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VOL. XXII.

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BY

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Obituary Notice of Thomas S. Kirkbride, M. D. By John Curwen, M. D.

(Read before the American Philosophical Society, Jan. 16, 1885.)

In the company of those who left England with William Penn to seek greater liberty of conscience and freedom of worship, was a family from the northern part of the county of Cumberland, who settled on a farm on the beautiful banks of the Delaware river, in Pennsylvania, a few miles above what afterwards became the capital of New Jersey. On this farm on July 31, 1809, was born Thomas Story Kirkbride, who inherited and cherished the religious faith and strong love of freedom which had led his ancestor to leave his native land and settle in what was then a wild and unexplored section of the country.

The early years of our friend was spent on this farm, and from the pleasant surroundings and beautiful scenery which met the eye was early derived that love of the beautiful in nature and fondness for laying out and adorning the grounds which formed so marked a trait in his character.

His academical education was received in the academy at Trenton, "which attained a high reputation under a succession of able masters," and was distinguished then and for years after for the excellent training given to its scholars.

He graduated from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania in the Spring of 1832, and was very shortly afterwards appointed Resident Physician of the Asylum for the relief of those deprived of the use of their reason, at Frankford, remained there one year and was then elected Resident Physician of the Pennsylvania Hospital, where he remained two years, and had renewed opportunities of studying the subject of mental disorders in the department of that Hospital which, for eighty years, had been specially set apart for that class of disorders.

After leaving the Hospital he opened an office in Arch street, below Fifth street, and with a strong predilection for surgery he had intended to

and harmony with all ; and, when others refused to act harmoniously, quietly going on in the line of duty, avoiding contention while adhering strictly to what he believed to be truth and justice. His generous mind revolted at all pretences and attempts to make the worse appear the better reason, and he scorned all deception.

He possessed a wonderful tact in his intercourse with the insane, which, combined with unfailing good nature, and honesty of purpose, gave him great power, which he always used to advance their interests in the fullest manner. Calm and self-possessed in scenes where others were agitated and alarmed, he exercised the happy faculty thus enjoyed, with great judgment and discretion, thus evincing in the clearest manner his power to direct and control. No trait of his character was more prominent than his single-hearted devotion to every good word and work, and in this, and in the earnestness and conscientiousness with which his work was performed, he strove to follow the example of Him, who always went about doing good.

Biographical Sketch of the Rev. Elias R. Beadle, D.D., LL.D.

By D. Hayes Agnew, M.D.

(Read before the American Philosophical Society, February 6, 1885.)

To preserve in some tangible or permanent form a record of the life-work of those, who, after having achieved distinction in some one or more of the various spheres of human pursuits, have gone to swell the ranks of the great silent majority, is a custom no less commendable than beautiful. In accordance with this time-honored usage, the duty has been imposed upon me, of preparing a memoir of Elias R. Beadle, late a member of the American Philosophical Society. The delegated task is one sweetened by the recollections of a close companionship which existed between the writer and the deceased during all those years in which he wrought in this goodly city. Elias R. Beadle was born at Cooperstown, Otsego county, in the State of New York, on the 13th of October, 1812. He was the son of Henry and Susan Squires Beadle. There were only two children of these parents, the subject of the present sketch, and Doctor Tracy Beadle, late of Elmira, New York.

Young Beadle was early designed for a mercantile life, and, with this object in view, was placed in a store, in the town in which he was born, at the tender age of thirteen. History furnishes many examples of misunderstood genius ; of fruitless attempts to turn the drift of a boy's life into unnatural and uncongenial channels.

And so with young Beadle, possessing rare powers of head and heart, with an insatiate thirst for the acquisition of knowledge, it was impossible that a mercantile pursuit, the duties of which were so routine and mechanical, should prove other than repugnant. Accordingly, in a short

time we find him acting as assistant to his uncle, Judge Foote, in the office of Surrogate. It was no doubt while discharging the duties of this position that Dr. Beadle acquired his characteristic, clear, bold, running style of penmanship. In the position of the letters one might readily divine the character of the man; each one inclining strongly forwards in close pursuit of its predecessor, and all pressing onwards like a racer in the home-stretch towards the desired goal. It was while engaged with his uncle, and at the early age of seventeen, that conviction of duty led him to make a public profession of religion. The manly decision of the son, decided a similar course on the part of the mother whom he tenderly cherished, and both, at the same time, connected themselves with the Presbyterian Church of their native town.

