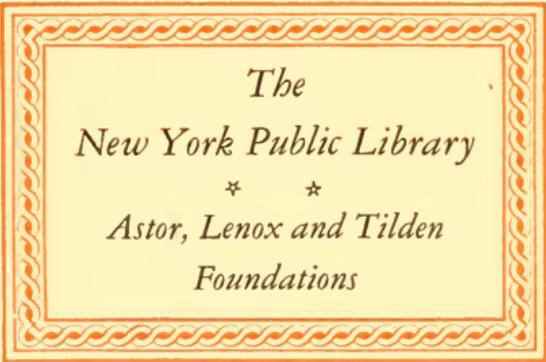


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JOHN W. FRANCIS, M. D., LL. D.

A

BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAY.

BY

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

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John W. Francis

OLD NEW YORK:

OR,

REMINISCENCES

OF

THE PAST SIXTY YEARS.

BY

JOHN W. FRANCIS, M. D., LL. D.

WITH

A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.



NEW YORK:

W. J. WIDDLETON, PUBLISHER.

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BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAY.

JOHN WAKEFIELD FRANCIS was born the year of Washington's inauguration as first President of the Republic, and died the year that witnessed the outbreak of the Slaveholders' Rebellion. Few American citizens, unconnected officially with public affairs, were more identified, through sympathy and intelligence, with the development of the country, during the important period indicated, than Dr. Francis. In some respects he stood alone, and represented a social interest and a phase of American character of which few types remain.

We are unwilling, therefore, that the mere statement of technical honors and professional services should be the sole record of so useful, honorable, and genial a life; while those who had occasion to know personally his benevolent activity, were admitted to his confidence, or had frequent experience of his affectionate ministry in suffering, and candid zeal in the offices of friendship, will welcome a sincere tribute to his memory, however inadequate.

The external programme of his life, and the recorded data of his professional career, are briefly these:—

He was born on the 17th of November, 1789, in the city of New York, whither his father had emigrated from Nuremberg, in Germany, six years previous. His mother was a Philadelphia lady, of Swiss origin. Of his school-days we have a glimpse in his Recollections of Irving, wherewith he entertained the New York Historical Society

at the meeting held to do honor to that endeared author's memory :

“I was a boy at the same school with young Irving in 1797, now some fifty-two years ago. The institution was a male seminary, situated on John street, next to the Methodist meeting-house, and in the vicinity of the renowned John street Theatre. I remember well the elementary books scattered about, so characteristic of a common English school at that period: the *Columbian Orator* of Bingham, and *Hamilton Moore's Monitor*; the *Schoolmaster's Assistant* of Dilworth, and the *Arithmetic* of Pike, with here and there a copy of *Dytel's English Dictionary*. In those days ballads, on printed slips or folded in octavo half-sheets, were widely sold in the streets, and many found their way into the schoolroom; some attributed to Burns and Alexander Wilson, some of Dibdin's famous songs; and Mrs. Rowson's ‘*America*,’ ‘*Commerce*,’ and ‘*Freedom*,’ were in the hands of many scholars. It may be that the patriotism of the times, in Adams' administration against the French, led to the distribution or toleration of this kind of literature among the boys. The leading teacher was ever insisting on the importance of rhetoric, and striving to make everybody a Cicero; he assigned to Irving the heroic lines, ‘My voice is still for war;’ while I, nearly seven years younger, was given, for rhetorical display, ‘Pity the sorrows of a poor old man.’ The Principal stuck earnestly to Dilworth, while the Assistant, for his section of instruction, held to Noah Webster; the slender duodecimo volume of *Morse's Geography* was in use. There was a special teacher of elocution, by the name of Milne; he was the compiler of a book entitled ‘*The Well-Bred Scholar*;’ a man of taste and a dramatic writer, if not an actor.”*

* Irving Memorial, pp. 53-60.

The death of his father made it incumbent upon the son, even in boyhood, to seek an occupation whereby his widowed mother might be aided in the support of her family; and, in accordance with a literary instinct and an intuitive sympathy with Franklin's early discipline, he became an apprentice to a well-known printer of his native city—Mr. George Long. In a brief period, however, he was enabled to resume his studies, under the direction of two accomplished graduates of Trinity College, Dublin—Rev. George Strebeck and Rev. George Conroy—by whom he was fitted for Columbia College, and entered an advanced class in 1807; from this institution he received the degree of A. B. two years after, and that of M. D. in 1812. He commenced the study of medicine while an undergraduate with Dr. David Hosack.

During his student-life he established the American Medical and Philosophical Register, for four years a valuable repertory of science and biography; long the partner of the celebrated Dr. Hosack, and the first individual who received a degree from the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, at the very outset of his professional career he became identified with the educational system and the scientific journalism of the country.

In 1813 he was appointed lecturer on the Institutes of Medicine in the College of Physicians and Surgeons; and when that institution was merged in the Medical Department of Columbia College, he was called to the chair of *Materia Medica*, and with characteristic liberality declined all fees for the first course of lectures, in order to spare the then inadequate treasury of the college. In order to complete his professional education, he soon visited Europe, and enjoyed the instruction, the society, and, in several instances, the warm friendship of the prominent scientific men of the Old World, including Cuvier, Denon, and Gall, in Paris; Gregory, Playfair, Bell, and Brewster, in

Edinburgh; and Rees and Abernethy in London; he contributed to the former's Cyclopædia on American topics, and was offered a partnership in medical practice by the latter.

Upon his return to New York, Dr. Francis was appointed Professor of the Institutes of Medicine; in 1817, of Medical Jurisprudence; and in 1819, of Obstetrics and Forensic Medicine. Having filled these various and responsible situations with signal ability and to the great pleasure and satisfaction of both the Faculty and students, Dr. Francis resigned them successively, and devoted himself thenceforth to the practice of his profession, wherein, for half a century, he exercised a remarkable and benign influence, and endeared himself to countless families among us, and to more than our generation. In 1822, in conjunction with Drs. Beck and Dyckman, he edited *The New York Medical and Surgical Journal*.

Dr. Francis married, November 16th, 1829, a daughter of Sheriff Cutler, of Boston; she is a descendant of Sir Jervis Cutler, of England, and a sister of the late Rev. Dr. Cutler, of Brooklyn; a grand-niece of General Francis Marion, and related to the celebrated Charlotte Corday. Her mother was a friend of General Washington and of many of the distinguished heroes of the Revolution, by whom she was highly esteemed. General Sullivan wrote a sketch of her.*

Dr. Francis held important offices in connection with all our public charities and literary Societies, and his name is indissolubly and gratefully associated with the Bellevue Hospital, the Woman's Hospital, the State Inebriate Asylum, the Typographical, Horticultural, Fine Arts, Ethnological, and Historical Societies.† He was second President of the New York Academy of Medicine (1847), and

* Appendix I.

† Appendix II.

before each of these and many other humane, literary, and scientific bodies, he delivered memorable addresses, illustrative of their respective objects—which, with his contributions to medical literature and the record of his personal reminiscences, form a unique and valuable as well as interesting monument of his patriotic zeal and industry, and a precious source of local and characteristic information.* Dr. Francis died the 8th February, 1861, in the full possession of his faculties, surrounded by those most dear to him, sustained by faith, and deeply mourned by the poor, to whom he had so long gratuitously ministered, by the lovers of knowledge, of original character, of manly zeal, of disinterested sympathy, and genuine probity.

II.

It was long deemed inconsistent with the self-reliance and humanitarian sentiment of republican and democratic faith, to lay much stress upon genealogical claims, in tracing the lives of those born and bred in loyalty thereto. We may detect, in such memoirs, a tendency to the other extreme, and an affectation of indifference to any other lineage than that which wit and honesty redeem. But among other secondary influences of progress in liberal tastes and scientific truth, is the new interest in race and family as related to character; and now we sedulously examine and candidly indicate the true details of progeniture, not from pride of birth, but as ethnological evidence. The Gallic blood of Sydney Smith explains the buoyant and genial vein that so pleasantly modified his Saxon sense; and much that is characteristic in Moore and Macaulay becomes more intelligibly so by virtue of their Irish

* Appendix III.

and Scotch origin. On the same principle it is interesting to refer the individuality of traits and temperament which made Dr. Francis what is called a character, to his ancestral home. His father, Melchior Francis, was one of fourteen children, and, as we have seen, emigrated from Nuremburg to New York at the close of the Revolutionary War; and so natural was the association, so agreeable to himself and suggestive to his friends, that more than one of them selected a picture of the old city as the most acceptable souvenir to bring him from Europe, in token of affectionate remembrance. A view of Nuremburg, for many years, hung on the walls of his chamber; he was accustomed to regard it with peculiar interest; and of no spot in Germany did he question travellers with such zest. While the physique, mental organization, *naïve* integrity, and domestic aptitude of the Doctor, identified him with the German character, and constituted the points of difference between him and more prevalent qualities of other natives of New York who traced their descent from Dutch, English, or Huguenot ancestors; there was a striking analogy between the particular community to which his father originally belonged, and his own disposition and tendencies. No one with a sympathetic imagination, acquainted with the picturesque and venerable city, and intimate with Dr. Francis, could fail to associate them harmoniously together. Local attachment and respect for honest labor was so characteristic of Nuremburg, that it was and is still designated as the Burgher City; and it would be difficult to point out a native of New York—a city pre-eminently cosmopolitan—in recent times, who so rarely preserved and so uniquely represented this old, loyal public spirit and enthusiastic probity of the Burgher; by whom the traditions, the credit, the prosperity, and the local associations of his birthplace, were endeared, defended, and enjoyed. with a relish and a fidel-

ity scarcely to be imagined in our age and country, proverbially diffusive in sentiment and migratory by habit. The aspect, history, and associations of the place and people, are singularly congenial to the antecedent probabilities of such a character. The favorable position of Nuremberg made it, of old, the centre of trade; and although this has long since been diverted, its trophies remain and conserve the social type and the physical features which make it one of the most complete illustrations of ancient municipal life and labor. Towers, gables, a mart, escutcheons of trade, evidences of primitive skill and industry, a venerable but comfortable physiognomy, a quaint, patient, honest air, elaborate carvings—use and rectitude more than elegance and luxury—combine to impress the observant visitor, and cause him to remember the “Gothic Athens” as the most complete and authentic relic of mediæval art, domesticity, and skill. Cities, like men, have their natural language, and to the poetic mind convey an idea of human adaptation so distinct, that it seems inevitable that religious art should have flourished in Seville and Florence, theology in Germany, sculpture in Athens, and maritime adventure in Genoa. We are apt to forget that cause and effect are often reversed in such speculations, so naturally does a sense of the appropriate warrant these inferences; and, on the same principle, it seems impossible that any other city but London could have nurtured Lamb and Dr. Johnson, that Raphael could have painted as he did out of Rome, or Chateaubriand been other than a Breton. Albert Durer, the quaint and holy limner; Hans Sachs, the inspired cobbler; Casper Hauser, the exceptional and mysterious specimen of anomalous human development, fitly blend their memories with the architecture, the life, and the natural language of Nuremberg. And how aptly does Ruskin’s interpretation of this language associate itself with the faithful,

honest, loving, trustful, laborious, and genial qualities of Dr. Francis ; “Nuremberg,” says the art-critic, “has an air of contented, quaint domesticity. It is evident that they (the inhabitants) were affectionate and trustworthy ; that they had playful fancy. There is no exalted grandeur in their city ; but an imaginative homeliness, mingled with some elements of melancholy and power, and a few even of grace.”

III.

A visit to Europe is to all intelligent Americans, and especially to those inspired by intellectual enthusiasm, a memorable event ; but facility of travel has made it, of late years, so common an experience as to disenchant the record of novelty and romance. Yet, before the era of Atlantic Steam Navigation, to professional men, scholars, and imaginative travelers, a visit to the Old World was regarded as a high privilege, enjoyed by comparatively few, and affording opportunities for knowledge and observation that could not be too highly prized or fondly remembered. The opening sentence of the Sketch-Book seems now like a tradition, so difficult is it to realize the significance of Irving's declaration, that “to an American visiting Europe the *long voyage* he has to make is an excellent preparation.”

No small part of the student-life of our young countrymen is now passed in the hospitals of Paris and the lecture-rooms of Germany ; and acquaintance with foreign modes, methods, and facilities in education, is deemed a requisite means of discipline and culture : but when Dr. Francis went abroad, it was, comparatively speaking, an unusual advantage, and the better appreciated by him as occurring when experience in his profession and mature intellectual sympathies, made him alive to all the sources

of instruction and motives for inquiry. Familiar with the whole range of medical science and of literary taste in his own country, he carried to Europe the most ardent American feeling, with the truest reverence for the shrines, the resources, and the expositors of science and letters, in the Old World. The period of his visit was one of remarkable historical interest. The Navy of the United States had renewed their *prestige* abroad by a series of brilliant victories over the greatest maritime power in existence; the proud star of Napoleon had begun to wane; the pregnant reforms and discoveries of the nineteenth century were opening new vistas of truth, and new hopes for humanity; in politics, scientific literature, and society, fresh impulse had been given to liberal ideas and ameliorations in law, education, the exploration of Nature, and the cause of humanity. Brougham and Horner were parliamentary leaders; Robert Burns had recently died; Sir Humphrey Davy in chemistry, Erskine and Romilly in legal reform, and Byron in poetry, had awakened a spirit of reaction and vitality which marked a progressive epoch; and to one constituted like Dr. Francis, the sight of these men, whose American reputation had been aptly compared to the verdict of a "kind of living posterity," was fraught with the deepest interest. He sought and found encouragement, in his special sphere of inquiry, in the luminous expositions of Sir Astley Cooper, Brand, and Pearson, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in London; of John Hunter; of Cuvier, and Denon, at Paris; Gregory and Sir David Brewster, at Edinburgh. He listened to Bell's anatomical illustrations, talked with Herschell, joined the levees of Sir Joseph Banks, heard Horner speak in the House of Commons, attended the meetings of the Royal Society, and saw Gall dissect a human brain. He was in Edinburgh in the palmy days of the Friday Club, when a "striking sermon by Alison and a beautiful review by

Jeffrey" were the excitements of the week; and when the kindly, rhyming, jesting, and project-loving Dr. Alexander Duncan was in the flower of his green old age, and who must have been a medical original after his own heart; for it is observed by one of his biographers that his "scientific ambition, charitable restlessness, and social cheerfulness, made him thrust himself into every thing through a long life;" that he climbed to Arthur's Seat every May-day, until past eighty, to indite tributary verses; was president of a bathing society, fond of gardens, a botanist, and always writing epitaphs, his own being adopted from Macbeth—"Duncan is in his grave." Scott's fame as a poet was giving way to his higher renown in prose fiction; Joanna Baillie's plays were a new revelation of female genius; John Hunter's anatomical museum was creating an era in practical science; physiological studies had begun to modify metaphysical theories; Crabbe had initiated the appeal of literature for humble life and needs, since so triumphantly culminating in the humane genius of Dickens; West and Allston had won respect for American votaries of art, and Leslie had just commenced his genial career. Of the companions of Dr. Francis in his attendance on the London lectures, Dr. Peter Mark Roget, since so well known for his ingenious and useful "Thesaurus," is the only survivor; and through mutual friends and correspondence, the benign London physician kept alive to the last this pleasant association with the medical Nestor of New York. Every incident of his visit abroad, and his intercourse with the leading men of the time, remained vividly impressed upon his mind; the anecdotes and associations thus gleaned were constantly reproduced in his conversation, and inspired the most glowing reminiscences.

IV.

The scenes of a man's life are as requisite to an adequate view of his character, as the frame of a picture and the proper distance and light whereby to examine it. Every human being is more or less the subject of local influences, and his convictions and habitudes are insensibly modified by his surroundings. Accordingly, the place where and the people among whom, a life-drama is enacted, are elaborately described and discussed in all memoirs that aspire to intellectual and moral portraiture; and if this course is wise and needful as a general rule, it is imperatively so in the present instance; for rarely does a professional man, and especially an American citizen, so fondly and fully enter into and celebrate the place of his nativity and abode as did Dr. Francis the city where he lived and died; a vigilant spectator of her growth, an indefatigable explorer of her past, a pervading life in her present, and an enthusiastic prophet of her future, no one knew and felt more pride and interest in the place of his nativity, or cherished a more earnest desire that his name should be identified with its illustrious memories.

He was her living chronicle, her staunch advocate, her traditional oracle; he knew her story by heart; he loved her eminent sons, and gloried in her prosperity; he keenly appreciated her natural advantages of position, soil, and climate; her institutions, her renown, and her destiny were singularly dear to him; into her social life, in its every form and phase, he had intimately entered; of her prominent citizens he had made a scientific study. During half a century, by day and night, in sunshine and storm, he had traversed her streets, not one of which was devoid of memorable associations; in all her old family mansions he had been an honored guest, and every

churchyard held the remains of his loved or admired companions ; her preachers and doctors, merchant-princes and humorists, he could portray to the life ; and by virtue of this strong local attachment, a tenacious memory, and a relish for observation and analysis, he found here a scene fraught with intense human significance, dramatic effects, and inexhaustible reminiscence. And when we consider the local changes he witnessed and the characters he knew, and glance at New York from his birth to his death, is it surprising that he found therein such material and motive for love and knowledge ?

When Dr. Francis was a boy, Chambers street, where he first opened his office, was the limit of the thickly-settled part of the city ; Trinity and St. Paul's Churches marked the populous centre ; around the Battery, and in Wall street (where but one bank then existed), and the parallel streets, dwelt the aristocracy ; and the bridge where Canal street now is, formed the usual boundary of evening walks ; the Battery was the fashionable promenade ; around Murray Hill were farms and woodlands ; Broadway was not paved above Vesey street ; preaching in the Dutch language was in vogue ; Harlem was a distant village ; mails from New England and Albany arrived and departed only twice a week ; there were but two newspapers published ; water was a marketable commodity ; and the streets were imperfectly lighted by oil-lamps. A copy of the New York Directory, dated the year of his birth, is a pamphlet of eighty pages ; and the contrast it presents to Trow's last volume, is one of the most striking evidences of the increase of population, then estimated at thirty thousand ; while a glance at its contents reveals familiar names, and indicates who then represented society and official life. Rufus King and Theodore Sedgwick were prominent members of Congress ; John Jay, Secretary of Foreign Affairs ; Henry Knox, Secretary of War ;

George Clinton, Governor of the State ; Philip Schuyler, Senator ; Robert Livingston, Chancellor ; and James Duane, Mayor. Among the lawyers are the names of Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr, Depeyster, Verplanck, Morris, and Bogert. Among the citizens we find the names of Brevoort, Betts, Berrian, Bleecker, Cruger, Edgar, Duyckinck, Delafield, Goelet, Rhineland, Hoffman, Lawrence, Ludlow, Murray, Ogden, Pintard, Roosevelt, Remsen, Schermerhorn, Varick, Vanderbilt, Van Zandt, Waddington, and Wilkes. There were gold and silver-smiths' societies and mechanics' guilds. The inn kept by Fraunces, where Washington lodged and took leave of his officers, Arnold's residence, the Walton House, Pitt's statue, the Indian Queen, famous for tea-parties, the old Sugar-House, infamous as the scene of British cruelty to American prisoners, and Kip's country-house, where André dined with Sir Henry Clinton before starting on his fatal expedition, were the familiar landmarks ; fortifications built by the English, customs initiated by the Dutch, and fresh memories and characters of the Revolutionary War, made prominent the historical associations of the scene. In regard to the latter Dr. Francis remarked :—

“ How often have I cast a lingering look at many of these worthies in their movements through the public ways, during the earlier period of this city, with here and there a Continental tri-cornered hat over their venerable fronts, a sight no less gratifying to the beholder than the fragrant wild rose scattered through the American forest. I am not now to tell you what species of knowledge these men diffused among the people, and what doctrines on liberty they espoused ; versed as they were in the school of experience, they could utter nothing but wisdom.”

The city was not then connected with the interior of the State and the vast West, by that great system of canal navigation whereby its commercial importance and growth

were so wonderfully increased; neither was it accessible from the islands by incessant steam ferriage. Not then did each evening's journal contain fresh news from the most distant parts of the continent through telegraphic communication. The large and sumptuous hotels, now so prominent a feature, were unknown; cheap journalism and a complete system of public instruction, ranging from the elementary schools to the higher course of the Free Academy, were not established. Nor had New York become the cosmopolitan metropolis it is now; a large colony of Italian organists and image-venders, bowed figures of patient Chinamen at street corners, crowds of newly-arrived German peasants, long processions of Irish, a marvellous Firemen's organization, cafés after the French model, beir-gardens like those of Frankfort or Vienna, foreign book-stores and print-shops, opera troupes, a Parisian company of actors, and other signs of Oriental and European civilization, had not made the Island of Manhattan an epitome of the world; nor had the enterprising and intelligent New Englanders so prominently encroached upon Knickerbocker repose and economies. It is a pleasing evidence of the liberal tone of the Doctor's mind, and the comprehensiveness of his sympathies, that these exotic elements awakened no jealous comment, notwithstanding his local partialities. A younger member of the St. Nicholas Society remonstrated, with a natural sensitiveness to the neglected claims of his birthplace, against the overshadowing record of the Puritan invaders, and sturdily maintained his ancestral superiority in the hospitable amenities of life: "Our graceless Knickerbockers," he observed, "danced round a May-pole in the Bow-erie, while the Puritan Anglo-Saxons burned witches at Salem. The Norman refugees to this Huguenot asylum, and the planters of this Holland colony, whose commingled blood flows in the veins of the children of St. Nicholas,

have left the creoles of New York no claim to the glories which we cheerfully accord to other sections of the colonial stock of America on the score of genuine Anglo-Saxon and Puritan descent."* But so large was the tolerance and so vivid the humanity of Dr. Francis, that while he was justly considered a thorough representative of the Knickerbocker character,—to whom the New Year's festival, as characteristic of his father's Nuremberg home as of Dutch hospitality, and his old friend Clement Moore's household rhymes of Santa Claus, with the annual schnapps and pipes of this local saint, brought such genial inspiration,—he yet thoroughly enjoyed the thrifty and intellectual example of the Yankee, welcomed the persecuted foreigner, and found delight in the spectacle of variety of race and customs, of excitements and phenomena which transformed, before his eyes, the town, where every one he met was an acquaintance, into the kaleidoscope of modern New York. Indeed, he recognized this expansive destiny in the natural advantages of the island, whose bay and climate Verazzano eulogized centuries ago, and whose noble river Hudson laid open to the Dutch West India Company, whence dates her commercial development. These divers associations only knit the bond of nativity in and identity with New York more strongly. To him, the Jay homestead at Bedford was as endeared because of its Huguenot as the Stuveysant estate for its Dutch traditions; the Tory families of Westchester, the old Episcopal exclusiveness, the wise Rabbis of the Synagogue, and the proscribed Unitarian from Boston, found their due historical and social consideration in his retrospective thought; and the arrival of a Japanese embassy or the Prince of Wales made him a holiday as well as the festivals of St. Nicholas; and loyal as he was to old New York, and

* Address before the St. Nicholas Society, by C. F. Hoffman.

proud of Motley's splendid vindication of the Dutch character, he none the less cheerfully grew cosmopolitan with the modern city; and only protested, with a magnetic zeal, alike individual and persuasive, that her Past should not be forgotten amid the absorbing claims of her Present, and the expanding promise of her Future.

To some of us, indeed, accustomed to regard New York as a place of sojourn rather than a home, where the floating population, the mixed society, and the absence of local public spirit, make the changeful and crowded city appear more like a vast bivouac than a permanent centre of municipal life,—it was a memorable experience to walk at night through Broadway, sail about the bay, or ride in the suburbs, with Dr. Francis; so reminiscent a *cicerone* made the familiar scene grow mellow with the light of the Past, and assume a new and contemplative interest. At the Battery he would speak of his first recollection of the spot as that where he waited and watched, with a kind of solemn impatience, as an expectant urchin, for the funeral procession in honor of Washington; and glancing at the range of adjacent dwellings, recall the families, once exclusive representatives of society, and the eminent individuals who had here dispensed hospitality. Now it was a breakfast at Burr's suburban mansion at Richmond Hill, the site of Varick and Laight streets, by the river-side; and now the mansion of Madame Jumel, on Washington Heights, that he caused to reappear, with their long departed *habitués*, in the magic glass of Memory. At Trinity and St. Paul's, he would relate characteristic anecdotes of Alexander Hamilton and George Frederic Cooke, as he designated their tombs. Where once stood the City Hotel, famous balls, concerts, club-dinners, and naval achievements there celebrated, were vivaciously discussed, with the renowned personages who lent dignity and attraction to the scene. Here he would invoke the hero of one of

Halleck's Croaker lyrics, and quote a jest or describe a caricature ; there he had chatted with Baron Steuben ; the monuments of Lawrence, Montgomery, Emmet, and the Prison-ship martyrs, suggested minute remembrances of gallantry, posthumous honors, and Irish eloquence ; in St. John's Park, he celebrated the various trees distributed according to the counsels of Simond, the Swiss traveller ; in Washington Square, moralized over the victims of Pestilence there buried, when the umbrageous spot was used as a Potter's Field. Where Kip's Garden once flourished, he delighted to recall the first specimen of the Rosa Gallica, presented as a botanic trophy to Washington ; Weehawken revived the name of Sands ; and the portrait of Perry, in the Governor's Room, brought back the piquant narrations of Jarvis ; at Staten Island, the bequest whereby that noble charity, the Sailor's Snug Harbor, is maintained, inspired wonderful contrasts between the past and present value of land ; the belfry of the old church, now used as a post-office, became a shrine as he descanted on Franklin's electric experiments therein ; where once stood a printer's office of the olden time, he told of the early editions of the Federalist and the first numbers of Salmagundi, and their eager readers ; and where Cobbett lived, he dwelt upon agricultural enterprise and political radicalism, describing his cabbages, virulence, and newspaper squibs.

Next to the educational, the Doctor rejoiced in the sanitary progress of his native city. If he was never weary in laudations of the Historical Society edifice and the liberal endowment and efficiency of the Cooper Institute, no citizen was more enthusiastic over what he deemed the most precious blessings afforded by the metropolis to her vast population, by the Croton Aqueduct and the Central Park ; while few cherished more pensive yet grateful memories of Greenwood than he who had beheld the origin and growth of this beautiful city of the dead,

as a result of years of protest against intermural interments, and advocacy of commemorative sepulture—a spot too soon hallowed as the last resting-place of his first-born, and where his own mortal remains now repose. No evidence of the fitness of rural cemeteries, as adapted to soften the pangs of bereavement, is more striking than the facility with which the contemplative mind is thus enabled to blend the sentiment of Nature with the thought of mortality. “The rays of a vernal sun,” said the affectionate professional eulogist of Dr. Francis, “are already falling upon his tomb; they will call forth to renewed life the flowers that the hand of affection have planted there, but they can never reanimate his lifeless form. The amaranth will grow above him, and mingle its regal flowers with the deep green of the graphalium. Mosses and lichens, emblems of immortality, will find root there, clothing the mound with ever-living green. And yet he who, during life, was always so quick to appreciate the attentions of his friends, will ever sleep on in senseless apathy beneath. The foot-falls of the living will be frequent above his head, but they will not disturb his slumber. The birds of spring will warble, the winds will sigh, the waves of the bay will break upon the shore with heavy beat, and slow rain-drops will patter upon leaves, and all the rural sounds to which he once delighted to listen will go on as ever in the world above, but all will be silence in his world below. His noble heart, which was always moved in sympathy by the woes of others, is forever at rest. The hand that dispensed so many charities is palsied forever.”*

* Dr. Valentine Mott.—Discourse before the N. Y. Academy of Medicine.

V.

An unprofessional estimate of medical skill and methods rarely deserving of much consideration, as the success of quackery and the fanatical devotion of patients to certain physicians and systems, prove; and yet there is no little truth in the proverb which asserts that every man who is not his own physician at forty, is a fool. It is only in an extravagant way of saying that experience and common sense are of infinite value in the treatment of disease and the care of health; and if these are safe guides in adapting alleviating means to the individual constitution, they are no less authentic standards of judgment as to the character and processes of medical practitioners. Probably no American physician was ever regarded from more extreme points of partiality and prejudice than Dr. Francis; the fact, to those familiar with the philosophy of local reputation and of character, is the best evidence of original merit: only those who have the intellect to conceive and the courage to follow vigorous and intelligent principles, are subject to such diversity of opinion; the devotee of precedent, the theoretical bigot, and the compromising and conciliating votary of any and all the liberal professions, enjoys a certain mediocre respectability, and therefore excites neither warm commendation nor severe criticism; he is like the negative characters whom Dante's guide refused to discuss, and disposed of with a passing look. There are two noteworthy facts in the career of Dr. Francis which attest his fidelity to the honest convictions he had derived from long and patient observation of disease: no member of the profession was so often called upon in an exigency, when the ordinary resources of the healing art had failed; and no one longer retained the confidence of patients whose existence depended on watch-

ful and wise ministrations. It is a trick of the trade, where this noble art is degraded thereto, to countenance, and often to originate, popular notions of some exclusive and dangerous method whereby successful physicians make their way. Usually there is but slender foundation for a charge so detrimental to a rational practice—when investigated, it often proves a slander; yet it is one that requires no little ability and patience to counteract; for once let the belief prevail that a medical man has but one idea—that he swabs the throat of every one who consults him, with nitrate of silver—that he has no faith in any remedy but emetics, or counter-irritation, or calomel, or hydropathy—and forthwith a large number ostracize him as incompetent or irrational. The well-known resort to depletion in the practice of Dr. Francis, after fashion and new systems had caused that once-recognized resource to be comparatively abandoned, caused him to be regarded by many as the Sangrado of the profession; whereas, those intimately acquainted with his opinions and habits, are well aware that to very few old-school physicians was the lancet a more judicious resource—that few used it with so clear and cautious an insight, with greater reference to constitutional peculiarities, or were more firm in resisting its application against the dictates of sound judgment. He postponed bleeding, except in critical emergencies, until other means had failed to produce the desired result; and the number of instances wherein his professional brethren acknowledged that this seasonable though sometimes hazardous remedy had saved human life, he having taken the responsibility of the experiment, evidence the truth and wisdom of his course. But a more striking indication thereof is the still greater number of instances where, having urged this measure in vain, he foretold, with an accuracy that seemed prophetic, the inevitable consequence of its neglect. The excitement born

of climate, social competition, political and financial fevers, the luxurious living, neglect of exercise, and lack of repose and self-denial, which are normal traits of American life, especially in our large cities, increase, year by year, the class of diseases which arise from superabundant or abnormal fluids; a system of local and temporary alleviations by means of small but continuous narcotic doses had encroached upon the old practice, which undoubtedly erred in the other extreme of excessive mercurial drugs, until the number of deaths ascribed to the convenient and indefinite "disease of the heart," became a feature in our statistics of mortality; that this result was, in a great measure, owing to the neglect of active treatment, is apparent to every candid observer, and is also demonstrated by the frequency of inflammation and subsequent effusion whereby acute attacks of a congestive nature, susceptible of immediate relief by judicious depletion, assume a chronic character, until the vital powers succumb to dropsy or paralysis. Such is the evidence of medical records during thirty years in the sphere of Dr. Francis's professional toil; and it should be duly considered, when uninformed critics of his practice ascribe to it an undue reliance on the lancet. To those acquainted with his patients, or who have had personal experience of his skill and devotion, no such argument is requisite. Dr. Bedford remarks: "He was a man of impulse, and yet that impulse was under the control of a matured and well-balanced intellect. His convictions of truth were not arrived at without great deliberation, and hence he was slow to surrender opinions once formed. He belonged to what may emphatically be termed the antiphlogistic school of medicine. While perfectly familiar, through his habits of industry, with the mutations which the minds of many scientific men had undergone within the last twenty years touching the therapeutics of disease, yet he was steadfast in

his original faith, and repudiated, as altogether untenable, the modern stimulating and expectant method. In conversation on the subject, his eye would sparkle, and his tongue articulate with that marked emphasis always the offspring of the conviction of right: 'Sir,' he would say, 'I respect Nature, and her conservative powers--no one has a more solid faith in the *vis medicatrix naturæ* than myself; but when she is oppressed by serious pathological derangements, and the issue is life or death, then should the conscientious physician strike a timely and effective blow.' As a practitioner of medicine, he enjoyed the confidence of the community, and was rewarded for his labors by ample patronage. To many of his professional brethren, his death will prove a serious loss; he was the common centre around which they were accustomed to revolve; and in cases of anxiety and doubt, his experience and counsel were eagerly invoked."*

Perhaps the branch of medical science which insures to a faithful and capable practitioner the richest harvest of affection and gratitude, is Obstetrics; and no name is more endeared to some of the oldest New York families—in some instances to the third generation—than that of Dr. Francis, for his eminent skill and humanity in this branch of his profession. Another field of medical usefulness in which he acquired peculiar confidence was the care of those advanced in life; he succeeded, in innumerable cases, in calling into action recuperative powers, and in making less intolerable the decay of nature in many venerable and some illustrious patients, whose attachment for the man testified their obligations to the physician. Dr. Francis believed in cheering his patients, and sometimes wounded the self-love of valetudinarians by conversing gayly on

* Address before the New York County Medical Society, by Gunning S. Bedford, M. D.

things in general, instead of their case in particular. He was, indeed, too comprehensive and too much in earnest, to flatter the morbid self-consciousness of the victims of a sickly fancy rather than of positive disease; it required the latter to arouse his keen attention and enlist his most intelligent sympathy. It was for a real conflict, not a sham battle, that he buckled on his armor; and then no physician excelled him in vigilance, caution, care, and humanity. The late President Duer used to relate, with much unction, the impression he received of these traits, when lying speechless, but conscious, under a stroke of paralysis so alarming that, when Dr. Francis was called in, little hope was entertained by the other physicians, previously in attendance, of his recovery. "Hour after hour," said his patient, "through days and nights, I saw his eye watching every symptom; my pulse was constantly under his finger, and it seemed to me as if he intuitively adapted each means and measure to my precise condition at the moment, so as to encourage to the utmost extent vital reaction, and tax to the least the prostrate bodily energies. I can only compare his vigilance over the flickering flame, to a cat watching a mouse." This intuitive cognizance of the laws of life and of disease, according to the testimony of one of his most intelligent medical friends, was as characteristic of his mind as of his practice; and in one instance he distinctly stated, as a conjecture, what three years after was established as a discovery in physiological science.

Dr. Francis was a great advocate of cheerfulness and sympathetic vivacity in a practitioner; few physicians have better exemplified the wisdom of Dr. Brown's professional advice: "Let me tell you, my young doctor-friends, that a cheerful face and step, and neckcloth, and button-hole, and an occasional hearty and kindly joke, a power of executing and setting a going a good laugh, are stock in our

trade not to be despised. The merry heart does good, like a medicine. Your pompous man and your selfish man don't laugh much or care for laughter; it discomposes the fixed grandeur of the one, and has little room in the heart of the other, who is literally self-contained. My Edinburgh readers will recall many excellent jokes of their doctors—'Lang Sandie Wood,' Dr. Henry Davidson, our Guy Patin, etc.'**

To the novice it is, indeed, one of the anomalies of the medical profession, and a circumstance that, more than any other, seems to justify that growing incredulity which refuses to accept it as a strictly scientific and reduce it to an experimental vocation—that such a discrepancy, both of theory and practice, should prevail in regard to some of the most effective processes, whether good or evil, to which physicians resort. The treatment of Cavour is condemned to-day, as was that of Washington years ago. It is certainly a significant fact that three of the best-known medical men in New England† have published very sensible and readable works, the perusal of which leaves upon every candid mind a strong impression of the inadequate and limited resources of the healing art; while one demonstrates that disease is self-limited, and advocates the least possible interference therewith, another discusses the efficacy of the most prominent remedial agents in order to indicate how often the remedy is worse than the disease; while a third expresses the deliberate conviction that if all drugs, with two or three exceptions, were thrown into the sea, the health of mankind would be vastly promoted. But this apparent skepticism—the result of experience and the lessons it imparts to honest and judicious minds—instead of invalidating, confirms the claims of the profession, as

* *Horæ Subsecivæ*, by John Brown, M. D.

† James Jackson, Jacob Bigelow, and O. W. Holmes.

such, by proving that hygienic means and a knowledge of nature in disease, are essential; and that the counsel and care of a good physician are among the best safeguards and sanctions of social life. And this inference only makes the character and ability of the practitioner of more vital interest. In estimating these, we must take cognizance of the state of medical knowledge and the means of attaining it. Dr. Francis was educated, in the technical sense of the term, before the wonderful triumphs of modern chemistry had added so many specifics to the *materia medica*; in his youth, scientific diagnosis had not reached the precision which every student at the *Hôtel Dieu* may now learn to use and value. But, on the other hand, he enjoyed the advantages of a grand transition era in the history of medicine, felt its inspiration, and profited by its lessons. No American physician better appreciated the anatomical triumphs of Hunter and Bell, the cerebral discoveries of Gall, the physiological investigations of Cuvier, the surgical achievements of Dupuytren, or the common sense applied to medical practice that made John Abernethy so famous. It is a striking evidence of the practical ardor and the eagerness for knowledge that distinguished the youth of Dr. Francis, that the latter physician, then at the height of his renown in London, offered his American visitor a share of his practice; while Dr. Valentine Mott recently stated, to an audience gathered to do honor to the memory of Dr. Francis, that his long friendship with him originated in the observation of his intentness and zeal when a student attending his own lectures. Unprofessional friends of Dr. Francis learned from his conversation the most interesting illustrations of medical practice; for while loyal to the uttermost in respecting the obligations of the Hippocratic oath, he repudiated all affectation of mystery as an obsolete and unworthy concomitant of the big wig, gold-headed cane, and solemn

dignity of the doctors who practised before the school-master was abroad in the world. His memory was stored with professional anecdotes and remarkable cases; of the career and claims of American physicians he was thoroughly cognizant, and could describe their physique and manner, as well as practice, to the life; he could report the last illness of illustrious men, and the treatment adopted, with singular minuteness; and discussed the last days of Napoleon and Byron, or the insanity of George the Third, with the vividness of personal observation. It may be safely declared that no member of the profession, in this country, ever attended so many eminent individuals; and no celebrated man or public benefactor passed away, within his sphere of observation or intercourse, without his utmost investigation of their peculiar ailment, and an examination of their physicians, almost judicial in its thoroughness. He delighted in literary doctors, and talked of Akenside and Garth, Armstrong and Beattie, Radcliffe and Smollet, with the zest of a boon companion.

Dr. Mott is of opinion that the medical life of Dr. Francis "took its principal aim and main direction" from his first teacher and subsequent partner, Dr. Hosack; and that not a few of the more superficial traits of his professional manners and address were derived from the personal magnetism and example of Abernethy. Of the former celebrated physician the same competent authority thus speaks, in reference to the period of that intimacy of work and social life to which he ascribes such permanent influence: "That celebrated man was, at this time, at the height of his fame, doing a large business, enjoying a princely revenue, and living in corresponding style. He was, in truth, among the most eminent medical men, and one of the most able at the bedside, that his country has ever produced, comparing favorably with Duncan and Home, of Edinburgh. In manner he was somewhat harsh

and imperious, surrounding himself with an atmosphere of formality which might be considered affected at the present day ; in practice, a rigid constructionist ; a physician after the strictest sect, who honored and magnified his office, and always looked on the more demonstrative branches of medical science, such as anatomy and surgery, as inferior in dignity to his own more metaphysical pursuits."

The same competent authority thus estimates Dr. Francis's professional character: "As a medical lecturer, Dr. Francis was always an impressive speaker, uniformly animated, and frequently eloquent. Whether he viewed a question analytically or historically, in a professional or secular light, his learning made him equally familiar with it, and his sound common sense enabled him to take the route that led most directly to the point he wished to attain. In the sick-room he was kind and affectionate, but less affected than some physicians. The soft footsteps and kind words with which he approached the bedside were admirable, and at once secured confidence. Though he was not quite as ready in medical practice as men who have had a long hospital experience, yet his prescriptions were eminently scientific and successful. In consultation, when he brought the full powers of his mind to bear on a case, he threw such a flood of light upon it as at once to secure the admiration of his associates. He seemed, in fact, a living library, a walking cyclopædia of knowledge. His opinion was sometimes given with formality, but it was with no more than he believed due to his office."*

The admiration and sympathy with which his eminent teacher and subsequent partner inspired Dr. Francis, is apparent from his allusion to him in his "Old New York," which might stand for a bit of self-portraiture:—

* Dr. Mott's Eulogy.

“It was not unfrequently remarked by our citizens, that Clinton, Hosack, and Hobart, were the tripod on which our city stood. The lofty aspirations of Hosack were further evinced by his whole career as a citizen. Surrounded by his large and costly library, his house was the resort of the learned and enlightened from every part of the world. No traveller from abroad rested satisfied without a personal interview with him; and, at his evening soirées, the literati, the philosopher, and the statesman, the skilful in natural science, and the explorer of new regions, the archæologist and the theologian, met together, participators in the recreation of familiar intercourse.”

Doubtless some of Dr. Francis's convictions in regard to his profession would be deemed obsolete by the young practitioner of to-day; and yet many of these were founded upon long experience, and vindicated by rational induction. As a general rule, it may be said of him that he had no sympathy with those gratuitous expedients whereby a life of mild invalidism is amused into a kind of medical diletantism; he contended that Nature should be relied on, with abstinence and repose, to facilitate her recuperative power, in all cases except where active treatment was indispensable, and then he was opposed to any compromise. He had little sympathy in the modern reliance on violent muscular exercises to obviate the derangement of the vital functions incident to sedentary pursuits, ascribing many organic troubles to this unnatural strain upon the physical energies; moderate exercise, good air, and congenial recreation, he believed far better adapted to secure health than an hour's contortion, which might develop the arms and legs, but would also exhaust rapidly that nervous energy whereon the brain depends for its healthful activity. He has been thought to have retained more of the old-fashioned, conventional emphasis of the physician's rôle than most of his American contemporaries;

but no member of the profession ever so candidly associated its precepts and principles with every-day life; no medical authority could be more accessible and humanitarian; he delighted to identify his *spécialité* with the general welfare, and associate its interests with those of less technical branches of knowledge. Thus, in his discourse to the students of Bellevue Hospital, he traces the history of anatomical investigations in New York from the times of the Dutch to the present day, and makes the course of that science illustrate the social condition of the place and people. "I am so constituted," he naïvely remarks in his Historical Discourse, "that I cannot avoid a notice of our departed medical men, whenever I address New-Yorkers on the subject of their city." This loyalty to his vocation and *esprit du corps* which the Doctor, on all occasions, exhibited, in personal intercourse, literary opportunities, and professional duties, endeared him to his medical brethren, and, despite the proverbial jealousy of rivals in practice, induced a degree of individual affection and posthumous recognition rare in the annals of medical science. Dr. Mott uttered the common sentiment of his fraternity when, at the close of his Eulogy, he thus addressed the spirit of their departed associate: "Gently and lovingly do we take thee in our arms, and tenderly and mournfully do we bear thee away from the companionship of the living, and place thee high on thine own pedestal, among our other illustrious dead. Henceforth thy name and reputation are ours; and this Academy, representing the Genius of Medicine, will guard thy fair fame, even as the angel guarded the gate of Paradise."

The variety of his practice was remarkable as bringing him into relation with every class of people, and affording him a wide range of incidental observation, and every degree and kind of personal sympathy. He had, in the first

place, patients who regarded him as the family friend of years, and manifested a confidence and affection which was as rare as it was beautiful to contemplate; then, he had established such a reputation as a lover of genius, that all who had the most distant claim to that much-abused distinction, laid their infirmities before him; he was the consulting physician of a long-established Life-Insurance Company, and passed an hour daily in Wall street, thus becoming familiar with the excitements and characters of that financial centre; and, during the summer months, constant applications from strangers visiting New York attested the extent of his professional reputation; add to these habitual duties, the number of medical offices he successively filled, and the many poor he attended, and it is evident his sphere embraced every rank of society and all vocations.

There was one requisite of the physician's duty which Dr. Francis possessed and fulfilled in so eminent a degree, that it was recognized almost to the exclusion of every other, when first the news of his death saddened the city of his love and the scene of his long, useful, and benign career: we allude to his benevolence—so constant, patient, and overflowing, as to entitle him to the honors of a public benefactor. His time, skill, and purse, and, above all, his sympathy, were freely and frankly devoted to the relief of human suffering, to an extent and with an alacrity unparalleled in the annals of the American medical profession. Every day his door was besieged by poor patients, who seldom left it without a supply of medicine, food, clothing, or money; some of them were the *protégés* of years; now it was an invalid printer, and now a decayed actor; to-day, a worthy old negro; to-morrow, an over-worked Irish-woman; of that class so difficult to aid, and yet so in need of the most delicate consideration—those “who had seen better days,” and struggled with poverty under the aggra-

vation of refined habits of life and superior education; no physician had more dependent on his generous counsel and care--which holy duty was cheerfully shared by his family, and sometimes by his friends.

Curious were the scenes and incidents to which this lay ministry to the unfortunate gave rise; annual gifts, of humble but gracious value; applications from exiles, peniless scholars, and "landless resolute." So open was his hand to melting charity, that it was never safe for him to carry a full purse; its contents would all disappear in the course of the day, so that he would often have to walk from a distant part of the city, failing to encounter any of the hundreds of omnibus-drivers who knew him too well not to trust him for a ride. That he could never say "No," is the only reproach plausibly made against him; arrogant mendicants have been known to threaten suicide, colporteurs to waylay his path with subscription-papers; while, on the other hand, the "roughs" opened a passage for him to the polls, when they hustled a millionaire, so well attested was his humanity. A member of his own profession, on arriving in the city, having an exalted idea of the Doctor, was disappointed at the facetiousness which happened to be the only quality he exhibited at their first interview. A few days after, accident carried the stranger into the squalid purlieus of the Five Points; and as he was picking his way through the reeking crowds of filth, his steps were arrested by the sight of a poor man, tearfully carrying a little coffin, and Dr. Francis walking bareheaded behind--the only mourner, except its father, for a child he had faithfully attended. This was a new phase of benevolence, and it gave the wondering spectator, as he declared, an indelible and almost sublime impression of the humanity of the good physician.

But the distinctive and noble feature of his professional career was its public spirit. Instead of that absorption in

the lucrative business of a physician, intent only upon his fees, and oblivious of the disinterested claims of a vocation wherein learning and humanity so legitimately blend, Dr. Francis devoted the intervals of his practice to the advancement of medical science as a great social interest. His first course of lectures as professor in a new and unendowed College, were gratuitous; he labored unceasingly in behalf of the several hospitals with which he was officially connected; and the first meeting of the Medical Board of the Bellevue after his decease, when another was obliged to occupy the chair so long and acceptably filled by him, was impressive in the highest degree from the emotion which his old companions, in the administration of this charity, found it impossible to suppress, and which found expression in the most touching, because the most spontaneous, tributes offered to his memory. His name is forever identified with the other prominent institutions of the city and State consecrated to the ministry of Science and Benevolence, either as their active official representative or successful public advocate. Sanitary laws and hygienic improvements found also in him a wise and persistent expositor; no American physician has written and spoken more ably on epidemic and contagious diseases—especially the yellow fever and Asiatic cholera, to the first of which maladies he came near being a victim in boyhood, while, during the prevalence of the latter in New York, his courageous zeal and heroic self-devotion are still remembered with gratitude and honor. All the medical writings of Dr. Francis are of a comprehensive and practical kind—relating to subjects upon which an enlightened public opinion is essential; they were invariably elicited by the needs of society and the profession; and although some of them have lost significance through the progress of scientific knowledge and its general diffusion, to many of them may be traced important reforms in practice, and

in all are found invaluable suggestions. Among them are his treatise on the Use of Mercury (1811); Cases of Morbid Anatomy (1814); Febrile Contagion (1816); Denman's Practice of Midwifery, with Notes (1825); Letter on Cholera Asphyxia (1832); Observations on the Mineral Waters of Avon (1834); and the Anatomy of Drunkenness. He also contributed articles to different medical periodicals on obstetrics, vitriolic emetics in the membranous stage of croup, *Sanguinaria Canadensis*, Iodine, the goître of Western New York and Canada, on medical jurisprudence, yellow fever, death by lightning, caries of the jaws of children, elaterium, and ovarian disease. Of his career before visiting Europe, one of his medical friends observes: "Clear and cogent in his teachings, and free in his diverging utterances to catch up happy and remote conceits, he became a pleasing and popular lecturer. His whole soul was in his work. Between lecturing, visiting patients, and writing for medical quarterlies, he was kept incessantly busy; for at this time, besides his professional duties, he was co-editor, with Hosack, of the *American Medical and Philosophical Register*, founded by them in 1820, and attending to the largest practice then in the city. The receipts from his profession were for many years \$15,000; and considering the fact that at the time he commenced practice, the population of New York was but 68,000 souls, it may well be compared even with the apocryphal sums of more modern days."*

Some of his experiences among the unfortunate would furnish many a thrilling or humorous chapter to Dickens or Samuel Warren. He had taken care of a discarded son and brother of one of the leading families of the city for some years—one of those graceless fellows who are best described as their own worst enemies, with good

* Dr. A. K. Gardner.

qualities, but reckless, improvident, and dissipated; the individual referred to had finally worn out the patience of his relatives and become an outcast, and as he lay upon his death-bed in a garret, the family physician alone remained faithful to the prodigal. It was a stormy night in winter, and the Doctor's lonely vigil was interrupted by a knock at the door, upon responding to which, it slowly opened, and there entered one of the most elegant and unprincipled men about town—one who had held high political office, and who moved in the most select circles; he was followed by a servant bearing a covered salver; the Doctor knew that through this man's kindred love of pleasure, but more self-possessed and calculating nature, the poor victim who lay dying there had been lured to his destruction; he knew that a latent feeling of remorse had induced the prosperous *roué* thus to ostentatiously succor his now degraded boon companion in his extremity; and with the consciousness of this latent meaning of the scene, he described it as one that might be literally transferred to a tragedy or romance with most artistic effect; the contrast between the handsome costume and elaborate courtesy of the visitor, and the haggard features and miserable covering of the dying wretch; the dainty tray of delicacies served on plate, and the dilapidated furniture of the dingy room; the raving of the storm without, and the extraordinary interview which occurred, made the hour like the catastrophe of a life-drama. Nor was this illusion lessened when, in the cold, gray dawn, after the dazzling guest had retired and the poor outcast had breathed his last, the myrmidons of the law entered to seize the hardly cold body of the spendthrift. True to the last, the Doctor succeeded in beguiling them from the immediate execution of the writ, and, sending for a vehicle, bore the remains secretly to the house of one of his relations, whence, three days after, a sumptuous funeral gave no

hint to the world of the pauper exit of the son and brother of "one of our first families."

An eccentric German philosopher was for some months one of the doctor's *protégés*. His broad, kindly face and long hair, his naïve manners and talk, a radical simplicity of character, ignorance of the world and profound knowledge of books, his lofty aspirations and hand-to-hand struggle for bare subsistence, made him an object of peculiar sympathy to his kind physician; they discussed German authors and metaphysical theories, politics, and life; and the brave poverty and frugal content of his patient endeared him to his medical friend. It was singular to note, amid the practical spirit of an American commercial city, such a complacent idealism and speculative indigence; while the Doctor pitied his circumstances, and found their alleviation a most perplexing problem, *he* had a theory for every disappointment, a metaphysical solace for every actual trouble. Thus, when he proposed to marry the daughter of an impoverished lady, selected according to Goethe's principle of the elective affinities, the prudent mother suggested that it was out of her power to bestow any outfit. "Madam," said the lover, "I also am poor." She then reluctantly communicated the fact that the object of his affection was in delicate health, and unequal to endure privation or encounter care. "Madam," argued the persevering suitor, "I am also feeble;" then, as a last resort, and with great reluctance, she said: "I feel it my duty to inform you that my daughter's mind has been seriously affected; twice in her life she has been deranged." "Madam," eagerly exclaimed the lover, "I also am flighty." While the Doctor looked forward with alarm to the prospect of an increase to a family so poorly equipped for the battle of life, the contemplative German had no misgivings, but sent for his friend one night about the witching hour; and when the Doctor called him from

an adjoining room to see his first-born son, the insignia of poverty around did not in the least depress his paternal exultation: by the light of two sputtering tallow-candles he surveyed the little stranger, and, placing a tin pan of water upon a three-legged stool, took the baby in his arms, knelt down, and after an ejaculatory prayer in his native tongue, dipped his fingers in the improvised font, and, slowly plashing the infant's brow, baptized him Emmanuel Kant.

VI.

Few men amid our material and busy civilization enjoy the associations of literature as did Dr. Francis. Incessant professional occupation prevented him from making it a pursuit, but he had an intense appreciation of its amenities; he was thoroughly versed in its anecdotal history, and knew by heart the materials from which D'Israeli the elder constructed his voluminous record of the fortunes of authorship. Not as a thing apart, a scholar's demesne, an abstract interest, but from its relation to human life and character, he loved the world of letters and all its processes, instruments, and denizens, from the philosopher, annalist and bard, to the proof-reader and librarian; book-stores and editorial sanctums were to him delectable resorts; he made himself at home immediately with the books in his patients' houses, and seemed to regard attendance, without fee or reward, upon authors, artists, and actors, the highest privilege of his profession. There was something remarkably encouraging to even the humblest votary of pursuits, so little honored in a community where trade and fashion rule, in this hearty and absolute recognition of their worth and interest. He had a way of regarding authorship almost Epicurean, and sat himself down to the most casual "feast of reason and flow

of soul" with an air of conscious blessing that made one think of Lamb's advocacy of grace before other daily comforts than those of animal subsistence. To hear him inquire of an acquaintance engaged in a literary undertaking as to its progress and prospects, was refreshing, after having seen no such sympathetic curiosity elsewhere manifested, except in regard to the Price-Current and Stock-Report. Goldsmith, with his hearty spirit of humanity, gave a kindly emphasis to his picture of the village alehouse when he described its humble conviviality as giving "an hour's importance to the poor man's heart;" and it was the cheer and the charm that the Doctor's sympathy gave to the obscure labors of the intellectual hermit, or the hazardous enterprise of the adventurous scholar, that, in life, made precious to them his companionship, and now endears his memory. Two of his young friends were engaged for three years in the preparation of an extensive biographical and critical work of national interest, but at the same time so elaborate as to offer little encouragement for such continuous and unprofitable labor, except to those actuated by strong love of letters and of usefulness. It was precisely such an achievement as would enlist the earnest sympathy of Dr. Francis, for it involved curious exploration of the past, estimates of character, anecdote-hunting, and critical research; moreover, it reflected honor on the mind of the country, illustrated its progress, and chronicled its intellectual benefactors. The authors subsequently declared that the vigilant and active interest which their good friend the Doctor constantly exhibited in their long task, his assiduity in procuring them materials, and the manner in which he identified himself with the somewhat bold and difficult experiment, did more to keep them in heart, and their labor cheerfully progressive, than any other inspiration. When half an hour of leisure, between his profes-

sional visits, allowed, the Doctor's gig would be seen from their study-window to draw up before the door. Before he alighted, he would hand a newspaper to the driver—sure sign that he intended to linger; and then, with a jovial greeting, burst, like morning sunshine, upon the delighted friends, weary perhaps with hours of irksome penecraft. They were in the habit of assorting the crude material of their work in large envelopes, and these were arranged in a long box divided into compartments. To examine, from time to time, add to, and discuss these memoranda, historical, biographical and critical, was a friendly pastime to the Doctor; so that, when comfortably seated, his hat and gloves laid aside, his spectacles duly wiped and reassumed, and his cigar lighted, he would say, with the genial expectancy of a London alderman calling for turtle, or an English squire for a sight of the hounds, "Now, Doctor, bring out the harmonicon," a term that not inaptly suggested the harmonizing influence of such recreative tastes upon a busy physician's life of incessant grave care and responsibility.

This active interest in literary enterprises, especially those devoted to native subjects, Dr. Francis not only manifested by encouraging authors and advocating their claims, but directly promoted by pecuniary aid and gratuitous professional ministrations, so that not a few of the personal and historical records that now furnish materials to editors and annalists in regard to our country, which have appeared during the last forty years, owe their publication, or many of their most valuable details, to his liberal assiduity. The labors of Peter Force and Jared Sparks enjoyed no more earnest advocate than he. His care kept alive Dunlap, and his benevolence secured the completion of that industrious compiler's valuable chronicles of the Fine Arts and the Drama in the United States; the National Portrait Gallery received his consistent sup-

port; Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, Duyckinck's Cyclopædia of American Literature, and Appleton's New Cyclopædia, were among the undertakings in which he exhibited an ardent personal concern; and all these works contain evidences of his stores of knowledge, freely and carefully imparted from the impulse of genuine public spirit. The prefaces and notes of more volumes than it is easy to enumerate, acknowledge obligations of this kind to Dr. Francis; from the pages of Rees's Cyclopædia, which was in the course of publication during his visit to England, to those of Alden's Collection of American Epitaphs; from Sprague's Annals of the American Pulpit, to the Medical Biographies of Dr. Gross; from the Memorials of Webster to Valentine's Manual of the City of New York; all along the path of that literature which preserves the names of national benefactors and local or professional celebrities, we find traces of his rich memory and his respect for the sacred, but too often neglected, duty which gathers up and saves from oblivion the events and the characters that illustrate and honor our country's development. Few Americans habitually entertained so just a sense of the importance of authentic records: as if anticipating the scientific analysis whereby recent historians and philosophers revive and expound the truths of Civilization, giving a new significance to the least regarded facts of social life, Dr. Francis cherished in his memory, cited in his conversation, and recorded whenever practicable, whatever his observation or reading furnished that served to give vital meaning to character or moral interest to circumstances. The letters and visits of inquiry he received from individuals engaged in special researches made him appear like a bounteous oracle and almoner of knowledge; and it was by virtue of his disinterested love thereof, and his extraordinary sympathy with such labors in the cause of general intelligence, that he was confidently sought and benignly useful. No American

ever received so many complimentary dedications; not to speak of those bestowed by his medical brethren, from the homely days of Farmer's poetry to those of the elegant *Annals*, his name was associated with the muse and the chronicles of his country; the "Republican Court," a beautiful national souvenir, and the *Life of Bishop Latimer*,* a religious biography, were inscribed to him for reasons equally appropriate. One of his most cherished young literary friends, William A. Jones, the present librarian of Columbia College, wrote an interesting sketch of him, and dedicated one of his own pleasant volumes of literary essays†—"to the skilful Physician, the constant Friend, the genial Humorist, and the lover of Literature." "Perhaps nowhere throughout these United States," remarks this writer, "is there to be found one who unites so many various characters as Dr. Francis; whether we look upon him in the light of a highly scientific and skilful physician; a general polite scholar; a lover of the whole family of the arts; an acute inquirer into every branch of science; an accurate and philosophical antiquary, yet fresh and lively in his sympathies with the world as it moves; an humane, kindly, generous philanthropist; a converser full of spirit and resources, and the general friend of authors and scholars."‡ The venerable Daponte, on his death-bed, wrote an ode to him in Italian; he figures among the celebrities of Gotham in Halleck's "Fanny," and in more than one novel and local sketch; he is quoted as an authority in many of the political, scientific, and anecdotal memoirs of his day; among his latest labors of

* By George L. Duyckinck, who thus inscribes the volume: "To the Dear and Honored Memory of John W. Francis, M. D., LL. D., who was called to his rest in the fulness of Years and the Ripeness of well-won Public Regard, as the last page of this little book passed from the Printer's Hands."

† Authors and Books.

‡ Characters and Criticisms, by W. Alfred Jones, A. M.

love were to note for an author his recollections of Gouverneur Morris, and send word to a biographer where to find important facts essential to his work, and suggest to a Cyclopædia editor a forgotten subject. He kept an eye on the purveyors of the literary world within reach of his assistance, with a generous vigilance; and held out patiently and permanently the right hand of fellowship to all worthy laborers in the field of literature, and sometimes to those who ill-repaid his friendship; for in nothing was he more distinguished than charity for the weakness and patience with the ingratitude of the author-tribe, regarding their vocation as, in a measure, compensating for foibles and failures, and as claiming sympathy for the very reason that so few vouchsafed it. Some of his experiences with the unfortunate votaries of pen-craft would afford subjects for Dickens and D'Israeli; he remembered Weems peddling his "Life of Washington," carried food to Selleck Osborne in jail, relieved Freneau's indigence and Poe's mania; heard Tom Paine rave against faction and famine; cheered Knapp's prolific but ill-paid labors; and suffered every species of vexation from literary impostors, bores, and beggars. Perhaps the brighter phases of authorship, the more satisfactory associations with men of letters, atoned for whatever he endured in purse or patience from the unworthy; for rarely has one enjoyed greater opportunities of interesting intercourse with this class of eminent men, or been favored with more charming retrospections. Dr. Francis, as we have seen, went to school with Washington Irving, and heard him declaim, "My voice is still for war;" he dined with a literary club in Edinburgh when Sir Walter Scott let out the secret of his Waverley authorship; he gossiped with the widow of Burns while her memory of Robert was fresh and full; he passed a memorable day with Southey; welcomed Jeffrey when he landed at the Battery; heard Tom Moore sing at New York

suppers; chatted over Cooper's early novels at the Bread and Cheese Club with their author; discussed Horticulture with Colden, Mitchill, Bartram, and Michaux; the brain, with Cuvier; Politics, with Livingston, Clinton, Clay, Webster, Gallatin, and Cobbett; Poetry, with the Aikens and Halleck; Ireland, with Emmet; famous people, with Gouverneur Morris; Journalism, with Walsh; American colonial days, with Mrs. Grant, of Laggan; History, with Sparks; and Art, with Trumbull, Greenough, Dunlap, Jarvis, Leslie, and Crawford; and few of the local associations of his foreign travel were reverted to with more pleasure than the hour he passed in Cowper's pew and Boerhaave's garden. His castles in the air were not based on any outward miracles of fortune, but on an imagined metempsychosis that would endow consciousness with the inspiration and the glory of lettered genius. "How would you like to be Byron?" he would ask; or, "Don't you wish you were Lord Bacon?" or, "Which would you prefer, the reputation of Scott or the author of the Seasons? to have lived like dear old Cowley, or to have written Robinson Crusoe?" Any talk that illustrated a character or an event which could be regarded as historical, became part of his verbal memory, as the following personal anecdote, one of many equally precise in terms, exemplifies:—

"A singular coincidence," writes the Doctor, "led me to pay a visit to Cobbett, at his country-seat, within a couple of miles of the city, on the island, on the very day that he had exhumed the bones of Paine, and shipped them for England. I will here repeat the words I used on a late occasion, and which Cobbett gave utterance to at the friendly interview our party had with him. 'I have just performed a duty, gentlemen, which has been too long delayed: you have neglected too long the remains of Thomas Paine. I have done myself the honor to disinter

his bones, I have removed them from New Rochelle. I have dug them up; they are now on their way to England. When I myself return, I shall cause them to speak the common sense of the great man; I shall gather together the people of Liverpool and Manchester in one assembly with those of London, and those bones will effect the reformation of England in Church and state.'"*

One evening an author-friend called to inform the Doctor that he had an opportunity of going abroad, and should embark in a day or two. "Shall you be down in town to-morrow?" he asked. "Then meet me in Wall street." At the appointed hour the Doctor appeared, and drawing his young friend into a doorway, proceeded to empty his own pockets of a miscellaneous collection—including keys, coin, lancets, pills, and scraps of paper; from the latter he drew a check, carefully folded; and, in an embarrassed manner, said: "My friend, you are a proud man, but listen to me: one of these days I shall want you to do some literary work; take this in advance; you will want to buy some books in Europe; no being on earth knows any thing about this money; it is an unexpected and long abandoned payment—and does not appear on the books; take it, and God bless you." So saying, the Doctor thrust the check into his friend's hand, and rushed away. On another occasion, at midsummer, he noticed the pale and worn looks of a young writer, to whom he was attached, and who he knew could not conveniently leave the city. The Doctor called at his office, and, after chatting a while, laid a roll of bills on the desk, and said: "You need change of air; go to Newport for a fortnight;" and, before the astonished invalid could utter his thanks, hastened away. These instances are cited to give an idea of the delicacy with which he befriended the poor and gifted. Another

* Old New York.

highly-accomplished man, and comparatively a stranger, accidentally passed an hour in the Doctor's company, the day before sailing for Europe, with a view to improve the condition of his eyes. To the astonishment of the gentleman, Dr. Francis appeared the next morning amid the crowd assembled to say farewell at the dock. He was drawn thither by one of those sympathetic and conscientious impulses that often led him to turn aside from stringent duties and interests, to befriend those who had no personal claim upon his time or thoughts. "I would not interfere," he said to the stranger, "with your medical treatment; but, honoring your genius, I have thought over what you told me of yourself, and noticed you carefully during our brief interview. I am convinced that the trouble in your eyes is a symptom, not organic; your disease is cerebral, and unless you take immediate and wise precautions the brain will suffer;" and he gave him a remedy to use during the voyage. Subsequent events amply justified the Doctor's friendly warning.

The ancient maxim, *vita sine literis mors est*, was illustrated by Dr. Francis, not in exclusive devotion to study or the mania of the bibliophile, both of which forms of literary enthusiasm may coexist without vital intellectual life, but by habitual and ardent recognition of literature as a grace and guerdon amid the pressure of outward toil and professional self-devotion. Prohibited by the claims of almost hourly duties from continuous or methodical reading, unable to keep up with the prolific press, and so interested in the events of the hour as to ponder its diurnal record to the exclusion of more standard reading—he yet consulted, examined, compared, and luxuriated over books as the most available solace and the most valuable resource; by them he was alone tempted to extravagance, and therein found an antidote for the bane of care, and a stimulus to the noblest ambition. The modern expedients for the diffusion

of knowledge, from the Penny Magazine to the Popular Cyclopædia, enlisted his warmest recognition; but the standard writers of his youth were never long forgotten, and the changes in literary taste were among the problems he most earnestly discussed. Indeed, if we consider the limited number and the peculiar kind of books in vogue sixty years ago, and compare them with the successive triumphs of authorship since, it is easy to realize what a mental experience a man of keen intellectual appetite must have passed through between the two epochs. At the beginning of the century, Moore's "Zeluco" was a favorite novel; Kotzebue's Plays were in vogue; Cowper represented the English muse; "Rasselas," the Spectator, and Gibbon, were high models of composition. The French Revolution ushered in a kind of literature of which intensity was the characteristic; Byron, Scott, the Lake Poets, and the world of knowledge born of modern science, intervened between these extreme phases of literary development and that represented by Macaulay, Dickens, Carlyle, and Tennyson; so that a sympathetic and eager mind, that has known each of these transitions, may well accept literature as the adjunct and interpreter of life, and the conservative oracle that tests its scope and quality, and embalms its best triumphs. Dr. Francis scanned and commented on books more than he profoundly studied or exclusively relied on them; but he was remarkably susceptible to their historical significance and their characteristic influence. He was rather a purveyor of Knowledge, a ranger over her fields, a lover of her votaries, than a master of her special domains. It was a grief to him that he could but offer a passing devotion, cull here and there a flower, take a general survey; but this casual allegiance was so sincere, that few men, devoted to an active profession, ever gleaned after the reapers more full and variegated sheaves.

Whatever incident or observation associated a character

with literature and science, or implied intellectual recognition, made a lasting impression upon the Doctor's mind, and was cited as an economist would bring forward a statistical argument, or a lawyer some judicial precedent; the desire to connect literature with life, and to demonstrate their mutual relation, was permanent. We remember how an intelligent visitor, who had lived many years in Naples, was struck with the Doctor's first inquiry; it was not in regard to Vesuvius, Pompeii, or Bomba—but about the grave of Sannazarius: his most vivid recollection of Gouverneur Morris's last illness was a conversation about Gray's *Elegy*; he recalled the circumstances of Lord Jeffrey's arrival, and the table-talk when Tom Moore was entertained in New York, as if they occurred recently; he described the very look and tone with which Abernethy received from his hand the first edition of his writings that had appeared in this country—saying, with a gratified smile: "Egad, this from America!" he was jubilant in pointing out, upon a new Arctic chart, "Cape Francis," so named in his honor by Dr. Kane; and every detail of a visit he paid William Bartram, at Kensington, fifty years ago—when that worthy, in yarn socks, thick brogans, and leather breeches, paused in his garden-work to discourse piously of Nature and lovingly of flowers—was cherished in his memory as a delectable experience; and no observations were better remembered than what Linnæus wrote to Colden, Talleyrand said of Hamilton, and John Neal of Jeremy Bentham.

Indeed, the ideal of life to Dr. Francis was literary; that is, taste for and devotion to intellectual pursuits, from love thereof, and sequestered from care, fashion, and conventional machinery. He believed in simple habits, in domestic retirement, and in making the mind a kingdom, and always gloried in rural retreats like those of Shenstone and Cowper, and conversational breakfasts such as endeared Rogers,

and valued the pride and the privilege of natural gifts over artificial distinctions, whereby Burns and Bunyan vindicated the grace and greatness of humanity, as the true enjoyments and triumphs of human existence. Coincident with his sense of the rational pleasure and self-reliance thus secured, was an exalted estimate of posthumous fame, which he thought most sweetly won and graciously worn by men of letters and of science. Hence his warm advocacy of and earnest sympathy with these pursuits, and his ardent desire to be associated therewith in the recollection of those who survived. This idiosyncrasy was often a subject of raillery among his intimate friends, who would playfully attribute to him as a weakness, "the last infirmity of noble minds." But the truth is, there were two better reasons than mere ambition for his over-estimate, if such it was, of the worth of literary and scientific reputation—his conservative instinct and his strong affections. The vicissitudes of life—the evanescence of the most beautiful and benign human influences, deeply impressed his mind; the neglect and indifference which heartlessly consigned to oblivion so much that redeems our frail existence from uselessness and materialism, awoke in him a profound sadness; he loved knowledge and talent, truth and originality, too well not to cherish their memorials; he felt too intimately that the legacies of thinkers and poets, humanitarians and saints, had too much enriched his mental being, and made life seem too fraught with tenderness and triumphs, not to be loved and honored; and it was because he was so drawn towards Jeremy Taylor and Burns, Franklin and Southey, by the sympathies of an eager mind and a responsive heart, that he deemed it a great and a blessed thing thus to survive, in perfect individuality and holy brotherhood, in the conscious attachment of posterity. Accordingly, he would congratulate whoever achieved a work of standard value and interest with the heartiest enthusiasm,

as if it were a patent of nobility—exclaiming, “Dear Doctor, you’ve immortalized yourself;” that book or statue, that machine or picture—whatever it happened to be, “will carry your name down to posterity.” Much of this emphatic recognition of renown was the reaction of a liberal and philosophical mind from the material egotism around him. He daily and hourly beheld so much senseless luxury—such a sacrifice of enjoyment to appearance,—such absolute devotion to money, and absorption in affairs;—he was brought, as a physician, into such frequent contact with the vanities, the heartlessness, and the unsubstantial resources of society, that when at ease again in his own house, he took up the life of a man of genius, or the record of a man of thought and sentiment, and through them beheld the higher and more genuine aspects of humanity and the nobler possibilities of life, the contrast compelled him to reassert, with vehement conviction, the transcendent worth of those toils and pleasures which “conform the show of things to the desires of the mind.” And yet in this feeling there was no special refinement, no fastidious taste; his sympathies were by no means exclusive in literature; much of its richest modern development he could not appreciate; in poetry, especially, his taste was of the past, and his relish of style was always confined to the humorous and didactic, rather than the picturesque and delicate; he was impatient of the prevalent love of fiction and of the sentimental school of versewrights; he thought that facts of Nature, robust argument, keen wit, genuine humanity, were the permanent elements of literature, and was provoked at what he considered the waste of mind in the superficial delineation of casual subjects, when there was so much vital truth and human significance in experience and in history to be illustrated. Byron’s faults he thought were to be tolerated because of the impassioned eloquence in which they are embalmed like flies in amber;

Johnson's good sense and integrity made up, in no small degree, to him, for his dogmatism; and Pope's metrical hits, so true and palpable, compensated for the artificial monotony of his verse. In a word, like Allston in art, Dr. Francis was a "wide liker;" and could echo Charles Lamb's declaration, that "Shaftesbury was not too high for him, nor Tom Jones too low." The unprofessional subjects upon which his pen was employed best illustrate the scope of his intellectual sympathies. Biography was his favorite theme; and when personal acquaintance with an eminent or original character vivified the knowledge of outward details, he succeeded to a remarkable degree in delineating a subject. Among his contributions to this interesting department of literature may be noted his sketches of Chancellor Livingston, Dr. Samuel Mitchill, and Thomas Eddy, the philanthropist; a series of medical memoirs; an elaborate account of Christopher Colles; and the reminiscences of authors, statesmen, merchants, actors, editors, politicians, and naturalists, scattered through the Periodicals and Cyclopædias of his time, and forming the chief material of his popular address before the New York Historical Society, subsequently enlarged into that charming local chronicle, so attractive to every true Knickerbocker and national inquirer, entitled "Old New York." To these may be added his Discourses on Natural History, Phrenology, and Horticulture; and that wherein may be found combined the characteristics of his mind and the philosophical results of his experience as a physician and a citizen—the Address before the New York Academy of Medicine. How intimately the pursuit of literature entered into his idea of rational pleasure is indicated by what he said, during his last illness, to a friend: "If it had pleased God, I should have been pleased to live a little longer, and I would have been satisfied to sit in the chimney-corner and write."

VII.

“What we are most suffering for,” wrote a clerical friend of the Doctor’s after his death, “is a union between the two extremes of society: now Dr. Francis was a remarkable link between them—the most remarkable I have ever known or heard of. He sympathized with the working-man and with his employers; in his heart they could meet, and get the idea that they could, if they would, act as brethren. He had a great respect for the humblest man that used his muscle and brain to benefit mankind. He sympathized with the poor and miserable, and with the learned and unlearned; they all found a common friend in him, and through him learned to think better of each other. Yet this great man was a child; with his great knowledge, his many years, his gray hairs, and those crowning his stout body, he was a child.”*

This wide range of intercourse had led Dr. Francis to certain definite opinions in regard to the different classes of society—the moral foundation of which he believed to be *integrity*; and he often declared that his experience proved that the mechanics, as a body, far excelled, in this respect, both the mercantile and the professional class. A curious illustration of the personal regard he inspired among people so widely separated in culture and social position, occurred after the delivery of one of his most successful public discourses: upon returning home, he found the materials of an elegant supper sent by a grocer of his acquaintance, “as a slight token of his enjoyment of the Doctor’s address;” while, soon after, he was waited upon by a celebrated poet, who desired to exonerate himself from the suspicion of being the author of a hit at the Doctor, in

* Rev. E. M. P. Wells.

an epigram written thirty years before, and attributed to him—a charge which the death of the real writer enabled him now honorably to deny; “for, Doctor,” said he, “it pained me to have you suppose me capable of even good-natured satire upon one so imbued with that humanity poets should revere.”

