prematurely.

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER X.

HER SICKNESS AND DEATH.

It is a matter of great surprise to many, when they find such a woman as Miss Lyon dying suddenly, in the very midst of her usefulness. The wonder really is, that her constitution could last so long.

We have heard of her occasional headaches; of her sleeplessness, and of her exhaustion in some instances. We have even seen that she was at times obliged to travel for her health. And we might, no doubt, have heard much more of her ill health, had she been in the habit of speaking of such things. But as she forgot herself *generally*, so she did *particularly*. She was so much in earnest for others, that she had no time to think of her own bad feelings; and, above all, to trouble others with them.

One fact, stated by an associate, lets us still more deeply into this subject. "When," she says, "from long and close application, Miss Lyon became brain-weary, it was her practice, at this period of her life, to sink voluntarily into a state of partial stupor, for one, two, or three days, as the case might require, keeping her bed most of the time, and taking very little food. From such seasons of rest, she would come forth rejuvenated."

The same course was followed by the late Timothy Flint. I might present numerous other examples, both among the eminent dead and the prominent living. But there is a mistake sometimes made here, in supposing that individuals come forth from this semi-hibernation entirely restored, *wholly* rejuvenated. Such a thing, as I suppose, never happens. That it is the best thing which can be done I admit; or, rather, if the transgression must be committed, this is the best way, for the human constitution, of paying the penalty. But that the *transgression is necessary*, in general, or indeed often, *I very much doubt.*

By the effects of this undue exhaustion, only a part of which was removed by rest, Miss Lyon was preparing herself gradually for severe disease, whenever its seeds should be implanted within her. Or, rather, to change the figure, she was preparing for a most fearful explosion in her system, whenever an igniting spark should be applied to it.

The period of her life above referred to was in the year 1834, when she was about thirty-seven years of age. The following year she speaks, in her letters, of the very same thing. In 1837, a year or two later still, she says, in a letter to Miss Grant: "I try to take the best possible care of my health. I have had more real sick days, with headache and the like, during the last few weeks than usual." And yet one of her biographers, speaking with reference to a period later than this, says: "Yet we hear of no faltering in health!" There are some contradictions in the world!

In the beginning of the year 1841 she suffered from general ill health and pros-

tration for a long time. She was much confined for about two months.

In March, 1843, Mrs. Whitman, one of her teachers, wrote to a friend on her behalf, and, in reference to her health, said thus: "She is now quite unwell with a cold, and thinks it her duty to reserve her strength for the religious exercises of the school. To-day she is, perhaps, rather better than yesterday; yet I have some fears that she may have a fever. The physician was yesterday somewhat apprehensive of a lung fever." Five days later she wrote herself as follows: "My lungs have not allowed me the privilege of individual conversation," &c.

Then, again, in 1846, in reply to a letter from a friend at a little distance, who, having heard of her ill health, had invited her to her house for the winter, she said, "My health is much better. I shall, no doubt, find it best to be a keeper at home." She speaks of the severe cold as one reason why she did not venture out. Yet, in any tolerable health, she paid no more regard to the cold than an old-fash-

ioned New Hampshire stage-driver would do. www.libtool.com.cn

The Mount Holyoke Seminary kept a journal. We find in this journal for October 10th, the same year, the following remarks concerning the principal, Miss Lyon:

“She does not appear to be as well this year as last. Her extra exertion during vacation nearly exhausted her. An infirmity which must be very trying, has recently fastened itself upon her, as we fear, permanently. She has become so deaf that it is difficult for her to hear ordinary conversation.”

Again, October 21: “We must again speak of Miss Lyon’s failing health. She has taken a severe cold, which has settled on her lungs. It is with difficulty she can speak for any length of time.”

In October, 1847, the journal remarks: “Miss Lyon’s health is improving daily.” This was a year later than the notice in the preceding paragraph. It is obvious she had recovered, at least partially, from her illness a year before; and that the con-

valescence of 1847 was from a new attack. Thus we see that she was not full proof against disease; and that, in spite of every thing, there was a downward tendency.

The journal for August 29th, and the next year, 1848, thus speaks: "You will ask, 'Where is Miss Lyon during the long vacation? Is she also enjoying rest?' We wish we could say this. But she is in South Hadley. Much does her spirit long for rest, and much does she need it. We fear for the next year." Why have any fears? Simply, as may be seen from other extracts, because it was apprehended she would soon run down. And yet, in her own letters, she says she was unusually well during that year.

But in the latter part of February, 1849, one of the pupils of the seminary died rather suddenly of erysipelas. Miss Lyon had been suffering from influenza about two weeks, but had not been able, as she thought, to give up labor, and, as formerly, take rest for her medicine. The death of her pupil made her worse for a night, but she rallied a little next morning.

For a day or two she went into her school, though manifestly unfit to do so.

On Saturday, February 24, she was worse. Swelling of the face soon appeared, and on the Monday following, erysipelas. Still, it was hoped the disease would not be severe. Thursday, March 1st, she became worse, and insanity came on and lasted several days; nor did it ever entirely disappear. She died March 5th. Her remains rest at South Hadley, under a beautiful monument of white Italian marble; but the more substantial superstructure reared to her memory, is found in the hearts of those young mothers of the nineteenth century whom she assisted in educating.

The very common desire which prevails to hear the last words of dying Christians was not gratified in the case of Miss Lyon, as she was insane. She did, indeed, just before she died, as if partly conscious, reply, "Yes," to a person who asked her if Christ was precious. But this was the last and almost the only dying word, properly so called, she uttered.

Her words were living words; words of life. Some of these were uttered after she was taken ill, as well as before. Some ten days before she died, though several days after she began to be ill, while reading before the school a few passages which alluded to the fear of God, she said with great feeling, and not a little emphasis; "Shall we fear what he (God) is about to do? *There is nothing in the universe that I am afraid of but that I shall not know and do all my duty.*"

These are words which are worthy to be written in letters of gold. They are, as I have before said, words of life. If I were to covet the reputation of having said anything worth saying on my death-bed, a sin from which, however, I hope to be preserved, it would be such words as these.

Much was said about the suddenness of her death, about her being smitten down, snatched away, &c. Now I consider all this wrong, as has been already intimated. For, notwithstanding so much was said about her good health, her firm constitu-

tion, &c., &c., it was perfectly evident that her over-exertion was the cause of her death; and she was running down for a long time before the erysipelas took hold of her. In short, she was exactly prepared, though unconscious of it, for that dreadful disease.

People speak very strangely in regard to such persons. In addition to what has been already said about her health, I might add that, while the very journal of the seminary, in recording her death, says, "She has been unusually well this winter," it says in almost direct contradiction in another place, "She has had an affection in her head, somewhat like scrofula, which has troubled her more or less for years. It has been worse than usual all this winter. In past seasons, when she has had a cold, there has been a swelling of the face connected with this difficulty."

The reader who compares these statements, will be surprised, in the first place, that such contradictions should be found in the pages of the same journal; but still more so that she should be represented

as dying suddenly and without sufficient cause. She died, most evidently, a willing sacrifice to the great work of Christian female education.

I have said something of her words of life. There were deeds of life too, and some of them have been mentioned. Indeed, her great labor of getting up the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary was of this description preëminently. I will, however, mention one or two small deeds which took place near the closing scene.

Rev. Mr. Condit, of South Hadley, who had been one of her most intimate, and true, and persevering friends, died a few months before Miss Lyon. One of her last deeds was that of devising a plan for the comfort of his widow, though she did not live to execute it.

She delighted in letter-writing, but did not, in this respect, keep *debt and credit* with her correspondents. She wrote when she had anything to say which she thought would do them good, whether they had recently written to her or not. To a worthy, but lonely woman in Monson, Massa-

chusetta, she wrote more letters during the fall and winter before she died than to any other person. She did it to do her good. She had learned that it is more blessed to give than to receive; and she had learned it where she ought, in the school of Christ.

CHAPTER XL

RESULTS OF HER LABORS.

THE results or fruits of such labors as those of Miss Lyon and Miss Grant cannot be ascertained till the great day of account. They are found in better mothers, better children, and, consequently, better families and Churches. They are found in almost every country of the earth. Not a few of their pupils have gone out as the wives of missionaries. A few have gone forth, at home or abroad, as missionaries, single-handed. Still more have become teachers and mothers, and not a few of them greatly distinguished.

But I need not particularize, nor do I intend it, except to present a single specimen. It is extracted from the biographical sketch already several times referred to, and serves to show what a tall oak, in the social and moral world, Miss Lyon really was. For that a tree is known by its fruit is as true now as it was eighteen hundred years ago.

“For six successive winters she was under Miss Lyon’s care. With her she studied arithmetic and grammar, geography and history, astronomy and chemistry. With Miss Lyon, too, she studied the Bible, (for here, after all, was the secret of Miss Lyon’s power,) and under its light and guidance she sought first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and from this early choice she never wavered.

“Her mother had trained her to habits of courtesy, self-denial, and patient labor. There was but little in her external life to alter, when she subscribed herself the Lord’s. Her habits were all unobtrusive. Her spirit preferred and prefers retirement. But she learned from her teacher that the

business of her ransomed spirit, while it is permitted to tabernacle in clay, should be to make this world the better for her presence in it. Who, save the pupils themselves, can ever know the impressive manner in which Miss Lyon could say, 'O, young ladies, as they bear your body to its resting-place, may all who have known you be able to say, She hath done what she could!'

"Thus educated, and thus impressed, this beloved pupil of Miss Lyon, some sixteen years ago, left her father's rural home; closed behind her that pleasant chamber, so comfortable and neatly furnished; bade farewell to the superior privileges of New-England society, and took up her abode in a Western territory. Miss Lyon's blessing went with her, and the blessing of many has fallen upon her since.

"She became an inmate in the house of a married sister, who, as to the good things of this life, was far differently situated from their parents in the old country. In a small room of their small house, she opened a school for any who wanted in-

struction. Fifteen timidly came in. She took them, such as they were, French, Dutch, and Yankees; taught them what they most needed to know; spent time, energy, and pains upon them, as though they had been princes, and she were to be richly remunerated for her labors. Plain in her person and simple in her manners, almost as much out of sight as moles or miners, she labored to do good to those fifteen youthful minds.

“Others soon came in. The private dwelling becoming too strait for the school, the next year a house was built for its accommodation. The number of pupils often exceeds one hundred. Very many of the younger people of that region have been under her instruction. Her youngest scholars are children, all unable to speak plain; her oldest, in the winter, are often masters and sailors of the vessels that ply upon the lakes in summer; and these are among her most docile, studious, and agreeable pupils.

“On the Sabbath, when there is preaching in the school-house, it is her business

to keep her little scholars in due order. When they are not favored with preaching, as well as when they are, the Sabbath school is held in this same school-house, in which, besides being the superintendent, she has charge of a class of twenty of the younger scholars. Every one, in that part of the State—for it is no longer a territory—knows her, loves her, and reverences her. The man who represents the town in which she lives, in the State Legislature, at this very time, was for ten years her pupil.

“Her vacations are short. The one room of her narrow school-house is her dwelling for most of her waking hours. When she can stand the additional labor, she opens it for an evening school in grammar, spelling, and the like; and among her pupils come parents as well as children. Some from the old countries have learned, at this evening school, to read, write, and cipher.

“She has always on hand stockings to knit, or garments to make for the orphans and the destitute among her varied flock.

While she is doing much service for her Master, chills and fever, toil and time, are bringing her nearer every week to his glorious face. A few more years, and her humble soul, laying aside its weary aching and way-worn tenement, shall pass the portals of heaven, and enter on its promised rest.

“What a happiness to Miss Lyon, as she looks from her Father’s presence, from the heights of heaven on this distant ball, the scene of her earthly labors, to behold not one, but many such streams of influence, destined to deepen and widen as long as earth and time shall endure? The durable impression for good that has been made on the multitude of living minds brought under her control; the intellect unrolled in her presence, on which, by God’s grace, holiness to the Lord has been inscribed in deathless letters; the hearts of immortals starting on an unending existence, which have been swayed aright; the souls which, under the influence of her fervid eloquence, have been kindled with zeal to go and do likewise; the greatest of her privileges is

to have been a co-worker with God in bringing about such results; this, and nothing less, is the imperishable work of her life. Its fruits must meet her not only when she glances from heaven to earth, but at every turn of her walks in paradise."

But I must conclude with a single thought more. You can form a faint conception, imperfect as it may be, of the vast amount of evil a single person may do in this world by referring to the conduct of our first parent, Eve, and just thinking of the vast aggregate of evil now in the world, of which she is usually regarded as the author. A tall tree surely she was and is. But the time may come when Miss Lyon shall have been the author of a longer list of good results than Eve, at the present moment has, of evil ones.