How often do we attribute to chance or accident what is really the orderly prearranged plan of a divine force. Here is a young man, richly endowed by God with all the natural gifts of a great preacher, but he is poor, and without the influence of powerful friends, through whose assistance the cultivation and training of these native capacities might be rendered possible. But mark! how human extremity is linked with divine opportunity. A stranger, while attending Court at Cooperstown, leaves his lodgings on a pleasant evening for an aimless stroll. He passes the lecture-room of a church in which a prayer meeting is being held. He is induced to enter. A youth of seventeen is praying. Earnest, tender, importunate, he is pressing his suit with a grace of diction, and an affluence of Scripture thought far beyond his years. The surprise and interest of the stranger increase; he remains until the meeting is dismissed, and then seeks an introduction to the youthful speaker. That youth was Beadle, and the stranger, Judge Allan Stewart, who, fascinated by the extraordinary gifts of the young man, at once tenders the means for a theological education. Scarcely had the student entered upon his labors, when he was overtaken by a sudden and dangerous illness, and from which he only recovered after a tedious and prolonged convalescence. After regaining his health, young Beadle removed to Albany in order to continue his theological studies under the instruction of the Rev. E. W. Kirk, who, at that time, was pastor of the South Presbyterian Church, and a man of considerable distinction, both as a scholar and as a preacher. During the two years in which he remained in Albany, Mr. Beadle was obliged to contend with the discouragements of feeble health, the confinement from close application to study telling severely on a constitution naturally delicate. At twenty years of age he removed to Utica, New York, and believing that an active outdoor life would conduce to the improvement of his general health, he accepted an agency in the interest of the American Sunday School Union, the territory of the itinerancy extending over seventeen counties of Central New York. Brought from the nature of this work into contact with the multiform sides of human character, it was doubtless now that Dr. Beadle acquired, in some measure at least, that marvelous adaptability to place and circumstance, and that deep insight

into human character, which constituted one of the foremost characteristics of the man. It is impossible to overestimate the value of such an experience to either the professional or the business man ; it is often the potent personal equation which imparts point and practical power to culture and learning.

In 1835 Mr. Beadle was licensed to preach, and from this date commenced his career as a minister of the Gospel.

During his sojourn at Utica, he formed the acquaintance of the Rev. Asa T. Hopkins. Their friendship ripened into a strong attachment, so real and sincere, that when the latter was called to the First Church at Buffalo, Mr. Beadle, on the earnest solicitation of his friend, was induced to take up his residence in the same city, where he discharged the duties of City Missionary during the week, at the same time becoming, practically, co-pastor with Dr. Hopkins, whose pulpit he occupied during a portion of each Sabbath. It was here that the power of Dr. Beadle as a preacher began to attract public attention. Crowds flocked to hear him, and it was at one of these morning services, when with eloquent speech the young preacher had unfolded the treasures of his text, that the applications of its lessons were made with a pungency and power so startling, as not only to electrify the spell-bound audience, but to bring the old pastor in the pulpit to his feet, who, grasping the hands of the speaker in his own, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, exclaimed with deep emotion, "Young man, you have gifts which will yet make you one of the foremost preachers in America." On another occasion, while addressing a vast audience composed of young men, from the text of the prodigal son, and while delineating in vivid colors the spiritual poverty of the sinner, of which the prodigal was a type, and when a felt silence pervaded the whole assembly, a young man, who saw in the dreadful picture a portraiture of his own condition, under irrepressible feelings of conviction, rushed into the aisle, and moving down towards the speaker, cried out in tones of the deepest distress, "I am that man, I am that man."

No fact in history is more true than that early studies or occupations give a coloring and a drift to the whole future work of a man's life. Gray's poetic career was inspired by reading Virgil. It is said that the peculiarity of shadow which belongs to the pictures of Rembrandt, was due to the direction of the light under which he wrought in the composition and execution of the first productions of his brush.

And so with the subject of our sketch, his early itinerancy in the service of the Sunday School Union, and his labors in the city of Buffalo, had naturally attracted his thoughts towards the missionary field.