The interest which Dr. Francis felt and exhibited in the dramatic profession was based upon its relation to literature and humanity. He had the dramatic temperament, a keen sense of character, and a professional conception of its dependence upon physical organization. In his youth and manhood the English stage was still associated with the highest triumphs of art, and enlisted the warmest sympathy of cultivated men. He witnessed the rivalry of the classic and romantic styles, was familiar with the traits of Talma and the Siddons school, and intimately appreciated Cooke and Kean. He was the medical adviser and the frequent companion of these two remarkable actors during their sojourn in America, and abounded in the most interesting personal anecdotes regarding them,

“Throbbing invades the heart,” he writes of Cooke, “when narrating the career of this extraordinary man, of herculean constitution, so abundant in recuperative energies; of faculties so rare, and so sublime, cut off so early. In consultation with Drs. Maclean and Hosack, I often attended him, and in his last illness passed most of my time with him until the closing scene. He died September, 1812. Serous effusion of the chest and abdomen were the immediate cause of his death. He was conscious to the last, and resigned to his fate. Cooke attracted great notice when, with his dignified mien and stately person, attired as the old English gentleman, he walked Broadway. His funeral was an imposing spectacle. The reverend clergy, the physicians, the members of the bar, officers of the army and navy, the literati

and men of science, the members of the dramatic corps, and a large concourse of citizens moved in procession."

Circumstances also placed him in familiar intercourse with those favorite New York managers—Price and Simpson; he had much to say of Darley, Oldmixon, Cooper, and Conway; he was a friend of Matthews, and Macready; buried Mrs. Jordan's suicidal daughter; enjoyed many a chat with the elder Wallack, and attended Barrett in his last illness. With all his knowledge and enjoyment of the British stage, and his critical appreciation of its most distinguished ornaments, he entered with zest into the Italian opera, and was a great admirer of Garcia, beheld the dawn of Malibran's extraordinary career, and learned from the elder Daponte to realize the culture and endowments requisite for success in the lyric drama. His first impressions of the Barber of Seville and Don Giovanni were vivid and inspiring long after he had ceased to attend the opera—with the first introduction of which luxury among us he was familiar in all its details. Upon this subject his fund of curious information was as remarkable as his minute recollection of individual peculiarities in renowned vocalists and performers. Kean was to him an exceptional specimen of humanity, with all the attributes of genius; and he analyzed and observed him with scientific enthusiasm; accompanying him to an insane hospital, where he sought hints from Nature to perfect his conception of Lear; returning with him from dinner-parties to witness the marvellous reaction of his mercurial nature from the formal restraints of society; discussing with him the characters of Shakspeare, enjoying his private histrionic outbursts, listening to his limited but exquisite vocalism, and his most spontaneous talk, his imitation of the war-whoop when accoutred in the costume of the aboriginal tribe, to which he had become affiliated during a visit to the Northwest, and often winning him from wayward moods

and fatal self-indulgence when less persuasive counsellors wholly failed. This association led to a singular experience, the impression whereof upon the Doctor's mind was deep and lasting. Kean entertained a great admiration for the genius of George Frederic Cooke, and enlisted his medical friend's good offices in his project of erecting a monument over his remains. The desire to do honor to one whom he regarded as having enlarged the sphere and exalted the rank of their common profession was blended with a morbid anxiety to inspect the place of his burial, and all that time had spared of his mortal frame. Through the Doctor's influence, permission was obtained from the Bishop to open the vault where the great actor had been interred; and, on a calm summer night, they repaired to Trinity churchyard. Kean had set out on his nocturnal enterprise full of vivacity; but the scene subdaed him to a mood of pensive sentiment. He gazed with profound emotion, and moralized with the solemnity of Hamlet beside the sepulchre of Cooke, reverently possessed himself of the bones of the forefinger of the right hand—that finger which, sparkling with diamonds and framed in lace ruffles, had been so often raised, with a miraculous impressiveness, when Cooke personated Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant; and, for hours, lingered, mused, and quoted Shakspeare in the moonlit cemetery, making the night-breeze musical with his plaintive singing of "Those Evening Bells." Years afterwards, on the occasion of Kean's own burial, this tribute to his great predecessor was commemorated by a print stamped upon handkerchiefs, and hawked about to the crowd, representing Cooke's Monument in the far-away land of his latest triumphs and his death, with Edmund Kean and Dr. Francis standing beside it.

But it was the distinction of Dr. Francis in his social feeling and action, that they were not limited by special

tastes, but embraced all enlightened and kindly characters and aims ; public spirit, not less than private gratification, inspired his intercourse and hospitality. When that suggestive, however superfluous, inquiry, "Have we a Bourbon among us?" occupied so many enthusiasts, it was at the Doctor's house that the party met to examine Rev. Mr. Williams, compare notes, and, if possible, identify the Lost Prince. When Dr. Sims came from the South with a most important and benign but unacknowledged innovation in one of the most delicate and desperate exigencies of surgical science, it was to Dr. Francis he confidently appealed for support, and through him that he found a way to make his great reform conspicuously known to the profession, and rendered available by that noblest of modern charities—the Woman's Hospital. When another philanthropic physician sought to carry out a grand humane expedient whereby the Inebriate could be rescued from shame and restored to society, by remedial methods and a salubrious Asylum, it was by enlisting the mind and heart of Dr. Francis in the enterprise that he won for it the advocacy of the medical fraternity, the encouragement of the State, and the confidence of the public. When Dr. Kane's fragile body drooped, and eager mind faltered, in his efforts to obtain the means to achieve his memorable Expedition, it was to Dr. Francis that he turned for hearty comfort and a sympathy that cheered him onward. When an English physician, encouraged by the statements of American travellers in Egypt, was induced to bring from Cairo to New York a collection of Antiquities garnered during many years' abode in the land of the Pyramids and the Nile ; and when he discovered how alien was the commercial metropolis of the United States to the spirit of archæological research, and so kept isolated vigil over his unappreciated treasures, save when some biblical student,

historical scholar, or curious artist haunted his rooms, and forgot New York amid the relics of the Pharaohs—it was under the hospitable roof and in the cordial presence of Dr. Francis that the disappointed exile took heart and felt that his long pilgrimage had not been in vain; and so patiently hoped on until the votaries of knowledge won over the prosperous and patriotic to endow the modern city with the venerable trophies of ancient civilization. When a New York Cræsus so wisely and munificently set apart a portion of his wealth to establish, on a grand scale, a free Public Library in New York, not one of her citizens so gloried in the event, and celebrated its realization, and cheered its indefatigable agent and representative, as did Dr. Francis, who knew so well what it was to struggle for Knowledge with inadequate resources, and what incalculable benefactors to humanity were her wise purveyors. The Astor Library was a source of personal pride and pleasure to this its accomplished librarian's staunch friend, whose fireside witnessed the most charming discussions of its progress. When an Oxford travelling Fellow desired to comprehend some principle of our educational or process of our social development, obscure to his inexperienced observation, it was to Dr. Francis he applied for enlightenment and counsel; when Brodhead had finished a chapter in his History of New York, and wished to test its quality, it was to the true heart of his Knickerbocker physician, who honored his labors while ministering to his health, that the appeal was confidently made. When from the far West or South author, artist, or economist, sought the social centre of the East to try their great experiment, to the medical Nestor of that city they were almost invariably accredited as to an oracle and protector. To-night you would meet in his library an enthusiast fresh from exploring the ancient mounds of the Mississippi valley, intent upon gaining the Doctor's alle-

giance to his theory of their origin and purpose; and to-morrow he would be closeted with an Arctic voyager examining the trophies of that perilous enterprise; now he puts a worthy Italian exile on the track of successful work; to-morrow, is the endeared *cicerone* of Lady Franklin through the memorials of progress that signalize the city of his love: and, again, it is the introduction of the Croton or the adornment of the Central Park that fills his discourse; this week a joint letter from Macready and Thackeray, and next a Hospital Anniversary; one evening the death of a Statesman, and another the arrival of a renowned Author; here a scientific discovery, there a charitable enterprise; at this visit a fresh publication, at that a characteristic anecdote, which varied and emphasized to the *habitués* of his dwelling, the large, liberal, and sympathetic life of Dr. Francis.* His friends and guests were taught a grand lesson of generous affinities, were lifted from selfhood into humanity, and inducted into the brotherhood of knowledge by this benign activity. Provincial narrowness, fastidious reserve, stolid indifference to other than personal interests, and the emasculating influence of exclusiveness, were thus and there dispelled as the broad wings of the wind disperse local exhalations, and the sight of the horizon wins the eye from what is temporary and adjacent to the continuous and universal. Another kind of social activity wherein he was remarkably efficient was as a member and officer of numerous associations. No citizen more successfully promoted, by contributions and discussion, the objects of the New York Historical Society, some of whose most valuable donations were prompted by him; among the trophies of that prosperous institution his liberal co-operation is largely evident. The Society of Natural History, the Academy of

* Appendix IV.

Fine Arts, the Mercantile Library Association, the Ethnological, Typographical, and Kane Monument Societies, found in him consistent and generous support; while, as we have seen, he was long and often the ruling spirit of charitable and medical associations at home, and an honorary member of numerous foreign and native institutions.

We know not of a more beautiful example of the law of compensation than that whereby the absorbing duties of a special vocation are made subservient to social enterprise and culture. In this country especially, where student-life so often ends with academic education, where the man of intellect and high ambition is ushered at once from the University to the scene of professional toil; and is so apt to cast aside the improving influence of habitual reading, and to forget prematurely the dreams of youth, it is of the greatest importance that the minds of those devoted to special investigation and endowed with literary or scientific abilities, should, through social life, escape at times from the absorbing outward activity which, unmodified by such alleviation, soon degenerates into a mechanical routine and a narrow sphere of experience.

There is so much to be gained, such a wealth of moral inspiration, such a discipline and a resource for mind and heart, to be found in varied and intelligent companionship, in the interchange of opinion, the discussion of public questions, and the exercise of mutual sympathy, that when we have compared the arid isolation of the mere book-worm with the vivacious, versatile, and genial mental activity and acquisition of the social philosopher, we cannot but regard the latter character as the most efficient exemplar of self-culture. If it be true that the life of the soul is most real in the atmosphere of ideas and emotion, and the development of individual faculty and enjoyment a result of contact with superior and select intelligences, then he is truly wise who, like Montaigne, prefers to *forge* his

mind rather than to *furnish* it ; and, while regarding books as “the best viaticum” upon this mortal journey, ever cheerfully turns from them to humanity as both their source and object. It was the impulse, the refreshment, and the instruction derivable from social intercourse which constituted the habitual resource and the grateful inspiration of existence to Dr. Francis ; this his daily business enabled him freely to enjoy, his rare intellectual appreciation to secure, and his broad and active sympathies to profit by. Nothing so marks the diversity of human character as the degree of sensibility to, and the interest which daily experience, observation, and communion of thought, afford. Upon how few men, comparatively, does the history enacted before them make any distinct and lasting impression ; how few note the connection of events and the significance of life ; to what a minority of the race do the advent of a remarkable character, the career of contemporary genius, the facts that develop and illustrate civilization, come home as matters of personal concern, subjects affiliated with their conscious being ; the means of arriving at truth ! Consult half your acquaintance, and you will often find that the scenes they have beheld have left no record ; the people they have met have come and gone like shadows ; and opportunities of information neither enlarged their conceptions nor deepened their sympathies. Habit indurates, nearness obscures, familiarity makes indifferent, the most suggestive and momentous incidents, the most original persons. Without an eye for the picturesque, a heart for the humane, a sense of the comic, an enthusiasm for the grand and beautiful, life and its revelations, society and its amenities, Nature and her miracles, are devoid of meaning and of charm. “When we are much attached to our ideas,” wrote Madame de Staël, “we endeavor to connect every thing with them.” And this is the secret of remarkable memories.

A biography of Dr. Francis, which records the events of a strictly personal nature which happened to himself, would contain little of general interest; for his life was neither adventurous, romantic, nor exceptional; but a memoir which traced the life of his mind, the scope of his affinities—the men, the achievements, the opinions, and the public affairs wherewith, through an active and comprehensive intellect and a generous and sympathetic heart, he was identified—would form a history of his times, a *catalogue raisonnée* of the means and motives whereby, in this age and country, social progress and national development attained their present condition. John Foster wrote a memorable essay on “A man’s writing memoirs of Himself,” wherein, with psychological insight, he points out the relation between consciousness and experience, in building up character to its entire individuality and equipment. And it is because this relation was vivid in the instance before us—because the various elements of life within the compass of the Doctor’s observation and sympathy, were assimilated, reproduced, and made emphatic—that he affords a study and an example to the lover of humanity: for he was not a creative genius, a great reformer, a hero, or a discoverer; he left no wonderful work of art, no extraordinary product of literature, no marvellous story of adventure to make illustrious his name. He was for half a century a physician in a populous and prosperous metropolis, as thousands have been and are still. It is the spirit in which he worked, the view he took of life, the manner in which he used opportunities, the interest he found and proclaimed in the place and among the people where his lot was cast, that now bid us pause and consider what he was, and how he lived.

The most casual survey of the subjects and objects wherewith Dr. Francis identified himself by advocacy or illustration, and upon which he descanted, on every occa-

sion, so as to make them intelligible and interesting to the least enthusiastic, will indicate both his public spirit and his special knowledge. Botany early won his earnest love through his familiarity with Colden's labors, his admiration of Bartram's pioneer enterprise, and the establishment of the Elgin gardens by Dr. Hosack. Of the latter he thus speaks in his Historical Discourse:

“Those twenty acres of culture, more or less, were a triumph of individual zeal, ambition, and liberality, of which our citizens had reason to be proud, whether they deemed the garden as conservative of our indigenous botany, or as a repository of the most precious exotics. The eminent projector of this distinguished garden, with a princely munificence, had made these grounds a resort for the admirers of Nature's vegetable wonders, and for the students of her mysteries. Here were associated, in appropriate soil, exposed to the native elements, or protected by the conservatory and the hothouse, examples of vegetable life, and of variety of development—a collection that might have captivated a Linnæus, or a Jussieu; and here, indeed, a Michaux, and a Barton, a Mitchill, a Doughty, a Pursh, a Wilson, or a Le Conte, often repaired to solve the doubts of the cryptogamist, or to confirm the nuptial theory of Vaillant.”

Originally attached to this beautiful science by his investigation of the *materia medica*, he soon learned to appreciate its value as a pursuit and a social interest; plants and trees were endeared to him as they seldom are to a lover of cities: he knew the history of explorations in this field of Nature, and honored the cultivators thereof with an affectionate zeal; perhaps he loved individual trees and favorite gardens all the more from being so loyal to the “sweet security of streets;” it was this taste which made Thomson, Cowper, Shenstone, and Cowley, precious in his memory, and he watched the old Stuyvesant pear-

tree—lonely witness of the ancient Dutch governor's orchard, in the busy heart of a populous city—with an almost filial satisfaction; its slow decay, its earliest blossoms, and its meagre harvest of fruit, were observed and noted by him with singular constancy; he revered the thirteen elms that Hamilton planted at his country-seat, to symbolize the original States of the Union, and that which overhangs the entrance to St. Paul's, because its shadow fell on the coffin of that statesman when Morris pronounced his eulogy; he loved "those majestic sycamores planted by the Crugers, the Murrays, and the Jays," around his *alma mater*, "which City progress has recently so agonizingly rooted out;" and he gazed fondly on the trees beside his window on summer evenings—listened pensively to the rustle of their leaves, and discoursed therefrom of arborescent wonders with the zest of a professed naturalist. No citizen of New York followed more earnestly the development of Clinton's great project, which connected the metropolis with the interior by linking river and lake; Canal Navigation was, of all economical subjects, the one he best understood; its history in his native State, wherefrom he dated her marvellous prosperity, was intimately known to him, with all the political associations connected therewith, and furnished many an illustration of character and administrative genius. Strangers, and even many natives, are indebted to Dr. Francis for a new and important revelation of the position and the indirect results of this grand enterprise. It was the same as regards the application of Steam to Navigation; the origin and progress of which, and especially the long-baffled and final triumph of Fulton and his coadjutors, were, perhaps, thoroughly understood by no one so well as he; it was a theme upon which his anecdotes and eloquence seemed exhaustless.

"I shall never forget," he writes, "that night of February 24th, 1815, a frosty night indeed, on which he died.

Dr. Hosack, with whom I was associated in business, and who saw him in consultation with Dr. Bruce, in the last hours of his illness, returning home at midnight from his visit, remarked: 'Fulton is dying; his severe cold amidst the ice, in crossing the river, has brought on an alarming inflammation and *glossitis*. He extended to me,' continued the Doctor, 'his generous hand, grasping mine closely, but he could no longer speak.' I had been with Mr. Fulton at his residence but a short time before, to arrange some papers relative to Chancellor Livingston, and the floating dock erected at Brooklyn. Business dispatched, he entered upon the character of West the painter, the 'Columbiad' of Barlow, and the great pictures of Lear and Ophelia, which he had deposited in the American Academy. This interview of an hour with the illustrious man has often furnished grateful reflections."

Another memorable episode in our social and political history, the incidents of which were remarkably fresh in his memory and inspiring to his mind, was the period of the French Revolution, and its influence upon our young Republic. He had fully discussed this momentous theme with Thomas Paine and Gouverneur Morris, when their Paris experiences were vividly recalled; he had often heard the Carmagnole chanted in the streets, and Citizen Genet had frankly talked over his theories and his schemes before him.*

* "I have spoken of Genet," he observes, "with severity; he labors under reproach from every historian who has recorded his deeds, and by none is he more chastised than Judge Marshall; yet, withal, Genet possessed a kindly nature, was exuberant in speech, of lively parts, and surcharged with anecdotes. His intellectual culture was considerable; he was master of several living languages, a proficient in music as well as a skilful performer. To a remark I made to him touching his execution on the piano, he subjoined; 'I have given many hours daily for twelve years to this instrument, and now reach some effective sounds.' He had a genius for mechanics, and after he had become an agriculturist in this country, wrote on machinery and on husbandry. He assured me (in 1812) the time would arrive when his official

In conversing with Dr. Francis of the temporary madness and subsequent political influence of those days of intense excitement, we seemed to have lived therein—so clear were the details, so real the scenes he so graphically described. Salient newspaper paragraphs, current party maxims, famous speeches and epigrams, badges and songs, meetings and caricatures, that signalized the controversy between Federalists and Jeffersonians—the looks, sayings, characters, and costumes of the leaders; the practical working of their respective doctrines, and all the phenomena of that crisis of opinion, ceased to be a subject of formal annals, and became, to a later generation, like matters of personal experience, when thus reasoned of and unfolded by so sympathetic a reminiscence. The firmness of his own political convictions gave emphasis to such conversations; while the dramatic reproduction of character imparted vital significance to the narrative. The skepticism born of that chaotic era in France, and its tokens in America, were as clearly defined to his auditor as the bitter controversy and the implacable factions thus engendered. Perhaps, of all literary occurrences, none so impressed and inspired the Doctor as the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review*; he was fond of speculating upon the intellectual impulses and reform thereby secured, of analyzing the peculiar merits of the early contributors; of describing the passionate eagerness with which the initial numbers were read by a limited

conduct as minister would be cleared of its dark shades. ‘To other shoulders, said he, ‘will be transferred the odium I now bear.’ In a conversation with him on the vicissitudes and events of the French Revolution, he said, ‘Their leaders were novices: had they been versed in Albany politics but for three months, we would have escaped many trials, and our patriotism been crowned with better results.’ It is to be regretted that the papers of Genet have not yet seen the light: they embrace letters from Voltaire and Rousseau, and years of correspondence with eminent American statesmen, down to the close of his eventful life. He died at Jamaica, Long Island, in 1834, aged seventy-one years.”

circle in New York ; of the effect of certain articles, and the ultimate influence on literature, which the independence and ability of this journal produced. Not less zealously did he expound the modifications in the current philosophy of the mind, and in the dissection of the brain, induced by the discoveries of Gall ; illustrate the success of quackery by anecdotes relating to Perkins's Tractors, of fanaticism in the career of Jemima Wilkinson, and of journalism by the institution of Penny Papers. When research was at fault for a date, a fact, a book, a name, or an authority, Dr. Francis was the living reference confidently sought by friend, fellow-citizen, and stranger.

VIII.

One of the most individual characteristics of Dr. Francis was his phraseology : naturally fluent, alive to rhetorical effect, and his taste in language having been formed when redundant expressions were in vogue, his fondness for Johnson and his extravagant humor combined to make him a dramatic talker ; metaphor, and quaint, *naïve*, or grotesque epithets, were his delight ; he loved, when in high spirits, or under strong nervous excitement, to indulge a propensity for verbal caricature, as men of more lithe frames give vent to exuberant moods by gymnastic feats, and those of musical ability find utterance in convivial song. He was in the habit, in his genial intercourse, of addressing every one of his own sex as " Doctor ;" and it was jocosely said of him that no University President ever conferred so many degrees. When in earnest conversation, however, " Sir" was substituted for " Doctor." The most amusing trait to the *habitués* of his domestic circle were the original and often felicitous fancy-names which he bestowed at random : he would call

a kindly, elegant clergyman, Fenelon; a youth with a dash of enthusiasm, Mortimer; a friend or chance guest who betrayed any special refinement of feeling or tendency to sentiment, Petrarch or Claude; a fine-looking woman, Prima Donna; and a very engaging one, "*tanti palpiti*;" a man of pleasure, Don Giovanni; an artist, Rubens or Domenichino; a *dilletante*, Shenstone; and speak of one of arid temperament as a *cadavre*, and a heavy, lymphatic fellow, as an "adipose;" in momentary oblivion of the name of a dish, he would offer it under the name of "screw-driver;" and, speaking of an obtuse bigot, he would describe him as destined to "perish in the mephitic exhalations of his own ignorance;" introducing a clerical friend, who had lived in India, to a stranger of the same profession, he called him "the nabob of his art." In writing and talking, there was a redundancy and needless concatenation of words, sometimes, indeed, humorously used, but not less the result of a habit induced by early familiarity with, and admiration of a style less simple and direct than that which now prevails, and is justly considered accordant with good sense and pure taste. It must be confessed, therefore, that "the thread of his verbosity was sometimes finer than the staple of his argument;" but this was one of the characteristic traits of the man, belonged to his temperament, and accorded with his individuality.

His familiarity with English writers addicted to verbal dignity, and his own partiality for effective phrases, made his written style often deficient in simplicity; it often rounded his talk into periods, as if modelled for print or elocution. This is often observed in men who are in the habit of addressing the public, frequently with no opportunity to arrange their ideas or study expression. As a lecturer and a colloquist, Dr. Francis was so continually called upon to "give an opinion," advocate a cause, or

discuss a public question, that he unconsciously acquired a somewhat oratorical style, and would fall into an elaborate dissertation by the fireside, or a professional exposition at the table, rehearsing, as it were, a public character or argument, and sometimes with a force and humor that was "as good as a play," and better than the average of popular discourses. In the very last interview which the writer of this enjoyed with him, when bodily weakness necessitated economy of words and slow utterance, this habit of expression revealed "the ruling passion strong in death." In taking leave, he fixed his eyes with friendly sadness on his visitor, and, reading in his face an inevitable look of anxiety, instead of asking, "Do you think I will get well?" said: "From what you know of my constitution, habits of life, and present condition, do you think there is any prospect of my recovery?"

Not only in his love of conversation, his vocabulary, and his anecdotal and critical turn of mind, was Dr. Francis a disciple of Samuel Johnson, but all the salient points of Boswell's memorable biography of the morbid yet heroic dogmatist, were familiar and favorite topics; and the spirit of Johnson's colloquial experience, and much of his philosophy of life, associated the Knickerbocker physician with the author of "Rasselas;" the same love of knowledge for its own sake, the same zest in an encounter of wit, the same fondness for speculative talk, relish of original character, interest in literary history, appreciation of personal independence and intelligent companionship, marked the habits and dispositions of both. Of the thousands who have assented to Johnson's famous declaration that "whatever makes the past, the distant, and the future, predominate over the present, exalts us in the scale of thinking beings," few have responded thereto with heart and mind more earnestly than Dr. Francis. He emulated his literary hero's skill in character-paint-

ing; and the better enjoyed his own attempts to impartially estimate, and graphically delineate, Dr. Mitchill and Kean, Christopher Colles, Gouverneur Morris, and scores of other celebrities, because such studies assimilated somewhat with the lexicographer's Biographical Essays.

Among the many enthusiastic friends—we might almost say, lovers—of Henry Clay, no one in New York more ardently espoused his claims or cherished his memory, than Dr. Francis. To him the Presidential election that resulted in the defeat of the Kentucky statesman was a personal grief; he attributed this result, in his own State, to the assiduous tactics of a few active and shrewd Democratic partisans, foremost among whom was a political writer of considerable academic reputation and social prominence, who, during several years of very precarious health, was a patient of Dr. Francis, and the object of gratuitous devotion. A few weeks after the election, the Doctor and the Democrat accidentally met at the house of a lady alike distinguished for beauty and social grace; the one having called to cheer, and the other to watch over the convalescence of her who was to both an object of admiration and solicitude. It is from her that I have the details of the scene which followed: the politician, whose address was as insinuating as his principles were perverse, greeted the physician with his sweetest smile, and expressed the most vivid pleasure at the sight of his venerable benefactor. "My dear Doctor," he exclaimed, "I can never see you without emotion; three times have you saved my life." "Yes, sir," replied the Doctor, "and when I reflect to what that life has been devoted—how you have abused the gift of God by intrigue and corruption, prolonging the reign of dishonest politicians, and preventing the election of that noble patriot and statesman, Henry Clay—I ask forgiveness of Heaven for my ef-

forts to preserve an existence so inimical to my country and humanity." Much more, in a strain of mingled irony and pathos, the worthy Doctor uttered—standing, said my fair informant, before the man he thus accused, with the intent, solemn manner of a criminal judge, and with fluent indignation and sorrow accumulating epithet upon epithet, going back to the days which initiated a policy that sacrificed statesmen to party; indicating its method and means with searching invective; describing, in glowing terms, the comprehensive and honest statesmanship of the earlier civic leaders: and lamenting the ingratitude, injustice, and short-sighted partisanship which betrayed the cause of Clay: and then, by a sudden application, connecting this series of abuses, and of national misfortune, with the theories and the conduct of the man before him—until the latter bowed his head and wept! It was one of those instances, by no means rare in the experience of the intimate friends of Dr. Francis, when, under the impulse of strong personal feelings, and quickened by the right kind of audience, his remarkable powers of expression found vent in such natural eloquence as to make him, for the time, an *improvisatore*, such as seldom find scope beyond the facile tongue of Italy. The hoarded indignation and love of years seemed to outflow, and the only witness of the extraordinary scene declared it the most rhetorical, dramatic, and impressive, she ever beheld in private life. Sometimes, when blessed with an auspicious companion or occasion, the same dramatic tendency would be exhibited by the versatile Doctor, in a less serious way. His first interview with Mrs. Jameson is described as memorable: he addressed her half in earnest and half in badinage, with hyperbolic but apt devotion; and she, catching at once the infection of his *bonhomme*, and recognizing an original character, more relished from its contrast to the formal and conventional party assembled to

do her honor, gayly responded to his exaggerated style until they magnetized the whole company into frank hilarity, and let themselves quietly down to a mood of genial and sensible talk.

For many years Dr. Francis was the favorite spokesman of various public and private associations ; his " medical report," or " response for the Faculty," being the most humorous and genial, or suggestive and eloquent, feature of those occasions. Some of his old friends recall memorable instances of this kind, when he playfully made a diagnosis of some departed worthy, using the terms of his own profession, and applying them to moral and mental traits with rare wit and aptitude, or giving the reins to his retrospective mood, and reproducing many an original character or public benefactor " as he lived." The Anniversaries of the St. Nicholas, Dramatic Fund, Typographical, Medical, and other Societies, and the meetings of the Hone, Webster, or Clay Clubs around the festive board, were thus signalized and made genial. It was observed by a medical friend, when Dr. Francis died, that the profession, as such, in this country, and especially in New York, was singularly deficient in the genius of expression ; few physicians being able writers and speakers, otherwise than in a technical sense. The exigencies of our age and country make it highly desirable that medical men, like the clergy and lawyers, should be *en rapport* with public opinion. Dr. Francis was pre-eminently an auspicious and efficient medium in this regard ; in losing him, the Profession lost their best popular expositor. Dr. Marshall Hall, after dining in company with Dr. Francis, when the latter was in the most communicative and benign humor, was so charmed with the vividness of his descriptive powers, and his copious stores of anecdote and broad sympathies, that he declared he had found in America his ideal of the social charms of a Doctor of Medi-

cine.* If such was the vivid impression made upon a new acquaintance by the genial side of the Doctor's nature, what must have been that of such as were intuitively familiar with its exuberant and habitual exercise !

“ I see his gray eyes twinkle yet
 At his own jest, gray eyes lit up
 With summer lightnings of a soul
 So full of summer warmth, so glad,
 So healthy, sound, and clear, and whole,
 His memory scarce can make me sad.”

XI.

Soon after his marriage, Dr. Francis had taken up his residence at No. 1 Bond street, and there, for many years, was the home still so fondly remembered as a shrine of benevolence, hospitality, and genial intercourse. Perhaps there is no minor avenue in New York more endeared to some of our own older citizens. When Bond street formed the “up-town” centre of the most eligible private residences, it was the scene of the choicest social enjoyment. Lined with trees, in the early summer, the lamps gleaming amid the leaves, reminded one of Paris. At the Broadway corner stands a mansion remarkable for its wide dimensions—far more desirable than the lofty narrow fronts of the present fashionable domiciles; in the rear, is a large picture-gallery, lighted from above; here lived Samuel Ward, Esq., the banker, and his numerous friends ever found there the most refined hospitality, and heard discussed or saw exhibited whatsoever of interest, at the moment, obtained in literature and art. The author of the day, the eloquent clergyman, the rising artist, the distinguished foreigner, were always encountered in that cultivated circle. A few doors east lived General Dix,

* See Appendix V.

whose fine collection of pictures and cultivated household made his dwelling also the nucleus of congenial associations ; in the same block Gideon Lee entertained General Jackson ; opposite yet stands a house whose owner's name is intimately and honorably associated with Arctic Adventure ; and among the other few and far between survivors of the palmy days of Bond street, was the venerable Dr. Francis ; but, on one side of him, where the Rev. Dr. Spring long dwelt, rose a stove-factory, and, on the other, a dancing-academy ; so that, most reluctantly, he was obliged at last to remove ; for theatres disgorged nightly their crowds in the adjacent thoroughfare ; barbers, milliners, dentists, and boarding-house keepers, asserted squatter sovereignty upon this once select domain ; and, although the most honest of New York brokers, and the most benevolent of New York doctors, long retained their familiar places in Bond street, its social glory waned rapidly before the steady encroachments of trade.

The simple, old-fashioned furniture, the inexpensive but suggestive ornaments of the parlors and library, were characteristic : a desk used by one of the members of the first American Congress ; china that had belonged to Franklin ; prints of Jean Paul and Edinburgh professors ; a scarce engraving of Fulton's ; heads of eminent men ; fragments of Cook's ship, the Endeavor ; and mementoes of friendship and fame, slight in themselves ; with books of rare interest or fresh beauty, were the permanent material attractions of the Doctor's home.

It was in view of his habitual and widely-extended professional benevolence, identified with this abode, that a writer in one of the leading journals, proposed a singularly appropriate local tribute to the memory of Dr. Francis :

“ Few men,” he observes, “ have attained to a more just celebrity than the late Surgeon-General of Ireland, Sir PHILIP CRAMPTON. His name is associated with most

of the recent public sanitary improvements in the metropolis of Ireland. A fitting memorial has recently been erected to his memory in Dublin, in the shape of a very handsome drinking-fountain. The Earl of Howth, as the representative of the contributors to the fund, handed it over to the Lord Mayor and Corporation, for the benefit of the citizens. There is one spot in this city about which the recollections of the good and the learned will frequently linger. No. 1 Bond street, now devoted to municipal charities, is, to many, classic ground. If the friends and admirers of him who made the locality interesting, would follow the example of Crampton's friends, how beautifully, appropriately, and usefully, would the name of Dr. Francis live among us and our children! Eminently useful in promoting sanitary measures for the good of his native city, his name should not be allowed to pass soon from our memories. What more effectual means could be adopted to secure its preservation, and lasting good from his example, than to place near where he daily walked a beautiful and well-kept drinking-fountain, upon which should be written his name and virtues? Indirectly, he would long continue to do good to mankind—his delight while living. The poor would bless his name, as did their progenitors.”*

His welcome was emphatically cordial. An old friend remarked, at his funeral, “I have known the Doctor fifty years, and never met him without feeling that he was sincerely glad to see me.” His benevolence found perpetual utterance in a fervent “God bless you!” at parting. His lenity, as a charitable judge of character, was partly based upon uncommon knowledge of physical infirmities: for those of genius he had pure compassion; and often, when rallied for apparent want of discrimination in his estimate

* American Medical Times.

of those whose faults or uninteresting traits could plead no such redeeming quality, he would mention some ailment or misfortune, the thought of which led him to exercise forbearance. We remember, on one occasion, when the timid counsels and lack of moral courage exhibited by a man of intelligence and integrity, in the discussion of a vital interest of humanity, had provoked the severe comments of an eager group;—after he had taken leave, the Doctor remained pensive and silent, and explained his neutral bearing by saying, “Gentlemen, he is the son of an old man;” thereby accounting for the conservative instinct which had been regarded as wilful cowardice.

In his estimation, also, there was no more delectable pastime in life than the commerce of select intelligences, celebrated by Boswell and other literary annalists; those pleasant composition portraits so familiar through popular engravings of “A Party at Sir Joshua Reynolds’s,” and “Sir Walter Scott and his Friends,” were, of all artistic memorials, the most congenial to Dr. Francis, who succeeded in reproducing, in his own house, more of the true social freedom, grace, and fellowship of literature, than has been elsewhere realized in the city. Sure not only of welcome, but of sympathy, distinguished strangers made that hospitable dwelling their favorite rendezvous; while every lover of art and letters, every original character, and aspirant for fame or fun—travellers, poets, doctors, clergymen, editors, and wits, there breathed an atmosphere unburdened with conventional formalities, and devoid of artificial vapidness; where one could tell a story, hazard a conjecture, discuss history, describe character, advocate theories, give play to fancy, overflow with humor, and “flit the time lightly, as they did in the Golden Age.”*

This *abandon*, rollicking enthusiasm, and impromptu

* See Appendix VI.

humor, disconcerted literal people, especially when exhibited to entire strangers; and the effect was often very amusing to those familiar with the Doctor's eccentricities. We recall vividly the bewildered and alarmed look that gave temporary expressiveness to the somewhat vacant countenance of an embryo Scotch lord, who brought an introduction to the Doctor: it was a striking illustration of that obtuseness to humorous follies which Charles Lamb and Sydney Smith declared, with such jocosé emphasis, to be characteristic of Scotchmen. The youth in question had been educated, or rather suffered to grow up, as a younger son, with little society but what he found in a pedantic tutor and in his father's stables, never being admitted to the social circle, and thus kept in a callow state until dispatched on his travels—as ignorant of the world, and as unformed in manners, as if he had lived in the woods; yet, as far as birth and technical information was concerned, wholly respectable, and able, when duly encouraged, to talk about a Latin author and sport in the Highlands. It has been found a capital resource to send these imperfectly-developed specimens of humanity—made so by a conventional system of education—to rough it in the United States; and many are the instances where practical habitudes and facility of address have been thus attained on the free and fresh arena of our vivacious intercourse and enterprise. It so happened that on the rainy evening when this novice called to present his letter, the Doctor, after a laborious day, having refreshed himself with his favorite beverage, “the cup that cheers, but not inebriates,” was enjoying his favorite pastime—talk with an old friend, about the past, over a good fire, and a fragrant cigar: rising to greet, with his accustomed heartiness, the bashful student, he glanced at his credentials, enough to learn his nativity, and then burst forth: “Glad to see you, Doctor—welcome to New York—a

plate and a bed are at your service here at old No. 1. How comes on dear old Edinburgh? How is the man-of-feeling, darling Mackenzie? How is Dugald Stewart? Scott? Ferguson? Dr. Gregory? Playfair, and auld-lang-syne Burns, and all the rest? Doctor, this is my old friend the Major—the descendant of the first white child born on the island of Manhattan—a walking chronicle, dear Doctor—will tell you every thing about old New York.” To this address the astonished listener made no reply, except stammering a few incoherent words, but timidly gazed upon his host, whose face beamed with genial excitement: retreating, he sat awhile on the edge of a chair, and then, murmuring that he would call again, beat a hasty retreat, notwithstanding the hospitable remonstrances of his facetious host, one of whose friends encountered the departing guest, standing in a brown study outside the door, tapping his forehead and soliloquizing, “Can’t be right here—singular man—Scott and Burns are dead, and I’m not acquainted with the rest; I’m not a doctor, as he might have known if he had read the letter, and I don’t care about that first white child; curious people, the Americans, you know—crazy—don’t you see?” On another occasion, a read was brought the Doctor, while we were all seated at the tea-table; the expression of his face, as he left the room, betokened the visit of a celebrity; in a few moments he ushered into the room a pale, thin, and most grave-looking man, whose dark dress and solemn air, with the Doctor’s own look of ceremonious gravity, produced an ominous silence, where, a moment before, all was hilarity; slowly conducting his guest around the table, and turning to his wife, he waved his hand, and, with elaborate courtesy, made this unique announcement: “The Raven!” and certainly no human physiognomy more resembled that bird than the stranger’s, who, without a smile or a word, bowed slightly and slowly, with a fixed, and, it al-

most seemed, a portentous gaze, as if complacently accepting the character thus thrust upon him. Instantly, the fancy of all present began to conjure up all the ravens they had ever heard of or seen, from those that fed Elijah to the one in "Barnaby Rudge;" and it was not for some minutes that Edgar A. Poe was recognized, in the "fearful guest," to be "evermore" associated in the minds of all present, not with the "lost Leonore," but with that extraordinary presentation of the Doctor's. Had he anticipated and prepared for the character, he could not have looked and acted it better; his lack of humor contributing to the unconscious and bird-like solemnity with which he thus dramatically entered a strange circle. Indeed, after his departure, one of the guests remarked that the effect of his presence irresistibly recalled the opening lines of Goldsmith's "Traveller," in both its verbal and rhythmic expression:—

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering *Po*."

That the subject of this amusing episode appreciated the salient exception which the doctor presented to the monotonous uniformity of social life, and that he detected the higher under the more superficial qualities of the man, is apparent from the following notice appended by Poe to the Doctor's autograph:—

"His philanthropy, his active, untiring benevolence, will forever render his name a household word among the truly Christian of heart. His professional services and his purse are always at the command of the needy; few of our wealthiest men have ever contributed to the relief of distress so bountifully—none certainly with greater readiness or with warmer sympathy. His person and manner are richly peculiar. He is short and stout—probably five feet eight in height; limbs of great museu-

larity and strength; the whole frame indicating prodigious vitality and energy—the latter is, in fact, the leading trait in his character. His head is large, massive—the features in keeping; complexion, dark florid; eyes, piercingly bright; mouth, exceedingly mobile and expressive; hair, gray, and worn in matted locks about the neck and shoulders; eyebrows to correspond, jagged and ponderous. His general appearance is such as to arrest attention.*

“His address is the most genial that can be conceived; its *bonhomie* irresistible. He speaks in a loud, clear, hearty tone, dogmatically, with his head thrown back and his chest out; slaps a perfect stranger on the back, and calls him ‘Doctor,’ or ‘Learned Theban;’ never waits for an introduction to anybody; pats every lady on the head, and (if she be pretty and *petite*) designates her by some such title as ‘My Pocket Edition of the Lives of the Saints.’ His conversation proper is a sort of Roman punch, made up of tragedy, comedy, and the broadest of all possible farce. He has a natural, felicitous flow of talk, always overswelling its boundaries, and sweeping every thing before it right and left. He is very earnest, intense, emphatic; his *forte*, after all, is humor, the richest conceivable.”

Not less dramatic and far more exciting was the Doctor’s first meeting with the author of “The Idle Man.” Finish of style and psychological insight were too rare in our nascent literature when Richard H. Dana wrote and published those memorable papers, not to excite the earnest admiration of such a literary enthusiast as Dr. Francis. And while enjoying the pathos and free discrimination as well as pure diction they exhibited, he fully appreciated the heroism of the author who ventured

* See Appendix VII.

bravely on a literary experiment involving pecuniary risk so much in advance of and above the taste and temper of the times and country. But there was another reason for his partiality for Dana: he had heard Edmund Kean, of whose genius he had made a study, and whose fastidiousness as regards criticism was remarkable, declare emphatically, after reading Dana's analysis of his acting, "This man understands me." The modest and sensitive author of "The Buccaneer" had thus been, from the commencement of his career, an object of peculiar interest and admiration to the Doctor. One morning, as the latter went forth to his professional duties, a neighbor detained him in friendly chat, and incidentally mentioned that a clerical-looking gentleman, who was tranquilly walking towards Broadway, was Mr. Dana of Boston. "What!" exclaimed the Doctor, "do you mean to say that is 'The Idle Man?'" and he rushed up to the astonished author with the query, "Are you the immortal Dana?" and, reading in the confusion and surprise of the stranger an affirmative reply, he seized him in his arms, and, bearing him triumphantly across the street, succeeded in placing him, a living trophy of genius, upon his own hospitable threshold; the frightened subject of his demonstration meantime appealing to the neighbor who had betrayed his identity, by vociferating, "Release me from this maniac!" Those familiar with the robust figure, and broad, rosy face of the Doctor, and the slender form and spiritual features of the poet, can easily imagine the extraordinary tableau. Notwithstanding this bold attempt at abduction, a life-long friendship was the result of an acquaintance so oddly begun.

The experience, disposition, and peculiar traits of Dr. Francis, united with his patriotism to make him an enthusiast in his admiration of Franklin. Having won his own early success in life by self-culture, cherishing the strictest principles in regard to fiscal integrity, with a love for

simple enjoyments, an ardent thirst for knowledge, popular instincts, republican convictions, and a singular appreciation of self-reliant and original character, he found in this philosopher and practical economist, and in the scientific genius and unartificial manners, the probity and the public spirit of Franklin, his ideal of the American citizen and *savant*. His earliest associations made the individuality of the Boston printer among the most vivid of his reminiscences; for he had heard his mother speak of Franklin, Thomas Paine, and Dr. Rush, when they passed the house in company, as "Reason, Common Sense, and the Doctor;" the autobiography of the latter was the favorite book of his childhood, and his youthful aspiration was to imitate the career of one who had become the idol of his heart. To this end, when obliged to decide at a tender age upon a pursuit in life, he had chosen the profession of a printer; it was his pride, in later years, to boast of having set up, in Mr. Long's office, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" from an early English copy; and he ever cherished the kindest relations with and proved a rare benefactor to the craft; twice invited to address the New York Typographical Society, he improved each occasion to celebrate the illustrious memories and important social functions connected therewith; and devoted the last to an elaborate and glowing eulogy of Franklin's character and achievements. He delighted to seek out and authenticate the localities identified with his electrical experiments in New York; regarded as one of his most precious trophies, a set of China plates that had belonged to and been used by Franklin; and was proud of the resemblance so often observed between himself and the sage who drew lightning from heaven, wrote "Poor Richard," outwitted parliamentary inquisitors, and won the hearts of Parisian belles. The traditions in regard to the latter, indeed, were sometimes turned against the

Doctor by his humorous friends, who, aware of his sensitive admiration of Franklin, would excite him to the most indignant protests by affecting to have heard of the discovery of documentary evidence of amorous intrigues, whereby the lofty fame of Franklin would be seriously compromised. A Philadelphia friend has often related the amusing circumstances attending the Doctor's visit to Franklin's grave; in him hero-worship was carried to an extent seldom witnessed in this utilitarian age and country, and his first object in Philadelphia was to seek that "Mecca of the mind" to him—the last resting-place of the American Philosopher; accordingly, he sallied forth with the zeal of a pilgrim approaching a shrine long and patiently sought. Upon arriving at the cemetery, he was disconcerted to find the gates locked, and the wall too high for him to scale; borrowing a ladder from one of the neighboring shops, he soon reached the spot, so hallowed to his fancy and dear to his heart, and, kneeling thereon, spent an hour in exalted meditation upon the virtues, the services, and the genius, of Benjamin Franklin. Meantime, the ladder had been taken away by the impatient owner, and when the Doctor, awaking from his reverie, sought to retrace his steps, he found it easy to mount the wall from the inside, but, on account of its greater height without, hazardous to descend. He, therefore, remained astride on the top, hoping some chance passenger would release him from the predicament. His short legs, robust form, gray hair, and broad, expressive face, with his half-clerical costume, made him, thus mounted at mid-day on a graveyard fence, in the heart of a metropolis noted for devotion to social propriety, an object of curiosity and reproach, rather than of sympathy. To add to the awkwardness of the situation, a procession of Friends from the adjacent meeting-house, filed in full procession along the street below, the old men and fair matrons casting glances

of grave disapprobation upon so venerable and respectably clad an offender, as they evidently considered him, against the sacredness of the time and place. Although provoked by his uncomfortable and involuntary dilemma, and some remarks questioning his sanity by a scandalized Quaker, he vouchsafed an explanation, and improved the occasion to dilate upon the public indifference to the memory of Franklin, in the city where he lived and died, as manifested in the neglect of the people to erect a monument over his remains, and make the place of their repose accessible to strangers like himself. The terms and the tone of this impromptu address, from so unique a rostrum, added not a little to the originality of the scene, to which only the pen and pencil of Hood could do justice; and so aroused were the Doctor's feelings and rhetoric, that it might have been indefinitely prolonged, had not the considerate friend to whom we are indebted for the anecdote, hastened to the rescue, and conveyed the Doctor from his ominous perch, amid the hearty plaudits of the more than reconciled spectators.

Although sometimes exhibited in this comic manner, the Doctor's love of genius was serious and full of humanity. He was jealous for the respectability of the guild of letters and of wit; advocated earnestly, and on all occasions, their prominent claims, and manifested a sincere respect for and sympathy with their votaries. A friend, whose sense of the ridiculous was keen, was infinitely amused at the *début* of a gentleman well known in literature and polite society, and who had remarkable elocutionary talent—upon the strength of which he ventured to appear on the stage of the Park Theatre, associated with a celebrated actress. Unfortunately, he had taken no lessons in histrionic art, and was wholly inexperienced in the technical business of the profession; relying upon his beautiful readings of Shakspeare, he forgot how essential to effect-

ive representation is the manner of exit and entrance, the attitude, movement, and adaptation to the part; the consequence was, a ludicrous unconsciousness of awkward behaviour in this regard, which was the more laughable from the self-possession and complacency with which the recitation was given; the Doctor's friend was convulsed with laughter, but the Doctor himself felt too much sympathy with the amateur not to see more that was pitiable than funny in the spectacle, and reproved his companion in a way that made a lasting impression, and led him to respect the benevolence implied in the reproach, which the whole audience might have justly shared, as, notwithstanding the tragic subject, they were nearly all in a broad grin. "For God's sake, sir," exclaimed the kind-hearted Doctor, "don't laugh to see a gentleman, and the son of a gentleman, make a fool of himself!" This reminds us of an anecdote related of Sir Richard Steele, who pleaded for a worthy and humble aspirant for comic success with his critical friends who gravely sneered at his attempts, saying, "Do laugh, 'tis humanity to laugh." Yet the Doctor's literary championship was often amusing in its zeal. The son of one of his neighbors had written a book of travels, and he warmly congratulated the father, who, being a practical and prosaic man, was annoyed at what he deemed a waste of time, and, regarding authors as a visionary and unprofitable race, did not respond to the compliment. "Sir," said the impatient Doctor, with Johnsonian emphasis, "you have no appreciation of the glory of literature, and the true worth of brains and of fame. I had rather be a corn on Byron's toe than possess your fortune, if I had to take your soul with it." Observing one day the name of a celebrated writer upon the sign of a leading firm in one of the large business thoroughfares, he entered, and inquired for the owner of the illustrious title, who happened to be a very matter-of-fact

tradesman. "Are you any relation, sir," asked the Doctor, "to the celebrated author whose name you bear?" "He was my uncle, and my son owns his Christian as well as surname." "And where is that son, sir?" "He has just gone out; he inherits some of his kinsman's talent, but I am bringing him up to this lucrative business." "Your son, sir, had better be dead!" replied the Doctor, leaving the stranger dumb with astonishment, as he could not perceive the bearing of this remarkable opinion from his unknown visitor. Some one inquired of the Doctor what kind of a person a young lady was. "Why, sir," he replied, "you can judge, when I tell you she never heard of Hannah More."

X.

To a mind thus liberalized by varied knowledge, and a heart so freely and habitually exercising generous sympathies, religion naturally presented itself more under the aspect of a sentiment modified by special associations, than as a system amenable exclusively to ecclesiastical standards. Accordingly, while the ethics of Christian doctrine, especially truth, love, and forgiveness, were earnestly recognized both in principle and practice by Dr. Francis, he never professed absolute allegiance to any sect. One was often reminded, in conversation with him, of the remark of James Martineau, that it is the instinct of the "soul's natural piety to alight on whatever is beautiful and touching in every sect, and draw thence its secret inspiration;" for he expressed intelligent and genuine sympathy with every form in which true religious feeling manifested itself; and had a peculiar conviction, derived from a wide and remarkable experience of life, of the superior value of positive results in action and sentiment over technical belief. He had known so many ostensible Christians vio-

late what he cherished as the great object and meaning of religion—so many scrupulous in creed, and unjust and inhuman in conduct—that he never lost sight of the line which separates theology from religion: the former he considered a speculative, the latter a vital element. In his youth and early manhood occurred that memorable revolution, initiated by Methodism, which made apparent and emphatic the difference between formal assent and ceremonial, and personal experience in matters of faith, which Southey traced in his life of Wesley, which the preaching of Whitefield introduced in America, and which subsequently became such an efficient agency in our Western civilization. Some of the results of this movement, and not a little of its process, Dr. Francis had witnessed, and thereby came to appreciate its adaptation to certain stages of national development and certain classes of society. On the other hand, his personal relations made him intimate with the history, the representatives and the influence, of the Episcopal Church. Among its leading clergy were his warmest friends; and to hear him discuss the character of American bishops, the claims of the liturgy, and the sermons of English divines, a stranger might have inferred that, with that communion, he was alone identified. While abroad, he associated with that exemplary circle of English Unitarians, of which Gilbert Wakefield and Dr. Priestley were prominent members; and the elevated tone, active benevolence, and gracious intelligence, he there encountered, gave him a prepossession for the spirit they were of, which the inveterate prejudice that existed against the same sect in his native city, could not dispel. This partiality was confirmed by his acquaintance with the simplicity of manners and integrity of life, the kindness and the candor of several of the New-England liberal Christian ministers; and when, forty years ago, every public hall in New York was refused to these

preachers, it was through the exertions of Dr. Francis that the lecture-room of the medical college, wherein he was a professor, was at last obtained for this proscribed denomination. This bold advocacy of toleration, as it was then considered, is a curious illustration of the narrow bigotry of that day, and the brave humanity of the medical, compared with the exclusiveness of the clerical profession; and the details of the controversy which Dr. Francis carried on almost single-handed to secure a decent apartment for Dr. Channing to preach in, forcibly contrasts with the European fame of that eminent divine, and the subsequent popularity of Ware, Dewey, and their successors, in the beautiful temples now dedicated in the same city to this identical faith. Dr. Francis was a great favorite with the clergy, and could give admirable portraits of the most distinguished of those who flourished during the last half century in New York. "Early instruction and reading while a boy," he remarks, "gave me something of a bias towards matters pertaining to churches and their pastors; my repeated visits to my father's grave, in Ann street, when I was not yet seven years old, led me to churchyards and to epitaphs, and I had collected, when scarcely able to pen an intelligible hand, quite a volume of those expressive memorials of saddest bereavement. I state these facts, lest in what I have to say, in a brief notice of a few of the earlier clerical worthies of this city, you might apprehend, from my personal reminiscences, that I was half a century older than I actually am." His anecdotes of Bishop Hobart, John Murray, Dr. Mason, and others, evidenced the same catholic sympathy which bound him, in later years, in ties of genuine friendship with clerical representatives of all the leading sects. Few laymen delight in Hymns as he did. Dr. Watts and Charles Wesley, Cowper and Toplady, were familiar to him, in their devout lyrics, as household words; and one of his last requests

was to have read Newton's "Hymn of the Great Physician." There was one eminent Christian quality which belonged to Dr. Francis: his forbearance and patience under a sense of injury. To witness his kindness of manner towards persons who had proved ungrateful and dishonest, who had abused his confidence and been recreant to their obligations, pecuniary and social, no one would imagine that he had suffered wrong, so little did the spirit of revenge enter into his nature; indeed, were it not for his vivid remembrance of Kean's "Zanga," it might be inferred that he had no conception of the feeling.

Theology had been made familiar to Dr. Francis, not only by his free and frequent intercourse with prominent clergymen of different denominations, but through his brother, who was a Hebrew scholar, and remarkably well versed in the history of creeds and ecclesiastical and polemical lore. There was in his mind a native repugnance to mysticism, partly exhibited in a tenacious allegiance to that large portion of English literature which appeals to common sense and the facts of life and science, and partly in his antipathy to ideas not strictly logical and based on experience. His sense of the actual was prevailing, his perception of the involved and imaginative, limited; he loved history more than speculation, truths demonstrated by life and law, better than those evolved from intuition. His reading, his profession, and his habits of thought, precluded devotion to abstract, and fostered his adherence to practical ideas; the application of the latter to conduct he fully recognized; and, therefore, works rather than faith impressed his consciousness; it followed, as a natural consequence, that much of what is regarded as important doctrine seemed to him vague and inexplicable. "My cook and chimney-sweep," he observed to a friend, "understand these things, but I cannot." Yet the ethical part of Christianity commended itself to his heart, and was endeared

thereto. 'What speculative ideas he may have entertained in regard to divine truth,' observes Dr. Mott, "or what peculiar views he may have had of abstract doctrines, is of little consequence, so long as his whole life was a continual exemplification of the cardinal maxims of the Christian religion, love towards God, and charity to man." And when the singular interest in, and attachment to life, which his physical, intellectual, and moral constitution bred, were gradually weakened by suffering, he became in this respect, as he declared to Dr. Hawks, "an altered man," or, as that affectionate and excellent friend remarked, "like a little child."

XI.

The vigorous constitution and freshness of heart, which had so distinguished Dr. Francis, seemed to warrant the continuance of health and usefulness to far more than the allotted days of man. He considered his vulnerable point the throat and bronchial organs, having suffered repeated attacks of *laryngitis*—a disease comparatively rare, always alarming, and familiar to every reader of Washington's life, as that which so rapidly closed his mortal career. The report of one of several cases of *laryngitis*, of which Dr. Francis is the subject, is referred to in that popular manual, Watson's "Practice of Physic." The extreme and sudden changes of our climate, and the exposure and fatigue inseparable from the life of a physician, might suggest an unusual liability to fatal illness to a man thus constituted and employed; but great caution was exercised by his family to guard him from exposure to cold; and the earliest symptoms of inflammation or obstruction of the larynx were alleviated by every means that experience had proved useful. It therefore appeared reasonable to anticipate a prolonged as well as green old

age for one whose habits and constitution were so favorable to longevity; especially as his eldest son prepared himself to assume the more laborious duties of the profession, and relieve his father from the necessity of over-exertion and habitual exposure. The sympathy of taste, and the mutual affection that existed between them, made this prospect full of hope and satisfaction. Already "the young doctor" had given proof of rare energy, and an independence and vigor of character beyond his years. Surrounded from infancy with the kindly and intellectual atmosphere of the home we have inadequately described, he had imbibed the love of letters, the social aptitudes, and the professional enthusiasm of his father, and was, at the age of manhood, in aspect, character, and disposition, that father's adequate and loyal representative, destined, in the fond visions of the parental heart, to perpetuate his professional name and fame, inherit the invaluable results of his experience, share the labors and triumphs of his later years, and be at once his filial support, intellectual companion, and endeared successor. The abrupt severance of this precious tie, the sudden destruction of these vital hopes, were the signal of that great change which ushers in the decline of human life, enjoyment, and self-reliance, to Dr. Francis. His eldest son died of typhoid fever, on the 20th of January, 1855. "As I led him away from the death-bed, when all was over," writes Dr. Mott, "he uttered a passionate exclamation of grief that he, who had saved the lives of so many less worthy, should have lost his own son. The shaft had sunk deep into his heart, and for two years he brooded over his wound, and refused to be comforted." Unrelieved as he had trusted to be from the immediate burden of his professional toil, the sweetest dream of his life bitterly dispelled, that elasticity of mind which had heretofore sustained him, only appeared at fitful intervals; he grew old

visibly; a little exertion fatigued him, a slight perplexity created nervous disturbance; and that apprehensiveness, so foreign to his days of health and hope, which seems to grow with years, dampened his native ardor; a sudden conviction of the precarious in life seemed to weigh upon his heart. He had known few bereavements, and this bewildered while it made him desolate; comforted, at times, by the assiduities of domestic love, cheered into geniality by friendly companionship, regular as ever in professional duty, faithful as before to the various public claims upon his time and thoughts, he was, as those who knew him best continually felt and remarked, "never again the same man;" more pensive, less confident; sometimes impatient of, but oftener subdued by his peculiar sorrow, he found still in literature* the chief means of distraction, and sought to lose himself in the past and future, when the present failed to absorb his consciousness. His attitude of quiet musing, his spasmodic efforts at hilarity, his more frequent recurrence to the vicissitudes of Life, and the mysteries of Eternity, indicated how his strong nature had been wrenched by grief from familiar and tenacious relations, and drifted on the infinite sea towards that "undiscovered country" whence no traveller returns. He would inquire of his friends if they did not perceive he was "breaking up," and if they thought he "would live a year." He would pensively call the roll of the few survivors of his youth, and greet, with peculiar tenderness, the three or four contemporary intimates who yet rallied about his bereaved age. The encroachments of trade upon the upper part of the city made it, as before stated, necessary for him, in the spring of 1860, to remove from a dwelling associated with the happiest years of his life. What the phrenologists call *adhesiveness* was a marked characteristic of Dr. Francis; and it was like him to men-

* Note, Appendix VIII.

tion, among his objections to a change of residence, that he loved the corner of the sofa in his own familiar back parlor, beside the window, where, in winter, he had felt the sunshine, and in summer watched the trees so long; and that he had always imagined his coffin would rest on a table in the familiar hall. Two or three months' experience of migratory life, during the ensuing summer, which was divided between Staten Island, West Point, brief excursions, and a hotel in the city, made the transition delightful, when, early in the autumn, he was once more established in a home of his own, with his family, friends, and books, and household gods about him; the last he had found, with Lamb, "plant a terribly fixed foot, and are not removed without blood." During the six months prior to his being settled in his new dwelling, he had suffered from insomnia to such an extent that he felt confident, unless more sleep could be secured, Nature must yield. The consequence of this deprivation was, a state of nervous excitement, physical exhaustion, and mental despondency, which created the most serious anxiety in his behalf; he would not resort to anodynes, and his medical friends were completely baffled in their attempts to relieve what appeared independent of any functional or organic derangement, and to result from a purely nervous affection. But, as we have said, with the approach of cold weather, and the resumption of his usual domestic comforts, this trouble was much lessened; the Doctor's health and spirits improved, and his friends congratulated him and each other upon what they fondly trusted was a new lease of life for him, and a new period of happy intercourse for them. These hopes proved fallacious. The long-continued nervous derangement so far invaded his vital functions as to interfere with the assimilation of nourishment; and the poverty of blood hence resulting occasioned carbuncular disease, at first appearing in small degrees upon the

back, and gradually enlarging to a mass unparalleled in the experience of any of his medical friends; "his mouth became aphthous, and his digestion failed." Day after day, and night after night, for eight weeks, he either lay upon his bed in extreme pain and great debility, or knelt beside it to undergo the dressing of the extensive wound; the slough might not, indeed, "of necessity prove fatal," but his previous exhaustion and period of life made the result doubtful. Still, a remarkable degree of recuperative power became manifest; the natural strength of his constitution, the most careful nursing, the best regimen, the watchfulness of his physicians, and the devotion of his family, seemed destined to be rewarded at last; but when "an extensive induration of the popliteal space" occurred, followed by periods of collapse, he began to lose all confidence in the possibility of recovery. From time to time, he rallied; and at last the natural expression of the eyes, relish of food, and somewhat of the old interest in the events of the day and the pursuits to which he was attached, renewed the hopes of those he loved, and who so faithfully and fondly ministered to his wants. Perhaps no kind of illness could have so weaned him from the strong love of life native to such a constitution; the long interval wherein he was cut off from habitual excitement and resources, the prostration, the seclusion, and the pain, incident to the disease, gradually but surely lessened his instinctive attachment to and interest in existence. His mind was, for the most part, clear; his consciousness rarely lapsed; he had a perfect conception of his state; unable to make any effort, and indisposed for conversation, all his strength seemed concentrated in patient endurance. When able to see the very few whose presence he craved, his words were brief but significant. He inquired earnestly for those whose welfare interested him, and desired to be informed, in general terms, as to public affairs,—then

assuming the dangerous complexity which soon after reached a climax in civil war. "Have we still a country?" he sadly asked. He was solicitous that pledges he had given to furnish aid in several instances, to certain charitable and literary projects, should be seasonably fulfilled. He exhibited the warmest affection to the different members of his family; desiring the constant presence of his sons, and exclaiming, when his wife re-entered the room after a brief absence, "How delightful it is to see your face, and hear your voice!" To a friend he said, with his familiar smile, in allusion to a biographical undertaking in which he took much interest, "I have a fact that no one but myself is aware of, that the author will be delighted with." A volume of medical memoirs was received during his illness, and one day, to the surprise of all, he asked for it, glanced over and commenced upon some of the chapters; and, for the first time in a month, took up a newspaper, and, to please his attendant, tried a whiff or two of a choice cigar, looking the while more free from pain and more natural than he had for weeks. "What shall I do about my property?" he asked; and when one of his sons replied, "Dear father, don't trouble yourself about business now; mother will take care of every thing," he said, "Yes, I leave all to her." At three o'clock, on the morning of the eighth of February, 1861—memorable for the sudden and extreme fall of the temperature—he was so evidently failing, that those of the family who had retired were called up. He looked around, and said, "It is very solemn to see you all here; it is characteristic of an exit." Soon after, he murmured, "God bless you! God bless you!" Addressing his son, he inquired if he could be turned upon his other side; and when this was done, he remained quiet a few moments, and then, raising his hand and slightly lifting his head, as if intent upon his own dissolution, he allowed the former to drop slowly on the pil-

low, saying, "I am gone!" and so passed away in entire consciousness and without a struggle.

No tribute to the memory, no recognition of the career and character of Dr. Francis, equals in significance and in moral beauty the scene at his funeral;* resolutions of praise and condolence—addresses, however eulogistic—obituary notices, however sincere, are but the conventional mediums whereby public usefulness and private worth are attested when death hallows their remembrance. The men and women who prayed and wept over the remains of the physician, the patriot, and the friend, on the memorable Sabbath at St. Thomas's Church that witnessed the obsequies of Dr. Francis, were so many representatives of his life, and witnesses of his benign activity; their presence and their sorrow told his story with more eloquence than words, and demonstrated, better than the most philosophical analysis, the universality of his sympathies, the rectitude of his principles, and the benevolence of his nature. By an instinct of respect, his associates of the Academy of Medicine, instead of entering the church, according to the programme, to await there the funeral cortége, paused in reverent sadness to follow as mourners; and when the sublime words of the burial-service were heard, and every eye in that vast assembly rested on the mortal relics of a life so varied, prevalent, and humane, in a thousand hearts he lived again as the healer, the teacher, the host, the brother, the citizen, through tearful memories of kindness, wisdom, and honor. For more than an hour, when prayer and hymn were over, that mourning crowd passed round the altar, in slow procession, to look, each in turn, on the face so long known and loved, to be seen no more forever. It was like a revelation of all that he had been to his fellow-creatures, to watch the expression of those mute farewells. Now a venerable member of his own pro-

* Appendix IX.

fession would gaze with profound thought, as if a life of study and fellowship passed through his consciousness; now a man of letters seemed striving to take in at a glance the features of a benefactor, to be cherished as the most precious of memories; and then a beautiful woman hung momentarily over the coffin, and, sobbing, kissed the cold brow to which in her hour of agony she had looked, not in vain, for support; again, an aged actress stood there, to clasp her withered hands in desolation over him who had gratuitously ministered to her, in days of poverty and pain, and respected her worth, of which the world knew not; printers, tradesmen, clergymen, lawyers, authors, artists, family servants, men of affairs, and men of genius, mechanics,—the old, the young,—every class and kind,—pressed on like pilgrims to a shrine; but the most touching feature in this voluntary oblation, was the number and grief of the poor, whose wan faces were softened by tears, and whose humble apparel seemed the most appropriate suits of woe; for not to the man of talent and public spirit, the enterprising *savant*, and the illustrious citizen, did these bring the homage of their hearts; but to the honest and the kindly man whose charity had relieved, whose skill had restored, and whose sympathy had encouraged them; thus was the good physician canonized into the eternal brotherhood of humanity by the tears of the poor.

XII.

THE most common error, in judging of character, is to confound temperament with mental and moral traits; when the former is prevalent, it is apt to conceal quite as much as betray the essential qualities and native disposition; hence the frequent mistake of identifying shyness with pride, confidence with a hearty address, and gayety with a demonstrative manner. The remark of an old friend of

Dr. Francis, that only those very intimate with him understood the man, seemed to many of the audience an exaggerated statement; for the volubility, frankness, and a certain excitable *naïveté* impressed superficial observers with the idea that few individuals could be so easily read; at a glance and fathomed in an interview; whereas, there is an instinctive reticence, induced by constant and free intercourse, which is far removed from hypocrisy, because it is an outward habit, necessitated by the very fact of wide and constant association. Few mere acquaintances of Dr. Francis would imagine that an under-current of profound melancholy coexisted with his hilarity and sustained aspect and utterance, or that he was singularly self-distrustful; and yet these were the traits exposed to the eye of friendship, and often jealously guarded from the unsympathetic cognizance of the world; he was pensive and despondent when outward excitement was withdrawn, and he had frequent lapses of self-reliance; so that those who knew him best find it difficult to imagine how he might have so bravely fought the battle and retained the zest of life without the encouragement of those near and dear to him.

In the practical details of life, he was a child; so easily imposed upon through his best sympathies, that whatever money happened to be in his possession was sure to be dispensed in charity or for literary objects. He was impatient of the mechanical routine and prudential vigilance so requisite in affairs, and many are the amusing instances of his want of shrewdness, and ready faith in others, where pecuniary interests were involved. Accordingly, he was relieved from all such cares, as far as practicable, and taken care of, in the best sense of the word, by those he loved.

He responded to the vicissitudes of Nature,—the impressions of the alternate seasons, the influence of temperature,

of sunshine, and of storms,—with a conscious sensibility he rarely acknowledged. The fragility of pleasure and the mutations of fortune, the lessons of mortality, and the pressure of care, ingratitude and deception, injustice and responsibility, were elements of life no one more keenly felt or more earnestly pondered. Sometimes they wrought him up to vehement protest, and sometimes subdued him to sad and silent contemplation; and yet, when going forth to exercise his vocation, when called upon to face the spectacle of anguish and misery, or to maintain his part as a cheerful companion and social representative, he was “nobler than his mood,” and met the exigency of the moment with gay humor or wise urbanity, so as to appear jovial and exuberant. This was often but the reaction of an anxious or a baffled spirit. His success in life has been justly ascribed to “ceaseless industry.” Love of approbation far exceeded in him self-esteem; strong as he was in body, and well-equipped in mind, he was as dependent in some respects as a child; absorbed as he seemed in life, and genially related thereto, few men thought more of death; remarkable as was his memory of facts, characters, and ideas, he constantly forgot names, and was abstracted from the immediate; fond as he was of renown, he was still more enamored of sequestration; and while inspired by the idea of celebrity, his notion of enjoyment was domestic comfort and retiracy, with as little of the show and machinery, and as much of the simple and human relish of life as possible: buckwheat-cakes on a winter morning, a cup of fragrant tea, and a choice cigar, enjoyed with those he loved, were more of a feast to him than the elaborate and sumptuous entertainments in which he participated only because of some rare social attraction. He was more content to stretch himself upon his early couch (after a fatiguing day, having made his entries, and left his patients doing well), with a fresh Review and a pile of

daily journals at hand, than to partake of costly luxuries or mingle in the triumphs of fashion. "Division of the records of the mind" was the choicest boon society could offer him, and home delights were the only ones that never palled; his local attachments were indeed too strong to admit discursive tendencies other than intellectual: the accustomed corner of his old sofa, the faces of friends, the presence and affection of kindred, the sense of personal integrity and usefulness, and the pleasures of memory, were the habitual consolations of his toilsome life.

A vein of eccentricity is as desirable to individualize character in real life as in fiction; the tendency of American civilization is to uniformity. Philosophical writers on the social results of our institutions agree in the opinion that Democracy not only favors equality of condition, but monotony of manners; the extreme deference to public opinion in communities where rank creates no line of demarcation, and where originality, in a great measure, isolates, reduces society, in its general aspect, to routine and imitation, so that it is quite refreshing to encounter even oddity, provided it is neither unamiable nor encroaching. Dr. Francis wore the once universal but long-discarded white cravat to the last, and he changed so little in the eyes of his oldest acquaintances partly because his coat and hat were always of the same fashion. No man was more alive to the charm of salient points and representative traits in others, and he intuitively recognized the special phases and forms of human nature under the most diverse qualities of race, occupation, and culture; he was as cosmopolitan in his sympathies as the city where he dwelt,—made so in part by this local peculiarity, but confirmed therein by a native facility of adaptation. Thus he associated as readily with merchants like John Pintard and Philip Hone as with curious characters like Walking Stewart and Christopher Colles; and was as truly interested in a

fine aboriginal specimen, such as Red Jacket, as in a histrionic prodigy like Howard Payne; and he equally relished the stories of Jarvis the painter, Webster's agricultural talk, Kent's legal and Steuben's military reminiscences. His knowledge of Knickerbocker families,—like those of Jay, Livingston, Bleecker, or Bayard,—was full and accurate; but none the less did he remember noteworthy facts of lineage and language in regard to foreign and historical personages. Voluble, racy, and piquant, he sought for and celebrated these qualities in others; and was impatient at that apathetic decorum which omitted from biography the whims and ways of famous men, their familiar modes of expression, and those little touches of a natural language which make a portrait so real. When the life of an eminent New York divine appeared, he protested against its conventional limits, declaring that it was not a description of the man, but the theologian; and immediately related half a dozen anecdotes which brought the subject before the mind, a living human character, of which no hint was conveyed by the formal memoir in question.

“One beautiful feature in the character of Dr. Francis,” observes a discriminating journalist, “was, that, although always capable of teaching, he was never above being taught. He afforded one of those rare but brilliant examples of wise humility that is not afraid to adopt new truths, nor too proud to discard old errors. Hence, he never grew old in feeling or practice, notwithstanding his hairs were whitened and his brow a little furrowed. He was a fine specimen of an old ‘Young America.’ At seventy he could tell a story, relate an anecdote, and make a jocund speech, as well as any youngster in the country. Meet him where you would,—in the street, in the library, at a public dinner, or in his own house,—he always had a smile on his face, strength in his grasp, and warmth in his heart.

All these social and winning qualities he carried into his practice, and he made every patient feel that a friend as well as a physician was in attendance.”*

“As a sound American patriot, and public-spirited citizen,” remarks one who knew and loved him well, “he has left few equals—few whose sympathies take so wide a range, and who are so painstaking and minute in the manifestation of them. Independent in his views, and always a lover of the right, he had no preferences but for worth and honor; in every good man he saw a fellow-citizen. At his house, eminent men from every part of the country were accustomed to meet, and we may say from every nation of the world; and the claims of all were more than allowed. His cordial sympathy and unaffected liveliness drew forth what was best and most earnest in each. All reserve and formality melted in the glow of that genial temperament. There may have been, sometimes, a shock to stilted prejudices, in the extravagance of his enthusiasm, and persons unaccustomed to his peculiar humor may have been startled for the moment; but every man of sense soon saw the obvious intent, which was to break up stagnant opinions, and get at the living reality of things beneath them. For, if Dr. Francis was a foe to any thing, it was to pretence, conventionality, and dulness, which he would invade in his familiar conversation with some rousing assertion, following it up by a deluge of amplification, which effectually cleared the atmosphere of error and stupidity.”†

For genius and worth he reserved his best sympathy—caring nothing for luxury, show, or riches. He believed a life of letters, or the pursuit of art or science, the most beautiful and desirable career. The society of an intellectual friend, the comfort of domestic love, the acquisition

* Appendix X.

† Evert A. Duyckinck, in the “Historical Magazine.”

of a memorial of genius, the advancement of a patriotic or charitable, a scientific or a literary cause, were to him the great privileges and charms of life. He, indeed, as has been often said, was a representative man—whose rectitude and public spirit, whose kindliness and respect for talent and knowledge, vindicate the superior tone of mind and principles of action which belonged to our community, before luxury, pretension, and audacious self-assertion, had encroached upon the old-school ideas of honor, reverence, and heartiness.

Although he had reached an age and wore an aspect which fully justified the term venerable, so varied and sympathetic were his relations to life, so vivacious was his temperament and ready his mind, that it was difficult to associate the idea of age with his presence. Many men, comparatively young in years, were vastly older in feeling; and on this account he inspired the youthful with personal attachment quite as much as his contemporaries. The secret of his freshness of heart is to be found in a certain disinterested sympathy with life and literature, with the past and the present, whereby the incrustations of selfishness were avoided. He had a genuine public spirit, such as distinguished our early race of statesmen; he loved his country, he loved knowledge, he loved eminent men,—his native city, institutions, characters, and places,—with the ardent feelings of an enthusiast, and the loyalty of a faithful citizen. It was this going out of a limited personal sphere, this identification of himself with what he admired and loved, that kept him morally alive to the last, and endeared him to so many friends of widely different stations and pursuits. While men of letters sought encouragement in their lonely and often profitless toils from his active beneficence and warm praise, the ignorant and the poor blessed him as a kind healer of their infirmities. In our age of material prosperity and self-absorption,

this generous and genial type of character has become rare.

“On thee the loyal-hearted hung,
The proud was half disarmed of pride,
Nor cared the serpent at thy side,
To flicker with his treble tongue.

“Nor ever narrowness or spite,
Or villain fancy fleeting by,
Drew in the expression of an eye
Where God and Nature met in light.

“I would the great would grow like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but from hour to hour
In reverence and in charity.”*

* Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

A P P E N D I X.

I.

OBITUARY NOTICE, BY GENERAL WILLIAM SULLIVAN, OF MRS. SARAH CUTLER.

[From the *Boston Daily Atlas*, Thursday, November 2, 1836.]

“THE life of Mrs. Sarah Cutler, lately deceased in New York, demands some memorial of her worth. She was a native of South Carolina, where she passed the first half of her days. A marriage with Benjamin Clark Cutler, Esq., transferred her to Boston, where she lived many years; and, having become a widow, the residue of her life was passed among her children at Savannah and New York.

“This lady was a niece of the distinguished citizen-general, Marion, and had in common with him a fervent patriotism. She entered deeply into the measures which tended to the weal or woe of her country. She often spoke, with a just discrimination, of foreign influence in the current of political events; and deeply regretted the mischievous philanthropy which tends, more than all things else, to sever the Union. Nor was she unmindful of the movements of the disciples of Loyola to obtain dominion here, under a form of religion which the Christian community is rapidly outgrowing. Though her life was prolonged to threescore and fifteen years, and though her earthly form had feebly resisted the inevitable law of Nature, her clear and bright mind remained unimpaired to the last. She was born and educated at a time when a dignified and courteous complaisance claimed the rank of a virtue, since it polished and adorned social intercourse. She might be considered eminent as a conversationist; and, though not peculiarly gifted with what the world calls beauty, she had that lustre of mind, that mellifluous (or melodious) tone of voice, and that charming gentleness, which are worth far more than any personal beauty, since they are far less perishable, and may, perhaps, like the mind itself, be immortal. She knew her proper place in the scale of being,

that women are destined to preserve the morals, the order, and the refinement of society; that it is for woman to give the earliest impressions to those who are to become the lawgivers and sages of the land; that as wives, mothers, sisters, friends, women are designed to make of the other sex whatsoever they can be made of,—virtuous, honorable, polished, or Christian. But their sphere she considered to be home, and not in associations to do the work of men, in attempting which, women are very sure to lose their rank and usefulness. Though, like other mortals, no stranger to sorrows, she had the best reward that a mother can ever have, in seeing around her numerous descendants, who well understood her value to them; and at whose hands she received the kindest consolations in declining years, and in the closing scene.”