So, too, with any one who reads these lines. The time may come when the meanest or weakest of you may have been the cause of more good or more evil (according to your choice) than Eve, or

Alexander, or Napoleon, or Howard
has. So wonderful is human influ
so wonderful is man. So true it is
forever must be, that tall oaks grow
little acorns.

www.libtool.com.cn

BENJAMIN WEST.

www.libtool.com.cn

BENJAMIN WEST.

EVERYBODY has heard of the famous American painter, Benjamin West, but there are many who are ignorant of his humble origin and small beginnings. I never hear his name mentioned without remembering the saying in our title page, "Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

He was born in Springfield, Pennsylvania, October 10, 1738, a little more than six years after the birth of Washington. His father was a merchant by profession, and belonged to the religious denomination usually called Quakers. He was the tenth child in the family; and as sometimes happens to the youngest of a large family, he was subject, on the one hand, to much over-indulgent treatment, and, on the other, to not a little neglect.

So far as I can learn, he was not even sent to school till he was quite a large boy. It was said that he was not even taught much in the family. He never could read common English very well as long as he lived. He would say *haive* for *have*, and *shaul* for *shall*, &c. This last, however, it is confessed, was the custom of the age, rather than the result of any peculiar neglect.

When he was in his seventh year, he was one day left a while to take charge of an infant niece in the cradle, and especially to drive away the flies from it with a fan while it was sleeping. After some time, it happened to smile. This attracted his attention, and having nothing else to do, he sat and admired the beauty of its features. He looked at it with a pleasure which he never before experienced; and while he "was musing," as David said religiously, "the fire burned;" the fire, I mean, of his natural bent and genius.

It happened that there lay on the table, in the room, some paper, near which was a pen, together with ink of several differ-

www.libtool.com.cn



THE NURSING OF THE SICK AND DYING

Its contents, the colors, oils, and pencils, supplied all his wants. The very next morning he rose with the early dawn of day, carried his box to a room in the garret, where he spread his canvas, prepared a pallet, and began to imitate the figures in the engravings which had been sent him. He had now begun to attend school, but enchanted with his employment, he utterly forgot the school hours, and joined the family at dinner, without mentioning the employment in which he had been engaged. In the afternoon he again retired to his study in the garret. For several successive days he thus withdrew to the garret, and devoted himself to his painting.

Finding that he neglected school, Mrs. West, his mother, went into the garret, and found him employed on a picture. Up to this time, it appears that a good deal of surprise had existed that he, who had hitherto been obedient and docile, and regular at school, should thus absent himself; but the mystery was now unraveled. Her displeasure abated, and she even went

further, and interceded with his father to pardon him for his truancy.

She was not only reconciled to him, she was delighted with his performance. He had not attempted a mere copy; he was composing a new picture, by combining the elements of two of his engravings; and he had already made many excellent touches with his pencil. She saw in what he had done the indications of a genius which no mother, in her circumstances, would be likely to undervalue.

But a new difficulty arose. His friends, as well as his immediate family, were Quakers, and it had hitherto been deemed improper for the members of this community to pursue the fine arts. They regarded them as somewhat immoral in their tendency.

Delighted as Mrs. West was with the opening genius of her son, she knew the views of her sect, and felt that the time had come for submitting the matter to their decision. With all her prepossessions in favor of his painting, she could not will-

ingly incur the censure of her favorite denomination.

It seems that a prediction had been uttered concerning him, by one of their preachers, at the time of his birth, that he would be a distinguished man. They who know how apt mothers are to lay up in their hearts such sayings as that, will not wonder when they know that she was disposed to submit the case to her brethren at one of their stated meetings.

The matter being fairly submitted to the meeting, they sat, as sometimes happens, for a short time in silence. At length the spirit of speech, as the Quakers call it, descended on one John Williamson, who arose and spoke, in substance, as follows:

“To John West and Sarah Searson, a man child hath been born, on whom God has conferred some remarkable gifts of mind; and you have all heard that, by what seems like inspiration, the youth has been induced to study the art of painting. It is true that our tenets refuse to own the utility of this art to mankind, but it seemeth to me that we have considered the matter

too nicely. God has bestowed on this youth a genius for art. Shall we question his wisdom? Can we believe that he gives such rare gifts for any other than a wise and good purpose? For one, I think I see a Divine hand in all this. We shall do wisely to sanction the art, and encourage this youth."

The interest of the whole company was now much excited, and it was forthwith determined to consider the subject in a serious light. Young Benjamin was therefore, without much delay, summoned to appear before them.

Prompt to obey not only his parents, but the elders of his sect, he was not slow in making his appearance, though he hardly knew whether it was that he might be censured or approved. He took his station in the middle of the room, with his father on his right hand, and his mother on the left, while the rest gathered round him. Obedient to what they regarded as Divine intimations, several speeches were made, both from males and females. The concluding remarks were from William-

son, the speaker already mentioned. The following were his words:

“Painting,” said he, “has been hitherto employed to embellish life, to preserve voluptuous images, and to add to the sensual gratification of mankind. On this account we have been accustomed to class it among vain and merely ornamental things, and for this reason we have excluded it from among us. But it is not the principle to which we object, so much as the mis-employment of the painting. In wise and pure hands, it rises in the scale of moral excellence, and displays a loftiness of sentiment, and a devout dignity worthy of the contemplation of Christians. For my part, I think genius is given us by God for some high purpose. What the purpose is, let me not inquire; it will be manifest in his own good time and way. He hath, in this remote wilderness, endowed with the rich gifts of a superior spirit, this youth, who has now our consent to cultivate his talent for art. May it be demonstrated in his life and works that the gifts of God have not been bestowed in vain, nor the

motives of the beneficent inspiration, which induces us to suspend the strict operations of our tenets, prove barren of religious or moral effect!"

At the close of this address, the women rose and kissed the young artist; and the men, one by one, laid their hands on his head. The scene was interesting, and, there can be no doubt, made a strong impression on the mind of the young artist, for he was a young man of great sensibility.

Of his sensibility, we have the following interesting anecdote: When quite young, he was fond of the bow and arrow, in the use of which he was skillful. One day, in shooting at a dove, more for mere play than with any malicious intention, he unfortunately hit it, and brought it down. The moaning of its widowed mate made an impression on his mind which was never erased. It is even said that he was fond of introducing the dove into his pictures.

West was a grave man, and yet he sometimes amused himself. His favorite

amusement was skating, in which his skill was spread abroad in both hemispheres.

There is one curious anecdote in the life of this great man, which I copy almost entire from Arvine's Cyclopedia of Literature and the Fine Arts :

When West was about fifteen years old, he was attacked by a fever. When good medicine and good nursing began to remove his complaint, another adversary invaded his repose. This was a shadowy illusion, which, like an image in a dream, was ever unstable and changing shape as well as hue. It became first visible in the shape of a white cow, which entered on one side of the house, walked over his bed, and vanished. A sow and litter of pigs succeeded. His sister thought him delirious, and sent for a physician ; but his pulse had a recovering beat in it, his skin was moist and cool, his thirst was gone, and everything betokened convalescence.

While the doctor was puzzled about a disease which had such healthy symptoms, he was alarmed by West assuring him that he saw the figures of several friends pass-

ing at that moment across the roof. Conceiving these to be the professional visions of a raving artist, he prescribed a draught which would have brought sleep to all the eyes of Argus, and departed.

As he left the room up rose West, and discovered that all these visitations came through a knot hole in the shutters, which threw into the room whatever forms were passing along the street at the time. He called his sister, and showed her the apparitions gliding along the ceiling, then laid his hand on the aperture, and they all vanished.

On recovering, he made various experiments, and endeavored to show that he had made quite a new discovery. But it happened that the camera obscura, a well-known instrument, had been before the public a long time; though West was, of course, ignorant of the fact. Still he was justly entitled to a share of praise.

When he was fully recovered from this sickness, he began to devote himself, his time, his strength, his talents, to his profession. His ambition was great, and he

was determined to understand the subject of painting to the very bottom of it. In order to perfect himself in the art he was determined to visit the old world.

He arrived in Rome, July 10, 1760, when he was in the twenty-second year of his age. A report having gone abroad that an American (supposed to be a savage) was about to visit Italy for the purpose of studying the arts there, he was at once an object of curiosity and interest. He was a source of disappointment to most. Those who expected to see a barbarian on the one hand, found him more highly civilized than they had expected; while those who expected to see a great artist, were equally surprised to find him, though gifted with great genius, as ignorant of the true science of his profession as the merest school-boy.

But he had brought with him to Italy the love and spirit of improvement, so that, though yet little more than an acorn, there was an opportunity for him to become a tall and sturdy oak. And such *he did* become. Few men of modern

times have acquired a greater or more enduring reputation.

Not long after his arrival in Rome, he was again a sufferer from severe disease, which confined him for eleven months, or more. Subsequently to this he enjoyed uninterrupted health till the sands of life were wasted, which was not till he reached his eighty-first year.

The number of his pictures, it is said, was about three thousand. A gallery large enough to contain them all, according to Dunlap, would require to be four hundred feet long, fifty broad, and forty high; or a wall ten feet high, and three quarters of a mile long. Surely he must have been industrious! In this particular I am not aware that he has been exceeded. Even Rembrandt, whose industry has been celebrated for a hundred years or more, and whose collection of pictures has been considered as remarkable, only produced, in the whole, six hundred and sixty-five, or about one-fourth as many as West.

I have said that his pictures amounted

to three thousand; for this I have the authority of Blackwood's Magazine. And yet Allan Cunningham, who wrote his biography, speaks of only four hundred, besides two hundred original drawings, left by him in his portfolio. The reader must judge for himself with regard to testimonies so widely different.

One of his first efforts beyond his own family circle, was the portrait of a lawyer's wife in Lancaster, Pennsylvania; the sight of which made people come to him in crowds to have him paint their likenesses. He likewise painted the death of Socrates for a gentleman in the same town. This was not long before his embarkation for Europe.

His first picture in Rome was a portrait of Lord Grantham. Next was his "Olimon and Iphigenia;" then his "Angelica and Medora." His "Death on the Pale Horse," "Death of Wolfe," "Indian Chief," "Battle of La Hogue," &c., came long afterward. His great picture of "Christ Healing the Sick," was not painted till he was in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

This picture, though painted for the Friends of Philadelphia, to aid them in erecting a hospital, was as popular in London as it was in Philadelphia. An institution there offered him three thousand guineas for it, which, as he was in rather low circumstances, he accepted. He, however, retained the privilege of making a copy of it, with alterations, for his friends in Philadelphia.

Few great men have been as little infected with ambition as West. He sought not for honors; and what he did not seek for he seldom received. It was not until the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds of England, in 1792, that he was made President of the Royal Academy.

West was among the most liberal of men. He offered to adorn St. Paul's Church, in London, for nothing; but was refused. By his gifts to young artists, whom he found beginning, like himself, almost penniless, he is said to have made and kept himself poor.

But his crowning excellence, after all, was his goodness of heart. It is said that

he composed nearly everything with the hope of illustrating Scripture, directly or indirectly; and thus rendering Gospel truth more impressive. It was he of whom the report is gone out to the ends of the earth, that he once said, "I paint for eternity."

One peculiarity of West deserves more than a mere passing notice. In the language of Cunningham, his biographer: "As old age benumbed his faculties and begun to freeze up the well-spring of original thought, the daring intrepidity of the man seemed but to grow and augment."

Many, as they grow old, seem to lose their courage and energy, and thus die many years before their time. They begin to talk, and act, and think, so to express it, *down hill*. This is the surest way, be it known, to accelerate the wheels of life and hasten us down that descent which none can escape, but which is best delayed by directing our thoughts, and words, and actions heavenward. We should talk about living, and lay plans for living, almost to the very last. The

more we expect to live long, the longer, other things being equal, we *shall* live.

But while we *do* live, be it longer or shorter, let us "paint (or live) for eternity." O, how much is comprised in this little saying! Would that every one of our race could feel the full force of this sentiment as applied to his own condition and circumstances. Would that we could all feel that we *do* paint for eternity. Whether we are skillful or unskillful, let the character of our respective paintings be as it may for good or for evil, still it must stand. We paint for eternity. Tall oaks though we should be, like West, or pigmies like some of those who are little more than "born merely to eat up the corn," like thousands, still our marks are made for eternity; and with an intensity which eternity itself never can efface.

www.libtool.com.cn

THOMAS H. GALLAUDET.

www.libtool.com.cn

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I.—WHO MR. GALLAUDET WAS	261
II.—HIS BIRTH AND EDUCATION	264
III.—BECOMES A TEACHER OF THE DEAF AND DUMB	269
IV.—HIS LABORS IN THE CAUSE OF EDUCATION.....	275
V.—HIS LABORS AS A PHILANTHROPIST	279
VI.—HIS CONNECTION WITH AN INSANE HOSPITAL ...	285
VII.—HIS WRITINGS	291
VIII.—HIS PRIVATE CHARACTER.....	295
IX.—HIS SICKNESS AND DEATH.....	305

www.libtool.com.cn

THOMAS H. GALLAUDET.