This bias was no doubt strengthened by the additional circumstance of having assisted in the preparation of Dr. Asahel Grant for labor among the Nestorians, and probably what was equally influential, the close correspondence which had been kept up between himself and Mr. Alfred North, then engaged in missionary work at Singapore, India. The motives which carried the thoughts of Mr. Beadle to distant lands, were not that he might

consummate some cherished theory in sociology, or to enlarge the sources of knowledge by travel. He was no enthusiast, like Fenelon, contemplating the impossible project of reconciling Grecian culture and philosophy with Apostolic truth, nor was he led by curiosity, longing to linger over the historic sights of ruined porticos or academic groves, where, surrounded by admiring followers, philosophers like Socrates or Plato once taught. Rather would he have sought the market places, where the great Apostle of the Gentiles announced a philosophy which could boast a divine origin, and which was destined to conquer the world by a weapon unknown to the heroes of Marathon, that weapon the sword of the Spirit. There are thousands who linger about the shores of Galilee, wander over the hills of Judea, or gaze with curious eyes on the great foundation stones of the Temple at Jerusalem, animated only by archæological taste, or by a historical association. True, these motives are not blameworthy. Methinks that if I could stand, beyond all peradventure, on the identical spot pressed by the feet of the Nazarene, when He looked down upon the doomed city, and saw with prophetic vision her coming calamities; or if I could sit down on the very brink of that well, under a Syrian sun, where the tired Jesus sat, that I could realize a more vivid sense of God with man, than where faith alone must fill the void of sight and touch. It was not, however, simply to tread the land of sacred story or to feast the eye on the scenes of events which had been foretold by inspired seers that Dr. Beadle longed for the foreign field, but it was in the Spirit of His Master, to carry a gospel which was capable of regenerating lost men. The time, however, was not ripe for the consummation of this cherished object, which lay nearest to his heart. Through the combined influence of untiring labors, and the inhospitable climate of Buffalo, he was again brought to a sick bed by an attack of pneumonia, which proved to be of so severe a type that for a long time his life was in great jeopardy. After having sufficiently recovered his health, and in order to seek a more congenial climate, Mr. Beadle removed to Albion, New York, and during his stay, which was about two years, discharged the duties of pastor to one of the churches of that place. With returning health and strength, the old passion resumed its sway, and, in 1838, he formally offered himself to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, willing to go to the Indians, west of the Rocky mountains, to the Sandwich Islanders, to Syria, or wherever the Board saw proper to send him. The offer was immediately accepted, and an order issued for his departure to the Mediterranean, the objective field of labor being among the Druzes of Mount Lebanon, and to which he sailed, accompanied by his wife, in June, 1839. On their arrival at Beirut, war had broken out among the natives along the slopes of Lebanon, which effectually closed the door against all mission operations among this people. For three years, in expectation of being able to occupy the field of original destination, Mr. Beadle was changed from place to place, and among others to Constantinople, but the climate of this splendid city of the Golden Horn proved inimical to his sensitive

lungs, and as the condition of the country continued to be turbulent and unsettled, he returned to the United States, after an absence of three years. During the year 1843, he remained in New Haven, devoting the entire time to rest and study.

In 1844, on the invitation of the Rev. W. A. Scott, he repaired to New Orleans in order to deliver a course of lectures on Syria. A year later Dr. Beadle returned to the same city, which for six years he made the theatre of a most remarkable ministerial work. In this period he organized three Presbyterian churches, all of which remain as permanent and influential organizations. It was while a resident of New Orleans, in 1847, that a fearful visitation of yellow fever occurred in the city. Eight members of his family, including servants, were attacked by the disease, five being down at one time, but notwithstanding the great mortality of the epidemic, all recovered. I remember on one occasion, when relating some of the scenes witnessed during the prevalence of the disease, and when the whole community seemed to be in a state of panic and fear, Dr. Beadle spoke of the singular moral effect of a single unterrified individual in inspiring courage and hope. With the dawn of the morning, and again with the setting sun, an old negro going to and returning from his daily toil, sang at the top of a clear musical voice, "Way down on Suwanee river." Whether the song was inspired in order to keep up the courage of the singer, or, like the warble of a bird, was the simple outcome of a heart free from fear or care, he was unable to say, but the moral effect on the spirits of himself and others was perfectly magical.

While in New Orleans, Dr. Beadle, in addition to his ministerial labors as the regular pastor of the Prytania Street Church, one of the three which he organized in that city, was the associate of the Rev. Dr. Scott in establishing and conducting a religious publication, the *New Orleans Presbyterian*, a paper distinguished alike for its able advocacy of the distinctive doctrines of Presbyterianism, and its high literary merit.