Mrs. Francis's two sisters married, the one the well-known banker, Samuel Ward, and was the mother of Mrs. S. G. Howe, of Boston, and of Mrs. Terry, the widow of the eminent sculptor Crawford; and the other Judge McAllister, of California, whose recent decision in the great “Almaden Quicksilver Claim” has settled a matter involving many millions per annum.

Dr. Francis lost his eldest son, John W. Francis, Jr., a most gifted and promising young physician, in 1855. His surviving sons are Valentine Mott and Samuel W. Francis. A brother of the Doctor, Henry M. Francis, who was accidentally killed some years since in this city, was distinguished for medical and legal learning, and was one of the best theological and Hebrew scholars in the country.

II.

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

SELDOM have more feeling tributes been paid to the dead by the New York Historical Society. Formal eulogy gave place to heart-felt utterance. President King, of Columbia College, spoke of the life-long friendship between Dr. Francis and himself, of his great disinterestedness, of his moral heroism, of his cheerful devotion at the sick-bed. Rev. Dr. Bethune said, with tears in his eyes, that he owed a debt of filial gratitude to Dr. Francis for his kindness to

his parents—for his long and affectionate friendship for his venerable mother; he spoke of the patriotic sympathies of Dr. Francis—so fervid, practical, and patient; he sympathized in the strong local attachments of his departed friend; he thanked God he was born in New York, whereby his mind and heart had been enlarged by cosmopolitan associations; and no citizen of this metropolis so understood her growth, and knew her Past, as his friend now no more—whose humanity, so wide and prompt, endeared his memory as it had made useful his life.

Rev. Dr. Hawks said his emotions were too personal on this occasion for him to make a studied address. There were sacred associations connected with the subject of discussion. Only those who had enjoyed a long intimacy with, and had loved and been loved by Dr. Francis, could understand his real character. To mere acquaintances he must have often appeared eccentric—perhaps affected—his manner was often so excited, his phraseology so curious and extravagant; but his intimate friends knew that these external traits were allied to some of the most earnest, kindest, noblest, and best feelings that ever warmed a human bosom. He should not presume to speak of Dr. Francis's professional character, but he could bear testimony to his integrity, his benevolence, his deep and loyal friendship. "Perhaps the greatest weakness of our friend," continued the reverend gentleman, "was a desire for posthumous fame—a wish to be identified in the memories of men with the great and good; but in his last illness this feeling died out. he became indifferent to human glory, he became in spirit like unto a little child."

There was read, as a substitute for the regular paper of the evening, a most interesting posthumous sketch, by the late Dr. Francis, of the life and character of Gouverneur Morris, which, it was stated, was one of the latest productions of that distinguished man, and was selected as being eminently characteristic of him.

Augustus Schell, Esq., Chairman of the Executive Committee, then presented the following resolutions, prepared by the Committee to whom the subject had been referred:—

"*Whereas*, It has pleased God to call from this world John Wakefield Francis, we, the members of the New York Historical Society, record upon our annals our sense of his service and our respect for his memory; therefore—

"*Resolved*, That this Society is indebted to Dr. Francis for invaluable aid almost from the very beginning of its existence to the

close of his life; that he has bestowed upon it his time, thought, and means; cheered and sustained it through its early struggles; and by his pen, voice, and influence, joined most effectively in the efforts to place it upon its present prosperous foundation.

“*Resolved*, That we are grateful to his memory for the large public spirit, ready sympathy, extensive learning, varied talent, and indomitable zeal, that identified him with this city, and made him a living compend of its history, and his life a standing memorial of its men, interests, and institutions.

“*Resolved*, That we hold in peculiar regard his contributions to the science and literature of his times, especially those that relate to persons and things of the past and the passing age, and that we wish success to the effort making to publish his works under the editorship of one of our members.

“*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased.”

NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MEDICINE.

A SPECIAL meeting of the New York Academy of Medicine was held in the University of New York, on the 9th of February, and the President, Dr. Anderson, was in the chair.

The meeting, which was unusually large, being called to order, the Secretary proceeded to read the following requisition for a special meeting, signed by nine members of the Academy:—

“We, the undersigned, Fellows of the New York Academy of Medicine, having heard of the decease of our venerable Fellow and ex-President, John W. Francis, M.D., LL. D., do hereby request the President to call a special meeting of the Academy.”

JOHN G. ADAMS, M. D.,
 ALANSON T. JONES, M. D.,
 JOHN WATSON, M. D.,
 JOHN T. METCALFE, M. D.,
 GORDON BUCK, M. D.,
 C. HENSCHEL, M. D.,
 J. H. DOUGLAS, M. D.,
 A. K. GARDNER, M. D.,
 HORACE GREEN, M. D.,
 S. S. HUBBARD, M. D.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8, 1861.

Dr. Valentine Mott then rose, and, after a few remarks, offered the following resolution:—

“*Resolved*, That a Committee of five be appointed to present such resolutions as they may deem appropriate, in reference to the decease of our late Fellow and ex-President of the New York Academy of Medicine, John W. Francis.”

This was carried, and the following gentlemen appointed a Committee: Valentine Mott, R. S. Kissam, John Watson, J. M. Smith, and Willard Parker.

The Committee retired for the purpose of drafting resolutions, and, upon its return, the following were offered for the adoption of the Academy:—

“*Whereas*, It has pleased Almighty God, in His inscrutable providence, to remove from among us our learned and respected colleague, John W. Francis, M. D., LL. D., in whom we lament the loss of one of the earliest and most eminent Fellows of the Academy, and most prominent member of our profession, distinguished alike for his learning, ability, and charitable deeds; therefore—

“*Resolved*, That we bow in submission to the Divine will, and desire to recognize gratefully the privilege we have enjoyed in the counsel, companionship, and example, of our beloved associate.

“*Resolved*, That the unflinching benevolence, strict integrity, and earnest love of knowledge, which marked the character of Dr. Francis, render him a rare and invaluable example, worthy of our imitation; and that we admire his rich memory and literary assiduity, which added the graces of the scholar to the wisdom of the philosopher.

“*Resolved*, That we tender our most sincere and respectful sympathies to the family of our deceased ex-President; and, also—

“*Resolved*, That the Fellows of the New York Academy of Medicine attend his remains to their last resting-place, wearing the usual badge of mourning.”

These resolutions were unanimously adopted. It was then—

“*Resolved*, That the minutes of the meeting be furnished by the Secretary to the daily papers of the city for publication, and that a copy of the same be transmitted to the family of the deceased.”

Upon motion of Dr. J. Marion Sims, it was determined that the Fellows of the Academy should meet in the chapel of the University, and proceed in a body to the funeral; and, on motion of Dr. Hubbard, it was—

“*Resolved*, That a Committee of three be appointed to attend to the arrangements of the funeral of our late deceased Fellow and ex-President, Dr. J. W. Francis, so far as appertains to the New York Academy of Medicine.”

In accordance with this, the Chair appointed, as Committee, Drs. Hubbard, Harsen, and Gardner.

The Academy then adjourned.

T. GAILLARD THOMAS, M. D.,
Secretary.

THE STATE INEBRIATE ASYLUM.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Inebriate Asylum of this State, held at Binghamton, Messrs. Folsom, Beekman, and Turner, were appointed a Committee to provide appropriate memorials, in the Asylum chapel, in memory of Benjamin F. Butler and John W. Francis, and the following resolutions were adopted:—

“*Resolved*, That by the death of John Wakefield Francis, the New York State Inebriate Asylum has lost one of its most ardent and able advocates and supporters, its first donor, its first petitioner, and its first advocate in the medical world.

“*Resolved*, That by the death of our learned brother and co-laborer, the medical profession has lost one of its brightest stars, science one of its devoted scholars, the nation one of its purest patriots, and the world a philanthropist and a Christian.

“*Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with the well-founded tributes paid to his private, public, and professional character, by the medical, scientific, and humane societies; and that we offer our heart-felt condolence to his deeply-afflicted family and friends. May his devotion to all great and humane works inspire us with a renewed energy to go on to the completion of this great enterprise!”

THE SAINT NICHOLAS SOCIETY.

“*Whereas*, The Saint Nicholas Society was designed, among other objects, to preserve in the memory of New-Yorkers the recollection of the debt of gratitude we owe to the glorious examples of the true Republicans of Holland that founded our city: it being also a part of the duty of our Society to transmit, as an example

for those who are to follow us, the names of our members who have been faithful in the discharge of their duties, who have been conspicuous in the councils or the annals of the city of our ancestors, or who have left behind them a name that would reflect credit on our own; and

“ *Whereas*, The devotion, no less than the reputation, of our members constitute alike our possession and our inheritance; therefore—

“ *Resolved*, When a descendant of Saint Nicholas, so well known, so highly esteemed, and so long cherished as Dr. Francis, leaves the scene of his useful and benevolent exertions, there is mingled with our regrets for his departure, the soothing remembrance which accompanies a general acknowledgment that he adorned and closed a well-spent life with devoted attachment to the interests, character, and well-being of our city, as well as to the usefulness and reputation of our Society.

“ *Resolved*, That, with sincere sorrow for the loss we have sustained by his death, we will long cherish a grateful recollection of the virtues and the talents, the professional services and the fond attention to the duties of membership, so eminently displayed by Dr. Francis in his intercourse with our Society.

“ *Resolved*, That as our chief consulting physician for a long series of years, his place may not readily be supplied; at the same time we all feel, with pride and pleasure, that our Society shares in the fame of a departed member, who is styled, by common consent, ‘a distinguished New-Yorker,’ a man so highly prized, a character so well sustained, a title so justly deserved by Dr. Francis.”

Extract from the minutes.

R. C. MOUNT, *Secretary*.

BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

AT a special meeting of the Medical Board of this Hospital, held February 9, 1861, the following preamble and resolutions were passed:—

“ *Whereas*, In the all-wise dispensation of Divine Providence, the hand of Death has removed from our midst the late venerable President of our Board; therefore—

“ *Resolved*, That the Medical Board of Bellevue Hospital have heard with deep regret of the demise of our late President, counsellor, and colleague.

“*Resolved*, That in the death of John W. Francis, this Hospital has lost one whose untiring zeal and devotion for the good of this Institution claimed for him the greatest esteem and regard of his colleagues, and that the inmates of the Hospital have lost a friend who was always prompt to subserve their interests and welfare, and to administer to their wants and necessities.

“*Resolved*, That while we deplore his removal from among us, we are not unmindful that he died in the full measure of years, after a long life devoted with honest zeal for the interests and welfare of the profession and humanity.

“*Resolved*, That we sincerely sympathize with the family and friends of our late lamented President and colleague, and in testimony direct that this Board transmit a copy of the preamble and resolutions to the family of the deceased.”

By order :

JOHN W. GREEN, *Sect. Med. Board.*

THE NEW YORK MEDICO-CHIRURGICAL COLLEGE.

At a regular meeting of the New York Medico-Chirurgical College, held Thursday evening, February 14, Dr. George Bouton in the chair, Dr. A. K. Gardner presented the following resolutions, which were seconded by Dr. H. P. Dewees, and unanimously adopted by the College:—

“*Whereas*, By the dispensation of an all-wise Providence, the world, and the medical profession especially, are called upon to mourn the decease of John W. Francis, M. D., LL. D. :

“*Resolved*, That the Medico-Chirurgical College, while bowing in submission to this dispensation, do unite with their professional brethren in mourning the loss which they have sustained by the death of one who has well fulfilled the duties of life, and whose devotion to medicine, to literature, both professional and secular; whose industry, energy, and enthusiastic devotion to every laudable enterprise of a public or private nature, will long continue to be recognized as a model for the professional man throughout the world.

“*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the afflicted widow and family of the deceased.”

The foregoing resolutions are taken from the minutes of the College.

J. H. DOUGLAS, *Secretary.*

THE CLAY FESTIVAL ASSOCIATION.

“ *Whereas*, It has pleased Divine Providence to remove from this life John Wakefield Francis, M. D., LL. D., ripe in years and full of honors, this Association, sharing in the general sorrow of our fellow-citizens which this event produces, is desirous of appropriately recording their esteem for his virtues, their sorrow at his decease, and the love they bore him as an honored friend; therefore—

“ *Resolved*, That in the death of J. W. Francis, a scholar of untiring industry and eminent ability, a physician alike distinguished in the class-room, at the bedside, and a citizen universally esteemed, has passed away. In him the kind physician, the cheerful, genial friend, and the beloved husband and father, were harmoniously blended,—for never was he more happy than when ministering to the wants, the comforts, or the pleasures of others. It was eminently fitting that such a one could meet death not only with all the patience of a philosopher, but with the peace and resignation of a Christian.

“ *Resolved*, That in his death this Association is especially called upon to mourn the loss of one of their most cherished guests,—one whose love, esteem, and reverence for Henry Clay was earnest, ardent, enduring, and closed but with his life. Thus, while we mingle our grief with that of his friends and his bereaved family,—while we mourn his absence from our social gatherings, doubly painful from the fact that we shall see his face no more,—let us imitate his virtues and cherish his memory.

“ *Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of the deceased by the Secretary.”

A. DE WITT BALDWIN, *Sect. C. F. A.*

NEW YORK CITY, Jan. 20, 1861.

 DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC CHARITIES AND CORRECTION.

At a special meeting of the Board of Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction, held February 9, 1861, at their office, No. 1 Bond street, present Simeon Draper, Isaac Bell, Jr., Moses H. Grinnell, and James B. Nicholson, Commissioners, the following

resolutions, offered by President Draper and seconded by Commissioner Nicholson, were unanimously adopted:—

“ *Whereas*, The Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction having learned that it has pleased Divine Providence to take from us our venerable and esteemed fellow-citizen, Dr. John W. Francis, respectfully tender to his family, friends, the city and county, their sincere expression of respect for the high character and reputation he has sustained through a life of usefulness and honor.

“ *Resolved*, That the connection of the lamented deceased with this Department for upwards of eleven years, nine of which holding the high position as President of the Medical Board of Bellevue Hospital, the deep interest he felt in its administration, and the generous service he has gratuitously performed, demands at our hands the acknowledgment due to eminent professional and personal efforts in behalf of the poor, whose benefactor he has been.

“ *Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with the relatives of the deceased in this their great and irreparable loss, and respectfully request the reception of our public declaration of the high sense of our obligation for the service rendered this Department during his official connection with the Medical Department of Bellevue Hospital.

“ *Resolved*, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be transmitted to the widow of the deceased, and published in the proceedings of this Department.

“ *Resolved*, That the Commissioners will evince their respect for the occasion, by attending the ceremonies of his burial.”

S. DRAPER, *President*.

ISAAC BERRY, *Secretary*.

NEW YORK WOMAN'S HOSPITAL.

At a stated meeting of the Board of Governors of the New York State Woman's Hospital, held February 28, 1861, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

“ *Whereas*, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from among us our beloved associate, John W. Francis, M. D., LL. D., one of the original corporators of this Board, and one of its most efficient

members,—a man distinguished for his great purity of character, untiring industry, extensive learning, and large benevolence, and also for his zeal and devotion to the interests of the Woman's Hospital; therefore—

“*Resolved*, That we bow with reverence and humility to this dispensation of Providence, while we mourn our great loss, and the loss sustained by the community.

“*Resolved*, That in the life of this pure and good man we have an example worthy of all praise and imitation.

“*Resolved*, That in his death the Woman's Hospital has lost its great advocate and one of its best friends.

“*Resolved*, That we tender our sympathy to the family of the deceased in their bereavement.

“*Resolved*, That to perpetuate his name and good deeds, we erect a tablet to his memory, appropriately inscribed, to be placed in one of the wards of the Woman's Hospital (when completed), and said ward shall bear his name.

“*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded by the Secretary to the family of the deceased, and also to the daily papers of this city for publication.”

The above is a true copy from the minutes.

JOHN W. QUINCY, *Secretary*.

AMERICAN ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At a meeting held February 13, 1861, the death of Dr. Francis having been mentioned in terms of deep regret, the following resolutions were offered by Rev. Dr. Spencer:—

“*Whereas*, It has pleased God, in His wise providence, to remove from our midst the venerable John W. Francis, M. D., LL. D., one of the Vice-Presidents of the American Ethnological Society—

“*Resolved*, That, as citizens, not less than as Christians, we are called upon to mourn his departure from the world at a time like the present, when wise and good men, when men of enlarged liberality and unselfish patriotism are so necessary to the welfare and prosperity of our beloved country.

“*Resolved*, That we tender, most respectfully and earnestly, our sincere sympathies to the family of Dr. Francis, in this their profound and irreparable affliction.

“*Resolved*, That the Recording Secretary be directed to send to the family of our deceased Vice-President a copy of these resolutions.”

The President remarked that the mournful event made a deep impression on his mind. Dr. Francis had taken a warm interest in this Society, though unable often to attend its meetings. The December meeting was to have been held at his house, at his invitation, expressed in a note, and the notifications had been sent, when the sudden attack of his last sickness rendered a change necessary. Dr. Francis enjoyed public esteem and affection in an extraordinary degree. Several thousand persons, on the day of his funeral, passed through the church to take a last view of his face. He was ever ready to patronize every scientific enterprise, and he was devoted to various branches of useful study; so that I suppose scarcely a half-hour of his leisure was not employed in research on some subject to which his varied tastes inclined him. And, combined with this love of science, he had great power as a writer, expressing himself with readiness and vigor on various subjects,—a quality which few possess in an equal degree; and his writings, as well as his conversation, were enlightened by a genial humor equally rare. I hope to see his collections published.

After a few other appropriate remarks, the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

NEW YORK TYPOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

At a meeting, held February 9, 1861, Mr. Charles McDevitt addressed the Society as follows:—

“MR. PRESIDENT: It is with painful feelings that I announce the death of Dr. John W. Francis, one of our most devoted and efficient honorary members. Nearly half a century has elapsed since I became acquainted with the deceased—a friendship never impaired or broken. The few remarks which I shall now make are offered as a slight tribute to departed worth, and will be appreciated by those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

“As a medical man, Dr. Francis stood on the very pinnacle of his profession. It is pleasant to dwell upon those personal traits of character which distinguished him,—the talents, industry, and perseverance, by which he won his way to the highest offices of the Medical Colleges, of the State, and of the city, which, one after

another, were committed to his hands. So is it pleasant to speak of the penetration with which he read the character and purposes of men, his self-control, the courtesy with which he treated even his opponents, the charity with which he looked upon the faults of men, the kindness of his heart, the warmth of his friendship, the cordiality of his welcome, the affability of his manners, which made you feel towards him as a familiar friend, the simplicity of his daily habits, to which he owed his vigorous old age, the interest he took in our city's advancement and welfare, and in the contemplation of those religious lessons which Providence suggests; these are the delightful reminiscences on which those who knew him best love to dwell.

"Dr. Francis was the physician of this Society for over forty years. Ever ready, at all hours, to administer to the sick, offering consolation to the suffering, and often giving pecuniary aid to those who were in distressed circumstances,—the loss of such a brother may well be regarded as a great affliction.

"To the sorrowing hearts who are bowed beneath the sad stroke we offer our heart-felt sympathy. There are those who mourn for one who was to them a husband and a father, in the tenderness of his heart, and in the confidence, love, and familiarity, to which he always welcomed them. May the spirit of heavenly kindness rest upon them, cheering them with resignation and hope, in the confidence of meeting again in the bright sphere of immortal existence!

"In consideration of the respect we entertain for our deceased brother, as an humble tribute to departed worth, be it, therefore,

"*Resolved*, That in the death of John W. Francis, the New York Typographical Society has been deprived of one of its most useful and esteemed members, an accomplished gentleman and true friend. That as a token of respect to his memory, the rooms of our Library be draped in mourning; and that this Society, in a body, attend the funeral of our deceased brother.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of the above be sent to the bereaved family, and that it be placed upon the records of the Institution."

The Society accordingly met at the rooms, No. 3 Chambers street, on Sunday, 10th inst., at one o'clock, to attend the funeral from St. Thomas's Church, at two P. M. A large delegation accompanied the remains to the tomb.

ARCHIBALD MILLER, *President*.

THOMAS C. FAULKNER, *Secretary*.

MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

A STATED monthly meeting was held February 14, 1861. The President, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, remarked:—

“The public journals of New York have announced to us, within a week past, the death of Dr. John Wakefield Francis, of that city. He stood third in order on the list of our American honorary members, having been elected on the 27th of January, 1814. Of the professional eminence and literary accomplishments of Dr. Francis it is not for me now to speak; but no one who has enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance can fail to have been impressed with his genial and generous nature, his earnest appreciation of every thing distinguished and exalted, his ardent love of country, and his eager co-operation with every effort to illustrate and commemorate the great men and the great events of American history. We may well sympathize with New York on the loss of one so identified with her rise and progress.”*

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

[From the Annual Report of the Council of the American Antiquarian Society.]

“HE was an early member of this Society, and, forty-one years ago, held the office of one of the Receivers from New York, to collect the annual payment then required from members; and he continued to recognize his membership by gifts and by strong expressions of regard. The engrossing profession in which he was eminent and successful in the highest degree, by making grateful patients to become life-long friends, occupied but a part of his active energy. Without subjecting himself to the details of the sciences, he was distinguished for the impulse which he gave to scientific pursuits. In assemblies in his own city for the promotion of learning, benevolence, or any public benefit, his conspicuous form was always looked for, and his voice was often heard to give direction and progress to the movement. The intelligence, brilliancy, and quaintness of his address, aided by his sympathetic spirit, and by a power which one of his friends has termed ‘per-

* Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, 1860-2, pp. 145-6.

sonal magnetism,' gave him an intimate acquaintance with many eminent men, whose peculiarities it was his delight to describe in formal biographies, and in incidental illustrations of his writings and his conversation."*

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

[From the Annual Report of the Mercantile Library Association.]

"LET us recall to your notice an incident in our own history, which will show you something of the large-heartedness and liberality of him we mourn. It was when our Association was entering upon the eighth year of its existence, in the winter of 1827, that Dr. Francis, through the Board of Direction, made a proffer of his professional services to any of the members of this Association who might require them. We cannot now tell the result of this kind offer, but we know full well that many will forever bless his memory for the unpretending charity that he so freely dispensed."

COMMISSIONERS OF EMIGRATION.

[From the Annual Report of the Commissioners of Emigration.]

"THEY also acknowledge with gratitude the great value of the counsel and advice as to the general administration of the Marine Hospital afforded them by Dr. J. W. Francis, whose long experience and special study of this scourge of our port in former years (the yellow fever), gave great value and weight to his counsels."

In addition to these and similar tributes from scientific and benevolent associations, three carefully-prepared and eloquent eulogies on the life and character of Dr. Francis were delivered within a few weeks of his decease, to large and attentive audiences,

* Hon. Stephen Salisbury, in behalf of the Council. Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society, 1861.

—one before the New York Academy of Medicine, by his old friend, the eminent surgeon, Dr. Valentine Mott; one before the New York County Medical Society, by Dr. Gunning S. Bedford; and the third before the New York Medico-Chirurgical College, by Dr. A. K. Gardiner. All of these discourses have been published by the respective associations before which they were delivered.

III.

IN addition to biographical sketches of many of the distinguished men of the last half-century, with whom he had been in intimate relationship (among others, of Robert R. Livingston, Philip Freneau, Daniel Webster, J. Fenimore Cooper, Cadwallader Colden, Samuel L. Mitchill, Edward Miller, John Pintard, and the actors Cooke and Kean), and articles in different medical periodicals on obstetrics, vitriolic emetics in croup, *sanguinaria Canadensis*, iodine, the goitre of Western New York and Canada, on medical jurisprudence, yellow fever, death by lightning, caries of the jaws of children, elaterium, ovarian disease, etc., he has published an essay on the "Use of Mercury" (8vo, New York, 1811); "Cases of Morbid Anatomy" (4to, 1814); "Febrile Contagion" (8vo, 1816); a "Notice of Thomas Eddy, the Philanthropist" (12mo, 1823); "Denman's Practice of Midwifery, with Notes" (8vo, 1825); "Address before the New York Horticultural Society" (1820); "Address before the Philolexian Society" (1831); "Letter on Cholera Asphyxia of 1832" (1832); "Observations on the Mineral Waters of Avon" (1834); the "Anatomy of Drunkenness;" "Discourse before the New York Lyceum of Natural History" (1841); "Discourses before the New York Academy of Medicine" (1847, 1848, and 1849); Addresses before the Typographical Society of New York, "On Dr. Franklin" (1850 and 1859), and "On the Publishers, Printers, and Editors of New York;" "Old New York, or Reminiscences of the Past Sixty Years" (8vo, 1858; second edition, enlarged, 12mo, 1858). A memoir of Christopher Colles, read by him before the Historical Society in 1854, was published in the "Knickerbocker Gallery" in 1855. His discourse at the Bellevue Hospital, 1858, embraces a minute view of the progress of anatom-

ical investigation in New York, from its early state under the Dutch dynasty, down to the present time.

IV.

As illustrations of this practical sympathy, and its efficiency, we quote the testimony of two of the most grateful recipients:—

“It seems hardly right,” said Dr. J. Marion Sims, at a special meeting of the Academy of Medicine, held on the occasion of the death of their illustrious associate, “that I should be the first to break the solemn silence that hangs like a pall over this mournful assembly. For I see some here who have known our beloved Francis for half a century, while my acquaintance with him was confined to the last seven years of his life. But in those seven years I knew him as well and loved him as dearly as did any of you. When I first came among you, friendless as it were, completely wrecked in health, and almost without a hope in life before me, I was welcomed by all of you, and received many acts of kindness from your hands, which have sunk deep into my heart, and none of which, I trust to God, will ever be effaced. And while I make this acknowledgment of indebtedness to you, I must candidly confess that I owed more to Francis than to all others. Dr. Mott encouraged me in the idea of establishing a hospital in this great city, to be devoted to the treatment of the diseases of women. ‘I will do all that I can for so noble a purpose,’ said he; ‘but besides those in the profession whom you have already consulted, you must be sure to see Dr. Francis. Tell him that I sent you; and if he does not lend his co-operation and influence to the cause, you might just as well stop where you are.’ You may well imagine with what trembling anxiety I made my way to Dr. Francis, feeling that upon one man not only my destiny, but that of the noble enterprise to which I had dedicated my life, was pending. And you who knew him may well imagine how he received me; for, as soon as I explained to him the object of my visit, with the generous impulse so characteristic of the man, he grasped both my hands, and said: ‘This commends itself not only to my head but to my heart; I feel that I am willing to devote the balance of my days to this enterprise, and will give you every co-operation and assistance in my power.’ The Woman’s Hospital had early strug-

gles, and a few of its friends even doubted its ultimate success; but if ever Dr. Francis wavered, I did not know it. I felt constantly secure in the strength that surrounded him and the medical profession; for, without the good-will of the representative men of this Academy, who were present at the foundation of the Woman's Hospital, it could not have succeeded. No individual effort, and no organization, however powerful in a pecuniary or social point of view, could have given it the position that it now occupies. If there was ever a time when anxiety or uneasiness was experienced by any of the profession concerning its final destinies,—and that there was, some of us remember well,—I think that day passed when, upon its first memorable anniversary, its merits and claims were placed before the world by Dr. Francis. Our relationship was peculiarly intimate. He seemed to me almost like a father; and I cannot speak of him otherwise than with a heart overflowing with love and gratitude for the past, and with sorrow and sadness for the present.

“There are others here who can tell you more than I of the peculiar characteristics of our deceased fellow, and I presume that it would not be beneath the dignity of the Academy or the solemnity of the occasion to call up some of these facts. I will relate an incident or two. Many of you remember how very peculiar and minute he was in all the details of life, particularly in regard to the memory of facts, dates, and circumstances; how he could bring them so clearly before you that it would seem as if they had occurred but yesterday. In August, 1857, I was journeying with him up the Hudson River, and we passed Sunnyside, the beautiful country-seat of Washington Irving. Dr. Francis was looking at the place, and descanting eloquently upon the character and qualities of the man, when a gentleman approached, and interrupted our conversation. ‘I believe,’ said he, ‘this is Dr. Francis?’ ‘Yes, Sir,’ said he, ‘this is Dr. Francis; and I remember you very well, Mr. R. The last time I saw you was on the 14th of November, twenty-seven years ago, and we then parted in the hall of the house, No. 47 Warren street, at half-past eight o’clock in the evening; and I have always thought that, had it not been for the change in the treatment of your brother’s case, brought about by that last consultation, he might be a living man to-day.’

“Among many incidents of this kind, allow me to relate another. Last summer, I received a letter from Dr. Lucas, of Alabama, who was a pupil of Drs. Francis and Mott many years ago. Meet-

ing Dr. Francis a few days afterwards, I asked, 'Do you remember a Dr. Lucas, from Virginia, who was a student of yours thirty-eight or forty years ago?' 'Very well, indeed,' said he; 'I remember him perfectly. He was a remarkable-looking man. He was about six feet and a half inch in height; he had an aquiline nose, gray eyes, and a very peculiar voice. He wore a blue coat, with five brass buttons on the front, the one nearest the collar having been lost.' And he went on in this way to describe very minutely other peculiarities of his dress, manner, etc., and related several little characteristic anecdotes of his former pupil. It so happened that in September last, Dr. Lucas, whom I had known for twenty-five years, paid a visit to New York, when he said to me, 'I want to call on Mott and Francis. I love those good men yet, and the nearer I get to them, the more anxious I am to see them.' 'Very well,' said I, 'we will call on Dr. Francis this evening, and afterwards upon Dr. Mott, for they live near each other.' On arriving at Dr. Francis's residence, fortunately Dr. Mott was there. Dr. Francis remembered Dr. Lucas distinctly. Dr. Lucas complimented them both upon their well-preserved appearance, and said to Dr. Francis, 'I don't think you have changed much; you seem to be a little heavier and a little more gray than you were.' 'Sir,' answered Dr. Francis, 'I have not varied a pound in weight for forty years, and the clothes that I wear to-day are cut by the measure taken forty years ago.' The conversation from this point turned naturally upon the close of life, and Dr. Francis said, 'It is a sad thing to die, and yet we must all die. When I lose my friends, I am deeply grieved; but there is always one comfort left me that few others have: I can daguerreotype them afterwards, and let others see what they once were, and how much I loved them.'"

"It was more than twenty years ago," writes Benson J. Lossing to the New York Historical Society, "when I first heard the kind voice of Dr. Francis. It was in his office under Mr. Ward's Picture Gallery, on Broadway, near Bond street. I was then an obscure engraver, editing and illustrating the 'Family Magazine.' I had heard much of Dr. Francis—his learning, his wisdom, his extensive knowledge of men and books, and the proverbial kindness of his nature; and I ventured to call upon him one dismal

morning in March, and ask his advice concerning the conduct of the work in my charge. I can never forget the benign expression of his countenance, that seemed like sunlight in the room on that dark morning, and the overflowing of his generous heart with kindly feeling, when I explained to him the object of my visit.

“‘Sit down, my dear young man,’ he said, ‘and let us talk about this matter. You succeed Dr. Doane in editing this Magazine. He is a clever man, and you must work diligently to equal him. But I am sure you will, young man; I am sure you will. It is an honorable position, for that Magazine is a useful work—a very useful work. Mr. Redfield (the publisher) deserves great credit for continuing it, and keeping up its character so well, in these times of great business depression. Bachelder performed a good work in starting it.’

“He then gave me some sound and long-remembered advice; referred to my profession of engraver as being honored by so good and skilful a practitioner of the art as Dr. Alexander Anderson (who is yet engaged in the pursuit at the age of eighty-six years); and concluded by saying, ‘Come as often as you please; I shall always be glad to assist you when I can. God bless you, my dear!’

“Never have I felt more genuine delight from words of encouragement, than I experienced at that time; and as often as I think of my early efforts in New York, the genial, benevolent, earnest face of the good Dr. Francis appears vividly in the memory.

“Such was my first interview with our departed friend; and such, as I learned from long years of cordial though not frequent personal intercourse, and the testimony of others, was an almost daily occurrence of his busy life. He delighted to lift the obscure into places of recognition; to encourage the modest and doubting; to strengthen the resolutions of the young and the aspiring in pursuing the paths of honor and usefulness; and in speaking a kind and frequently potential word for the deserving who sought his counsel and influence, or whose efforts commanded his ready sympathy.

“No class of persons attracted and received his warmest sympathy more readily than neglected men of genius. In him they always found an ardent and faithful friend. He was quick to discern the merits of men, and as quick to present their claims to recognition by others. I have often heard him speak indignantly of the neglect in life, and forgetfulness after death, of Christopher Colles, one of the brightest and most far-seeing men in our coun-

try two generations back, and whose portrait is in the possession of the New York Historical Society. He lectured on Canal Navigation and the Steam-Engine as early as 1773; and he was unquestionably the first who suggested and called public attention to the importance of a navigable water communication between the Hudson River and Lakes Erie, Ontario, and Champlain. His name is but little known to this generation, while the influence of his genius is everywhere felt in the great pulsating arteries of our national enterprise, for it was in the highest degree suggestive. Dr. Francis revered such men, and never let an opportunity pass without bestowing an encomium. In his contribution to the 'Knickerbocker Gallery' in 1854, Dr. Francis gave an exceedingly interesting sketch of Colles; and at our last interview, just before his fatal illness, the Doctor spoke of the neglected grave of Colles as a cause of shame to the citizens of New York, among whom he so long lived. 'He was the pupil and friend of Poevelle, the Oriental traveller,' he said, 'before he left Ireland, and was the cherished personal friend of De Witt Clinton, Dr. Samuel L. Mitchill, Thomas Addis Emmet, and others of that stamp. Jarvis thought it an honor to paint his portrait, now in the Art Gallery of the Historical Society; Dr. Hosack commemorated him in his life of De Witt Clinton; and in the great celebration which took place in New York in November, 1825, when the waters of Lake Erie were united with those of the Atlantic, the effigy of Colles was borne with appropriate dignity among the emblems of that vast procession. He had then been in the grave four years, having gone to his rest in 1821. Of all the people of this great city,' continued Dr. Francis, with much emotion, 'where the inanimate effigy of Colles was soon to be honored, only *two*,—yes, Sir, only *two*!—besides the officiating clergyman (Dr. Creighton, now of Tarrytown), followed his body to the grave! These two were John Pintard and myself. He was laid in the earth in the Episcopal burying-ground on Hudson street. No memorial marks the spot, and the place is probably forgotten. I believe that no man, but myself, can now point out the grave of that eccentric genius, Christopher Colles.'

"The conversation resulted in an agreement that, on my return from the South, we would visit the cemetery together, find the neglected grave, and ask the Historical Society to place some simple memorial-stone there. Alas! on my return the good man was dying. I never saw his face again until the day of his burial."

V.

“SOME years since, Dr. Marshall Hall, one of Great Britain’s most distinguished physicians, paid a short visit to this country. I had the honor of his company to dinner; among my guests were Drs. Francis, Mott, Paine, Draper, Post, Van Buren, the late Dr. Swett, Isaac Wood, John Watson, and Markoe. It was on this occasion that our lamented friend charmed us with his own inimitable daguerreotypes of men and things present and past; and my good friend Dr. Mott will not forget the graphic description Dr. Francis gave of the ‘well-dressed and handsome young surgeon,’ when he commenced professional life in this city—of the numerous hearts he broke, and the fractured limbs he set. While Dr. Francis was thus entertaining us with his rich fund of anecdote, and instructing us by recounting some of the interesting traditions of the profession, Dr. Hall’s attention was riveted, and he became, as it were, lost in admiration. When the gifted speaker resumed his seat, Dr. Hall, in an undertone, observed to me, ‘Why, Sir, he is a most remarkable man, full of genius and sparkling wit; in personal appearance he is my very beau-ideal of the early fathers of medicine; have you many such men in America?’ ‘But very few, Sir,’ I replied.”*

VI.

“WHO does not know the venerable Doctor?” wrote the New York correspondent of a New Orleans journal, in 1850; “the Mentor of the profession, the kindly assistant of the young aspirant in any pursuit, particularly in that most difficult of all in which to get a start, the medical! The Doctor is the centre of New York, and his presence is necessary to every public meeting. The antiquarians, the printers, the politicians, the literati, the artists, the Knickerbocker, gentlewomen, the men in rule, his own profession, all look to him as an essential to their counsels, their circles, and their well-being. As an antiquarian, his long life, his acquaintance, friendly and professional, with all the men of note

* Dr. Gunning S. Bedford’s address before the New York County Medical Society.

who have ever visited New York, and his extraordinary memory of dates, persons, and events, combine to place him, independently of his being the second oldest member of the Historical Society, at the very head of the antiquarians of New York. As a printer, he has himself 'composed' his own composition, and has handled the composing-stick as deftly as subsequently the lancet. A politician, an uncompromising and straightforward Clay and Webster Whig, he is respected by all parties, and is consulted professionally by all grades. His house is the general meeting-place for the literati, who in him have always found a ready friend, a liberal patron, and a judicious critic. While revolving in various orbs, here the Doctor is the centre. Perhaps a literary life, if it were necessary to eschew all but one, would be the most to the Doctor's taste. He is an able writer; while strength of thought most characterizes his literary productions, few would pass them by without particularly noticing the Johnsonian elegance of his language. Somewhat polysyllabic in his words, there is an aptitude of expression and an affluence of language which never wearies by its tautology, or tires by its sameness. His literary productions are as diversified as science, and almost as numerous as the days of his life. In almost all branches of human inquiry he has roved with wandering foot, plucking here a flower to adorn his own mental cabinet, and there dropping a fruitful seed to be observed blossoming and fructifying by the next traveller in that region. To him might be applied, with more than usual pertinence, the old line:—

“ ‘Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.’ ”

“He is therefore an appropriate centre for the intellectual galaxy of this metropolis. Occasionally this position is held in public, when the distinguished are gathered together in solemn conclave, and daily at his hospitable board may be seen some visitor in New York. But of an evening one may drop in, and find a genial gathering, surrounded by the smoke of their own cigars. One is at home here—and so is the Doctor, if not professionally engaged. T. keeps his classicality for his Addisonian books, and is full of anecdote and humor; G., fiery, sarcastic, and captious; D. critical; M. (when in town) taciturn, but genial, and, when warmed-up, capitally racy and pungent; painters and sculptors, men of deeds, not words, and among them, rarely seen abroad, the friend of Shelley and Byron. The Doctor himself is glorious, when

no lumbago or fresh bronchial attack dispirits. We want to learn something respecting some person now dead and gone. We have but to start the hare, and he is soon run down: 'Born in 17—, died in 18—, married to Miss —, third daughter of —,' says the statistical and ever-prompt Mr. R. ; the Doctor professionally attended the family through several generations, and thus a stream of valuable information is poured out upon the desired subject."

ANOTHER facetious impromptu picture of the scene and the man, written by one of his rhyming friends, we quote from the album of one of his kindred :—

“THE DOCTOR.

“Who roams the town from morn till night,
Dispensing health from left to right,
And doing good with all his might?
The Doctor.

“Who, with facetious word and smile,
The heart of patients doth beguile,
More than the flute of Mr. Kyle?
The Doctor,

“Who bears the living features strong,
That to our country's sage belong,
Whose praises are his constant song?
The Doctor.

“Who by the hour can facts relate,
Of men who ruled the schools or state,
A votary of the truly great?
The Doctor.

“Who old physicians by the score,
With Clay and Kane, or Hannah More,
In fond remembrance will explore?
The Doctor.

“Who on the sick-bed oft hath seen,
Trumbull and Garcia, Cooke and Kean,
And other geniuses, I ween ?

The Doctor.

“Whose head, by waving hoar-locks crowned,
With varied knowledge doth abound,
And thoughts vivacious and profound ?

The Doctor.

“Who, on some memorable night,
Gives mental epicures delight,
And fills all envious rogues with spite ?

The Doctor.

“Who, with a never-failing zest,
In pleasant intervals of rest,
Gives hearty welcome to each guest ?

The Doctor.

“Who on the sofa loves to sit,
And see his wife beside him knit,
While scintillates her ready wit ?

The Doctor.

“And when the cruel bell doth ring,
Who frowning from the couch doth spring,
Doff his gray jacket and take wing ?

The Doctor.

“Who comfort often doth forego,
And meet the rage of sun or snow,
Because he never can say ‘No ?’

The Doctor.

“Who wears the academic bay,
For honor more than gold doth pray,
And likes a chat with Rapelye ?*

The Doctor.

* George B. Rapelye, Esq., a venerable Knickerbocker friend, of Huguenot descent and antiquarian knowledge.

“Who thinks that Pleasure comprehends
Books where great Truth with Reason blends,
Green tea, cigars, and genial friends?
The Doctor.”

VII.

No description of his personal appearance can give an idea of his expression; but he has been often well delineated as to feature and form.

There are in existence two busts in plaster of Dr. Francis, by Coffee and Weimer; the latter, full size, is in the possession of the New York Historical Society. He was painted by Leslie, in England, in 1816, and by Rembrandt Peale about thirty years ago; also by C. L. Elliott for the Historical Society about ten years since, and by Wenzler in 1858 for the Bellevue Hospital, and by the same artist in miniature several years previous. There is also a portrait of him by D. Huntington, of life size, and a cabinet one by C. G. Thompson. A fine imperial photograph by Brady was executed within a few months of his death. The portrait annexed to this volume was engraved by Burt from a cabinet likeness in pastel by Julius Gollmann, in the possession of the author. There are extant three different steel engravings, taken at different periods of his life; the last, from a photograph by Brady, executed by Jackman, and just published, is the largest single head ever engraved on steel in this country. Among the proposed honors to the memory of Dr. Francis, are the painting of a grand portrait, to be placed in the Woman's Hospital; also the organization of a ward to bear his name, and a statue in marble or bronze for the same institution, which was the “Benjamin” of his old age, and which he had hoped to have lived long enough to have seen completed.

VIII.

THE following letter is an apt illustration of the Doctor's state of mind at the period—his prevailing sadness, his recourse to

memory and reading for solace, and his unaffected interest in his friends:—

TO EVERT A. AND GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK.

NEWPORT, *August 14, 1855.*

“MY MOST WORTHY FRIENDS: I can no longer tarry at Newport, without writing a few lines to you. This place, where, some sixteen years ago, I passed a day or two, is most wonderfully enlarged and improved, beautified with elegant mansions, and enriched with the luxuries of refinement and wealth. So far, to me, it has departed from its original simplicity and attraction. It possesses at present a larger number of cultivated intellects, and I am enabled to wile away an hour or so with gratifying results in conversation with Longfellow and Boker, and with the doctors of medicine and divinity brought hither at this season; yet I enter little into the relaxations and amusements of the place, preferring repose, the luxury of the wholesome atmosphere, the sequestration which all may have, and the indulgence of those saddening thoughts which pretty much banish sleep and abstract me from all the lighter associations of society.

“My dear friends, the vast bereavement, the irreparable loss of my precious John, at times overwhelms me, and I am compelled to admit that nothing can exercise a power sufficient to displace his memory from my thoughts for a single moment. I have sought solace in the reading of many sober works. Old George Herbert has occasionally given me some relief; Johnson’s Lives have mitigated, in some sense, my anguish, because his biographies teach in a remarkable way the trials and vicissitudes of life; and Irving’s Washington has given me additional demonstration of the almost matchless beauty of his style, his refined taste, his light humor, and his patriotic impulse. His vindication of Old Put reached my heart. Cummings’s writings, too, have tended to give a momentary respite to affliction; but that quaint author who wrote, during the reign of the first Charles in England, ‘The Mute Christian,’ has proved the greatest and the most cordial solace. It is in books, then, my good friends, that affliction can find its most soothing relief. The opinion is an old one, but it can never become obsolete while the physiology of man remains the same.

“Upon what principle will you explain the fact that the abrupt and early departure of my precious son induces keener anguish, a more profound grief, a more irreconcilable state of mind, even at

this present time of writing, than was created at the onset of the calamity? It is even so, and is likely to increase in every diurnal revolution for the future. God grant that I may be able to withstand the current!

“I think I may safely say, that for a period of forty-seven years and eleven months I have never withdrawn from the active pursuits of my professional calling for a half-dozen hours together, until this my sojourn at Newport. It might have been inferred that a full fruition of joys would have attended this vacation from toils. But it is otherwise. Circumstances peculiarly inherent in my present cogitations may in part induce this state of inquietude; yet I am frank to allow it is rather a constitutional condition than one wrought by accidental causes. I have never, since my earliest youth, indulged in any relaxation from cares and business, save when some extraordinary matter may have awakened new zeal or led to knowledge curious and instructive. I have thus, by freshness of impression and the force of novel associations, kept the inward faculties entire, and by diversity of vocation found relief from continuity of toil in the self-same labors. Let me give you the assurance that of all the diversified engagements which absorb life, there is none that possesses the richness and the satisfaction which flows from intellectual devotion. Man is distinguished by his intellect: the material most precious, beyond all others, to his wholesome vitality. But you must be aware of this, in the recreative powers which you have summoned at command in the business of your life. And you, too, will reap the harvest; present satisfaction is yours, future consideration the issue. My most fervent hope is that your great literary undertaking may be recognized as its merits deserve; mere reputation you need not wish. If the glow of American feeling enkindles the heart of our people, as I feel some confidence that in such a matter it will, your triumph will be complete, and you will hereafter be recognized as the literary historians of American intellect.

“Our friend — is in the possession of renewed vigor, bodily and mentally; he commands the esteem and the affections of all who become acquainted with him; he is widely known, and has that deference yielded him which mental possessions always have at command. He has just entered my room, and begs to be remembered in grateful accents to you.

“I seized upon Saturday last, and made a visit to Boston and Cambridge, returning at twilight. The greatest affair of art I saw

was the Beethoven of Crawford. It struck me with reverence not unlike that I felt when looking at the statue of Newton by Roubiliac.

“But I will weary you no longer, and only add that, as I admired your father, so I love his sons.

“Truly yours,

“JOHN W. FRANCIS.”

IX.

[From the “Knickerbocker Magazine.”]

A MORE widely representative-funeral never occurred in this city than that of Dr. Francis: rich and poor, *savant* and mechanic, physician and author, merchant and printer, the actor and the preacher, the statesman and the apprentice, one and all, gathered tearfully around his coffin, and gazed affectionately upon the face which had so long turned benignantly upon them. Among the prominent scientific bodies in attendance were the Faculties of the various Medical Colleges, the members of the Academy of Medicine, the Typographical Union, the Historical Society, and members of various literary and charitable associations. The following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers:—

Rev. G. W. Bethune, Henry T. Tuckerman, William Jephson, Joseph G. Cogswell, Henry Grinnell, George B. Rapelye, General George P. Morris, Moses H. Grinnell, Augustus Flemming, President Charles King, with the physicians Dr. Valentine Mott, Dr. William H. Van Buren, and Dr. R. S. Kissam.

The services at the Church were of the Episcopalian form, and were conducted by Rev. Dr. Hawks, assisted by Rev. Dr. Morgan of St. Thomas's Church, Rev. Dr. Wells of Boston, and Rev. Dr. Cutler of Brooklyn.

X.

THE following lines, which appeared in the “Evening Post,” emanating from one of the members of a family who had large

experience of the good physician's disinterested self-devotion, express the feelings of many to whom his death was a personal bereavement:—

“His touch had healing in it. But what touch
Shall heal the hearts that mourn him? They, the few,
Who entered in and all his nature knew;
And they, the unnumbered many, who loved much,
Howe'er so seldom met. Oh! unto such
Whence now will come the benison that, through
His quaint, familiar greeting, ever drew
The ease of friendship from the good and true?
Whence now the cheering voice, that writhing pain
Seemed even in advance to comprehend,
Fleeing the couch his presence did attend?
Where now the memories of that teeming brain?
Oh, dear, life-giving, and life-loving friend!
We will not think all these have found an end.

“C. K. T.”

OLD NEW YORK.



Historical Discourse.

022212

OLD NEW YORK ;

OR,

Reminiscences of the Past Sixty Years.

BEING

AN ENLARGED AND REVISED EDITION

OF THE

ANNIVERSARY DISCOURSE

DELIVERED BEFORE

The New York Historical Society,

(November 17, 1857.)

BY

JOHN W. FRANCIS, M. D., LL. D.

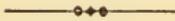
NEW YORK:

W. J. WIDDLETON, PUBLISHER.

1866

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by
SAMUEL W. FRANCIS,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New York.

P R E F A C E .



THE continued demand for this Discourse, and the interest expressed in its general scope and aim, have induced the author to prepare a new edition, the original one having been exhausted shortly after its publication. He has improved the opportunity thus afforded, to make several additions, some of which, he trusts, will be found to add materially to the biographical data, and others to augment the record of incidents which have marked the annals of the city.

It will be observed that, as in the first edition, these additions have a relation more or less immediate, with the origin and progress of the New York Historical Society: the plan of the Discourse, therefore, at first adopted, has in no

manner been changed. The numerous occurrences which have characterized the history of the metropolis, during the period under consideration, however briefly told, might fill volumes, but such an undertaking is left for others to perform. The social movements of a city which, from time to time, engage the attention of the people, betray something, at least, of the phases which illustrate the actual state of society at the period : with this view farther notices are given of Ecclesiastical affairs ; the Dramatic incidents have been enlarged ; some account has been inserted of Clubs—friendly, social, patriotic, and literary ; some details have been given of the advancement of the Fine Arts among us ; and to that profession to which the affections of the author have ever been most inclined, he has added particulars which may serve as a guide to the future Medical historian : a brief parallel drawn between the New York of Sixty Years Ago, and its present commanding attitude, closes this humble volume.

There is one practical inference which the interest expressed in these Reminiscences justifies : it is, that our local historians have a great duty to perform, in rescuing from oblivion and recording

with emphasis and completeness, the history of the men, the measures, and the events which render our native State and City illustrious. Compare the full annals of the smallest New England town with the fragmentary and meagre chronicles which describe the scenes and characters of this State and Metropolis. Gouverneur Morris eloquently asserted the claim of New York to original and instinctive aspirations for Liberty, a fact which some of our eastern brethren, those prolific votaries of the pen, have either ignored or traced to a Puritan origin ; and a younger, but not less patriotic son of our State, Charles F. Hoffman, was justly indignant that two of her noblest children owe their renown to New England historians. "Children of commerce," says Gouverneur Morris, "we were rocked in the cradle of war, and sucked the principles of liberty with our mother's milk."

Should any hint contained in these pages, induce those who have more leisure and as much attachment to New York as the author, to expand into a full and finished narrative, the story which is now told but in outline and episode, a fond wish of his heart will be gratified. It only remains to add, that having revised and enlarged what he had

the honor to submit to the Historical Society, he trusts it will now be found more worthy of the unexpected favor with which it was originally received by the public.

J. W. F.

March 30, 1858.

I N T R O D U C T I O N .



It was considered desirable, on the occasion of inaugurating the new and beautiful edifice erected by the liberal contributions of the merchants and professional gentlemen of this city, for the permanent deposit of the manuscripts, books, and other property of the New York Historical Society, that the chief elements of civil and social development which have marked the annals of this metropolis, should be sketched in their origin and progress. As this could be most effectually done through personal reminiscences, the author of this brief historical record was chosen to perform the duty ; partly because he is one of the few surviving early members of the Institution, and partly on account of the intimate relations he sustained to many prominent citizens in all departments of life and vocation. Alive to the earnestly expressed wishes of his fellow-members, and cherishing a deep interest in the annals and prosperity of his native city,

while he found the task accordant with his sympathies, he yet felt that the absorbing cares of an arduous profession were essentially opposed to the research and finish appropriate to such an enterprise ; and he therefore craves the indulgence of his readers, as he did that of his audience. As delivered, this survey of New York in the past was unavoidably curtailed ; it is now presented as originally written.

The author cherishes the hope that it may be in his power, at a future time, to enlarge the record of local facts and individualities associated with the unprecedented growth of New York, since and immediately preceding the formation of her Historical Society. It will be seen that his aim has been to review the condition of the site, institutions, and character of our city, during the last sixty years, and, in a measure, to trace their influence on its future prospects : as the commercial emporium of the Union and the seat of its most prosperous Historical Society, there is every reason to hope that our new and extensive arrangements will secure a large accession of valuable materials. Yet those members who bear in recollection the vast changes which have occurred within the period of our existence as an association, need not be told that the original landmarks and features of the metropolis have been either greatly modified or entirely destroyed ; while carelessness, or the neglect of

family memorials, renders it extremely difficult to reproduce, with vital interest, even the illustrious persons who have contributed most effectually to our prosperity and renown.

If the author succeeds, by means of the present brief sketch or a future more elaborate memoir, in awakening attention to the men and events which have secured the rapid development of resources on this island, both economical and social, he will rejoice. Such a task, rightly performed, should kindle anew our sense of personal responsibility as citizens, of gratitude as patriots, and of wise sympathy as scholars. Even this inadequate tribute he has regarded as an historical duty, and felt it to be a labor of love.

J. W. F.

NEW YORK, *November 17, 1857.*

*At a meeting of the NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
held at the Library, on Tuesday evening, November 17, 1857,
to celebrate the Fifty-Third Anniversary of the founding of
the Society,—*

Dr. JOHN W. FRANCIS delivered its Anniversary Address, entitled, "New York during the Last Half Century."

On its conclusion the Rev. FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D. D., LL. D., after some remarks, submitted the following resolution :

Resolved, that the thanks of the Society be presented to Dr. FRANCIS for his highly interesting address, and that a copy be requested for publication.

The resolution was seconded by CHARLES KING, LL. D., and was then unanimously adopted.

Extract from the minutes.

ANDREW WARNER,

Recording Secretary.

HISTORICAL DISCOURSE.

HONORED PRESIDENT AND ASSOCIATES OF THE
NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY :

WHAT a contrast ! This meeting of the New York Historical Society and that which was held now some fifty years ago. Ponder awhile upon the circumstances which mark this difference. At the period at which our first organization took place, this city contained about sixty thousand inhabitants ; at present it embraces some seven hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. A large majority of the residents dwelt below Cortlandt street and Maiden Lane. A sparse population then occupied that portion of the island which lies above the site of the New York Hospital on Broadway ; and the grounds now covered with the magnificent edifices which ornament Upper Broadway, the Fifth Avenue, Fourteenth street, Union Place, and Madison Square, were graced with the sycamore, the elm, the oak, the chestnut, the wild cherry, the peach, the pear, and the plum tree, and further ornamented with gardens appropriated

to horticultural products, with here and there the artichoke, the tulip, and the sun-flower. Where now stand our Astor Library, the Mercantile Library, the New York Medical College, the Academy of Music, the Medical University of the State, Cooper's Institute, and the Bible Society House, the old gardens of our Dutch ancestors were most abundant, cultivated with something of the artistic regularity of the Hollanders, luxuriating in the sweet marjoram, the mint, the thyme, the currant, and the gooseberry. The banks of our majestic rivers on either side presented deep and abrupt declivities, and the waters adjacent were devoted to the safety of floating timber, brought down from the Mohawk, on the Hudson River, or elsewhere obtained, on the Connecticut, in mighty rafts, destined for naval architecture and house-building. Our avenues, squares, and leading roads, were not yet laid out by Morris, Clinton, and Rutherford, and our street regulations in paving and sidewalks, even in those passes or highways now most populous, had reached but little above the Park, and in the Bowery only within the precincts of Bayard street. The present City Hall was in a state of erection, and so circumscribed, at that time, was the idea of the City's progress, that the Common Council, by a slender majority, after serious discussion, for economy's sake, decided that the postern part of the Hall

should be composed of red stone, inasmuch as it was not likely to attract much notice from the scattered inhabitants who might reside above Chambers street.

Some fifty years ago the most conspicuous of the residences of our prominent citizens were the Government House at the Bowling Green, and the Kennedy House, now converted into the Washington Hotel, No. 1 Broadway, an object of singular interest. During the Revolution it was occupied by Howe and Clinton. Here André commenced his correspondence with Arnold ; and here John Pintard held an interesting conversation with André on their respective claims to Huguenot blood. Captain Peter Warren, who erected this famous building, was afterwards knighted, and became a member of Parliament. The house was long occupied by Kennedy, subsequently Earl of Cassilis ; and again by Sir Henry Clinton ; afterwards it was long held by Nathaniel Prime, of the banking house of Prime & Ward. We next, in those earlier days, observed the stone dwelling, situated at the lower part of Broadway, once occupied by Governor Jay ; the mansion of Governor George Clinton, of revolutionary renown, situated near the North River, at the termination of Thirteenth street ; Colonel Rutgers' somewhat sequestered retreat, near the head of Cherry street, where Franklin sometimes took a

patriotic meal ; the Hero of Fort Stanwix, Colonel Willett's humble cottage in the vicinity ; General Gates' ample establishment higher up near Twenty-fourth street, overlooking the banks of the East River, where Baron Steuben, Colonel Burr, and many other actors of the War, participated in the festivities, so amply provided by the host, with song and sentiment. The famous Club of the Belvidere, on the banks of the East River, is also entitled to commemoration : at its head was Atkinson : here royalty and democracy had their alternate revelries, with blessings on the king or laudations of the rights of man. Still standing, in pride of early state, we notice the Beekman House, near Fiftieth street, also on the East River banks, where British Officers rendezvoused, in revolutionary times ; where Sir William Howe kept those vigils commemorated in the Battle of the Kegs, and where André passed his last night previous to entering on his disastrous mission. Adjacent to the Beekman House recently stood the ample Green House, where Nathan Hale, called the spy, was examined by Lord Howe, and, as such, executed on the following morning, meeting his fate with heroism, and regretting that he had but one life to lose for his country.

Eminently conspicuous in former days was the Mansion, located on Richmond Hill, near Lispenard's Meadows, at the junction of Varick and

Van Dam streets, then an elevated and commanding sight. So many now before me must retain a strong recollection of this spot, which afterwards became the Theatre of the Montessor Opera Company, that I am compelled to dwell a moment longer concerning it. This imposing edifice was built about 1770, by Mortier, the chief paymaster of the British government. It was surrounded by many and beautiful forest trees ; it was often subjected to the annoyances of the sportsmen, and Mr. Van Wagenen, a direct descendant of Garret Van Wagenen, almost the first and earliest of our city schoolmasters, a true son of St. Nicholas, still honoring us in his life and in his devotion to New York, could give you a curious account of the enjoyments of the field on these premises in those early days. While Congress sat in this city, this celebrated mansion was occupied by the elder Adams, and some of the most charming letters of the Vice President's wife are dated at this place. It subsequently became the residence of Aaron Burr, into whose possession it fell, by purchase from the executors of Abraham Mortier ; in 1804 it became by purchase the property of John Jacob Astor. While Burr resided there, its halls occasionally resounded with the merriment which generous cheer inspires ; yet at other times, and more frequently, philosophy here sat enthroned amidst her worshippers. Here Talleyrand, who in the

morning had discoursed on the tariff with Hamilton, passed perhaps the afternoon of the same day with Burr, on the subject of the fur trade and commerce with Great Britain, associated with Volney, whose portly form gave outward tokens of his tremendous gastric powers, while the Syrian traveller, in his turn, descanted on theogony, the races of the red men, and Niagara. I cannot well conceive of a greater intellectual trio. Perhaps it was at one of those convivial entertainments that the dietetic sentiment originated, in relation to some of the social peculiarities among us, that our republic, while she could boast of some two hundred varieties of religious creeds, possessed only one variety of gravy.

Here it may be recorded lived Burr, at the time of the fatal duel with Hamilton: informed by his sagacious second, Van Ness, that the General was wounded, Burr remarked, "O, the little fellow only feigns hurt," but catching an idea of the nature of the wound, from Hamilton's action, he hastily left the field, and fled for shelter from the wrath of an indignant people, while rumor spread that the constituted authorities were in search of him. It was believed by the populace that he had passed through New Jersey toward the south, yet on the very afternoon of that fatal day, while the whole city was in consternation, and on the look-out, he had already reached his

domicile on Richmond Hill, and was luxuriating in his wonted bath, with Rousseau's Confessions in his hands, for his mental sustenance.

But I proceed with these hasty notices of our city in these earlier times, about the period when the organization and establishment of the Historical Society were contemplated, and about to be incorporated by legislative wisdom.

Our City Library was now in possession of its new structure in Nassau street, and justly boasted of its rare and valuable treasures, its local documents of importance, and its learned librarian, John Forbes. Kent's Hotel, on Broad street, was the great rendezvous for heroic discussions on law and government, and for political and other meetings; and here the great Hamilton was at times the oracle of the evening. The City Hotel, near old Trinity, was the chosen place for the Graces; here Terpsichore presided, with her smiling countenance, and Euterpe first patronized Italian music in this country, under the accomplished discipline of Trazzata. This long known and ample hall is not to be forgotten as the first building in this city, if not in this country, in which slate was used as a roof-covering, about the year 1800, thus supplanting the old Dutch tile of the Hollanders, in use from the beginning of their dynasty among us.

Our museums were limited to the one kept by

old Gardener Baker, himself and his collection a sort of curiosity shop, composed of heterogeneous fragments of the several kingdoms of nature. Hither childish ignorance was sometimes lost in wonder, and here too was the philosopher occasionally enlightened. Scudder did not lay the foundation of his patriotic enterprise until five years after our incorporation, and although his beginning was but an humble demonstration, he astounded the natives with his vast tortoise, and Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, gave him cheering counsel, and enkindled his zeal. Our famous Vauxhall Garden of these earlier days occupied the wide domain of the Bayards, situated on the left of our then Bunker Hill, near Bullock, now Broome street, and here the Osage Indians, amidst fireworks of dazzling efficacy, (for we had not the use of calium or strontium in these artistic displays in those days,) yelled the war-whoop and danced the war-dance, while our learned Dr. Mitchill, often present on these occasions, translated their songs for the advancement of Indian literature, and enriched the journals with ethnological science concerning our primitive inhabitants.

The Indian Queen and Tyler's were gardens of much resort, situated toward the Greenwich side of our city: at the former military evolutions were often displayed to the satisfaction of the

famous French general, Moreau, with Generals Stevens and Morton among the staff as official inspectors, while Tyler's is still held in remembrance, by some few surviving graduates of Columbia College, as the resort for commencement suppers. I shall advert to only one other site, which, though in days gone by not a public garden, was a place much frequented. On the old road towards Kingsbridge, on the eastern side of the island, was the well-known Kip's Farm, pre-eminently distinguished for its grateful fruits, the plum, the peach, the pear, and the apple, and for its choice culture of the *rosaceæ*. Here the *élite* often repaired, as did good old Dr. Johnson and Boswell for recreation at Ranelagh ; and here our Washington, now invested with presidential honors, made an excursion, and was presented with the Rosa Gallica, an exotic first introduced into this country in this garden ; fit emblem of that memorable union of France and the American colonies in the cause of republican freedom. These three gardens were famous for their exquisite fruit, the plum and the peach ; equally as were Newtown and Blackwell's Island for the apple, known to all horticulturists, abroad and at home, as the Newtown pippin. Such things were. No traces are now to be found of the scenes of those once gratifying sights ; the havoc of progressive improvement has left nought of these once fertile gardens

of Dutch regularity, save the old pear tree of the farm of the redoubtable Peter Stuyvesant, well known as still flourishing in foliage and in fruit, in its 220th year, at the corner of Thirteenth street and Third Avenue. If tradition be true, the biographer of this venerable tree, in his account, in the London Horticultural Transactions, ought not to have omitted the curious fact, that of its importation from Southern Europe, and of its having once occupied the old fort held by Stuyvesant and delineated by Vander Donck. If all this be authentic, the old pear tree enhances our admiration as the last living thing in existence since the time of the Dutch dynasty.

Order demands that our first notice of the most striking of our ornamental grounds should be an account of the Battery, and its historical associate, White Hall. Few, perhaps, are well informed of the origin of that well-recorded name, and long-lived historical location. John Moore, the last on the list of the members of the "Social Club," died in New York in 1828, in his 84th year. He was a grandson of Colonel John Moore, who was an eminent merchant of this city, and one of the Aldermen, when it was a great distinction to possess that honor: he was also a member of his Majesty's Provincial Council at the time of his death in 1749. The Colonel resided at the corner of Moore (so called after his demise by the corporation) and

Front streets, in the largest and most costly house in this city at that time, and called "White Hall" from its color, and which gave the name afterwards to the neighboring street. It is scarcely necessary to add, that this great edifice was destroyed by the fire which laid waste the city in September, 1776, three days after the British obtained possession of it. Of the Bay and harbor, and of the Battery itself, I need say nothing after the successful description of Mrs. Trollope, and many other writers. The first time I entered that charming place, was on the occasion of the funeral of General Washington. The procession gathered there and about the Bowling Green: the Battery was profusely set out with the Lombardy poplar trees: indeed, in 1800-'4 and '5, they infested the whole island, if not most of the middle, northern, and many southern States. Their introduction was curious. The elder Michaux, under the direction of Louis XVI., had been sent to America, from the Garden of Plants of Paris: he brought out with him the gardener, Paul Saunier, who possessed, shortly after, horticultural grounds of some extent in New Jersey. The Lombardy tree promised every thing good, and Paul spread it. It was pronounced an exotic of priceless value; but like many things of an exotic nature, it polluted the soil, vitiated our own more stately and valuable indigenious products: and at length

we find that Américan sagacity has proscribed its growth, and is daily eradicating it as uncongenial and detrimental to the native riches of American husbandry.

In glancing at other beautiful plots, if I am controlled by the definition of the dictionary, I must omit special mention of that once famous spot of ground called the Park, situated in front of our City Hall, inasmuch as artistic taste and corporation sacrilege caused the cutting down of the more conspicuous and beautiful trees, the sycamores, the maple, the walnut, and the Babylo-nian willows of the growth of ages, which constituted its woodland, in order to favor the populace with an improved view of the architectural front of our then recently erected marble edifice. In its actual condition (*lucus non lucendo*) it were too latitudinarian to speak of the Old Commons as a park, at the present day. Yet the Liberty Boys have perpetuated it in our early history, and Clinton's Canal has given it a modern glorification, by the far-famed meeting of the tens of thousands opposed to the madness of party strife, at which the venerable Colonel Few presided, aided by John Pintard as secretary, to enter their protest against the unhallowed legislative proscription in 1824.

At the period to which our associations are mainly confined, Washington Square, which a wise

forethought of our city fathers some time since converted into an eligible park, was not then contemplated. It is known to you all to have been our Golgotha during the dreadful visitations of the Yellow Fever in 1797, 1798, 1801, and 1803, and many a victim of the pestilence, of prominent celebrity, was consigned to that final resting-place on earth, regardless of his massive gains, or his public services. I shall only specify one individual whose humble tombstone was the last of the sepulchral ornaments removed thence: I allude to Dr. Benjamin Perkins, the inventor of the metallic tractors, a charlatan, whose mesmeric delusions, like clairvoyance in these our own days, had something of a popular recognition, and whose confidence and temerity in the treatment of his case, yellow fever, by his own specific, terminated in his death, after three days' illness. Not many years had elapsed, after the formation of this extensive park, ere its adjacent grounds were enriched by the erection of that prominent marble edifice, the New York University, through the liberality of the friends of learning, and the instrumentality of the Rev. Dr. James M. Matthews, subsequently created its first Chancellor. St. John's Park, now richly entitled to that designation from the philosophy of the vegetable economy which was evinced at its laying-out, in the selection, association, and distribution of its trees,

by the late Louis Simond, the distinguished traveller and artist, (for the vegetable as well as the animal kingdom has its adjuvants, its loves, and its hatreds,) had no existence at the time to which we more directly refer, the period of our incorporation. If a botanical inquirer should investigate the variety of trees which flourish in the St. John's Park, he would most likely find a greater number than on any other ground, of equal size, in the known world.

If what everybody says be true, then is Samuel B. Ruggles entitled to the meed of approbation from every inhabitant of this metropolis, for the advantageous disposition of the Union Place Park, and its adjacent neighborhood. It was the lot of this enterprising citizen to manifest an enlarged forecast during his public career in municipal, equally effective as he had evinced in state affairs. How well grounded this assertion is, can easily be comprehended by any one who reads the public document on this great subject. The forethought and capacity of Mr. Ruggles are manifested throughout. All his measures on the various movements from time to time recommended even by most intelligent individuals, and his prophetic declarations on the enlargement of the canal, and the early and convenient completion of the great work, may be cited as characteristic of a strong and comprehensive intelligence. The State has

indeed at times been disfigured by the prejudices and mental inaptitudes of such governors as Yates and Bouck, but the period is at hand, under the administration of Governor King, when the canal boat of two hundred and twenty tons will find a practical navigation through the whole range of this mighty channel, in place of the eighty and ninety ton boats, accommodated to the capacity of the original work. The memorable vessel in which Columbus discovered America, was only of one hundred and ten tons burden.*

The equestrian statue of Washington, executed with artistic ability by Brown, and erected in this square through the patriotic efforts of Col. Lee, aided by our liberal merchants, adds grace to the beauty of that open thoroughfare of the city. There is a story on this subject, which, I hope, will find embodiment in some future edition of Joe Miller. Colonel Lee had assiduously collected a subscription for this successful statue; among others, towards the close of his labors, he honored

* See the Progress of the city of New York for the last fifty years: a Lecture delivered before the Mechanics' Society, by Charles King, LL.D., President of Columbia College. Among other most interesting matters, it contains a noble tribute to the large and sagacious views of Mr. Ruggles and his enlightened patriotism. The commercial metropolis of the Union can never forget those master minds who have so effectively promoted her great scheme of internal improvement: their names are ever to be cherished as household words.

an affluent citizen of the neighborhood, by an application for aid in the goodly design. "There is no need of the statue," exclaimed the votary of wealth; "Washington needs no statue; he lives in the hearts of his countrymen; that is his statue." "Ah! indeed," replied the colonel, "does he live in yours?" "Truly, he does," was the reply. "Then," added the colonel, "I am sorry, very sorry, that he occupies so mean a tenement."

I trust I am not vulnerable to the charge of diverging too far from an even path, into every field that may skirt the road, if, while on the subject of Gardens and Parks, I commemorate one other of superior claims to consideration, and which at the time we have so often alluded to, had arrived to a degree of importance which might almost be called national; I mean the Elgin Botanic Garden, founded by the late Dr. David Hosack, in 1801, and at the period of our incorporation, justly pronounced an object of deep interest to the cultivators of 'natural knowledge, and to the curious in vegetable science. Those twenty acres of culture, more or less, were a triumph of individual zeal, ambition, and liberality, of which our citizens had reason to be proud, whether they deemed the garden as conservative of our indigenous botany, or as a repository of the most precious exotics. The eminent projector of this dis-

tinguished garden, with a princely munificence, had made these grounds a resort for the admirers of nature's vegetable wonders, and for the students of her mysteries. Here were associated, in appropriate soil, exposed to the native elements, or protected by the conservatory and the hot-house, examples of vegetable life, and of variety of development—a collection that might have captivated a Linnæus, or a Jussieu; and here, indeed, a Michaux, and a Barton, a Mitchill, a Doughty, a Pursh, a Wilson, or a Le Conte, often repaired to solve the doubts of the cryptogamist, or to confirm the nuptial theory of Vaillant.*

* Several of these distinguished disciples of the school of wisdom have already found judicious biographers, who have recorded their services in the fields of natural knowledge. We still want the pen to describe the labors of Pursh, the author of the *Flora Americæ Septentrionalis*. His adventurous spirit, his hazardous daring, and his indomitable energy, present an example of what a devotee in an attached calling will encounter. He was for several years the curator of the Elgin Botanic Garden, and widely travelled through the United States. Lambert, the author of the "American Pines," afforded him great aid in the production of his volumes, and cherished, as I personally know, great regard for the benefits Pursh had conferred on American botany. Michaux has been more fortunate. The biographical memoir of this most eminent man, recently given to the public in the "Transactions of the American Philosophical Society," by ELIAS DURAND, of Philadelphia, himself a lover of botanical science, is a most grateful tribute to the character and merits of this intrepid explorer of the American soil. Michaux was the only child of André Michaux, rendered no less famous by his "Oaks of North America," and by his "Flora," than the son by his "Forest Trees." Young Michaux, under

Here the learned Hosack, then Professor of Botany in Columbia College, gave illustrations to his medical class, and to many not exactly within the circle of professional life, of the natural and artificial systems of nature. I shall never forget those earlier days of my juvenile studies, when the loves and habits of plants and of trees were first expounded by that lucid instructor, and with what increased delight the treasures of the Jardin des Plantes of Paris, just arrived, through the kindness of Monsieur Thouin, were added to the great collection of exotics in this New York Garden. It was a general rule with that able instructor, to terminate his spring course by a strawberry festi-

parental guidance, was early initiated into the cultivation of botanical pursuits; the story of his life, as given us by Mr. Durand, enhances our esteem of his heroic labors, and posterity must ever thank this enlightened biographer for the exposition he has made of the contributions to physical knowledge, and especially to arboriculture, which the instrumentality of Michaux has effected. He lived a long life, notwithstanding his innumerable perils, dying so late as in October, 1855, at the age of 85 years. Every American who visits the Garden of Plants of Paris, must be struck with the number and the richness of the American Forest Trees which flourish therein; they furnish but one of many examples of the practical zeal and services of the Michauxs, father and son. It is to be hoped that, ere long, some competent botanist will favor us with an account of the amiable Douglass, whose tragical end is still involved in obscurity. We know little of him save that our botanical catalogue is enriched with the "*Pinus Douglassii*." Greater merits, and more modesty, were never blended in one individual.

val. "I must let the class see," said the teacher, "that we are practical as well as theoretical: the fragaria is a most appropriate aliment: Linnæus cured his gout and protracted his life by strawberries." "They are a dear article," I observed, "to gratify the appetite of so many." "Yes, indeed," he rejoined, "but in due time, from our present method of culture, they will become abundant and cheap. The disciples of the illustrious Swede must have a foretaste of them, if they cost me a dollar a piece."

Had Dr. Hosack done no more by his efforts at the Elgin Garden, than awaken increased desires in the breast of his pupil Torrey for natural knowledge, he might be acknowledged a public benefactor, from the subsequent brilliant career which that eminent naturalist, with Professor Gray, has pursued in the vast domain of botanical inquiry. But I am happy to add, with that social impulse which seems to be implanted in the breast of every student of nature, which the frosts of eighty-eight winters had not chilled in Antoine L. Jussieu, and which glowed with equal benignity in the bosom of the intrepid Ledyard, on Afric's sandy plains, and in the very heart of the adventurous Kane amidst the icy poles, Hosack is not forgotten. Willdenow tells us, that the crowning glory of the botanist is to be designated by some plant bearing his name. Since the death of Dr.

Hosack, the botanical nomenclature enrolls no less than sixteen species of plants of different regions under the genus *Hosackia*. Time and circumstances have wrought great changes in this once celebrated place, the Elgin Garden.