CHAPTER I.

WHO MR. GALLAUDET WAS.

It is a great public misfortune, that for many years our attention has been directed to a class of model men, of a character entirely different from that of the *great* model, the Saviour. Our "Tall Oaks" have, for the most part, been those which have lifted high their tops and spread wide their branches amid carnage and blood. The Life of Napoleon, for example, how popular it is! So much in demand is it, that new works on this "man of battles," because he was "tall," are published every year, and find much favor.

But may we not confidently hope that a better day is coming? May we not hope

that *good* men, rather than *great* ones, men of peace, rather than men of blood, are, ere long, to be our models? May we not hope that they who "love God and the brethren," and labor to save mankind instead of oppressing or destroying them, will be the "tall trees" that will most excite our admiration?

Such men have been; more *will* be. You have read the life of John Frederic Oberlin, of Strasburg, in France; at least I hope you have. You have read, perhaps, the life of John Howard, of England, the philanthropist. But, if otherwise, you have read the life of Paul the Apostle, and of Jesus Christ.

Thirty years ago, I called at the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, at Hartford, in Connecticut. The man at the door of the institution directed me to the principal, whose office was only a few rods distant. I rang the bell at his office door, and a small, thin, but active man met me, and in the most kind manner invited me in, and gave me a seat. On learning my object, he promptly

granted me permission to visit the institution, and a letter of introduction to some of the principal teachers.

This was the beginning of an acquaintance with the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, a brief account of whom I am about to give you. He was, as you will perceive, a man of peace, and not of blood. I was familiarly acquainted with him from the date of the foregoing incident to the time of his death. He was, moreover, a much valued friend, as I shall show you hereafter, which is more, very much more, than a mere acquaintance. Friends, in this world, they who are true friends, are very scarce; and it is well and truly said, in one of our school-books, that "without a friend the world is but a wilderness;" so it is also somewhere said, and with equal truth, "If you have one friend, think yourself happy."

Mr. Gallaudet, moreover, was truly celebrated in the sphere of labor to which his life was devoted.

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER II.

HIS BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET was born in Philadelphia, December 10, 1787. His father, Peter W. Gallaudet, was descended from the Huguenots of France. He lived to a very advanced age, and was highly esteemed for his many virtues, especially for his rigid temperance. He abstained even from animal food. The mother of the subject of these pages was the daughter of Thomas Hopkins, of Connecticut, from whom, in baptism, he received his name. I have never become acquainted with any other members of the family, except a brother by the name of Edward, who was a distinguished engraver, and as greatly distinguished for his temperance.

Thomas was early sent to school, where he made encouraging progress. But in the year 1800, when he was a little over twelve years old, his father removed to

Hartford. There he immediately entered the Hartford Grammar School, in which he finished the usual preparation for college before he was quite fifteen. Indeed, he was not quite fifteen when he entered the sophomore class at Yale College, one year in advance.

Although he was quite young, the youngest of his class, and would even have been considered young for a freshman, he was a good scholar. He was, in this respect, second to none of his associates. He was particularly distinguished in his mathematical studies and in composition; but his recitations were very accurate in every department. Before eighteen he was a graduate.

There had been one neglect in his early education; he had not laboured enough in the open air to give him a firm and robust constitution of body; and his studies had been pushed so fast as to leave him too little time for exercise. Had he not been, by nature, of a cheerful and even mirthful temperament, his neglect of exercise might have been fatal to him; as it was it

greatly impaired his health, and diminished his final usefulness.

No doubt there was an apology for the neglect I have mentioned, in the narrow pecuniary circumstances of his father. Thousands of parents think they cannot afford to have their children slow in their studies. As a consequence, their sons are hurried through college before they are eighteen, when they should have been graduated at twenty-one or twenty-five.

Mr. Gallaudet saw the error which had been committed in his education, but not till it was too late to change his course. He saw, also, that besides improving his health, a progress more slow, and alternated with labor, would have been better for his mind as well as his body.

Soon after leaving college, he studied law in the office of the Hon. Chauncey Goodrich, of Hartford. While in the office, moreover, he had the occasional opportunity of reciting to Hon. Thomas S. Williams, late chief justice of that state. Here, as ever before, he was faithful and persevering, and even rapid in his studies,

and bid fair to become eminent in the profession he had selected. But at the end of the first year, his health broke down, and he was compelled to suspend the study of law, though he did not wholly neglect the means of daily personal improvement. Sick or well, he was not the individual to *stand still*. He was, by nature and principle, a *progressive*.

In 1808, when he was in his twenty-first year, he was appointed a tutor in Yale College. How long he remained in this office I never knew. It was long enough, however, to gain many valuable and highly practical ideas on the subject of education, and especially on the duties of a teacher. But his health was hardly equal to the task.

Some time about the year 1810 or 1811, his health requiring a more active employment, he undertook a business agency in the Western States, particularly Ohio and Kentucky. On his return, he became a clerk in a counting-room in New-York, intending to pursue a mercantile life. But he did not continue long in this situation,

for it did not give free scope to a mind like his, saying nothing of its unfavorableness to health.

His mind having become religiously inclined, he at length turned his thoughts to the study of theology; and in the autumn of the year 1811, when he was nearly twenty-four years of age, he commenced it at Andover, Massachusetts. His progress here was slow, owing to bad health. He was licensed, however, to preach in 1814.

But Mr. Gallaudet, though a religious man, in the best sense of the term, did not regard the pulpit as the only sphere of human usefulness. He had several calls to settle as a clergyman in different states of the Union, for his office as tutor in Yale College had gained him friends all over the country, but he did not accept them. He seemed unwilling to engage; perhaps he knew not why. But God knew. He had a peculiar work for him, and he was now prepared to engage in it.

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER III.

BECOMES A TEACHER OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

WHILE a student at Andover, he paid some casual attention to the condition and language of the deaf and dumb. Being at home one day on a visit, a little deaf mute, the daughter of an eminent physician of Hartford, by the name of Alice Cogswell, was at play with the rest of the children, in her father's garden. Mr. Galaudet, having succeeded in gaining her attention by signs, proceeded to give her a lesson in written language, by telling her that the word *hat* represented the *thing* hat, which he held in his hand. Following up this first step as well as he was able, he succeeded in imparting to her a knowledge of many simple words and sentences.

His ingenuity was also greatly assisted by a publication of the Abbé Sicard, of

France, which Mr. Cogswell, the father of the girl, had received from Paris, as well as by the efforts and coöperation of other individuals residing with her in the family, among whom was Lydia Huntley, afterward Lydia H. Sigourney, the poetess.

His success greatly encouraged Dr. Cogswell and the whole family. Until now, they had intended to send little Alice to London or Edinburgh for instruction; but the inquiry began to intrude itself upon their minds, Why may we not have a deaf and dumb school in Hartford? The idea of sending any young child so far from home to school, but especially a deaf mute, was distressing; and if it were possible to establish a school at home, he was determined to do so. He was, moreover, possessed of wealth, which gave him additional facilities for carrying out his plan.

He had already ascertained that there were in the State of Connecticut no less than eighty deaf mutes, most of whom were young enough to attend school, could their attendance be secured. One of his first steps was to call a meeting, at his own

house, of the principal citizens of Hartford, and lay open his plan. At that meeting it was determined to send out some suitable person to Europe to acquire the whole art, as far as it was then understood, of deaf and dumb instruction. A sum was soon collected by subscription to defray the expenses, and Mr. Gallaudet was appointed to the agency.

He sailed for Europe in the year 1815. He first went to London, and sought admission as a pupil in the London Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb; but as there was likely to be considerable delay, he procured an introduction to the Abbé Sicard; who was then in London, from whom he heard a course of lectures, explanatory of his method of teaching. This was exactly what Mr. Gallaudet wanted. He also became acquainted with two pupils and assistants of the abbé, one of whom was the famous Le Clerc, so long a distinguished teacher at the Asylum in Hartford.

The Abbé Sicard invited Mr. Gallaudet to visit Paris, and attend on the instructions which were communicated there;

and this, too, without compensation. He went to Paris in the spring of the following year, with the intention of prosecuting his studies and inquiries, in the line of direction which had been pointed out by the venerable Abbé Sicard.

It is not known with exactness how long he remained in France. He was there as early as May, and in America in August. It is therefore highly probable that he left that country in the commencement or the middle of July. His stay was shortened by his unexpected success. Mr. Le Clerc, the deaf and dumb assistant of the Abbé Sicard, agreed to accompany him to the United States, and aid him in prosecuting his new undertaking.

They arrived in this country in August, 1816. For a long time after their arrival, they spent their time in soliciting aid for the prosecution of their benevolent plan, and in making it known. They visited New-York, Philadelphia, Albany, Salem, Burlington, and New-Haven, and in several instances obtained very liberal subscriptions in behalf of the new institution.

After two long years of effort in behalf of the institution, in procuring and training teachers, and in appeals through the public press of the country, as well as personally, in its behalf, the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb was opened with a class of seven pupils, April 15, 1817.

From such small beginnings the institution went on slowly but prosperously till, in the beginning of the following year, 1818, it contained thirty-one pupils. I hardly need say that Mr. Gallaudet was the principal; for who was so well qualified as he? and if aught of honor were conferred in the appointment, who so deserving of that honor?

Meanwhile, Mr. Gallaudet, accompanied by Mr. Le Clerc, had visited most of the Legislatures of the several Northern and Middle States; and presented, in their hearing, the claims of that unfortunate class of citizens whom he represented on the public charity. This practice was continued for many years, and with excellent effect.

I remember a meeting of this kind;

about the spring of 1826, in the Methodist church at New-Haven, Connecticut, to which the Legislature had been invited. In order to show what might be done in the way of communication to the deaf and dumb, Mr. Gallaudet proposed to make an experiment, which, he said, might or might not succeed, but which should be unpremeditated, and consequently fair. A deaf mute took a slate and pencil, and watched Mr. Gallaudet very minutely, while the latter folded his arms, and, with the aid of his face and eyes alone, attempted to communicate to his pupil, what he afterward told us was the story of Peter's walking on the water to go to Jesus. When he had finished, the pupil wrote down the story very correctly.

Mr. Gallaudet had many difficulties to encounter; but the greatest of these arose from a feeble constitution, and an excitable, or, as we should say in these days, a nervous temperament. He continued in his office, however, as principal, till the year 1830, when he was obliged to resign;

though he never ceased, while he lived, to take a fatherly interest in its concerns, and to rejoice in its prosperity.

Nor was his influence confined to the single institution of which he was the founder, and of which he so long had the care, and which, up to 1851, that is, during thirty-four years of existence, had received one thousand and sixty pupils. At the time of his death there were twelve or thirteen similar institutions in other parts of the Union, in one of which a son of Mr. Gallaudet is among the teachers.

CHAPTER IV.

HIS LABORS IN THE CAUSE OF EDUCATION.

THE State of Connecticut, in which Mr. Gallaudet resided after he was about twelve years of age, though among the first to move in the cause of public education, was for some time very slow to make advances. The district schools, in partic-

ular, were embarrassed by a fund, which, instead of proving a stimulus to parental coöperation and effort, proved to be a substitute for both.

Mr. Gallaudet was one of the first in that state to discover the source of evils long felt, and to labor assiduously to remove this mill-stone from the neck of the common-school system. Between the years 1825 and 1835, he probably did as much as any other individual, both by his writings and by personal labors and sacrifices, to effect a reform.

He wrote several articles on "Teachers' Seminaries; their Necessity and Value," which attracted attention and did much good.

A number of common-school conventions were held about this time in the State of Connecticut, of which Mr. Gallaudet was a prominent member. He delivered a discourse on female education at the dedication of the Hartford Female Seminary in 1827, which had a considerable circulation. Not many years before his death, when a Teachers' Institute was

held in Hartford, every eye was turned toward Mr. Gallaudet for assistance, both as a presiding officer and for other purposes; and I hardly need say that he was present every hour when other numerous and onerous duties would permit.

When, in the year 1830, the American Annals of Education began to be published in Boston, under the editorial care of Rev. William C. Woodbridge, and subsequently of myself, Mr. Gallaudet consented to furnish contributions to its columns from time to time; which engagement was faithfully fulfilled, and he continued a regular contributor for eight years or more. The Connecticut Common School Journal, too, especially during the years 1838, 1839, and 1840, felt the weight of his influence. Several articles of an educational kind from his prolific pen found their way into the Mother's Magazine, published in New-York, as well as into the columns of other publications. Nor must we forget to mention in this connection, that he prepared and published, or caused to be published, several excellent school-

books, among which were a spelling book and a dictionary. Finally, he edited an American edition of Dunn's Principles of Teaching, a British work, which had done much good in that country, under the name of the Schoolmaster's Manual.