In 1852 Dr. Beadle was called to Hartford, Connecticut, to the Pearl Street Church. This was a new organization, and in many respects a difficult field to fill, inasmuch as the incumbent would be measured alongside of a number of the ablest preachers and scholars in New England. Beadle at this time was in the very prime of his power, and at once assumed a commanding position among his ministerial brethren. In a short time the new church was crowded to its full capacity with young men, and during the ten years in which he lived and wrought in Hartford, no man ever was more deeply entrenched in the affection of a people than was Dr. Beadle. Until the time of his demise, he was to them the son of consolation, responding to their often repeated calls by his personal ministrations in times of sickness or sorrow and of death.

In the winter of 1859 he had a return of his pulmonary malady, and was compelled to take refuge in Santa Cruz. Few who saw the wasted man depart entertained any hope of ever seeing him return alive. Yet, after a sojourn of eight months, the abscess in the lung closed, and in 1860, one

year from the time of his departure, he had again resumed his pulpit and pastoral labors. In 1863 his pastoral connection with the Pearl Street Church was dissolved. Dr. Beadle, though eminently a man of peace, and in disposition gentle as a woman, had nevertheless an imperial will, which made him ever loyal to convictions of duty. To these he was true as steel. All know that the fiery feelings engendered by the breaking out of the war between the two great sections of the country often carried men away from the stable moorings of reason, and provoked words and acts, which, in cooler moments of reflection, were deeply regretted. Some Christian people believed that the pulpit was the proper place to discuss the vexed questions involved in this fratricidal strife. Dr. Beadle, and there was none more loyal, regarded the introduction of these themes in such a place as a prostitution of the sacred office, and rather than surrender to the fanaticism of the hour, asked in the interest of peace, that the relations between himself and the people of the Pearl Street Church be dissolved, and in accordance with this wish, the ties which had for so many years bound pastor and people together in the bonds of Christian fellowship were sundered.

In 1863 he again sailed for the East, and in company with Dr. William M. Thompson, the well-known author of the "Land and the Book," he visited Egypt and Mount Sinai, the object of the visit being to identify the path of the children of Israel in their exodus to the promised land.

It was after his return from Egypt that my personal acquaintance with Dr. Beadle commenced. It was in the Tenth Presbyterian Church of this city where I first had the pleasure of hearing him preach. I remember well he entered the church and took the back seat on the side aisle, and when the hour for service arrived, he arose, walked with a rapid, nervous step down the same aisle, and ascended to the pulpit. The members of the Second Church will remember that he rarely passed down the central aisle. There was something about the man which immediately awakened my interest. The sharply cut features, the deep lines which furrowed a thoughtful face, and the quick, nervous movements all revealed the fire which flamed beneath the surface. Nor was this interest at all lessened after the speaker rose to proceed with the services of the day. The voice and manner, the form and force of expression, the elegance of diction, all conspired to make one magnificent harmony, and you could not fail to feel that in the delicate wiry body of the speaker, God had enshrined a soul full of all manner of beatitudes.

During the temporary absence of Dr. Boardman and of Dr. Crowl, the congregation of these pastors worshiped together, and Dr. Beadle supplied their pulpits. Notwithstanding the heat of midsummer, and consequently the depopulated state of the city, he soon attracted large congregations composed of highly educated and appreciative hearers.

The following year, 1864, Dr. Beadle spent in Rochester, supplying for a time a vacant pulpit in that city, but the rigor of the climate in that part of the State of New York, soon compelled him to seek a more congenial spot,

and in 1865 he was called to the Second Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, then situated on Seventh street, between Market and Arch. In consequence of the drift of population westward, and the encroachment of trade, a process of disintegration had been going on for years in this old historic church, which rendered a change imperative, and when the few remaining worshipers turned their backs on the spot hallowed by so many tender and sacred memories, it was with feelings somewhat akin to those experienced by the sons of the captivity, when required to sing a song of Zion by the willows of Babel. After leading a kind of nomadic life for some time, this body at length selected the site at Twenty-first and Walnut street, and there erected the present imposing edifice, where the last and not the least prosperous years of Dr. Beadle's singularly successful ministry were spent, and where, like a heroic soldier he held aloft the Gospel banner, until the victory was won.

On Sabbath morning, the 5th of January, 1879, Dr. Beadle preached with his usual earnestness and power, and at the close of the service, touchingly announced the consummation of a long cherished hope, namely, that he might live to see canceled the onerous debt which had hung like a pall over the beautiful temple in which he and his people had worshiped, at the same time saying, "that his work was now done." Whether any projected shadow had announced the coming event, I know not, but the words were prophetic, it was his last Gospel message; his work was done. One hour later I was hastily summoned to his aid. On his way to the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. Horace Pitkin, the day being cold and windy, he had been seized with the agony of cardiac angina, requiring to be assisted into the house. On entering the room I found the poor sufferer seated on a sofa; but alas! how changed. The face an hour before beaming with exultant joy was now shrunken, pinched, pallid and cadaveric; the wrist pulseless, and with a desperate clutching of the fingers there was heard a low plaintive half-suppressed moan, like one in hopeless trouble. I felt how vain was the help of man. A few hours later, or shortly after midnight, the gentle spirit of Beadle was released from its mortal environment, and passed from the Church Militant to the Church Triumphant.