Pleasing as might be the theme, I can only make a brief allusion to one other spot, which has peculiar claims to notice, derived from many circumstances. I mean the Grange, once occupied as the seat or country residence of the lamented Hamilton, and now belonging to the property of the late W. G. Ward, a name of revolutionary renown. This beautiful retreat is about eight miles from the city, and some one or two miles from Manhattanville, on high ground, and commanding a view both of the East and North rivers. It is especially to be noted as remaining little or in no wise altered from the condition in which it was held by the patriotic soldier and statesman: it has been kept in wholesome preservation for half a century, and still remains unmolested by the spirit of improvement. The thirteen gum trees, with their characteristic star leaf, forming a beautiful coppice, still stand before the door of the mansion, as originally planted by Hamilton himself, in token of the union and perpetuity of the original thirteen States of the American republic,—an association deeply fixed in the heart of the exalted patriot. On these grounds were often

seen, in his latter days, in his morning and evening wanderings, the celebrated ornithologist, Audubon, whose zeal in natural history and rural affairs abated not a jot in his extremest age and feebleness.

Columbia College, that venerable and venerated seat of classical learning, was justly proud of her healthy and beautiful locality, laved almost up to the borders of her foundation by the flowing streams of the Hudson, and ornamented by those majestic sycamores planted by the Crugers, the Murrays, and the Jays, fifty years before our incorporation, but which city progress has recently so agonizingly rooted out. Well might Cowen, in his Tractate on Education, have extolled this once delectable spot as an appropriate seat for intellectual culture in the New World.

As a graduate for nearly half a century, an overweening diffidence must not withhold from me the trespass of a moment concerning my Alma Mater. The faculty, when I entered within its walls, was the same as occupied them when our Historical Society was organized, and on a former occasion, at one of your anniversaries, I bore testimony to the cordial support which that body gave to our institution at its inception. The benignant Bishop Moore was its president; Dr. Kemp, a strong mathematician, ably filled several departments of science; impulsive and domineer-

ing in his nature, there were moments with him when a latent benevolence towards the student quickened itself, and he may be pronounced to have been an effective teacher. It has been promulgated that he gave early hints of the practicability of the formation of the Erie Canal. I have never seen satisfactory proofs of such forethought in any of his disquisitions. He died shortly after that great measure was agitated: he might have conversed on the subject with Clinton, Morris, Eddy, Colles, and Fulton. Yet I think I might, with perhaps equal propriety, because I had an interview with old William Herschel, fancy myself a discoverer of the nature of the milky way. Kemp was clever in his assigned duties, but had little ambition to tract beyond it. He was devoid of genius, and lacked enterprise.

Dr. Bowden, as the Professor of Moral Philosophy, was a courteous gentleman, a refined scholar, and a belles-lettres writer. Like many others of a similar type, his controversial pen carried pungency with its ink, while in personal contact with his opponents, his cautious and modulated utterance neither ruffled the temper nor invoked vehemence in reply. Professor McVickar, so long his successor, has given the life and character of this excellent man with graphic accuracy, and our late departed and much lamented associate, Ogden Hoffman, has furnished a portrait of his virtues in

an occasional address with the fidelity and attractiveness of the limner's art.

Our Professor of the Greek and Latin tongues, was the late Dr. Wilson: he enjoyed through a long life the reputation of a scholar; he was a devoted man to his calling, and a reader of wide extent. His earnestness in imparting knowledge was unabated through a long career, and had his intellectual texture been more plastic, he had proved himself to his scholars a triumphant expositor. He seemed to want the discipline of a more refined and general scholarship; at times harassed in his classical exegesis, he became the veriest pedagogue, and his derivative theory and verbal criticism, were often provocatives of the loudest laughter. The sublimity of Longinus was beyond his grasp, and he only betrayed his hardihood when he attempted to unfold the beauties of the Sapphic Ode. He was enamored of Josephus and the history of the Jews, and recreated in the narrative of that ancient people of Israel; so much so as to enter with warmth into measures the better to secure their spiritual salvation; and if the newspapers, often our best authority, are to be relied on, associated himself with a Society for the Conversion of the Israelites; and it is affirmed, he secured, after years of effort, one at least, within the sheepfold of Calvinistic divinity. Dr. Wilson, though cramped with dactyls and spondees.

was generous in his nature, of kindly feelings, and of great forbearance towards his pupils. Few of our American colleges have enjoyed the blessings of so earnest a teacher for so long a term of years ; and the occurrence is still rarer, that so conscientious a professor has been followed by a successor of at least equal zeal in his classical department, and who is still further enriched with the products of advanced philology and critical taste.*

Columbia College has seen her centurial course. While I feel that that noticeable asterisk prefixed to the names of her departed sons will ere long mark my own, I cannot but recognize the renown she has acquired from the men of thought and action whom she has sent forth to enrich the nation. Let us award her the highest praises for the past, while we indulge the fondest hopes for the future, and a great future lies before her. The eminent men who have successively presided over her government, from her first Johnson to her present distinguished head, Dr. King, have uniformly enforced with a fixed determination, classical and mathematical acquisitions, without which a retrograde movement in intellectual discipline and in practical pursuits must take place. While I accede to this indubitable truth, I may prove skeptical of the often repeated assertion of

* Charles Anthon, LL.D.

my old master, Wilson, that without the classics you can neither roast a potato nor fly a kite. It is currently reported that the fiscal powers of Columbia College are more commanding than ever; hence the duty becomes imperative, to enlarge her portals of wisdom in obedience to the spirit of the age. Let her proclaim and confirm the riches of classic lore; let its culture, by her example, become more and more prevalent. Her statutes assure us she spreads a noble banquet for her guests; but, disclaiming the monitorial, let her bear in mind the sanitary precept of the dietetist, that variety of aliment is imperative for the full development of the normal condition. The apician dishes of the ancients did not always prove condimental, and the rising glory of an independent people, not yet of her own age, has need of, and seeks relief in, the acquisition of new pursuits, and in the exercise of new thoughts corresponding with the novelty of their condition and the wants of the republic.

I had written thus much concerning my venerable Alma Mater, and was content to leave her in the enjoyment of that repose, if so she desired, which revolving years had not disturbed, when lo! popular report and the public journals announce that new life has entered into her constitution. The lethargy which so long oppressed her, she has thrown off; she has found relief in the quickened

spirit of the times, and in the doings of those intellectual bodies which surround her, and which modern science has called into being. Let me, an humble individual, venture to give her the assurances of a mighty population, in whose midst she stands, that the learned and the enlightened, the honest and the true, of every quarter, hail her advent in unmeasured accents of praise. In the moral, in the scholastic, in the scientific world, her friends rise up to greet her with warmest approbation ; there are already manifested throughout the land outward and visible signs of joy at her late movements, and her alumni everywhere cherish an inward and genuine rejoicing at anticipated benefits. She has found out by the best of teachers, experience, that apathy yields not nutrition ; that there is a conservatism which is more liable to destroy than to protect. From Aristotle down to the present time, the schoolmen have affirmed that laughter is the property of reason, while the excess of it has been considered as the mark of folly. It needs no cart team to draw the parallel. Liberated by the increased wisdom of the age, she now comes forth in new proportions, and puts on the habiliments of one conscious that her armor is fitted for the strongest contest, and ready to enter the field of competition with the most heroic of her compeers. The desire on all sides to extend the empire of knowledge, opens the widest area

for her operations, and that great educational test, sound, practical, and available instruction, we feel assured her richly endowed board of professors fully comprehend, the better to rear up the moral and intellectual greatness of the American nation.

More than two centuries ago, Milton, in strong accents, told the world, in his tractate on education, when referring to the physical sciences, that "the linguist, who should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he have not studied the solid things in them as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman completely wise in his mother's dialect." Yet ages have rolled on since this oracular declaration, while the monition of this great scholar has passed by unheeded. But Oxford now knows that languages alone will not save her, though aided by Aristotle, and Cambridge has found that more than the calculus is demanded at her hands.

I have repeatedly listened to the verbal remarks of those two illustrious graduates of old Columbia, Gouverneur Morris and De Witt Clinton, on the subjects most important in a course of collegiate instruction for the youth of this country. Morris urged, with his full, flowing periods, the statesman's science, government and the American constitution ; Clinton was tenacious of the physi-

cal and mechanical sciences : both concurred in opinion that a professorship of cookery was indispensable to secure health and longevity to the people. But these philosophers had only recently returned from their exploratory tour to the West, as canal commissioners, to decide upon the route for the Erie Canal, and, though at times enlivened by the society of Jemima Wilkinson, must, as I conjecture, have fared indifferently at that period in their journey through that almost untrodden wilderness.

From the period when the Abbé Haüy unfolded the theory of crystallography, we may date the introduction, in a liberal way, of the physical branches of science in academies and universities ; and with the chart of Bacon's outlines ever before us, the mighty fact of Milton is best understood, that acquaintance with things around us will best enable us to comprehend things above us ; thus studying the visible, the better to learn and admire the invisible. What, then, is to be the nature of the intellectual repast a collegiate system is to set before its scholars, seeing great diversity of sentiment prevails ? The spirit of the times declares it, and a vast and rising republic demands it. Let the classics be not shorn of their proper dimensions, and in the discipline of her Anthon and her Drisler, they will neither lose symmetry, nor become amorphous. Let geometry and her

kindred branches prefer her claims to consideration by her erudite Hackley, and her adjunct, the renowned Davies, of West Point celebrity: let natural philosophy and that science which seems to inosculate with almost every other, chemistry, be developed in all their relations, by those ardent disciples, McCulloh and Joy: let that adept in teaching, her recently elected Leiber, expound constitutional law and public and private rights; and while God and nature have established an eternal difference between things profane and things holy, let the fountain be ever open from which flows that wisdom imparted by your venerable instructor, McVickar, for the benefit of ingenuous youth in all after life.

In the range of human pursuits, there is no avocation so grateful to the feelings as that of unfolding wisdom to generous and susceptible youth: philosophy to the mind is as assuredly nutriment to the soul, as poison must prove baneful to the animal functions. Whatever may be the toil of the instructor, who can calculate his returns? In the exercise of his great prerogative, he is decorating the temple of the immortal mind; he is refining the affections of the human heart. Old Columbia, with her fiscal powers, adequate to every emergency, with the rich experience of a century, with the proud roll of eminent sons whom she has reared, and who have exerted an

influence on the literature and destinies of the commonwealth ; these, without the enumeration of other concurring circumstances, are enough to encourage comprehensive views of blessings in store : and that heart and head will co-operate effectively in the reformation of abuses which time had almost made venerable, and delight in the glorious undertaking, fortified in the councils of a benignant Providence, of rearing to full stature a University commensurate with the enlarged policy that characterizes New York, is the prayer of this generation, and cannot fail to be of the future, to whom its perpetuity is bequeathed.

There are few of my auditory who have not been struck with the increase, both in numbers and in architectural display, of our ecclesiastical edifices. When this Society was an applicant for incorporation, the Roman Catholic denomination had one place of worship, situated in Barclay street, and organized in 1786 : they now have thirty-nine. The Jews of the Portuguese order, the victims of early intolerance by the inquisition of Portugal, and who first came among us prior to the time of old Gov. Stuyvesant, had but one synagogue for upwards of a century : they now, with the Germans, have eighteen. The Episcopal denomination had seven churches, they now have forty-nine. The Baptists had three, they now boast thirty. But I can proceed no further

in these details. When I published an account of New York and its institutions in 1832,* we had one hundred and twenty-three places of public worship: our aggregate at this time approaches three hundred, of which we may state that sixty are of the Dutch Reformed and Presbyterian denominations, and forty of the Methodists. As I dismiss the churches, I am also compelled to omit almost all notice of the departed worthies of the various denominations with whom I have been personally acquainted, or heard as pastors of their several flocks. Our worthy founder, John Pintard, was extremely solicitous that we should give minute attention to the American church, and preserve faithful records of her progress. Had we labored severely in this species of inquiry, we might have had much to do, and I fear have proved derelict in many things, which, as a Historical Society, called louder on our time, and for our devotion.

Early instruction and reading while a boy, gave me something of a bias towards matters pertaining to churches and their pastors: my repeated visits to my father's grave, in Ann street, when I was not yet seven years old, led me to church yards and to epitaphs, and I had collected, when scarcely able to pen an intelligible hand, quite a volume of those expressive memorials of

* Brewster's Edinburgh Encyclopædia.

saddest bereavement. I state these facts, lest in what I have to say, in a brief notice of a few of the earlier clerical worthies of this city, you might apprehend, from my personal reminiscences, that I was half a century older than I actually am.

Johannes C. Kunze was the first clergyman I ever cast eyes upon. He was of the Evangelical German Lutheran Church. He officiated in the old stone edifice corner of Frankfort and William streets; he was the successor of Muhlenburg, who afterwards was the president of the convention that ratified the Constitution, and speaker of the House of Representatives. His political career is rendered memorable by his casting vote in behalf of Jay's treaty. As little is said of Kunze in the books, I may state, that he was a native of Saxony, was born in 1744, educated at the Halle Orphan House, and studied theology at the University of that city. Thence he was called in 1771 to the service of the Lutheran churches St. Michael and Zion's in Philadelphia. In 1784 he accepted a call from the Evangelical Lutheran church in William, corner of Frankfort street, as stated. Here he officiated until his death in 1807. He held the professorship of Oriental Languages in Columbia College, from 1784 to 1787, and from 1792 to 1795. While Kunze occupied his ecclesiastical trust, a struggle arose to do away the German and substi-

tute the English language in preaching. With assistance, Dr. Kunze prepared a collection of Hymns, translated into English: they were the most singular specimens of couplets and triplets I ever perused, yet they possessed much of the intensity and spiritualism of German poetry. This was in the fall of 1795.* Dr. Kunze was a scholar somewhat after the order of old Dr Styles, and deeply versed in the fathers, in theology. He was so abstracted from worldly concerns and the living manners of the times, that like Jackey Barrett, of Trinity College, Dublin, he practically scarcely knew a sheep from a goat, though he might have quoted to your satisfaction Virgil and Tibullus. He reared the moral and intellectual structure of Henry Stuber, who wrote the continuance of the life of Franklin, and who then sunk into the grave by an insidious consumption. Kunze was versed in astronomy, and was something of an astrologer. He was quite skilled in numismatics, and you can appreciate the value of the rich collection of medals and coins which his family placed at the disposal of our Society. Kunze died fifty years ago, and in his death we lost one of our great scholars, and a worthy man. He held a newspaper controversy on the Gregorian period of the century 1800, and published a

* Published by Hurtin & Commardinger. New York: John Tiebout: 12mo, 1795.

Sermon entitled "King Solomon's great sacrifice," delivered at the dedication of the English Lutheran Zion Church, October 4, 1801. It demonstrates his command of the English language.

There is associated with this movement of the English Hymn Book for the Lutheran Church, a transaction which can hardly be overlooked. It is connected with our literary history. The growth of our native population, after the war, produced an increased demand for tuition as well as for preaching in the English tongue ; and while the Lutheran Catechism found a translator in the Rev. George Strebeck, and Luther's black-letter Bible yielded to James's, (the English,) the German Theatre, with Kotzebue at its head, was now beginning to find among us readers, and actors in an English dress ; and William Dunlap, and Charles Smith, a bookseller in Pearl street, (afterwards better known for his invaluable Military Repository, on the American Revolution,) and the Rev. H. P. Will,* furnished materials for the acting drama from this German source, for the John street Theatre ; so that in New York we had a foretaste of Kotzebue and Schiller ere they were subjected to the criticism of a London audience,

* This accomplished man, after but a short stay in New York, returned to Europe, where, in 1799, he published in London, in two volumes octavo, a Translation of Knigge's Practical Philosophy of Social Life.

or were embodied in Thompson's translations of the German Theatre.

It was just about this period, 1795-'6, that Dominie Johannes Daniel Gros, a preacher of the Reformed Dutch Church of Nassau street, (where Gen. North erected a beautiful mural tablet to Baron Steuben,) having discoursed both in the German and English tongues, retired from the field of his labors, left the city, and settled at Canandaigua, where he died in 1812. He had been a pupil of Kern, and he became the instructor of the accomplished Milledoler. His praises were on every lip, and here and there is still a living graduate of Columbia College, who will tell you how, under those once ornamental buttonwoods, he drilled his collegiate class on Moral Philosophy, while the refined and classical Cochran (like our Anthon of these days) unfolded the riches of the Georgics, and Kemp labored to excite into action his electrical apparatus. It may not be misplaced here to state, that it became obvious to the worshippers of this denomination of Christians, that the increase of the English language among the population induced a corresponding decline of the Dutch tongue, and that in order to secure the durability of the congregation of the North Dutch Church, it was requisite that divine instruction should be imparted in the now fast increasing popular language. Accordingly, the

pulpit of the North Dutch Church was, in 1764, supplied by the Rev. Dr. Laidlie, who preached the first sermon in English in that church in the month of March of that year. The alternate use of the Dutch and English languages was continued for a long while.

There seems to have been a mutually active spirit among our Hollanders and their descendants, to preserve their cohesion by their early adoption of the English language, and the laying aside, but for occasional use, their native tongue, as well as with our German residents, in calling early into service the English speech, for religious devotion ; but the year 1764 is memorable for the movements of these different bodies of Christian worshippers in urging the importance of a stronger hold among the people by employing the English tongue in their devotional exercises. The Rev. Johannes M. Kern, who by the consistory of Heidelberg was sent thither, arrived in New York in 1763, when he assumed the pastoral office in the German Nassau street Church, which had been erected on the very site where the old American Dramatic Company a few years before held their theatrical performances. The surviving daughter of this earnest clergyman is still among us, in strength of mind and body, in the ninetieth year of her age, and preserves the records of her father's ministry. The Christian charities which en-

riched these denominations, and the harmony which obtained among them, is demonstrated by the fact that Kern was installed by the ministers of the Collegiate Church. The Lutherans seem to have been the more tardy sect in seeking the advantages of English preaching for the benefit of their flock. The last of our theological worthies who used the language of Holland in the ministry, was the Rev. Dr. Gerardus Kuypers, of the Dutch Reformed Church. He died in 1833. But I forbear to trespass upon the interesting Memorial of the Dutch Church, recently published by our learned Vice-President, Dr. De Witt.*

I was well acquainted with Joseph Pilmore and Francis Asbury: the former with Boardman, the first regular itinerant preachers of this country, sent out by John Wesley: Pilmore was a stentorian orator. The latter, Asbury, was delegated as general superintendent of the Society's interest, and was afterwards denominated Bishop; they were most laborious and devoted men, mighty travellers through the American wilds in the days of Oglethorpe. Pilmore finally took shelter in the

* See that valuable record, "A Discourse delivered in the North Reformed Dutch Church, (Collegiate,) in the city of New York, on the last Sabbath in August, 1856. By Thomas De Witt, D. D., one of the Ministers of the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church. New York, 1857.

doctrines of episcopacy. Asbury was by no means an uproarious preacher. A second Whitefield in his activity, in his locomotive faculty a sort of Sinbad on land: wrapt up in ample corduroy dress, he bid defiance to the elements, like the adventurous pioneer, journeying whithersoever he might. He had noble qualities, disinterested principles, and enlarged views. He has the credit, at an early date, of projecting the Methodist Book Concern, that efficient engine for the diffusion of knowledge throughout the land, and second to no other establishment of a like nature among us save the Brothers Harper. No denomination has stronger reasons to be grateful to individual effort for its more enlightened condition, its increased strength, its literature, its more refined ministry, and the trophies which already adorn the brows of its scholars, than has the Methodist Church to Francis Asbury. Pilmore and Asbury were both advanced in life when I knew them. Pilmore sustained a wholesome rubicundity; Asbury exhibited traces of great care and a fixed pallor, in the service of his Master.

I will close this order of the ministry with the briefest notice I can take of Thomas Coke, the first Methodist Bishop for America consecrated by Wesley himself, in 1784, and identified with the progress of that society, both in England and in this country. He was just fifty years old when I lis-

tened to him in the summer of 1797. He was a diminutive creature, little higher than is reported to have been the pious Isaac Watts, but somewhat more portly. He had a keen visage, which his aquiline nose made the more decided, yet with his ample wig and triangular hat he bore an impressive *personnel*. His indomitable zeal and devotion were manifest to all. An Oxford scholar, a clever author, and glowing with devotional fervor, his shrill voice penetrated the remotest part of the assembly. He discoursed on God's providence, and terminated the exercises with reading the beautiful hymn of Addison, "The Lord my pasture shall prepare." So distinctly enunciatory was his manner, that he almost electrified the audience. He dealt in the pathetic, and adepts in preaching might profit by Coke. Though sixty years have elapsed since that period, I have him before me as of yesterday. Thus much of Asbury and Coke, legible characters, whole-hearted men, the primitive pioneers of Methodism in this broadcast land.

I should like to have dwelt upon the character of another great apostle of the Arminian faith, Thomas F. Sargeant. He was cast much after the same physical mould as our John M. Mason. He had little gesticulation, save the occasional raising of the palms of his hands. He stood with an imposing firmness in the sacred desk. A mas-

ter of intonation, his modulated yet strong and clear utterance poured forth a flood of thought characterized by originality and profundity on Christian ethics and Christian faith, winning admiration and securing conviction. He was free from dogmatism, and aimed to secure his main object, to render religion the guiding rule of life. His blows were well directed to break the stubborn heart. He was a great workman in strengthening the foundation of Methodism among us. He filled with acceptance every pulpit to which he was invited, but what was of more importance to a needy and a struggling congregation in those days, he filled every pew : but I desist from further details.

I introduce Bishop Provoost in this place, because I think our Episcopal brethren have too much overlooked the man, his learning, his liberality, and his patriotism. He had the bearing of a well-stalled Bishop, was of pleasing address, and of refined manners. He imbibed his first classical taste at King's College, and was graduated at Peter House, Cambridge. He became skilled in the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, German, and Italian languages, and we have been assured he made an English poetical version of Tasso. I never listened to his sacred ministrations but once, in Old Trinity ; he was then advanced in years. He was quite a proficient in Botanical knowledge, and was among the earliest in England who stud-

ied the Linnæan classification. I long ago examined his copy of "Caspar Bauhin's *Historia Plantarum*," whom, on a written leaf affixed to the first volume, he calls the prince of botanists, and which MS. bears date 1766. As Lieut. Gov. Colden was the first expositor of the system of Linnæus in the New World, and which he taught on the banks of the Hudson almost immediately after it was announced by the illustrious Swede, there can be little doubt that harmonious discussion on so novel and fertile a theme must have often engaged the mental powers of these distinguished disciples of natural knowledge. He was to the back-bone a friend to the cause of revolutionary America; and I believe it is now granted, that there was scarcely another of that religious order among us who was not a royalist. I ought to add, that a portion of his library was given to our Society by C. D. Colden, his son-in-law, who furnished me with the MS. of his life, a few days before his death, and to which I ventured, with the approbation of Mr. Colden, to make additional facts concerning the Bishop's attainments in natural science.

Our enlightened founder, John Pintard, was personally known, during a long life, to a large majority of the citizens of this metropolis, and was universally consulted by individuals, of almost every order, for information touching this State's

transactions, and the multifarious occurrences of this city, which have marked its progress since our revolutionary struggle. Persons and things, individualities and corporations, literary, biographical, ecclesiastical, and historical circumstances, municipal and legislative enactments, internal and external commerce, all these were prominent among the number ; and his general accuracy as to persons and dates made him a living chronology. During a long period of his memorable life, our learned associate, Dr. Mitchill, held the same distinction in the walks of science. Pintard's life was not, however, solely retrospective : he had the capabilities of one whose vision extended far ahead. Witness his remarkable estimate of the growth of this city, in inhabitants and in extent, dating from about 1805, and comprehending a period long after his death. The fulfilment is so striking with the facts as he prognosticated, that the statistical writer cannot but marvel at the precision of his data and the fulfilment of his calculations. See, further, his earnest co-operation with De Witt Clinton, Stephen Van Rensselaer, C. D. Colden, Thomas Eddy, R. Bowne, and others, in bringing together that first mass meeting in behalf of the Erie Policy, held in the Park, when the requisites for such assumption jeopardized almost life, and cut off all political advancement. Look at his enlarged views to promote the interests of

that church to which he so early and so long had claims as an exalted member, in effectually securing the noble Sherred bequest for the Theological Seminary, and his successful application to George Lorillard for the twenty-five thousand dollar fund for a professorship : canvass his merits for the organization of many of the libraries which now enrich this city, and the cheerful aid with which he united with the late benevolent William Wood, in furtherance of a hundred other public objects. Examine for yourselves the records of the office of the city inspector, and learn the obstacles he encountered to establish that department of the city institutions, for the registry of births and deaths. But I will no longer tire you.

Pintard's astonishing love and reverence for the past was no less remarkable. The men of the Revolution were his idols, and perhaps his longest attached and most important of this class were Willett, Jay, Fish, and Col. Trumbull. He often conversed with me of his acquaintance with Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Geo. Clinton, Rufus King, and Hamilton, but I am left to infer that with some of these his personal associations were limited. As a deputy agent under Elias Boudinot, as commissary-general for prisoners, he was fully conversant, from observation, with the horrors of the jail and the Jersey prison ship, and he never touched that subject that he did not revive

reminiscences of Philip Freneau, the scenes of the old Sugar House, the hospital practice conducted by Michaelis and Nooth, and others, on the American prisoners in the old Dutch Church, (now Post Office,) then appropriated to medical accommodation, as well as for other purposes, by the British army. It is familiarly known to my audience that our State legislature, during the session of 1817-'18, passed a law, prepared by the Hon. Henry Meigs, for the disinterment of the body of Montgomery in Canada, for re-burial under the monument in St. Paul's Church, N. Y. Soon after the passage of the act, I waited upon Mr. Pintard on some subject connected with the Historical Society, and found his mind worried. "You seem, sir," said I, "to be embarrassed." "Somewhat so," replied he; "I have just received an Albany letter requiring specific information: they are at a loss to know where Montgomery's bones lie. I shall be able soon to give them an answer." It is almost needless to add that Pintard's directions led to the very spot where, within a few feet designated by him, the remains of the patriot were discovered.

It had long been understood that the old Chamber of Commerce had a full-length portrait, painted by Pine, of Lieut. Governor Colden. Pintard was for years in search of it: at length he had prospects of success; and ransacking the

loft of the old Tontine, (recently demolished,) he discovered the prize among a parcel of old lumber. "I shall now," said he, "take measures to revive that excellent old corporation, much to be regarded for what it has done for our metropolis, and for what it is capable of doing." My friend Dr. King can scarcely forget Dr. Pintard in his History of the Chamber of Commerce. This precious painting of Colden is now among your historical treasures.

If a careful examination be made of the earlier records of our Historical Society, it will be seen that our founder, John Pintard, filled with the idea of establishing this institution, most judiciously sought the countenance of the reverend the clergy of this metropolis. He was alive to the beneficial zeal employed by Jeremy Belknap and other divines in behalf of the Massachusetts Historical Society: he considered the clergy as among the safest guardians of literature and history, and that their recommendation of the measure would prove of signal utility. The Rev. Dr. Samuel Miller, of whom I have on several occasions spoken in laudatory terms, was at this period a prominent individual throughout the land, by the recent publication of his "Brief Retrospect," which obtained for its author the applause of both hemispheres. This able divine and courteous and exemplary character, had also announced to his

friends his intention of preparing for the press a "History of the State of New York," and it was further understood that he had given much study to historical research. Dr. John M. Mason, who stood without a parallel among us as a preacher, and as a student of ecclesiastical affairs, with strong feelings for New York, was also one on whom Pintard relied for counsel. There was, moreover, so adventurous a daring in the very elements of Mason's constitution, and his personal influence was so wide among the literati, that it was inferred his countenance could not but increase the number of advocates for the plan. Innovation presented no alarm to Dr. Mason: progress was his motto. He had heard much of revolutionary times from the lips of his friend Hamilton. His father's patriotism circulated in his veins: he knew the uncertainties of historical data, and that the nation's history, as well as that of the State's, was yet to be written. This heroic scholar and divine, whom I never think of without admiration of the vastness of intellectual power which God in his wisdom vouchsafes to certain mortals, was prominently acknowledged as the chieftain of the ecclesiastical brotherhood of those days. He contemplated, moreover, a life of his friend Hamilton, and doubtless was often absorbed in the consideration of American history. The paramount obligations of his pastoral and scholas-

tic duties, and their imperative urgency, must unquestionably be assigned as reasons for his non-performance. As a reader he was unrivalled ; as an orator in the sacred desk, his disciplined intellect shed its radiance over all he uttered. Rich in a knowledge of mankind, and of the ethics of nations, the ample treasures of ancient and modern learning were summoned at command, with a practical influence at which doubt fled, and sophistry and indifference stood abashed. He was bold in his animadversions on public events, and lashed the deformities and vices of the times with unsparing severity. There was no equivocation in his nature, either in sentiment or in manner. His address to his people, on resigning his pastoral charge of the Cedar street Church, is, perhaps, his greatest oratorical effort. An overflowing assembly were wrapt in consternation at the force of his logic, his eloquent and profound appeal, and the deep gravity of his manner. The thunders of Mount Sinai could scarcely be more intensely felt by his devoted flock, than the words which he uttered in allusion to the Christian triumphs of his father's life and labors in their midst. "Here," exclaimed the preacher, filled with the sacredness of his divine mission, "here my father prayed, and God heard him ; here my father preached, and God gave him seals of his ministry and crowns of his rejoicing. The memorial of his

faithfulness is perpetually before my eyes ; and in the spot over which I now stand, his flesh rests in hope. I have entered into his labors. The seed which he sowed I have been honored to water." He had within him the power to annihilate equivocation, and abrogate with keenest reasoning those formularies which he pronounced to have oppressed the Church of God, and acted as a barrier to her progress. No preacher among us ever more earnestly contended for the all-sufficiency of the Bible ; and with Chillingworth he was wont to exclaim, "The Bible is the religion of Protestants." I have said sufficient to demonstrate the earnestness of the faith cherished by Mason : on no subject whatever that he attempted to expound, could he be dull. I might say much to show that, notwithstanding the warmth of his temperament, he was often lenient. I have seen the big tear fill his eye when he compared the success of his labors with those of his excellent and intimate friend, Robert Hall, whom he called a lump of goodness.

No instance of the predominance of his benevolent impulse and his kindly nature was more favorably illustrated than in an occurrence at which I was present, of a long interview of three hours which took place with the Doctor and the celebrated Abbe Correa de Serra, the Portuguese Minister. This remarkable man, of rare genius, so amply stored with ancient and modern languages,

and so full of a knowledge of the sciences, was interrogated by Dr. Mason on the government and ecclesiastical polity of the Pontifical Church. Armed at every point, the learned and profound Abbe vindicated the claims of his order and the wisdom of the Romish policy, in which he had been disciplined with the astuteness and dexterity of the ablest Jesuit, while the calm conversational tone and the courteous diction which flowed between these two champions won the admiration of the company, and afforded the happiest proof of the benignity of intellectual culture. The angular points of Scotch Protestantism seemed in the discussion to be somewhat blunted by the exposition given of the Romish Church, and I was led to the conclusion that a religion whose fundamentals were charity and love depended more upon the conformity of the heart to its saving principles, and less upon non-conformity to established rituals.

Dr. Mason's Plea for Sacramental Communion evinced a toleration worthy of apostolic Christianity : his address on the formation of the American Bible Society, prepared within a few hours for the great occasion, by its masculine vigor, crushed opposition even in high quarters, and led captive the convention. " We have not a man among us," said Olinthus Gregory, of the British Society, " who can cope with your Ma-

son. All have wondered at the sublimity and earnestness of his address." In his conversation, Dr. Mason was an intellectual gladiator, while his commanding person and massive front added force to his argument. He knew the ductility of words, and generally chose the strongest for strongest thoughts. He had a nomenclature which he often strikingly used. In reference to an individual whose support to a certain measure was about to be solicited, "Put no confidence in him," said the Doctor, "he's a lump of negation." In speaking of the calamitous state of the wicked and the needy in times of pestilence, he broke forth in this language :—"To be poor in this world, and to be damned in the next, is to be miserable indeed." He had a deep hatred of the old-fashioned pulpit, which he called an ecclesiastical tub, and said it cramped both mind and body. With Whitefield, he wished the mountain for a pulpit, and the heavens for a sounding-board. His example in introducing the platform in its stead has proved so effective, that he may claim the merit of having led to an innovation which has already become almost universal among us. As Dr. Mason is historical, and a portion of our Society's treasure, I could not be more brief concerning him. If ever mortal possessed decision of character, that mortal was John M. Mason.

Pintard, thus aided by the co-operation of so

many and worthy individuals in professional life, determined to prosecute his design with vigor. He had doubtless submitted his plan to his most reliable friend, De Witt Clinton, at an early day of its inception, and it is most probable that by their concurrence Judge Egbert Benson was selected as the most judicious choice for first President. This venerable man had long been an actor in some of the most trying scenes of his country's legislative history, and was himself the subject of history. His antecedents were all favorable to his being selected: of Dutch parentage, a native of the city of New York, and a distinguished classical scholar of King's College, from which he was graduated in 1765. He was one of the Committee of Safety: deeply read in legal matters, and as a proficient in the science of pleading, he had long been known as holding a high rank in jurisprudence. By an ordinance of the Convention of 1777, he was appointed first Attorney-General of the State—he was also a member of the first legislature the same year. Perhaps it may be new to some of my hearers to learn, that he was also one of the three Commissioners appointed by the United States to assist with other Commissioners, that might be chosen by Sir Guy Carleton, in superintending the embarkation of the tories for Nova Scotia. The letter to Carleton of their appointment, signed by Judge Egbert Benson, William Smith,

and Daniel Parker, bears date New York, June 17, 1783. I am indebted to our faithful historian, Mr. Lossing, for this curious fact.

In 1789 Mr. Benson was elected one of the six Representatives of New York to the first Congress, in which body he continued four years. In his Congressional career, he was often associated in measures with Rufus King, Fisher Ames, Oliver Ellsworth, and others of the same illustrious order of men. Nor did his official public services end here. In 1794 he was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of New York, where he remained several years. He was a Regent of the University from 1789 to 1802. He was a most intimate and reliable friend of that stern and inflexible patriot, Gov. John Jay. He lived, the admiration of all good men, to the very advanced age of 87 years, blessed with strength of body and soundness of mind, and died at Jamaica, on Long Island, in 1833, confident in the triumphs of a Christian life.

The patriotism of Judge Benson, his devotion to his country in its most trying vicissitudes, and his political and moral integrity, were never questioned. His kindness of feeling, and his social and unassuming demeanor, struck every beholder. Such was Egbert Benson, the individual earliest and wisely pointed out as our first President.

My acquaintance with Judge Benson did not

commence until near the close of his official tenure in this Society. He presided at the first great festival we held in 1809, at the delivery of Dr. Miller's Discourse, on the 4th of September, 1809, designed to commemorate the discovery of New York, being the completion of the second century since that event. I have, on a former occasion, given an account of that celebration. Judge Benson was anecdotal in an eminent degree: his iron memory often gave proofs of its tenacity. His reminiscences of his native city are often evinced in his curious Record of New York in the olden times. From him I learned that our noble faculty of physic had, in those earlier days, their disputations, theoretical and practical, as we have witnessed them in our own times. Strong opposition was met in those days to the adoption of inoculation for the small-pox, as pursued by Dr. Beekman Van Beuren, in the old Alms House, prior to 1770. Old McGrath, a violent Scotchman, who came among us about 1743, and who is immortalized by Smollett, had the honor of introducing the free use of cold bathing and cold lavations in fever. He doubtless had drawn his notions from Sir John Floyer, but probably had never conceived a single principle enforced by Currie. McGrath's whole life was a perpetual turmoil. The venerable Judge confirmed all I had derived from Dr. Samuel Bard concerning Mc-

Grath's captious disposition and unrefined address. Neither Middleton, nor Farquhar, nor Clossy, could be on easy terms with him; and these men, with John Jones and John Bard, shed lustre on the faculty of physic at that early day. Dr. Henry Mott, who died in 1840, aged 83 years, the father of the illustrious surgeon Dr. Valentine Mott, was among the prominent practitioners who adopted the mercurial practice, with Ogden and Muirson, of Long Island, not without much opposition.

I forbear to record at this time the pleasing reminiscences the Judge gave me at different times of the Bards—John, the best known for his intimacy with Franklin, and his essay on the malignant fever of Long Island, and Samuel, his accomplished son, the active founder of our first medical school of King's College. But the most serious rencontre in our medical annals, according to the Judge, was that which took place with Dr. Pierre Michaux, a French refugee, who settled in New York about 1791, who published an English tract on a surgical subject, with a Latin title-page. The pamphlet was too insignificant to prove an advantageous advertisement to the peniless author, but Dr. Wright Post, of most distinguished renown in our records of surgery, feeling annoyed by its appearance, solicited his intimate friend, the acrimonious Dunlap, the dra-

matic writer, to write a caricature of the work and the author. The request was promptly complied with, and at the old John Street Theatre a ludicrous after-piece was got up, illustrative of a surgical case, *Fractura Minimi Digiti*, with a meeting of doctors in solemn consultation upon the catastrophe. Michaux repaired to the theatre, took his seat among the spectators, and found the representation of his person, his dress, his manner, and his speech, so fairly a veri-resemblance, that he was almost ready to admit an alibi, and alternately thought himself now among the audience—now among the performers. The humiliated Michaux sought redress by an assault upon Dunlap, as, on the ensuing Sabbath, he was coming out from worship in the Brick Church. The violent castigation Dunlap received at the church portal, suspended his public devotional duties for at least a month. Michaux, now the object of popular ridicule, retired to Staten Island, where after a while his life was closed, oppressed with penury, and mortification of mind. I have thus (by way of parenthesis) introduced some things touching the doctors of years past. I crave your clemency for the interruption. I am so constituted, that I cannot avoid a notice of our departed medical men whenever I address New Yorkers on the subject of their city. I must plead, moreover, that these medical anecdotes are connected with

the materials I derived from Judge Benson himself. They in part illustrate his minute recognition of events and his tenacious recollection.

So intimately connected with history is the record of juridical proceedings, and the actors thereof, the actual founders of statutory measures, especially in our popular form of government, that State events necessarily receive their distinctive features from the members of the bar. In short, is not the statute book the most faithful history of a people? Mr. Pintard, with the largest views to success, earnestly sought the co-operation of that enlightened and important profession. The laws of a nation, said he, are pre-eminently historical in their nature, and fall within our scope. I am justified in the assertion, from personal knowledge, that no class of our citizens embarked with greater zeal in strengthening the interests of this Association than did the members of that faculty. If you search the minutes of our proceedings, you will find they constitute a large portion of our early friends, and that, too, at a period, when the idea of rearing this establishment was pronounced preposterous, by many even of the well informed.

I shall glance at a few of these worthies among our earliest, our strongest, and most devoted supporters. Anthony Bleecker, who deserves an ample memoir, was a native of the city of New York; he was born in October, 1770, and died in

March, 1827. He was a graduate of Columbia College, reared to the profession of the law, and was a gentleman of classical acquisitions, and refined belles-lettres taste. As a member of the Drone Club, a social and literary circle, which had at that time an existence of some years among us, and which included among its members Kent, Johnson, Dunlap, Edward and Samuel Miller, and Charles Brockden Brown, he proved an efficient associate in our ranks. He was for many years a prolific contributor to the periodical press, in elegant literature, and wrote for the Drone in prose and verse. Well stored in historical and topographical matters, not a small portion of our library, which contains our early literature, was due to his inquisitive spirit. His sympathies were ever alive to acts of disinterested benevolence, and as proof we may state that from the crude notes, journals, and log-books which Capt. James Riley furnished, Bleecker drew up gratuitously that popular "Narrative of the Brig Commerce," which obtained so wide a circulation both in this country and abroad. He was almost unceasingly engaged in American records of a literary nature, and was just such a scholar for a contributor as the English "Notes and Queries" would have solicited for their work. He wrote to Bisset, the English writer of the reign of George III., to correct the error which he had promulgated, that

Henry Cruger, the colleague of Burke, had circumscribed his speech to the enunciation of three words, "I say ditto;" and which Bisset finally cancelled in subsequent reprints. The productions of Mr. Bleecker's pen were such as to make his friends regret that he did not elaborate a work on some weighty subject. He died a Christian death, in 1827, aged 57 years. His habits, his morals, his weight of character, may be inferred from the mention of his associates, Irving, Paulding, Verplanck, and Brevoort. The bar passed sympathizing resolutions on his demise, and John Pintard lost a wise counsellor. The portrait of Mr. Bleecker in the N. Y. Society Library, is a lifelike work of art.

William Johnson is of too recent death not to be held in fresh remembrance by many now present. He was a native of Connecticut; he settled early in New York, and entered upon the profession of the law, and was engaged from 1806 to 1823, as Reporter of the Supreme Court of New York, and from 1814 to 1823, of the Court of Chancery. He died in 1848, when he had passed his 80th year. He is recorded in the original act of your incorporation. He for many years had a watchful eye over the interests of the Society. It is beyond my province to speak of the value of his labors. He was of a calm and dignified bearing, and of the strictest integrity. As he was the

authorized reporter of the legal decisions of the State at a period when her juridical science was expounded by her greatest masters, Kent, Spencer, Van Ness, Thompson, &c., and was at its highest renown and of corresponding authority throughout the Union, his numerous volumes are pronounced the most valuable we possess in the department of law reports. He was liberal in his donations of that part of our library devoted to jurisprudence. His most interesting historical contributions to the library were those of the newspaper press:—the New York Daily Advertiser from its commencement, an uninterrupted series, until near its close, and the New York Evening Post from its beginning in 1801, and for many consecutive years, may be cited as proofs in point.

With an earnestness surpassed by none of our earlier fraternity, the late Peter A. Jay espoused the cause of this institution, and contributed largely to its library. His benefactions embraced much of that curious and most valuable material you find classed with your rare list of newspapers, printed long before our Revolutionary contest. I apprehend he must have been thus enabled through the liberality of his illustrious father, Governor Jay. Peter A. Jay was most solicitous in all his doings touching the Society, that the Association should restrict itself to its specified designation. Every thing relative to its historical transactions

he would cherish, for he deemed New York the theatre on which the great events of the period of our colonization and of the war of independence transpired. It is nowise remarkable that the library is so rich in newspaper and other periodical journals. "A file of American newspapers," said Mr. Jay, "is of far more value to our design, than all the Byzantine historians." You may well boast of the vast accumulation of that species of recorded knowledge within your walls.

So far as I can recollect, our most efficient members, as Johnson, Jay, Pintard, M'Kesson, Clinton, Morris, and a host of others, have borne testimony to the high importance of preserving those too generally evanescent documents. They are the great source from which we are to derive our knowledge of the form and pressure of the times. No one was more emphatic in the declaration of this opinion than Gouverneur Morris.

John M'Kesson, a nephew of the M'Kesson who was Secretary of the N. Y. Convention, an original member, was a large contributor to our Legislative documents; not the least in value of which were the Journals of the Provincial Congress and Convention, together with the proceedings of the Committee of Safety from May, 1775, to the adoption of the State Constitution at the close of the Northern campaign in 1777. "They include," says our distinguished associate, Mr. Fol-

som, "the period of the invasion of the territory of the State by the British army under General Burgoyne."

The minutes of our first meeting notice the attendance of Samuel Bayard, jun. He was connected by marriage with the family of our founder, Pintard, and they were most intimate friends. He was a gentleman of the old school, a scholar, a jurist, a trustee of Princeton College, a public-spirited man, and a hearty co-operator in establishing this Association; widely acquainted with historical occurrences, and, if I err not, on terms of personal communication with many of the active men of the Revolution, including Governor Livingston, of New Jersey. Through Mr. Bayard's agency and John Pintard, we obtained the Independent Reflector, the Watch Tower of 1754, the American Whig, &c., records indispensable to a right understanding of the controversy of the American Episcopate, and the contentions which sprung out of the charter of King's College. Livingston's life is full of occurrences: he was a voluminous writer on the side of liberty, when his country most needed such advocates: his patriotism was of the most intrepid order, and he commanded the approbation of Washington. Theodore Sedgwick, not long since, has given us his valuable biography, and the Duyckincks in the "Cyclopædia of American Literature," a legacy

of precious value, for the consultation of writers on the progress of knowledge in the New World, have treated his character and his labors with ability and impartiality. Some forty years ago, I saw the prospectus for the publication of Governor Livingston's works, in several volumes, at the office of the Messrs. Collins. Had the plan been executed, the arm of the patriot would have been nerved with increased strength in behalf of religious toleration and the rights of man, by the noble defence of this bold explorer into the domain of popular freedom. But, alas! the materials for the contemplated work, in print and in manuscript, were suffered to lie in neglect in a printing loft, until time and the rats had destroyed them too far for typographical purposes. I was told that his son, Brockholst Livingston, the renowned United States judge, had the matter in charge, and I have presumed that the remembrance of his father's literary labors was obliterated from his memory, through the weightier responsibilities of juridical business. I believe we are obligated to Samuel Bayard principally for that remarkable series of MSS., the Journals of the House of Commons during the Protectorate of Cromwell, which fill so conspicuous a niche in your library. Mr. Bayard, I apprehend, obtained them through Governor Livingston, or, perhaps, I would be more accurate, were I to say, that they were once in the

possession of the Governor. I remember bringing over from Paulus Hook, now Jersey City, some of the volumes.

We possessed liberal benefactors in our earlier movements for a library, in Samuel M. Hopkins, Cadwallader D. Colden, and Gulian C. Verplanck. This last-named gentleman, who is recorded as an early member, and whom, thanks to a beneficent Providence, we still hail among the living celebrities of the Republic, both in letters and in humanity, stored with varied knowledge, and actuated by true Knickerbocker feelings, deemed the library department of enduring importance, and with a comprehensive view affirmed, that it was the bounden duty of the Society to collect every book, pamphlet, chart, map, or newspaper that threw light on the progress of the State, its cities, towns, or on the history of its literature; thus carrying out the plan unfolded in the Society's address to the public at their first organization. That we profit by more than his advice, may be seen in his historical discourse on the early European friends of America, and the tribute he pays to the character of our forefathers, the Dutch and the Huguenots.

There is probably little recorded on your minutes of the services rendered the Historical Society by Robert Fulton. Cut off too early in the midst of his great career very shortly after he had united

in membership with you, his opportunities of personal attendance were limited ; and the mighty affairs which engrossed his time and weighed upon his intellect, yielded little leisure from his engrossing pursuits ; yet you had not one in your list who cherished a stronger zeal for the advancement of your important interests. His patriotic spirit was so eminently American ; his impulses so generous, and the intimate relations which he held with the Livingstons, many of whom were most anxious to secure the perpetuity of your institution, all served to rivet his affections to advance the great ends you had in view. On his agency in enabling you to secure the Gates' papers, I need not dwell ; he justly appreciated their value, and deemed it a duty that they should be preserved for the future historian. He comprehended the philosophy of history as well as the philosophy of steam navigation.

Amid a thousand individuals you might readily point out Robert Fulton. He was conspicuous for his gentlemanly bearing and freedom from embarrassment ; for his extreme activity, his height, somewhat over six feet, his slender yet energetic form, and well-accommodated dress ; for his full and curly dark brown hair, carelessly scattered over his forehead, and falling round about his neck. His complexion was fair ; his forehead high ; his eyes large, dark, and penetrating, and

revolving in a capacious orbit of cavernous depth ; his brow was thick, and evinced strength and determination ; his nose was long and prominent ; his mouth and lips were beautifully proportioned, giving the impress of eloquent utterance, equally as his eyes displayed, according to phrenology, a pictorial talent and the benevolent affections. In his sequestered moments a ray of melancholy marked his demeanor ; in the stirring affairs of active business you might readily designate him, indifferent to surrounding objects and persons, giving directions, and his own personal appliances, to whatever he might be engaged in. Thus have I often observed him on the docks, reckless of temperature and inclement weather, in our early steamboat days, anxious to secure practical issues from his midnight reflections, or to add new improvements to works not yet completed. His floating dock cost him much personal labor of this sort. His hat might have fallen in the water, and his coat be lying on a pile of lumber, yet Fulton's devotion was not diverted. Trifles were not calculated to impede him, or damp his perseverance.

There are those who have judged the sympathies of our nature by the grasp of the hand : this rule, applied to Mr. Fulton's salutation, only strengthened your confidence in the declarations he uttered. He was social ; captivating to the young, instructive even to the

wisest. He was linked in close association with the leading characters of our city ; with Emmet, Colden, Clinton, Mitchill, Hosack, Macneven, and Morris. A daughter of his first-named friend, with artistic talents has painted his interesting features and his *habitat*. After all, few eminent men recorded on the rolls of fame encountered a life of severer trials and provoking annoyance. The incredulity which prevailed as to the success of his projects, as they were called, created doubts in the bosoms of some of his warmest friends, and the cry of "Crazy Fulton," issuing at times from the ignoble masses, I have heard reverberated from the lips of old heads, pretenders to science. Nor is this all. Even at the time when the auspicious moment had arrived, when his boat was now gliding on the waters, individuals were found still incredulous, who named his vast achievement the Marine Smoke Jack and Fulton's Folly. With philosophical composure he stood unruffled and endured all. He knew what Watt and every great inventor encounter. During his numerous years of unremitting toil, his genius had solved too many difficult problems not to have taught him the principles on which his success depended, and he was not to be dismayed by the yells of vulgar ignorance. Besides, he was working for a nation, not for himself, and the magnitude of the object absorbed all other thoughts.

Mr. Fulton was emphatically a man of the people, ambitious indeed, but void of all sordid designs ; he pursued ideas more than money. Science was more captivating to him than pecuniary gains, and the promotion of the arts, useful and refined, more absorbing than the accumulation of the miser's treasures.

I shall never forget that night of February 24th, 1815, a frosty night indeed, on which he died. Dr. Hosack, with whom I was associated in business, and who saw him in consultation with Dr. Bruce, in the last hours of his illness, returning home at midnight from his visit, remarked, "Fulton is dying ; his severe cold amidst the ice, in crossing the river, has brought on an alarming inflammation and *glossitis*. He extended to me," continued the Doctor, "his generous hand, grasping mine closely, but he could no longer speak." I had been with Mr. Fulton at his residence but a short time before, to arrange some papers relative to Chancellor Livingston and the floating dock erected at Brooklyn. Business dispatched, he entered upon the character of West, the painter, the Columbiad of Barlow, and the great pictures of Lear and Ophelia, which he had deposited in the American Academy. This interview of an hour with the illustrious man has often furnished grateful reflections.

I enter not into a consideration of the special

claims which Fulton possesses as the inventor of steam navigation ; it is sufficient for me on this occasion to know, that at the time when the Clermont steamed her way on the Hudson from New York for Albany on the 7th September, 1807, not another steamboat was in successful operation, save his own, throughout the globe. Well might the eloquent Gouverneur Morris exclaim, in his inaugural discourse before your Historical Society, " A bird hatched on the Hudson will soon people the floods of the Wolga ; and cygnets descended from an American swan, glide along the surface of the Caspian sea." *

A word or two in relation to another worthy member of our fraternity, whose life and character were directed with successful results in behalf of New York, and who, amid numerous benevolent engagements, was never indifferent to your Historical Association : I allude to the late Thomas Eddy, a philanthropist in the fullest acceptance of the term. He was of the Society of Friends, but free of all sectional bias ; he had laid the foundation of a solid elementary education, had embarked in mercantile transactions, viewed men and things with the wisdom of an inductive philosopher, read largely ethical compends and books of voyages and

* See Colden's Life of Fulton ; Walsh's Appeal, &c., and the life-like delineation of Fulton, by Tuckerman, in his Biographical Essays.

travels, and was versed in Quaker theology from Fox and Barclay down to Sarah Grubb, the renowned Elias Hicks, and the experience of the last field preacher. The greater part of his life was devoted to charitable and humane purposes. He was associated with the Manumission Society with Colden ; with the New York Hospital with Robert Bowne ; with our Free School system with Isaac Collins and John Murray ; and his name is ever to hold a conspicuous place in the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents, and the establishment of the House of Refuge with John Griscom, Isaac Collins, and James W. Gerard. With De Witt Clinton he was the most prominent individual to project and organize the Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane. He corresponded largely with the philanthropists abroad as well as at home, on the critical and responsible subject of diseased manifestations of intellect ; and his patient labors for a series of years, by letters with Tuke and Colquhoun, Roscoe and Lindley Murray in Europe, with Jefferson, Clinton, and Hosack, his American friends, rendered his opinions of corresponding weight in the discussions which finally led to the adoption in this metropolis of the moral management of madness. His strong common sense often penetrated deeper than the judgment of some of his ablest associates. Chancellor Kent gives a striking instance of this truth in a sketch

of his character addressed to Knapp, the biographer of Eddy; and his great tact in the cases of lunacy of the celebrated Count Regnaud de St. Jean D'Angely, proved that he might have encountered with triumph the interrogatories of the stoutest committee on medical jurisprudence. His fiscal integrity afforded a captivating illustration of his Christian belief. His early career in merchandise proved disastrous, and embarrassments of himself and friends for years followed: by the simplicity of his habits and a rigid economy, he was again made whole, when he discharged with fidelity every obligation with interest. I always thought that by this one act he had mounted at least a rung or two up Jacob's ladder.—These few specifications must suffice for a touch of the quality of the man. Eddy was a great utilitarian, and quoted Franklin as John Pintard did his midnight companion, Samuel Johnson. He told most pleasant stories of his canal explorations with Clinton and Morris. He was a model of industry, and more economical of time than of health. No saint ever battled with sin more earnestly than he did with procrastination and delay. His aphorisms were the fruits of practical humanity, and the whining cadences of the mere sentimentalist he shook off as if leprous. It must have been a trying sickness that arrested the march of his multifarious business, and his occasional physical suf-

ferings were rarely adverted to by him. The lines of Cowper would not apply to Eddy ; he was filled with other ideas.

“Some people use their health (an ugly trick)
In telling you how oft they have been sick.”

Our public charities and the Historical Society encountered a loss by his death, which occurred in 1827, at the ripe age of 70 years. He left a name a synonym for benevolence.

From the studies and accomplishments of the well-instructed physician, from the wide range of knowledge, physical and mental, that falls within his observation ; from the fact that every department of Nature must be explored, the better to discipline him properly to exercise his art ; the inference may be readily drawn that the faculty of medicine would scarcely prove indifferent to the creation of an institution fraught with such incentives to intellectual culture, as are necessarily embraced within the range and intentions of our Historical Society. Moreover, I incline to the belief, that veneration for our predecessors is somewhat a characteristic of the cultivators of medical philosophy : the past is not to be overlooked, and the means for its preservation is in itself an intellectual advancement. The concurrence of the leading medical men of that early day was proved by the fellowship of Hosack, Bruce, Mitchill,

Miller, Williamson, and, shortly after, by N. Romaine, and others of renown. These distinguished characters need no commendation of ours at this time. Your secretary has made records of their services, and it has so chanced, that, from personal intimacy, I have long ago been enabled to present humble memorials in different places, of their professional influence and deeds. They were men of expansive views, nor were the elements of practical utility idle in their hands. Of my preceptor and friend, David Hosack, let it be sufficient to remark that, distinguished beyond all his competitors in the healing art, for a long series of years, he was acknowledged, by every hearer, to have been the most eloquent and impressive teacher of scientific medicine and clinical practice this country has produced. He was, indeed, a great instructor; his descriptive powers and his diagnosis were the admiration of all; his efficiency in rearing, to a state of high consideration, the College of Physicians and Surgeons, while he held the responsible office of professor, is known throughout the Republic; his early movements to establish a medical library in the New York Hospital; his co-operation with the numerous charities which glorify the metropolis; his adventurous outlay of the establishment of a State Botanical Garden; his hygienic suggestions the better to improve the medical police of New York; his primary forma-

tion of a mineralogical cabinet ; his copious writings on fevers, quarantines, and foreign pestilence, in which he was the strenuous and almost the sole advocate for years, of doctrines now verified by popular demonstration ; these, and a thousand other circumstances, secured to him a weight of character that was almost universally felt throughout the metropolis. It was not unfrequently remarked by our citizens, that Clinton, Hosack, and Hobart, were the tripod on which our city stood. The lofty aspirations of Hosack were further evinced by his whole career as a citizen. Surrounded by his large and costly library, his house was the resort of the learned and enlightened from every part of the world. No traveller from abroad rested satisfied without a personal interview with him ; and, at his evening soirées, the literati, the philosopher, and the statesman, the skilful in natural science, and the explorer of new regions, the archæologist and the theologue, met together, participators in the recreation of familiar intercourse. Your printed volumes contain all, I believe, he ever prepared for you as your President. His strictly medical writings are of some extent, and have excited a profitable emulation in the cause of science and humanity, and renewed inquiry into the causes of pestilence and the laws of contagion. His memoir of his friend De Witt Clinton, is a tribute to the talents and heroic virtues of that

great statesman, and contains the most ample history we possess of the origin, progress, and termination of the Erie Canal. His life was a triumph in services rendered and in honors received ; his death was a loss to New York, the city of his birth ; his remains were followed to the grave by the eminent of every profession, and by the humble in life whom his art had relieved. Hosack was a man of profuse expenditure ; he regarded money only for what it might command. Had he possessed the wealth of John Jacob Astor, he might have died poor.

Early at the commencement of your patriotic undertaking, was recorded Archibald Bruce as a member. We had, at that time, more than one Bruce in the faculty among us. He of the Historical Society was the physician and mineralogist. He was born in New York in 1771, was graduated at Columbia College, studied medicine with Hosack, and, in 1800, received the doctorate at the Edinburgh University. While in Scotland, he acquired a knowledge of the Wernerian theory under Jameson, and subsequently became a correspondent of the Abbé Haüy, the founder of Crystallography. He collected a large cabinet of minerals while travelling about in Europe, projected the "American Journal of Mineralogy" in 1810, the first periodical of that science in the United States. and was created Mineralogical Professor by

the regents of the University, at the organization of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He had a cultivated taste for the Fine Arts, and contributed to our Library. He died in 1818. His reputation rests with his discovery, at Hoboken, of the Hydrate of Magnesia. In "Silliman's Journal" there is a biography of him.

The universal praise which Dr. Mitchill enjoyed in almost every part of the globe where science is cultivated, during a long life, is demonstrative that his merits were of a high order. A discourse might be delivered on the variety and extent of his services in the cause of learning and humanity ; and as his biography is already before the public, in the "National Portrait Gallery," and we are promised that by Dr. Akerly, I have little to say at this time but what may be strictly associated with our Institution. His character had many peculiarities : his knowledge was diversified and most extensive, if not always profound. Like most of our sex, he was married ; but, as Old Fuller would say, the only issues of his body were the products of his brain. He advanced the scientific reputation of New York by his early promulgation of the Lavoisierian system of chemistry, when first appointed professor in Columbia College : his first scientific paper was an essay on Evaporation : his mineralogical survey of New York, in 1797, gave Volney many hints : his

analysis of the Saratoga waters enhanced the importance of those mineral springs. His ingenious theory of septic acid gave impulse to Sir Humphrey Davy's vast discoveries ; his doctrines on pestilence awakened inquiry from every class of observers throughout the Union : his expositions of a theory of the earth and solar systems, captivated minds of the highest qualities. His correspondence with Priestley is an example of the delicious manner in which argument can be conducted in philosophical discussion ; his elaborate account of the fishes of our waters invoked the plaudits of Cuvier. His reflections on *Somnium* evince psychological views of original combination. His numerous papers on natural history enriched the annals of the Lyceum, of which he was long president. His researches on the ethnological characteristics of the red man of America, betrayed the benevolence of his nature and his generous spirit : his fanciful article for a new and more appropriate geographical designation for the United States, was at one period a topic which enlisted a voluminous correspondence, now printed in your Proceedings. He increased our knowledge of the vegetable materia medica of the United States. He wrote largely to Percival on noxious agents. He cheered Fulton when dejected ; encouraged Livingston in appropriation ; awakened new zeal in Wilson the ornithologist, when the

Governor, Tompkins, had nigh paralyzed him by his frigid and unfeeling reception ; and, with Pintard and Colden, was a zealous promoter of that system of internal improvement which has stamped immortality on the name of Clinton. He cooperated with Jonathan Williams in furtherance of the Military Academy at West Point, and for a long series of years was an important professor of useful knowledge in Columbia College and in the College of Physicians and Surgeons. His letter to Tilloch, of London, on the progress of his mind in the investigation of septic acid, is curious as a physiological document. The leading papers from his pen are to be found in the *New York Medical Repository* ; yet he wrote in the *American Medical and Philosophical Register*, the *New York Medical and Physical Journal*, the *American Mineralogical Journal*, and supplied several other periodicals, both abroad and at home, with the results of his cogitations. He was one of the commissioners appointed by the general government for the construction of a new naval force to be propelled by steam, the steamer *Fulton the First*. While he was a member of the United States Senate, he was unwearied in effecting the adoption of improved quarantine laws ; and, among his other acts important to the public weal, strenuous to lessen the duties on the importation of rags, in order to render the manufac-

ture of paper cheaper, to aid the diffusion of knowledge by printing.

There was a rare union in Dr. Mitchill of a mind of vast and multifarious knowledge and of poetic imagery. Even in his "Epistles to his Lady Love," the excellent lady who became his endeared wife, he gave utterance of his emotions in tuneful numbers, and likened his condition unto that of the dove, with trepidation seeking safety in the ark. Ancient and modern languages were unlocked to him, and a wide range in physical science, the pabulum of his intellectual repast. An essay on composts, a tractate on the deaf and dumb, verses to Septon or to the Indian tribes, might be eliminated from his mental alembic within the compass of a few hours. He was now engaged with the anatomy of the egg, and now deciphering a Babylonian brick ; now involved in the nature of meteoric stones, now on the different species of brassica ; now on the evaporation of fresh water, now on that of salt ; now offering suggestions to Garnet, of New Jersey, the correspondent of Mark Akenside, on the angle of the windmill, and now concurring with Michaux on the beauty of the black walnut as ornamental for parlor furniture. In the morning he might be found composing songs for the nursery, at noon dietetically experimenting and writing on fishes, or unfolding a new theory on terrene formations,

and at evening addressing his fair readers on the healthy influences of the alkalis, and the depurative virtues of whitewashing. At his country retreat at Plandome he might find full employment in translating, for his mental diversion, Lancisi on the fens and marshes of Rome, or in rendering into English poetry the piscatory eclogues of Sannazarius. Yesterday, in workmanlike dress, he might have been engaged, with his friend Elihu H. Smith, on the natural history of the American elk, or perplexed as to the alimentary nature of tadpoles, on which, according to Noah Webster, the people of Vermont almost fattened during a season of scarcity ; to-day, attired in the costume of a native of the Feejee Islands, (for presents were sent him from all quarters of the globe,) he was better accoutred for illustration, and for the reception, at his house, of a meeting of his philosophical acquaintance ; while to-morrow, in the scholastic robes of an LL.D., he would grace the exercises of a college commencement.

I have but very imperfectly glanced at the literary and scientific writings of Dr. Mitchill : they are too numerous to notice at length on this occasion. To his biographer must be assigned that duty. His detailed narrative of the earthquakes which occurred on the 16th day of December, 1811, and which agitated the parts of North America that lie between the Atlantic Ocean and Louisi-

ana, and of subsequent occurrences of a like nature, is a record of physical phenomena well worthy the notice of our Storm Kings, but which seems to have escaped the attention even of our distinguished philosopher, Dr. Maury, the famed author of the *Physical Geography of the Sea*.^{*} Of his collegiate labors in the several branches of knowledge, which he taught for almost forty years, I shall assume the privilege of saying a few words. His appearance before his class was that of an earnest instructor, ready to impart the stores of his accumulated wisdom for the benefit of his pupils, while his oral disquisitions were perpetually enlivened with novel and ingenious observations. Chemistry, which first engaged his capacious mind, was rendered the more captivating by his endeavors to improve the nomenclature of the French savans, and to render the science subservient to the useful purposes of art and hygiene. In treating of the *materia medica*, he delighted to dwell on the riches of our native products for the art of healing, and he sustained an enormous correspondence throughout the land, in order to add to his own practical observations the experience of the competent, the better to prefer the claims of our indigenous products. As a physician of the

^{*} Transactions of the New York Literary and Philosophical Society, 4to., vol. i. pp. 281-310.

New York Hospital, he never omitted, when the opportunity presented, to employ the results of his investigations for clinical appliances. The simplicity of his prescriptions often provoked a smile on the part of his students; while he was acknowledged a sound prescriber at the bedside. His anecdotal remarks on theories and systems at once declared that he was fully apprised of previous therapeutical means, from the deductions of Hippocrates and Pliny, to the fanciful speculations of Darwin. But his great forte was natural history. Here his expositions of that vast science, in its several ramifications, gave the best proofs of his capacious stores of bookish and personal knowledge. He may fairly be pronounced the pioneer investigator of geological science among us, preceding McClure by several years. He was early led to give his countenance to the solidity of the Wernerian theory, but had occasion to announce his belief, from subsequent investigation in after life, that the Huttonian system was not wholly without facts deduced from certain phenomena in this country. His first course of lectures on Natural History, including geology, mineralogy, zoology, ichthyology, and botany, was delivered, *in extenso*, in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in 1811, before a gratified audience, who recognized in the professor a teacher of rare attainments and of singular tact in unfolding complex

knowledge with analytic power. Few left the lectures without the conviction that an able expositor had enlisted their attention. There was a wholesome natural theology blended with his prelections, and an abundance of patriotism associated with every rich specimen of native mineral wealth. It would have proved difficult for him to have found adequate language to express his gratification at the present day of our Californian treasures. His manner throughout as an instructor was calculated to attract the attention of the students by his intelligible language and his pleasing elucidations. His confidence in his expositions was not always permanent ; new facts often led to new opinions ; but the uncertainties of geological doctrines, not yet removed, gave him sometimes more freedom of expression than rigid induction might justify ; and when he affirmed as his belief that the American continent was the Old World, and that the Garden of Eden might have originally been located in Onondaga Hollow, he imposed a tax on credulity too onerous to bear. He felt, in contemplating his investigations on fishes, as though he had enlarged the boundaries of science, and his exclamation, " Show me a fin, and I will point out the fish," was not thought too hyperbolical by his scholars. For nearly a score of years it was my lot to be associated in collegiate labors with this renowned man ; and I may be

pardoned if my remarks are of some length on his professorial career.

I never encountered one of more wonderful memory : when quite a young man, he would return from church service, and write out the sermon nearly verbatim. There was little display in his habits or manners. His means of enjoyment corresponded with his desires, and his Franklinean principles enabled him to rise superior to want. With all his official honors and scientific testimonials, foreign or native, he was ever accessible to everybody ; the counsellor of the young, the dictionary of the learned. To the interrogatory, why he did not, after so many years of labor, revisit abroad the scenes of his earlier days for recreation, his reply was brief :—“ I know Great Britain from the Grampian Hills to the chalky cliffs of Dover : there is no need of my going to Europe, Europe now comes to me.” But I must desist. The Historical Society of New York will long cherish his memory for the distinction he shed over our institution, his unassuming manners, his kind nature, and the aid he was ever ready to give to all who needed his counsel. He furnished an eulogium on our deceased member, the great jurist, Thomas Addis Emmet, also on Samuel Bard ; his discourse on the Botany of North and South America, is printed by the Society in their Collections. Mitchill has not unjustly been pronounced

the Nestor of American science. He died in New York in 1831 : his remains now lie in the Greenwood Cemetery.

The claims of Edward Miller to your remembrance are associated with those of his brother Samuel. Edward Miller, learned and accomplished as a scholar, generous and humane as a physician, urbane and refined as a gentleman, was of that order of intellect that could at once see the relationship which such a society as this holds with philosophy, and the record of those occurrences on which philosophy is founded. That he aided his reverend brother in that portion of the "Brief Retrospect" which treats of science in general, and of medicine in particular, was often admitted by the gifted divine. I have in strong recollection the enthusiastic terms in which Dr. Edward Miller spoke of our organization at the memorable anniversary in 1809 ; and all versed in our medical annals can give none other than approbation of his professional writings, though they may maintain widely different opinions from some inculcated by other practical observers, and have received a counterblast in the occurrences which marked the introduction of pestilential yellow fever in several sections of the Union in the year 1856. He survived the commencement of the Society but a few years, dying in March, 1812. I accompanied him, in consultation, in the last pro-

fessional visit he made, in a case of pneumonia, a few weeks before his death. In the sick room he was a cordial for affliction. His biography was written by his brother, and I have given a memoir of his life which may be found in the American Medical and Philosophical Register.

I will close the record of our friends belonging to the medical faculty, with a brief notice of two other members, Hugh Williamson and Nicholas Romaine; the former by birth a Pennsylvanian, born in 1735, the latter a native, born in the city of New York, 1756. After the acquisition of sound preliminary knowledge, Williamson was graduated M. D. at the University of Utrecht, Holland. He practised physic but a short time in Philadelphia, on account of delicate health. In 1769 he was appointed chairman of a committee consisting of Rittenhouse, Ewing, Smith, the provost, and Charles Thompson, afterwards secretary to Congress, all mathematicians and astronomers, to observe the transit of Venus in 1769. He published an Essay on Comets, afterwards enlarged, and printed in the Transactions of the Literary and Philosophical Society of New York. In this communication he adheres to his original opinion, that every planet and every comet in our system is inhabited. By appointment with Dr. Ewing, he made a tour in Great Britain in 1773, for the benefit of a literary institution. He wrote on the

Gymnotius electricus, and upon his return to North Carolina was an active agent in the promotion of inoculation, and finally received a commission as head of the medical staff of the American army of that State. In 1782 he took his seat as a representative of Edenton in the House of Commons of North Carolina. In 1786 he was one of the few members who were sent to Annapolis on the amendment of the constitution, and in 1789 we find him in New York, and in the first Congress, when the constitution was carried into effect. He wrote an octavo volume on the climate of America. He contends, from numerous facts, that the climate is ameliorated, and Jefferson admitted that his memoir was an ingenious, sound, and satisfactory piece of philosophy. In the Medical Repository he offered some new and ingenious speculations on the fascinating powers of serpents. In 1812 appeared his History of North Carolina. He was the author of several papers on medical and philosophical subjects, and on the canal policy of the State, printed in the American Medical and Philosophical Register. He was among the first of our citizens who entertained correct views on the practicability of the union of the waters of the Hudson and Lake Erie. He penned the first summons for the formation of the Literary and Philosophical Society of New York. He died in 1819, at the advanced age of 83 years.

The career of Williamson is well known from the ample Biography of his friend and physician, Dr. Hosack. He was justly esteemed for his talents, his virtues, and his public services. Hosack affirmed on the testimony of Bishop White, John Adams, President of the United States, Gen. Reed, and John Williamson, that Hugh Williamson was the individual who, by an ingenious device, obtained the famous Hutchinson and Oliver letters from the British foreign office for Franklin, and I can add that John Williamson, the brother of the doctor, communicated to me his concurrence in the same testimony. This curious relation is however rejected as not well founded, by our eminent historians, Sparks and Bancroft.

Williamson was a peculiarity in appearance, in manners, and in address. Tall and slender in person, with an erect gait, he perambulated the streets with the air of a man of consideration; his long arms and his longer cane preceding him at a commanding distance, and seemingly guided by his conspicuous nose, while his ample white locks gave tokens of years and wisdom. Activity of mind and body blessed him to the last of his long life. His speech was brief, sententious, and emphatic. He was often aphoristic, always pertinacious in opinion. There was rarely an appeal from his decision—he was generally so well fortified. He had great reverence for the past, was

anecdotal in our revolutionary matters, and cherished with almost reverential regard the series of cocked hats which he had worn at different times, during the eight years' crisis of his country. His History of North Carolina has encountered the disapprobation of many, and is deemed defective and erroneous, yet he was a devoted disciple of truth. No flattery, no compliment could ever reach his ear. Witness his curt correspondence with the Italian artist, Caracchi: look at his testimony in the case of Alexander Whisteloe. To a solicitation for pecuniary aid in behalf of an individual whose moral character he somewhat doubted, when told that a reform had taken place: "Not so," replied the doctor, "he has not left the stage,—the stage has left him." His punctuality in engagements was marvellous; no hour, no wind or weather, ever occasioned a disappointment on the part of the old man, now over eighty years of age; and, though in his own business transactions, from which mainly he derived his ample support, one might apprehend the requirement of much time, he let not the setting sun close upon him without their entire adjustment. He died, if I remember rightly, about the hour of 4 o'clock in the afternoon, while in a carriage excursion to the country, from excessive solar heat, in June; yet it was found that his multifarious accounts and

correspondence had all been adjusted, up to the hour of two on that same day.

Some of my most gratifying hours in early life were passed with this venerable man : it was instructive to enjoy the conversation of one who had enriched the pages of the Royal Society ; who had experimented with John Hunter, and Franklin, and Ingenhouze in London, and had enjoyed the soirées of Sir John Pringle ; who narrated occurrences in which he bore a part when Franklin was Postmaster, and in those of subsequent critical times ; one who, if you asked him the size of the button on Washington's coat, might tell you who had been his tailor. A more strictly correct man in all fiscal matters could not be pointed out, whether in bonds and mortgages, or in the payment of the postage of a letter. I will give an illustration. He had been appointed in Colonial times to obtain funds for the Seminary at Baskenridge, N. J. : he set out on his eastern tour, provided with an extra pair of gloves, for which he paid 7*s.* and 6*d.* ; on his return he revisited the store in Newark, where he had made the purchase, had the soiled gloves vamped anew, and parted with them for 6*s.* In his items of expenditure, he reports 1*s.* and 6*d.* for the use of gloves, investing the 6*s.* with the collection fund. Such was Hugh Williamson, whose breastplate was honesty, the brightest in the Christian armory. If I mis-

take not, I think I once saw him smile at the trick of a jockey. Dr. Thacher, the author of the "Military Journal," told me he had listened to him when he was in the ministry, in a sermon preached at Plymouth; but his oratory was grotesque, and Rufus King the Senator, who noticed him in our first Congress, said his elocution provoked laughter. Yet he spoke to the point. Take him altogether, he was admirably fitted for the times, and conscientiously performed many deeds of excellence for the period in which he lived. Deference was paid to him by every class of citizens. He holds a higher regard in my estimation, than a score of dukes and duchesses, for he signed the Constitution of the United States. His Anniversary Discourse for 1810 you have secured in your publications. The portrait of Dr. Williamson by Col. Trumbull, is true to the life, and eminently suggestive.

A monograph on Romaine would not be too much. He entered the Historical Society some years after its formation. He is associated with innumerable occurrences in New York, his native city, and was born in 1756. Of his antecedents little is satisfactorily known. His early instruction was received from Peter Wilson, the linguist, at his school at Hackensack. At the commencement of the war of the Revolution, he repaired to Edinburgh, where he pre-eminently distinguished

himself by his wide range of studies, his latinity, and his medical knowledge. His inaugural for the doctorate, prepared unassisted, was a dissertation *De Generatione Puris*, in which he seems to have first promulgated the leading doctrines received on that vexed subject. He now visited London, Paris, and Leyden, for further knowledge, and returning to his native land, settled first in Philadelphia, and shortly after in New York. He had a fair chance of becoming a practitioner of extensive employment. His erudition justified him in assuming the office of teacher, and he lectured with success on several branches of physic. He was pronounced an extraordinary man. Anatomy, chemistry, botany, and the practice of medicine, were assumed by him. His most eminent associates, Bayley, Kissam, Moore, Treat, and Tillary, echoed his praises. He spoke with fluency the French and Latin tongues, and the Low Dutch.