I ought, ere now, to have said, that when a "Society for the Improvement of Common Schools" was established in Connecticut, in 1827, he became at once an active and efficient member, and his labors, in conjunction with the writer of this memoir and others, had much influence all over New-England.

The list of his labors in the cause of education might be greatly extended. I might speak of his connection with the American Lyceum, which held some of its meetings in Hartford; of his labors in behalf of the Goodrich Association, as it was then termed, and a course of popular lectures which it established. I might tell you of a journey he made to the Western States in 1835, to aid the cause of education. I might speak, finally, of his efforts to sustain Mr. Barnard, of Connecticut, and

others, between the years 1838 and 1850, in establishing a Normal School at New-Britain, near Hartford. But my object will be accomplished if I succeed in making the impression on the young mind that, in the sphere of educational enterprise, he was a "tall oak," though he was of humble origin; taller, after all, that is, more useful, than the regular Charter Oak, which, in the fulfillment of his official duties, he passed by every day of the later years of his life.

CHAPTER V.

HIS LABORS AS A PHILANTHROPIST.

MANY of the labors of Mr. Gallaudet, in the cause of education, might be set down as works of pure philanthropy, since they were performed without the slightest hope or prospect of reward. But there are other instances in which his philanthropy shone out with a peculiar brightness. Perhaps there is no brighter spot of this

kind than the following, which I copy verbatim from a "Tribute to Gallaudet," by Mr. Henry Barnard, his friend and fellow-citizen, and the worthy superintendent, at different periods, both of the schools of that state and of Rhode Island. It is a fact with which I never became acquainted till I learned it of Mr. B., as I did not belong to the fortunate number of less than "twenty," to whom he alludes at the close of the quotation.

"In 1837, the county of Hartford, through the exertions mainly of Alfred Smith, Esq., erected a prison, on a plan which admitted of a classification of the prisoners, and their entire separation by night, and their employment in labor, under constant supervision, by day, and of their receiving appropriate moral and religious instruction.

"Mr. Gallaudet sympathized warmly with this movement, and, in the absence of any means at the disposal of the county commissioners to employ the services of a chaplain and religious teacher, volunteered to discharge these duties without pay.

“He continued to perform religious services every Sabbath morning for eight years, and to visit the prison from time to time, during each week, whenever he had reason to suppose his presence and prayers were particularly desired. In such labors of love to the criminal and neglected, unseen of men, and not known, I presume, to twenty individuals in Hartford, the genuine philanthropy and Christian spirit of this good man found its pleasant field of exercise.”

In the cause of peace, which has been so long and so ably advocated in this country, from the days of the “Solemn Review of the Custom of War,” by Rev. Noah Worcester, to the present hour, Mr. Gallaudet was a most able and efficient champion, whenever and wherever he had opportunity to manifest it. But, above all, he cultivated, in his own daily habits and intercourse, that spirit of peace which he preached to others. He was also a strong friend of the American Tract Society, and of the American Colonization Society.

Perhaps few men in our wide-spread

country have felt more deeply than Mr. Gallaudet for that long-neglected and trodden-down people, the African race. And if he did not make all the effort his friends sometimes desired and expected in their behalf; and if he did not make it in the particular manner some of them desired, of one thing we may be sure, that no man could be more kind to them, as their wants came under his daily observation, and few, with the same means, have done more for their moral and intellectual improvement.

But his philanthropy (for I cannot well call it by the milder name of benevolence) did not end here. It was not an occasional thing. As Saul, the persecutor, is said to have *breathed out* threatening and slaughter, till the Divine Unseen taught him to breathe a very different spirit, so Mr. Gallaudet breathed, as it were, with every breath, that love and good will which had been proclaimed by his great Master and Teacher. Here, too, I will quote from Mr. Barnard.

“Mr. Gallaudet was emphatically the

friend of the poor and the distressed. He did not muse in solitude on human misery, but sought out its victims, and did something for their relief. There was a womanly tenderness in his nature, which was touched by the voice of sorrow, whether it came from the hovel of the poor or the mansion of the rich. His benevolence was displayed, not simply in bestowing alms, although his own contributions were neither few nor small, in proportion to his means; not simply as the judicious almoner of the bounty of others, although no man among us was more ready to solicit pecuniary subscriptions and contributions, (not always the most agreeable or acceptable business in the range of benevolent action,) or give the necessary time to the judicious application of the means thus raised; not simply by prayers, earnest and appropriate, in the home of mourning, but by the *modes* and the *spirit* in which he discharged these several duties. He did not aim always, or mainly, to secure the pecuniary contributions of the rich, but what is of far

higher value, both to the rich and poor, to enlist their personal attention to the condition of the suffering members of society. His wish always was to localize and individualize benevolence, so that every man should feel that he had a direct personal interest in some spot and individual of the great field of suffering humanity. He knew, from his own heart, that we love that which we strive to benefit, and he was therefore anxious that every man should be found doing *good* to something or somebody who stood in need of such personal help. His own life was a practical illustration, both of the wisdom and beauty of his doctrine. He took a real pleasure in seeking out and relieving human suffering; and no one could more literally act out his religion, if to do so was to visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction.

“His benevolence was of that practical, universal, and preventive sort that it can be followed by everybody every day in something; and if followed by everybody, and begun early and persevered in, would change the whole aspect of society in a

single generation. It began with the individual, each man, woman, and child, by making the individual better. It worked outward through the family state by precept and example, and, above all, by the formation of habits in every child, before that child had become hardened into the guilty man or woman."

CHAPTER VI.

HIS CONNECTION WITH AN INSANE HOSPITAL.

IN the year 1837 Mr. Gallaudet was invited to become the chaplain of the State Lunatic Hospital, at Worcester, Massachusetts. He so far encouraged the application as to visit Worcester and spend a few Sabbaths there, during which he conducted the religious exercises of the Sabbath at the hospital several times, as well as had much conversation with the inmates. He soon discovered that in this enterprise was a very important field for doing good, and

he was on the point of accepting the offer which had been made him.

He was now fifty years of age, nearly forty of which had been spent in Hartford, where he had already a numerous circle of friends, and where a large and rising family was every day strengthening its old bonds and forming new attachments. In short, Hartford was his home, and the home of his family, and a pleasant home it was, as all know who have made it their residence even for a short time. Why, then, should he think of leaving it?

When an individual is about to remove from a place, especially from one where he has long resided, it is natural to inquire into the motives, and it is not at all uncommon to refer them to some of the forms of selfishness. On this occasion, however, I cannot see any room for the slightest suspicion of the kind. Even if the desire of being able to make a more ample and permanent provision for the wants of a family of eight children had weight with him, it could hardly be construed into selfishness. They who know the

expenses of a residence in the city, know well how difficult it is for a literary man who has no salary, and whose principles will not allow him to pander to the depraved tastes of society, to get along without the closest economy, and even *with* that; and how much faith is hence sometimes put in requisition. Mr. Gallaudet was poor, as is well known; but he contrived, by means of the sales of the books which he had written, to keep his head above water. He sometimes preached, but it was, in general, for the merest pittance, and a part of the time for nothing at all.

Had he removed to Worcester, it is highly probable he would have received such a compensation as would have relieved all his anxieties on this subject, and it is well known that, in exchanging one beautiful inland town for another, and one highly refined and virtuous community for another, he could hardly have been in any respect a loser. And yet Hartford had its attachments, and he fondly clung to it. But duty was paramount, and the

cords that bound him appeared about to be severed.

But there was an institution for the insane in Hartford, and though it had no chaplain, it was difficult to assign a reason why one would not be as useful as at Worcester, nor why Mr. Gallaudet could not do as much good in Connecticut as in Massachusetts. His friend Mr. Barnard therefore addressed himself at once to some of the more liberal and public spirited citizens of Hartford, and solicited them to subscribe such sum, to be paid annually, as would induce Mr. Gallaudet to remain with them and officiate as chaplain to the Retreat for the Insane. The plan was successful. The directors of the Retreat were to pay one half his salary, and the other half was to be made up from these subscriptions.

In June, 1838, Mr. Gallaudet became chaplain of the Retreat, which office he continued to discharge to the very day of his last illness, and here he found full scope for that practical philanthropy which was like a fire shut up in his bones. Here

he became more than a chaplain; it was like the gift to him of a new family. Not only did he feel toward the inmates like a father, but they felt all the affection—many of them, I mean—of children. Of his relations to this institution, I can speak from personal knowledge, as I resided near it for several years, and have witnessed what I narrate.

He not only visited them daily, and read the Bible and prayed with them, but he kept up a constant daily intercourse with them at their respective halls, endeavoring to become familiar with their individual characters and peculiarities. He also visited them at their rooms, especially when they were too ill to leave them. Nor did he forget to perform the same duties to the attendants and nurses connected with the institution.

Some of the inmates of the retreat were far less insane than others. The females, a part of them, had weekly reading and sewing parties; all of which, when permitted, he attended. Sometimes the male patients would celebrate the national

independence. At other times they would form little parties of pleasure, for visiting the Deaf and Dumb Institution, or other objects of curiosity. In all these innocent and humanizing amusements Mr. Gallaudet was wont to participate.

Sometimes he invited the inmates to his house, as well as their friends. Those who have had no opportunity of the kind for observation, are little aware how frequent these calls of friends and relations are, and how great their anxiety, and how numerous and fatiguing their inquiries. It was no trifling task, therefore, to stand, as did Mr. Gallaudet in this respect, between the living and the dead. It was as expensive of time and money, too, as it was vexatious. This last remark is the more in point when it is remembered that for all this devotion and all these services he received only eight hundred dollars a year.

Many a city minister, in a place no larger than Hartford, has a more liberal salary than Mr. Gallaudet received as chaplain of the Retreat. And yet I doubt

whether the labors of one in a hundred of them, are more exhausting on the Sabbath than were his. But when the Sabbath is over, the stated minister has much of his time at his own disposal. He is at least, by common consent, allowed one day in which to feel *Mondayish*. Not so with Mr. Gallaudet. His Mondays and all his days were days of toil and care, till he rested in the grave. But he was content it should be so. He came not into the world "to be *ministered unto*, but to *minister*." He was among men as one that "doth serve."

CHAPTER VII.

HIS WRITINGS.

MORE than once I have alluded to the writings of this good man. They were not as numerous as those of Cotton Mather, of early New-England memory, who wrote, it is said, two hundred and eighty-seven

volumes; nor as those of Jacob Abbott, Samuel G. Goodrich, (alias Peter Parley,) or myself, who may readily reckon on one to two hundred volumes each, and who are yet living to add more to their already long list. Nor was he ambitious, if the word ambition, in its application to him, is not an entire misnomer, to be known as the author of a large number of books, so much as of a few good ones. Besides, he wrote slowly, and did not copy others.

Perhaps no book he wrote ever had a wider circulation, or exerted a more happy influence, than his "Child's Book on the Soul." It came out in 1830. It has, I believe, been translated into many foreign languages, and will continue to live when not a few more popular works will have passed to their merited oblivion.

His "Every Day Christian" was published in 1836. This was a good book. Some may deem it his best. I will not quarrel with them. It has not yet done its work.

The "Child's Book on Repentance,"

though never so popular as the "Child's Book on the Soul," was nevertheless a work of much merit. Had he written no other work, this would have been thought more of. It was eclipsed by the splendor of the Child's Book on the Soul, most unfortunately its predecessor.

His "Youth's Book on Natural Theology" was ever, with me, a favorite; but I doubt whether it was so with the public generally. It had, however, a tolerable sale. His "Child's Book of Bible Stories" was also another of his publications.

Between the years 1838 and 1850, the American Tract Society published a series of his books of Scripture biography, which were excellent. I have seen ten of these volumes; there may have been a few more. These ten embraced the lives of the patriarchs from Adam to Jacob, and subsequently of Joseph, Moses, Joshua, Ruth, Samuel, Saul, David, Solomon, Josiah, and Jonah.

I have spoken of his school-books before, two of them. They were the Practical Spelling-book and a small dictionary.

“The Mother’s Primer” and “Child’s Picture and Defining and Reading Book” were written earlier, but had a good circulation and accomplished much good. A volume of sermons written, and I believe delivered in Paris, are also excellent.

Of his contributions to the various periodicals of his day I have said something; but it is probable I have not done him justice. Some of these contributions were published in pamphlet form, and had a good circulation.

But, besides these last, I can reckon up near thirty of his public addresses of various kinds, reports, &c., which had merit, and did not a little to hasten the latter-day glory, so far, at least, as education is concerned. They contributed to hasten the day predicted in Holy Writ, when the hearts of the fathers shall be turned to the children, and the hearts of children to their fathers.

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER VIII.

HIS PRIVATE CHARACTER.

THOSE readers who have followed me thus far, have seen in Mr. Gallaudet's public labors and life, the tall oak developed from a very small germ. But it is reserved for the present chapter to bring out and show forth the true dignity of his character; his true manhood. It is in the retirement of private life, in the bosom of the family, in the involuntary influences, so to call them, which are shed amid the daily walks of the every-day Christian, that true greatness is manifested, at least as God the creator measures or estimates it.