But this sketch would be far from being complete if we failed to study, from a much nearer point of view, those qualities which constituted the individuality of this remarkable man, and which revealed the secret of his successful and distinguished career. My intimacy with Dr. Beadle commenced immediately after his removal to Philadelphia, and for years, unless interrupted by absence from the city, our companionship was almost daily; consequently I came to know the man through and through.

Beadle was a many-sided man. Like a precious brilliant, every facet showed with soft and luminous rays. His temperament was what a medical man would designate as *nervo-sanguine*. Though patient, prudent and self-controlled, he possessed, nevertheless, an immense momentum or active force of brain and heart, which kept him ever in motion, and in-



spired the ardent, earnest and untiring enthusiasm with which he worked, whether the objects of pursuit were small or great. There was withal a singular thoroughness in all that he did, a determination to get at the core, or as John Brown would say, the lion marrow of things. One of the most formidable disabilities with which Dr. Beadle had to contend was feeble health. He began life with a great soul in a delicate body, and on several occasions was compelled to call a halt in order that the exhausted energy of the overworked machine might be regained. Thrice was he so near death that little hope was entertained of his recovery, much less of being able to take up the toil of beloved work.

A warm personal friend and admirer of Dr. Beadle, Prof. Benjamin Silliman, the Elder, once said, "O Beadle! if that soul of yours could be shot into a robust body, what a power you would be in the world." None but those who were very close to Dr. Beadle have any conception of the fierce struggle maintained by this noble man against physical infirmities. It was the frequent reopening of an old abscess cavity of the lung, which occasioned the violent paroxysms of cough and profuse expectoration which so often interrupted his speaking in the pulpit. I may also mention a fact which was doubtless little suspected by his friends, and which served to further complicate this constitutional weakness. He was the subject of chronic Bright's disease, and that for thirteen years, or up to the time of his death, the progress of this grave affection required to be kept in abeyance by periodical treatment; nothing indeed, but an imperial dauntless will, and a perennial spring of vitality, which animated the tough fibre of his slight frame, could ever have enabled this man to weather the cross-currents and storms of so checkered a life, and to anchor in a haven of sixty-seven.

An inborn, insatiate thirst for the acquisition of knowledge, associated with a remarkable versatility of tastes and capacities, led Dr. Beadle to cultivate various departments of natural science. It was, however, more particularly in the realms of conchology and mineralogy that he was most deeply interested. His collections of shells and minerals formed one of the most extensive and valuable private possessions of the kind in this country, and scarcely was a vacation passed without the same being enriched with numerous spoils from the mountain, and from the sea. Several educational institutions of the county are indebted to his generosity for large and valuable additions to their cabinets. Any one who may have visited his rooms on Eighth street, will scarcely fail to remember, among other rare specimens which lay on his table, a magnificent section of a petrified palm tree, with its concentrically arranged laminæ of variegated siliceous matter answering to the original layers of ligneous matter. The circumstances under which Dr. Beadle came into possession of this valuable piece are quite characteristic of the man. Dr. George M. Graves, in a letter to the Rev. Heber H. Beadle, writes that in 1864 he spent a month in company with Dr. Beadle, and Dr. Thompson traveling from Cairo to Egypt, over the French canal and through the desert to Mt. Sinai. At

the petrified forest near to Cairo, the writer had found a large stony fragment of one of the trees which originally formed a part of the grove. Placing the piece before him on the neck of his donkey, he determined to bring it with him to America. After wrestling for some time with the unwieldy mass, he became disgusted, and cast it down upon the sand. The temptation to recover the valuable specimen was too great to be resisted by Dr. Beadle, who, after a few moments' reflection, dismounted, and placing the precious stone before him, on the withers of his beast, at length, after allowing it a number of times to roll over the head of the stumbling donkey, succeeded in bringing it into camp, from which it was shipped home, and, after being polished by the wheel of the lapidary, it was allowed to grace the cabinet of its owner, "a thing of beauty and joy forever."