When the provincial government of King's College was changed after 1783, he was nominated one of the Trustees. The Board of the College, now Columbia, determined upon reviving a new faculty of medicine, but from causes too numerous to relate, Dr. Romaine was not chosen to an appointment. In 1791, an act was passed, authorizing the Regents of the University to organize a medical faculty, which, however, did not go into operation until January, 1807, when Dr. Romaine

was appointed President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons under their authority. He gave lectures on Anatomy and on the Institutes. I was present at his opening address to the students on the ensuing November. It was an elegant and elaborate performance in science, and on the ethnology of the red man of America. He was a pleasing speaker ; his discourse justified all that had been previously expressed concerning his varied knowledge and his classical taste. He would rise in his place and deliver a lecture on the aphorisms of Hippocrates, unfold the structure of the brain, expound the philosophy of paludal diseases, or discourse on the plant which Clusius cherished. He was indeed clever in every acceptation of the word. I find since that period, by an examination of his copy of the *Conspectus Medicinæ* of Gregory, and his MS. notes, that his Lectures on the Institutions were drawn chiefly from Gregory's work. Yet was he an original observer and an intrepid thinker. He died suddenly, after great exposure to heat, in June, 1817.

It rarely occurs to any individual to enjoy a larger renown among his fellows, than did Dr. Romayne, during the time he filled the station of President of the College. Yet he was not content with this condition of affairs, and was constantly studying new things, until ejected from his high office by the Regents of the University, when

the venerable Samuel Bard was chosen as his successor.

His penury in early life had taught Romaine the strictest economy. At Edinburgh his wardrobe was so slender, that it often reminded me of the verses of an old ballad :—

“The man who has only one shirt,
Whenever it's washed for his side,
The offence is surely not his
If he lies in his bed till it's dried.”

Such, literally, was the case with the student Romaine, and still he bore himself with becoming respectability, and left the University one of the most accomplished of her sons in general knowledge and professional science. He did well enough during his two years in Philadelphia as a practitioner ; an equally favorable turn in business followed him in New York, in which place he settled as the British troops left the city. The spirit of adventure, however, seized him : he embarked in the scheme of Blount's conspiracy, was seized by the constituted authorities, and Pintard saw him conveyed to prison. In what manner his troubles were removed I am unable to state. I have heard of no special disclosures that he made. He was too long-headed for self-accusation, and however bellicose by nature, preferred his customary cautious habit. Romaine had learned the proverb of

the old Hebrews :—“ One word is worth a shekel — silence is worth two.” But awhile after he revisited Europe, became a licentiate of the Royal College of Edinburgh, returned to his native city, and was chosen President of the College, an institution of only two years later date than your own, and which, amidst great vicissitudes and an anomalous government, has enriched with meritorious disciples the noble art of healing, and diffused untold blessings throughout the land.

Romayne was of huge bulk, of regular proportion, and of an agreeable and intelligent expression of countenance, with a gray eye of deep penetration. It was almost a phenomenon to witness the light, gracious, and facile step of a man surpassing some three hundred pounds in weight, and at all times assiduous in civic pursuits and closet studies. He was unwearied in toil, and of mighty energy. He was goaded by a strong ambition to excel in whatever he undertook, and he generally secured the object of his desire, at least professionally. He was temperate in all his drinks, but his gastric powers were of inordinate capabilities. I should incur your displeasure were I to record the material of a single meal : he sat down with right good earnest and exclusive devotion at his repast. His auricular power seemed now suspended. Dr. Mitchill long ago had said that the stomach had no ears. In charity I have conjec-

tured that he must have labored under a species of bulimia, which pathologists affirm will often pervert the moral faculties. His kind friend, the late Rev. Dr. M'Leod, tells us, that though many of his acts were crooked, yet that Romaine died in the consolations of the Christian religion. He was generous to the young, and ready with many resources to advance the student. He made a great study of man ; he was dexterous with legislative bodies, and at one period of his career was vested with almost all the honors the medical profession among us can bestow. Some of the older medical writers, whose works were found in the residue of the library of the late Dr. Peter Middleton, as well as others of the late Dr. Romaine, were deposited in your library ; but of late years, I am sorry to say, I have not recognized them.

I shall now take leave of the departed doctors, while memory cannot forget their living excellence, and cast a glance at some few circumstances, which, more or less immediate and remote, had an influence in fostering those associations which finally accelerated public opinion, and led to the establishment of the Historical Society at the fortunate epoch in which it was organized.

The extraordinary occurrences of the American Revolution, which had left their impress on the minds of most of the patriots who had survived that mighty event, the peace of 1783, which

closed the great drama, and now presented the country impoverished and in debt, its resources exhausted, its people rich in a knowledge of their rights, yet poor indeed in fiscal power, were circumstances calculated to awaken a personal interest, more or less deep, in every bosom, and to excite inquiry, with a curious scrutiny, what history would unfold of the marvellous trials through which the people had passed, and what historian would write the faithful record of their sufferings and their deeds.

This city, which had been the occupancy of their enemies during that long struggle, though now freed from the British army, still retained a vast number of the Tory party, who, while they were ready to be the participators of the benefits of that freedom which sprung out of the Revolution, were known to be dissatisfied by the mortifications of defeat, under which they still writhed, and whose principal relief was found in yielding the listening ear to any narrative that might asperse the purity of American devotion in the patriotic cause of liberty. Thus surrounded, the natives, the true Whigs, the rebel phalanx, so to speak, were often circumscribed in thought and in utterance. To recount the specifications of the wrongs which they had endured, as cited in the immortal Declaration of Independence, was deemed, by the defeated and disaffected, cruel and unwise, so hard

was it to root out the doctrines of colonial devotion. Here and there measures were in agitation, and suggestions hinted, the object of which was to prevent the public reading of the Declaration on the 4th of July ; and even so late as July, 1804, I witnessed a turmoil which arose, upon the occasion of the expressed sentiments of the orator of the day, John W. Mulligan, Esq., now, I believe, the oldest living graduate of Columbia College.

It was in vain that appeals were made to the instructive facts of the issues of usurpation and oppression, that millions of property had been wantonly destroyed by British hirelings and mercenary troops, that individual rights and possessions had been disregarded, that the records of churches, of institutions of learning, and the libraries of schools and colleges, had been consumed. A further glance at affairs presented the fact, that conflicting and erroneous statements of the war itself, and the primary motives of action of its American leaders, were also perverted and tauntingly promulgated as true history by foreign writers. The champions of freedom were daily harassed. To be subjected to such a state of things, was no more nor less than to yield to renewed degradation, and to leave the contest an imperfect work. In fine, the tares which had been rooted out were, it was apprehended, again to

infest the soil, and liberty itself again to be endangered.

Topics involving matters of this nature were not unfrequently the subjects of warm controversy. The people were cognizant of the ordeal through which they had passed. They knew there were still among us men of the same calibre for the hour of peril, as those who had proved themselves valiant indeed. They also recognized among us men who saw how difficult in the future would be the procurement of authentic documents for that volume, which, in after times, was destined to prove a second Revelation to man, unless a proper and timely spirit were awakened by co-operation with living witnesses, with those who best knew the price of freedom by the cost of purchase, and who were duly apprised of the value of correct knowledge diffused among a new-born nation. The blood that had been spilt, the lives that had been lost, the treasures that had been expended, were familiar truths of impressive force. But the memorials of a tyrannic government were still more palpable, in the destruction which laid waste so many places, and which encompassed the city round about. And what spectator, however indifferent, could fail to learn by such demonstrations, and cherish in his bosom profitable meditations. I am speaking now, more especially, of the scenes presented in this city. But more than this.

New York, which throughout her whole progress has been faithful to constitutional law, and may examine with a bold front her conduct both in peace and in war, had furnished noble intellect and strong muscle in the vast work of colonial disfranchisement. She could boast of patriots who now found their homes as citizens among us, in the residence of their choice. The Clintons, the Livingstons, the Morrises, Jays—Hamilton, Fish, Gates, Steuben, McDougall, Rufus King, Duer, Ward, Williamson, Clarkson, Varick, Pendleton, and hundreds of others, who had done service in the times that tried men's souls, were now domiciliated here. How often have I cast a lingering look at many of these worthies in their movements through the public ways, during the earlier period of this city, with here and there a Continental tri-cornered hat over their venerable fronts, a sight no less gratifying to the beholder than the fragrant wild rose scattered through the American forest. I am not now to tell you what species of knowledge these men diffused among the people, and what doctrines on liberty they espoused ; versed as they were in the school of experience, they could utter nothing but wisdom. Suffice it to remark, that they led to that accumulation of manuscripts of revolutionary documents, with which your library is especially enriched.

Other circumstances urged the propriety of or-

ganizing some institution which might enhance the patriotic object of a broad foundation, available for the promotion of historical knowledge. It has been demonstrated in numerous instances, as I have in part intimated, that the story of our Revolution, if ever honestly related, must be derived from domestic sources, and from the informed mind of the country. The prejudice abroad which had nullified facts, as in the proceedings instituted to suppress the work of Dr. Ramsay, and cut off its circulation in Europe ; the war of crimination which originated from General Burgoyne's publications ; the difficulties which arose from Sir Henry Clinton's statements ; the Gallaway letters and documents, all could be cited in proof of the expediency of a native historian assuming the responsible trust. And when still further it was ascertained that Gordon's work, on which such strong hopes were fixed, arising not only from the general reputation of the writer, but strengthened by a knowledge of the opportunities he enjoyed for information, and the labor and devotion he had paid to his subject : when, I remark, it was ascertained that that work was subjected to purification by British authority, because it contained aspersions (so called) on the British character, that it recorded too many atrocious truths to assimilate well with the digestive functions of John Bull ; further, that audacious threats were held out that,

if published as written by the honest author, from its faithful representations of the acts of many of the renowned characters of the British army and navy, it would lead to libel upon libel, damages upon damages, and thus impoverish the writer, as truth ever so well grounded, even if permitted to be adduced, could not, according to statute, plead in mitigation, thus defeating that integrity at which Gordon had arrived ; facts of this notorious nature, comprehended even by the masses, could be productive of no other result than to strengthen the general opinion that the American mind must be up and doing, if ever the seal of truth was to stamp her imprimatur on the history of the American Revolution.*

* Dr. Waterhouse, in his work on Junius and his Letters, has very explicitly given us a brief statement of these nefarious transactions. I quote from his preliminary view the following extract : " A very valuable and impartial history of the *American Revolution* was written by the *Rev. William Gordon, D. D.*, an Englishman ; who resided about twelve years in Massachusetts, and had access to the best authorities, including that of Washington, Greene, Knox, and Gates, and the journals of Congress and of the Legislatures of the several States. He injudiciously returned to England, there to print his interesting history. He deemed it prudent to submit his manuscript to a gentleman learned in the law, to mark such chapters and passages as might endanger prosecution, when the lawyer returned it with such a large portion expurgated as to reduce about four volumes to three. The author being too aged and too infirm to venture upon a voyage back to America, and too poor withal, he submitted to its publication in a mutilated state ; and thus the most just and impartial history of the American war,

Our friend Pintard repeatedly gave wings to these abuses of foreign writers, as preparatory to his movements for an historical society. He was too full of knowledge, both by observation and by reading, not to feel himself doubly armed on the subject ; and your intelligent Librarian, Mr. Moore, can point out to you how ample is your collection of volumes on the Indian, the French, and the Revolutionary wars, chiefly brought together by the zeal and research of your enlightened founder.

Will you allow me now to come more closely at home, and offer a few remarks on the occurrences in our midst, which in the end swelled the tide of popular feeling in behalf of your institution. "No people in the world," says a late lamented citizen, Herman E. Ludwig, "can have so great an interest in the history of their country, as those of the United States of North America ;" "for there are none," adds this learned German, "who enjoy an equally great share in their country's historical acts." Glorious New York has, from the beginning of her career down to the present hour,

and of the steps that led to it, on both sides of the Atlantic, was sadly marred, and shamefully mutilated. My authority is from my late venerable friend *John Adams*, the President of these United States, who perused Gordon's manuscript when he was our Minister at the Court of London, and from my own knowledge, having been shown a considerable portion of the History before the author left this country to die in his own, and having corresponded with him till near the close of his long life."

ever been the theatre of thought, of action, and of results, and so I presume she is to continue. Her adventurous character has rendered her the acknowledged pioneer of the Republic, and her thousand examples of improved policy in municipal affairs, in building, in domestic economy, in the several departments of arts and of commerce, have yielded by their adoption blessings untold to other cities of the Union. From the time of that great improvement, as it was called, the construction of side walks for foot passengers in the streets, only one hundred and thirty-four years after the streets themselves were first paved, (a long Rip Van Winkle torpor,) at which service we find Pintard struggled with the corporate authorities in 1791-2, down to that mighty achievement, the introduction of the Croton water, by the genius of Douglass, she has been the exemplar for other cities of the Republic, and approved by the enlightened foreigner, from every nation, who has visited our shores.

Common observation has repeatedly confirmed the fact, that the greatest and the smallest events are often synchronous. With the birth of the Revolution of France in 1789, I made my first appearance on this planet; and the arrival of l'Embuscade four years after, from the notoriety of the event and its consequences, enables me to bring to feeble recollection many of the scenes

which transpired in this city at that time : the popular excitement and bustle, the liberty cap, the entrée of citizen Genet, the Red Cockade, the song of the carmagnole, in which with childish ambition I united, the rencontre with the Boston frigate, and the commotion arising from Jay's treaty. Though I cannot speak earnestly from actual knowledge, we must all concede that these were the times when political strife assumed a formidable aspect, when the press most flagrantly outraged individual rights and domestic peace—when the impugners of the Washington administration received new weapons with which to inflict their assaults upon tried patriotism, by every arrival from abroad, announcing France in her progress. The federalists and the anti-federalists now became the federal and the republican party ; the carmagnole sung every hour of every day in the streets, and on stated days at the Belvidere Club House, fanned the embers and enkindled that zeal which caused the overthrow of many of the soundest principles of American freedom. Even the yellow fever, which from its novelty and its malignancy struck terror in every bosom, and was rendered more lurid by the absurd preventive means of burning tar and tar barrels in almost every street, afforded no mitigation of party animosity, and Greenleaf with his *Argus*, Freneau with his *Time Piece*, and Cobbett with his *Porcu-*

pine Gazette, increased the consternation which only added to the inquietude of the peaceable citizen, who had often reasoned within himself, that a seven years' carnage, through which he had passed, had been enough for one life. The arrogance of party-leaders was alike acrimonious toward their opponents, and reasoning on every side seemed equally nugatory. Nor could Tammany, ostensibly the patron saint of aboriginal antiquities, calm the multitudinous waves of faction, though her public processions were decorated with the insignia of the calumet, and the song of peace was chanted in untold strains, accompanied by the Goddess of Liberty with discolored countenance and Indian trappings; and patriotic citizens, such as Josiah Ogden Hoffman, Cadwallader D. Colden, and William Mooney, as sachems, with many others, followed in her train.

I have not the rashness to invade the chair on which is seated with so much national benefit and renown the historian Bancroft, or approach the sphere of the historical orator of the nation, Edward Everett; still, as your association is historical in all its aims, I shall present a few additional circumstances which signalized the spirit of those memorable times in New York. Much I saw—much has been told me by the old inhabitants, now departed. When the entire American nation, nay, when the civilized world at large seemed electrified

by the outbreak of the revolution of France, it necessarily followed, as the shadow does the substance, that the American soul, never derelict, could not but enkindle with patriotic warmth at the cause of that people, whose loftiest desire was freedom ; of that people who themselves had, with profuse appropriation, enabled that very bosom, in the moment of hardest trial, to inhale the air of liberty. Successive events had now dethroned the monarchy of France, and the democratic spirit was now evolved in its fullest element. It was not surprising that the experienced and the sober champions who had effected the great revolution of the Colonies should now make the cause of struggling France their own ; and as victors already in one desperate crisis, they seemed ready to enter into a new contest for the rights of man. The masses coalesced and co-operated. Cheering prospects of sympathy and of support were held out in the prospective to their former friends and benefactors abroad. Jealousy of Britain, affection for France, was now the prevailing impulse, and the business of the day was often interrupted by tumultuous noises in the streets. Groups of sailors might be collected on the docks and at the shipping ready to embark on a voyage of plunder ; merchants and traders in detached bodies might be seen discussing the hazards of commerce ; the schools liberated from their prescribed hours of

study, because of some fresh report of the Ambuscade or of Genet, the schoolmaster uttering in his dismissal a new reason for the study of the classics, by expounding with oracular dignity to his scholars, *Vivat Respublica*, now broadly printed as the caption of the play-bill or the pamphlet just issued. The crew of the French frigate moored off Peck Slip were now disgorged on shore, and organized to march in file, increased by many natives, bearing the liberty cap with reverence, to the residence of the French Consul, in Water street, and thence proceeding to the Bowling Green, patriotically to root out, by paving stones thrown in showers, the debris of the old statue of George III. The tri-color was in every hand or affixed to every watch-chain, while from every lip was vociferated the carmagnole. Meanwhile the two old notorious arch-tories, who had fattened on lies and libels, and before whose doors the procession passed, were snugly ensconced behind their shop counter ; Rivington in rich purple velvet coat, full wig and cane, and ample frills, dealing out good stationery to his customers ; and Gainé, in less ostentatious costume, ready with religious zeal to dispose of his recent edition of the Book of Common Prayer to all true worshippers.

Political clubs abounded everywhere. The fraternity of the two nations was the great theme. They deliberated on the doctrine of Lafayette in

the national Assembly—"When oppression renders a revolution necessary, insurrection is the most sacred of duties." The democratic principle assumed a more vigorous form, and the Democratic Society, the first in this city, and perhaps the first in the Union, was organized, with Henry Rutgers, an affluent and distinguished citizen, as its president.

But the time was near at hand when this flood in revolutionary affairs was about to find its ebb, so far as concerned the universal sympathy which America had cherished for struggling France. She had contemplated the overthrow of the monarchy, the destruction of the privileged orders, the execution of the king, with more or less approval ; and, from the freedom of the press, and the diffusion of knowledge, our citizens were perhaps as copiously enlightened in the transactions of Paris as most of the inhabitants of that capital in the midst of all its doings. But fresher and still more portentous intelligence now poured in among us. All knew that the tree of liberty had been planted in human blood ; yet the delights at its growth were sometimes checked by the means of its nutrition. Nor was this virtiginous state of public opinion long to last. Some of the hitherto most factious and sturdy jacobinical advocates took alarm at the rapid march of foreign events. In the public assemblies graver deliberations filled the speaker's mind, and

the fulminations of anarchy gave way to the persuasive logic of rule and right. History was now, indeed, teaching philosophy. So far as concerned the war itself, nothing abroad so effectively chilled the ardor of the American people as the sanguinary measures of Robespierre, while at home the extraordinary career of Genet increased the dissatisfaction to the cause of Republican France, and added to the anxiety which the predominance of jacobinical principles might occasion.

Amidst these momentous events, others scarcely less alarming were seen approaching, aggravated by the rebellious tendencies of foreign interference and the malign career of Genet,* the lawless spirit of the times, and the increase of popular disaffec-

* I have spoken of Genet with severity: he labors under reproach by every historian who has recorded his deeds, and by none is he more chastised than by Judge Marshall; yet withal, Genet possessed a kindly nature, was exuberant in speech, of lively parts, and surcharged with anecdotes. His intellectual culture was considerable; he was master of several living languages, a proficient in music as well as a skilful performer. To a remark I made to him touching his execution on the piano, he subjoined: "I have given many hours daily for twelve years to this instrument, and now reach some effective sounds." He had a genius for mechanics, and after he had become an agriculturist in this country, wrote on machinery and on husbandry. He assured me (in 1812) the time would arrive when his official conduct as minister would be cleared of its dark shades. To other shoulders, said he, will be transferred the odium I now bear. In a conversation with him on the vicissitudes and events of the French Revolution, he said, "Their leaders were novices: had they been

tion towards England. The appointment of Jay as minister extraordinary to Great Britain, the debates in Congress on the Treaty which he had negotiated, and the local turmoil which found encouragement elsewhere as well as in this city, are facts strongly within the memory of the venerable men still alive among us. As might be inferred, the provisions of the treaty were assailed with the greatest vehemence by jacobinical or democratic clubs, and the disciples of the most spotless of patriots decried in language which can scarcely find a parallel in the vocabulary of abuse. The disorganizing multitude, segregated in divers parts of the town, soon found a rallying point at the Bowling Green, opposite to the Government House, and signalized themselves by burning a copy of the Treaty amidst the wildest shrieks of demoniac fury,—while some of the Livingstons, (among whom the most grateful associations clustered for revolutionary services in behalf of dear America,) with more than thoughtless effrontery fanned the embers of discontent, and William S Smith (a son-in-law of old President Adams) presided with

versed in Albany politics but for three months, we would have escaped many trials, and our patriotism been crowned with better results." It is to be regretted that the papers of Genet have not yet seen the light: they embrace letters from Voltaire and Rousseau, and years of correspondence with eminent American statesmen, down to the close of his eventful life. He died at Jamaica, Long Island, in 1834, aged 71 years.

magisterial importance at a formidable meeting of the malcontents, who passed resolutions deprecatory of the stipulations of the negotiation and of the principles and acts espoused by the advocates of the great measure. To give a still more alarming aspect to affairs, Hamilton and Rufus King, occupying the balcony of the City Hall, in Wall street, and addressing the people in accents of friendship and peace and reconciliation, were treated in return by showers of stones levelled at their persons by the exasperated mob gathered in front of that building. "These are hard arguments to encounter," exclaimed the noble-hearted Hamilton. Edward Livingston, (afterwards so celebrated for his Louisianian Code,) was, I am informed, one of this violent number. What Washington called a counter-current, however, actually took place at a meeting of the old Chamber of Commerce, at the head of which was Comfort Sands, an experienced man who had been long before a member of the Committee of Safety in the days of the Liberty Boys. This important body on trade and commerce voted resolutions declaring their approbation of the treaty. But let me refer you to the history of that time-honored association written by Charles King, LL. D., for further particulars.

I believe old Tammany was then too intent in effecting their original design, with their charter

before them, of gathering together the relics of nature, art, beads, wampum, tomahawks, belts, earthen jugs and pots, and other Indian antiquities, with all that could be found of Indian literature in war songs, and hieroglyphical barks, to take any special movement in this crisis of public solicitude for the safety of the Union. Tammany, to her honor, adhered together by a strong conservative Americanism, and stood aloof from the influence of foreign contamination. That these assertions are founded on more than conjecture, is deducible from contemporaneous events. One of the beloved idols among their members, was the erudite Dr. Samuel Latham Mitchill. Early after the organization of the Society, he discoursed before the Society of Black Friars, on the character of St. Tammany, the Incas of Peru, and the benignant aspect of our Republic. Nothing had reference to our domestic trials. Still later, at a season of much agitation among us, as Sachem, in another address on the Red Man of the New World, he congratulated the members on their patron saint, with the hope that their squaws and papooses were all well.

Public opinion, as I have already intimated, had become somewhat doubtful as to the wisdom which marked the French revolution. Many, once seemingly secure in the light of nature alone, now felt themselves led into a delusion, the results of which

threatened more than temporal inconvenience. The middle and the best classes of society, the responsible citizen, who had at one time fraternized with these apostles of liberty, now foresaw that certain doctrines ingrafted on and interwoven with the political dogmas of the day, were more serious in their intent than avowed, and penetrated deeper into the inward parts than the stripes of partisan leaders and the acts of military chieftains. Equivocation only rendered more noxious the skepticism which was too prominently rearing its head. Few were so blind as not to see that infidelity, wrapt in the mantle of the sovereign rights of the people, indulged the hope of her triumphant establishment, and the downfall of the strongest pillars of the Christian faith.

As the darkness which had shrouded the actual state of things broke away, new light shone upon the conduct of the revolutionists. A devouter feeling was in progress, and circumstances were better comprehended. The Gospel of charity, of peace, and of good will to all men, it was safely inferred, was not to be advanced by existing transactions, nor its dignity elucidated with advantage by the foulest blasphemies. It was further seen that the pestilential exhalations of Paris had not merely polluted all France, but that they had widely diffused themselves throughout the Continent ; that Germany had her Illuminati ; that

England breathed the noxious vapor with spasmodic vehemence ; that Scotland was tainted ; that Ireland was ready for a change of elemental life.

Enough had now transpired abroad to awaken alarm at home. New York, which, to her everlasting honor be it said, had been founded and reared under her original settlers, the Dutch, and with the exception of some slight misrule on the part of certain of her English masters (see our faithful and distinguished historian Brodhead*), had uniformly sustained religious toleration down to the present moment ; New York, which had with the nobleness of freemen looked with sympathizing eyes on revolutionary France in her incipient warfare on behalf of a persecuted and trodden-down nation, could no longer continue incredulous as to the mischief and abuse which afflicted others, or skeptical as to the disorder and moral degradation which threatened even her own domestic fireside.

“ A change came o'er the spirit of her dream.”

I have said already that her revolutionary heroes wavered in their hopes that our people were swayed by anticipated benefits ; that the

* History of the State of New York : by John Romeyn Brodhead. First period, 1609-1664. New York : Harper & Brothers, 8vo., 1853.

political clubs took alarm ; in short, among men of all orders and professions, Doubting Castle stood before them. Liberty, the attractive goddess, once decorated in her robes of resplendent purity, was now transformed into a hideous monstrosity. The professing Christians stood aghast when they learned that in France every tenth day was appointed for the Sabbath ; that death was pronounced an eternal sleep ; that it was resolved by the Corresponding Society of Paris that the belief of a God was so pernicious an opinion, as to be an exception to the general principle of toleration. The clergy, with us, could no longer withstand these atrocious sentiments. " Better," said they, " abandon the cause of liberty, so dear to our humanity, than adhere to it at such a sacrilegious cost. Better abandon France than abandon our God." The balance was struck, and many of that exalted order of men who had been the advocates of the revolution, were now turned and became its most implacable enemies. The Rev. John McKnight, a professor in Columbia College, fortified by the patriotic Witherspoon, had issued a series of Discourses on Faith, and William Linn, of the Collegiate Dutch Church, an eminent divine and accomplished preacher, was of the number of the converts. He had published the Signs of the Times in behalf of Liberty and France ; his troubled bosom now gave relief to

itself by his Discourse on National Sins. The Voice of Warning, a powerful Discourse by a popular man, John M. Mason, was also widely circulated. The party feuds which had annoyed real believers of different denominations on such points as adult and pædo-baptism, on certain rituals, on ordination and the like, and which had hitherto been the only obstacle to the more earnest and greater extension of religious conformity by the clergy of different sects, were apprehended now as merely nothing, in comparison to the evils which seemed impending. The tranquillity of the whole clerical body stood on the borders of destruction. The prelacy was alarmed, and the so-called dissenters of every faith were ill at ease. They had felt the whirlwind, they now dreaded the storm. The wolf threatened to destroy both the shepherd and his flock. The pulpit, so often and so effectively the means of relief of private sorrow, now waged uncompromising war with her thunderbolts from heaven, to rescue that only precious book, as Mason called the Bible, from the consuming influence of atheism.

I am not to measure the extent of the benefits conferred by the ministry at that dark time when ominous formalities in the streets awakened the public gaze, when the ears were distracted by terrible blasphemy, and folly and infidelity had reached their climax ; but when I know that that

majestic father of theology, Dr. Livingston, of the Dutch Reformed Church, Dr. Rodgers and Dr. John M. Mason, of the Presbyterian community; that learned dignitary of the Episcopate, Bishop Provoost; John Foster, of the Baptists; Francis Asbury, of the Methodists, and Kunze of the German Lutheran Church, were of the number, and were enumerated among the best of men who encountered the times and openly declared their faith, in order to rescue the people from themselves; I feel bound to infer that some of the lepers must have been cleansed. That eyesight was not received by all, and the scoffers not altogether silenced, the history of that period gives us painful proofs. That you may understand me the better, I will weary your patience a moment longer with a few circumstances which fell under the observation of every attentive person at that period. Nor will you accuse me of invective while I recite the story.

I believe it is set down as a political axiom that war is not conducive to the progress of religious belief. Be this as it may, our revolutionary contest in its wide-spread desolation had left the institutions of learning and of theology encompassed with perils and in the lowest temporal condition. Time was requisite to restore their ability and their influence; and ecclesiastical affairs necessarily halted in their march, from the penury

which pervaded the country and the overburdened cares of a people, full of gratitude at their liberation from the yoke of tyranny, yet hardly ready to summon the requisite means for such important and grave ends. In the meanwhile, the conclusion must be made that a sprinkling of philosophical belief, in contradistinction to that of religious, had here and there penetrated the public mind and entered the soil of liberty, derived from the already scattered circulation of the writings of Voltaire, Helvetius, Rousseau, and the Encyclopædists. But the land was doomed to be still deeper impregnated and the dwellers thereon to partake in larger bounty of the products of a new husbandry, the fruits of a new revelation, in the enjoyment of which nature, rejecting absurdities and rejoicing in a higher knowledge, would understand her own powers and assert her inherent dignity. The work was therefore not entirely abortive, when, upon the arrival of the Ambuscade within our waters, was also brought that material which constructed the Temple of Reason and led numerous worshippers to her shrine. The Theophilanthropists reared their heads, and Deistical Clubs were in formative operation. However repellent to the doctrines of a religion which, with uprightness of intention and the deepest conviction, the people at large maintained in conscious purity ; however antagonistic to that faith which they had in infancy been

taught and in riper years cherished as their greatest blessing, their allegiance to the God of their fathers was nevertheless in many instances neutralized by the poison they imbibed, and in many cases broken asunder by pretexts of superior enlightenment—a more tenable rationality, the pride of intellect. That these philosophical teachers well comprehended the avenues of triumph over the human heart, is now understood better than in the days of their active labors. At that period of our city's growth, scholastic knowledge was but sparingly diffused among us, and the manageable multitude were easily led captive by the dexterity of Jacobinical instructors, who knew how to accommodate their lessons to the affections of the unenlightened and untaught. Besides which, liberty and the rights of man were so insidiously interwoven with the fallacies of skepticism, that while the former vouchsafed the dearest privileges, the latter was so masked that numbers unawares were indoctrinated and became the disciples of the theistical school.

These clandestine movements were not without their consequences in other sections of the State, more especially at and about Newburgh, in the county of Orange. That county had been known as the residence of a fierce democracy for some time. It was patriotic in revolutionary times, and its political sentiments generally ran high. It was

destined afterwards to become the scene of the Druidical Society, for so the free-thinkers nominated their fraternity. They feigned the principles of the Illuminati and the Jacobin Clubs ; their public avowal was liberty and the rights of man. They alternately conducted their public worship in New York and at Newburgh ; and at this latter place I have assurances that the typical symbols of Christianity were sometimes outrageously profaned, and the holy sacraments prostituted to the vilest ends.

I might mention the names of several of the leading officials of this confederacy, were this the occasion—with a number of them I afterwards became well acquainted in my professional life. There were talents and knowledge among them, and an ardent thirst for liberty : they had warm feelings, strong affections, but lacked the conservative and wholesome principles on which a republic must depend for its prosperity and duration. I would draw a veil over the closing scenes of some of their lives. How often we behold a mystery ! The county which had given to Noah Webster the school-house in which he first imparted juvenile knowledge, and where he first concocted the famous Spelling-book which has since given instruction and morality to millions of the youth of both sexes of this nation, became in the progress of events the patron of a society whose every

act seemed destined to demolish those very principles on which both liberty and life depend.

In the midst of these commotions, certain presses were not tardy in the diffusion of works favoring the great designs of infidelity : Condorcet and Volney, Tindall and Boulanger, became accessible in libraries and circulated widely by purchase. But no work had a demand for readers at all comparable to that of Paine ; and it is a fact almost incredible that the *Age of Reason*, on its first appearance in this city, was printed as an orthodox book, by orthodox publishers, of a house of orthodox faith, doubtless deceived by the vast renown which the author of *Common Sense* had obtained, and the prospects of sale ; acting on the principle given in the *Cyclopædia*, in its definition of a good book, in booksellers' language, "one that sells well." The same publishers, however, made early atonement for their bibliographical error, in their immense circulation of *Watson's Apology*.

We had in those days other commotions touching articles of belief of another order of delusion. I mean the promulgation of the rhapsodies of Richard Brothers, who affirmed he had received a special gift, and who in England had aroused attention by his revelations and prophetic visions not altogether unlike those of the Millerites of the other day in this metropolis. David Austin, an

ardent preacher, of New Jersey, came hither to our relief, and occupying a prominent pulpit denounced Brothers as a deceiver, imparting his own learned disquisitions on the millennium ; while Townley, a worthy man and laborious expositor, the last in the city of that denomination of preachers of the old Oliver Cromwell belief, in a neighboring edifice in Warren street was expounding the “unsearchable riches,” and demonstrating the decrees of infinite wisdom by enlightening his audience with a burning candle on his desk, in which I observed he protruded his finger in order to elucidate that passage of holy writ, “when thou walkest in the fire, thou shalt not be consumed, and the flame shall not burn thee.”

The great instrument in the promotion of deistical doctrines during that singular period in New York, was Elihu Palmer, a speaker of much earnestness, whose pulmonary apparatus gave force to a deep, sonorous, and emphatic utterance. He was a native of Connecticut, born in 1763, was graduated at Dartmouth College, brought up a Congregationalist—assumed the ministry, but after a short period was suddenly transformed into a Deist. In his study he was reading the psalm, paraphrased by Watts, “Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin.” He doubted, he denied the declaration ; he abandoned preaching. Riker, in his valuable Annals of Newtown, gives an interesting detail of

the circumstances. Palmer proceeded to Philadelphia for the purpose of the study and practice of the law, took the yellow fever of 1793, became totally blind, and gave up his law pursuits. He now in right earnestness assumed the function of a deistical preacher in this city, in 1796. He died in Philadelphia of pleurisy, in the winter of 1805 or 1806. In what manner he added to the stores of his wisdom after his loss of sight, I know not ; but must infer that his associate followers became in turns readers to him. His information, from early inquiry and a strong love of knowledge, with the means referred to, secured to him the title of a man of parts ; such was the general reputation he bore. I have more than once listened to Palmer ; none could be weary within the sound of his voice ; his diction was classical ; and much of his natural theology attractive by variety of illustration. But admiration often sunk into despondency at his assumption, and his sarcastic assaults on things most holy. His boldest philippic was his discourse on the title-page of the Bible, in which, with the double shield of jacobinism and infidelity, he warned rising America against confidence in a book authorized by the monarchy of England, and inveighed against royalty and the treacherous James, with at least equal zeal as did that sensualist issue his Counterblast against the most innocent recreation that falls within the

scope of weary mortals. Palmer delivered his sermons in the Union Hotel, in William street. His audience was composed of a large body of the free-thinkers of that day. His Principles of Nature, a 12mo, was reprinted in London about the time of the Thistlewood riots. Palmer's strongest personal friends were John Fellowes, an author of some volumes ; Rose, an unfortunate lawyer ; Taylor, a philanthropist, and Charles Christian.

During the later years of his pastoral functions, as he called them, he was aided by a co-laborer in another part of the city, of physical proportions even more stately, of still more daring speech, whose voice was as the surge of mighty billows, whose jacobinism was, if possible, still fiercer ; I allude to John Foster : I have heard many speakers, but none whose voice ever equalled the volume of Foster's. It flowed with delicious ease, and yet penetrated every where. He besides was favored with a noble presence. Points of difference existed in the theological dogmas of Foster and Palmer, yet they had the same ends in view ; radicalism and the spread of the jacobinical element. Foster's exordium consisted generally in an invocation to the goddess of liberty, now unshackled, who inhaled nutrition from heaven, seated on her throne of more than Alpine heights. Palmer and Foster called each other

brother, and the fraternity was most cordial. I have sometimes thought, could we find more frequently the same strenuous efforts, as these men employed, called into action by that exalted order of persons whose aim is the diffusion of evangelical truth, we should also find a wider extension of the gospel dispensation. Methinks there is a deficiency somewhere :

“ 'Tis of ourselves that we are thus or thus :
Our bodies are our gardens, to the which
Our minds are gardeners.”

The improved temporal condition of our houses of worship in this city, after the war of independence, their great numerical increase, with the higher culture and augmented zeal of the preachers of different denominations in Christian exhortation, produced, if I may be allowed the language, a more formidable and well-disciplined phalanx against the inroads of infidel doctrines, and the front of deism was now less obtrusive, when the notorious author of the Age of Reason arrived among us in 1802. Nevertheless, his prodigious political renown secured him vast attentions. The press on every side, from the north to the south, was filled with the highest eulogies of his merits and his services, or with direct invectives on his character. He was once the strong arm on which, in its darkest hour, the revolted colonies

depended, and he had become the reviler of revealed truth and of the immaculate Washington. Jefferson, who had proved his friend, for reasons not necessary here to specify, was doomed to receive a full share of the vituperation heaped on Paine. But Paine had many friends ; and, as he here sought retirement rather than office, and felt that as he had vindicated the rights of man, he was able to protect his own, seemed indifferent to public censure, and preserved the vials of his indignation almost solely for the head of Gouverneur Morris, to whom he had long owed a grudge. In his Letters to the People of the United States, his shafts of ridicule were repeatedly aimed at the great statesman who had penned the Constitution. Morris, who, unfortunately for himself, had suffered amputation of a limb, rendered necessary by an accident, was made the subject by Paine of sarcastic remarks from his calamity ; and Paine, triumphing in the fact, assured the public that Morris was little to be depended upon in serious difficulties with other nations, inasmuch as in such a crisis he would not dare to show a leg. He often treated the physical infirmities of his opponents as he treated the miracles recorded in Scripture. Penury pleaded most successfully with his feelings, and from the abundance of anecdotes concerning him, he seems to have been generous when his means allowed him. A sorry author,

while Paine was abroad, had fabricated a book which he vended advantageously among us, as the Recantation of Paine's Religious Creed. He was desirous, upon Paine's arrival, of a personal introduction to him, which was accordingly allowed. "Are you not, sir," said Paine to the stranger, "the writer of my Recantation? Did you do well with the affair as a business transaction?" An affirmative being given to both interrogatories, "I am glad," rejoined Paine, "you found the expedient a successful shift for your needy family; but write no more concerning Thomas Paine; I am satisfied with your acknowledgment—try something more worthy of a man."

Paine's writings, it is well known, were generally the promptings of special occasions. The yellow fever of 1803 brought out in 1804 his slender pamphlet on the causes of the pestilence. Some masonic agitations led shortly after to his History of the Origin of Masonry. His pen was rarely idle for the first year or two after his return to America, nor were the deplorable habits which marked his closing years so firmly fixed. Like the opium-eater, inspired by his narcotic, Paine, when he took pen in hand, demanded the brandy-bottle, and the rapidity of his composition seemed almost an inspiration. During the first few years after his return, he was often joined in his walks about town by some of our most enlightened citizens in

social conversation, and his countenance bore the intellectual traces of Romney's painting. He now too received occasional invitations to dine with the choicer spirits of the democracy; and none could surpass him in the social circle, from the abundance of his varied knowledge and his vivid imagination. The learned and bulky Dr. Nicholas Romayne had solicited his company at a dinner, to which also he invited Pintard, and other intelligent citizens, who had known Paine in revolutionary days. Pintard chose this occasion to express to Paine his opinion of his infidel writings. "I have read and re-read," said Pintard, "your *Age of Reason*, and any doubts which I before entertained of the truth of revelation, have been removed by your logic. Yes, sir, your very arguments against Christianity have convinced me of its truth." "Well, then," answered Paine, with a sarcastic glance, "I may return to my couch to-night with the consolation that I have made at least *one* Christian."

The plaster-cast of the head and features of Paine, now preserved in the gallery of arts of the Historical Society, is remarkable for its fidelity to the original, at the close of his life. Jarvis, the painter, thought it his most successful work in that line of occupation, and I can confirm the opinion from my many opportunities of seeing Paine. Paine, like Burr, towards the close of his

earthly career, was subjected to the annoyance of repeated removals of his residence in New York ; and as time proved, even death did not secure repose for his mortal remains at New Rochelle.

A singular coincidence led me to pay a visit to Cobbett, at his country seat, within a couple of miles of the city, on the island, on the very day that he had exhumed the bones of Paine, and shipped them for England. I will here repeat the words I used on a late occasion, and which Cobbett gave utterance to at the friendly interview our party had with him. "I have just performed a duty, gentlemen, which has been too long delayed : you have neglected too long the remains of Thomas Paine. I have done myself the honor to disinter his bones. I have removed them from New Rochelle. I have dug them up ; they are now on their way to England. When I myself return, I shall cause them to speak the common sense of the great man ; I shall gather together the people of Liverpool and Manchester in one assembly with those of London, and those bones will effect the reformation of England in Church and State." The result of Cobbett's experiment is not forgotten.—Paine created so much history, that it seems but justice that a brief notice of the man should find a few lines in a discourse on historical matters. The moral and the refined may think that more than is needful has already been

said concerning Paine, arguing that the corruptions of his advanced life outweighed the patriotic benefits of his earlier career. The principle of gratitude will not, however, allow a genuine spirit to forget the magical influence once wrought by his Common Sense over the millions who read it at the most critical moment in the nation's story. He fell, low indeed in process of time, from his high estate, and I have not been indifferent in sifting the accounts by his visitors of his loathsome habits, and his coarse jests with things sacred. Cheetam, who with settled malignity wrote the life of Paine, though he himself had long been in familiar intercourse with the deistical clubs, felt little desire to extenuate any of the faults in Paine's character. I have a suspicion that sinister motives of a political nature were not overlooked by the biographer. He was wont in his editorial career to seize upon circumstances which might effectually turn the tide of popular favor in his behalf. He had done so with the tergiversations of Burr, he had done so with the renown of Hamilton; he had done so in the case of Dewitt Clinton, and why not preserve his consistency in his strictures on the fruits of unbelief in the degradation of the wretched Paine? Paine clung to his infidelity until the last moment of his natural life. His death-bed scene was a spectacle. He who in his early days had been associated with and had re-

ceived counsel from Franklin, was, in his old age, deserted by the humblest menial: he, whose pen had proved a very sword among nations, had shaken empires and made kings tremble, now yielded up the mastery to the most treacherous of monarchs, King Alcohol.

There is much in the Historical Library concerning Paine, and not the least of value is the revised copy, for a second edition, of Cheetham's work, which he gave me for the institution.

But the programme of our theological warfare in those remarkable times is not yet complete. While these scenes were enacting, there were other establishments not idle. The Society of Friends, peaceable as from the beginning, and devoted with characteristic benevolence to works of charity, held their service in the Pearl street and Liberty street meeting-houses; not as yet disturbed by the innovations on primitive Barclay, introduced by Elias Hicks, an able preacher of strong reasoning powers, and which subsequently agitated that religious community from the city of their American origin through various States of the Union: yet, in the end, unavailable to suppress that inward comfort (as Penn calls it) "which leads the soul to silent converse with heaven, and prompts to acts of beneficence for suffering mortals."

The Universalists, with Edward Mitchell and William Palmer, though circumscribed in fiscal

means, nevertheless drew together a most respectable body of believers to their house of worship in Magazine street. They were both men of eloquence and good pleaders in behalf of their tenets, and had large auditories. Occasionally they were sustained in the work of their conviction by the preaching of John Murray, an Englishman by birth, whose casual absence from his people in Massachusetts enabled him to gratify the disciples of their creed in New York. Murray had a rival of a like name to his own, of the Calvinistic faith, a man of sound erudition and rhetorical powers, and in contradistinction they were designated by the sobriquet Salvation and Damnation Murray. These men moved together so harmoniously, that they often alternately occupied the same pulpit, on the same day, in New England. The Universalist, little John Murray, had much of the primitive about him; his rich humility, his grave accent, and his commentaries on the divine love, won him distinction from every discourse. None could withhold a kindly approbation. He seemed to me always charged with tracts on benevolence, and engaged in distributing a periodical called the Berean, or Scripture Searcher. He called himself a Berean.

The doctrines of the Universalists had been entertained and promulgated in New York and elsewhere among Americans, long prior to the time

of the public discourses of Mitchell and Palmer. Chauncey's book had been read by thousands ; William Pitt Smith, a doctor of physic, and a professor of materia medica in Columbia College, in this city, had published his Letters of Amyntor ; Winchester's Lectures on Universal Restoration and on the Prophecies, had been circulated with a strong recommendatory letter from the pen of Dr. Rush ; and Huntington's Calvinism Improved, or the Gospel Illustrated as a System of Real Grace issuing in the Salvation of all men, had gained much notoriety from the peculiar circumstances which accompanied its publication as a posthumous work, and the able reply to it by the celebrated Dr. Strong, of Hartford. We moreover had a slender volume on the same topic from a medical prescriber in this city, by the name of Young. Seed therefore had been sown broadcast, ere Edward Mitchell had mounted the pulpit. Nevertheless, the Universalists may look back with equal emotions of gratitude at the labors of Mitchell and Palmer for a series of years in their service, begun some fifty years ago, while their society was in its infancy, as at the present day they hail their accomplished orator, Dr. Chapin, as their ecclesiastical leader.

What a beautiful and instructive example of toleration is set forth in this brief history of creeds and forms of belief ! During the whole of this

critical period of the war of belief and unbelief in religious matters, I never learned that the least commotion ever disturbed public tranquillity. It was, indeed, occasionally otherwise in political affairs ; but we look in vain for occurrences similar to those which disfigured the days of our colonial vassalage under the reign of that royal vagabond, Cornbury, and some of his successors. Such was the homage paid to the Declaration of Independence.

I had the opportunity, in the Magazine street church, of listening to a discourse full of personal observation and reminiscences, from the lips of Stewart, the Walking Philosopher, as the books call him ; a man of altitude, whose inferior limbs provided him with peculiar facilities to visit almost every part of the earth as a pedestrian, before we had railways, and who enlightened his audience with descriptive touches of Egypt and her pyramids, of Nova Zembla, "and the Lord knows where." I shall never forget his unostentatious, though impressive appearance ; his lank figure, his long neck, his long nose, his wide mouth, and his broad white hat.

There is one other subject I must place within the background of this picture of past times, and that is street preaching. The older inhabitants tell us we had much of it in the earlier condition of this city, shortly after the inauguration of the

first President of the United States. I remember well repeated examples of this sort of edification in the public ways. I shall specify but one, and that was to be found in the person of Lorenzo Dow. Dow was a Wesleyan, of rare courage and determined zeal. He scarcely ever presented himself without drawing together large multitudes of hearers, in part owing to his grotesque appearance, but not a little arising from his dexterous elocution and his prompt vocabulary. He was faithful to his mission, and a benefactor to Methodism in that day. His weapons against Beelzebub were providential interpositions, wondrous disasters, touching sentiments, miraculous escapes, something after the method of John Bunyan. His religious zeal armed him with Christian forbearance, while his convictions allowed him a justifiable use of the strongest flagellations for besetting sins. Sometimes you were angered by his colloquial vulgarity ; but he never descended so low as Huntington, the sinner saved, the blasphemous coal-heaver of England. He was rather a coarse edition on brown paper, with battered type, of Rowland Hill. Like the disciplined histrionic performer, he often adjusted himself to adventitious circumstances ; in his field exercises, at camp meetings, and the like, a raging storm might be the forerunner of God's immediate wrath ; a change of elements might betoken Para-

dise restored, or a new Jerusalem. He might become farcical or funereal. He had genius at all times to construct a catastrophe. His apparent sincerity and his indubitable earnestness sustained and carried him onward, while many ran to and fro. Repartee, humor, wit, irony, were a portion of his stock in trade, the materials he adroitly managed. Sometimes he was redundant in love and the affections, at other times acrimonious and condemnatory. Altogether Lorenzo was an original, and a self-sustained man, and would handle more than the rhetorician's tools. His appearance must have occasionally proved a drawback to his argument, but he was resolute and heroic. His garments, like his person, seemed to have little to do with the deterrent influence of cleanliness. With dishevelled locks of black flowing hair over his shoulders, like Edward Irving of many tongues, and a face which, like the fashion of our own day, rarely ever knew a razor, his piercing gray eyes of rapid mobility, infiltrated with a glabrous moisture, rolled with a keen perception, and was the frequent index of his mental armory. I have implied that he was always ready at a rejoinder; an instance or two may be given. A dissenter from Dow's Arminian doctrines, after listening to his harangue, asked him if he knew what Calvinism was? "Yes," he promptly replied:—

'You can and you can't,
You will and you won't;
You'll be damned if you do,
And you'll be damned if you don't.'

That, sir, is Calvinism, something more than rhyme." I, who have rarely left New York for a day during the past fifty years, (save my year abroad,) was in the summer of 1824 at Utica with a patient. It so happened that Dow, at that very time, held forth in an adjacent wood, having for his audience some of the Oneida and Reservation Indians, with a vast assemblage of the people of Utica and the neighboring villages. Mounted on an advantageous scaffolding, he discoursed on the rewards of a good life, and pictured the blessings of heaven. Upon his return to the hotel there was found among the occupants a Mr. Branch and old General Root, so familiarly known for the opprobrious name of "the Big Ditch," which he gave to Clinton's Canal. These two gentlemen addressed Dow, told him they had heard him say much of heaven, and now begged to ask him if he could describe the place. "Yes," says Dow, with entire ease. "Heaven is a wide and expansive region, a beautiful plain, something like our prairie country—without any thing to obstruct the vision—there is neither Root nor Branch there." Dow had one great requisite for a preacher; he feared no man. With unflinching resolution he

presented himself every where, and if perchance signs of a rude commotion among his auditors manifested themselves, he met them like Whitefield, and exclaimed—These bitter herbs make good sauce and promote digestion. He might then be listened to with breathless attention. All annoyances he reckoned as the workings of Providence in his behalf, and preserving a sort of armed neutrality, kept aloof from personal interference, conforming to the advice of Roger Vose, “Let every man skin his own skunk.”

There were but two houses of public worship of the Methodist Society when I first heard him, the first erected in John street, with old Peter Williams, the tobacconist, as sexton. The old negro was then striving to sustain a rival opposition in the tobacco line, with the famous house of the Lorillards. The other meeting-house was in Second, now Forsyth street. In this latter I have listened to Dow from the pulpit, with his wife Peggy near him, a functionary of equally attractive personal charms. A reciprocal union of heads and hearts seemed to bind them together. In short, he was far more fortunate in the choice of his spouse than his great forerunner John Wesley. We are not to forget that Moorsfield was mad with threats of damnation when Lorenzo Dow commenced as an itinerant spiritual instructor with us. Lorenzo rarely, I believe, for-

sook, even for expediency's sake, the line of his vocation. Blending, as often was the case in those days, with the itinerant priesthood, the offices of the physician and the preacher, he might have sometimes administered a bolus for relief; but I am unaware that he adopted the "Primitive Physic" of his Great Master, and dealt out crude quicksilver by ounces to alleviate physical ills.

But let me ask who now shall estimate the advance of that vast denomination of Christians from that period, with the solitary and starveling magazine of William Phœbus as the exponent of its doctrines, up to its present commanding condition, with the venerable names of Hedding, Fisk, Durbin, Olin, Simpson and Stevens, among its recorded apostles, with its rich and affluent periodical literature, its well-endowed schools and colleges, its myriad of churches, its soul-sustaining melodious hymns, its astounding Book Concern, with its historian Bangs, and its erudite M^cClin-tock among its great theological professors and authors.

If my memory fails me not, in the month of May, 1819, arrived in this city William Ellery Channing, with a coadjutor, both distinguished preachers of the Unitarian persuasion, of Boston. They were solicitous to procure a suitable place of worship. They made application at churches of different denominations of religious belief, to be

accommodated at the intermediate hours between the morning and afternoon service, but in vain. They next urged their request at several of the public charities where convenient apartments might be found, but with the same result. Like the two saints in Baucis and Philemon—

“Tried every tone might pity win,
But not a soul would let them in.”

Still not wholly disheartened, a communication was received from them, through a committee, addressed to the trustees of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, then in Barclay street. The Board was forthwith summoned, and the special business of the meeting fully discussed, but with some warmth of feeling. This communication read as follows :—

“*May 11, 1819.*

“TO DAVID HOSACK, M. D.

“SIR :—It may be known to you that there are individuals in this city who have been accustomed to receive religious instruction from pastors who are not associated with the regular clergy of this place. Some of those gentlemen would be gratified to have it in their power to improve the opportunities for a continuance of this instruction, which are occasionally afforded by the temporary visits of the clergy of their acquaintance to this city.

“The subscribers would, on this occasion, particularly mention that the Rev. William E. Channing, of Boston, is expected to pass the next Sunday with his friends in New York.

“Emboldened by a consciousness of the liberality which distinguishes your enlightened profession, they take the liberty to

desire you to lay before the Board of the Medical College their request, that the lecture-room of that institution may be used for the purposes above alluded to. They would confine their request for the present, to the use of the room on the next Sunday, but would venture to suggest that there may probably be future occasions when a repetition of the favor now asked, would be gratefully received, and in such case they would be happy to comply with any terms as to compensation which the College may deem proper.

We are, Sir, with great respect,
Your obedient servants,

I. G. PEARSON,
H. D. SEDGWICK,
H. D. SEWALL.

NEW YORK, May 10, 1819.

“PROCEEDINGS OF THE COLLEGE.

“Letter from I. G. Pearson, H. D. Sedgwick, and Henry D. Sewall, was read :

“Resolved, That this College grant permission to the Rev. W. E. Channing, of Boston, to perform divine service in the Hall of this University on the ensuing Sunday, as requested in the above communication.

“The Registrar of the College, John W. Francis, was authorized to furnish a copy of said resolution to said committee, duly signed by the President of the Board and the Registrar.”

On the following Sabbath, Dr. Channing entered the professional desk of the larger lecture-room, and delivered, in his mellowed accents, a discourse to a crowded audience, among whom were his associate brother preacher, and several professors of the college. But two or three days had transpired, from the occurrence of this first preach-

ing of Unitarianism, before it was loudly spoken of, and in terms of disapprobation not the mildest. The censure on such a pernicious toleration came strongest from the Presbyterian order of clergy. I heard but one prominent Episcopalian condemn the whole affair, but that condemnation was in emphatic phraseology. There doubtless were others. Inquiries were made what individuals had constituted the meeting ; and as a majority happened to be the professors of the college, they were particularly destined to receive the hardest blows. Some three days after that memorable Sunday, I accidentally met the great theological thunderbolt of the times, Dr. John M. Mason, in the bookstore of that intelligent publisher and learned bibliopole, James Eastburn. Mason soon approached me, and in earnestness exclaimed, " You doctors have been engaged in a wrongful work ; you have permitted heresy to come in among us, and have countenanced its approach. You have furnished accommodations for the devil's disciples." Not wholly unhinged, I replied, " We saw no such great evil in an act of religious toleration ; nor do I think," I added, " that one individual member is responsible for the acts of an entire corporation." " You are all equally guilty," cried the doctor, with enkindled warmth. " Do you know what you have done ? You have advanced infidelity by complying with the request

of these skeptics." "Sir," said I, "we hardly felt disposed to sift their articles of belief as a religious society." "There, sir, there is the difficulty," exclaimed the doctor. "Belief: they have no belief—they believe in nothing, having nothing to believe. They are a paradox; you cannot fathom them: how can you fathom a thing that has no bottom?" I left the doctor dreadfully indignant, uttering something of the old slur on the skeptical tendencies of the faculty of physic. Such was the beginning of Unitarian public worship in this city.

If there be present any of that religious association within the sound of my voice, I throw myself upon their clemency, that they be not offended by my ecclesiastical facts. I aim at a veracious historical narrative of times long elapsed, and I feel that my personal knowledge of many members of that religious persuasion will secure me from inimical animadversion by so enlightened and charitable a denomination. Unitarianism had indeed its advocates among us long before the pilgrimage of Channing in 1819. Everybody at all versed in the progress of religious creeds in this country will, I believe, assign to Dr. James Freeman the distinction of having been the first Unitarian minister of the first Unitarian church in New England. He promulgated his faith from the pulpit of King's Chapel in Boston, which

church, however, had been vacant for some time, owing to political circumstances growing out of the American Revolution. He thus became the means of converting the first Episcopal church of the New England States into the first Unitarian church. Having been refused ordination by Bishop Seabury, of Connecticut, Freeman received a lay ordination by his society alone, as their rector and minister, in 1787. I know nothing of him personally ; but the old and the young tell us he was of spotless integrity, of a sweet demeanor, and heavenly minded. He was an active promoter of the Massachusetts Historical Society ; he was a correspondent of Lindsley and of Belsham. The distinguished Channing, who had been a rigid Calvinist, was converted by Freeman into a Unitarian. John Kirkland, so long the admired President of Harvard University, impressed with like theological doctrines, was sedulous in his calling, and earnest in making known the "Light of Nature," a work of curious metaphysical research from the acute mind of Abraham Tucker, published under the assumed name of Edward Search.

That our Boston friends had favored us with disciples of that faith in this city before that time is most certain, else a society of that order of believers could not have been so rapidly formed as appears by their organization in Chambers street in 1821, when the Rev. Edward Everett delivered

the dedication sermon, with suitable exercises by the Rev. Henry Ware, jun. ; again, at the installation of their new building, corner of Prince and Mercer streets, in 1826, when Dr. Channing preached the dedication sermon, and the Rev. Dr. Walker offered the final prayer. Still further, we find the Church of the Messiah, in Broadway, consecrated and the installation sermon delivered by Dr. Walker, and the pastoral duties assigned to Dr. Dewey ; but, for some years past, these have been discharged by Dr. Osgood. And again, we find the organization of the Church of the Divine Unity completed in 1845, the pastoral duties devolving on Dr. Bellows ; and again, the last-named church being disposed of to the Universalist Society, we witness the magnificent edifice for Unitarian worship, called All Souls' Church, situated on the Fourth Avenue, consecrated December 25, 1855, the Rev. Dr. Bellows, pastor.*

The writings of Lindsley, of Priestley, of Belsham, of Wakefield, were not wholly unfamiliar

* The Rev. Dr. Osgood, in his Historical Discourse, entitled "Twenty-five Years of a Congregation," thus expresses himself, when speaking of the origin and progress of the Unitarian worship in this city :—"Dr. Channing preached to a large audience in the Hall of the Medical College, Barclay street, which was granted by the Trustees, notwithstanding violent opposition from some of the professors of the institution. Thus, to the medical profession, belongs the honor of giving our form of Liberal Christianity the first public hearing in New York."

works in this city ; nor could those early fathers, so often ransacked in the polemical disquisitions on the church of the first three centuries, have been altogether overlooked by our scholars and divines. This inference I deduce from the indignation which so generally sprung up among the patrons of the work when the American edition of Rees' Cyclopædia was commenced by Samuel F. Bradford. This enterprising publisher had in his prospectus announced that that great undertaking would be revised, corrected, enlarged, and adapted to this country. It was soon seen that, among other articles, that of accommodation in theology, which the learned Rees affirmed was a method that served as a way for solving some of the greatest difficulties relating to the prophecies, had been maltreated by an American reviser, reputed to be Dr. Ashbel Green, in Bradford's reprint. This unwarrantable act created uneasiness here, as well as among our Eastern brethren, and had nearly jeopardized the patriotic intentions of the noble-hearted Philadelphian, Bradford, whose purpose was to enrich the literature and philosophy of our Republic with that monumental work. The dissatisfaction at this literary fraud pervaded so many patrons here and elsewhere that I, even at that early date, came to the conclusion that Unitarianism could scarcely be classed among the novelties of the day, and was not limited to any one section

of the country. The perverted article doubtless partook originally of the religious faith of the London editor. Never did the old Anthology Club present a nobler independence on the rights of opinion and of literary property than in their criticism on the affected emendation of the American copy of Rees. It is but justice to state of this great work, which still so justly holds a place in our libraries, that these disgraceful mutilations of Rees ceased, after the reprint of the first volume of the Cyclopædia, and the honest Bradford had weighty reasons to congratulate himself on the seasonable reproofs administered against the unjust editors by the Tudors, and Kirklands, and Buckminsters of "The Literary Emporium."

While in London I was a frequent visitor of Dr. Rees. A more captivating example of the Christian charities enshrined in one mortal, the eye could not light on. He possessed a tall and athletic frame, and a countenance of great benignity. He had all the requisites of a powerful preacher, in person, in manner, in tone, and in diction. His urbanity and his placidity of disposition secured the esteem of all who approached him. He told me that his labors were then nearly brought to a close; that for more than thirty years he had been confined to his study, an ordinary room; that his diurnal labor was of many hours; that, save his Sabbath preaching at the

Old Jewry, his only exercise had been his limited walk daily to his publishers, the Longmans. His fair and lively skin, his bright eye and his wholesome appearance, with such a life of mental devotion and such confinement, put at nought all my theoretical doctrines on the laws of health. He must have been more than a teetotaller. I was informed he was the last of the Doddridge wig order, an imposing article, but which yielded in dimensions and artistic elaboration to the more formidable one which invested the brain-case of the great Hellenist, Dr. Samuel Parr, with its distensive and seemingly patulous gyrations. To the curious in habiliments, I may add, that the wig of that right worthy, lately with us, Dr. Livingston, was of the Doddridge order, that of old Dr. Rodgers, Samuel Parr's. Nor is it trifling to state the fact, for there was a time, according to Southey, when the wig was considered as necessary for a learned head, as an ivy bush for an owl. You will pardon this digression on Rees' Cyclopædia, inasmuch as it elucidates the point I would sustain, were this a fit occasion, that in the origin and spread of the Unitarian creed in this country, we are hardly justified to limit our attention to the movements of our Boston or Eastern friends. The well-known letter of Franklin to Stiles supports this view, and we have seen that when occasion has prompted, its advocates rise up limited to

no special locality. The community that can enumerate among its supporters such writers and scholars as Channing, Dewey, Osgood, Furness, and Bellows, need cherish no apprehension that their cause will fall through from a stultified indifference. But I find myself launching in deep waters, and will near the shore.

Enough and more than enough has been said of the workings of the principles of religious toleration among us ; they furnish instructive proofs of the freedom secured to the people by our admirable constitutional form of government ; the intellect knows it, the searcher after truth is sustained by it.

With a very brief notice of the Episcopalian denomination, I shall terminate these hasty sketches of religious matters. The Episcopalians of this metropolis have exercised a great influence on the interests of learning among New Yorkers, and on their institutions of public instruction and humanity. They have also proved warm friends to the New York Historical Society.

The disruption of the colonies from the Mother Country proved more disastrous in its immediate effects to the Protestant Episcopal Church than to that perhaps of any other religious association. The ties which bound her to the forms and ceremonials of the Church of England, were strong and numerous ; her ministers, with few excep-

tions, favored the cause of the loyalists, and consequently in a large majority of instances were, upon the restoration of peace, compelled to abandon their pastoral charges, and seek a livelihood elsewhere. This consequence, with the disasters of the times, resulted in a deserted ministry, and in a disabled and poverty-stricken religious community. The conscientious Churchman, bewailing the state of affairs, and anxious for the future, looked forward with fluctuating hopes to the period when a happy issue might be found in the various deliberations which now occupied the minds of the friends of the Episcopate, not unlike those which agitated the patriots of the Revolution amidst their discussions on the adoption of the Articles of Confederation by the old Congress. At length a convention was held in Philadelphia, which continued from the 27th of September to the 7th of October, 1785, and delegates appeared from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina. Its labors brought forth the Protestant Episcopal Book of Common Prayer, proposed for the Protestant Episcopal Church, printed by Hall and Sellers, in 1786. This book, now rarely to be found, received the name of the Proposed Book. It was reprinted at London in 1789; it contained no Nicene Creed, or Athanasian Creed; it had the Apostles' Creed, but omitted "he descended into

hell." It had a special prayer for the then existing government. It had a special supplication in the liturgy for the then Congress, and a form of service or prayer for the 4th of July.

The Convention was again held in Philadelphia, in September, 1789, William White, President, for the purpose of settling Articles of Union, discipline, uniformity of worship, and general government among all the churches in the United States. The Prayer Book was now so adjusted as to meet with great acceptance and with full approval. At the instance of the English bishops, the passage "he descended into hell," was restored, with a proviso, that the words "he went into the place of departed spirits," might or might not be substituted. The Nicene Creed was restored; the prayers were made to conform to the now established government, for the President and all in civil authority. This Convention agreed to abolish the service for the 4th of July, but allowed each bishop the power of providing a suitable service for that and all other political occasions. In 1792, Bishop Provoost, who had been absent from indisposition at the former Convention, presided. The Church ordinal, for the ordination of deacons and priests, and the consecration of bishops, was agreed upon. It was printed by Hugh Gaine, in 1793. The articles of religion were agreed to in Convention in 1801, and have since that

time been published with the Book of Common Prayer.*

This brief notice of the history of the Book of Common Prayer, according to the use of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, seemed necessary, inasmuch as that

* The venerable Society for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts, at a very early date of their organization adopted means for the circulation of the Liturgy among our Indian tribes. The Society was incorporated in 1701, and the very next year they sent missionaries to the Mohawks, who were situated near the English settlements. Measures were adopted for a translation of the Liturgy, and this first translation was first printed in New York about the year 1724, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Andrews, the Society's missionary to the Mohawks. This edition comprised the Morning and Evening Service, the Litany and Catechism, to which were added select passages from the Old and New Testament, and some family prayers. The communion office, that of baptism, matrimony, and burial of the dead, with more passages of Scripture, occasional prayers, and some singing psalms, were translated by the Rev. Dr. Henry Barclay, who had served the Indian mission with great fidelity for many years; and these additions of Barclay were inserted in the next edition of the Indian Prayer Book also printed in New York in 1769, under the inspection of the Rev. Dr. John Ogilvie, who succeeded Dr. Barclay in that mission. Barclay and Ogilvie are among the venerable divines associated with Trinity Church.

It is understood that during the course of the American Revolutionary war most of the Indian prayer books were destroyed, and the Mohawks urged the necessity of a new supply, when by solicitation on their part the Governor of Canada, Halde-mand, ordered it to be reprinted at Quebec in 1780. In 1787, the venerable Society above mentioned again caused a republication of the work in large octavo, with engravings, for the Mohawks, which was printed in London in that year. To this edition

highly prized volume is the recognized standard of the Episcopal Church of this country. It has proved of inestimable importance to the progress of the Church, as the bond of union of that important religious community; it has preserved intact her forms and ceremonies, and her devotions; it has saved her from division and disunion; it has suppressed intestine broils; it has promoted uniformity of worship, a most important

was added the Gospel according to St. Mark, translated into the Mohawk language by the renowned Indian chief *T'Hayendanegea*, *Capt. Joseph Brant*, whose life was not long since written by the late Col. Stone. This is said to be the first Gospel which had appeared entire in the language of that tribe of Indians.

Certain portions of the Book of Common Prayer, according to the use of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, translated into the Mohawk or Iroquois language, by the request of the Domestic Committee of the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church, were published in New York, in small duodecimo, in 1853. This book contained also a selection of the Psalms and Hymns, with the Indian translation. This work was accomplished by the Rev. Eleazer Williams, V. D. M., the same individual who recently was conjectured by many to have been the lost prince (Louis XVII.) of the house of the Bourbons, and whose claims to that distinction were largely set forth in Putnam's Magazine, and in a distinct work by the late Rev. Mr. Hanson. I have known Mr. Williams for nearly half a century, during nearly all which time he has been devoted to the missionary cause: the last time I saw him was about three years ago, when he delivered to me a copy of his translation. I enter not in this place into a consideration of his Indian blood or of his royal origin. He looks, I will say, very like a Bourbon. Bishop Hobart took a deep interest in the man and in his missionary labors.

object ; and by it she has avoided the distractions and the local strifes which have too often disturbed the harmony and fellowship of other Christian associations. If from the cold lips and still colder hearts of the mere formalist, its reading has sometimes wanted the spirit of devotion, how much oftener has it saved from vulgar importunities in prayer, and rescued the finer emotions of the soul from irreverent demands of Heaven, and noxious crudities. It turns with conscious rectitude from the incoherent ravings of enthusiasm, and disdains to look on the elongated visage of a scaramouch. The north and the south, the east and the west, hold it in equal reverence, and do homage to its unparalleled beauty of diction and its devotional sentiment. Living or dying, it yields the bread of life.

New York had her share in that goodly work ; her learned Provoost was a member of both Conventions that framed it, and the first consecration in the Church of an additional bishop, was the act of Episcopacy by Provoost, in this city, in the laying on of hands on Thomas John Claggett, D. D., of Maryland, in September, 1792 ; at which ceremonial White of Pennsylvania, Madison of Virginia, and Seabury of Connecticut, assisted.—Provoost, White, and Madison, were the regularly consecrated bishops of the English Episcopate, of the American Episcopal Church, the two former

having been elevated to the Episcopate by Moore, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the chapel of Lambeth Palace, in 1787, and Madison in 1790, in the same place, by the same authority. Bishop Seabury had received consecration in 1784, at Aberdeen, Scotland, by three nonjuring bishops, and by this convenient action of the bishops of the English consecration, and of Bishop Seabury, the American Episcopal Church (as it is believed intentionally) united both Episcopates in theirs, thereby closing the door against the future occurrence of questions which might prove delicate and embarrassing. Seabury was a man of strong native powers, of cultivated intellect, of extensive influence, ardent in the cause of Episcopacy. The Church may with sincerity ever hold him in grateful remembrance. When her sorrows were gravest, he imparted consolation ; when her weakness was greatest, he yielded her strength. Her tribulations only added to his zealous efforts in her behalf. He adhered to the royal side in the great contest with the Mother Country, and dwelt among the refugees in New York. He united in the protest declaring abhorrence of all unlawful congresses and committees, and, doubtless with conscientious views, under the patronage of the obnoxious Tryon, delivered a discourse to fear God and honor the king. He died a pensioner of the British government, and, I incline to the opinion,

was looked upon somewhat with a jaundiced vision by those devoted patriots, Provoost and White.

It has been more than once affirmed, and the declaration is in print, that Bishop Provoost, as senior presbyter, and senior in the ministry, was consecrated first, and Bishop White next, though in the same day and hour, February 4, 1787. The son-in-law of Provoost, C. D. Colden, a man of veracity, assured me such was the case. If so, Provoost is to be recorded as the Father of the American Episcopate. It is painful to pluck a hair from the venerable head of the apostolic White, but we are dealing with history. White, who died at the advanced age of eighty-nine years, lived to see the American Church with some twenty-three bishops, he having officiated at nearly every consecration. What vast obligations are due to his hallowed memory by the American Episcopate for the wise counsels, the many and inestimable services of that divine character !

Dissent, however lowly, Episcopacy, however high, will coalesce in opinion of the varied knowledge and classical attainments of Provoost, the piety and beneficence of Moore, and the talents, zeal, and ceaseless activity of Hobart. These eminent dignitaries of the Church may, for their several qualities, be ranked among the most conspicuous of their order, who have flourished in

New York ; and were it practicable, we would fain dwell in particular upon the earnestness and achievements of the last-named. His death is too recent to require much at our hands ; sorrow at his early departure was universal ; it was felt as an irreparable loss to the interests of a great community, who had almost by his individual efforts been extricated from many difficulties, and risen to a commanding importance in numbers and influence. The aptitude of Hobart, in the work of the ministry, and his astonishing executive talent, have scarcely a parallel : his vigilance noticed every thing that tended either to retard the advancement or quicken the progress of the Episcopal Church. He was desirous of a learned priesthood, and much of his time and his intellect were given to the maintenance of the General Theological Seminary ; he was ardent for the practical, and sought befitting laborers, as the harvest was truly great. Many of the Episcopate had a richer fund of classical erudition ; but not one could be pointed out who possessed an industry and devotion superior to his. It may be questioned whether he lost an idle hour during his whole career as bishop for nearly twenty years. He exercised a weighty influence on public sentiment, and the purity of his life stamped his opinions with a corresponding value. The Church to him was all in all. His adhesion to what he deemed its ortho-

doxy, allowed of no deviation from its prescriptions, nor could he cherish reconciliation with the doubting and the latitudinarian. His frankness enabled his opponents always to know where to find him ; from his decision of character, he could hardly be expected to live in perfect charity with all men. He was more than once absorbed in controversies on ecclesiastical polity, and his sentiments rendered him obnoxious to a portion of his diocese. The harshest opinion I ever heard him utter was, that Heber was only a ballad writer. The sentiment must have taken possession of his bosom from the circumstance that the Bishop of Calcutta gave countenance to the British Bible Society ; and not a few of Bishop Hobart's friends regretted the pertinacity with which he opposed the organization of a like institution here. Like Herbert Marsh, he dreaded the consequences of distributing the Scriptures without the Book of Common Prayer. The lamented Milner, whom the Church still mourns, did not wholly escape the penalty of resistance to the views of the American prelate, and that eminent statesman and patriot, Rufus King, after having been chosen a Vice President of that National Society, resigned his office and withdrew from his high station at the special solicitation of his personal friend, Bishop Hobart. In his conversation, the Bishop was animated, abounding in anecdotes and

general knowledge, and was particularly attractive. His temper was sprightly ; he avowed his opinions with great freedom. He had strong feelings in behalf of American institutions, and was averse to the union of Church and State affairs. The sincerity of his Christian belief was edifyingly demonstrated in the manner of his death. He sickened of bilious disease while on his diocesan visitation, at Auburn ; on the morning of his final departure, the early sun shone in upon his chamber ; “it is the last time,” said he, “that I shall witness the rising sun ; I shall soon behold the Sun of righteousness.” Thus died a great and good man. He who would know more of this eminent pillar of the Church, will consult the *Life*, written by the venerable rector of Trinity, Dr. Berrian, the *Records* published by Professor M'Vickar, and the *Memorial* by the Rev. Dr. Schroeder.

Before I conclude this portion of my subject, I must be permitted to say a few words on the literature of the Church ; and I am happy to add, that New York has not been behindhand with her sister States in her contributions towards that great object. I have already adverted to the low and precarious condition of Episcopacy at and about the time when the Constitution of the American government was brought into practical action, and the many difficulties which encom-

passed the Church in the scattered and limited number of her ministry. The noble and venerable Society for propagating the Gospel in foreign parts, had indeed sown precious seeds in divers places over the land. But the Church was prostrate, involved in fiscal troubles, and wanting in those effective measures of enlightenment indispensably requisite to rear up her intellectual greatness. Every intelligent individual is ready to acknowledge, with cheerful feelings, that we owe to our brethren of other denominations a large debt for the many able and instructive works with which they have enriched the theological literature of the nation. We are aware of the scholarship of Andover, the biblical expositions of Princeton, and the graces of classical composition which have proceeded from old Harvard and Yale. In days past we remember Edwards, and Emerson, and Stiles, and Dwight. We forget not Hodge, Robinson, Park, Norton, Stuart, Mason, and a host of others ; and we believe there is substantial reason for the high estimation in which the works of many American divines are held, arising from the intrinsic excellence of their respective authorship ; and if report deceive us not, we have the assurance that among the most successful reprints abroad, are what we shall please to call American theology.