You have been told already that he had a large family of children. The circle was lovely as well as large. Well was it, perhaps, that the father was not only cheerful, but mirthful, for the mother was a deaf mute, one who had been his pupil. She

was, however, a most excellent woman ; but her silence rendered the father's duties, in a few particulars, more difficult. She could not, in every instance, so well control, in midway, so to speak, the jarring elements which ever and anon, in all families, however well ordered, become a little chaotic. Still, such was her good judgment, sweetness of temper, and excellent taste, that these discordances were seldom. To atone, as much as possible, for what the mother could not do in the way of oral communication—for signs are slow—he was much with his family, joining in their sports, contributing in every way to their happiness, and giving all needful instruction and counsel. Small as was his stature, and simple and even childlike his manner, I was never in the presence of a man whose moral power awed me, without keeping me at a very great distance, as much as did that of Mr. Gallaudet ; and I never wondered that his children and friends, while they loved him as a father, respected him as a magistrate, and I had almost said as an autocrat.

One of the strongest proofs of his attachment to his family, as well as of his high sense of duty, is found in a fact to which I have not yet adverted. In 1838, when an effort was made to resuscitate the common schools of Connecticut, and a secretary of the Board of Commissioners of Common Schools was wanted, he was the only person had in view to fill that highly responsible office. And to make sure of their man, certain public-spirited individuals agreed to add one third to the salary paid by the state, if he would accept the office. But no; it would take him away, he said, quite too much from his family!

How many men there are among us who, in order to secure objects of far less public or private importance than these, would forego, if not forget the family! A certain member of Congress, from Connecticut, was absent from a large family eleven years in succession, to an extent that confined his wife to her domestic circle without a day's exception, even when he was at home for a few months of mid-summer. And yet he made no apology!

His country, as he thought, demanded it! His wife and family, *with him*, were treated as having only secondary claims.

Mr. Gallaudet's address was peculiar and cannot be described. He was at once modest and respectful, and yet confident and winning. He never failed to interest those who were in his company, even a few minutes. There was a liveliness of manner, an earnestness, a lighting up of the countenance and the eye that arrested and secured attention. Naturally, he had a ready command of language, and this talent at conversation had been cultivated.

He had read much and traveled much, both in this country and in Europe, and he had mingled with all sorts of society, unless it were with the bad. And then, to a ready use of all he had heard, read, or seen, was joined a real, hearty desire to make everybody happy. He was, moreover, as another has well said, "a good listener." This last qualification, in a republican government, is rare.

In the transaction of business, however trifling, as well as in larger matters, he

was a man of great *method*. He had been trained to this both at home and elsewhere. "It was a favorite theory of his, that every boy, before entering college or a profession, should have at least one winter's experience in a store, and one summer's training on a farm."

His *prudence*, or, as the phrenologist would say, his "*cautiousness*," was excessive. I do not mean to say that it was carried so far as to become criminal, but it was carried very far. Few men have lived who, by a species of foresight almost intuitive, have kept themselves so entirely free from speculation, visionary schemes, and humbuggery.

One most admirable trait of character in him was *punctuality*. This, in particular, I am disposed to set down as a mark of greatness. Many, I know, think otherwise; but are they not wrong? Punctuality was with Washington, Nelson, and Howard a cardinal virtue. Who will doubt that it was so with the Saviour of mankind?

He was *economical*. Economy, I know,

in the present day, has come to be regarded as old fashioned—almost a vice. With many, it is synonymous with stinginess. Mr. Gallaudet was neither “stingy” nor “small;” but he was careful to do right, and to see that everybody with whom he dealt had justice done him. “Owe no man anything,” was with him a motto; and though he was not so careful as to be offensive, he was disposed to add to the injunction above a sort of counterpart, “Let no man owe you.”

He was *charitable*. I speak now of his regard to the opinions of others, as well as of their conduct. He not only never spoke ill of any man, but he could not bear to hear others do it, and would even kindly rebuke them for doing so. He knew too well his own heart, the power of ignorance, the force of temptation; &c., to allow him to speak of others with that severity which, to depraved humanity, when quite inexperienced, is so natural.

In speaking of his philanthropy, in a separate chapter, I have included many things that quite as properly belong to the de-

partment of *benevolence* as of philanthropy. These two are so intimately connected that it is not always easy to separate them. I have a few facts more of this same general character, which go to show him of very "tall" growth, both in common benevolence and general philanthropy.

"I presume," says Mr. Barnard, "it is safe to say that Mr. Gallaudet never rose in the morning without having in his mind, or on his hands, some extra duty of philanthropy to perform, something beyond what attached to him from his official or regular engagements. Hardly ever was an appeal about to be made, within his sphere of influence, in behalf of a benevolent or religious object which required the exercise of a cultivated intellect, the impulses of a benevolent heart, and the personal influence of a character confessedly above all political and sectarian principles, without asking his advice or assistance."

This latter fact alone is sufficient to show his greatness. But I may also add, as a further proof of the confidence which was universally reposed in him, that hardly a

stranger visited Hartford to see the Asylum, or the Retreat, or the Grammar School, or any other object of interest which the city afforded, who did not bring with him letters of introduction to Mr. Gallaudet, or who did not, at the least, call on him. Nor were any that called on him ever treated uncourteously or inhospitably. He was, even more than he could afford to be, every man's servant.

One way in which he manifested his benevolence, was in the deep interest he took in the WELFARE OF THE YOUNG; especially that class of them which, in our cities and large towns, is so numerous. I speak here with reference to clerks and apprentices. "Many a young man, leaving his parental roof for the first time, breaking away from a mother's tearful advice and exhortations, and a father's last petition to a kind Providence, to seek his fortune in the city as a clerk or an apprentice, amid new companions, new trials, and new temptations, owes his safety to the kind word fitly spoken, or little attention, timely shown, of Mr. Gallaudet."

I shall close this chapter by a quotation from the same source from which I have repeatedly drawn before, the "Tribute" by Mr. Barnard.

"His labors in behalf of the poor covered a much larger ground than the immediate relief of physical wants, or the utterance of a prayer, or words of spiritual consolation. He labored to impress on the rich and the poor, as householders and tenants, the Christian duty, the necessity of making the home of the poor more healthy, comfortable, and attractive. He saw the difficulty, if not the impossibility of cultivating the Christian virtues and graces amid the filth and discomfort of cellars and garrets, and even of such dwellings as the destitute generally occupy. He saw also the necessity of time and mental vigor if the poor and the laborer are to profit from sermons, and tracts, and lectures. After ten, twelve, or fifteen hours' confinement to hard labor, there is neither elasticity of mind nor body to entertain serious thought or severe reading. Both body and mind need rest, or at least

recreation ; and unless a taste for innocent amusements had been created, and easy access to such amusements can be had, the laborer must go to his pillow, or to the excitements of the shop, or of congenial company. Hence Mr. Gallaudet's aims were to secure for all laborers, old and young, in the factory and in the field, in the shop and in the kitchen, *time*—time to attend to their spiritual and their intellectual improvement ; in the second place, a *taste* for something pure and intellectual ; and, in the third place, the means of gratifying these tastes.

“ In all his plans of benevolent and Christian action, for society or for individuals, he never lost sight of the paramount claims of home and the family state as the preparatory school in which the good citizen is to be trained up for the service of the state, and the devoted Christian for the service of his Master. The making of a little more money, or the participation of social enjoyments, were, with him, no excuse for neglecting an engagement with his own children.”

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER IX.

HIS SICKNESS AND DEATH.

MEN, in general, die as they live. If they live well, they are apt to die well. No life which is ill spent can, at all events, insure a happy death.

Nor do the Scriptures of Divine truth seem to attach much importance to the manner of our exit from this life. They probably attach very nearly the same idea to this event of our existence that reason and common sense do. They regard it as a mere transition from one world to another ; or, more properly, as the mere gateway from one to the other.

Knowing then, as you now do, what sort of life Mr. Gallaudet led, you will not be greatly at a loss to conjecture what sort of death he died ; and as you would naturally expect, so in the result it proved. He died as he had lived. He died as all good men, and some of the contrary de-

scription, desire to die. Mark the end of the perfect man and the upright; for the end of that man is peace.

As we have repeatedly seen, he was naturally possessed of a feeble constitution. There had, moreover, been serious errors in his early physical education, errors, too, which he long and loudly deplored. And then, again, in his hours of depression from nervous exhaustion, even if he had not placed undue reliance on some of the more popular nervous excitements of the day, he had not, it is quite certain, pursued a course the most judicious. He had, at the least, labored vastly beyond his strength.

It is not, therefore, surprising that at the age of sixty-four, when the most healthy of our race are beginning to be old, having passed the grand climacteric period of sixty-three, we find him more frail than before. On the 20th of July, 1851, he found himself so ill that he betook himself to his chamber, and procured such medical aid as he could best confide in.

His disease was dysentery; and it soon put on a threatening aspect. For the last

twenty years it had required the utmost care to avoid frequent and severe indisposition ; but nature had hitherto found means to rally ; she had now done her utmost, and could do no more. He continued to sink gradually till the tenth of September, when he peacefully departed to his and our Father in heaven.

During the far greater part of his long and severe sickness, his mind was remarkably clear and active, and his faith strong. His spirit passed away so gently that the precise moment was unmarked.

“They thought him dying when he slept,
And sleeping when he died.”

His mortal remains were deposited, two days after his death, in the principal burying ground of the city. But as a general wish was expressed that something of a more public character should be had, his death was celebrated January 7th, 1852, by a large concourse of the citizens of Hartford, in one of the churches of the city, at which the Hon. Henry Barnard pronounced the eulogy, from which I have

derived so many valuable extracts in the foregoing pages.

Since that time the deaf mutes, whom he has educated and who still survive him, aided by other deaf mutes friendly to the undertaking, have contributed two thousand and five hundred dollars for the purpose of erecting a monument near the scene of his labors. The monument is now in progress.

But his most abiding monument is in the hearts of those who knew him, and whom his hand, and pen, and tongue blessed. Embalmed therein, as his memory must be, he will forever remain an evidence of the truth of our leading position, that tall oaks sometimes grow from very inconsiderable if not very small acorns.

www.libtool.com.cn

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

⋮

www.libtool.com.cn

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, usually called Dr. Franklin, most certainly deserves to be classed among the tall oaks that have grown from little acorns. Though not quite so elevated among the truly great, in a moral sense, as Oberlin, Luther, and Howard, yet, in many respects, he was a great man ; one of the greatest.

He was born at Boston, January, 1706. His father was a soap boiler and tallow chandler, and had seventeen children, of whom Benjamin was the fifteenth.

At the age of eight years he was placed at a grammar school. Here his progress was so great that his father, like many other fond and doting parents, conceived the plan of educating him for the ministry. But finding himself unable to do so, on

account of his poverty, he took him from the school and employed him at home. There was, indeed, another reason why his father took him from school, namely, the thought that liberally educated men were apt to be poor.

Young Franklin had been at school about two years when his father removed him. During this time he had made some progress in reading and writing, but he seems to have been a dull scholar and arithmetician. He says, in his *Life*, written by himself, that he utterly failed; but they who know the history of Dr. Franklin, know that he must have obtained some knowledge of arithmetic at one time or another.

His father employed him in cutting the wicks of the candles, filling the molds, taking care of the shop, going of errands, &c. Young Benjamin was disgusted at this, and wished he could go to sea; but his father was opposed to such a course. Tiresome as his employment was, he was obliged to continue in it two years, or till he was about twelve years of age.

www.libtool.com.cn



The father, unwilling that the son should go to sea, took him to see coopers, brasiers, masons, joiners, carpenters, and other mechanics, employed at their work, in hopes of discovering what the bent of his inclination was. It was at length decided that he should become a cutler; and he was accordingly placed upon trial with a friend of his father's. He was, however, for some reason or other, recalled home.

His passion for reading had been early developed. He used to say, that he could not recollect a period of his life when he did not know how to read. He would read, if he might, almost all night long. His father's library was scanty, but he contrived to borrow several volumes, and afterward to buy a few. All the money he obtained he laid out in books.

His fondness for books and reading at length induced his father to try to make a printer of him. An elder brother was already engaged in that business. He was accordingly bound an apprentice to his brother till the age of twenty-one years. This was in the year 1718.

He was soon enabled to purchase more books, and to gratify his passion for reading by the perusal of many which were not his own. Among others, he fell in with Dr. Cotton Mather's *Essay on Doing Good*, and Defoe's *Essay on Projects*. He also read the *Spectator*, and was charmed with it, especially its style, which he tried to imitate; with how much success everybody knows who has read the *Spectator* and the writings of Dr. Franklin.