It was during this excursion that another little incident occurred, which revealed the happy vein of subdued humor which lay just beneath the surface of our naturalist's character. A fatiguing day's march over the burning sands, had brought the little company, suffering from the combined effects of thirst and exhaustion, to an oasis in the desert, where with joy they had hoped to cool their parched mouths with the limpid water which lay under the shadow of a few palm trees. Before, however, they were able to dip their vessels, the camels, attracted by the scent of water, rushed impetuously into the pool and befouled it with mud. While the thirsty travelers stood dazed with surprise and disappointment, Dr. Beadle, as if enjoying the dilemma, and with a half mischievous smile on his face, though suffering equally with his companions, began to expatiate on the delicious qualities of Philadelphia ice cream.

Notwithstanding his great fondness for the natural sciences, Dr. Beadle did not allow subjects belonging to this realm to charm him away from other studies. Traveling and living as he had been for several years among peoples of diverse speech, it was natural that he should seek to obtain a knowledge of different languages. With the same facility with which other subjects were mastered, he acquired an excellent understanding of both ancient and modern tongues, some of these he spoke with a fluency little inferior to that of his mother speech.

His desire to accumulate new stores of knowledge increased with age, and seemed to be unappeasable. Though reading in all directions, this was nevertheless conducted methodically. His habit was to keep five irons in the fire at the same time. These were theology, science, biography, history and travels. Like Baron Larrey, the great surgeon who followed for many years the fortunes of Napoleon Bonaparte, when contemplating a visit to some new country or district, he would gather from all acceptable sources whatever could be learned of the region or its inhabitants, so Dr. Beadle prepared for all his excursions, scientific or otherwise, by preliminary study.

His industry was remarkable and always regulated by system and dis-

patch. No man more than he realized the truth of Bonar's expressive lines :

Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
 A dropping tear,
 We have not time to sport away the hours,
 All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Rising early in the morning he breakfasted, in summer, at six, and in winter, at seven o'clock. Half an hour later he was in his study, and as Hayden, when composing his "Creation," always addressed the Creator before touching the cords of his instrument, so Dr. Beadle before beginning the work of the day reverently sought the aid and guidance of Him, who is the source of all knowledge and wisdom. He never wrote after mid-day, but held himself, after that time, ready for any interruption, professional or otherwise. He wrote with amazing rapidity, and always with the old historic quill. No pauses were made in search of fitting words or for the rearrangement of sentences. Unlike the sculptor, who, with ponderous strokes first fashions from the shapeless mass of marble a rude outline of the figure in contemplation, reserving for the finer lines of force and expression a thousand repeated delicate touches of his chisel, Beadle never stopped to redress or reconstruct. Whatever the subject, it had been thought out and arranged, mentally, while on the wing here and there, and when he came to the work of the study, the mental picture required for its visibility only the mechanical movements of the hand. There is among his many letters, written to me at various times, and from different places, scarcely a single one in which either an erasure, or an interlinear word can be found. His style was vigorous, compact, incisive, and remarkable for perspicuity. Every thought was expressed in fitting language, and with a purity and elegance peculiarly his own.

On the platform he was inimitable. It mattered not in what order he was placed among speakers, first or last, he knew just how to gather up and condense with marvelous tact the salient points of the occasion, and without noisy declamation or a single unnecessary word, in a few polished, fiery, and logically connected sentences, to strike the nail exactly on the head.

It is not common to find order associated with great energy and dispatch, yet this was notably the case in the character of Dr. Beadle. While moving like a comet, there was nothing like hurry in his work.

A facility for mere details tends greatly to contract or dwarf mental power, but when joined with an executive push, the union cannot fail to prove a potent force in the battle of life. At no time did this twin force exhibit itself to greater advantage than when an invoice of minerals or shells had been received, and when the contents of the boxes were spread over the floor of his study in chaotic confusion. It was almost phenomenal to find that in a few hours the hand of a master had, with magical celerity, classified and relegated each specimen to its proper place, and that even the dust had been cleared away with scrupulous care. His rooms were always

models of order and neatness. There was not a nail or a chair, a hammer or a piece of twine which had not its specifically assigned place. I was not one of those who first entered Dr. Beadle's study after his death, but I would venture to say, that I could locate the exact position occupied by each piece of furniture in that room, even to the inkstand, letter weight, blotter and other articles of his table.