As respects the literature of the Episcopal

Church, it seems to be most noteworthy for its conservative element. It is preceded by the Prayer Book, or is in close fraternity with it, and this book of sacred wisdom gives a complexion to the thoughts and workings of the ministry of the Church that stamps a peculiarity more or less legible on its intellectual progeny. Like the pendulum in clockwork, it controls its movements, guards against irregularity, and secures harmony in all its parts. We thence see that its elaborations are characterized less by diversity of speculation and startling novelties, and are to be noticed more for exegetical exposition and the elucidation of scriptural truth. Both by the pulpit and by the pen it is disposed more to persuade than to threaten, more to lead than to drive ; and finds it more consonant to its own emotions to announce the glad tidings from lips of praise, than in wrathful accents proclaim a Redeemer's love. Such it may be affirmed is the policy of the Church, and such is the attribute of her literature. Principles such as are now indicated, pervade all her writings, and if so be an anathema is sometimes found, it is to be considered as an exception to her whole policy. The divinity which holds possession in her breast, is the redeeming power of gospel truth. What triumphs she has secured by such procedure will be best learned by comparing her vast increase and united strength at this present

time with her feeble condition and disjointed state at her first organization. Let her in conscious purity and in the plenitude of divine grace cherish the most confident hopes. Let her go on her way rejoicing. Let her be ever jealous of her high title, the Protestant Episcopal Church. Ever let the noble army of reformers command her admiration and her loudest plaudits. If the ignorant comprehend not her simplicity, and the cynical complain that her covenant has been invaded in these latter days by effete devices, let them be told all is as a passing cloud, pregnant with untold riches, and that her brightness, thanks to a good Providence, is hourly becoming more clear and beautiful, and her foundation stronger and stronger on the Rock of Ages. Let schismatics know that exploded theories find no aliment within her bosom, that obsolete formularies are at war with her doctrines and her discipline. She repudiates a pantomimic worship. Her formulary is the conformity of the heart to the plain and simple and comprehensible doctrines of apostolic communication. Let her feel that she has arrived to that vigor by inherent strength, that in confidence she may trust in her manhood and go forth triumphant. What has served her so well for more than half a century, will suffice much longer. Her hardest trials have passed, and she is neither debilitated nor impure. The sound need no crutch.

All that she now asks is, to live in harmony with the professing Christians of every sect and denomination. She is ready, she is willing, she trusts she is able, to do the work of her Master ; and whether under the humble roof of the village chapel, or within the dome of the mighty cathedral, she has learned by experience that her coin will pass current without amalgamation.

A word or two more on the literature of the Church. If the army of New England divines has almost overwhelmed the land with their achievements in the field of literature and theology, there is still room enough left for us to point out a few landmarks secured by the professors of the Episcopal Church. She has scattered abroad in profusion single discourses of elevated thought, strong devotional sentiments, and sound practical edification. True she lacks earnestness in historical detail, and seems too listless of the character and services of her predecessors. She ought, in an especial manner, no longer to overlook the vast importance of her history, faithfully written, for the honor of her devoted sons, and for the study and improvement of her future disciples ; at this present time, too, when the materials are still accessible, it behooves her to gather together the incidents of her career amid untold trials, and offer them, in a becoming form, as a demonstration of her devotion and wisdom in her high commission. It is gratifying to

see that within a few years past the subject has among all her calls of duty, awakened desires in some of the most efficient of her people to remove the obloquy which has too long rested on her, and several able writers have recently come to the rescue. The "Memoirs of the Protestant Episcopal Church," published years ago by the venerable White, have been followed by those of the Church of South Carolina, by Dr. Dalcho ; by the Contributions of Dr. Hawks, in illustration of the Churches of Virginia and of Maryland ; by the History of Trinity Church, New York, by Dr. Berrian ; by the Continuity of the Church of England, by Dr. Seabury ; by the History of Dr. Dorr ; by two volumes of a newly formed association, the Protestant Episcopal Historical Society, having its origin, I believe, in this city ; and, very lately, by a work of curious incidents, the History of St. John's Church, Elizabethtown, New Jersey. Some years since we had also historical materials of ecclesiastical value, in the Centennial Discourse concerning the Church at Quincy, by Dr. Cutler. All this augurs well. Bishop Meade's Reminiscences are materials of instructive import ; and the Reminiscences of Bishop Chase will long hold in esteem the character and the arduous labors of the Pioneer Bishop of the West. That hardy and indomitable man has left the workings of a strong spirit in behalf of a mighty cause. He was the

architect of his own renown ; he had little book learning, but much knowledge of men. Having early laid plans for his professional life, no obstacles intimidated him ; and his determination, the result of his own cogitations, never forsook him. His settled purpose was for others, not for himself ; he could therefore present a bolder front in his pressing demands for the accomplishment of his great designs. His track through almost unknown wilds will be studied hereafter with a more appreciating judgment, and the blessings he has bestowed on the Church find a record from the pen that records national benefits, deduced from his fruitful doings. Many of his journeyings were through a portion of that country, then so little understood, which the brave Carver had travelled ; and one may also place in juxtaposition these two intrepid men, Jonathan and Philander ; the *sic vos non vobis* being equally the temporal reward of both.

As associated with the Church's History, are the Memoirs of her eminent men ; and we are not to complain either of lack of numbers or of value in those already published. The biography of Samuel Johnson, the first President of Columbia College, by Chandler, is the most engaging of this department of literary labor ; and we cannot regret too much that so few of the great mass of papers from which this volume was made up have found

a place in this admirable work. The Memoirs of White are next in order of time, and are indispensable to the ecclesiastical historian ; while those of Hobart, Griswold, Moore, Ravenscroft, Bedell, and Wharton, unfold characteristics valuable in elucidation of Church matters. It is not, however, to be concealed, that, like many religious biographies, whether by authors abroad or at home, they often lack interest from the absence of personal detail, and of that enlivening spirit which gives to biography its most engaging attraction. It would have gladdened the hearts of thousands of every denomination of Christian belief, had Professor Wilson swelled to a threefold extent the Memoirs of the exalted White, feeling as they do that no subject of the Church in its primary days was encompassed round about with such precious material concerning its struggles, blended with the devotional services of its early promoters. Amid difficulties innumerable we constantly meet the wise counsellor, the hallowed White.

Honorable mention deserves to be made of the learned labor of Dr. Samuel Farmer Jarvis. This ripe scholar had been professor of biblical history in the recently organized General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was subsequently made Historiographer of the Church at large by the General Convention. In his Ecclesiastical Chronology and History he evinced the

greatest research and devotion. Like notice is due to the various writings of Bishop Hopkins of Vermont ; and it is gratifying to see the reception his last work has met with by the reading public,—I mean his *American Citizen*. The devoted Episcopalian might often look with satisfaction into the writings of Bishops Hobart, Brownell, Potter, Whittingham, Eastburn, Burgess, M'Ilvaine, Onderdonk, and Doane, and find proofs of scholastic lore in the pages of Verplanck, Winslow, Coit, Griffin and Spencer.

The canons of the Church have been elucidated by Judge Murray Hoffman of the New York bar, and by the Rev. Dr. Hawks. The *Constitution and Canons*, by the latter, was a peculiarly appropriate subject for her ecclesiastical historian, and the competent have given their testimony in behalf of the excellence of the undertaking. I shall conclude these very brief and imperfect sketches of the literary labors of the Church with a name widely known and appreciated by the erudite of both hemispheres, Samuel H. Turner. Dr. Turner's reputation for varied and profound scholarship, for rabbinical knowledge, and the activity of his pen in critical expositions of sacred writ, have secured him permanent renown. I am forbidden an enumeration of his many works. The Theological Seminary, in which he has labored so long, may congratulate herself on the honors with which

such a professor enriches her, and freely add his name to the select list of her ablest associates. Proofs sufficient, I think, have already been advanced to show that the literature of the Church is not locked up in sealed libraries, but is an active power ; and from her present advanced and improved state, we may draw an equally safe inference that her religion lies not dormant in the heart, but is an absolute principle, industrious in the work of faith.

I leave ecclesiastical affairs, and propose saying a few words on a subject which the philosopher may pronounce of equal importance in a national point of view,—I allude to our system of public education. It has become a vast subject in this our day, and commands the admiration of remote nations. The faithful historian of our first settlers, Mr. Brodhead, in his minute research, has dwelt upon the theme with the genuine spirit of the philanthropist, and clearly pointed out with what earnestness the sagacity of the Dutch penetrated into the wisdom of establishments for that purpose ; and so early as 1633, only twenty-four years after the arrival of Hudson, organized the first school in New Amsterdam. “Neither the perils of war,” says Brodhead, “nor the busy pursuits of gain, nor the excitement of political strife, ever caused them to neglect the duty of educating their offspring.” And with a love of the past, he

has recorded the name of this first schoolmaster, Adam Røelandsen ; and it well merits to be further stated, that Røelandsen's original establishment continues in a prosperous condition to this day, and is the parochial school of the Protestant Reformed Dutch Church, supported by voluntary contributions. I have some recollection of the first formation of that system in this city, which finally eventuated in the system of public schools. Only one year after your first measures were adopted to establish the Historical Society did the duty of enlarging the domain of knowledge by public instruction take possession of our city rulers. The Trinity Church charity school, and other free schools under the governance of different religious associations, had indeed for years an existence, and were more or less prosperous ; but the great mass of children belonging to parents of no religious order was sadly neglected, save those who could accomplish the means of enlightenment at private institutions. The names of that noble band of citizens who were the applicants for an act to establish a free school in the city of New York for the education of such poor children as do not belong to, or are not provided for by any religious society, are duly recorded in the reports of the Board of Education ; and he who looks over the list will recognize that many of the names of our prominent residents, of exalted excellence, are

found in the number. Under its restricted powers, the society organized its first school in May, 1806, with forty scholars. With enlarged charter powers, aided by the liberality of the city government, in 1808 they were provided a spacious building, which admitted five hundred pupils.

I remember well the discourse delivered at the opening of this improved edifice, at the corner of Tryon Row and Chatham street, by De Witt Clinton, the moving spirit of the whole affair. He was the president of the Society, and the Board of Education, in their Report of 1854, say well when they announce that the address was worthy of the occasion, "as sowing the seed wheat of all harvests of education which subsequent years have gathered into our garner." I have accompanied Mr. Clinton in those earlier days, in his tour of inspection, with Thomas Eddy, Jacob Morton, Samuel Wood, Joseph Curtis, Robert Bowne, Charles Wilkes, Cadwallader D. Colden, and others ; and I can testify to the scrutinizing devotion which Mr. Clinton gave to every thing that seemed calculated for the promotion of the great and novel design. By the death of Mr. Curtis very recently, all, I believe, of that philanthropic corps are departed. I see none left of the original body of incorporators.

It is impossible at this time to be more minute or dwell longer on this grateful subject. In every

condition of public trust to which Clinton was chosen through life, he never forgot education and the public schools. Every message of his, while governor, descants on the vast theme, and his suggestions, years ago, as head of the State, may, I think, be honestly stated to have led to that special department, the Normal Schools. He is the first individual I ever heard descant on their immense importance to the proper rearing of competent tutors, and on the provision which ought to be made for such an undertaking. I can scarcely conceive of a greater subject for a public discourse than the origin, the progress, and present state of our system of Public Education ; in every condition, from its humble beginning up to its commanding importance at the present day, from the Free School Society of 1805 through the change to the Public School Society of 1826, providing for all classes of children ; next the Ward school organization of the then called District schools ; then to its present consolidation under the Board of Education of the City of New York, a period of nearly half a century. Well may that enlightened citizen and public-spirited character, E. C. Benedict, in his Report of 1854, as president, say, " The services of those philanthropic laborers in the noblest of causes have imposed upon the city a debt of gratitude that can never be fitly estimated, much less repaid." During that period it

has conferred the blessings of instruction on 600,000 children, and on more than 12,000 teachers. So long as the influence of those children and their teachers shall be felt, (and when will it cease ?) so long, justly adds Mr. Benedict, "shall the usefulness of the Public School Society continue." I will add, that according to the last Report of the Board of Education from the present enlightened President, William H. Neilson, the whole number of schools within its jurisdiction during the year 1855, was 271. The glory and imperishable excellence of our public system of education, enhanced by the influence of our self-government, by universal freedom and a free press, were demonstrated to be in accordance with enlightened public intelligence, when at the election of 1850 the free school question was submitted to the popular suffrage. Free schools were sustained in this city by a vote of 39,075 to 1,011, a majority of nearly 40 to 1. If more were wanting in confirmation, how easily could we swell the testimony by the recorded opinions in behalf of the vast and enduring benefits of knowledge among the masses by the testimony of our wisest statesmen and patriots. And let us ever keep before us the vital principle that the colossal proportions of the republic are endowed by education alone with a proportionate cohesive power. Where education moreover is popular, the creative faculty abounds ; and it is

characteristic of such a state, that the people thus blessed daily achieve some new step in advance, whether it be in the modification of a rail or in new powers for the steam-engine.

It would be omitting a duty and inflicting an act of injustice not to notice in the course of these remarks on education the well-remembered philanthropist, Joseph Lancaster, whose arrival among us about the year 1820, created a sensation among the friends of useful knowledge. Lancaster, by many years service abroad, and by the discussion, which arose from his system of instruction, had rendered his name quite familiar at the time of his appearance in New York. It was conceded that he had effected a substantial advance in the means of enlightening the masses, and at a pecuniary expense well worth the action of the economical teacher. The patrons of the common schools, such men as Clinton, Griscom, Eddy and Wood, felt the duty obligatory to pay deference to the philosophical stranger, and give countenance to his suggestions. But he had little to offer that was new ; the Lancasterian plan had been already widely tested ; it had its friends and its opponents. Lancaster laid claims to originality, and in part it was admitted that his merits were not to be overlooked. He had announced his innovation, for imparting elementary tuition, in 1803, but the controllers of the schools were alive to what Bell had done, with the like

intent, some years before ; hence he lost the renown of priority of discovery, and his opportunity of essentially doing much to further his system was cut off ; for with a patriotic vigilance the directors of these juvenile scholars were intent on further improvements, which were finally commended for adoption under a new organization. Lancaster finally announced that he had been walking in the steps of Dr. Bell, but that the notoriety and adoption of the new system were due to his energies ; but Bell had first conceived the idea of conducting a school through the medium of the scholars themselves. The very Quakerism of Lancaster had tended vastly to promote the diffusion of his system, and the encouragement of his plans, and the support he received ought to have secured at least his temporal independence. But with increased fiscal means his expenditures had increased, and the philanthropic man, deserting the rigid and frugal habits of his sect, involved himself in many obligations, and now sought the chances of redemption by his transatlantic residence. There was, however, little to do by Lancaster or for him. Within a short time he became an object of eleemosynary relief ; yet his Quaker disciples, with characteristic benevolence, were not behindhand in contributions. While, however, he could enumerate De Witt Clinton within his charity circle of friends, he felt protected. The latter years of his

life gave unmistakable evidences of hard times with him. I have rarely seen an object of deeper commiseration among individuals who, according to the world's decision, had made a mark. He who had once figured in England, in his chariot and six, felt the want of means to purchase a crutch. An accident terminated his life, in New York, in 1839.

I have indicated that Clinton was specially kind toward Lancaster : it was that sort of kindness that arose from a consideration of the good he had done, and could in nowise originate from a contemplation of the man himself. He was now a mass of obesity, unwieldy, and of feeble articulation, such as we occasionally see in individuals of objectionable habits, loaded with adipose deposits, "an aggravated agglomeration of superabundant redundances." Moreover, Clinton possessed a peculiar disposition to be drawn toward those who enjoyed any thing like a literary taste, or were engaged as professors of knowledge, and who retained a fondness for reading. He himself was emphatically a book-worm : whenever released from public cares, he might be found day or night with his volume in or at hand. As might be conjectured, his taste embraced a prodigious variety ; but natural history was his most congenial study ; and he preserved the habit to the last of his life of enlisting individuals to discover in the bookstores or at the stalls old and curious authors on physical science. No expense

was spared to add to his library the noted worthies of bygone days. His literary messenger on one occasion notified him that a rare old father on natural history was to be obtained for some eighty dollars. The work was ordered by Clinton ; he was delighted on having secured it, and with hardly more than ferriage money in his pocket he returned to Albany ; but he had Aldrovandus with him. This anecdote is scarcely within the scope of a history of our public system of education, but it is not irrelevant to illustrate something of the qualities of De Witt Clinton, the great instigator of our school system.

The Free Academy, which, it has been very properly remarked, gives completeness to the system of public instruction, and is an integrant branch of the whole system for the enlightenment of the people, possesses the great advantage of a liberal system of education similar to that which is embraced in our colleges for the highest departments of study. Indeed, few, if any, of our collegiate establishments hold out so ample a course of instruction in classical literature, in modern languages, in mathematical and physical science. The existence of the Academy is brief, yet already have precious fruits been scattered widely over the land, to the wonder and admiration of the most appreciating minds. I, unfortunately for myself, am but in a limited degree acquainted with the

professors of that great school ; but if Dr. Gibbs is to be taken as a specimen of its teachers, unbounded confidence may be reposed in the acquisitions of its scholars. I only repeat what is uttered daily, that the distinguished principal, Dr. Webster, has solved the problem, how manifold are the benefits which may flow from a wise administration of able collegiate authority.

Let me in all sincerity ask, in what other place may the poorest and the humblest child of indigence find instruction from the A, B, C, to the highest branches of classical and scientific knowledge, through every stage of his study, without one dollar's expense to the recipient ; and all this, every device and measure, planned and accomplished since our organization in 1804. Let all praise be given to our constituted authorities for this exemplar of their wisdom and patriotic forethought ; let, above all others, that capacious mind which is alike seen in the union of the Erie and the Hudson and in our noble system of education, become the theme of collegiate eloquence and historical record. Let our children and their children's children keep within memory the names of Hawley, Bernard, Randall, and Benedict. But this request is perhaps superfluous ; the bounty is ever before us, the givers cannot be forgotten. To those alive to local history and the origin of great practical ideas, says the accomplished essayist

Tuckerman, in his biographical volume, daily observation keeps fresh the memory of Clinton.*

The transition is not altogether violent, in leaving one species of instruction for another—in dismissing the system of school education and taking up the Stage, so long reckoned a source of useful knowledge, and by many still deemed capable of becoming an enlightened monitor. But with the drama, as with many other subjects that properly belong to a discourse accommodated to this occasion, I am subjected to a painful brevity ;

* Most astounding disclosures were made at the London Educational Conference in June last, 1856, on the great question, the enlightenment of the people. I extract from the report, which appeared in the Illustrated London News: “Notwithstanding all the voluntary efforts, all the benevolence, all the liberality of Churchmen and of Dissenters, of corporations and of individuals, there are in England and Wales, out of nearly five millions of children between the ages of three and fifteen years, little more than two millions who attend any school whatever, leaving 2,861,848—nearly three millions,—who are not in the receipt of school instruction.” “Nor is even this state of things, bad as it is, the worst part of the case. Of the two millions of children who attend existing schools, we are informed by the Prince that only six hundred thousand—less than one-third—are above the age of nine. In other words, more than one-half of the poor children of England receive no school instruction at all, and two-thirds of the remainder are taken away from school at an age so early that it is quite impossible for them to have received any enduring benefit from school teaching. The result is, if these figures are correct, that only one child out of every eight in this rich, civilized, and Christian country, remains at school after its ninth year.”

for what adequate notions can be imparted within the few moments at command, of the dramatic occurrences of New York during the past fifty years ? It has so happened that for forty years of my life I have been, with slight intermissions, the medical adviser and physician of many of the leading heroes of the sock and buskin, from the arrival of the great George Frederick Cooke in 1810, to the departure of the classical Macready in 1849 ; and I am apprehensive that of all the individuals commemorated in Dunlap's Biography of Cooke, I am perhaps the sole survivor.

I cannot say that I have ever been stage-struck or dramatically mad in my admiration of the histrionic profession ; yet as one ever gratified with the displays of intellectual power, I have experienced the raptures inspired by genius, in a vocation which, while it holds the mirror up to nature, is the acknowledged school of oratory, and has received in all ages, among the refined, the countenance and support of many of the loftiest minds and most sympathizing hearts. Moreover, I think it not too much to say, that my professional intercourse with actors has enabled me to obtain a view of dramatic character and of dramatic life, which could scarcely be expected to fall within the scope of the mere beholder of scenic representation, who never perhaps had passed behind the foot-lights, or been familiar with that condition of physical

and mental toil which the ceremonies and performances due to "personation," impose on the feelings of the successful artist.

I take it for granted that no intelligent man will hold in doubt the fact, that the life of the player is one of severe trial, of great demands on the physical powers, of incessant mental anxiety, and of precarious rewards. Yet have I known many members of that calling filled with the largest benovolence and enriched with the graces which dignify human nature. The actor's life is especially subjected to the caprices of fortune; the platform on which he stands is ever uncertain; as a general truth he encounters adversity with more than ordinary fortitude. I have known many instances of this nature; the mimic world has its stern realities not less than the actual, and the wardrobe no more protects its denizen than do the common habiliments of the ordinary citizen. "The life of an actor," says a modern essayist of the school of English undefiled, "is a severe trial of humanity. His temptations are many; his fortitude, too, often ineffectual; his success precarious. If he be resolute, uncontaminated by the society of his associates, and a genuine artist besides, he is worthy not only the praise of the moralist, but also deserving the admiration of the critic. The prejudice against the profession, like most prevailing prejudices, is founded on general

truth ; but it is frequently absurd and baseless.”* If the stage has fallen from its high estate, and failed to raise the genius and to mend the heart, to elevate the moral sentiment by heroic action and sublime example, let not its sad decline rest solely with the representatives of Shakspeare and Jonson ; let something be ascribed to the revolutions of taste and to the mutability of popular opinion ; but more than all, let us suffer within ourselves the chagrin of self-condemnation, like the dyspeptic patient, who in searching for the causes of his own horrors, finds them to have originated from the pernicious aliment in which his disturbed propensities had led him most unwittingly to indulge. “The love of the drama,” says the poet Campbell, “is a public instinct, that requires to be regulated, but is too deep for eradication. I am no such bigot for the stage,” continues he, “as to say that it is necessarily a school of morals ; for, by bad management, it may be made the reverse ; and I think, on the whole, that the drama rather follows than leads public morals.” “The drama will exist,” says Dunlap, “in good or evil repute, to guide or mislead, whether legislators will it or not. The people will have it so. The choice of the legislator is only to render

* Characters and Criticisms, by W. Alfred Jones, A. M., New York, Vol. 2, p. 182. 12mo. 1857.

that beneficial which may be otherwise." The drama is legitimately the school of human life ; it has vast accommodations, but its origin is in the human heart ; in its nature it is the concentration and the exposition of the passions and the doings of man. Let it cherish fidelity to its great trust ; let it so conduct itself as not to fall below the intelligence of its arbitrators ; never forgetting that the schoolmaster is abroad. The remedy is within grasp ; and its restoration is not altogether a thing of fancy. The scholar, however fastidious, cannot wholly disregard a theme which found favor among the lucubrations of the mighty Warburton : he who would penetrate into the ethics of human life need not suffer apprehension of evil from studies which absorbed many of the precious hours of the great moralist, Johnson ; nor can the Christian philosopher be afraid to reason on the subject with the example before him of Young, the successful author of the *Revenge*, and the poet of the *Night Thoughts*, a work whose devotional excellence has made it a manual of closest study to millions of human souls, wherever revealed truth has been recognized.

I am not so confident as to presume that what I may utter can have any influence on a New York community, either on the fortunes or destiny of the stage. It has been decried by the best of men, and it has been countenanced by the wisest.

It was formerly supported by religious partialities, and every body is aware that it owes its origin to religion, and that the first actors were priests or missionaries. An illiterate multitude were thus enlightened, and the clergy with an inherent sagacity represented the wonders of belief and the actions of the gods in appropriate temples. Collier, with the zeal of an antiquary, has traced the origin of the "Miracle-Plays" or "Mysteries," as the source and foundation of the English national drama, and the connection between the miracle-plays consisting in the outset only of Scripture characters, and "Moral Plays," or "Moralities," represented by allegorical personages; and he has aimed to show how the first, almost imperceptibly, deviated into the last, by the gradual intermixture of allegory with sacred history, until miracle-plays were finally superseded.* "Mysteries" and "Moralities" were often made the vehicles of religious controversies.

For a long while the stage was a school of instruction, for manners and behavior, and on this account it is still higher to be appreciated. Shakespeare has taught more history to the masses than all the schoolmasters, from the time when the first pedagogue was installed; and Lord Chesterfield's dicta have proved a mere cipher compared to the opera-

* Collier's Annals of the Stage.

tions which scenic influence has wrought in mollifying the intercourse of society. Yet there is a progress in refinement which eclipses the exhibition of the stage, and he whose mind is stored with much knowledge, will abandon theatricals as having lost their former interest with him. It certainly is a foe to hypocrisy, and that alone, with the real philanthropist, is no small recommendation. It proves a wondrous relief to the laborious man and the worn intellect, and is a happy succedaneum for diversions less beneficial to good morals and good health. Grant that the sphere of the stage is indeed local, and its displays fugacious, yet it leaves a lasting impression on the human heart. Its rich literature bears the impress of genius, and cannot be overlooked by the accomplished scholar. But I must break off here. Let those who would raise an indiscriminate outcry against the stage, read the calm and dispassionate Address of Dr. Bellows, lately delivered in the Academy of Music, before the Dramatic Fund Association.

The history of the first introduction of the stage in the American colonies is full of perplexity. Dunlap, our leading dramatic historian, in his work on the American Theatre, a performance of acknowledged merit, has blended his facts with so many errors, that we strive in vain to derive from his pages a true knowledge of the subject. He was doubtless led into most of his difficulties by

too great reliance on the story given by Burk, in his History of Virginia. I have endeavored to make the case clearer, and have sought out curious facts in Parker's News Boy. The introduction of the drama in the American colonies was in this city, on Monday evening, the 26th of February, 1750, in a convenient room for the purpose, in one of the buildings which had belonged to the estate of Rip Van Dam (a renowned Knickerbocker) in Nassau street. The play was the historical tragedy of Richard the Third, written originally by Shakespeare, and altered by Colley Cibber, under the management of Lewis Hallam, whose family consisted of his wife, a son Lewis, and a younger son, Adam, with a niece, Miss Hallam. His elder son, Lewis, was but twelve years of age. Dunlap says, that he made his first appearance in September, 1752, at Williamsburg, in Virginia. The younger, Adam, appeared in October, 1753, in this city, in the character of "Tom Thumb." He had a daughter, who became Mrs. Mattocks in England. It may be that this company, under manager Hallam, appeared next in Williamsburg; but on the 15th of April, 1754, they opened in Philadelphia with the "Fair Penitent."

We have not before us the cast of the play (Richard the Third) enacted in this city. It possesses so many *dramatis personæ*, that we have little doubt that several of the company had to

take double parts. Rigby, we may safely infer, enacted Richard Third. There was no accommodation of boxes, only pit and gallery. There was no farce after Richard Third. The permission for the performance was given by the British governor, Clinton. Lewis Hallam, at the age of twenty-nine, appeared in Lord Ogleby, the year after the comedy was written, in 1767. This part he played for forty years ; the last time in the Park Theatre, in 1807, and witnesses of this fact still survive. Manager Hallam died in Philadelphia in 1808. This company was generally designated by the name of the Old American Company, and Hallam the father of the American stage.

Thus it appears that this city has enjoyed the drama for upwards of one hundred years. On that fifty which had passed away before the establishment of our Historical Society, I intend not now to enlarge. Suffice it to say, as to the character and abilities of the performers of the American company, our oldest playgoers were often heard to speak in terms of highest approbation ; and when we enumerate Hallam, Henry, Harwood, Jefferson, Cooper, Fennell, Johnstone, Hodgkinson and his wife, Mrs. Oldmixon, and Mrs. Merry, we need not apprehend that their plaudits were unmerited. The names of several of these efficient actors of the olden times may be seen recorded on the bills which announced the arrival of Cooke.

To one who contemplates the progress of art and education in our land, it will at once occur that with theatricals, as with instruction generally, we depended almost altogether upon supplies from abroad. Our preachers, our professors in colleges, our artists, our books, were rarely indigenious, and the stage illustrates our early reliance on the mother country in an equal, if not in a greater degree, than in any of the other vocations of busy life. If our condition was once so restricted that farmer Giles imported from beyond the seas wooden axe-handles when the country was overrun with forests, surely it may be pronounced to have been admissible that a truthful Cordelia might be included among importable articles, for the praiseworthy design of disciplining the humanities of the man of refinement. At the time of the first representation of Richard the Third, animadversions appeared on the corruptions of the stage ; but, in its defence, Whitefield is cited, inasmuch as he had ascribed his inimitable gesture and bewitching address to his having acted in his youth ; and the writer moreover adds, with great earnestness, that the abuse of a thing against its use is no argument, as there is nothing in this world but must fall before such demolishing kind of logic. There was little dramatic criticism, however, among us in the earlier days of the theatre.

The chronicler who would be faithful to the history of the stage in New York would be compelled to say something concerning that period which elapsed between the commencement of the great American war of 1776, and its end in 1783. During that interval the English plays of Garrick, Foote, Cumberland, Colman, O'Keefe, Sheridan, and others, reached from time to time this country, and were enacted by the officers of the army and navy, and by select aids in private or social circles ; and a remarkable peculiarity of the times seems to have been, that it was quite a common circumstance to appropriate or designate some leading or prominent individual among the inhabitants of the city as the character drawn by the dramatist abroad. *Qui capit, ille facit.* Thus, when the Busy Body appeared, it was thought that Dr. Atwood would be the best exemplar of it. Atwood, as all who hear me probably know, was the first practitioner of medicine in this city who regularly assumed, by advertisement, the functions of a male accoucheur. He obtained confidence, notwithstanding the novelty of the attempt. Atwood knew every thing of every family ; he abounded in anecdote, but his company was more courted than admired. He at one time possessed, by inheritance, great wealth, but died poor, through the conduct of his son Charles.

When Laugh and Grow Fat appeared, the

public said it well fitted the case of Mortier. He was a cheerful old gentleman and paymaster to the British army ; but the leanest of all human beings, according to the MS. I lately inspected of Mr. John Moore. He was almost diaphanous. Mortier built the great mansion on the Trinity Church grounds, to which I have already alluded in my account of Col. Burr's residence.

It would seem that during these times an Ode to love was recited ; the sympathetic public ascribed it to old Judge Horsmanden, so famous in the Negro Plot, who had married at seventy years of age. The Wheel of Fortune was made applicable to Governor Gage, who had arrived in this country as a captain in 1756, in the old French war, and in 1775 was commander-in-chief of the British army. The Male Coquette was, by a sort of unanimous concurrence, applied to Dr. James Smith, the brother of the historian of New York, the man whom I described in my sketch of Christopher Colles as writing madrigals for the young ladies. He must have pursued the game nearly half a century. When Anacreon Moore visited this city in 1802-3, and while he was sequestered behind the Dunderbarracks on the Hudson, on account of his Bermuda troubles, Smith had the temerity to offer with renewed vigor his poetic oblations on the altar of love. I knew him well. He was an M.D. of Leyden. I have often seen him,

when he had arrived at the age of seventy and upward, attired in velvet coat, with his gold snuff-box in one hand, pressing forward with his vast projecting shirt frills, discolored with the drippings of his box, and his little brochure of poetry in the other hand, tottering through the streets, engaged in distributing to the chosen fair his rhyming products :

“ He reeled as though he scarce could stand,
Yet Cupid led him by the hand.”

When professor of chemistry in Columbia College, then called King's, his flowery diction with the students about the “ round-tops ” of science, greatly disturbed both analysis and synthesis. Hempstead Plains was brought forward in those times, most probably an indigenous work. It is affirmed that it alluded to a descendant of one of the prominent members of the affluent Beekman family, Gerardus, a great sportsman, who secured the reputation of having killed more birds than any other man that ever lived. He shot deer in the city Common (now Park), and antlers, the trophies of his skill, are yet preserved among his descendants as curiosities to mark the city's progress. He kept a diary of his gunnery. I need scarcely add that Beekman street received its name from these first settlers.

During the possession of the city by the Brit-

ish, I find that comparatively little deference was paid to the condition of the ministry, not of the Episcopate, by the men in power, and more particularly by the military order. Lampoons on the clergy were not unfrequent, particularly if they were found tinctured with Whigism. Lambertus de Rhonde, whom our learned Vice President, Dr. De Witt, has faithfully recorded in his Discourse and History of the North Dutch Church, was one of those against whom the shafts of ridicule were aimed. De Rhonde was thoroughly educated in Holland, and preached here in the Dutch language—he had a long career. His ardor attracted notice, and he came under the lashes of the abettors of royalty. He was accordingly illustrated in return for his fervor and earnestness, by a farce called *Hell in a Smoke*. This worthy man lived until 1795, and died honored and respected.

But we must hasten to times nearer our own. About the beginning of the second part of the designated one hundred years, the *Morning Chronicle*, a journal of much taste in literature and the arts, edited by Dr. Peter Irving, and the *New York Evening Post*, edited by William Coleman, were the prominent papers in which any thing like regular theatrical criticisms was published. In the former a series of articles on plays and actors was printed in 1802–3, over the signature of Jonathan Oldstyle. At the time of their appearance

they were generally ascribed to the accomplished editor, Dr. Irving, who enjoyed great distinction for classical acquisition and belles-lettres knowledge. I knew him only in his advanced life, when illness had nearly exhausted his frame : yet he was most courteous, refined, and engaging. He was a graduate in medicine of Columbia College. Years elapsed before the real author became known. They are, I believe, among the earliest literary efforts of our countryman, Washington Irving, then about the nineteenth year of his age. These criticisms were not wanting in free animadversion ; yet betrayed something of that genial humor which so amply abounds in several of the subsequent writings of that eminent author. Coleman, a man of culture and of impulse, often supplied the city with his lucubrations, and aimed to settle all other criticisms by his individual verdict. He was often furnished with articles of peculiar merit on acting and actors, by John Wells, afterwards the renowned lawyer, by William Johnson, the well-remembered reporter, and by our lamented Anthony Bleecker. Will Wizzard, in the *Salmagundi* of 1807, also favored the town with two or three theatricals on the histrionic talents of the Old Park Theatre.

The arrival of Cooke in this country constitutes the great epoch in the progress of the drama, and is the period at which the historian of the

American stage turns to contemplate the wonders of scenic power. On the night of the 21st of November, 1810, Cooke appeared at the Park Theatre in Richard Third, before an unprecedentedly crowded house. His vast renown had preceded him ; but every anticipation was more than realized. He had reached his fifty-fourth year, yet possessed all the physical energies of thirty, profiting largely on the score of health by his sea voyage. The old playgoers, by his expositions, discovered a mine of wealth in Shakspeare, now first opened. His commanding person, his expressive countenance, his elevated front, his eye, his every feature and movement, his intonations, showed the great master who eclipsed all predecessors. His capacious intellect, his boldness and originality, at once convinced his hearers of the superiority of his study and his matchless comprehension of his great author. The critics pronounced him the first of living actors : he engrossed all minds. It must suffice at this time to observe, that this remarkable man and performer, during his whole career in the several cities of the Union, sustained his dramatic reputation unimpaired. The sad infirmity which too often laid hold of him, to the casual detriment of his great abilities, was dealt with by the public more in pity than in anger ; and indeed he seemed to be at times beloved the more for the dangers he had passed.

Dunlap appears throughout his whole biography to have delighted more to record his inebriation, than to unfold his great professional powers. Perhaps it was easier to describe a debauch than to analyze the qualities of a sublime genius.

At this late date, after a lapse of nearly half a century, it might be pronounced foolishness to offer even a passing remark on Cooke's peculiar merits in portraying individual character. Cibber has said, the momentary beauties flowing from an harmonious elocution, cannot, like those of poetry, be their own record, and everybody has felt the force of the observation. I had seen little of the stage before I saw Cooke, and must therefore hold in comparison, in the little that I utter, the impressions experienced from actors of a later date. Cooke's Shylock, a new reading to the western world, was a most impassioned exhibition. His aquiline nose was of itself a legacy here. The revengeful Jew made his great and successful impression with Tubal, and in the trial scene his triumph was complete. Iago, with Cooke, was a more palpable and consummate villain than with any other actor I have subsequently seen. I think I have seen a better Macbeth ; the transitions of Cooke were scarcely immediate enough for the timid, hesitating, wavering monarch. His Sir Giles Overreach was not so terrifically impressive as that of Kean. His Kiteley was an intellectual

repast. His Lear verified the opinion of Johnson concerning that tragedy. "There is no play," says he, "which so much agitates our passions and interests our curiosity." As a whole, Cooke's performance of the wretched monarch was one of great credit, and possessed points of exquisite conception and felicity, as when he interrogates the Theban philosopher, "What is the cause of thunder?" Cooke's Sir Pertinax, for comic force, versatility of features, blandishments, inimitable pliability of address, and perfect personation of character, is acknowledged to have greatly surpassed Macklin's. A like tribute is due to his Sir Archy M'Sarcasm. I believe that no actor in any one part within the compass of the entire drama, ever excelled therein to an equal degree as did Mr. Cooke in the Scotch character. The impression created by its representation is too deep to be obliterated while one surviving witness remains. It was his greatest performance, and was rendered the more acceptable by his wonderful enunciation of the Scotch dialect. In one of my medical visits to him at the Old Tontine, his first residence in New York, I incidentally spoke to him concerning his personation of Sir Pertinax, and stated all the town had concluded he was a Scotchman. "They have the same opinion of me in Scotland," said he; "I am an Englishman." And how, sir, did you acquire so profound a knowledge of the

Scotch accentuation? I rejoined. "I studied more than two and a half years in my own room, with repeated intercourse with Scotch society, in order to master the Scottish dialect, before I ventured to appear on the boards in Edinburgh, as Sir Pertinax, and when I did, Sawney took me for a native. It was the hardest task I ever undertook."

Cooke justly demands a greater space than this occasion warrants; but the able critical pens of the time have commemorated his achievements, and the veteran Wood, in his personal reminiscences of the stage, has dealt with him impartially, and delineated his character with great fidelity. He was of a kindly disposition, of great benevolence, and filled with charitable impulses. His strong mental powers were improved by reading, yet more by observation and a study of mankind. Self-reliance was his distinguishing quality; few ever were at any time able to overcome his determination. His resolves scarcely ever yielded. When not influenced by the goblet, his conversation was instructive and his manners urbane; he had a tear for distress, and a hand of liberality for want. He was a great original, and had the logic within himself to justify innovation. His master was nature, and he would submit to no artificial rhetoric. He thought much of Kemble, and every thing of Garrick, both of whom he had

seen perform. He cherished an exalted idea of his art, and demanded deference from the menial and the noble. He was thoroughly imbued with the value of Franklin's aphorism, "If you make a sheep of yourself, the wolves will devour you." He tolerated no invasion of his rights. And yet that one stain on his character, his mania for drink (a periodical disease, often of some duration), dethroned his high purpose, and at times degraded him below the dignity of man. In that condition his whole nature was altered, and his appearance almost diabolical ; you dwindled under his indignant frown ; no violence was like his ; abuse of kindest friends, extravagance beyond limits, obstinacy invincible. On the return of right reason, he would cast a withering glance at those around him, and ask, "What part is George Frederick Cooke placarded for to-night ?"

After one of those catastrophes to which I have alluded, I paid him a visit at early afternoon, the better to secure his attendance at the theatre. He was seated at his table, with many decanters, all exhausted, save two or three appropriated for candlesticks, the lights in full blaze. He had not rested for some thirty hours or more. With much ado, aided by Price the manager, he was persuaded to enter the carriage waiting at the door to take him to the play-house. It was a stormy night. He repaired to the green room, and was soon ready.

Price saw he was the worse from excess, but the public were not to be disappointed. "Let him," says the manager, "only get before the lights and the receipts are secure." Within the wonted time Cooke entered on his part, the Duke of Gloster. The public were unanimous in their decision, that he never performed with greater satisfaction. As he left the house he whispered, "Have I not pleased the Yankee Doodles?" Hardly twenty-four hours after this memorable night, he scattered some \$400 among the needy and the solicitous, and took refreshment in a sound sleep. A striking peculiarity often marked the conduct of Cooke: he was the most indifferent of mortals to the results which might be attendant on his folly and his recklessness. When his society was solicited by the highest in literature and the arts, he might determine to while away a limited leisure among the illiterate and the vulgar, and yet none was so fastidious in the demands of courtesy. When the painter Stuart was engaged with the delineation of his noble features, he chose to select those hours for sleeping; yet the great artist triumphed and satisfied his liberal patron, Price. Stuart proved a match for him, by occasionally raising the lid of his eye. On the night of his benefit, the most memorable of his career in New York, with a house crowded to suffocation, he abused public confidence, and had nothing to say but that

Cato had full right to take liberty with his senate.

Throbbing invades the heart when narrating the career of this extraordinary man, of herculean constitution, so abundant in recuperative energies ; of faculties so rare, and so sublime, cut off so early. In consultation with Drs. Maclean and Hosack I often attended him, and in his last illness passed most of my time with him until the closing scene. He died September, 1812. Serous effusion of the chest and abdomen were the immediate cause of his death. He was conscious to the last and resigned to his fate. Cooke attracted a mighty notice when with his dignified mien and stately person, attired as the old English gentleman, he walked Broadway. His funeral was an imposing spectacle. The reverend the clergy, the physicians, the members of the bar, officers of the army and navy, the literati and men of science, the members of the dramatic corps, and a large concourse of citizens moved in the procession. My worthy friend, George B. Rapelye, is the only survivor of the long train, whom I can now call to mind. The quiet Sabbath added to the solemnity. He had no kindred to follow in the procession, but there were many real mourners. The sketches of Mr. Cooke in the Dramatic Mirror of Philadelphia, executed by Leslie, then a boy, and now the artist

of European celebrity, are of most remarkable fidelity.

The professional triumphs of Cooke led Holman soon after to visit America. He arrived in 1812, and saw his old friend on his dying bed. Holman had a checkered career. He was an Oxford scholar, and was granted the honors of the University even after he had become attached to the stage. On assuming the civilian's gown, he delivered with great success a Latin oration; the *eclat* which followed his oratorical displays at the Soho Academy, led him to abandon theology and adopt the stage. He made a great hit in *Orestes*, and his appearance as *Romeo* was a decided triumph. His Lord Townley won him most applause in New York, and was deemed a finished performance. The elegant scholarship of Holman, his rigid temperance, surpassing all I had seen in any other person, and his fidelity to all obligations, secured him a consideration which enhanced the moral estimation of the dramatic corps. His nature was truly noble. His pecuniary resources were sacrificed in his ambitious efforts to enhance dramatic taste, and add splendor to scenic representation. He was the first to give me an idea of the extent of works on dramatic literature. His books on costumes alone formed quite a library. Impaired health led him to seek relief at the watering-place, Rockaway, where he was seized with a fatal apo-

plexy, in August, 1817. The journals abroad stated that he lost his life by one of those remarkable phenomena which sometimes signalize our climate, a sort of epidemical lightning, by which himself and several of his family were stricken down. We gave him a village funeral, most respectable in numbers, at the head of which, with due solemnity, walked the long-remembered old Joseph Tyler, the comedian, who has often trod the stage with Garrick, and Charles Gilfert, the musical composer, who subsequently married Holman's daughter.

There are about this period of the drama, associated with Cooke, many theatrical celebrities, whose names might justly find a record here : many whom the critics lauded, and the spectators admired. Among the foremost is John Howard Payne, the American Roscius, who was signalized for his *Norval*, and his playing *Edgar* to Cooke's *Lear*. As an author, Payne's *Brutus*, and his *Home Sweet Home*, have secured him a world-wide renown. I became acquainted with him as the editor of the *Thespian Mirror*, when he was about thirteen years of age. A more engaging youth could not be imagined ; he won all hearts by the beauty of his person, and his captivating address, the premature richness of his mind, and his chaste and flowing utterance. But I will abstain from further notice of him on this occasion ;

every reader enamored of the story of his eventful life, with the vicissitudes of authorship, of playwrights, and of actors, will satisfy his desires by turning to the instructive pages of Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature*.

A list of the most popular actors, male and female, of that period, and of some subsequent years, would necessarily include Jefferson, Simpson, Wood, Hogg, Hilson, Barnes, Bernard, Barret, the Placides, Conway, James Wallack, Mrs. Oldmixon, Mrs. Johnson, Miss Johnson, Mrs. Wheatley, Mrs. Darley, Mrs. Gilfert, and Mrs. Holman. As prominent in this long catalogue, James Wallack might be permitted to stand first, as a tragedian of powers, and as a comic performer of remarkable capabilities. His Shaksperian range and his Dick Dashall are enough for present citation. Wallack is still with us, and continues as the connecting link between the old and new order of theatrical affairs. The acting drama of these times, fairly set forth, would also introduce that distinguished American, James Hackett, whose Falstaff has been the theme of applause from even the lips of fastidious critics, and whose Yankee characters have stamped his powers with the bold impress of originality. Moreover, Hackett, in his correspondence on Hamlet with that able scholar, John Quincy Adams, has given us proofs that he had trained himself in a deep study of the

philosophy of Shakspeare. It would not be unprofitable to dwell upon the capabilities of Edmund Simpson, whose range of characters was most extensive, and whose talents manifested deep penetration in a broad expanse of dramatic individualities. He was for many years the active manager of the Park Theatre, and his systematic attention to his business gave satisfaction to authors, actors, and the public. No pendulum could be more regular than Simpson in his engagements: watch the dial plate of the City Hall, and in all seasons and in all weather you might see him in his daily walk in Broadway towards old Drury at the same spot, within the same hour, at the same minute. The passers-by often used him as a chronometer. His ambition to gratify the taste of the playgoers led him to seek the highest histrionic talent, a task of some perplexity to gratify a community who had enjoyed Hallam and Hodgkinson, Twaits, the Placides, Mrs. Merry, Mrs. Oldmixon, Mrs. Johnson. But Simpson found Hilson and Barnes, Yates, Spiller, and Barret, Cooper and Fennell, Mrs. Mason, &c. With the exception of the younger Placide and George Barret, the grave has closed upon all these heroes and heroines. Gentleman George, whom I saw on what I thought his deathbed, nearly fifty years ago, has only recently retired from the stage, and lives, I believe, on Long Island, with the prospect of approaching

the age of the indurated Irishman, Macklin. Henry Placide still sustains his almost unrivalled powers as the great comedian. But here I must forbear the recital of a thousand circumstances incident to dramatic life. I may be justified in remarking that, professionally, I became acquainted with many of these players, and can testify to the repeated evidences they afforded, from time to time, of their charitable feelings for the relief of suffering humanity, and their excellent principles in the conduct of life. At a little later date we find the boards enriched by George Bartley and his wife, formerly a Miss Smith, to whom Moore dedicated a series of his Irish melodies. His *Autolychus*, his *Sir Anthony Absolute*, and his *Falstaff*, will long hold possession of the memory, and Mrs. Bartley, enacting the *Ode on the Passions*, was a consummation of artistic skill equally rare and entrancing.

We had a doubtful case of royalty on our boards at the Old Park Theatre, during the management of Simpson and Price, without even the play-goers being well apprised of the fact. This occurrence took place in the person of Mrs. Alsop, who had been sent out by the manager, Price, from London. She signalized herself by her performance of the *Actress of All Work*, and by some efforts in comedy of tolerable acceptance. She needed more grace and beauty than nature had favored

her with, yet her mental qualities were much above mediocrity. Like the opium eaters, De Quincy and Coleridge, and the well-remembered declaimer, Ogilvie, the Scotch orator, and many others, she demanded the liberal use of narcotics to elevate her for the time being in her mimic profession. The consequence was impaired health, followed by great dejection of spirits and prostration of strength. But other causes still more potent led to her hasty loss of life. She was a daughter of Mrs. Jordan, whose relationship with the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William the Fourth, is recorded history. Aware of her origin, and necessitated in a foreign land to derive her precarious maintenance from the stage, after a few months she terminated her earthly career by an overdose of laudanum. When I arrived at her lodgings she was just breathing her last. She died in Greenwich street, near Dey ; and Spiller, the comedian, and myself, sought a burial spot for her. The requirement of a doctor's certificate for the cause of death was not then exacted as nowadays. I give these particulars to counteract errors, as it has been stated she closed her career during a tour through the Southern States. My indignation was somewhat awakened at the occurrence of this unhappy woman's end ; anguish of mind, I think, must have wrought the work of destruction. Contrary to my usual practice with

the poor, I sent a medical charge to His Majesty for services rendered ; but like most bills against those Hanoverian monarchs, it remains non-accepted up to the present hour. I necessarily act, as I am informed the mercantile world sometimes do, place it among my deferred stock, though I am ready to sell out upon application.

Still a little later, and a flood of histrionic talents seems almost to have overwhelmed us, in the persons of Kean, Mathews, and Macready. He who would draw the veritable portraiture and histrionic powers of these remarkable men, might justly claim psychological and descriptive instincts of the highest order. They were not all of equal or of like merits. They were all, however, elevated students, under difficulties, and long struggled against the assaults of a vituperative press and an incredulous public ; they all in the end secured the glories of a great success. With Kean I may say I was most intimate. He won my feelings and admiration from the moment of my first interview with him. Association and observation convinced me that he added to a mind of various culture the resources of original intellect ; that he was frank and open-hearted, often too much so, to tally with worldly wisdom. I was taught by his expositions in private, as well as by his histrionic displays, that the great secret of the actor's art depended upon a scrutinizing analysis

of the mutual play of mind and matter, the reflex power of mental transactions on organic structure. His little, but well-wrought, strong frame, seemed made up of a tissue of nerves. Every sense appeared capable of immediate impression, and each impression having within itself a flexibility truly wondrous. The drudgery of his early life had given a pliability to his muscular powers that rendered him the most dexterous harlequin, the most graceful fencer, the most finished gentleman, the most insidious lover, the most terrific tragedian. The Five Courts could not boast a more skilful artist of the ring, and Garrick, if half that is said be true, might have won a grace from him. He had read history, and all concerning Shakspeare was familiar to him : times, costumes, habits, and the manners of the age. He had dipped into phrenology, and was a physiognomist of rare discernment. His analysis of characters who visited him, to do homage to his renown, often struck me with astonishment. His eye was the brightest and most penetrating any mortal could boast, an intellectual telegraph. Dr. Young, borrowing, I suppose, from Aristotle, says that terror and pity are the two pulses of tragedy ; that Kean had these at command, every spectator of his Richard and Sir Giles, of his Lear and his Othello, is ready to grant. His transitions from gay to grave, yielded proofs of his capacity over the passions.

He knew almost instinctively the feelings of the house, whether an appreciating audience was assembled or not, and soon decided the case, often by the earliest efforts he wrought. He was proud as the representative of Shakspeare, but told me a hundred times that he detested the profession of the actor. He loved Shakspeare, though the hardest study to grapple with, because, among other reasons, when once in memory he was a fixture, his language, he added, was so stickable. Though I was with him almost daily during his visits among us, I never knew him to look at the writings of the great poet, save once with King John, for any preparation for the stage ; he very seldom attended rehearsals, and yet, during all his performances here, he never once disappointed the public, even when I knew him suffering from bodily ills that might have kept a hero on his couch. There is something marvellous in that function, memory. The metaphysician, Dugald Stewart, was astounded when Henderson, after reading a newspaper once, repeated such a portion as seemed to him wonderful. A like occurrence took place with our Hodgkinson. He made a trifling wager that within an hour he could commit to memory a page of a newspaper, cross reading, and he won. Kean told me that the parts of modern dramas, such, for example, as De Montfort, Bertram, and the like, could not

thus be retained. Henderson told Dugald Stewart that habit produced that power of retention. Has the memory, like that peculiar faculty of calculation which Zerah Colburn possessed, some anomalous function not yet unravelled?

It is well known that Kean, at one period of his histrionic career, enjoyed the unbounded admiration of the Scotch metropolis; and it is recorded that the Highland Society honored him with a magnificent sword for his highly wrought performance of Macbeth. He on several occasions adverted to the circumstance of old Sir John Sinclair's flattering correspondence on the subject. Kean, if report be true, was invited to a choice meeting at Edinburgh, where were summoned many of the philosophers, professors, and critics usually congregated in that enlightened city. Scott and Wilson, I take it, were of the number, headed by the octogenarian, Henry Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling," president of the Highland Society. It was easy to foresee, that such an opportunity would not be permitted to escape such a scholastic board without some interrogatories being put to the great dramatic hero, on the genius of Shakspeare, and on the eloquence which elucidated him. The old professors of rhetoric had too long handled the square and compass in their Chiromania not to feel desirous of hearing if some new postulates might not be assumed, whose excellence

might advance their science. My old friend, James Pillans, of the High School, broached the subject. Kean had little to disclose ; yet that little had to suffice. He had no harangue on eloquence to deliver. He maintained that Shakspeare was his own interpreter, by his intensity and the wonderful genius of his language. Shakspeare, he continued, was a study ; his deep and scrutinizing research into human nature, and his sublime and pathetic muse, were to be comprehended only by a capacity alive to his mighty purposes. He had no rhetorician's laws to expound. If a higher estimate was at any time placed upon his performances than upon those of some others who fulfilled the severe calling of the actor, he thought it might be due in part to the devotion which he bestowed on the author, and the conceptions engendered by reflection. I have overlooked, said he, the schoolmen, and while I assume no lofty claims, I have thought more of intonation than of gesticulation. It is the utterance of human feelings which rises superior to the rules which the professor of rhetoric enjoins. It is the sympathy of mental impression that acts. I forgot the affections of art, and relied upon the emotions of the soul. It is human nature that gives her promptings. Kean rejected the cadence, or very rarely had recourse to it : it was at war with a successful termination of speech. Sententious thought is cut off, and too

often loses its effective power by that rule. He considered the low modulation at the end too often destructive to a full comprehension of the sentence. Popular oratory seems more and more to reject it as an obsolete law, and I think, from daily observation, that our living exemplars of oratorical power, as Everett, Hawks, and others, practically carry out Kean's innovation.

I interrogated Kean, at one of those intellectual recreations which now and then occurred in New York, if no other writer could be pointed out whose language might awaken similar emotions by elucidation. The funeral service of the Church, he replied, will demonstrate the capabilities of the speaker. When a new candidate for histrionic patronage waits at Old Drury, he is perhaps tested by the committee to declaim the speech over the dead body of Cæsar, or the opening address of Richard the Third, or perhaps something from that mawkish lover, Romeo; or he may be requested to read a portion of the funeral service of the Church; this last answers as well as any thing from Shakspeare. We have nothing higher in eloquence; nothing more effective, and the qualifications of the speaker are often by such a criterion determined upon.* I myself shall only add

* It is only within a few months that Garrick's work, *Directions for the reading of the Liturgy*, has been republished in London.

that Kean was controlled by an inherent sagacity, and, as events proved, that sagacity was convincing. The turmoils of the mind which led to such results, he could not expound. Aided by a masterly judgment, he knew where the golden treasures of the poet were buried, and his genius knew how and when to bring them to light, and to give them their peculiar force.

Kean's success was not equal in all characters, and he frankly declared it. But how often has this proved to be the case with others ! Kemble could not excel in Richard the Third or in Sir Edward Mortimer, and Kean could not approach the excellence of Kemble's Coriolanus. Miss O'Neil, when she played Mrs. Haller, proved that the pathetic had scarcely entered the bosom of Mrs. Siddons. Kean's scope was too wide for any mortal to cherish a design so presumptuous as universal success ; but the impartial and well-informed historiographer of the stage will allow, that no predecessor in Kean's vocation ever excelled in so great a degree in such numerous and diversified delineations of the products of the dramatic art. And to what cause for such success are we to look, but to that vast capacity which original genius had planted within him ; to that boldness that dreaded not a new path, to that self-reliance which trained him, by untiring industry, to his assigned duty ; to that confidence which he cherished, that

the artificial school of form and mannerism, with its monotonous tone, was rebellious to flexible nature, and must in time yield to those diviner agents residing in the human breast? In the mechanics of ordinary life there might be such laws, and admiration excited at the regularity of the pendulum, but the intellectual was a subtle ether not to be thus controlled. The service in which he had enlisted, as interpreter and expositor of the Bard of Avon, demanded that the passions have fair play, and that it were an absurdity to restrain the emotions of the soul by the laws of the pedagogue. His heart was his prompter—his mental sagacity his guide. Never has an actor appeared who owed less to the acting of others; he disdained imitation; he was himself alone. Need we have doubted the ultimate success of such heroism?

How vastly is his merit enhanced when we consider the renowned individuals who had had possession of the stage for some one or two ages prior to his entrée in London, whose memories still lingered there, and further recollect the abilities of those, too, who, at the very time when he made his debut at Old Drury, were still the actual properties of the dramatic world, and had secured the homage of the British nation: the Kembles, Young, Mrs. Siddons, and we may add, Miss O'Neil. The verdict had gone forth that these

artists could do no wrong ; yet the little man, who had feasted sumptuously on herring at a shilling a week, who had studied Shakspeare at the Cock and Bottle, who had enacted him amidst the clanking chains of a prison, appears as Shylock. The actors and the audience, one and all, dismiss every doubt ; a new revelation is unfolded, and the intellect of the most intellectual critics is exhausted in ink and paper in laudation ; the polyglot is ransacked for new phrases of approbation. The little man, but mighty actor, assumes a succession of Shakspearian characters, and London is taken, as if by storm. Hazlitt declares that Mr. Kean's appearance is the first gleam of genius breaking athwart the gloom of the stage ; the dry bones shake, and the mighty Kemble exclaims, " He acts terribly in earnest ! " Coleridge says, " To see Kean act is reading Shakspeare by lightning ; " and Byron, the immortal bard, bursts forth :

————— " Thou art the sun's bright child !

The genius that irradiates thy mind

Caught all its purity and light from heaven.

Thine is the task, with mastery most perfect,

To bind the passions captive in thy train !

Each crystal tear, that slumbers in the depth

Of feeling's fountain, doth obey thy call !

There's not a joy or sorrow mortals prove,

Or passion to humility allied,

But tribute of allegiance owes to thee.

The shrine thou worshippest is Nature's self—

The only altar genius deigns to seek.

Thine offering—a bold and burning mind,
Whose impulse guides thee to the realms of fame,
Where, crowned with well-earned laurels, all thine own,
I herald thee to immortality.”

To demonstrate that his empire was not alone, Shakspeare and the lofty tragic writers, he assumed comedy; he gave us the Duke Aranza, Octavian, Sylvester, Daggerwood, Luke, etc., and played Mungo, and Tom Tug; with most expressive power he enacted the fine tragedy, the Jew of Malta, and for the afterpiece sang sweetly Paul, exhibiting the variety and extent of his dramatic capabilities without loss of his mighty fame as the greatest living tragedian. I attribute Kean's unrivalled success in so wide a range of characters somewhat to his extraordinary capacity for observation. He individualized every character he assumed—we saw not Mr. Kean. Wherever he was, he was all eye, all ear. Every thing around him, or wherever he moved, fell within his cognizance.

He might have been called the peripatetic philosopher. He was curious in inquiring into causes. He echoed the warbling of birds, the sounds of beasts, imitated the manner and the voices of numerous actors; studied the seven ages, and said none but a young man could perform old King Lear; was a ventriloquist, sang Tom Moore's Melodies with incredible sweetness, and was him-

self the composer of several popular airs. Thus qualified, he drew his materials fresh from observations amid the busy scenes of life, where he was ever a spectator. Garrick declared that he would give a hundred pounds to utter the exclamation "Oh!" as did Whitefield. What might he not have given to pronounce the curse on Regan as did Mr. Kean, or to be able to rival the pathos of his Othello?

The Lake Poets, as they were called, took a new road in their strides towards Parnassus, but that road is now mainly forsaken, and remains almost unvisited. Kean, with loftier aspirations and still more daring, essayed a new reading of Shakspeare; there was large by-play, but no still life in him; he rejected the monotonous and soporific tone; he left the artificial cadence and the cold antique to Kemble. The passions with which the Almighty has gifted mortals were his reliance, and as these will last while life's blood courses through the heart, so long will endure the histrionic school which Kean founded.

That Kean's first visit to the United States was a complete triumph none will deny; that his second, after his disasters in London, by which his own folly and crime had made him notorious, now rendered the American people less charitable to his errors, and less cordial in their support of his theatrical glory, is also an admitted fact; yet his

return among us gave demonstrations enough to prove that his professional merits were still recognized as of the highest order : he might have repined at the departure of those halcyon days of 1820-21, yet there were testimonials enough nightly accompanying his career in 1825-26, to support him in his casual sinking of the spirits, and perhaps at times to nullify that contrition that weighed so heavily at the heart. His devotion as an actor was not less earnest than when I first knew him. His *Sir Giles* in New York abated not of the vehemence and terror that characterized it as I had witnessed it at Old Drury in London, in 1816. The sarcastic parts of this great drama yielded the richest opportunities for the display of his acting powers, and of an utterance most natural as the outpouring of a consummate villain. There were sometimes with him moments of renewed study, and he threw himself into several new characters which he had not previously represented here ; his *Jew of Malta*, his *Zanga*, his *De Montfort*, and *Paul*, were of the number. His *Othello* was received with louder plaudits than ever, and his *Lear*, as an inspiration beyond mortals, was crowned with universal praises. Kean often told me that he considered his third act in *Othello* his most satisfactory performance within the range of his histrionic career. "Such," I said, "seems to be the public verdict ; yet I

have been more held in wonder and admiration at your King Lear ; your discourse with Edgar concentrates a body of mental philosophy." "The real insanity and decrepitude of that old monarch, of fourscore and upwards," said Kean, "is a most severe and laborious part. I often visited St. Luke's and Bethlehem hospitals in order to comprehend the manifestations of real insanity ere I appeared in Lear. I understand you have an asylum for lunatics ; I should like to pay it a visit, and learn if there be any difference in the insanity of John Bull and of you Americans." He was promised an opportunity.

A few days after, we made the desired visit at Bloomingdale. Kean, with an additional friend and myself, occupied the carriage for a sort of philosophical exploration of the city on our way thither. On the excursion he remarked he should like to see our Vauxhall. We stopped ; he entered the gate, asked the doorkeeper if he might survey the place, gave a double somerset through the air, and in the twinkling of an eye stood at the remote part of the garden. The wonder of the superintendent can be better imagined than described. Arriving at the Asylum, with suitable gravity he was introduced to the officials, invited to an inspection of the afflicted inmates, and then told, if he would ascend to the roof of the building, a delightful prospect would be presented to

his contemplation : many counties, and an area of sea, rivers, and lands, mountains and valleys, embracing a circuit of forty miles in circumference. His admiration was expressed in delicious accents. "I'll walk the ridge of the roof of the Asylum!" he exclaimed, "and take a leap! it's the best end I can make of my life," and forthwith started for the western gable end of the building. My associate and myself, as he hurried onward, seized him by the arms, and he submissively returned. I have ever been at a loss to account for this sudden freak in his feelings; he was buoyant at the onset of the journey; he astonished the Vauxhall doorkeeper by his harlequin trick, and took an interest in the various forms of insanity which came before him. He might have become too sublimated in his feelings, or had his senses unsettled (for he was an electrical apparatus) in contemplating the mysterious influences acting on the minds of the deranged, for there is an attractive principle as well as an adhesive principle in madness; or a crowd of thoughts might have oppressed him, arising from the disaster which had occurred to him a few days before with the Boston audience, and the irreparable loss he had sustained in the plunder of his trunks and valuable papers, while journeying hither and thither on his return to New York. We rejoiced together, however, when we found him again safely at home, at his old lodg-

ings, at the City Hotel. I asked him in the evening how he studied the phrases of disordered intellect⁹; he replied, by the eye, as I control my lion. I cannot do better with this part of my subject than quote from an able article on Kean's Lear, as it appeared in Blackwood. Of this most genuine of his performances of Shakspeare, the writer says : " The genius of Shakspeare is the eternal rock on which the temple of this great actor's reputation must now rest ; and the ' obscene birds ' of criticism may try in vain to reach its summit and defile it, and the restless waves of envy and ignorance may beat against its foundation unheeded, for their noise cannot be heard so high."

There are a thousand stories afloat concerning Kean. I shall swell the number with one or two derived from personal knowledge. The criticisms of the American papers on his acting were little heeded by him ; he said after an actor has made a severe study of his character he feels himself beyond the animadversions of the press. While here, however, a periodical was published by the poet Dana, called the " Idle Man." A number, in which his dramatic talents were analyzed, was placed in Kean's hand ; having read it deliberately, he exclaimed, with much gratification, " This writer understands me ; he is a philosophical man ; I shall take his work across the water." On several alternate nights he played the same round of

characters with the distinguished Cooper ; and two parties were naturally created by it. He soon saw that Cooper had his friends, and noticing the caption of the respective papers, after one or two successive days, he ordered his man Miller regularly to handle the opposition gazette with a pair of tongs, and convey it away from his presence. He said he never read attacks.

Kean had early determined to erect a monument to the memory of the actor he most esteemed, George Frederick Cooke. We waited upon Bishop Hobart for permission to carry out the design. Kean struck the attention of the Bishop by his penetrating eyes and his refined address. "You do not, gentlemen, wish the tablet inside St. Paul's?" asked the bishop. "No, sir," I replied, "we desire to remove the remains of Mr. Cooke from the strangers' vault and erect a monument over them on some suitable spot in the burial-ground of the church. It will be a work of taste and durability." "You have my concurrence then," added he, "but I hardly knew how we could find a place inside the church for Mr. Cooke." The monument was finished on the 4th of June, 1821, the day Mr. Kean terminated his first visit to America. He repaired in the afternoon to pay his last devotion to it. He was singularly pleased with the eulogistic lines on Cooke :

“Three Kingdoms claim his birth,
Both Hemispheres pronounce his worth.”

Tears fell from his eyes in abundance, and as the evening closed he walked Broadway, listened to the chimes of Trinity, returned again to the churchyard, and sang, sweeter than ever, “Those Evening Bells,” and “Come o’er the Sea.” I gazed upon him with more interest than had ever before been awaked by his stage representations. I fancied (and it was not altogether fancy) that I saw a child of genius on whom the world at large bestowed its loftiest praises, while he himself was deprived of that solace which the world cannot give, the sympathies of the heart.

Towards the close of his second visit to America, Kean made a tour through the northern part of the State, and visited Canada ; he fell in with the Indians, with whom he became delighted, and was chosen a chief of a tribe. Some time after, not aware of his return to the city, I received, at a late hour of the evening, a call to wait upon an Indian chief, by the name of Alantenaída, as the highly finished card left at my house had it. Kean’s ordinary card was Edmund Kean, engraved ; he generally wrote underneath, “Integer vitæ scelerisque purus.” I repaired to the hotel, and was conducted up stairs to the folding-doors of the hall, when the servant left me. I entered, aided by the feeble light of the room ; but at the

remote end I soon perceived something like a forest of evergreens, lighted up by many rays from floor-lamps, and surrounding a stage or throne ; and seated in great state was the chief. I advanced, and a more terrific warrior I never surveyed. Red Jacket or Black Hawk was an unadorned, simple personage in comparison. Full dressed, with skins tagged loosely about his person, a broad collar of bear-skin over his shoulders, his leggings, with many stripes, garnished with porcupine quills ; his moccasins decorated with beads ; his head decked with the war-eagle's plumes, behind which flowed massive black locks of dishevelled horse-hair ; golden-colored rings pendant from the nose and ears ; streaks of yellow paint over the face, massive red daubings about the eyes, with various hues in streaks across the forehead, not very artistically drawn. A broad belt surrounded his waist, with tomahawk ; his arms, with shining bracelets, stretched out with bow and arrow, as if ready for a mark. He descended his throne and rapidly approached me. His eye was meteoric and fearful, like the furnace of the cyclops. He vociferously exclaimed, Alantenaida ! the vowels strong enough. I was relieved ; he betrayed something of his raucous voice in imprecation. It was Kean. An explanation took place. He wished to know the merits of the representation. The Hurons had honored him by admission into their tribe,

and he could not now determine whether to seek his final earthly abode with them for real happiness, or return to London, and add renown to his name by performing the *Son of the Forest*. I never heard that he ever afterwards attempted, in his own country, the character. He was wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm at the Indian honor he had received, and declared that even Old Drury had never conferred so proud a distinction on him as he had received from the Hurons. My visit was of some time. After pacing the room, with Indian step, for an hour or more, and contemplating himself before a large mirror, he was prevailed upon to change his dress and retire to rest. A day or two after, he sailed for Europe, with his Indian paraphernalia.*

* The professional receipts of Kean during his engagement in New York, were, I believe, at least equal to those for a like number of nights which he received at the acme of his renown in London. His average income for some twelve or fifteen years was not less than ten thousand pounds per annum. He rescued Old Drury from bankruptcy, yet he is said to have been often in need, and died almost penniless. There was no one special extravagance chargeable to him; but he was reckless in money matters, and figures entered not into his calculations. He had a helping hand for all applications, and he never forgot his early friends. As in the case of Quin, the needy found in him a benefactor. The noble conduct of his son Charles is familiarly known, and his attention in giving greater protection to his father's monument of Cooke in St. Paul's churchyard, is proof sufficient of his generous qualities; but no language can plead in extenuation of the deplorable prodigality of the elder Kean.

I have said nothing of the intemperate habits, or of the extravagance and profuse liberality of Kean. That word intemperate is to be viewed in various lights, and with much qualification. The old proverb, that what is one man's food is another's poison, has much of fact in it. Viewing, moreover, intemperance as among the greatest calamities that afflict mortals, I should sadden in my soul if a word proceeded from my lips that might give it any quarters. But Mr. Kean's susceptibilities to impression were such that high excitement might follow two or three glasses of port. Mr. Grattan has well described the progress of that condition in Kean, and I have observed, at several times, that those Latin citations of his were ominous. Yet I never saw Mr. Kean indulge in any drink whatever, until the labors of the drama were over. That he often at other times erred, I am ready to admit. Knox, an English actor, who played Glenalvon, demanded two quarts of brandy to go through with that character in his stentorian way, and when I administered reproof to him, because of his inordinate indulgence, he only replied it was just the right measure. John Reeve, according to manager Simpson, partook still more bountifully to carry through his broad farce ; but he was very bulky, and required almost a kilderkin to saturate him. The benevolence of Kean, and his charities, were almost proverbs.

Another noble attribute characterized him: he was free of professional envy, and lauded rising merit. All he asked was to be announced to the public in large letters. He prognosticated the career of Forrest, after seeing his Othello once. I could not dismiss Kean with more brevity. He was a meteor in the dramatic firmament. I might have added much more. The classical Tuckerman, in his Biographical Essays, has given us an admirable exposition of the philosophy of the man and his acting, and Proctor has done well with him, but might have done better. I shall say less of Mathews and Macready.

Hemmed in as I am by time and circumstances, I am compelled to restrict my observations on Charles Mathews, a man of extraordinary faculties, who had secured a prodigious renown in his vocation ere his arrival in the American States, and which reputation was increased by his public displays in this country. He was a remarkable specimen of what early training and study may accomplish. His very physical defects yielded to him special advantages. His close observation, his susceptible nervous system, his half hypochondriacal temperament, sharpened a natural acuteness, which, with uninterrupted devotion, led to results of the most commanding regard. If ever triumph was secured by speciality, it was eminently so in the case of Mathews. He studied occur-

rences with the severity of philosophical analysis. Attitudes, the leer of the eye, the motion of the lip, the crook of the fingers, the turn of the toe, the ringlet of a lock, intonation of voice, every demonstration of emotion or passion, came within the scope of his capabilities. The characteristics of divers nations marking every condition of varied life, from the dignity of the Plenipo to the servitude of the menial, were all caught by him, and you looked in turn to him for the verisimilitude of every delineation he attempted. The brooding cadence of the cooing dove, and the hideous braying of the donkey, were equally at the command of his versatile talents. He was, in short, the master of mimic power, and used it with unparalleled effect. In comedy he was the acknowledged head in numerous parts. His Goldfinch is represented to me, by experienced theatrical goers, to have surpassed that of Hodgkinson ; his Lord Ogilby, his Morbleau, his Monsieur Mallet, his Coddle, and many other portraitures, still remain in vivid recollection. His "At Home" proved him, indeed, the actor of all work, and with the American community, yielding to the persuasions of friends, he evinced the extraordinary capacity that Othello could be enacted by him with signal success.

If it be asked how came Mathews the possessor of such rare gifts, I answer, they were derived

from a nervous susceptibility of the most impressive order, from intense study, and the cultivation of elegant literature. He read largely ; he was quickened into observation by every phase of varied life, and his morbid constitution never forsook him, or tolerated indifference to surrounding objects. Like an homeopathic patient, he was never well—always complaining, and ever on the look-out, with this difference, however, that while the narcotized victim seems incessantly in search of physical improvement, Mathews seemed ever to be busy in intellectual progress. With the dexterity of an archer he aimed at characteristics wherever they might be found, and made the peculiarities of individuals the pledge of his skill. Abroad he sought out John Philpot Curran, and embodied both the manner and thoughts of the orator most faithfully. In this country he looked out for the great Irish orator, Thomas Addis Emmet, and unconsciously, to the great pleader, took him to the life, in manner and in tone, with transcendent effect. Had that jurist lived in these latter days, with spiritualism and clairvoyance running mad, he might have concluded himself to have been translated into some other individuality.

Mathews' arrival in New York occurred in September, 1822 ; the yellow fever was prevailing. I received a kind note from that benevolent man,

Simpson, the manager of the Park Theatre, to hasten on board a ship off the harbor, in which was Mr. Mathews, in mental distress at the prospect of landing. The phenomena exhibited by his nervous temperament were most striking: he had been informed that one hundred and forty deaths had occurred on that day. Though some three miles off the Battery, he felt, he affirmed, the pestilential air of the city; every cloud came to him surcharged with mortality; every wave imparted from the deep exhalations of destruction. He walked the deck, tottering, and in the extremest agitation. He refused to land at the city, and insisted upon finding shelter in some remote place. Hoboken was decided upon, and thither Mr. Simpson and myself accompanied him. Some two miles from the Jersey shore, on the road towards Hackensack, Mr. Simpson found lodgings for him in a rural retreat occupied by a gardener. Here Mathews passed the night walking to and fro in his limited apartment, ruminating on his probable departure within a few hours to the world of spirits. Hoboken, as it afforded him safety, as time proved, in his extreme distress, afterwards became his favorite spot for repose during his professional toil, and very often, after his theatrical duties were discharged, he was conveyed at midnight hour to that then beautiful locality. Not a few of the suggestions which crossed his

mind in contemplating the American or Yankee character, were here elaborated for his future graphic sketches in dramatic delineation.

This great comedian was well stored with knowledge, and cherished a heartfelt love for literary characters ; his visit to Edinburgh, and his acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott, Terry, and other eminent men of the stage, authors, and actors, and the social circle in domestic society, in which he held a part, led him to a high appreciation of intellectual pursuits. Our Cooper, our Irving, Halleck and Dunlap, were among his favorite friends. With Dr. Hosack and the generous Philip Hone, he enjoyed many festive hours. Mathews was the first individual, I heard, who gave a pretty decisive opinion that Scott was the author of the Waverley novels ; this was five years before the disclosure of the fact, by Sir Walter himself, at the Ballantyne dinner, and while we in New York were digesting the argument of Coleman, of the Evening Post, and his correspondents, who attempted to prove that such could not be the truth, and that a Major or Col. Scott, of Canada, was the actual author. The adhesion to this belief was, I believe, never broken up in the mind of Coleman. But this pertinacity was very characteristic, for what could you do with a man who contended through life that Bonaparte was no soldier ; that Priestley had done the world infinitely more harm than

good ; that skullcap was a certain specific for the cure of hydrophobia, and that yellow fever was as contagious as the plague of Aleppo ? And he held many for a while in his belief, for Coleman was pronounced by his advocates a field marshal in literature, as well as in politics. There was much of worldly prudence in the habits and demeanor of Charles Mathews, and he who would comprehend the labors, self-denials, and toils of the successful competitor for histrionic distinction, might profitably study the life of this renowned actor. He was the apostle of temperance and circumspection.