One of the first uses he made of his pen, strange to tell, was in writing poetry. He composed several little pieces, one of which had some merit, and was widely circulated. This, as he tells us in his memoirs, greatly elated him. And yet he says his poems were in very bad style; mere ditties.

Happening, about this time, to meet with a work by Tryon, an Englishman, which recommended a vegetable diet in preference to animal food, he at once abandoned flesh and fish. The singularity of his habits attracted the attention of

the family with whom he was boarding, (for his brother did not keep house,) and he was often scolded for his singularity. He at length proposed to board himself, provided his brother would allow him half the sum he paid for him weekly. Out of this he found he could still save half, and yet enjoy himself quite as well as before. In other words, he found he could live well on one fourth the customary price of board. His dinner often consisted of a biscuit only, or a piece of bread and a little fruit, with a glass of water; and thus, he says, he at once saved money, time, and health. He was now about sixteen years of age.

I have told you that he failed, at school, to make much progress in arithmetic, but I do not know that the phrenologists have ever discovered any deficiency in his cranium. If so, perhaps his great temperance in eating and drinking produced a change; for almost immediately after he became a vegetarian, he tells us that he took up a popular treatise on arithmetic, and went through it easily

without any assistance. He also made some progress in geometry, and a little in navigation. He also read that very difficult work, Locke on the Human Understanding, and a work on the Art of Thinking.

Nor was this all. He studied English grammar in the same way, that is, without the aid of a master, and paid some attention to rhetoric and logic. He was little over sixteen years of age when he procured and read a book entitled, "Memorable Things of Socrates," written by Xenophon, in which he learned the peculiar mode of argumentation to which the philosopher Socrates was accustomed.

Those who know how little time a printer finds for reading, may wonder how Franklin could read so many works, and study arithmetic, grammar, and rhetoric. Much was done at evening, after his day's work was finished, and in the morning, before it was begun. I am also obliged to say that he borrowed not a little from the hours allotted to sleep, which was wrong. But he borrowed also from the Sabbath, which was still more reprehensible.

It is worthy of remark, that it was while he was thus violating the sacredness of the Lord's day, that he acquired those skeptical notions which he is known to have long held, and which, it is believed by many continued to harass him, more or less, during the remainder of a long life. How happy those youth who escape, at the stormy age of fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen, these dangerous tendencies and influences.

Franklin's brother published a newspaper. It was the second which had as yet appeared in America, and was called the *New-England Courant*. It was established in 1720 or 1721. When it was commenced, its friends doubted whether it would succeed, for they thought one paper for America would be quite enough. However, it had a very good circulation, and Benjamin Franklin was made the news-carrier for the city of Boston.

Besides an immense amount of reading, he contrived to write little essays, and, by disguising his hand, got them inserted in the paper. Some of these pieces were ap-

proved, which gave him courage. His brother, among the rest, spoke well of them; but when he came to know they were written by Benjamin, he was greatly surprised. He was, however, naturally inclined to be a little severe in his treatment of his young brother, and the latter fancied him the more severe when he saw increasing indications of rising talent.

On a certain occasion, an article had been inserted in the paper which displeased the government of the colony, and the editor was taken, and, for a short time, imprisoned, and forbidden to print the paper. To elude this prohibition, his brother was made the editor, and the writings, by means of which he had been bound an apprentice to him, were given up. When the elder brother was released from prison, Benjamin continued to assert his freedom, and refused to return to his apprenticeship. This was done on the ground of harsh and rough treatment. It is probable there was blame on both sides, as there frequently is in such cases. It was certainly an act of meanness which

reflects no credit on the character of a great man, that he should descend to such means, and take such an unfair advantage.

The father was displeased as well as the brother, and it seemed difficult, if not impossible, to heal the wound which had been inflicted. Young Franklin now, for the first time, thought of leaving the city, and seeking employment elsewhere. But whither should he go? New-York was the nearest place in which there was a printing office. How could he travel, moreover, without money?

Having sold some of his books to procure the latter, he contrived to get on board a sloop for New-York, and in three days was three hundred miles from home, which, at that time, was regarded as a very great distance. But he did not succeed in finding business in New-York, and he concluded to go to Philadelphia, a hundred miles further. He was now about seventeen years of age.

His journey to Philadelphia, which occupied several days, was quite adventurous.

ous, and a part of it was made on foot. In its progress, he contrived, as usual, to make a number of acquaintances. He arrived at Philadelphia on Sunday morning, covered, as he says in his biography, with dirt, and with only a Dutch dollar in his pocket.

Here he sought for business as a printer. The oldest house did not need his services, but he soon found a little employ at the other, which was recently established by one Keimer. The latter procured a boarding-house for him, which was that of a Mr. Read, the father of his future wife.

He had not been long at Keimer's before it was discovered by many that, though he had come there in the guise of a mere runaway, he was a young man of talent and promise. He soon numbered many friends, among whom was Sir William Keith, the governor of the province.

Keith proposed to have him go to England, and procure type and other things necessary, and set up a printing office of his own, and promised to give him assistance. As he would need his father's as-

sistance in carrying out such a project, and his father had become partially reconciled to his absence, he made a visit to Boston. All were glad to see him except his brother, with whom he had worked at printing, who still retained his dislike. He had been absent from Boston seven months, during which not a word had been heard of him.

This may surprise the reader; but he must remember how things have altered. We can now go easily from Boston to Philadelphia in a day, whereas it took a long time then. In making this first journey to Boston, the voyage was one of a fortnight!

His father, though pleased that his son had gained the confidence and respect of great men, was not inclined to afford him aid. He was yet young, only eighteen, and Sir William Keith was a stranger to him. Besides, the whole plan seemed to him a little visionary. He, however, wrote to Governor Keith, and gave him many thanks.

On his return to Philadelphia, he waited

on Governor Keith, who, though he was not pleased with the father's refusal, still persisted in his plan of having a new printer. He accordingly told Franklin to make out a list of what he wanted for such a purpose, and he would send him to England, and afterward set him up himself. Everything was therefore made ready for the voyage.

But just as he was ready to depart, Governor Keith, whom he expected to see, and from whom he expected letters, &c., was too busy to call, but said he would send on board the letters he had promised. Young and artless, and unsuspecting as he was, he did not like this; but he could not as yet relinquish the idea that Governor Keith was sincere and true. The letters indeed came, or a package which he supposed to be from Governor Keith, but, instead of being intrusted to Franklin, were put into the letter-bag with the rest. This only confirmed his suspicion, but what could he do?

On arriving in London, he found that the letters were not from Governor Keith,

but from some other person, and Governor Keith was not known there! How strange! The truth is that the governor, without intending to be a bad man, was one of those men who love to please everybody, but in their good nature go so far as to make promises which they either cannot or will not perform.

But Franklin, now a young man of nineteen years of age, was in London, three thousand miles from home, without friends, and almost without money. He had, however, a little, but without employment it would soon be exhausted, and what could be done?

He soon procured employment as a printer, but his wages were low, and he was in a great city where much was to be seen and known. Besides, notwithstanding his great reading, he was not so well fortified as he should have been against temptation. To add to his difficulties, he had a dissipated companion, one Ralph, who had come over with him from America, whose money was gone, and who was constantly borrowing, but never paying; so

that it was a long time before he earned much more than enough to support himself and Ralph, and he even exhausted the money he had brought with him.

It was not long, however, after this, before he got rid of Ralph. A slight quarrel broke out between them, and Franklin saw no more of Ralph or his money. He was almost willing to lose his money, that he might be relieved from what proved a very serious burden.

He remained in London a year and a half, and then returned to America. He did not return, however, as a printer; he had given up his profession with a view to merchandise. He had formed an acquaintance with Mr. Denham, an American gentleman, who had promised to do well by him as a clerk, supercargo, &c.

His arrival in America was near the end of the year 1726. He was now nearly twenty-one years of age. No time was lost. He was immediately in the employ of Mr. Denham. Had the latter lived the world might never have known any such man as Dr. Franklin. But in the progress

of the winter after their return, Mr. Denham died. Franklin was thus thrown back upon his old profession, Mr. Denham having made no provision for his continuance in the establishment, and only left him a small legacy.

His old employer, Keimer, now made him the offer of a considerable salary if he would engage once more with him, and his offer was accepted. But they did not live in harmony, and after several unsuccessful attempts, Franklin withdrew, and in company with one Meredith, set up a new printing office, and established a new periodical. They managed it with so much ability that it acquired at length much reputation.

Things went on, for a time, very pleasantly. The young printers were industrious, did their work well, and found employment. They even procured, ere long, the office of printers to the House of Assembly. But Meredith failed to furnish his part of the capital, and they became embarrassed. Meredith was even intemperate. Friends interposed; Meredith

withdrew from the firm; the debts were paid, and the whole concern devolved on Franklin. This was when he was in his twenty-fourth year.

Franklin, by his prudence, economy, industry, and temperance, contrived to pay the money which his friends had kindly furnished, and as soon as they expected. His debts being paid, he considered himself rich. He now turned his thoughts to marriage. He was married in his twenty-fifth year, to Miss Read, at whose father's house he had formerly boarded.

He was now fairly settled in business, and was fast establishing that reputation for industry, enterprise, and integrity, which he sustained through so long a life. His advice was sought by many, even by the governor of the province and his council.

In 1732 he began to print his Poor Richard's Almanac. As late as 1733, when he was twenty-seven years of age, he began to learn the French, Italian, and Spanish languages, and subsequently the Latin. Long before this, namely, as early as 1731, he had been active in get-

ting up a public library for the city. In 1736 he was appointed clerk to the General Assembly, and he was re-elected to that office for many successive years, till he was, at length, chosen a representative for the city of Philadelphia.

In 1737 he was made postmaster of Philadelphia. In 1738 he was the means of forming the first fire company in that city. He was the founder of the University of Pennsylvania, and of the American Philosophical Society, and one of the chief promoters of the Pennsylvania Hospital. In 1741 he began to print the General Magazine and Historical Chronicle. In 1742 he invented what has since been called the Franklin stove.

It was not till 1746, when he was, on a certain occasion, in Boston, that his attention became turned, by some experiments he witnessed, to the subject of electricity. The use of lightning rods, as everybody knows, grew out of his discoveries and inventions in this department. Few have done so much in developing the true theory of electricity as Dr. Franklin. *

He was now about forty years of age and may properly be regarded as having finished his education. He was now prepared to devote, with profit, a portion of his time to the study of electricity and the other sciences. But he was so constantly pressed with business that he found little leisure for these purposes than he desired. And to add to his other duties both public and private, he was, in 1754 made deputy postmaster-general for the colonies.

In 1753 the French and Indians began to make depredations on our frontiers, and General Braddock, a British officer, was sent out against them. Franklin advanced money in considerable sums, to aid him in effecting his object. With the defeat of that general and his army, our readers are already acquainted.

After the defeat, Franklin, as a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly, introduced a bill for establishing what was then called a volunteer militia, and having received commission as a commander, he raised a regiment of five hundred and sixty men

and with them went through a laborious campaign. On his return he was chosen colonel. But this, I believe, was the first and the last of his direct engagement in military concerns.

He was, in 1757, sent out as an agent of the province, to England, to settle some difficulties which had arisen about the payment of taxes. Other provinces, Massachusetts, Maryland, and Georgia, knowing he was going out, made him their agent also. He appears to have accomplished the object for which he was sent out to the entire satisfaction of all, and he returned to America in 1762; not, however, till he had been made a Doctor of Laws by the Scotch Universities, and that of Oxford, and a Fellow of the Royal Society.

In 1764 he went to England again, where he remained for some time. He was there when the famous Stamp Act was passed; and it was, in part, through his influence, that it was repealed; for he assured the government that the American people would never submit to it. He ap-

pears to have returned to America in 1775. www.libtool.com.cn

In 1776 he was sent to France as minister. It was through his influence that aid was obtained from that country, which afterward proved of great value in the Revolutionary contest. Still later, he was one of the commissioners for negotiating a peace with the mother country. In November, 1782, he begged to be recalled, on the plea that he had already spent, as he affirmed, about fifty years in the service of his country. He did not obtain permission, however, till 1785.

During this last interval of about three years, he negotiated two treaties, one with Sweden and one with Prussia. He was a favorite wherever he went, and was exceedingly useful. He was particularly interested in everything which was connected with scientific improvement. In France, he regularly attended, though now an old man, all the meetings of the Academy of Sciences; and he was one of the famous committee appointed to examine into the claims of Mesmer to the

discovery of a new principle, which he called animal magnetism. At one of the meetings of the Academy he met with Voltaire, the noted infidel.

When Dr. Franklin returned to his mother country, in 1785, he was, by his particular and earnest request, permitted to retire to the bosom of his family. He had seen enough of the world and its honors, and he desired repose. He was, moreover, an old man. For though he was still active, perhaps as able, in point of mental activity and ability to do business, as he had ever been, he was still an old man. He was, moreover, greatly afflicted with the disease called the stone.