Not only was he methodical in the arrangement of working material, and in the disposition of his time, but he was also scrupulously exact in the disbursement of income. He was old-fashioned enough to believe that there were some things belonging to the Mosaic economy which might be advantageously introduced into the ethics of modern life. He held to the doctrine of stewardship, that God, as well as Cæsar, had claims on every man's property, and, accordingly, he faithfully tithed, not mint and cummin, but his income, presents as well. He did not invest his money, and then tithe the income, he was too conscientious to do that, as investments often take wings and fly away, but whenever salary or other moneys were received, one-tenth was immediately withdrawn, and the amount placed to the Lord's credit, and, not unfrequently before the day was gone, the entire sum was distributed in those directions, where, in the judgment of the donor, it was calculated to effect the most good.

Men of method, of exactness in details and economizers of time, are also punctual men, and this was eminently true of Dr. Beadle. Of the many appointments we made together, extending over a period of several years, I cannot recall a single instance in which one was forgotten; before the last minute of the designated time expired he would appear. "Name the time when you will meet me at a particular place in London," said a friend to Dr. Beadle when he was just on the wing for a hasty tour through Norway, Sweden, and as far north as Moscow. "At 4 o'clock in the afternoon on the Fourth of July," was the prompt reply, and at the day and hour named, our traveler set down his carpet bag at the appointed place. His power of observation was also remarkable. Though loyal to the sentiment of the wise man, "let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee," yet he managed to give an immense circumference to his visual field, for riding over a stretch of country in a railroad coach, or passing through a hospital ward, and apparently occupied with inner thoughts, you would be surprised to find that the geological and floral peculiarities of the region had not been overlooked, nor had the different expressions of the sick escaped his notice.

Nothing perhaps would more quickly challenge the attention of one familiar with the career of Dr. Beadle, than his early recognition as a public man. Philadelphians have the reputation, I do not say justly, of being a *procul, O procul este, profanis* sort of people; a people proverbially slow to break over the charmed circle of family and sect, when sharing the responsibilities of public trusts. Be this as it may, Dr. Beadle, not long after his removal to this city, was elected a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania. He was also a member of the active

Committee of the Philadelphia Society for alleviating the miseries of Public Prisons. His interest was also solicited in behalf of the Institutions for the Blind, the Deaf and the Dumb. He early became a member of the Academy of Natural Sciences and of the American Philosophical Society. That his connection with these different organizations was not simply nominal, will appear from the glowing eulogiums passed by several of these bodies upon the character, scientific and literary attainments of the man. And just here, let me say, in a parenthesis, that the disfavor expressed by many against ministers of the Gospel actively participating in public affairs, appears to me to be based on very narrow and erroneous views of the duties which belong to citizenship. The presence of an educated ecclesiastic among governing bodies, tends to leaven a large mass of crude humanity, and to transfuse it with a wholesome moral and restraining influence.

But great and varied as were his gifts and graces in literary and scientific knowledge, it was in the sphere of the ministry that Dr. Beadle shone with a rare splendor. God had eminently fitted him for this work. The office of the ministry is a very comprehensive one, including, as it does, preaching, pastoral labor, and attendance on church courts, and I know of no calling from which there is so much exacted. Between the demands of education, culture, secularity and sentiment, the minister is expected to embody all the learning of ancient and modern savants, all the refinement and polish of court circles, all the eloquence of an Apollon, all the meekness of a Moses, all the patience of a Job, and all the frugality and economy of a Franklin. I do not say that Dr. Beadle met all these requirements of the time, but he certainly approached the standards as near as most men of his profession. I am not sufficiently familiar with theological phraseology to express in technical language the characteristics of his preaching. The themes which constituted the subjects of his pulpit discourses were always evangelical, and managed with a consummate art. The textual dissection or analyses of doctrine was conducted with a keen logical blade, and though embellished with great elegance of diction, and with a rare wealth of illustration, the central idea or doctrine always illuminated the foreground. A student of nature and of art, familiar with many departments of human learning, and master of language, he placed all the great acquisitions of his mind, gleaned from so many sources, under tribute in the discussion and enforcement of Gospel truth, which, while it challenged the undivided admiration of the ripest intellect, was at the same time leveled down to the capacity of a child. As Madam Roland in her early readings of Telemachus and Tasso became so imbued with the spirit of her subject, that for the time, it is said, she was Eucharis for Telemachus, and Ermina for Tancred; and as Reynolds, that wonderfully gifted delineator of the human face, when contemplating the transfiguration of Raffaele, became swallowed up in the resplendent glory of the scene, so there were times, when temporarily released from the pressure of physical weakness, that Dr. Beadle, interpenetrated and enwrapped with

the high themes of his discourse, would be carried forward on a wave of impassioned, though self-possessed vehemence, that made him an embodiment of sweetness and power.