Macready, having secured a provincial reputation, appeared on the London boards at that particular juncture in histrionic affairs when Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, and Young had left the stage, or were about to withdraw from the sphere of their labors, and when Miss O'Neil was on the eve of closing her brilliant and most successful career. His first appearance in the metropolis was in the character of Orestes, in the *Distressed Mother*. His reception was all that could be desired, and Kean, with his wonted liberality, applauded his talents. He soon assumed the Shakspearian characters, and his *Coriolanus*, *Richard the Third*, *Macbeth*, and his *Iago*, added vastly to his renown. The world, however, cannot always be devoted to Shakspeare ; novelty is sought, and

Macready presented a captivating example of it in his *Rob Roy*. He became the original representative of several of Sheridan Knowles' heroes, and his *Caius Gracchus* and *William Tell* gave still greater scope to his commanding powers. In 1826 he visited New York, and won the homage of the severest critics, by his personation of the master characters of Shakspeare, which he had enacted in London. Upon his return to the United States in 1849, he still further swelled the tide of public approbation by his *King Lear*, *William Tell*, and his *Richelieu*. The disasters which disgraced our metropolis, by the occurrence of the Astor Opera House riot, are still fresh in memory, and need not be dwelt upon. On that memorable occasion, Macready gave proofs abundant of his personal prowess and undaunted spirit. Mr. Macready has made three visits to the United States—in 1826, 1844, and 1849—and has been received at each visitation with an increased public approbation.

To analyze the wide range of the drama which the professional life of Macready embraced, would be presumptuous, and is not within our power ; we are, moreover, merely touching some of the leading incidents in the histrionic movements of this city, and are exempt from the obligations which an address to the Dramatic Association might impose. Mr. Macready is less of a comedian than tragedian,

but in this latter, the materials are ample to demonstrate that, in the maturity of his faculties, his efficiency justly placed him at the head of the English stage. He cannot be entirely classed with the exclusive followers of nature, though he borrowed largely from her resources ; and it would be unjust to his original powers to attribute his excellences to his adoption of the cold and formal school of actors. Hazlitt, a discriminating dramatic critic, pronounced him by far the best tragic actor that had come out, with the exception of Kean. But Mr. Macready has other and higher claims to our regard and esteem. He studied and enacted Shakspeare less for objects of pecuniary result than to bring out for increased admiration the matchless beauties and the deep philosophy of the great author in the purity of his own incomparable diction ; and he made corresponding efforts to eradicate the corruptions which annotators and playwrights have introduced. He loathed the clap-traps of sentiment with which the stage was so often burthened. He was restless with the commentators. The bloated reputation of Cibber's interpolations he decried, and felt anguish at the innovations of even Dryden and Massinger. They were obstacles to the true worship of Shakspeare, and he deemed it imperative that they be overcome. We should hold no parley, he said, with critics who could pilfer an absurdity, and then pro-

fanelly saddle it on Shakspeare. Assuredly he deserves all praise for his unceasing toil and his noble ambition.

Mr. Macready has been ever scrupulously careful about assuming a part in plays which tended to the exaltation of the baser passions, and the increase of licentiousness. The regularity of his own life added to the self-gratification he enjoyed from so scrupulous a line of conduct in his professional duty. Believing that a great ethical principle for the improvement of morals and the diffusion of knowledge resided in the stage, he, above all things, wished Shakspeare to be exhibited as he is, unencumbered with the trappings of other minds, and I have little doubt that in his happy retirement he finds solace in the conduct he adopted. Elegant letters occupy a portion of the leisure hours which Mr. Macready has at command since his withdrawal from theatrical toil, and the journals have recently noticed with commendation the efforts he is engaged in to enlarge the empire of thought and morals by promoting the establishment of public schools. He virtually, if recent reports be true, is at this present period a voluntary teacher of morals and science. His philanthropy has created a school for the rising generation, and even for maturer years, at his beautiful retreat, at Sherborne, in Dorsetshire. Whatever may have been the vicissitudes and trials which

have oppressed at times the course of his honorable life, he will assuredly find an adequate recompense in the benevolent and grateful pursuits which now absorb so largely his experienced intellect. His late lecture on poetry, and its influence on popular education, delivered before the British Athenæum, has been read by thousands with the strongest approval.

To these fragmentary observations on the drama and the players, I shall add a quotation from a judicious criticism on the edition of Shakspeare lately published, with numerous annotations, by the Rev. H. N. Hudson. Few will dissent from the closing remarks of the able writer. Mr. Gould observes: "We cannot forbear a passing remark on the disappearance of the theatrical representatives of Shakspeare, just at the point of time when his text, in its highest attainable purity, is restored to the world. Garrick, Kemble, Siddons, Cooke, Kean, and Macready, for the greater part of a century, practically expounded the language of the poet; and the genius of the actor, cooperating with the genius of the author, unfolded to five successive generations the living realities of Shakspeare's power. These six luminaries have now all passed away; Macready alone surviving to enjoy in retirement the homage due to his public talents and private virtues. The loss of these great actors is the more to be deplored, because

their art dies with them, and hence it is not strange that, with their professional exit, the drama itself should have declined. Shakspeare is immortal in the library ; but on the stage probably few men now living will see him resuscitated."

To this brief but impartial narrative of the histrionic art among us, I can add but little more at present. The past twenty or thirty years are indeed full of dramatic incident, and demand an ample page for illustration. Some one doubtless will appear in due season to record its triumphs and its defeats. Conway might justify some few lines ; a man of acknowledged powers, of high aspirations, and of close study, whose tuition in the once popular school of Kemble failed as a passport to entire success. Something more he found was wanting, and laboring in the complexities of various readings and orthoepy, his nervous temperament yielded to the mortification of defeat : finding himself undervalued, melancholy marked him as her own, and a fixed reserve and seclusion characterized his entire demeanor. His sensitive nature finally led him to self-destruction, by drowning himself in his passage by sea for Charleston. That remarkable woman in literary history, Mrs. Piozzi, in her eightieth year had addressed to him many letters touching affairs of the heart, which the sense of Conway must have deemed the offspring of dotage ; but after his

death an inquisitive public brought them to light. Conway was beyond the reach of medical skill when I became acquainted with him.

The career of Cooper, long signalized by success, would constitute a chapter in diversified life richly instructive. His laurels were withered by Cooke, but he achieved new honors in *William Tell*, *Virginus*, and other parts. Wood, in his interesting *Recollections of the Stage*, quotes the approbation bestowed on Cooper by Roscoe, the historian of Leo X. Cooper was an incessant reader of Schlegel, who, he said, was the only worthy commentator on Shakspeare. Booth, an eccentric, reckless, and unreliable man, who assumed a rivalry with the elder Kean, might be noted for his extravagant displays of dramatic power, and his final failure. He lacked judgment, he possessed genius. He, nevertheless, was held in admiration by many of the friends of the drama. Brief and imperfect as these sketches of the stage are, I cannot omit a record of the appearance of Clason on the New York boards in 1824. He enacted *Zanga* and *Hamlet* with artistic skill, ripe judgment, and effect. He early was drawn into a fondness for elegant literature; he read history profoundly; studied rhetoric, and had given instruction in the art of reading with great approbation. His genius was manifested in an eminent degree by his publication of two cantos of *Don*

Juan, the 17th and 18th, as a continuation by Lord Byron. In England he formed an acquaintance with Dibdin, the celebrated song writer, and for a while wrote for the periodical journals ; and having exhausted fortune and friends, terminated life by suffocation from charcoal, in 1830, at the age of about thirty-two years. " His fate," says Dr. Griswold, " is an unfavorable commentary on his character." We may more wonder that so great a libertine lived so long, than that so inconsiderate a man died so soon.

Other names of equal consideration might find a place in the modern history of theatrical affairs in New York. Philips and Incedon, in the melodramatic line ; Tyrone Power, the attractive comedian ; Horne, the vocalist. Excessive mobility of the nervous system characterized all these disciples of the musical world. The first of them is best remembered by his falsetto and his Eveleen's Bower ; Incedon, by the uncommon powers of his voice, his energetic and harmonious strains ; the ballad was his forte, and his Black-eyed Susan and the Storm, the proofs of his mastery in melody ; his part in the " Quaker " was his best acting. Power excelled in the Irish character, as did his great predecessor Johnstone ; he introduced the richest brogue, and was the soul of vivacity. The direful disaster, his loss in the steamship President, is still fresh in memory. Horn first evinced his

musical talent in New York, in the character of Caspar in *Der Freischutz*; he was a composer as well as a performer, and much of the popular song music of the past twenty years was of his coinage.

At the stated meeting of the venerable Society of Cincinnati, held 4th of July, 1842, at which Gen. Morgan Lewis, as President, officiated, then in the eighty-seventh year of his age, with Major Popham, soon after his successor in office, and several other revolutionary worthies, Horn was an invited guest. Like all other musical men whom I have known, and who have seen much of the world, I found him courteous, refined, and of agreeable address. He told us of the vast sums several of his musical compositions had brought him, sang several of his own melodies, and two or three of our continental ballads, concerning Gage and Cornwallis, to the delight of the old patriots. Horn died in Boston, a few years after, of pulmonary disorder.

For a series of years the manager of our Park Theatre, Price, strove hard by liberal pecuniary proffers to secure the appearance of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons on our boards. The insuperable difficulty was the dread of an Atlantic voyage. It would appear these renowned performers could never overcome their apprehensions of danger from such an undertaking. Price often regretted the disappointment, and he had friends enough to

unite in sympathy with him. Yet after the lapse of a generation the gratifying intelligence was announced that Charles Kemble and his accomplished daughter, Miss Fanny Kemble, had reached our shores. This was in 1831. The reputation of the father had long been established ; his comic and his tragic abilities were matters of record in dramatic annals ; his Charles Surface, his Mirabel, his Edgar, his Pierre, and his Falconbridge, were the parts that won him his brightest laurels ; and his other achievements were crowned by his Hamlet. His daughter, Fanny, enlisted the warmest plaudits, and soon increased admiration by every new display of histrionic talent. She assumed tragic and comic parts, and demonstrated that she was fairly entitled to her hereditary honors.

Dismissing further remarks on this gifted lady's stage-acting, I shall add a few words on her readings. As the last representative of this remarkable family now among us, Mrs. Kemble, since her retirement from the stage, has again and again delighted intellectual audiences in our principal cities by Shakspearian readings. She possesses in an eminent degree the physical superiority and the mental force of her kindred. Her voice is of great compass, singularly flexible, and capable of every tone of emotional significance ; we have the ringing laugh of Beatrice, when Benedick offers himself, and the heart-rending cry of Macduff, " he

has no children ;” the change of her voice is almost ventriloquism. She possesses a rare sympathetic intelligence whereby she is able to illustrate the feeling and the sentiment of Shakspeare, and the secret of her wondrous elocutionary success is apparent. She adapts her voice, expression of countenance, gesture and manner, to the respective parts in each drama, and this with an artistic skill and earnest feeling which charm the auditor. She comprehends the true depths of inspiration, feels what she acts and acts what she feels ; now the gentle, innocent Olivia, now the dissimulating fiend Lady Macbeth ; when listening you forget that *one* is reading, you see and hear all ; so sudden is her transition in dialogue—so rapid the change of every expression. Night after night to crowded audiences, she thus gave us the highest pleasure without the artificial illusions of the stage in its palmy days. In comic dialogue and in impassioned soliloquy she seems inspired, and revives the richest memories of those histrionic triumphs which have made for ever celebrated the names of her illustrious aunt and classic father.

Were my individual feelings to be consulted, I would fain dwell at some length on the introduction of the Garcia Italian opera *troupe* in this city as an historical occurrence in intellectual progress of permanent interest. It was destined to create new feelings, to awaken new sentiments in the cir-

cle of refined and social life, and its mission I believe is accomplished. The opera, whatever may be the disputes touching its origin, was known to be the offspring of genius. It had universal approval as an exalted mental recreation to recommend it ; its novelty here secured prompt attention to its claims, and its *troupe* of artists who honored us with their *entrée* were considered the recognized professors of the highest order in the art. It captivated the eye, it charmed the ear, it awakened the profoundest emotions of the heart. It paralyzed all further eulogiums on the casual song-singing heretofore interspersed in the English comedy, and rendered the popular airs of the drama, which had possession of the feelings, the lifeless materials of childish ignorance. Something, perhaps, was to be ascribed to fashionable emotion, for this immediate popular ascendancy. For this advantageous accession to the resources of mental gratification, we were indebted to the taste and refinement of Dominick Lynch, the liberality of the manager of the Park Theatre, Stephen Price, and the distinguished reputation of the Venetian, Lorenzo Da Ponte. Lynch, a native of New York, was the acknowledged head of the fashionable and festive board, a gentleman of the ton, and a melodist of great powers and of exquisite taste ; he had long striven to enhance the character of our music ; he was the master of English song, but he

felt, from his close cultivation of music and his knowledge of the genius of his countrymen, that much was wanting, and that more could be accomplished, and he sought out, while in Europe, an Italian *troupe*, which his persuasive eloquence and the liberal spirit of Price led to embark for our shores, where they arrived in November, 1825. The old Italian poet and composer of the libretto of *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*, the associate of Mozart, was here in this city to greet them, and on the night of 29th of October, 1825, at the Park Theatre, we listened to *Il Barbière de Seviglie* of the matchless Rossini.

More was realized by the immense multitude who filled the house than had been anticipated, and the opera ended with an universal shout of *bravo, bravissimo*. The city reverberated the acclamations. The indomitable energy of Garcia, aided by his melodious strains and his exhaustless powers, the bewitching talents of his daughter, the Signorina Garcia, with her artistic faculties as an actress, and her flights of inspirations, the novelty of her conception, and her captivating person, proved that a galaxy of genius in a novel vocation unknown to the New World, demanded now its patronage. To these primary personages, as making up the roll, were added Angrisani, whose bass seemed as the peal of the noted organ at Haerlem ; Rosich, a buffo of great resources ;

Crevelli, a promising *debutante* ; the younger Garcia, with Signora Garcia, and Madame Barbieri with her capacious tenor, constituting a musical phalanx which neither London nor Paris could surpass, nay, at that time could not equal. From the moment that first night's entertainment closed, I looked upon the songs of Phillips (which had made Coleman, the editor, music-mad), the melodies of Moore, and even the ballads of Scotland, as shorn of their popularity, and even now I think myself not much in error in holding to the same opinion. The Italian opera is an elaboration of many thoughts, of intelligence extensive and various ; while it assimilates itself by its harmonious construction and entirety, it becomes effective by external impression and rational combination. It blends instruction with delight ; if it does not make heroes, it at least leads captive the noblest attributes of humanity ; and had a larger forethought and wiser government watched over its destinies, it might still exist in its attractive displays as a permanent institution in this enlightened and liberal metropolis.

I must add a few words on that great Maestro, Garcia. It is true that his vast reputation is secured for the future by his biographer ; he was a successful teacher, a composer of many operas, and his merits as a performer are fresh in the recollections of the operatic world ; but it is sometimes

profitable to cast a backward glance over what we have lost. He was a native of Seville, reared in Spanish music, and in fulfilling his part in that rôle with enthusiasm, was summoned in 1809 to Paris, where he was the first Spanish musician that appeared in that capital. Garat, on hearing him, exclaimed, "The Andalusian purity of the man makes me all alive." Prince Murat chose him as first tenor of his own chapel in 1812, at Naples. Catalane obtained him for her first tenor, 1816, in Paris. Here Rossini saw him, and arranged affairs so that he appeared in the Barber of Seville, of which he was the original representative. He visited England in 1817, where his wonderful powers were still higher extolled, from his Othello and his Don Juan. In Paris our New York friend Lynch found him, and proffered inducements for him to visit America. Here his combined qualities as singer and actor, have never been equalled ; his Othello, for force, just discrimination, and expression, astounding the beholder, and filling the house with raptures. His career in Mexico followed ; and sad to relate, while on his return to Vera Cruz, he was beset by banditti, stripped of his clothing, and plundered of his 1000 oz. of gold (about \$17,000 of our money), the results of his severe earnings : penniless he finally reached Paris, to resume his professional labors. His spirits failed him not, but his musical

powers were on the wane, and being the first to detect the decline of his great talents, and too honest to pass a counterfeit *note*, he left the operatic boards and died in 1836, aged fifty-eight.

From the sixth year of his age, and through life, Garcia was the arbiter of his own fortunes. He may be pronounced the restorer of Mozart and the promulgator of Rossini's matchless works. His daughter, afterwards Madame Malibran, eclipsed even the talents of her father; and her abilities are still a popular topic of conversation. She had the rare gift of possessing the contralto and the soprano. Her ardor, both as actress and as singer, exhibited almost a frantic enthusiasm. Animated by the lofty consciousness of genius, the novelty of her conceptions, her vivid pictures, her inexhaustible spirits, had never been equalled by any predecessor in her calling. She had no Farinelli for an instructor, but the tremendous energy, not to say severity of her father, brought out the faculties of her voice to the wonder of all who heard her. She may be said to have been consumed by the fire of her own genius. Her "Una Voce" and other airs reached the highest point of instrumentation, according to the opinion of the most astute judges. She has been followed by no imitator, because none could approach her. Recently with Alboni and Jenny Lind we have had a partial echo of her. Perhaps her ravishing person

served to swell the tide of public approbation of her ravishing voice. She enchained eyes and ears. Her earlier (not her earliest) efforts were first appreciated at the Park Theatre, and the predictions there uttered of her ultimate victories, were fully verified on her return to England. So far American appreciation did honor to the then state of musical culture with the New Yorkers.

In my medical capacity I became well acquainted with the Garcia troupe ; they possessed good constitutions and took little physic ; but what I would aim at in the few remarks I have yet to make is, to show that those who are not artists little know the toil demanded for eminent success in the musical world. Some twelve or sixteen hours' daily labor may secure a medical man from want in this city of great expenses and moderate fees ; more than that time may earnestly be devoted for many years to secure the fame of a great opera singer. It seemed to me that the troupe were never idle. They had not crossed the Atlantic twenty-four hours ere they were at their notes and their instruments, and when we add their public labors at the theatre, more than half of the twenty-four hours was consumed in their pursuit. A President of the United States or a Lord Chancellor methinks might be easier reared than a Malibran. I dismiss all allusion to nature's gifts and peculiar aptitudes. It is assumed that

brains are demanded in all intellectual business. The simplicity of life, and the prescribed temperance of these musical people, was another lesson taught me. How many things are attended to lest the voice may suffer. A taste of claret, a glass of lemonade, eau sucrée, were all the drinks tolerated, and scarcely a particle of animal food until the opera was over, when, at midnight, a comfortable supper refreshed their exhausted spirits and gave repose to their limbs. The youth who aims at distinction in physic, in law, or in divinity, and who is at all cursed with indolence, might profit by studying the lives of these masters in song, as the naturalist philosophizes with the habits of the bee.

Many of this assembly, and particularly the ladies who now grace this audience, must well remember their old teacher, Signor Lorenzo Da Ponte, so long a professor of Italian literature in Columbia College, the stately nonogenarian whose white locks so richly ornamented his classical front and his graceful and elegant person. He falls within the compass of this imperfect address from his "lonely conspicuity," for the taste he cherished, and the industry he displayed in the cultivation of Italian letters; more than two thousand scholars having been initiated in the language of Italy by him, and he is still more intervoven with our theme by his enthusiastic efforts to establish the

Italian opera with us. He was upwards of sixty years of age upon his arrival in America, but enjoyed sturdy manhood. His credentials to consideration challenged the esteem of the philosopher, the poet, and the man of letters. His long and eventful life deserves an ample record. His own Memoirs in part supply our wants, and the sketch of his life by one of the members of our Historical Society, Samuel Ward, is a grateful tribute to his character, from the pen of an accomplished scholar and competent judge of his peculiar merits. I enjoyed the acquaintance of Da Ponte some twenty years. Kelly, in his reminiscences, has given us some idea of his early personal appearance and his fanciful costume at the London opera. But his glory and inward consolation had not been attained until the Garcia troupe triumphed at New York, as erst at Vienna, in Don Giovanni. The language of Italy and her music were deeply-rooted in his heart.

A fair estimate may be formed of the great extent and variety of Da Ponte's knowledge, of his deep devotion to the mental capacity of Italy, his adoration of her language, and his laudations of her mighty authors ; the strength, the copiousness and the sweetness of her language, and the fertility and special excellence of her divine music, by a perusal of his elaborate pamphlet which he published in New York in 1821, entitled *Sull'*

Italia. Discorso Apologetico in risposta alla lettera dell' avvocato Carlo Phillips. I was of the audience when Da Ponte delivered this Discourse in English before a large assemblage, with all the earnestness and animation of a great speaker. The work itself took its origin from the aspersions cast upon the Italian character by the British press, at the time when the English papers were filled with the details of the alleged corrupt conduct of Caroline, the queen consort of George the Fourth, and of the Italian witnesses. The copious stores of Da Ponte's reading can be estimated by a perusal of this vindication of his country and his countrymen. In reference to his native tongue he thus speaks : " With her good fortune, Italy for five hundred years has preserved her charming language. That language which, from its united sweetness, delicacy, force, and richness, compares with every ancient language, and surpasses every modern tongue ; which equals in sublimity the Greek, the Latin in magnificence, in grandeur and conciseness the Hebrew, the German in boldness, in majesty the Spanish, and the English in energy. That language in fine, which Providence bestowed on the Italians, because so perfectly adapted in its almost supernatural harmoniousness to the delicacy of their organs and perceptions, to the vivacity of their minds, and to the complexion of their ideas and sentiments, and which was formed

so justly to illustrate their character." This pamphlet by Da Ponte is well worth an attentive perusal at the present day, and is not to be classed among ephemeral productions.

It was a day of lofty thought for the old patriarch, says his American biographer, when came among us Garcia with his lovely daughter, then in the morning of her renown ; Rosich, the inimitable buffo ; Angrisani with his tomb note, and Madame Barbieri, all led by our lamented *Almaviva*.* I must refer to the able articles on the introduction of the opera, written by a philosophical critic in the *New York Review* and *Athenaeum Magazine* for December, 1825. They constitute a record of the social progress of this city that cannot be overlooked. Da Ponte died in New York in August, 1838, at ninety years. His remains were followed to the grave by many of our most distinguished citizens, among whom were the venerable Clement C. Moore, the Hon. G. C. Verplanck, Pietro Maroncelli, the fellow-prisoner of Sylvio Pellico, and his physician, &c. That his long life created no wasting infirmity of mind, was shown in a striking manner by his publication of a portion of the poet Hillhouse's *Hadad*, not long before his final illness, and which he beautifully rendered in Italian with scholastic fidelity. The

* Dominick Lynch, Esq.

day before his death he honored me with a series of verses in his native tongue, partly I concluded, in token of gratitude, and partly to evince to his friends, that though speech had nigh left him his mind was still entire. He died firm in the Catholic faith, and was buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery, Second Avenue.

Mr. Ward, his American biographer, in his sketch has thus pictorially described the last hours of the venerable Da Ponte. "The closing thirty years of an existence, so rife with incident and adventure, terminated in this city at nine o'clock on Friday evening, the seventeenth day of August, 1838, just three months after the decease of Prince Talleyrand, whom he preceded five years upon the stage of life. Like that illustrious statesman, he died in the Catholic faith, of which he had for some time past been a zealous promoter.

"Two days previous to this event his sick chamber presented an interesting spectacle. Doctor J. W. Francis, his friend and kind physician since the old operatic days, and to whom the aged poet had in gratitude addressed a parting ode on the day preceding, perceiving symptoms of approaching dissolution, notified his numerous friends of the change in the venerable patient. It was one of those afternoons of waning summer, when the mellow sunset foretells approaching autumn. The old poet's magnificent head lay upon a sea of

pillows, and the conscious eye still shed its beams of regard upon all around him. Besides several of his countrymen, were assembled some remnants of the old Italian troupe, who knelt for a farewell blessing around the pallet of their expiring bard ; among them might be seen the fine head of Fornasari and Signor Bagioli's benevolent countenance. All wept as the patriarch bade them an affectionate and earnest farewell, and implored a blessing on their common country. The doctor, watching the flickerings of the life-torch, stood at the head of the couch, and a group of fearful women at the foot, completed a scene not unlike the portraiture we have all seen of the last hours of Napoleon."

Vicissitudes had made Da Ponte a great observer of life ; his intimate associations with Mozart, the countenance and encouragement he received from Joseph II., his acquaintance with Metastasio, the lyric poet and writer of operas and dramas in Italy, are prominent among the events of his earlier career, at which time he established his reputation as a melo-dramatist.

The opportunities which presented themselves to me of obtaining circumstantial facts concerning Mozart from the personal knowledge of Da Ponte, were not so frequent as desirable, but the incidents which Da Ponte gave were all of a most agreeable character. His accounts strengthened the

reports of the ardent, nay, almost impetuous energy and industry of Mozart ; his promptness in decision, and his adventurous intellect. The story of Don Juan had indeed become familiar in a thousand ways ; Mozart determined to cast the opera exclusively as serious, and had well advanced in the work. Da Ponte assured me, that he remonstrated and urged the expediency on the great composer of the introduction of the *vis comica*, in order to accomplish a greater success, and prepared the rôle with *Batti, batti, Là ci darem, &c.* How far he influenced Mozart in the composition, *Nozze de Figaro*, I am unprepared to say ; but the Libretto of these two works, from the testimony of the best judges, enhanced the renown already widely recognized of Da Ponte as a dominant genius in his profession, enabling melody to possess its fullest expression in facile language, and with delicacy, simplicity, and exquisite tenderness.

It will ever remain a difficulty to know why so long a time elapsed ere those master works, *Don Giovanni* and *Nozze de Figaro*, were introduced to the admiration of the English public. National prejudice had indeed its influence, and the legitimate drama was disposed to ward off an opponent whose powers when once understood were sure to rival, in due season, all that the dramatic world could summon in its own behalf. Dr. Arne had, almost a century before, given a foretaste of the

Italian style in his music to Tom Thumb ; and his celebrated opera of Artaxerxes, about 1760, had gained the author a vast accession of fame, and had delighted the British nation ; yet Mozart's Don Giovanni only saw the light of the stage in London, in 1817. The mock-bravuras and the travesties of Cherry, the patriotic songs of Dibdin in the times of England's great struggle, &c., may perhaps be considered as among the causes which retarded the day when the national taste was to be refined by this pure source of intellectual pleasure. Such, I think, was in part Da Ponte's views ; but he was never very ardent in his praises of the English as a musical people. Yet it is to be conceded, that a foretaste of that gratification which followed the advent of Rossini, had been enjoyed in the vocal displays of Storace, Billington, and John Braham.

It was easy to perceive, after a short interview with Da Ponte, that his capacious intellect was filled with bookish wisdom. He had recitals at command for the diversity of society in which he chanced to be. He loved his beautiful Italy, and was prolific in praise of her authors. He extolled Caldani and Scarpa, and had many charming stories concerning the great illustrator of sound and morbid anatomy, Morgagni. Da Ponte attended the last course of instruction imparted by that pre-eminent philosopher, who had then been

professor some sixty years. On that memorable occasion, when Morgagni was to meet his class for the last time, he summoned his *cara sposa*, Signora Morgagni, a lady of noble family, and his surviving children, some ten out of fifteen whom she had blessed him with, and forming with them a group around his person, he pronounced a benediction on the University and on his class, and then appealed to his venerable wife for the fidelity of his domestic life, and to his children as the tokens of her love and affection. He was now in his ninetieth year. Da Ponte said he was never more in earnest, never more powerful, never more eloquent. Padua then lost the brightest teacher of anatomical knowledge the world possessed, and the University a name in its possession high above all others, which commanded the admiration of the cultivators of real science wherever the dignity and utility of medicine were appreciated. I am aware I have trespassed beyond my proper limits in this notice, but it was difficult to do otherwise. Perhaps at this very day, casting a look over the many schools of medicine established in this land, there is not an individual oftener mentioned in the courses of practical instruction, on certain branches, than Morgagni, though now dead more than two generations. I wished to draw a moral from the story, cheering to the devoted student in his severe toils to qualify him for medical responsibility.

Morgagni, besides great professional acquisitions, was a master of elegant literature, an antiquarian of research, a proficient in historical lore. The learned associations of every order in Europe enrolled him as a member. His numerous writings, full of original discoveries, are compressed in five huge folios, and are consulted as a treasury of established facts on a thousand subjects. To his responsible duties, involving life and death, he superadded for more than sixty years his university teachings, and died at ninety with his mental faculties entire. How was the miracle wrought? In the presence of herculean labors, if *ennui* ever dared to approach, an Italian lyric of Metastasio was all-sufficient for relief. By proper frugality he secured property; by a regular life he preserved health; by system and devotion he secured his immortal renown.

Thus much may suffice as a historical record of the introduction of the Italian opera in New York, and, consequently, in the United States. Let the undisputed honor belong to this city. It needs no prophetic vision to foresee that time will strengthen its power, culture render it more and more popular, and that its destiny is fixed among the noblest of the Fine Arts among us. It might add pleasure on this occasion, did time allow, to state particulars concerning the several opera companies which have favored us with their presence

and their skill since the Garcia period ; the Pedrotti company, that of Montessor, with Fornasari, and the memorable displays of Sontag, Caradori Allen, Grisi and Alboni : the triumphs and career of Ole Bull and of Jenny Lind would also enrich a narrative of such transactions with the liveliest incidents in proof of the liberality of the patrons of this intellectual and refining recreation in our metropolis.

That cultivated gentleman and scholar, Robert Winthrop, in his Address, lately delivered at the opening of the grand musical festival at the Music Hall, has assigned to Boston the execution of the first oratorio in this country, and his researches are curious and instructive in the history of music. It would seem, from his antiquarian details, that the most memorable concert was given at King's Chapel, on the 27th of October, 1789, on occasion of the visit of George Washington to Boston as the first President of the United States. Like a philosopher of true sentiment, Mr. Winthrop, among many felicitous observations, remarks, " What a continued and crowded record does the history of the world's great heart present of the noble sympathies which have been stirred, of the heroic impulses which have been awakened, of the devotional fires which have been kindled, of the love of God and love to man, and love of country, to which animation and utterance have been given

by the magic power of music." This seems to me the true feeling of a man properly indoctrinated. I have heard language of like import proceed from the lips of John Quincy Adams ; and Carlyle has said that music is the speech of angels, and that nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine.

I pass on to say a few words in relation to the progress among us of another branch of what is strictly denominated the Fine Arts and the Arts of Design. Admonished by the critical observations of Sir Arthur Martin Shee, that there is, perhaps, no topic so unmanageable as that of the arts in the hands of those who bring to its discussion only the superficial acquirements of amateur taste, I shall exercise a wise prudence in my limited notice of the subject. Antiquarian research will in vain find any proofs of the Fine Arts existing in this city ere the lapse of more than a century from its first settlement, and then the evidences of any thing like an approach towards their encouragement are hardly worth the notice. Our sedate and conservative Dutch ancestors were content with the architectural displays of the old-fashioned gable brick residence, the glazed tile roof, and the artificial china square plate, enriched with grotesque illustrations of dykes and wind-mills, and the prodigal son, as ornaments for the ample mantel and fire-jams. I

have not forgotten the ten commandments thus illustrated as decorations of the fireplace in the humble suburban dwelling near the head of Pearl street, where I passed my earlier days, at that period of childhood when I studied with overflowing tears the mournful story of Cock Robin. Of the architecture of their churches or houses of worship, I have nothing now to say—the trespass would be too great.

About a century ago might be found, scattered here and there, as household decorations, portraits by Smybert, Copley, Pine, and old Charles W. Peale, of blessed memory, and still later, several by West, and many by Stuart. Our Jarvis, Inman, and Dunlap, are of quite a recent date. I have seen the portraits of the Hunters of Rhode Island, by Smybert; and the Washington by Pine, in the possession of the late Henry Brevoort. Smybert, considering the state of the arts at that time, possessed more than ordinary merit; and Pine, of whom I have often heard Pintard speak, has secured a peculiar reputation for fidelity in portraiture and excellence in coloring. In speaking of Smybert, our associate member, the venerable Verplanck remarks, that “he was not an artist of the first rank, for the arts were then at a very low ebb in England, but the best portraits which we have of the eminent magistrates and divines of New England and New York, who

lived between 1725 and 1751, are from his pencil." Trumbull calls Smybert "the patriarch of painting in America." Smybert was by birth a Scotchman. "He was the first educated artist who visited our shores," says Mr. Tuckerman. To his pencil New England is indebted for portraits of many of her early statesmen and clergy. Among others, he painted for a Scotch gentleman the only authentic likeness of Jonathan Edwards.* It was the extreme value at which Pintard estimated the productions of Pine, that led him to search so earnestly for the lost portraits of the Colden family by that artist, which you have in your gallery, and we have lately seen the value of his Garrick, from a perusal of Verplanck's interesting letter on the subject, published in the "Crayon," a periodical under the editorship of the great artist, Durand. The well-preserved portrait of Dr. Ogilvie, of Trinity Church, and now in their collection, is, I believe, by Pine. We have, therefore, evidences of his great merits to be seen in many places. Pintard represented to me that Pine was a little fellow, active, assiduous, and ambitious to excel. He had received great countenance from the family of the Hopkinsons, of Philadelphia.

We find no statue at this early date as ornamental to our city, if we except that of the elder

* Essays, Biographical and Critical; or, Studies of Character. By Henry T. Tuckerman. Boston: 8vo. 1857.

Pitt, which stood at the junction of Wall and William streets, and the leaden figure of George III., in the Bowling Green, both destroyed by popular violence in the incipient troubles of the Revolution.

An approach to a loftier encouragement of the Fine Arts was manifested by our civil authorities in the selection of the great American historical artist, the late Col. Trumbull, who was employed to execute, in 1790, the two life-sized paintings of Washington and of George Clinton, the revolutionary general. If we except the *Sortie of Gibraltar*, by the same artist, they may be pronounced emphatically the great works of this distinguished painter. I have often heard the richest praises bestowed on these artistic productions, for their remarkable fidelity to the originals, by our old patriots, who frequently honored them with a visit, and who personally were well acquainted with the subjects. I can easily imagine the feelings which glowed in the breast of this long-trying patriot and associate of the men of the revolutionary crisis when occupied with these celebrated paintings, and how the workings of the soul prompted every effort to secure satisfaction in the result. Our faithful Lossing's remarks on this work of Trumbull correspond with what I have again and again heard uttered by the men of '76. During his whole life Trumbull seems to have

been controlled by the highest motives of patriotism in order to perpetuate the historical occurrences of his native country ; to secure for posterity faithful and characteristic likenesses of our American heroes and statesmen, seems to have been the ultimate desire of his heart, regardless of labor or expense. Great, indeed, would have been our misfortune deprived of his pictorial delineations of revolutionary times, and the graphic exhibitions of his prolific pencil of the men of the Eight Years' War.

This accomplished scholar, enlightened and unswerving patriot, eminent artist and delineator of American history, closed his honorable career in New York, in 1843, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He was conspicuous among the old school gentlemen then among us. A few days before his death he accepted the presidency of the Washington Monument Association, recently organized in this city. He readily gave his countenance to the work. I attended him in his last illness, in consultation with his excellent physician, the late Dr. Washington, and it is curious to remark that the last word he distinctly uttered, on his dying bed, was Washington, referring to the father of his country, a name often on his lips.

It hardly falls within my design to enlarge in this place on the character and services of Col. Trumbull. The Reminiscences which he pub-

lished give us the events most prominent in his career. A genuine love of country, a noble devotion to her interest in times of deep adversity, a patriotic ardor which led him, in season and out of season, amidst almost insuperable difficulties and perils, to rescue the fleeting and precious materials which might give additional interest to her annals, entitle him to the admiration of all future time. We already see that the lapse of each successive day gives increased value to his labors for the student of American history.

The arrival from Europe of that consummate genius, Gilbert Stuart, and his settlement in New York, in 1793, constitute another era in the progress of the Fine Arts among us. This remarkable man soon found his talents appreciated and called in requisition, and crowds of sitters delighted with his artistic abilities. Many of his portraits of that period are of special value, and may still be found in the residences of our older families in this city. Stuart remained but a short while with us, yet that brief time was propitious to the arts. He had left the old world prompted by a noble impulse, and his desire to paint Washington was so great as to cause him to leave for Philadelphia to gratify his feelings, and it is, perhaps, not saying too much, that vast as is the inherent glory which encircles the name of the spotless patriot, the merits of that standard and

unrivalled portrait by Stuart, have augmented even the renown of the founder of the Republic.

The arts of design were promoted by the assiduous labors of Rembrandt Peale, a devoted scholar and an artist of wide repute, whose Court of Death is among the trophies of the pencil ; and by Sharpless, of New York, whom I became well acquainted with in his after life. His likenesses, in crayon, won general commendation, and justice to his memory demands that he be placed in the foremost ranks of successful portrait-painters. The same remarks will honestly apply to Alexander Robertson.

In sculpture, at and about this time, Houdon and Caracci gave proofs of their mastery in their professional line.

Such was the platform on which the Fine Arts rested, when a number of the friends of liberal culture and elegant pursuits contemplated the organization of the first association in this city, under the name of the New York Academy of Fine Arts, in 1801. In 1808 it received the act of incorporation under the name of the American Academy of Fine Arts, and Chancellor Livingston was chosen President ; Col. John Trumbull, Vice President ; Dewitt Clinton, David Hosack, John R. Murray, William Cutting, and Charles Wilkes, directors. If we add the names of C. D. Colden, Edward Livingston, and Robert Fulton,

we include in this enumeration the leading New Yorkers who, for years, were liberal in their patronage to promote the undertaking. Through the instrumentality of the American minister at the court of France, Napoleon presented to the institution many valuable busts, antique statues, and rare prints. I can dwell but a moment longer on the fortunes of this Academy. After several years of trial and neglect it was revived in 1816. Certain paintings of West, which for a time were added to its collections through the kindness of Robert Fulton, with the Ariadne of Vanderlyn, and other results of the easel of that distinguished artist, sustained it for a few years longer from dissolution, while the several addresses of Clinton, Hosack, and Trumbull, gave it for a season additional popularity. At this particular crisis in the Academy, a measure long contemplated was attempted to be carried into effect, viz., the organization of a School of Instruction, by lectures, models, and by anatomical illustrations. The distinction was conferred on me of professor of the Anatomy of Painting; and although miserably deficient in the great requisites demanded in a successful teacher of so refined a study, I was not wholly ignorant of what William Hunter and John Sheldon and Charles Bell had done, and I commenced preparations under the guidance of Col. Trumbull; but within a very short time the

straightened condition of the Academy put a period to all plans cherished to protect its duration and increase its usefulness. With the downfall of the American Academy, the National Academy of Design took its rise about 1828. S. F. B. Morse, he who has recently become so famous by his invention of the electric telegraph, was elected President, and the constitutional provisions of this association being far more acceptable to the feelings and views of a large majority of the artists than the old Academy favored, it has proved an eminently successful corporation, and has aided in numerous ways the promotion of its specified objects, the Arts of Design. The plan of Anatomical Lectures was now carried into effect, and Morse, and Dr. F. G. King, gave instruction to numerous scholars for a succession of years. The devotion given to this institution by Thomas S. Cummings, in the instruction he for a series of years has imparted to students of art in the life and antique school, has also proved a constant source of gratification and improvement to the pupil in this elegant pursuit.

He who is solicitous to study historically the subject of the Fine Arts in this city, and to know their progress in other cities of the Union, will consult the work of William Dunlap, a writer of patient research, and abating the influence of occasional prejudice, a reliable authority. And could

I, like Sir Walter Raleigh, compress the history of the world in a volume, I should record many things more amply, and be willing to take an extended notice of the Apollo Association, which, some time after its formation, merged into the American Art Union, and which for a series of years exerted a wholesome influence in the diffusion of an improved taste, which was no less conducive to the fiscal advantage of those ingenious men most interested in the popularity of their important calling. The enlarged views and public spirit of James Herring in this goodly undertaking, ought not to be passed over ; his labor and talents united with Longacre, and appropriated to the Biography of Distinguished Americans, accomplished much for the arts and for national history.

If it be asked, have the Fine Arts, during the incorporation of our Historical Society, advanced in this city under the countenance of these several institutions, it may be safely responded to in the affirmative. Great and distinctive as may have been the individual merits of many adepts, such as Allston, Vanderlyn, Peale, Durand, Cole, Waldo, Jarvis, Inman, Mount, Stearns, and others, by association a still greater power was wielded and successfully carried into operation in behalf of this branch of refined knowledge.

It is not to be concealed that some of our artists pursue their calling chiefly to secure a live-

lihood, yet there are many others who cherish a higher ideal ; imbued with the greatest earnestness, patience, and faith, they have striven to comprehend the secrets of nature and achieve more than a temporary fame, the consciousness of original research and inspiration. In the enumeration of this class of painters, I would place A. H. Wenzler, so familiarly known by his unrivalled miniatures. For years his studies have been directed to the philosophy of colors. I borrow in part the language of a classical writer on art, who appears to comprehend the subject. "Mr Wenzler has been convinced," (says this acute writer,) "that the illusion of distance, so requisite to landscape-painting, is not to be realized by perspective lines, but by the gradation of tints so obvious to nature. In order to demonstrate this, he has merely depicted in rough the material objects of a landscape—trees, rocks, a stream, a church, and a meadow, and over the whole, including a range of hills in the background, thrown these naturally graduated tints, from the prismatic rays in the immediate vicinity of the sun, to the cool light of the distant earth : the effect is exactly like nature ; you imagine yourself gazing through an open window upon an actual scene ; the distances throughout the picture are so natural that we feel, for the first time in art, an harmonious and complete aerial perspective. It opens a new sphere of artis-

tic truth, and vindicates a hitherto unacknowledged law ; it embodies in theory what Turner aimed at." An accomplished writer on the state of art in the United States, Dr. Bethune, in Putnam's Home Book of the Picturesque, in adverting to the hindrances which have operated on the progress of the Fine Arts in the early condition of America, has beautifully and truthfully expressed himself in these words : " Under the pressure of cares and struggles and urgent anxieties, there would be neither time nor desire for the cultivation of these elegant pursuits, which are the luxury of leisure, the decoration of wealth, and the charms of refinement. The Puritans and the Presbyterians together, the most influential, were not favorable to the fine arts, and the Quakers abjured them. Men living in log cabins and busied all day in fields, workshop or warehouse, and liable to attacks by savage enemies at any moment, were indisposed to seek after or encourage what was not immediately useful. Their hard-earned and precarious gains would not justify the indulgence. There were few, or rather no specimens of artistic skill among them to awaken taste or imitation. It is, therefore, little to be wondered at if they did not show an appreciation of art proportionate to their advance in other moral respects, or that they waited until they had secured a substantial prosperity before they ventured to gratify themselves

with the beautiful. The brilliant examples of West and Copley, with some others of inferior note, showed the presence of genius, but those artists found abroad the encouragement and instruction not attainable at home, thus depriving their country of all share in their fame, except the credit of having given them birth."

I incline strongly to the opinion that our country is destined to great distinction in the arts of design, as she is already acknowledged to excel in many of the most prominent and important of the mechanical arts. There is a genius throughout the land developing itself in these elevated pursuits. In steam navigation what has she not accomplished since the mighty innovation of Fulton? in naval architecture where has she a rival? Where shall I find room for an enumeration of her thousand discoveries and improvements (not notions) in mechanics, in the arts of husbandry, in that art of arts, printing, and in the lightning press of Hoe? In sculpture she presents a Greenough, a Powers, a Frazee, a Clavenger, a Brown, and her wondrous Crawford, a native of this city. In painting, how rarely have happier displays of genius been furnished in modern time, than are given us by Durand, Weir, Elliot, Huntington, Bogle, Hicks, Stagg, and Church. Had we room we might feel ourselves ennobled in contemplating the individual triumphs and merits of the devoted

disciples of the fine arts our country has produced.

An undertaking of this nature, though not imperative, would lead to reflections cheering to our feelings, and gratifying in even a national point of view. We have noted that the original Academy of Arts, through fiscal embarrassments and other causes, terminated its career—the once popular Art-Union, to the regret of many, no longer exists, and the pioneers in New York artistic fame, Vanderlyn, Jarvis, Inman, and others are no more,—while Morse has left painting to acquire lasting renown in science, there are signs of the times which indicate that this metropolis has steadily advanced, and our country made decisive progress, both in facilities for the student and in the fame of the votaries of art. Let me recall to your minds the fact, that at this moment there are open in our city adequate galleries of painting representative of each great school, the Italian, French, English, and German; that the enterprise of a Bryan, and a Boker, have brought home to us the “old masters,” and the finest modern painters of the Rhine; that the munificent patronage of a Lenox, a Belmont, a Cozzens, a Sturges, and a Leupp, has garnered up some of the choicest specimens of European and native art to adorn the private mansions of New York. Our Historical Society has also added a permanent

gallery to its library. More than one English nobleman has given Kensett an order for his graphic American scenes ; Ruskin, the famous art-critic, is, we are told, a frequent visitor of Cropsey, at his studio at Kensington ; the name of Page is honored at Rome as that of the first portrait-painter of the Eternal City ; Cole's " Voyage of Life " has afforded a series of the choicest modern engravings, as popular as they are poetical ; Church's Niagara was a theme of universal admiration in London ; Leutze stands high among the Dusseldorf painters ; a constant throng surrounded Powers' Greek Slave at the World's Fair in the original Crystal Palace ; at Munich, Crawford's Washington was pronounced by all, from the King of Bavaria to the oldest artist, the noblest equestrian statue of the age, and now that death has canonized his fame, it is allowed that no sculptor of his years ever accomplished so much and so well ; Palmer, a son of your own State, has made ideal heads in marble of the most exquisite and original beauty ;* Durand, it has been truly said, expresses on canvas the sentiment of the picturesque, in the same spirit as Bryant in verse ; Darley's " Illustrations of Margaret " have been pronounced by competent foreign critics as the best Outline, for expression, grace, and signifi-

* For an account of this self-taught artist, see " the Sculptor of Albany " in Putnam's Monthly.

cance, since those of Retzch ; Elliot paints venerable heads with much of the vigor and freshness of color for which Stuart was remarkable ; Chapman's Drawing Book is the most scientific and practically valuable treatise of the kind yet published ; and for a memoir of Allston's life and labors, hitherto better appreciated abroad than at home, let me refer you to the New American Encyclopædia. One of our merchants has lately erected a costly edifice here expressly for studios, and a prosperous citizen of New Jersey commissioned Huntington, Rossiter, Hicks, and Baker, to execute respectively elaborate portrait groups of the leading scientific men, merchants, authors, and artists of America. These few hasty suggestions will serve to evidence how much has been and is doing in the highest spheres of Art-culture among us, and no small part thereof dates from our Association with our own city. The classical volume of Mr. Tuckerman, entitled Artist-Life, will prove an advantageous work to all who study the achievements of American Pictorial Genius.

The art of engraving on wood was first undertaken in this country in New York, by Alexander Anderson, a native of this city, about the year 1794. This ingenious artist, still alive and in full employment, now in his 83d year, was originally a physician, and had graduated M. D. in Columbia College. The extent of his labors in

the profession he has exercised so long can scarcely be calculated. He has often been termed a second Bewick. Contemporary with Anderson we find Mason, Lansing, Adams, Bobbett, and Lossing. The success of American talent in this peculiar department of the Arts of Design has commanded the approbation of the severest critics ; and the Field-Book of the American Revolution, by Benson J. Lossing, may be cited for the excellencies which have resulted from the combined talents of that truthful writer as designer, engraver, and author of this work of extensive research, originality, and fidelity. Yet later, this species of engraving has been adopted still more extensively, the photographic art, independent of drawing, being directly applied to the wood itself, by its inventor, Mr. Price. As a steel engraver of historical portraits, Jackman is pre-eminent.

In order to render the fragmentary records of this address less imperfect in relation to the social features of New York, a sentence or two may find a place here concerning a peculiarity which early took its rise in our cosmopolitan city. Our Dutch annals of domestic society and manners are not entirely free of this distinctive feature, and our undying historian, Deiderich Knickerbocker, seems to glance at this circumstance amid all the turmoil and vicissitudes of our early Dutch governors, as one which at times lightened the cares of official

station, and rendered the duties of office less burthensome : I allude to the formation or the establishment of those social compacts called Clubs. The curious and instructive contents of the work recently published, entitled the Huguenot Family, by Miss Maury, depict lights and shades of social relationship that awaken reminiscences of illustrative value. Not many years after English possession of Manhattan, we find that our royal governors and their immediate dependents were wont to assemble together, the better to discuss public affairs and enjoy the temporal benefits of the social board. We find a convivial club of professional gentlemen in New York about 1750, and that John Bard, Cadwallader D. Colden, Leonard Cutting and others were of the membership. Franklin occasionally honored them with his presence. Still later, and about the time the revolution of '76 broke out, the *Social Club* was created in New York, and continued its existence in this city until the capture of Cornwallis led to their sudden dissolution. This club, it is almost superfluous to say, was composed chiefly of the tory party ; the most eminent in the law and in the other liberal pursuits were of the number : Lieutenant Governor Moore, Colden, S. Bard, Myles Cooper, and Dr. Clossy, are included in the list. After the peace of 1783, several years appear to have elapsed without any special organization of a private or

social kind, when, in 1789, St. Tammany erected her standard on the broad and popular grounds of American rights, and secured by legislation her charter powers. I was well acquainted, at a juvenile period of my life, with William Mooney, their first sachem, and in after years knew many of their primary and most efficient members, as C. D. Colden, J. O. Hoffman, and others. The *Belvidere Club* took its origin upon the arrival of the Ambuscade with the memorable citizen Genet. By many he is reported to have founded the Jacobin Clubs, but he was a Girondist. The *Belvidere* was an hilarious association. The names of Atkinson, Gouveneur Kemble, Baretto, Seaton, Marston, White, Fish, are to be found in their list of members. It was strong in the promulgation of popular rights and in vindication of the democratic element. John Reed, a well-known bookseller of that period had, as the prominent decoration of his store, the sign of the head of Thomas Paine, an index of the reigning spirit of the time. The *Friendly Club*, under the presidency of General Laight, existed for some few years about this period of political agitation ; but I am ignorant whether political discussion absorbed any of its cares. A literary confederacy about the same period, viz., 1792-3, was formed, the design of which was of an intellectual rather than of a social or festive nature. It was called the *Drone*. The particular aim of

its members seems to have been the cultivation and diffusion of letters, constituting a sort of society for mutual mental advancement. Every member, I believe, was to be recognized by proofs of authorship ; and when we turn over the catalogue of their names we must be ready to allow they were tenacious of their specific intent. I have already mentioned in other parts of this Discourse many of this Association. Law, physic and divinity had each their representatives among them. The old Chancellor Samuel Jones, who died recently, was on this recorded list, and proved their last survivor. Our famous Dr. Mitchill was of the number, and with that remarkable peculiarity which so often characterized him, he addressed the ladies through the medium of the Drones on the value of whitewashing, as among the most important of the Hygienic arts in house-keeping, thus perpetually vindicating the saving efficacy of the alkalis, most effectually to eradicate that evil genius, Septon, the destroyer of the physical world. Samuel Miller, John Blair Linn, and William Dunlop, were for a time associates, and Josiah Ogden Hoffman, who occasionally furnished a law decision, sometimes an Indian fragment, and sometimes a poetic stave. Charles Brockden Brown, I have reason to think, was an associate. John Wells, afterwards the great and eloquent lawyer, here, I apprehend, first commu-

nicated his lucubrations on the importance of a steady cultivation of the Lombardy poplar for American agriculture, at the very time when the indignation of the community was waxing warm touching the pernicious tendency of this wide-spreading exotic.

The *Bread and Cheese Club* originated in 1824, through the instrumentality of James Fenimore Cooper. Shortly after his renown burst forth as the author of the *Spy*. The selection of members for nomination to this fraternity rested, I believe, entirely with him : bread and cheese were the ballots used, and one of cheese decided adversely to admittance, so that in fact a unanimous vote was essential to membership. This association generally met at the Washington Hall once, if I remember rightly, every fortnight, during the winter season. It included a large number of the most conspicuous of professional men, statesmen, lawyers, and physicians. Science was not absent. I cannot in this place attempt any thing like an enumeration of the fellows. Our most renowned poet was Halleck, our greatest naturalist was De Kay : William and John Duer were among the representatives of the bar ; Renwick, of philosophy ; letters found associates in Verplanck and King ; merchants, in Charles A. Davis and Philip Hone ; and politicians, who had long before discharged their public trusts, were here and there

chronicled in fellowship. The meetings of the Club (or Lunch) were often swelled to quite a formidable assembly by members of Congress, senators, and representatives, and in this array were often found Webster and Storrs, W. B. Lawrence, and the French minister, Hyde de Neuville. To alleviate the dryness of detail, I may here perhaps invade the sanctity of social transaction ; but the occurrence to which I allude is innocent, and may be deemed curious as well as rare. A theatrical benefit had been announced at the Park, and Hamlet the play. A subordinate of the theatre at a late hour hurried to my office for a skull ; I was compelled to loan the head of my old friend, George Frederick Cooke. “Alas, poor Yorick !” It was returned in the morning ; but on the ensuing evening, at a meeting of the Cooper Club, the circumstance becoming known to several of the members, and a general desire being expressed to investigate phrenologically the head of the great tragedian, the article was again released from its privacy, when Daniel Webster, Henry Wheaton, and many others who enriched the meeting of that night, applied the principles of craniological science to the interesting specimen before them ; the head was pronounced capacious, the function of animality amply developed ; the height of the forehead ordinary ; the space between the orbits of unusual breadth, giving proofs of strong perceptive powers ;

the transverse basilar portion of the skull of corresponding width. Such was the phrenology of Cooke. This scientific exploration added to the variety and gratifications of that memorable meeting. Cooper felt as a coadjutor of Albinus, and Cooke enacted a great part that night.

The Sketch Club, originally intended as an artistic fraternity, yet gradually including gentlemen of other professions but interested in art, still flourishes and boasts as original members Verplanck and Bryant. A sketch of its history exists, if I mistake not, from the facile pen of one of its founders, the late gifted Robert C. Sands. The Sketch Club meets bi-monthly at the members' dwellings during the winter. The luxury of the Union and the social enterprise of the Century Club are on a larger scale, and partake of the metropolitan spirit of the day.

I shall terminate these hasty notices of those social compacts denominated Clubs, which, as before stated, seem to have very early constituted a striking feature in New York society, and, at different eras in its progress, marked its advance in refinement and affluence, with a brief account of the last organization of that nature which had its existence among us: I allude to the *Hone Club*, founded some twenty-two years ago, the original projector being the late distinguished Philip Hone. It was circumscribed in numbers,

and was rarely permitted to include more than twenty members. It abjured discussions on theological dogmas, on party politics, and individual personalities. Its themes were the American Revolution and its heroes ; the framers of the Constitution, the United States judiciary, New York and her improvements, Clinton and the canal, the mercantile advancement of the city, banks, Washington and Hamilton, Hancock and Adams, the Union and its powers. It justly boasted of its strong disciples, and gathered at its festivals the leading men of the Republic. Webster was cherished as a divinity among them, and in this circle of unalloyed friendship and devotion his absorbed mind often experienced relief in the cheering views of busy life imparted by his associates and in the estimates formed of national measures ; while he himself proved the great expositor of characters deceased, something after the manner of another Plutarch, the instructive chronicler of historical events lost in the mysticism of conflicting accounts, and the vindicator of the genius and wisdom of government founded on cautious legislation and conservative polity. I never heard a breath in this Club of South or North : it had broader views and more congenial topics. Webster talked of the whole country—its seas, its lakes, its rivers ; its native products, its forests, from the *pinus Douglassii* to the willow at the

brook ; from the buffalo of the prairie to the fire-fly of the garden. I have seldom encountered a naturalist who had so prompt a knowledge of the kingdom of nature. The gatherings of the Hone Club were cordial communions of a most attractive character ; they were held at intervals of a fortnight, and they only ceased upon the demise of their benevolent founder. Their festivals were of the highest order of gustatory enjoyment,—the appetite could ask no more,—and a Devonshire duke might have been astounded at the amplitude of the repast, and the richness and style of the entertainment. When I have conned over the unadorned simplicity of our ancestors, and had authentic records for the fact that at their more sumptuous demonstrations of hospitality, corned beef might have been decorating the board at both ends, constituting what the host called a tautology, and that old Schiedam imported by Anthony Doyer, made up the popular exhilarating beverage, and compared what I now witnessed in these my own days, the canvass backs and grouse hardly invoking appetite ; that “ nabob ” would stand without reproach, and Bingham alone receive the attention due its merit, I am irresistibly led to the conclusion arrived at on a different occasion, by my friend Pintard, that there is a great deal of good picking to be found in this wicked world, but that the chances of possession are somewhat rare.

And yet this ratio of things is not perhaps disproportionate to other circumstances. Within less than a century the city's progress in the comforts and luxuries of existence is a noticeable occurrence: New York in that interval, from the scattered village has become the metropolis of the Union; the solitary carriage of Lieut. Governor Colden and the little carry-all of Dr. John Bard, (the only doctor of the day who was not a pedestrian,) have multiplied into their tens of thousands of vehicles; and the doctor's fee of half a crown has augmented to the tangible value of a one pound note. When calling to mind the Hone Club memory dwells with gratitude on the accommodating functions of the gastric powers and the beneficent means which seem provided for their normal continuance.

My most excellent friend, and I may call him the friend of mankind, Philip Hone, died of protracted illness at his residence in this city, in May, 1851, in the 71st year of his age, to the deep regret of the community. I cannot find a more appropriate opportunity than this place of giving some record of his life and character. His career is an event which blends itself with the civil progress and history of New York. The Historical Society were not indifferent at his death, as he was long associated with them as member and in several offices of trust and responsibility. As an

old and intimate friend of Mr. Hone, my relations to him are among the most cherished of my professional experience. The urbanity and high tone of sentiment which distinguished him endeared his name as a true gentleman ; his great industry in the cultivation of his mind, and the acquisition of knowledge amid the absorbing cares of mercantile life, is an example worthy of the highest respect ; while the steadfast integrity which was the noblest element of his character will secure for it enduring honor. Philip Hone, in addition to these claims upon our affection as a man, possessed others none the less rare as a citizen. He was a thorough American in feeling and principle, and a genuine Knickerbocker in local attachment and in public spirit. He watched with most intelligent zeal over the fortunes of this growing metropolis, identified himself with every project for its advancement, and labored with filial devotion in her behalf. Our most useful as well as most ornamental changes won his attention and enlisted his aid. From the laying a Russ pavement to the elaboration of a church portico ; from the widening of a street avenue to the magnificent enterprise that resulted in the Croton Aqueduct, Mr. Hone was the efficient coadjutor of his fellow-citizens. He was eminently conspicuous among the most eminent of our active and exalted men. Several of our most important and useful institutions are

largely indebted to him for their successful establishment. With the late John Pintard, and William Bayard and Theodore Dwight, he assiduously devoted his best energies in rearing the Savings Bank ; and the Clinton Hall Association, with its important branch the Mercantile Library, are indebted to him as its founder and benefactor. He also, with others of the Hone family, gave support to the canal policy of his persecuted friend, Dewitt Clinton. I believe it is admitted without a dissentient voice, that, as Mayor of New York, he is to be classed among the most competent and able Chief Magistrates our city ever possessed.

At the period of Mr. Hone's birth his native city contained about twenty thousand inhabitants, and at the time of his exit five hundred thousand had been added to that number. It can be easily understood that so active a spirit in deeds of good report, for some thirty years and upwards, must have largely contributed to the promotion of the numerous works of beneficence and knowledge which have marked the career of so progressive and enterprising a population, amid whom he lived and labored. Your records will point out the service he rendered your Historical Society ; but I forbear to be more minute.

Mr. Hone's career as a merchant precluded extensive triumphs of scholarship. His mind was but partially imbued with classical lore ; but its

ceaseless activity, elegant tone, and judicious direction, rendered it not only a delightful resource to its possessor, but a blessing to the community. There can be little doubt that his Private Diary, embracing the records of his life and associations for a long number of years, will prove an historical document of permanent value. Through translations Mr. Hone had grown familiar with the spirit and imagery of classical and Italian literature. Homer and Tasso he read with delight ; but his favorite department of study was history, and here he was thoroughly at home and a credit to the Historical Society. Thus his public spirit, his private character, gentlemanly address, studious habits, and fiscal integrity, combine to form a harmonious and noble specimen of character of which our city is proud, and around which will ever hang the incense of our undying remembrance. To these feeble expressions of my estimate of Mr. Hone, I may be permitted to add that his personal appearance was of an elegant and commanding order ; that his physical infirmities for some time, though they invaded not his intellectual faculties, gradually prepared him to foresee his earthly departure was at hand. Sustained by the consolations of religion, and surrounded by his family, he closed his useful life, sensible to the last, composed and resigned.

Coincident with the increase of our social and

artistic resources, those of literature and science began to exhibit a magnitude and permanence worthy of a great and growing metropolis. By the munificent bequest of John Jacob Astor, and the wise self-devotion of Dr. Cogswell, a Library now exists here second to none in the world for the choice, conveniently arranged, and most requisite books for the scholar and general inquirer. The building, the exquisitely filled alcoves, the distribution and the gradual increase of the Astor Library, are admired by each visitor in proportion to his erudition, taste, and familiarity with other institutions of a kindred character. Foreign scholars, of whom political exigencies have driven hundreds to our shores, find the Astor Library, free as it is, the most charming resort in New York. The additional gift of the son of the founder will soon double the space, treasures, and usefulness of the noble institution which will bear his father's name in grateful remembrance to the latest posterity.

I cannot dwell upon the several benefits arising to the youth of the city from the Mercantile Library ; from the Apprentices' Library ; the Franklin Library, the offspring of the Typographical Association ; from the rising Institute of the philanthropic Cooper ; from the conservative enjoyment derived from the Society Library : but I must refer to the precious collection of Egyptian an-

tiquities brought hither by Dr. Abbott, of Cairo, and now awaiting the purchase money destined, I am confident, sooner or later to secure them to our city. The renowned Egyptologist, Seyfforth, has borne testimony to the distinctive value of this unique collection ; one of your most learned clergymen, Rev. Dr. Thompson, has elucidated thereby the specialities of Biblical history ; an artist, Eugenio Latilla, has illustrated the origin and growth of early art from the same materials. Professor Felton, of Harvard University, recently read a paper before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in Boston, detailing his examination of a Greek inscription on one of the venerable tablets conserved in this museum, and then urged upon the Academy its rare worth, assuring them that, having visited the chief Egyptian Museums of Europe, he found objects in that of New York not elsewhere preserved. We must deem it a fortunate circumstance that, now when the collection of Egyptian antiquities is so difficult, and the entire series so rare, our city boasts so complete and authentic a museum in a department of inestimable importance as illustrating the domestic economy, arts, manufactures and sepulchral insignia, as well as the lore and the actual history of the land of the Ptolemies.

A striking characteristic of New York which reflects signal honor on the benevolence and hu-

manity of her people, was early visible in her civic progress. The wholesome axioms of her primitive Dutch settlers and her cultivated Huguenots, soon led to the formation of schools for the cultivation of knowledge and the advancement of sound morals ; and shortly after the commencement of her career, indeed as far back as the year 1699, when her population scarcely exceeded six thousand, Dr. McCready in his late historical address assures us, on the authority of our city's chronicler, David Valentine, that the poor received partial relief in their own houses or in lodgings specially provided. Some twenty years after, an almshouse was erected near the spot where the City Hall now stands. This institution held its locality for some seventy years or more ; with the collateral aid of a dispensary, which owed its origin chiefly to Dr. John Bard, the indigent found succor and relief. The almshouse yielded medical instruction by the clinical talents of Dr. William Moore, Dr. Richard S. Kissam, and Dr. Nicholas Romaine. In 1769 a pest-house was established for the reception of diseased emigrants, and the organization of a medical society in 1788, placed John Bard at its head as president. Through the efficient instrumentality of Drs. Peter Middleton, John Jones, and Samuel Bard, we find the New York Hospital took its rise and was chartered in 1771. In 1790 we find the first of our city dispensaries in operation ;

five years after commenced the rebuilding of the great city almshouse on the site of the old edifice in the Park, and which in 1812 was converted to other purposes, literary and historical, and destroyed by fire some three or four years ago. From historical data, I am authorized to state, that these several institutions yielded curative and saving benefits to multitudes of the indigent and the afflicted, under the direction of a wise supervision and the talents of able clinical direction, medical and surgical. The original faculty of physic organized by King's (subsequently Columbia) College, were among the prominent teachers and prescribers, and Bard and Clossy, and afterwards Bayley, Hosack, Mitchill, Post, Crosby, and Nicholls, are to be enumerated.

In 1811 was projected the ample Bellevue Hospital and Almshouse, which was rendered fit for the reception of its inmates in 1816 ; Dr. McCready tells us, from official records, at a cost of nearly half a million of dollars. The medical government of this great establishment was placed under a visiting or consulting physician, while the immediate attendance was confided to one or two physicians who resided in the institution. A malignant typhus or hospital fever breaking out, which made great havoc both with the patients and the doctors themselves, led to the appointment of a special committee of inquiry into errors and

abuses, when Dr. Joseph M. Smith and Dr. Isaac Wood assumed the medical management. The occasion gave origin to the Fever Hospital at the recommendation of Dr. David Hosack, to which charity the febrile cases were transferred, when within a month the pestilence was happily at an end. Dr. Isaac Wood now received the appointment of resident physician of the Bellevue Hospital, and held the office seven years, with signal benefit to the public interests and to humanity, when his resignation led to the acceptance of the trust by Dr. B. Ogden. The tortuous policy of politics, however, now led to party appointments, and the evils incident to such policy flowed in with increased force ; inexperience betrayed her incompetency, and the soundest whiggism and most radical democracy often proved equally ignorant of the principles of hygiene and curative measures. Typhus again resumed her work, and change became imperative. In the midst of revolutionary struggles, in order to rectify this deplorable condition the government of this great institution was at length placed under the medical discipline of Dr. David M. Reese, as physician in chief. Justice demands that it be recorded, that this appointment led to a great reformation. Dr. Reese, during his term of office, stood forward the champion of innovation and improvement, and displayed in a

noble cause a perseverance and ability which have proved of lasting benefit.

In 1849 the office of Resident Physician was abolished by the Board of Governors of the Alms-house, to whom the control of the establishment had passed, and the administration of the medical department of the Bellevue given over entirely to a Medical Board. Enlargements of this vast charity have from time to time been made commensurate to the wants of an increasing population, and advantageous improvements have been adopted, characteristic of the enlarged policy of our municipal authorities ; and, were I to dwell longer on the subject, I might adopt with benefit the eulogistic language which Dr. McCready employs when speaking of the present renovated state of the edifice, its ample dimensions, the convenient disposition of its large and airy wards, supplied with every essential want for the afflicted, and its peculiarly sanative location on the borders of the East River.

The Bellevue Hospital may well be pronounced a noble rival to the finest and best-conducted charities in the world. As a school of practical medicine and surgery, its claims will be conceded by all ; and from my official connection with its affairs, for some years, I can testify to the disinterested zeal and benevolence and devotion which dignify its medical and surgical Board, and clini-

cal instructors. It is due to individual zeal and professional ardor to add that the great field of medical and surgical practice which the Bellevue Hospital presents, has recently led to the formation of a museum of pathological anatomy, by Dr. J. R. Wood, one of the clinical instructors.

But where am I to stop when I have entered upon a consideration of the humane and benevolent institutions of this metropolis? the briefest notice of those alone which have been created, since the incorporation of the Historical Society, by legislative authority and individual liberality, would fill a volume. Some other occasions may be appropriated to so instructive an undertaking. Among her thousand claims to commendation, I consider the charities of this metropolitan city the noblest trophy she bears; and as I am much in the habit of connecting with her various institutions the names and promoters of those beneficent foundations, I cannot separate the blessings which have been imparted to suffering mortals during the long career of the New York Hospital, the wisdom imparted by clinical instruction to the hosts of students who have resorted thither for some two or three generations, and the triumphs of skill which the professional literature of the country records, achieved by Bayley, Post, Hosack, Kissam, Seaman, Stringham, and Mott. Memoirs of these eminent professors of the art of healing have long

been before the public. Yet I could have wished that some surgical friend had delineated, with more satisfaction than has yet been done, the great career, as an operative surgeon, of Richard S. Kissam. For thirty years he was one of the surgical faculty of the New York Hospital, a station he was solicited to accept, and displayed in his art resources of practical tact and original genius. He was emulous of surgical glory, and he obtained it. Our city had the honor of his birth ; he was one of the sons of the renowned lawyer, Benjamin Kissam, who had been the legal instructor of John Jay. Young Kissam received a classical education under Cutting, of Long Island, and was graduated M. D. at Edinburgh in 1787. Upon receiving the doctorate he travelled over the continent, and made a visit to Zimmerman, who presented him with a copy of his work on Solitude. Horace and Zimmerman were the two authors Kissam most delighted in. His long and triumphant career leaves no possibility of doubt as to the solidity of his pretensions. Society had little attractions for him ; he was absorbed in his profession. During more than twenty years he was the most popular operator the city could boast, and he was often called the man of the people. His professional liberality to the afflicted poor was a striking characteristic of his whole life ; while from the affluent he demanded a becoming return for his

skill. He died in November, 1822, aged fifty-nine years.

There are due, by the inhabitants of this metropolis, many obligations to the administration of the New York Hospital, for their early and incessant efforts to mitigate the horrors, and alleviate the sufferings of the insane. The loudest calls of humanity are often awakened in cases of afflicted intellect, and the solicitude which has from time to time invoked new desires for their relief, has by this institution been crowned with results cheering to the philanthropist. In 1808 the governors of the hospital erected an edifice for the exclusive use of the insane, on grounds adjacent to the south wing of their city hospital, and Dr. Archibald Bruce was elected as physician. In 1820 the large and commodious institution at Bloomingdale, under their government, was opened for that special class of patients.* This beautiful site, with its ample buildings, is eminently fitted for the benevolent design originally projected, and De Witt Clinton secured its perpetuity by legislative grants. Among the medical prescribers to this magnificent institution have been Hosack, Neilson, Bayley, Ogden, MacDonald, Pliny Earle, and Brown. To Dr. Earle the public are obligated for valuable statistics and reports on mental alien-

* Hosack's Life of Clinton.

ation. When justice is done in an historical account of the Bloomingdale Asylum, the services of that prominent citizen, in acts of benevolence, the late Thomas Eddy, will be more entirely appreciated. He seized the first opportunity to enter into a correspondence with Samuel Tuke, of York, in England, learning of the success which, under moral management, had followed the treatment of the insane ; and in Knapp's Life of Eddy are to be found many incidents connected with the literary and professional intercourse of these two worthy disciples of Primitive Barclay. When abroad in Europe I found that the condition of lunatic asylums, and the treatment of those suffering the tortures of a diseased mind, were subjects attracting great notice. The Report of the Inquiry instituted by Parliament was then just published, and vast abuses exposed, and I was prompted by more than a vacant curiosity to add personal facts to my reading, by the inspection of many institutions devoted to insanity, and the treatment adopted by them. I dare not speak in commendation of the practice of Monro, at Bethlehem. I found more barbarity and indifference in the medical discipline of those lamentable subjects of insanity in the establishments in Holland, than elsewhere. At the Bicêtre, in Paris, I was delighted with the fatherly care and medical tact of Pinel, now the acknowledged discoverer of the great benefits of

moral management, but who, a short time before, was annoyed by the vituperations of the British press. At the retreat of Samuel Tuke, the benevolent and philosophic Quaker, I found all verified that his novel and impressive work related, and I was emboldened to write to Eddy, on the success of this important innovation on old prejudices which this institution presented. The result was, that, fortified by the most gratifying testimony, the writings of Tuke and the publications of the day, with verbal details by intelligent travellers whom Eddy consulted, the moral management found the strongest advocates among the members of the Hospital Board, and demonstrative proof has multiplied itself again and again, that while the doctor's art is often indispensable to restore to right reason, yet that, in an imposing variety of cases, disturbed intellects are rendered again healthy, not so much by the prescription of drugs, as by humane treatment, and that system of management which the Retreat so advantageously enforced. Thomas Eddy will ever be remembered as the active agent in this great measure in the New World. Pathology has not as yet yielded us any great light on the grave causes of mental aberration, and the knife of the dissector has often failed to trace altered structure in the most perverted cases of lunacy. Hence we estimate at a still higher price the value of discipline, the exer-

cise of the kindlier affections, and moral culture. When the adoption of these curative measures shall have become more general, we shall no longer hear of the flagellation of an infirm monarch, or of ponderous manacles and eternal night as articles of the *materia medica*. Our countryman Rush has enlarged our storehouse of facts on the diseases of the mind ; and the treatise of Dr. Ray, of Rhode Island, has strengthened our philosophy on the analysis of intricate cases in juridical science.

With the bare mention of that newly-created charity, St. Luke's Hospital, now about to open its portals for the accommodation of the afflicted—an institution the offspring of Christian benevolence, aided by the outpouring liberality of our opulent citizens—with the further prospects we have before us of a Woman's Hospital, for the special relief of infirmities hitherto among the most disconsolate of human trials, and over which recent science has triumphed in the hands of Dr. Sims : with the cherished hopes derived from the success of our enlightened countryman, Dr. Howe, of Boston, that in due season even the forlorn idiot may be rescued, I reluctantly dismiss all further notice of the corporations of like benevolence which flourish in this metropolis. But it is the less necessary on this occasion to notice the progress of humanity in this rapidly increasing city

since the commencement of the Historical Society's labors ; a partial estimate may be formed of the work that is actually done, and is doing among us, from the statement lately furnished by that accurate observer, Dr. Griscom.*

With facts of this import before us, who will gainsay the claims of the divine art of healing to that public recognition which is yielded to the highest and most solemn of the professional labors of life ? who that properly contemplates the duties, the objects, and the desires of the real physi-

* According to a tableau which I have compiled, says Dr. Griscom, chiefly from their own published statements, there are in this city devoted to the care of the sick poor, four general hospitals, five dispensaries, two eye and ear infirmaries, one lying-in asylum, three special hospitals (on Blackwell's and Randall's Islands), several orphan asylums and prison hospitals, besides other unenumerated charitable and penal establishments, where medical and surgical aid is rendered. In the institutions thus enumerated, there were treated in 1853, 151,449 cases of disease, of every variety. Devoted actively to the service of these patients, we find recorded the names of 169 medical men. Estimating the professional service rendered these patients at what is denominated, in the last report of one of these institutions in true mercantile phrase, the "lowest market value" (which, of necessity varies in the several institutions, in consequence of the varied character of the cases) we have an aggregate of \$745,458. An analysis of the circumstances connected with these services, shows that of these 169 medical men, 36 are merely boarded and lodged at the expense of the institutions, or receive pay equivalent thereto, amounting in all to \$6,552 ; 30 of them receive salaries varying from \$200 to \$1,500, in the aggregate \$20,560 ; while the remaining 103 receive no compensation whatever. In

cian, can prove reluctant in awarding to his responsible calling merits not surpassed by those of any other human avocation? Let the moralist and the philosopher give attention to the progress medical science has made during a period not longer than that of an ordinary human life; investigate the achievements which have marked the past thirty years; learn in how many ways pestilence has been disarmed of half of her weapons; individual disorders lessened in malignity or exterminated; hygiene fortified with new capabilities; the principles of sanitary laws comprehended and applied; individual life made happier and prolonged; the health of mighty populations improved, and the great numerical increase in longevity. London is at the present day to be enumerated as first of the healthiest cities in the world; and the statistics which have been given

addition to this, if we estimate the amount of *private* gratuitous advice which every medical man renders, in the emergencies of the sick poor, at the moderate rate of \$100 per annum, the number of practitioners in this city being about 900, we have a total sum of \$90,000 to add to that before given, making a total of services rendered by the medical profession, in the year 1853, to the sick poor, in the city of New York, of \$835,458, of which there is returned \$27,112. In whatever light it may be viewed, the rendition of these services is simply the contribution of the medical profession to the support of public charity, to the full amount mentioned; it is so much saved to the tax-payers.—*Anniversary Discourse before the New York Academy of Medicine, Nov. 22d, 1854, by JOHN H. GRISCOM, M. D.*

to the public by our distinguished countryman, Dr. Campbell F. Stewart,* show us the grounds upon which life annuities may be granted to the greater advantage of the insurer, a ratio of improvement which Price, Morgan, and Finlaison, never anticipated. In another work previously published, of elaborate exposition, and pregnant with instructive facts relative to vital statistics and hospitals, by the gentleman to whom I have just alluded, the able Dr. Stewart, we are furnished with still more striking views of the enlarged science comprehended in the medical art, of the wide benevolence exercised by the French government for the promotion of healing knowledge and the deep interests of humanity. "While affording a judicious and parental care to all its poor subjects," says Dr. Stewart, "it is towards the sick and infirm, however, that the most benevolent attentions have been extended by the government, in establishing for their accommodation, and particularly for those of the capital, the most extensive and best organized hospitals and houses of refuge that are to be met with anywhere in the world."†

The intimate connection between the healing art and religious sentiment is obvious throughout the history of both ; the charities of the Romish,

* Discourse before the New York Academy of Medicine.