In this interim, between his return to his native country and his death, notwithstanding his desire for repose, he was prevailed on to serve as president (or governor of Pennsylvania, and also as a delegate in the Federal Convention of 1787, which framed the Constitution. But this, I believe, was his last public effort, except that he consented to act as the president of two societies which were

formed in Philadelphia in 1787, one called "The Philadelphia Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons," and the other "The Pennsylvania Society for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery, the Relief of Free Negroes unlawfully held in Bondage, and the Improvement of the Condition of the African Race."

His death took place April 17, 1790, at the age of eighty-four years and three months. The following epitaph was written by himself, many years before his death; but I do not know whether it was ever placed over his grave:

THE BODY
of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
Printer,
(like the cover of an old book,
its contents torn out
and stript of its lettering and gilding,)
lies here, food for worms:
yet the work itself shall not be lost,
for it will (as he believed) appear once more
in a new
and more beautiful edition,
corrected and amended
by
THE AUTHOR.

www.libtool.com.cn

FREDERIC THE GREAT.

www.libtool.com.cn

FREDERIC THE GREAT.

THE names of monarchs who, in different periods of the world's history, have been called GREAT, would make quite a long catalogue. Among the most conspicuous of these, however, are those of Alexander, Alfred, Peter, and Frederic.

Frederic the Great, of Prussia, was born January 21, 1712. His father, Frederic William I., was a monarch of much eminence; but he brought up his son Frederic in such a way, that though the son of a king, he might as well have been the son of a peasant, and though he became, as it were, a tall and truly gigantic oak, he had his origin as the merest acorn.

His father, a military man himself, and ignorant of almost everything else but the military art, was determined to make his

son like himself. To this end he resolved to instruct him in nothing but military tactics.

This did not satisfy the son at all. He had, by nature, a taste for poetry and music; and this taste had been secretly cultivated by his mother and other females at court. His mother, in truth, was anxious to give him an education entirely different from that at which his father was aiming.

But it is not the formal lessons of the young, in court or in cabin, that determine the character, or, properly speaking, educate us, so much as other influences. Young Frederic was subjected to a treatment, in many things, which, while it doubtless hardened him, and fitted him for the very work to which God in his wise providence had assigned him, was, nevertheless, exceedingly unkind, not to say cruel.

His father was one of the most singular men that ever lived. He had a regiment of soldiers seven feet high, which he had spared no money to procure. He had

even sent for some of them to the remotest parts of Europe; and their service cost him immense sums; and having procured them, they were his pets. It mattered not how much time or money he lavished on them, even if he almost starved himself.

Had he stopped at this point, had he been content to deny himself the comforts of life, and go nearly naked for the sake of his pet regiment of soldiers, no one, perhaps, would have complained. But he was mean in his family. He seemed to grudge them, too, the comforts of life. He kept them on the coarsest garden vegetables, and those badly cooked. It is recorded that he would even spit in the dishes at the table, to prevent his children from eating freely; and he was not much more reasonable in regard to their clothing.

Nor was even this the whole. He was rude in his family, and even greatly severe. His son Frederic and his daughter Wilhelmina were often beaten in a way which would be disgraceful in the treatment of a horse or an ox. The latter was even

sometimes knocked down with his heavy, brutal, doubled fist.

Such treatment at length wore out young Frederic, who had naturally a much better disposition than his father, though it had suffered by severe treatment. The result was, that in concert with one or two of his young friends he attempted to run away. George II., king of England, was his uncle on his mother's side, and he meant to fly to him. But the secret got out so soon that he was followed, and overtaken, and thrown into prison.

While he was in prison it was found that he had accomplices, and one of them was taken and executed. The other fled to Holland, and finally to England, and even Portugal, where he remained till the young Frederic became king, which was many long years afterward.

As for Frederic, he was kept in prison in the closest confinement. It seems that the father was inclined to put him to death. But knowing the humor of his father, Frederic at length found means,

with the aid and interference of others, to procure pardon and permission to reside at a distance; but he was not admitted to court. He was now about twenty-two years of age.

Here, in solitude, as it were, he spent about six years of his life. But he was by no means idle. Knowing, as the people in that vicinity did, that he was a young man of talent as well as rank, he did not want for society. He was visited almost daily by men of learning, and by eminent painters and physicians. At that time, too, he began to be an author.

In May, 1740, when Frederic was in his twenty-ninth year, his father died, and, what is more surprising, died in his son's arms. He had for some time become reconciled, and more than reconciled toward him; he had even acquired a high esteem for him. There was no other male successor, and Frederic, of course, ascended the throne.

He found the kingdom in a prosperous condition; for his father, though a bad man in private life, was a shrewd and

able monarch. Everything was conducted in the wisest manner and in the utmost order and regularity. There was an efficient and well-disciplined army of sixty-six thousand men, and an overflowing treasury.

Frederic had little occasion to alter what his father had established. On the other hand, he was wise enough to spend his energies in carrying out his father's plans with all possible vigor. He was remarkable for strict attention to business, and for energy, activity, and decision of character. Little things did not escape his observation; he had an eye to everything in his kingdom.

I have said he proceeded to carry out the plan his father had begun. This was, in general, to enlarge and extend his narrow territories. For this purpose he was scarcely on the throne before he proceeded to attempt conquests. In 1742, he conquered Silesia; but having done this and attempted to reduce Saxony, the jealousy of the surrounding nations, Russia, Austria, and France, was roused, and they united their forces against him.

This brought on, in 1756, a seven years' war. During its progress Frederic was sometimes victorious; at others, his enemies. At last, upon the death of the Russian empress, he gained an important victory, which enabled him to make what he called an honorable peace.

In 1772 he gained, by the dismemberment of Poland, quite a large portion of territory, which was called New Prussia. He continued his wars, with various success, till his death, which happened August 17, 1786, when he was in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and the forty-seventh of his reign.

Thus ended the mortal career of one of the greatest men of modern times. He was not, however, so great in conducting a battle as Bonaparte and some of his marshals may have been. But his greatness, as a warrior, lay in his prudence in all his movements. He bore a slight resemblance, in this respect, to Washington. He was always just where he was wanted to defend a weak point; and he could move, if occasion required it, with as

much rapidity as could Napoleon, or Hannibal, or Caesar.

Perhaps no man was ever more distinguished than he for rigid discipline. For example, having, on a certain occasion, forbidden that any lamps should be kept burning in the camp after dark, he walked out, and found one young man retaining his light till he had finished a letter to his wife. When the king knew the facts, he told him to add one line more, and only one, which was to inform his wife, that by such an hour the next day he would be a dead man. It is almost needless to say that the dreadful threat was executed, and that the lights were always put out afterward by the appointed time.

As everything which pertains to the character of these mighty oaks, especially when they seem to proceed from small acorns, is interesting, I shall present you, in the first place, with an account of Frederic's habits, and then with a few anecdotes; by which you will see that he was something more than a mere soldier. He is a musician and a man of letters; and

he claimed to be a philosopher. Music and learning, however, he regarded as mere amusements.

And yet, to those who know something of his history, how much he accomplished as a literary man and a student, books and study will appear to have been something more to him than mere pastime. For, to say nothing of his toils over his musical instruments and the progress he made, he wrote no fewer than twenty-five octavo volumes on history, politics, military science, philosophy, belles lettres, and poetry.

If you ask how a king who had the affairs of a great empire to attend to, and who attended to them himself, for he was a complete autocrat, and who was, besides, almost always engaged in war, could find so much time for study and literary pursuits, the reply is, he was a man of system. Of this the following will give you an idea.

He rose at five o'clock in the morning, though sometimes earlier. He dressed himself in a very few moments. Next, his adjutant brought him a list of all the arri-

vals or departures, and of any important incidents which had occurred during the previous twenty-four hours. He then gave his orders for the day and retired to a private cabinet, where he employed himself till seven o'clock.

At seven o'clock he drank a cup of coffee, immediately after which he examined his letters, which had been brought and laid on the table for this purpose. After reading them, he wrote hints or notes on the margin of all those which he wished to have his secretaries answer, and then retired with those which he intended to answer himself, to his private cabinet. Here, with a private secretary, he stayed till nine o'clock.

From nine to ten o'clock was spent in a general conference with his secretaries, in regard to business and correspondence. At ten, his principal generals, one after another, held an interview with him in his private cabinet, on military tactics, the news of the day, &c. This also was the hour at which he received visits from other persons. At eleven o'clock he

mounted his horse, rode to the parade ground, and reviewed his troops. He afterward walked in his garden with his generals and the rest of the company whom he had invited to dine with him.

Dinner came at one o'clock. The regular company consisted of his brothers, the young princes, some of his general officers, and one or two of his chamberlains. He had no carver, but did the honors of the table himself, like a private gentleman. After dinner he generally conversed with some of his guests for a quarter of an hour or so, walking about the room. He then retired to his private cabinet or apartment, making low bows, as he retired, to all his company.

At what time he retired, or rather how much time was consumed at dinner, is not stated, but it is highly probable not more than an hour. Here he remained by himself till five o'clock, and here, it is supposed, he performed a considerable part of his literary labor, though it is also well known that he did a great deal by the

proper management of odd moments at other times.

At precisely five o'clock, his reader arrived. The reading lasted about two hours. This was followed by a musical concert, in which he was himself a performer on the flute, and in which he took great pleasure. He was, however, extremely sensitive on this point, and when he commenced playing, even before his most intimate friends, was observed to be tremulous and diffident. He has been said to have been afraid of nothing else but of failure in his flute playing. Whenever he had a new piece of music, he would shut himself up in his closet some hours beforehand to practice it.

He had the finest collection of flutes in the world, for some of which he paid one hundred ducats a piece. They were all made by the same man, and he had an attendant, whose sole office was to keep his flutes in order.

The musical concert, of which I have just spoken, lasted till nine o'clock. When it was over, he was attended by wits and other jovial friends whom he had invited,

not exceeding seven in number. With these, at half past nine o'clock, he partook of a light supper. His hour for retiring was twelve o'clock. Thus he probably slept about four hours, though in the camp it was often much less.

Besides playing on musical instruments, his great amusement, at all periods of his life, was his books. In order to have these convenient, he collected five libraries exactly alike : one at Berlin, one at Potsdam, one at Sans Souci, one at Breslau, and one at Charlottenburg. They were all bound in red morocco, with gilt leaves. Each book had its particular place, and on the cover was a letter, denoting the library to which it belonged. When he removed from one residence to another, he had only to note how far he had gone in a book, and on his arrival he could proceed just as if he had not removed his quarters.

From his youth, he had a regular plan about his reading. He divided all his books into two classes, those for study and those for amusement. The first consisted of those he meant to study, to read over

again, or to consult habitually. The second class, far the more numerous of the two, he merely skimmed over, or read once through. It should be added that, besides his five regular libraries exactly alike, he had a traveling library, which was somewhat different, being more of the miscellaneous character.

In early life, Frederic, who read much, drank in sentiments of the French infidelity. He was exceedingly fond of the writings of Voltaire. His skepticism was not a little increased by what he saw of the abuses of religion about him, especially by a corrupt and irreligious priesthood. Still he had many noble traits of character, and, for a king, was seldom directly and openly vicious. Indeed, at times he had much regard for genuine piety. I have collected the following anecdotes to show the reader something of his general character.

Anxious, at one period, to see Voltaire, he invited him to court. The philosopher came, and was received with great joy. He was even permitted to study two hours each day in the presence of the king.

www.libtool.com.cn



This he esteemed a great favor. All went on well for a time. But they could not agree, and Voltaire left the king in disgust, nor was the latter sorry to part with him.

I have spoken elsewhere of his rigid military discipline. The following anecdote will show how he managed to suppress dueling :

An officer desired permission to fight with his fellow-officer. Frederic gave his consent, on condition that he might be a spectator. They met, but what was their surprise to find a gibbet erected on the appointed spot. When they inquired what this meant, "Why," said Frederic, "I mean to hang the survivor." This was enough. The duel was not fought, nor was a duel ever fought afterward in his army.

One day, on having rung his bell for his page, no one answered, and on entering the room, he found the man asleep in a chair, with a letter hanging out of his pocket. Curiosity led him to take it and read it. It proved to be a letter from the

young man's mother, thanking him for having sent her a part of his wages to relieve her pecuniary necessities, and imploring the blessing of God upon him as a return for his affection. Frederic put it carefully back, but slipped into his pocket along with it, a bag of ducats.

When the page awoke, Frederic said to him, "You have slept rather soundly." The page was about to excuse himself, when, on putting his hand in his pocket, he found, to his utter astonishment, a purse of ducats. He took it out, turned pale, and burst into tears. "What is the matter?" said the king. "Ah, sire," said he, "somebody is plotting my ruin. I know nothing of this money." "My young friend," said Frederic, "God often does great things for us, even in our sleep. Send it to your mother, with my compliments, and tell her I will take care of both of you."