The great and perplexing problem of the architect consists in making the crown of his edifice harmonize with, and not detract from its lower magnificence, and it is no uncommon experience to find a speaker sadly deficient in the art of rounding out an address, otherwise of the highest merit; not so, however, with Beadle, it was in closing perorations, when emphasizing the practical lessons of his subject, and appealing to the hopes, the fears, and the love of the hearer, that he captivated every avenue to the heart by a glowing fervor of impassioned rhetoric. How applicable to him are the lines of the Christian poet:

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
Coincident exhibit lucid proof,
That he is honest in his sacred cause.

The petitions of this man of God were freighted with the necessities of universal humanity. His comprehensive love and catholic spirit embraced the entire race in all its multiform aspects. Not alone the spiritual concerns of Zion, but with these all ranks and classes of men were borne to the mercy seat, on the wings of an imperial faith, in language glowing with supernal beauty and tender pathos, and from lips touched with the very fire of heaven. No one could hear Dr. Beadle pray without feeling that he had been down in the "garden of the beloved, among the beds of spices, gathering lilies and sweet-smelling myrrh."

When sickness or death entered the households of his parish, there was no voice like Beadle's. A large portion of his own life had been marked by physical suffering, and death had more than once invaded his home, bearing out of sight the treasures of his love, and as when the aromatic herb is crushed there comes forth its richest aroma, or as the fervid heat of the crucible separates the gold from the dross, so the naturally sweet nature of Beadle had been graced through the refining agency of physical and mental trials with a tender gentleness, which made him, in a peculiar sense, "a brother born for adversity."

That there was nothing perfunctory in his ministerial work, will appear from private memoranda found among his papers, showing how close to his heart lay the interests of his flock. In these memoranda appear the names of individuals for whom special intercessions were made in private, and as these prayers were answered, and this one, and that one became connected with the Church, their places were supplied by other names. Some few of these appear to have been carried down for thirteen years or to the end of his pastorate, a circumstance, methinks, which would make the grave of Beadle appeal to these unsundered hearts with an eloquence more potent than the living voice.

Much of the subtle magnetism of Dr. Beadle's character was due to a

pervading sympathy which interpenetrated his whole moral nature. By this I do not mean the mere sentiment of feeling or of compassion. Much more than this; something vastly more comprehensive; something in which both the heart and the head are concerned, and these two in such sweet harmony with man, in all his conditions, wants and aspirations, and with nature in all her moods, that unstudied, and instinctively the look of the eyes, the speech of the tongue, and the very manner of the body, all conspired in securing a supreme mastery over the human mind and heart. There is, perhaps, no position in which a minister of the Gospel can be placed that requires greater circumspection, to escape unfriendly criticism, than in discharging the claims of social life. Here he is brought into contact with the most incongruous elements of society, embracing the sober and gay, the reverent and irreverent, the learned and unlearned, the cultivated and rude. Like his Master in company with the Scribes and Pharisees, "he is watched." Tried in this crucible, Dr. Beadle came forth without even the smell of fire on his garments. He could change the drift of distasteful conversation with consummate adroitness and reprove, without offense, by a silence more expressive than words. His conversation, even on ordinary topics, was always entertaining, and generally, ingeniously concealed a golden thread of religious thought. Like the force of gravitation in the planetary world, attracting, yet at the same time keeping the celestial bodies at a fixed distance from the common center, so the transparent simplicity and purity of Dr. Beadle's character, while drawing every one to his person by a singular fascination, never encouraged undue nearness or familiarity.

It requires neither brass or marble to perpetuate the memory of a man like him whose life and character I have so imperfectly portrayed. His individuality was so impressed on human hearts that thousands to-day behold his image as an ever present reality. The earth is covered with pretentious shafts, telling the story of ambitious men who once animated the sleeping dust beneath, but what inscription so noble! what one so brief and yet so comprehensive and glorious, as that which marks the gravestone of Beadle, graven at his own request—"Only a servant of Christ."

4 *A Collection of Words and Phrases taken from the Passamaquoddy Tongue. By Abby Langdon Alger.*

(Read before the American Philosophical Society, February 6, 1885.)

ä like a in father; ï like ee; ch as in German; ū like oo in spoon.

NOUNS.

Frog,
Dog,

'Tchkwülsük.
Ülehmüs.