† The Hospitals and Surgeons of Paris. By F. Campbell Stewart, M. D. New York : 8vo, 1843.

and the humane enterprises of the Protestant Church, are identified with the divine system of faith, whose holy Author was sanctioned to the popular heart by miraculous healing. At the commencement of my professional career, and while yet a student, it was not uncommon to hear breathed over the process of vaccination a special form of prayer, invoking a blessing on this remedial experiment, and thereby exorcising the bitter animosity of its pertinacious opponents. In our own day this pious union of religious exercises with medical charities takes a broader range ; most of our hospitals and asylums enjoy the ministrations of a chaplain, as in the case of the benign guardian of St. Stephen's House at Boston, that modern apostle with whom Paul would have loved to fraternize, the Rev. Dr. Wells. The exact period at which provision was made for such spiritual consolation for the afflicted in various institutions of the States, I am unable to record. Pastoral duties and religious instruction seem to have been first regularly imparted in the charitable organizations of New York in 1810. They have become an integrant portion of the adjuvants to the afflicted ; and perhaps no official of this parochial function has ever longer or more faithfully discharged that responsible trust than John Stanford, D. D , the lately deceased chaplain of the New York Hospital.

How much then has been accomplished by the mental activity, the science, and the philanthropy of the medical faculty? Had now this opulent city a proper sanitary commission duly organized, with our almost unequalled topographical advantages, we might boast of a population whose mortality might safely be estimated at twenty-five or thirty per cent. less than is recorded of its present inhabitants. Sad, sad indeed, is the reflection, that responsible trusts are not always confided to competent officials. The trammels of party too often defeat the best designs, and incompetency usurps the seat of knowledge. How long we are to be doomed to witness this monstrous incongruity and suffer its penalties, time alone must show.

In taking a retrospective view of the progress of medical science during the past fifty or sixty years in New York, the instructors and practitioners of the healing art have had many reasons for rejoicing. Our medical colleges have enhanced in power, and the means of enlightenment.* The collateral branches of science are unfolded by more ample apparatus, and by experiments such as in former days were wholly beyond our reach. Our

* Now three in number:—The College of Physicians and Surgeons, founded in 1807, its present head, Dr. Cook; the University of the City of New York, founded in 1840, present head, Dr. Draper; and the New York Medical College, founded in 1848, present head, Dr. Greene.

medical annals are enriched with recorded evidences of great surgical skill, of novel and successful proofs of wise discrimination, and of genius happily demonstrated ; in the practical displays of clinical science, the writings of our authors have furnished lessons of instruction to the masters of the art abroad. Our medical and scientific literature is sought after with becoming deference by remote professors in foreign schools, and has the honor of translation for continental Europe. All this for a long season has been gratifying to individual pride, and flattering to our character as a rising people. Yet it is not to be concealed that imposture still holds its influence among us, and that, as a learned body, the medical profession is still disfigured by pretenders to its secrets ; that jarring elements still disturb its harmony, and that the public, scarcely to be presumed to be the best judges of the recondite qualifications of the disciples of healing, are still molested by the artifices of the designing and the effrontery of the ignorant.

More than forty years ago I gave utterance to my opinion on the condition of the medical art in New York.* The reasons for denunciation of

* "That almost every district of our country abounds with individuals who set up to exercise the duties of practitioners of medicine, need scarcely be stated ; how great is the number of them, who from want of proper education and from habits of in-

many occurrences then prevalent, were stronger than at the present day. The condition of affairs is ameliorated. Numerous agencies have been in operation since that period, which have corrected many abuses detrimental to public safety. Then we could not speak of a school of Pharmacy. The Indian doctors and the effete remnant of licentiates by a justice's court, thanks to a superintending Providence, now rest from their labors. Collegiate knowledge is more widely diffused, and he is an adventurous individual who now presumes to approach the bedside without the clinical knowledge of hospitals. I shall never forget the tone of

dolence, are totally ignorant of the first principles of their profession, and who degrade the noblest of studies into the meanest of arts, cannot have escaped the attention of any who at all regard the interests of society. That characters of this description do abound, not in this or that particular city or district, but are to be met with in almost every part of the country, is a fact which no one, we presume, will have the hardihood to deny. Though they differ from beasts of prey, inasmuch as these are most generally found in the uninhabited wilds of the country, while those are most abundantly congregated in our largest and most populous cities, yet they wage war with equal success as it regards the destruction of their objects. So frequently, indeed, do they present themselves to our view as almost to have become domesticated and familiar with us, and to have lost that novelty which monsters in general possess. The inroads and depredations which they commit, bid defiance to all calculation; whether they come in the natural shape of nostrum-mongers and venders of infallible cures, or whether they assume a peculiar grimace and affected sapience, their touch is equally pestilential."—*American Medical and Philosophical Register*, vol. iii.

voice, the elocution which I heard proceed from the mouth of John Abernethy, when he told the boys (for he called all by that designation, though some were sixty years old), that they must judge for themselves of the truth of what he uttered by what they derived from hospital practice. "I was the first," said he, "who described fungous hæmatodes ; I have seen as yet but three cases, but the disease is distinctive, well marked, and cannot be mistaken by the clinical eye ; yet," added he, "I meet practioners now and then, who tell me they have had twenty cases. No dependence can be placed upon such observers. If they would but visit St. Thomas, I could convince them of their error, and expose their ignorance. These pests of the profession have no clinical experience, and magnify their stupidity by falsehood. Boys, the hospital is the college to build up the practitioner." If I were placed here to defend or advance the importance of bedside knowledge, I might cut the argument very short, by requesting the young disciples of Æsculapius to sift the merits of the once great work of Cullen, the First Lines, and then read the Practice of Physic by Watson, of this our day : he would then be able to pronounce by which teacher he becomes best disciplined to fulfil the grave duties of healing the sick. I am not to overlook what the contributions of half a century have made to the noble science, and of which the

illustrious Cullen could scarcely have possessed a glimpse ; but the theories of the one, and the clinical data of the other, may be looked at with scrutinizing judgment, to determine the inherent merits of refined theory, and that special wisdom on which the practical physician relies. It may be written as an axiom, You might as well create a practical navigator by residence in a sylvan retreat, as furnish a physician without hospital experience.

Nevertheless, it would be criminal to ignore the fact that the noble art with us still struggles with many difficulties ; and it is a glaring truth, that not the least of them has arisen in the vicissitudes of legislation. The few wholesome laws, which a century had brought forth, for the advancement of medicine and the protection of its rights, were by State authority, some ten or twelve years since, abrogated, and, strange to add, the bill which accomplished that nefarious measure was introduced into the chamber of the Senate by a partisan representative from this city. The distinguished president of our Historical Society, Lieut. Gov. Bradish, was then a member of the Senate. It is scarcely necessary to add that his cultivated mind recoiled at the measure, and that his strenuous efforts were exerted to defeat the iniquitous law. There was no monopoly existing to absorb the rights of others that could justify such enactment. The colleges

did no more than confer their usual honors, to distinguish and reward merit ; they fostered rising talent, and held communion with mature experience, with no other aim than to exalt excellence ; their very incorporation forbade their countenance of corrupt practices ; and with the principles ever inherent in disciplined minds, they disdained to mar the rank of professional worth. I have often had my credulity taxed to believe that in these enlightened days such hardihood could have been exhibited by the makers of our laws, and that too at the very seat of wisdom, where our special guardians of literature and science, the Hon. the Regents of the University, annually convene, and where, moreover, that long created association, the State Medical Society, with its many able members, are wont to exercise their chartered privileges for medical improvement.

It is almost superfluous to remark that the memorable act to which I have alluded was received by the Profession with emotions of sorrow and indignation. It was now seen that the noble art was again left unprotected by the representatives of the people, and consequently by the people themselves. It had thus found itself in the beginning of the city, but a revolving century had presented some relief ; its prospects had brightened, and the rights and immunities of the regular physician had been recognized, and approved laws

had secured him against the tricks of the harlequin and the wiles of the over-reaching. The disciplined medical man is not, however, the easiest to be disheartened. His study is human nature, and he comprehends its phases :

Intus et in cute novi.

He is familiar with hindrances, and in the exercise of his art has often prescribed for individual mental delusion, and can comprehend the sources of popular error. What is sporadic he knows may become epidemic.

The medical faculty, accordingly, now took a new view of the interests of their profession and the safety of the people. Their determination was fixed, that no degeneracy in that science to which their lives were devoted should follow as a consequence of pernicious legislation. Notwithstanding all restrictions of qualifications for the exercise of the art might be considered as removed, yet the city was not to be dismayed by absurd enactments, or the profession alarmed because the door was opened so wide that all who chose might enter into practice ; a broader privilege than is enjoyed, I believe, by any of the members of the mechanical fraternity. Other circumstances not now necessary to be enumerated strengthened their designs, and favored their deliberations, and there was no reason for delay. The auspicious hour had

at length arrived, and the formation of an Academy of Medicine in this city was secured. This timely, this judicious, this important, this necessary movement, owed its creation to the wants and honor of the profession, and the perpetuity of its rights. Association, it was reasoned, would protect its claims as the noblest of pursuits, and its divine origin could not be abrogated by the statute book. The year 1846 gave birth to the Academy ; its incorporation was granted in 1852. I cannot now write the history of this successful institution during its first decennial. Our Nestors in Hippocratic science, moved by weighty reasons in behalf of public health and individual happiness, laid its foundation, and in this goodly work we find recorded the names of Stevens, Mott, Smith, Stewart, Wood, Reese, Kissam, Detmold, Gardner, and Stearns.

The Academy has been generously fostered by an imposing number of the erudite and accomplished of the medical and surgical profession, and order and harmony have characterized all its proceedings. The subject matter of discussion at its meetings, and the communications of its members, have had special interest, and have demonstrated that the faculty of close observation and acute reasoning is still among the diagnostic marks of the cultivated practical physician. Its printed transactions speak in louder accents of the excellence

of its labors than my feeble pen can here express. It has contributed largely to the diffusion of the great principles on sanitary laws, medicine, police, and other grave matters in which the public health is deeply involved. It has awakened new interest on other subjects sadly overlooked, medical topography and topics of special and immediate consequence to the framers of our municipal laws, and while thus engaged it has with philosophical gratification disdained not to encourage erudite inquiries into the condition and progress of the Divine art among its earliest cultivators ; thus dignifying the requisites of modern knowledge with the love of antiquarian lore, and with true devotion to the past announced its verdict in behalf of that wisdom which the pregnant pages of the History of Ancient Medicine has unfolded for our contemplation and delight, by our learned associate Dr. John Watson.* With an inflexible intent to keep a watchful eye over the interests of professional learning and practical skill, to hold in reverential regard the obligations of sound medical ethics, to guard against the delusions and the medical heresies of the day, and at all times to cherish the rising merits of the junior associates in the art of healing, no apprehension need be felt that the Academy will prove otherwise than a rich boon to medical philosophy, and

* The Medical Profession of Ancient Times. New York : 8vo. 1856.

a blessing to this great, prosperous, and vastly increasing metropolis.

Like the Historical Society, the Academy of Medicine selected at its organization a venerable head as its first President, John Stearns. He had fulness of years, weight of character, and corresponding experience, and could look back with satisfaction on an extensive career of professional service. He was a native of Massachusetts, and born in 1770. He was graduated in the arts at Yale College in 1786. He attended the lectures of Rush, Shippen, Kuhn, and others of Philadelphia, but did not receive the doctorate until 1812, when the Regents of the University of New York conferred on him the honorary degree of M. D. He commenced the practical exercise of his profession at Waterford, afterwards at Albany and at Saratoga, and finally settled in the city of New York, where he maintained the reputation of an honorable, devoted, and benevolent physician, until the close of his long life, in March, 1848. His death, which was greatly lamented, was occasioned by a dissection wound, arising from his zeal to arrive, by a post-mortem examination, at more certain pathological conclusions, in a case of singular interest. He met this unexpected disaster with exemplary forbearance, and experienced the consolation of a Christian's hope in his final departure. The Academy paid appropriate funeral honors to

his memory, and the Rev. Dr. Tyng, of St. George's Chapel, of which Dr. Stearns had long been a member, delivered an appropriate discourse on the life and character of the "Good Physician."

Great as was the devotion paid by Dr. Stearns to practical medicine, he was in earlier life enlisted in political affairs ; and we find him in the Senate of the State of New York in 1812, and a member of the Council of Appointment. Shortly after the organization of the State Medical Society, he delivered the annual address, as President. He was for many years a Trustee of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. His name is recorded as one of the founders of the American Tract Society, and he took a deep interest in the welfare of the Bible Society, and the Institution for the benefit of the Deaf and Dumb. The annals of charity include his name in other institutions of a benevolent design. His philanthropic spirit cannot be questioned. His writings on the profession, and on subjects of a kindred nature, are scattered through the periodicals of the times. He is indissolubly associated with an heroic article of the materia medica, the virtues of which his clinical sagacity first brought to notice. His brief paper on Catalepsy attracted the attention of the learned Dr. Good. This short sketch must suffice to show that the Academy were judicious in the choice of their first officer, and both his inaugural address

and the manner in which he fulfilled his trust, soon dismissed all doubt as to the wisdom of their suffrage. This venerable man gave dignity to the meetings ; his courtesousness secured deference and maintained authority ; his knowledge and his impartiality added fairness to debate, and increased the gratification of intellectual association.

The office of President is filled by annual elections. The present head of the Academy is Valentine Mott, whose zeal and assiduity in behalf of the great interests of medical and surgical science, half a century's labors testify. The lustre of his great name seems to have still further swelled the number of friends to the Academy, and excited additional activity among them to promote the expressed designs of its incorporation.

At the commencement of this address I briefly recorded some of the more striking changes which had modified the topographical aspect of the surface of New York. Dr. King, in his "Progress of the City," had noticed others, and still additional facts and illustrations were recently given by General Dix, in his public lecture on the Growth, Destinies, and Duties of New York : to these tracts I must refer the curious inquirer. In the astonishing march of improvement no physical obstacle has proved insuperable to the designs of the projectors, and no expense, however great, has been withheld. It has been said, perhaps too

figuratively, that the whole island has been in the shovel, either to cut down or fill up the surface. Assuredly posterity will never form a true conception of the alterations which have been made on the site of New York, and the onus of taxation which has been borne by the past generation or two. But all seems justifiable by the growth, the wealth, and the increased resources of the metropolis. Here, however, I make a pause, and as an episode to the medical section of this discourse, subjoin a few observations derived from those very changes which have overturned the physical aspect of the city, and penetrated even the sanctuaries of the dead. The facts brought to light by the opening of churchyards and the removal of the dead to other places of interment, that I have witnessed, during the last half century, have been many. Graveyards, "those populous cities of the dead," as Mr. King remarks, "have not been sacred from the hand of improvement or the foot of progress." Hence the disinterring human remains has taken place in this city to a great extent, and the knowledge thus obtained, as it was ample and direct, has furnished many curious facts on the subject of human decomposition after death. I may have taken more than ordinary interest in this matter, inasmuch as it was a legitimate subject for discussion in medical jurisprudence, and I have passed no little portion

of time in observation when these sepulchral tenements were dislodged. Every reader is acquainted with the long durability of bone not subjected to corroding causes ; but I have arrived at the conclusion that the diversified forms which the decay of the human body after death assumes, are no less numerous than the immense variety of causes by which life becomes extinct. The evidence of this assertion may be witnessed by any one who will enter a vault containing many bodies, deposited therein at different periods more or less remote, and observe the materials with which he is surrounded : season, age, the character of the disease, protracted illness, sudden death, as by lightning or other accident, &c., will all exercise a greater or less influence in facilitating or retarding decomposition. The decayed subject by marasmus will longer retain its constituents than one occasioned by dropsy, for “water is a sore decayer of the dead body.” If these positions be correct, we may in part account for the extraordinary preservation of bodies in limestone, or marble cemeteries ; they possess advantages which are denied to vaults of brick, or those in the structure of which proper precautions have not been observed, as a dry or gravelly soil, &c. In reflecting upon the manner in which marble seems to cherish the lineaments of our mortal remains, one feels inclined to adopt the language of old Jeremy Taylor, “after all,

our vaults are our longest and sincerest mourners."*

When I subjected to manipulation the neglected philosopher, old Christopher Colles,† the more advantageously to present him to the public view, I partially brought forward some occurrences which marked the literary condition of our metropolis. I design at present to enter a little more minutely into some circumstances associated with the advancement of knowledge in this city, particularly as connected with the time somewhat anterior to the establishment of the New York Historical Society, and then to notice a few prominent events of more recent date, which seem calculated to give confidence to the friends of intellectual rank, that the march of mind is a certain fact, and that we may look on with admiration at the achievements that have been already wrought, rather than cherish any despondency for the future. The trifling incidents with which I commence these literary memorials possess an intrinsic interest, inasmuch as they are decisive of the humble state and embarrassments in which instruction and knowledge generally were involved, and of the feeble powers which the Press, only two or three generations ago, sustained in this country. They

* See Guy's Medical Jurisprudence; edited by Dr. Lee.

† Knickerbocker Gallery. New York: 8vo. 1855.

are a suitable prelude to the great drama now enacting.

Southey has said that an American's first plaything is the rattlesnake's tail ; and as he grows up he lays traps for opossums and shoots squirrels for his breakfast. This exaggeration may possibly have had a shadow of truth in it at the time when the pilgrim fathers established their first printing press, or when Bradford first published our laws, or even when the flying coach travelled once a week between New York and Philadelphia. An impartial examination of facts will generally lead to the conviction that elementary education for the most part accompanies the progress of population, and that the requirements of information are proportionably furnished. From her very commencement, it has seemed to me that New York has been characterized more by her scientific displays than by her literary products. The distinction which has been awarded her eminent men who have labored in the several liberal professions of law, physic, and divinity, would appear to justify the observation. Be this as it may, we have no difficulty in accounting for the absence of learning in our earlier days, when we contemplate the condition of the people at different epochs in their country's history, and weigh the force of circumstances : as for example, that in some instances where the Declaration of Independence being read

at the head of military detachments, and then ordered to be printed for wider distribution, types could not be found to execute the work. Indeed a like difficulty, that of possessing types, was experienced when it was contemplated to publish the first American edition of the English Bible, at Philadelphia, by R. Aitken. The unsettled state of the country, and the horrors of warfare, caused the pious design to be protracted from its inception in 1777 to 1782, when the sacred volume appeared in small duodecimo and in brevier type.

At the date at which I would commence these reminiscences, the old Daily Advertiser, and McLean's New York Gazette, were the leading oracles. The former, it is curious to observe, was printed with the press and types which had been used by Franklin in Philadelphia, and which, I am told, Poor Richard disposed of advantageously to Francis Childs, of New York. For mercantile purposes these papers did well, and had a corresponding circulation ; they betokened in part the state of mental culture among the masses. If, however, we except the discussions on the American Constitution by the writers of the Federalist, and some few other subjects of national importance, by Rufus King, Noah Webster, Fisher Ames, and a few others, we may affirm that a single issue of some of our most popular papers of the present day, is enriched with more intel-

lectual material than a year's file of these old journals. In 1793 was projected the *Minerva*, which under the control of its editor, Noah Webster, at once elevated the character of this species of periodical literature. Webster labored at this service some seven years, when the title of the paper was changed to that of the *Commercial Advertiser*, which has continued its diurnal course up to the present time, under the supervision of Francis H. Hall, and has attained a longevity greater than that of any other journal ever originated in this city. Among its memorable editors was the late W. L. Stone, a devoted man to his responsible trust, of great fidelity in his political views. It can boast of a succession of editors remarkable for their freedom from violent political aspersion, of extreme jealousy in behalf of moral and religious instruction, and strong attachment to American institutions. Lewis, who succeeded Webster, had been reared a divine, and was hardly adapted to encounter the antagonistic assaults of the party press; Col. Stone, equal to his predecessor in refinement of feeling and charitable impulse, with stronger devotion and greater industry, filled the measure of his renown by a perseverance in patriotism and benevolence that won the admiration of numerous patrons. To his daily toil he superadded other responsible labors, and wrote the life of Brant, of *Red Jacket*, on the Canal

policy of the State, The Uncas, Wyoming, and other volumes of an historical design, besides several papers for our Association.

Samuel Loudon, who arrived among us about 1775, though stated by Thomas, in his history of Printing, as an Irishman, was born in Scotland. He published a newspaper in New York in 1776, before the British took possession of the city, upon which event he retired to Fishkill, on the Hudson, where he issued the New York Packet, and became a printer to the convention which was held at Kingston. He was ardent in the American cause, and adventurous in his career. He was for a time associated with Greenleaf in the publication of the Argus, a journal of extreme political violence and anti-federal in politics. Upon the death of Greenleaf, by yellow fever in 1798, the Argus became the American Citizen, under the editorial government of James Cheetham, a writer caustic and defiant, of surpassing rigor, and of untrammelled license, and whose remarkable death in 1810 I have on a former occasion recorded.* Loudon's devotion to the country of his adoption was patriotic indeed, but the spirit of sectional contention marred his fiscal prospects. I have repeatedly seen the old man, now advancing to his fourscore years, grave, gray, and infirm, perambulating

* Griswold's International Magazine, vol. 5.

the public walks, unobserved of even observers, himself indifferent to all but his own inward cogitations. He was in 1785 an active member of the St. Andrew's Society, and an elder of the Scotch Kirk of old Dr. Mason.

In this enumeration of the prominent political journals which preceded the formation of the Historical Society, I shall say a few words on the New York Evening Post. It was projected at the commencement of the Jefferson administration, and could justly boast of its lofty parentage, Hamilton and Wells being among the most conspicuous of its able writers. William Coleman, an eastern man, in the prime of his faculties assumed the editorship, and labored in his vocation until the period of his death in 1829, aged 63 years. The literary tact of this gazette was a striking feature in its columns ; its political acrimony was scarcely inferior to that of the American Citizen, and while Cheetham was its rival, an almost continuous warfare was maintained between an enlarged democracy and the conservative doctrines of federalism. Victory on either side was often sought with little scruples touching the validity of facts. The physical organizations of the two men were not bad representatives of their mental attributes. Cheetham was some years younger than Coleman, but of robust form, larger frame, and greater height. An English radical, escaped from the Manchester riots

of 1798, he became the principal of an already radical press, and promulgated with little circumspection the strongest doctrines in behalf of the widest democracy. He had largely cultivated his mind by choice historical reading, and the poets ; he was remarkable for the personalities of his invective, and often with a delicious richness recalled to memory the style of Junius. Coleman, of delicate structure and often in feeble health, was less personal in his general spirit and expression, yet far from being deficient in pointed epithets and lacerating remarks. Cheetham was sententious ; Coleman often verbose. Cheetham might fell you at a blow ; Coleman's greater delight was in protracted torture. There was more of policy and prudence in the latter. Their satisfaction at the prostration of their victims might be equally great. These editors seemed to live antagonistically. Cheetham might present himself in the public ways with the bold face and majestic bearing of a great captain ; Coleman might be observed on like occasions, with the grave countenance and pensive look of a thoughtful student. Cheetham might have thrown off his literary missiles at a Table d'Hôte or from the head of a drum ; Coleman profited best in the sequestered library. Cheetham's salutation might be a grasp of the hand that made your very knuckles ache, while with Coleman your arm might incautiously fall down

by your side. Cheetham wore a presumptuous front, Coleman betrayed a sinister leer ; Cheetham would readily forgive, Coleman long harbored an imagined injury ; Cheetham made bare his strength, and gloried in encountering difficulties ; Coleman found it more congenial to undermine and lay waste. The temperaments of the two men are pretty well manifested in the strictures of Cheetham on John Wood's history of the Administration of John Adams, and in Coleman's prolonged disquisitions on Jefferson's Message. Cheetham united with ample lungs in the patriotic bravura with General Gates and his other friends, while Coleman, more attuned to melodious strains, calmly yielded a benignant ear to the welcome notes of a pensive falsetto. Coleman might at times be soothed by a sonnet on the affections ; Cheetham demanded a chapter of Bolingbroke. They were both men of personal prowess and confident aims ; both were duellists, but that was at a period when duelling was a fashionable recreation. The idols of Cheetham were Jefferson and George Clinton ; the idols of Coleman were Hamilton and Timothy Pickering. Burr had no chance with either ; he was offensive to both, though countenanced by the Morning Chronicle, and sustained by the mollifying appliances of the resolute William P. Van Ness. I may say I was fairly acquainted with these two

able editors ; I occasionally attended them professionally with my preceptor, Dr. Hosack, and was often occupied with them in common business affairs. But I am constrained to affirm that the characters I have given them are mainly drawn from transactions associated with their political vocation. They were assuredly men of personal courage, of warm temperaments, of keen susceptibilities, but more or less transformed or deformed by the crafty art of the staid politician ; for the rottenness of party dogmas during the career of the philosophic Jefferson was doubtless as great as in this our own day. At the calamities of others they could sorrow and weep as members of the household of humanity. I have witnessed Cheetham, half a mile from his residence, expending his best energies at midnight to extinguish the flames of the humble residence of a common citizen, and Coleman pour out tears at the grievances of the wearied printer boy. With all their faults, they diffused much truth as well as error ; they advanced the power of the press in talents, and in improved knowledge ; they aided the progress of literary culture ; therefore I have made this brief record of them. The Post has survived its half century, and still lives in more than its pristine vigor. Both editors were friendly to the Historical Society.

The New York Magazine, projected by the Swords, was the only monthly periodical that re-

ceived a becoming patronage, which sustained it for some eight or nine years, when it was succeeded by the American Magazine and the New York Review, whose writers were not unfrequently called the Mohawk Reviewers, from their hostility to the rising Jacobinism of the times. The period of the existence of these periodicals was from 1790 to 1801. The first specified was the chosen vehicle for a series of essays of a literary circle, called the Drone Club. This association, as I have already stated, included many accomplished writers, as Mitchill, Kent, &c. The last survivor of the Drones was the late Chief Justice Samuel Jones, an early member of the Historical Society and a prodigy in black-letter learning. He died in 1853, aged 80 years. In 1797 the Medical Repository was commenced by Drs. Mitchill, Miller and Smith, the first journal of a scientific character the country could boast. The business of instruction in our preparatory schools was, with few exceptions, under the control of inadequate principals; in many instances the commonest business of life was abandoned on the demand for a teacher, and the responsible duties of an intellectual guide, undertaken by individuals whose chief recommendation was their dexterity with the awl and the hammer. Some qualified for the great trust, were, however, found. Edward Riggs, long the master of a grammar school in this city, published his Intro-

duction to the Latin Tongue in 1784, the first indigenous work of that kind among us. He may be considered our Ezekiel Cheever. Riggs was followed by James Hardy, the compiler of several compends for instruction in the classics, in 1793-'4. The remembrance of him is still vivid. He was an Aberdeen scholar ; his early life was devoted to the seas ; he became an inmate of the family of Dr. Beattie, who gave him recommendations as well qualified for a professorship of classical literature. At Dr. Beattie's suggestion he came out to this city. In his best estate he was an approved teacher. After a while he abandoned the schoolmaster's office, and finally sought a livelihood as a supernumerary of the Board of Health. He encountered the yellow fever in its most malignant form with consummate bravery during its several visitations after 1795, and compiled those volumes of facts and opinions on the pestilence which bear his name. He lived through many vicissitudes, and died in great indigence, of cholera, in 1832.

The elementary spelling books of Webster, and the geography of Morse, in my urchin days, were making their way to public approbation, not however without much opposition ; they had a long contest with Dilworth and Salmon, and almost a score of years had passed before Pike and Root, authorities with the federal currency, overcame the schoolmaster's assistant and the Irishman Gough,

with their sterling standard value of pounds, shillings, and pence. The success of these undertakings of Webster and Morse is to be classed among the wonders in literary history ; the period of their appearance was most opportune, and the public demand has caused the multiplication of editions that for a long series of years may have amounted in the aggregate to upwards of a million of copies annually. Such is indeed the fact with the elementary book of Webster, and the geography of Morse for a long while maintained a universal popularity. It is not saying too much that these books were great boons for the advancement of popular knowledge. As we advance a little further we find that Enfield's Speaker was forced to yield to Bingham's Preceptor, and Dwight's Columbia superseded Rule Britannia. I cannot dwell on the speculations thrown out by the teachers of the day on the merits and demerits of these instruments of their art, and on the necessity then urged by them, of a disenthralled and free nation exercising an independent judgment, with the patriotic endeavor to create a new literature for a regenerated people. With respect to books of practical science the same spirit was manifested, till at length we find at the commencement of this century, the New Practical Navigator of Nathaniel Bowditch, of Boston, securing its triumphs for every sea, over the time-honored Practical Navi-

gator of Hamilton Moore, of Tower-hill, London. It is a fact of curious import that the eminent jurist, Theophilus Parsons, was the editor of the first American edition of the Practical Navigator, published by E. Blunt, the renowned projector of many works on coast surveys and nautical affairs.

This desire for fresh mental aliment under a new constitution was by no means limited ; it spread far and wide, particularly in New England ; it left, I believe, old Euclid unmolested, but it involved equally the infant primer and the elaborate treatise. In the colonial condition of affairs Sternhold and Hopkins had sustained many assaults, but their strongholds were now invaded by the popular zeal of Barlow and Dwight. Nor were these innovations confined to sacred poetry alone. The psalmody which had for almost centuries mollified the distresses of the heart, and elevated the drooping spirits of the devout, surrendered its wonted claims to the Columbian Harmonist of Read. A tolerable library might be formed of the various productions of these operatives in the business of popular instruction. Noah Webster had engendered this zeal more perhaps than any other individual, and by incessant devotion had kept it alive. His Dissertations on the English Language he sent to Franklin, and Franklin in return wrote to Webster that his book would be useful in turning the thoughts of his countrymen to correct

writing, yet administered to him profitable cautions. But literature, like the free soil of the country in these days, was infested with many weeds, and words ran high on many points of verbal logic. Amidst all these commotions some things were deemed too sacred on all sides to be molested. Such was the affecting history of the martyrdom of John Rodgers, burnt at Smithfield ; but the nursery rhyme,

Whales in the sea—God's voice obey,

by acclamation was transformed into another equally undeniable truth :

By Washington—Great deeds were done.

A truth moreover which came home immediately to the feelings of the American bosom, and cleaved perhaps nearer the heart.

While the English language therefore, in the hands of the disciplinarians, was struggling for new powers and a loftier phraseology,—for few were enumerated in those days who believed with Gibbon and Franklin that the French tongue might absorb all other speech,—the patriotism of the youthful population ran no less wild than the literary ravings of the schoolmasters and the would-be philologists ; yet, as time has proved, with like innocence to the detriment of the Republic. The continental songs of revolutionary renown were

sung here and there in divers parts of the city, by the old soldiers congregated at places of public resort, who renewed their martial ardor by melody and mead, a beverage now almost forgotten, but then largely purchasable at the Knickerbocker taverns, along the Stuyvesant lane or Bowery. The Duyckincks have not in their Cyclopædia of American Literature, among their ballads of the Indian, French, and Revolutionary times, more striking instances of poetic license than I have often listened to, at these patriotic festivals. I give a verse from one of these most popular songs, vociferated to the tune of Malbrook :

King George sent his sheep-stealers,
 Poor refugees and tories,
 King George sent his sheep-stealers
 To filch for mutton here :
 But Yankees were hard dealers,
 They sold their sheep skins dear.

Wars and rumors of wars kept the juveniles alive. Social companies of youngsters were formed, accoutred with wooden guns and kettle drums, and were perpetually seen, with braggart front in harmless squads, marching with the air of Captain Bobadil, chanting some piece of continental poetry :

Behold ! the conquering Yankees come
 With sound of fife and beat of drum ;
 Says General Lee to General Howe,
 What do you think of the Yankees now ?

But these trifles were looked upon as the flying cloud ; the nation had ripe men at its head ; government was successfully securing the measures for commerce and finance ; the schools were daily stronger with better teachers, and the halls of colleges were better supplied with candidates for elevated instruction. The press was more prolific, and something beside the Fool of Quality and Evelina, the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain and George Barnwell, were with the reading public. Pope, and Anne Radcliffe and Monk Lewis, might be found on the stalls, with Bonaparte's Campaigns in Italy, a work filled with the martial achievements of the great soldier, and dedicated to Col. Burr, by the translator John Davis, who affirmed that the exploits of Alexander the Great were the marches of a mere holiday captain compared with the campaigns of the French general. Franklin's Life and Essays were in everybody's hands. Dobson, of Philadelphia, had heroically undertaken the republication of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and Collins, of New Jersey, about the same time, had issued his highly prized quarto Family Bible. Nor were our New York publishers lukewarm at the printing of elaborate works of grave import and scholastic value. If, however, we except the Poems of Freneau and the reprint of Burns, we find little in the region of the muses that issued from the

press ; Clifton, Honeywood, Low, and Linn, were our prominent domestic poets.

The Della Cruscan muse now, however, invaded us : Mrs. Robinson's Poems was a dog-eared volume ; and the song of the melodious Bard, Moore, " I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled," received a popularity surpassing that of perhaps any other verses. It found its way in the daily journals, weekly museums, weekly visitors and ladies' magazines ; it was printed on single sheets, placarded at inns and in stage coaches ; it travelled to the races as the inner lining of hats ; it occupied the cabins of the wood boats, and was found surrounding the trunk of the orchard tree ; it was among the earliest of our music printing, and old Dr. Anderson, now some eighty years of age, our first engraver on wood, still alive and still busy, gave it illustrations ; it was seen among the contents of the young misses' reticule, and was read in secret at the doors of churches, while the youthful maiden was tarrying for a partner to accompany her within the house of worship. My defective memory does not permit me to state positively that Blanchard, in his aeronautic expeditions, wafted it to the skies. In short, it was everywhere. But the prospects of a French war and Hail Columbia ere long limited the duration of this electric poem ; and as if to facilitate this object, here and there appeared a sylvan rhymist

who entwined a chaplet of the Rosa Matilda order. What had been considered rare, now lost its freshness, and spurious articles had currency in the market without detection by the multitude. The insidious assaults of the Baviad and Maviad, from the pen of Gifford, seriously crippled the progress of this species of sentimentalism ; but the pretensions of the Della Cruscan finery came at last to a somewhat sudden and unexpected end in the humorous effusion of Barrett : *

TO DOROTHY PULVERTAFT.

“ If Black Sea, White Sea, Red Sea ran
 On tide of ink to Ispahan ;
 If all the geese in Lincoln fens,
 Produced spontaneous well-made pens ;
 If Holland old, or Holland new,
 One wond’rous sheet of paper grew ;
 Could I by stenographic power
 Write twenty libraries an hour,
 And should I sing but half the grace
 Of half a freckle on thy face ;
 Each syllable I wrote, should reach—
 From Inverness to Bognor’s beach ;
 Each hairstroke be a river Rhine,
 Each verse an equinoctial line.”

* The author of those exquisite lines, occurring in his poem entitled “ Woman ” :

“ Not she with traitrous kiss her master stung,
 Not she denied him with unfaithful tongue ;
She, when apostles fled, could danger brave,
 Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.”

Lines dear to the heart of the world as a beloved proverb.

One or two additional circumstances may be stated to strengthen what has already been said, rather than create doubt as to the accuracy of our narrative. Campbell and Bloomfield appeared as authors in London with little interval between them. The Pleasures of Hope and the Farmer's Boy were here reprinted nearly simultaneously; the former had been subjected to the revision of Dr. Anderson, the editor of the British Poets; the latter had undergone the incubation of Capel Lofft. Thus fortified, there was little hesitation as to the safety of the undertaking. Such was the importance attached to these works, that the rival publishers blazoned forth their labors, so that every corner of the city was enlivened by large placards announcing the important fact. It is almost superfluous to add, that with the literary taste which had been cherished, the Farmer's Boy outran in popularity the Pleasures of Hope. As the case now stands, Campbell makes one of every dozen volumes we meet with, while it might be difficult to find a copy of Bloomfield.

In 1804 Scott enriched the poetic world with his Lay of the Last Minstrel. Soon after its appearance a presentation copy of the work in luxurious quarto was received by a lady, then a resident of this city, a native of Scotland, and who had been most intimate with the author when school companions in the same institution. It

was seen that the Minstrel was a classic, and the volume circulated widely among friends. It shortly after fell into the hands of a publishing house, and the great question now to be decided was, whether it could bear an American reprint, keeping in view the primary object of the bookseller, that the wheel of fortune must turn in the right way. A literary coterie was selected who might determine the chances of adventure. Among other dissuasive arguments, the Lay was pronounced too local in its nature, and its interest obsolete ; its measure was considered too varied and irregular, and it had not the harmony of tuneful Pope. It was rejected by the critical tribunal. Longworth, however, brought sufficient resolution to bear, and printed in his Belles-Lettres Repository of 1805, the universally known introduction to the first canto. Such was the cool and calculating reception of Scott with us. One might almost think from the opening lines of the poem, that the poet had, with prophetic vision, foreseen himself in the New World :

“The way was long, the night was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old.”

These were probably the first lines of Walter Scott's writings that ever issued from an American press. The memorable quarto is still preserved with many associations by the venerable lady to whom the illustrious author presented it, Mrs.

Divie Bethune, the founder of our Infant schools. Who can now tell the hundreds of thousands of volumes of this noble writer which the press of this country has brought forth ?

We are not to be abashed at the recital of these occurrences concerning the early condition of the press. They were associated, and naturally grew out of the spirit of the times and the condition of the Republic. Scott was a new name among authors, and elegant letters are not among the first wants of a people. Yet it will be conceded that at that very period a broad foundation was already being laid, on which at no remote day literature, as well as science, would command its disciples. The trepidation at the hazard of printing a few leaves of poetry experienced by some, is to be judged merely as an individual infirmity, inasmuch as we find that even then typography was prolific of works of voluminous extent, and many of its products at that day constitute a sound portion of existing libraries. Longworth himself was a man of enterprise, but he had bought experience by his ornamental edition of Hayley's *Triumphs of Temper*, and he was moreover sustaining his *Shakspeare Gallery* at no small sacrifice ; while we find that Evert Duyckinck, Isaac Collins, Geo. F. Hopkins, Samuel Campbell, and T. and J. Swords, were the leading men to whom we may turn for evidence that the press was not idle, and

for illustration of the rising capabilities of the book-publishers' craft. An author was a scarce article in those days, about the beginning of the nineteenth century ; the returns for literary labor must have been small. Noah Webster was unquestionably the most successful of the tribe, and in his wake followed the geographer Morse. The city library, and the circulating library of Caritat, constituted pretty much all the establishments of that order we possessed. Pintard was then at New Orleans, and years elapsed before he and the excellent William Wood began to think of the Apprentices' Library, and to suggest the Mariners' Library for ships at sea. The Mercantile Library, now so vast a concern, was not then dreamt of, and Philip Hone, with all his ardor as a patriotic citizen, had not as yet enlisted in the great cause of knowledge, or manifested that attention to those important interests which absorbed the years of his more advanced life. In a pedestrian excursion through our then thinly populated streets, one might see the learned Bishop Provoost, the ample Dr. Mitchill and his colleague Dr. Miller, Dr. Bayley, Dr. Hosack, Dr. Livingston, Dr. S. Miller, Dr. Mason, and Dunlap, all writers ; Caines, the deep-read reporter ; Cheetham and Coleman, the antagonistic editors ; Kent, afterwards the great Chancellor. In the court room we might behold Hamilton and Burr, Harrison, Brockholst Living-

ston and Martin Wilkins, Colden and Slosson, Hoffman and Pendleton, and young Wells.*

The literary struggles of those days deserve more ample notice, but our task may be honestly abridged at this time. The curious in a knowledge of literary toil, in the progress of letters, and in the details of authorship, will not fail frequent consultation of the several works of the late Dr. Griswold, a faithful pioneer of mental acumen in this department of study, and turn with renewed delight and increased satisfaction to the Biograph-

* To render these imperfect sketches of the times less defective, I had designed to notice briefly the New York Bar, with which I was partially acquainted, by my repeated visits at the courts; often as medical witness in behalf of the people in criminal cases involving medical jurisprudence; but my resources are not adequate to the great subject, and the undertaking is the less necessary after the precious and interesting History of the Court of Common Pleas, from the pen of the Hon. CHARLES P. DALY, one of the Judges, and printed in volume 1st of the Report of Cases, by Counsellor E. Delafield Smith. Some forty-five years ago, my lamented friend and associate of Columbia College, Samuel Berrian, brother of the venerable Rector of Trinity Church, commenced a series of Sketches of the Members of the Bar, which appeared in Dennie's Portfolio. His first subject was Josiah Ogden Hoffman, with whom he was a pupil. The great men of the legal profession of those days to which I allude, were indeed by universal concurrence, enumerated among the master minds of the land; and I have often heard it said, that the voice of the law, from their lips, was the harmony of the world. Legal medicine, I am inclined to think, received more homage in the days of the great Thomas Addis Emmet and the Hon. Hugh Maxwell, the District Attorney, than it had before or has since.

ical Essays of the æsthetic Tuckerman, and the pages of the Cyclopædia of American Literature, by the Messrs. Duyckinck. When thoroughly investigated, the candid inquirer may wonder that under such difficulties so much was in reality accomplished.

So long ago as in 1802 I had the pleasure of witnessing the first social gathering of American publishers at the old City Hotel, Broadway, an organization under the auspices of the venerable Matthew Carey. About thirty years after I was one of a large assembly brought together by the Brothers Harper's great entertainment. I remember well the literary wares displayed on that first memorable occasion, and I still see in "my mind's eye" the prominent group of American authors

Emmet was profoundly learned as a physician; and upon his arrival in this country in 1804, deliberated whether to enter upon the practice of medicine or enter the courts of law. In all cases of death that came before Emmet requiring medical testimony, an examination of the brain he made a prerequisite. It is not irrelevant to add, that Dr. James S. Stringham is to be considered the founder of Medical Jurisprudence in this country. He was the first who gave lectures on this science in America, and was my predecessor in the chair of Forensic Medicine in the University of New York. His taste for this knowledge he originally imbibed from his able preceptor, Dr. Duncan, of Edinburgh. His reading on the subject was extensive, from the elaborate investigations of Paulus Zacchias, down to the recent productions of Foderé and Mahon. A fuller account of him may be found in my Sketch, in Beck's Medical Jurisprudence. He was a native of New York, and died in 1817.

who participated in the festivities of the latter celebration. Again in 1855 a complimentary festival of the New York Book Publishers' Association to authors and booksellers took place at the Crystal Palace. A comparative view of these three periods in literary progress would furnish an instructive illustration of the workings of the American mind and of the enterprise and capabilities of the American press. The venerable Matthew Carey at the primary meeting held forth, in earnest language, persuasives to renewed meetings of a like nature as the most effective means for the promotion and diffusion of knowledge. Isaac Collins, that jewel of a man for solid worth and integrity, concurred in sentiment. At the Harper entertainment similar opinions proceeded from many minds, and the liveliest responses in confirmation were listened to from Chancellor Kent and a large number of native writers of celebrity. At the last celebration of 1855, which was conducted on a scale of great variety and elegance, Washington Irving and a most imposing association of distinguished authors, male and female, graced the occasion : those public spirited publishers, the Appletons, with Wiley and Putnam, rendered the banquet a genial gathering of kindred spirits. The intelligent and patriotic Putnam, in an appropriate introductory address, stated the fact that for twelve years, ending

in 1842, there were published 1,115 different works, of these 623 were original ; in the year 1853 there were 733 new works published in the United States, of which 276 were reprints of English works, 35 were translations of foreign authors, and 420 original American works ; thus showing an increase of about 800 per cent. in less than twenty years. Mr. Putnam thus draws the conclusion that literature and the book-trade advanced ten times as fast as the population. If with these facts we compare the numbers printed of each edition, the growth is still greater ; editions at the present time varying from 10,000, 30,000, 75,000, and even 300,000. The Magazine of the Messrs. Harper reaches the astounding number at each issue of 180,000. On this last memorable occasion of the publishers' celebration our distinguished poet, Bryant, responded to a sentiment on American literature in his happiest manner. I quote a few lines from his suggestive address : " The promise of American authorship, given by the appearance of Cotton Mather, has never been redeemed till now. In him the age saw one of its ripest scholars, though formed in the New England schools and by New England libraries, in the very infancy of the colonies ; a man, as learned as the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and sometimes as quaintly eloquent, sending out huge quartos as the fruit of his labors, interspersed with duodecimos, the

fruit of his recreations ; but his publications exceeded the number of the days of the year. After his time, in the hundred and fifty years which followed, the procession of American authors was a straggling one ; at present they are a crowd which fairly choke the way ; illustrious historians, able and acute theologians, authors of books of travels, instructive or amusing, clever novelists, brilliant essayists, learned and patient lexicographers. Every bush, I had almost said every buttercup of the fields has its poet ; poets start up like the soldiers of Roderick Dhu, from behind every rock and out of every bank of fern."

I must linger a moment longer on this subject. Our literary annals, while they abound with occurrences most gratifying to the intellectual and moral advancement of our species, possess yet another claim to estimation. The making of books has not been an employment of selfish and inert gratification ; it has proved a prolific source of emolument, no less remarkable than the peculiar occasions which have awakened the talents necessary for the healthy exercise of the art itself. Literature, independently of its own noble nature, has superadded to its powers a productive result of substantial issue ; and while it beautifies and enriches with precious benefits the progress of civilization, it has secured the comforts which spring up from the wholesome pursuit of other sources

of wealth. This indeed is the offspring of but a recent period among us ; but the fact is not the less solacing to the pangs of intellectual labor. The huckstering which once marred the transactions between publishers and authors no longer occurs ; the starveling writers whom I now and then saw, at about the time of the first meeting of our literary venders, the booksellers of 1802, have paid the debt of nature, I dare not add prematurely ; and we can now enroll a list of the literary and the scientific who have increased far and wide the nation's renown. For a considerable while during my early medical career my diagnosis often led me to attribute the causes of mental inquietude and physical suffering among this circumscribed order of men to inanition ; but if the literary squad, as old Dr. Tillary denominated them, preserve intact their wonted energies and privileges, their improved condition may sometimes demand an alterative treatment corresponding with that robust state and imposing plethora, in which they so generally present themselves to our admiration and esteem. Personal observation and individual experience may have helped the great reform, for not a few must have learned the truth of the remark of the playwright, George Colman : " Authorship, as a profession, is a very good walking-stick, but very bad crutches."

Other reflections seem naturally to occur when

contemplating the condition of literature among us. There are noticeable changes to be observed during the past fifty years and upwards in all the walks of professional life. The Bar has swollen in the number of its members to an enormous multitude ; its talents and capacity are doubtless adequate to the fulfilment of its high behests : its tact and its sagacity were perhaps never greater than at present, but we neither witness nor hear of those forensic displays of elocutionary power which were formerly so often the theme of public remark. Perhaps in any age the brilliant manifestations of oratory exhibited by Hamilton, Morris, Livingston, and Emmet, could be classed only as rare exceptions of individual success in the mighty art, and justify no grounds of sorrow at the absence of any general deficiency of that marvellous gift. I have witnessed abroad and at home the disciplined speakers of highest celebrity, whose genius was enriched with the profoundest wisdom, and in whom long practice had accomplished its most desirable ends ; such gifted men as Brougham, Mackintosh, Grattan, fall far short in effective results and in that divine impulse which leads to conviction, compared with the mighty and seemingly unstudied energy of Thomas Addis Emmet. I was near the scene when about noon of the 14th of November, 1827, in the City Hall Court Room, he was seized by effusion of the brain, in the midst

of his vast forensic utterance, and suddenly fell by apoplexy. His robust habit and the nature of his attack justified my immediate recourse to the lancet ; he was taken home, and every measure adopted for his relief by his old and devoted friend, Dr. Macneven, by Dr. Hosack, and myself ; but unconscious from the beginning of his attack, he continued so some ten hours, when he expired. That distinguished jurist, John Duer, with equal classical purity and truth, has drawn Emmet's character in the inscription engraven on his monument. While on the subject of this great profession I would fain call to mind the character of those eminent judges who stamped that value on your judiciary which rendered the New York decisions the law of the land, Spencer, Platt, Thompson, Van Ness, and others ; I would recall Kent once again in association with all that ennobles moral excellence, dignifies erudition and professional life, and secures in perpetuity the fame of the learned author of Commentaries on American Law ; but the occasion forbids ; and the disciples of that high calling will look for such expositions from a more appropriate source.

There is an essential change in the great characteristics of our pulpit instruction : the spirit of polemical controversy has almost wholly died out ; the Universalists and the Unitarians are rarely molested by counter preaching, and Strebeck, were

he now with us, might anathematize in vain on the wrath to come. The elaborate controversies on church government and apostolic succession, if vivified even with new powers, would fail to secure the consideration that once enchained the attention of Mason, McLeod, Miller, Hobart, How, and Bowden. Ezra Stiles Ely might draw his parallels between Calvinism and Hopkinsianism, but he would remain unanswered by an antagonist impregnated with the popular spirit of modern theological desires, and the venerable Dr. Spring, now half a century with us, would not deign to mingle with the unprofitable contest. The vexed question whether a widower may marry his deceased wife's sister, absorbing as it once appeared in Levitical law, would now leave the pious Dr. Livingston without a reader. Whelpley, with his Triangle, in *five* parts, however acute his logic, would search in vain for another mathematician like Professor Adrain, with provoked risibles, to laugh at his inferential doctrines. In fine, the spirit of the ministry is vastly changed, and that change is for the better. The deists and the theophilanthropists have taken their flight, or put on an altered vesture not cognizable for classification. Religious controversy, often so acrimonious, is a stranger where once it was difficult to avoid encountering it. Polemics, even with the discontented and the anxious, have lost that charm which

excited the spirits of every order of advocates to secure victory at almost any price. The game of life is no longer the game of nine-pins, to knock down as many as you can. The ethical doctrines of Holy Writ, and the Sermon on the Mount, are more than ever the monitors and the guides of the Christian believer, and accommodated equally to the Ebenezer Chapel and the lofty cathedral ; and that preacher who is most likened unto him described by Cowper, is best equipped, according to the order of the day, for the spread of gospel love. Christianity is recognized as a democratic element, profitable for all conditions of men, as the Declaration of Independence and our Constitution are the palladium of our civil and religious rights. Our popular song writer, Morris, has conveyed in beautiful verse ideas not unlike the sentiments I have thus frankly expressed, in his classical verses on the Rock of the Pilgrims. What is applicable to the land of the Pilgrims, history tells us is equally applicable to New Amsterdam.

“ The pilgrims of old an example have given
 Of mild resignation, devotion and love,
 Which beams like a star in the blue vault of heaven,
 A beacon-light swung in their mansion above.

“ In church and cathedral we kneel in our prayer,
 Their temple and chapel were valley and hill,
 But God is the same in the aisle and the air,
 And He is the Rock that we lean upon still.”

It were superfluous to ask attention to further reflections on the state of the Faculty of Physic, and the condition of the medical prescriber at the present day, after what has been already uttered in that section of the discourse which treats of the progress of the science of healing, and in an address recently pronounced at the Bellevue Hospital, concerning the multiplied sources for clinical knowledge offered by our innumerable charities, sustained by private and public munificence. The doctors, like the lawyers, have multiplied more than tenfold during the past fifty years; higher requisites are looked for in those who exercise the art, and as a general truth they have been fully met, corresponding with the march of philosophical and medical knowledge, and in their professional publications they have given us incontrovertible proofs of their instructive merits.

As associated with literature and authorship, none can be ignorant of the worldlike reputation secured by our prominent writers. National renown has followed the Commentaries of Kent, the International Law of Wheaton, the Historical Orations of Everett, the legal writings of Story, the Spanish Literature of Ticknor, the Exploring Expeditions of Wilkes and of Perry, the Researches of Robinson, the Biblical learning of Norton, the Ornithology of Audubon, the histories of Bancroft, Prescott, and Motley, the Field-Book of

Lossing, and the Biographies of Sparks. In statesmanship the published intellectual legacies of Clay, Calhoun, Webster, and Legaré, the living manifestations of Benton, Seward, Curtis, and Eliot, prove that the prestige of our country in this regard is unimpaired, while the new and improved editions of the writings of Washington, Hamilton, Adams, Franklin, and Jefferson, evince a wholesome appreciation of the patriotism of the past. Irving may be pronounced a universal classic. The cosmopolitan Pliny Miles tells us that even in that seemingly benighted region, Iceland, the pages of Irving are among the studies of the cultivated. Cooper's Forest and Sea Novels are known abroad in almost every living language. Where shall we not find the poetry of Bryant, Halleck, Willis, Whittier, Holmes, Sprague, Dana, and Percival? while the melodies of Longfellow have found translators in German versification, and Wilde in modern Greek. Ethnological studies have commanded the talents of Morton, Hawks, Squier, Davis, Turner, Bartlett, Cotheal, Dwight, and Gallatin. Schoolcraft's Indian Researches, by their variety and magnitude have given him claims to lasting gratitude. The classical annotations of Anthon and of Felton are held in admiration abroad and at home. The critical essays of Whipple, Channing, Hillard, and Tuckerman, the æsthetic travels of Calvert, the romances of Hawthorne and of Melville, and the

historical and romantic writings of Simms have met with a reception flattering to the most aspiring author ; nor am I in this imperfect enumeration to forget the classical dramas of Boker ; and the Reminiscences of that venerable worthy of typographical celebrity, Buckingham, and those of that faithful and genial chronicler, Manlius Sargent. Surely I have said enough to answer the interrogatory of Sidney Smith ; he who is not satisfied may consult the Cyclopædia of the Duyckincks.

Within the period now under consideration what a new range in versatility, in talent, and in increasing power, has American journalism assumed. We are assured that those papers, the Times, the Herald, and Tribune, have a daily issue varying from forty to seventy thousand, and a weekly impression of double that number. How has the case about the time of the adoption of our State Constitution. Old Hugh Gaine, with his almost solitary Gazette, was satisfied with the sale of some three or four hundred papers, he himself being compositor, pressman, folder and distributor of his literary ware. Hoe's leviathan press of the present day throws off some twenty or thirty thousand copies per hour. If to these circumstances we add the multiplying capacity of the press, by the process of stereotyping, a device which I have years ago shown to have originated in New York,

by Colden and Franklin,* we may still more fully comprehend the intellectual progeny the great art brings forth. Have we need to wonder that a single American edition may outnumber twenty or thirty of the London publisher ?

For much of this salutary change in the Republic of Letters, let all praise be given to knowledge more available ; the appetite grows by what it feeds on ; to the higher culture of the people, and to the patronage of our enlightened publishers. I allude to such patrons as the Appletons, the Harpers, Scribner, Wiley and Putnam. I am limited to New York in these specifications. But the leading Boston firms are identified with our national historians, poets, and essayists. What Childs and Peterson have done for the generous enterprise of the lamented Kane, both in the mechanical execution of those endearing volumes, the Arctic Expedition, and in the returns secured by liberal appropriation in artistic display, is enough of itself for the renown of Philadelphia. Nor can I omit to notice in this connection, that the most complete and authentic Dictionary of Authors in our vernacular tongue, (Biographical, Bibliographical, and Critical,) is in progress of publication under the auspices of this enterprising house, for which noble monument of literary toil

* See Hosack and Francis' American Medical and Philosophical Register, vol. 1, 1811.

and industry we are indebted to the accomplished S Austin. Allibone, of Philadelphia ; that the Clerical Biographies of the erudite Dr. Sprague, now in press, promise a rich body of original ecclesiastical history from an early date to the present time ; while in our own city, we are favored by Appleton & Co., with a New Cyclopædia of General Knowledge, especially rich in native science and biography, brought down to the latest day, prepared by the erudite and gifted editors, George Ripley and Charles A. Dana, assisted by enlightened collaborators of literary and scientific renown.

I believe I have secured the concurrence of my audience in the opinion that I have already said enough of the eventful Past in its complex relations with the New York Historical Society. If I mistake not, the narrative which I have given of the passing events and living movements of our times elucidates the incalculable value of your Institution, and points out how indispensable is the duty to cherish that conservative element which your charter demands. The fragmentary information brought together in this discourse may not be wholly without its use : it may serve at least to furnish some hints to subsequent writers who may venture to fill up, with higher aspirations, the mighty void which exists in the annals of this vast Metropolis. With the philosophical historian every new fact will be duly appreciated, the tran-

sitory nature of many occurrences better understood in their relation to simultaneous events, and the men of consequence in their day more faithfully estimated. Skill indeed will be demanded in selection and judgment in arrangement, but an enlarged vision will comprehend the truth, that what seems temporary may sometimes become permanent, that what is local often becomes national.

The task assigned me by your courtesy for this day's celebration has been executed amidst many cares, and not without apprehensions as to the result. The moments seized for preparation have not always been the most auspicious ; but my native feelings and my love of the olden times, have prompted the spirit and the tendency of this address. "Whatever," says the great moralist, Dr. Johnson, "makes the past, the distant, and the future predominate over the present, exalts us in the scale of thinking beings." None can feel more deeply than myself the imperfect execution of the service I have attempted, and none of its deficiencies causes greater uneasiness than the circumstance that I have omitted notice of many of the eminent dead whose names ought to be placed on a record of gratitude, for their labors in behalf of this Society in its earlier existence. While I am conscious that the men of to-day are not inferior to those whose ranks they now supply, I have also been compelled to overlook a long catalogue of

living worthies, who still co-operate in the great design of rearing this Historical Institution to national consideration. Fortunately your printed Collections and Proceedings, a long series, have perpetuated the contributions of many of these distinguished members, and posterity will seek instruction and delight in the discourses which you have preserved of your Clinton and Verplanck, your Morris and Hosack, your Mitchill and Blunt, your Wheaton and Lawrence, your Kent and Butler, your Bradford and Bancroft. The records of your secretary will point out your indebtedness to those long tried members who have adhered to your interests in seasons of greatest depression ; Chancellor Matthews, the founder, I may add, of our City University ; George B. Rapelye, a friend with a Knickerbocker's heart, who has often invigorated my statements by his minute knowledge ; Samuel Ward, a generous benefactor to your rich possessions ; and Albert Gallatin, many years your presiding officer, who needs no voucher of mine to place him in the front rank of intellectual mortals.

The thousand and one occurrences which have weighed on my mind while in this attempt to sketch a picture of the times in New York during the past sixty years, have made the difficulty of choice perplexing to recollection and embarrassing to the judgment. It might have been more ac-

ceptable to many had this Discourse been concentrated on some special topics of general interest, or that the importance of history as a philosophical study had been set forth, the better to urge the high claims which this institution proffers to the countenance and support of this enlightened community. I stand amenable to such criticism, yet I fain would trust that the leaves of memory which I have opened may not be altogether without their use. An indifferent observer of the events of so long a period in a city of such progress, could not fail to have arrived at a knowledge of many things characteristic of the age and profitable as practical wisdom ; to one who has ever cherished a deep sympathy in whatever adds to the renown of the city of his birth, or increases the benefits of its population, the accumulation of facts would naturally become almost formidable ; and while with becoming deference his aim on such an occasion as the present would lead him in his selection to group together, without tedious minuteness, the more prominent incidents which have marked its career, it might be tolerated if he here and there, with fond reluctance, dwelt upon what most involved his feelings, even should the subject-matter prove deficient in popular importance. In the wide and fertile field which I have entered, it required an anthologist of rare gifts to select with wisdom products the healthiest, the richest, and

most grateful for general acceptance, and most conducive to the general design.

The inquiry may be fairly put, has the New York Historical Society stood an isolated institution during its long career, and are its merits of an exclusive character? It may be promptly answered, No. It was preceded in its formation by the Massachusetts Historical Society, a bright example for imitation, some ten or twelve years; and it has been followed by the organization of many other historical societies formed in different and widely-distant States of the Union. They have grown up around her, not by the desire of imitation, but by the force of utility; and I will be bold enough to affirm, that consultation of their numerous volumes is indispensable to an author who aims at writing a faithful local or general history of the country. I speak thus earnestly because I think these works are too much overlooked or neglected. The conjoint labors of these several associations, with commendable diligence, are securing for future research, authentic materials touching events in history, in the arts, in science, in jurisprudence, and in literature; and if I mistake not, the intelligence of the people is awakened to their import; individual pride and State ambition have been invoked in furtherance of the measure, and results productive of national good must crown the efforts. Truth, it is often said, is

reserved for posterity—truth promulgated may be doubly fortified by these historical societies. In the march of similar pursuits, we may notice the American Antiquarian Society, founded by the late Isaiah Thomas, and the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, a recent organization, whose labors, however already, amount to many volumes, aided by the herculean devotion of Samuel G. Drake, and the still more recent Historical Magazine published by Richardson, now of New York. This last-named periodical gives promise of excellence of the highest order, and demands the patronage of every genuine lover of American annals.

I would call attention to our New York Ethnological Society, now founded several years. Its volumes evince that the Association has adepts among its members able to throw light on the most intricate subjects of human inquiry. Its present president is the learned Dr. Robinson, so distinguished in philology and biblical literature.

Still more recently a Geographical Society has sprung up among us. Though of but short duration, its transactions have commanded approbation both abroad and at home. Among its leading members is Henry Grinnell, the well known promoter of the Arctic expeditions under the direction of Doctor Kane. The Rev. Dr. Hawks is the present head of this association.

As connected with the great design of promoting useful knowledge, the institution of the Lyceum of Natural History in this city may be included in the number. This association has now been in operation forty years. It was founded by Mitchill in union with Dr. Torrey, the late Dr. Townsend, and a few others. The Lyceum is most strictly devoted to natural history ; it created an early impulse to studies illustrative of our natural products in the several kingdoms of nature. Many of the rarest treasures of our marine waters have become known by the investigations of the Lyceum : among its scientific supporters are Torrey, De Kay, Cooper, Le Conte, and Jay. Like the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, the Boston Natural History Society, and the Society of Charleston, S. C., with its President Holbrook, its opinions are authoritative.

The impulse given to intellectual labor in these, our own times, is still further shown in the completion of that great undertaking, the Natural History of the State of New York. This vast project was, I believe, commenced during the administration of Governor Seward ; and if we value science by the research which it displays, this extensive work presents claims of unquestionable excellence to our recognition. Its able authors, with a scrutinizing observation that has never tired, have unfolded the richness of our native

productions to the delight of the naturalist and the cultivators of our domestic resources. The work is a lasting memorial of the public spirit of the State, and an index to the legislative wisdom of its rulers. The felicitous introduction to the entire series of volumes from the pen of Governor Seward, will always be perused with emotions of patriotic pride. Associated with another measure not less public spirited, is the Documentary History of the State of New York, under the direction of executive authority, and prepared for the press by the editorial supervision of Dr. O'Callaghan. Its importance cannot be over-estimated ; and the judgment displayed in the disposition of its multifarious materials, increases the desire that no impediment may arrest the completion of a miscellany of knowledge hitherto inaccessible. Less could not be said of the labors of Dr. O'Callaghan, when we remember the precious materials he has at command, and that these documents include the Brodhead Papers.

Is it speaking too earnestly, when it is said that the Republic at large appears determined to secure her history from doubt and uncertainty ? Associations for the preservation of historical materials seem springing up in every State. We might enumerate among the most prominent of these State institutions, that of Pennsylvania, of Rhode Island, of Maine, of Connecticut, of New Jersey, of

South Carolina, Georgia, and very recently the Historical Society of Iowa. We are assured further that religious denominations are engaged in like duties, to secure authentic records of the trials and progress of their respective creeds. In our own city the Baptists have formed an historical society, at the head of which is the venerable David T. Valentine, the editor of the Corporation Manual, which yearly enlarges our topographical and civil history ; and an association of the Protestant Episcopal faith has recently published two volumes of Historical Records in illustration of the early condition of the Church. All this looks well ; and I am confident that our association contemplates with pleasurable emotions these rival efforts in so good a cause.

The New York Historical Society has work enough for her strongest energies to accomplish. The State under whose auspices she flourishes, is indeed an empire ; the transactions which claim her consideration possess an inherent greatness, and are momentous in their nature ; her colonial career is pregnant with instructive events ; the advances she has made, and the condition she has secured in her State policy, afford lessons which the wise may study with profit. Long neglect has only increased the duty of investigation, and added value to every new revelation offered. The Hudson and Niagara are but types of her physical formation.

Her geology has dissolved the theories of the closet, and given new principles to geognostic science. Her men of action have been signally neglected. Feeble records only are to be found of her most eminent statesmen. Where shall we look, throughout our country's annals, for a more heroic spirit, one of more personal courage, of greater devotion to his country, one greater in greatest trial, one of more decision of character, one of sterner integrity, than Gov. George Clinton, to whom this State and the Union are under such mighty obligations ; and yet we fruitlessly search for a worthy memorial of him. Fellow associates, I repeat it, there is work enough to do.

I have spoken of history and its many relations. History the schoolmen have divided into sacred and profane. All history may be deemed sacred, inasmuch as it teaches the ways of God, whose eternity knows neither time nor space, and unfolds the anatomy of that microcosm man, the image of his Maker. History is a deep philosophy, yet capable of appropriation to vulgar designs ; it is a prodigious monitor, a mighty instructor. Be it our aim to use it for beneficent ends, cherishing as a rule of life the revealed truth, that there is a still higher wisdom within our reach, and that our intelligence, however great, must recognize the inflexible sentence, uttered of old ; the tree of knowledge is not the tree of life.

The rapid sketch I have given, however imperfect, is, I believe, authentic. Brief as is the period included in my reminiscent glance, it is in some important respects as much a picture of the past, as a century's retrospect would be in European communities. Not only have many of the individuals I have attempted to describe, passed away, but not a few of the local, social, political, and professional characteristics of New York, sixty years ago, are now traditional. In the old world we are called a fast people, and the history of no spot in our vast confederacy, is more impressed with the change that seems a normal condition of our republican life, than this city. Its original land-marks are scarcely to be recognized; its population is utterly transformed; its resources indefinitely enlarged; nay, to the backward and loving gaze of a venerable Knickerbocker, its individuality is almost lost. I think there has been manifest in this discourse, a sympathy with progress, vivid and earnest enough to save me from the imputation of a prejudiced and obtuse conservatism. I have expressed, and certainly feel no want of interest in new truth, improved methods, and growing knowledge; I am so far of the old school as to firmly believe that integrity is the corner-stone of Christian morality, that literature, art, and science are the noblest human vocations, that benevolence is the most obvious

duty, friendship the greatest solace, domestic ties the purest sphere, and simple habits the most salubrious hygiene ; I am also loyal to the aspirations of humanity, and firm in the conviction that God's will ordains the highest development of our race.

If I have betrayed an honest local attachment and some national partiality for the men and things amid which I was born and live, it is not because I am blind to the faults and insensible to the dangers of our beloved metropolis. Her fortunes have been marvellously prosperous, but her position is unique. As the mart of the nation, millions of emigrants land on her quays, thousands of foreigners crowd her thoroughfares : more casual residents dwell here for temporary objects than in any city on earth. Every nation of Europe is represented, every phase of opinion finds voice, the refuse and the cream of the old world float on the surface or disappear in the whirlpool of New York life : read the signs down town, scan the drawing-rooms of the upper quarter, turn over the journals, look in at the places of public amusement, observe the festive celebrations, enter the churches, and you will find somewhat,—a man, a custom, a language, a vocation or a faith borrowed from every quarter of the globe.

New York is the most cosmopolitan of modern cities ; hence, in a great measure, its ineffective

municipal government, its rowdyism, its perpetual demolition, its spasmodic and versatile phenomena, its advantages and its nuisances, its dangers and its blessings as a place of abode ; larger opportunities with greater risks, more liberality of sentiment with less rectitude of principle, more work and more dissipation, higher achievement and deeper recklessness ; in a word, more obvious and actual extremes of fortune, character, violence, philanthropy, indifference and zeal, taste and vulgarity, isolation and gregariousness, business and pleasure, vice and piety. Wherever there is more in quantity there is a corresponding latitude in quality. Enterprise hath here an everlasting carnival ; fashion is often rampant ; financial crises sweep away fortunes ; reputations are made and lost with magical facility ; friends come and go, life and death, toil and amusement, worth and folly, truth and error, poetry and matter of fact alternate with more than dramatic celerity.

The multifarious access to New York, the nucleus it forms to ocean and continent, the remarkable salubrity, the abundant capital, and the large floating population ; its natural resources and the circumstances of its history, all conduce to these results. Our duty as natives and citizens under such conditions is apparent. We should cling to republican simplicity, to personal independence, to fidelity in our respective spheres ; we should

obey a patriotic inspiration, and in household and vocation, by word and act, keep up a public spirit which repudiates external corruption, insists on civic duty, promotes education, defies the encroachments of material luxury, fiscal recklessness and political turpitude. Whatever is said of the indifference to moral and intellectual distinction and the slavery to gain prevalent, men and women here assuredly find their just level and pass eventually for what they are worth. Fraud enjoys but a temporary success; imposture is sure to be unmasked, and benevolence to be duly honored. New York in the past affords us innumerable precious memories and honorable achievements: New York in the future may, through the loyalty of her faithful children, reach a height of auspicious renown, commensurate with her mercantile fame, her historical significance and her material prosperity. The Dutch gable ends have disappeared, the unpretending hospitality has vanished, the rural vicinage is demolished; Peter Stuyvesant's pear tree is the last relic of suburban gardens; theology has ramified, and in so doing mitigated its rancor; physic has multiplied her disciples; law has acquired a thousand clever, for a dozen brilliant votaries; the opera has outvied the drama; rents have become fabulous; land has risen in value beyond all precedent; Yankees have driven out burgomasters; Cuban segars Holland

pipes ; railways old fashioned gigs, and omnibuses family chariots : the tonsorial occupation is all but superseded by the perpetual holiday of beards ; and skirts, instead of being gathered up as of old, sway in fixed expansion on the encroaching hoop ; turbans, shoe-buckles, cues, the pillory, spinning-wheels, and short ruffles are obsolete, while the "last of the cocked hats" is visible in our streets ; but the good old Knickerbocker honesty and geniality may yet be found by some firesides. We have eloquent proof that Washington's memory is still tenderly revered, that Franklin's maxims are yet reliable, that Hamilton's political sagacity and chivalry are not forgotten, that Fulton's inventive genius and De Witt Clinton's comprehensive polity are still appreciated ; and while this remains true, New York "still lives," the New York where the principle of internal improvement was initiated, the liberty of the press earliest recognized, and the first President of the republic inaugurated.

Mr. President :

For a series of years you have held the elevated office of head of the Historical Society. The distinguished men, your predecessors, who have filled that prominent station, have, I believe, all departed. You stand the sole representative of a long list of worthies who have discharged trusts

similar to those committed to you, and which your wisdom and experience in public councils and in state affairs have enabled you to fortify with an ability which reflects credit on your administration, and has proved signally advantageous to this institution. The duties which have devolved on you may at times have been onerous, but if I can fathom your nature, must have proved grateful to your feelings, and congenial to your patriotism. Your copious reading had made you familiar with the great events of the two wars which this state waged, and in which she was so great a sufferer, but in which she proved successful: more valuable materials, growing out of such circumstances, for the future historian, could not be gathered from any other colony. This Society, amidst its other treasures, has secured for the most part these precious documents; and from the period at which New York assumed the sovereignty of an independent state, there are few intervals pregnant with important events the records of which are not to be found in our archives. Thus, Sir, if ever an association adhered with fidelity to a literal interpretation of its charter power, it may be affirmed to be that in whose transactions you have taken so deep an interest. The work demanded intelligence, and it received it; it called for devotion and earnestness, and they were at hand; and thus was secured that continuity of effort so re-

quisite to accomplish the undertaking. With what judgment the work has been executed, must be left to the decision of our arbiters, the public ; I fear not the verdict.

Scholarship, the learned have said, was a rare acquisition in England, until the time of Bentley. It may as truthfully be asserted, that until the career of our founder commenced, there was little antiquarian zeal among us ; and hence you may have perceived, that on several occasions I have ventured to place JOHN PINTARD in the foremost ground in the picture. The head and the heart of our eastern brethren exercise a warmer devotion for knowledge of this nature, than is found elsewhere in our Union ; and the rare example on that account of my old friend proffered its claims to my notice in strongest accents. Let me say, Sir, that the forerunner in the course you so triumphantly have maintained, was not a mere holiday officer, but an untiring laborer in the great design. The talent he possessed was of peculiar value, and under certain circumstances might have commanded the highest premium. He had a fitness for the work, and none can rob him of the honor.

Your able Vice-Presidents have, I believe, concurred with you, at all times, in furtherance of those enlarged plans and that policy, which, as occasion demanded, have proved most salutary to

the institution. Their enlightened coöperation must, on some occasions, have lessened individual responsibility, and lightened perplexities in the path of duty. I am inclined to think, that there is an unity of opinion throughout the Society in commendation of the manner in which the various services, rendered by your fiscal and other committees, your secretaries, corresponding and recording, have been discharged. In times like these, sagacity in finance may be acknowledged wisdom of the highest order ; and the fruits of sound forethought, when demonstrated by palpable results, yield arguments that cannot be demolished. I have but to add, that your intelligent and indefatigable librarian has nobly fulfilled his accountable appointment. Every thing around me leads to the conviction that your literary treasures have been preserved ; your MS. records regarded at a proper estimate ; your library so disposed, that every accommodation can be given to the searcher after wisdom in this curious repository of historical material. Where all deserve commendation, and there remains nothing for censure, conscious rectitude yields unadulterated satisfaction to official capacity.

Mr. President : An abiding conviction prevails, that the interests of the Society have been in proper hands, and controlled by wise counsels. The memory of your administration will long endure

with us. The ornamental and stately edifice, in which we are now gathered, erected by the liberality of our citizens, and in an especial manner by that class so often found generous in good works, the mercantile community, will, I trust, stand, for generations to come, a monument of the public spirit of New York—of her love and devotion to the refined and useful—and vindicate to the rising youth of the nation the estimate which their fathers formed of the blessings of wisdom derived from pure historical truth. If I am rightly informed, I stand before you at this Anniversary, among the oldest living members of this association. Yet have I consoled myself with the pleasing thought, while meditating on the eventful occurrences of this day, that although the sun of my declining years is nearly set, its last rays, however feeble, are reflected from the classical walls of the New York Historical Society.

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