Near the residence of the king, at Potsdam, was a mill, which interfered with one of his finest views. He inquired of the owner what he would sell it for.

"For no price," said the sturdy Prussian. In a moment of anger, Frederic ordered the mill to be pulled down. "The king can do this, if he chooses," said the owner, "but there are laws in Prussia," and forthwith commenced a prosecution against the king. The court sentenced him to pay the miller a large sum of money. Frederic was mortified, but only said, "I am glad I have good laws and upright judges in my kingdom."

There is a sequel to the story. In the reign of Frederic William, son of Frederic the Great, the owner of the mill, who knew the history of the former affair, and had become embarrassed in his financial affairs, wrote to the king, stating all the circumstances, and asking him to purchase the mill. The king refused, told the owner that as long as one member of the family to which it had formerly belonged remained in existence, it must never be sold. "But to relieve you in your embarrassment," said he, "of which I regret to hear, I inclose you the sum of one thousand pounds sterling."

Frederic had a sergeant named Thomas, whom he much esteemed, who, on inquiry, was found to be a Moravian, and to be in the habit of attending the Moravian meeting. "O, you are a fanatic, are you?" said he. "Well, take care to do your duty, and improve your men." The king, instead of being offended with him for his heresy, thought of promoting him to a higher office. Thomas heard of it, and, unfortunately, it inflated him a little, and made him less religious. This was noticed by his minister and his religious friends, who greatly regretted it.

The fact came at length to the king's ears. The next time he met him he said, "Well, Thomas, how do you do? How are your friends in William-street?" This was the place where he had formerly attended church. Thomas was obliged to say he did not know. "Have you been sick?" said the king. "No," said he; "but I do not attend there much of late." "O, then, you are not so great a fanatic as I thought you were," was the reply. The king said no more; but it was soon

found that he had given up his intention of promoting him. On inquiring why he had changed his mind, "O," said he, "he has left off going to church in William-street." On hearing this, it so affected the sergeant, that it proved the means of his reformation.

This fact, and many others, seem to prove that the king's head was better than his heart, and that the judgment of the former was in favor of religion, especially in its more rational forms. I have one more anecdote which is illustrative of his general character.

In the last years of his life, he was troubled with dropsy. It gave him many restless nights as well as days. These he sometimes tried to while away by conversing with those who sat up with him. It may also be observed that his conversation was generally very agreeable; for whatever his defects may have been, he had a well-stored mind and a retentive memory.

One night he inquired of the servant who sat up with him what country he

came from. "From a little village in Pomerania," said he. "Are your parents living?" "My mother is." "How does she support herself?" "By spinning." "How much can she earn a day?" "Sixpence." "But she cannot well live on that small sum." "Living is very cheap in Pomerania." "Did you ever send her anything?" "O, yes; I have sent her, at times, a few dollars." "That was right; you are a good boy."

The conversation ended for the present, but the monarch's heart was touched. After lying a few moments he said, "You have sat up with me a good deal, and have had much trouble with me. But continue to be patient, and I will do something for you." And what he promised he was careful to perform. For it was only a few nights afterward that, while the young Pomeranian was watching with him, as usual, he gave him several pieces of gold, and told him, to his great joy, that he had settled on his aged mother a pension of one hundred rix-dollars for life.

The dropsy increased upon him daily,

and proved incurable, notwithstanding the efforts of the ablest physicians. Among his medical attendants was Zimmerman, the distinguished author of a work on Solitude, and other interesting and important works. Dr. Zimmerman did all he could to cheer him, and sometimes indulged in sallies of wit, especially when the monarch led the way or opened the door.

The king said to him one day, "You have, I presume, sir, helped many a man into another world." This was rather a bitter pill for the son of Galen; but he retorted as well as he could, without offense. "Not so many as your majesty," he said, "nor with so much honor to myself."

Whether the king was moved to a deed of kindness by this conversation or not, he was much interested in him as a physician, and required him to visit him twice a day as long as he could; and when he left to return to his home at Hanover, gave him two thousand crowns for his services.

I have said, a little while since, that his disorder was incurable. Whether it might not have been cured by better treatment,

is not so certain. But the king was now old, and irritable, and headstrong; and no physician could make up with medicine for his gross errors in diet. He died soon after Zimmerman left him.

Few men in the short period of less than half a century, ever raised a country more than Frederic the Great raised Prussia, especially in a political point of view. He increased his territorial limits to twenty-nine thousand square miles, raised the army from sixty-six thousand to two hundred thousand, and enlarged the population from two million two hundred and forty thousand to six millions. He also left more than seventy million Prussian dollars in his treasury. It is worthy of remark, too, that he never suffered the country to fall in debt, even in the midst of his prolonged and extensive wars.

But the greatness of his kingdom was promoted in a far greater degree during his long reign, by the spirit of industry and the love of improvement in science which he infused into his people both by precept and example.

www.libtool.com.cn

LAFITTE THE BANKER.

•
www.libtool.com.cn

LAFITTE THE BANKER.

AMONG the numerous "tall oaks" that have grown from "little acorns" was the distinguished French banker JACQUES LAFITTE, whose fame, as a financier, was known all over Europe.

He was born at Bayonne, a small city in the southwestern part of France, in the year 1767. Of his early history, I know little, except that he was diligent in his studies and industrious in his employments.

In 1787, when he was twenty-one years of age, he went to Paris, in the hope of obtaining a place in a banking house. As might have been expected of an industrious and faithful young man, he brought with him letters of high recommendation.

On arriving at Paris, he went imme-

diately to a rich Swiss banker, whose name was Perregaux. Though he was respected at home, he was modest and even bashful abroad, and when he advanced to deliver his letters to the banker, he hardly dared to lift his eyes higher than the feet of the latter, or to make known, in anything but a feeble, tremulous voice, his necessities.

M. Perregaux understood him, but in his usual laconic manner made him the following reply: "It is impossible to find a place for you just now. My bureaux are all full. If, however, I should need a clerk hereafter, I will let you know. Meanwhile, let me advise you to apply elsewhere, as there is at present but little probability of a vacancy here."

Young Lafitte bowed and retired. He was downcast and sorrowful; how could it have been otherwise? but there was no more for him to do in the establishment of M. Perregaux, and he must apply elsewhere, according to the recommendation.

But while crossing the court-yard in his retreat he stooped and picked up a pin,

and stuck it in the lappel of his coat. It did not occur to him that any one saw him; it was his habit, a habit to which he had been trained. Yet on that single little event hung the future of his whole life; a life as honorable and useful as it was long and prosperous.

From the window of his cabinet, M. Perregaux had seen the young man as he stooped to pick up the pin, and it made a deep impression on his mind. It was with him, as he had before stated, that he was not in want of a clerk; but straws told him which way the wind blew. Such conduct was a guarantee for order and regularity in his business, an earnest of all those qualities so requisite in a financier. In short, the young man who would pick up a pin would, most certainly, make a good banker's clerk.

That very evening, before the young Lafitte retired, he received from the banker the following note, as unexpected as it was cheering: "You have a place in my banking house, and may take p
of it to-morrow."

I hardly need to say that young Lafitte accepted most gladly the offer, and the event showed that the banker had not been mistaken in the judgment he had formed. The young man of the pin possessed all the requisite qualities and many more. He was, in truth, a most remarkable young man.

Sustained by his honesty, faithfulness, and industrious habits, the clerk soon became cashier, afterward a partner in the establishment, and in seventeen years from the time of his arrival at Paris, he was at the head of the house. This was in the year 1805.

In 1809 he was appointed director of the Bank of France, and in 1814, president of the same establishment. He discharged the duties of this important office without accepting a single franc of the large salary connected with it, showing most clearly that money was not his god.

As early as 1809 he had been made president of the Chamber of Commerce in Paris, and in 1813 judge of the Tribunal of Commerce. In 1815 he had an oppor-

tunity of testing his regard for money, and of showing how he valued it. The credit of France was at a low ebb, and many were alarmed at the danger it involved. At this critical moment, Lafitte generously furnished the government with two millions of francs in ready money, which enabled them to put everything on a right footing.

Few men ever rose more rapidly in the public confidence than did Lafitte at this period. In proof of this the following anecdote is related by historians concerning him, which can undoubtedly be substantiated.

When, in 1815, Louis XVIII. was compelled to flee, he intrusted his private property, for safe keeping, to Lafitte. Three months afterward, Napoleon, under the same circumstances, showed him the same confidence, and at St. Helena named him as his executor.

But he was a friend to the poor and lowly as well as to the great and rich. He was again and again the benefactor of the poor in Paris, many of whom to

day remember and acknowledge his great kindness. He also encouraged the publication of useful books.

Becoming somewhat engaged in politics, his rigid honesty was such that, for a short time, he lost the confidence of zealous, hot-headed partisans on both sides. In 1819 he lost the presidency of the bank, though in 1822 he was again made a director.

He was not only wealthy and virtuous, and of kind and benevolent habits, but he was eloquent. When, in 1819, the young Lallemand was shot down in the streets by one of the watch, and old men, women, and children were trampled down, Lafitte was indefatigable in his attempts to quell the disturbances and restore order, and on one occasion made quite an eloquent speech. He was also eloquent on many other occasions.

Lafitte was not only made a deputy, but, in the end, president of the Council of State, the highest post of honor to which a citizen of France can be raised. He held this office from November 3, 1830, to March

14, 1831, when he was succeeded by Casimir Perier.

The revolution of July, 1830, made serious changes in the affairs of Lafitte. He not only lost much of his popularity by the course he took, but much of his wealth by the fall of stocks and other property. At one period he was worth thirty millions of francs, or about six millions of dollars.

Few men have been as much engaged in financial matters as Lafitte without losing much of their integrity. Money has a tendency to narrow and contract the feeling as well as harden the heart. Solomon was not proof against its influences.

But my object in presenting the story of Lafitte was simply to exhibit to the reader one specimen of the mighty oak, which has its origin in the little acorn. If Lafitte was not an oak of the better sort, he was a tall oak still, in his way; and few, we may be assured, ever rose from smaller acorns.

THE END.

www.libtool.com.cn

•

SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND YOUTH'S LIBRARY,
Published by Carlton & Phillips, 220 Mulberry-street, N. Y.

Stories from the History of England.

STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND. 2 vols.

18mo., pp. 216, 278. Price, each..... \$0 31

Irish Stories.

IRISH STORIES, for Thoughtful Readers.

18mo., pp. 245. Price..... \$0 30

Three Days on the Ohio.

THREE DAYS ON THE OHIO RIVER. By FATHER WILLIAM.

18mo., pp. 60. Price..... \$0 16

Two Fortunes.

THE TWO FORTUNES: or, Profession and Practice.

18mo., pp. 116. Price..... \$0 20

The Tempest.

THE TEMPEST: or, an Account of the Nature, Properties, Dangers, and Uses of Wind in various parts of the World.

18mo., pp. 231. Price..... \$0 27

Kenneth Forbes.

KENNETH FORBES: or, Fourteen Ways of Studying the Bible.

18mo., pp. 298. Price..... \$0 30

Rambles in the South.

RAMBLES IN THE SOUTH. By FATHER WILLIAM.

18mo., pp. 196. Price..... \$0 25

Sketches of Mission Life in Oregon.

SKETCHES OF MISSION LIFE IN OREGON.

18mo., pp. 229. Price..... \$0 21

SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND YOUTH'S LIBRARY,
Published by Carlton & Phillips, 229 Mulberry-street, N. Y.

James Baird [ol.com.cn](http://www.digitallibrary.com.cn)

JAMES BAIRD: or, the Basket-Maker's Son. By the author of "Father Johnson," "Thoughts of Heaven," "The Prince Family," etc.
18mo., pp. 144. Price \$0 21

Paris: Ancient and Modern.

PARIS: ANCIENT AND MODERN.
18mo., pp. 212. Price \$0 25

Stories of School-Boys.

STORIES OF SCHOOL-BOYS. Second Series.
18mo., pp. 236. Price \$0 26

Old Crag.

OLD CRAG: or, the Alison Family. An Authentic Tale of Rural and Factory Life. By a Minister.
18mo., pp. 216. Price \$0 24

The Kitten in the Well.

THE KITTEN IN THE WELL: or, One Sinner destroyeth much Good. By FATHER WILLIAM.
18mo., pp. 84. Price \$0 17

Marcey, the Apple-Woman's Son.

MARCEY, THE APPLE-WOMAN'S SON. A true Narrative.
18mo., pp. 54. Price \$0 15

Blooming Hopes and Withered Joys.

BLOOMING HOPES AND WITHERED JOYS. By Rev. J. T. BARR, author of "Recollections of a Minister," "Merchant's Daughter," etc.
18mo., pp. 286. Price \$0 30

Stories of Italy.

STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF ITALY.
18mo., pp. 303. Price \$0 30

www.libtool.com.cn

.

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

MAR 17 1954

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn