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*PUBLICATIONS OF THE ROCHESTER
HISTORICAL SOCIETY, No. II.*

SKETCH
OF
THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE
OF
SAMUEL MILES HOPKINS,
OF
SALEM, CONNECTICUT.



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SKETCH

OF

THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE

OF

SAMUEL MILES HOPKINS,

OF SALEM, CONNECTICUT,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, AND LEFT AS A TOKEN OF
AFFECTION TO HIS CHILDREN.

TOGETHER WITH REMINISCENCES BY HIS CHILDREN, AND
A GENEALOGY OF THE HOPKINS FAMILY.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

At the annual meeting of the Rochester Historical Society on the evening of March 14th, 1898, the President, Mr. George M. Elwood, being in the Chair, Dr. Augustus Hopkins Strong read to the Society extracts from the manuscript autobiography of his grand-uncle, the Hon. Samuel Miles Hopkins, LL.D. As an introduction to his reading, Dr. Strong made the following remarks:—

“In the archives of the family of which I am an unworthy representative, there has been for the last fifty years a little manuscript book which was written just sixty-six years ago. It is a treasure which has never been made public, and, so far as I am aware, it has never until this evening been read outside of the family to which it belongs. It is a sketch of the public and private life of Samuel Miles Hopkins, of Salem, Connecticut, written by himself and left as a token of affection to his children. I propose to read to you this evening some portions of this little autobiography. Before beginning my reading however, let me connect it with the proper work of this Historical Society, by saying that the author of the sketch, who was born in 1772 and died in 1837, and who received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Yale College in 1832, was in his later life a man of note in Western New York. He was the founder of the village of Moscow in Livingston County, was a resident successively of Mount Morris and of Geneva, and among other offices held those of State Senator and Member of Congress.

“I take particular interest in the narrative because he was a grand-uncle of mine. There are others here however who are more directly related than I, and are in the direct line of descent from him. I refer to Mr. John H. Hopkins, and to Mrs. J. P. Varnum, his grandchildren. The fact that the autobiography is addressed to his children, and was never written for publication, lends a tender interest to many parts of it, for it is the frank unfolding of an affectionate, highly cultivated, and naturally noble mind. It is the life story of a man of unusual endowments, whose lot was cast in stirring times, and who made his mark upon his generation. The account of his education, his early connection with Chancellor Kent and Aaron Burr, his experiences in England and in France at the time when the first Napoleon was rising to power, his adventures in the untrodden American wilderness, his misfortunes and successes, his religious faith and devotion, is too graphic and interesting to be lost.

It contains valuable material for our early history, and for that reason I have thought it a quite appropriate theme to occupy our time for this session of the Rochester Historical Society."

Before proceeding to read from the autobiography, Dr. Strong made some allusion to the ancestry of Samuel Miles Hopkins, and to the distinguished men who have borne the Hopkins name, among them Dr. Lemuel Hopkins, the poet, of Hartford, Conn., who exerted no small influence as a writer of political and satirical verses during our Revolution; Stephen Hopkins, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; Dr. Samuel Hopkins, of Newport, R. I., the great New England theologian, whose sermons stirred up the first organized political action against slavery in America; Esek Hopkins, the first Commodore of the American Navy; President Mark Hopkins, of Williams College, one of the noblest teachers of young men and one of the most influential writers on ethical science that this country has produced; and Professor Samuel M. Hopkins, D.D., the son of the author of our sketch, and for many years Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Auburn Theological Seminary. Further information in regard to the Hopkins Family has been embodied in the Genealogy which follows this Sketch.

At the conclusion of Dr. Strong's reading, Theodore Bacon, Esq., displayed a book published in 1826. It was entitled "Reports of Cases Argued and Determined in the Court of Chancery of the State of New York, volume I., by Samuel M. Hopkins, Counsellor-at-Law." Chancellor Sanford, Mr. Bacon said, appointed Mr. Hopkins as Reporter in his Court. The decisions of the Court were published in one volume, and this volume in point of accuracy is exceeded by few in the English language. Mr. Charles E. Fitch mentioned a Fourth of July Oration which was delivered by Mr. Hopkins in Syracuse in the year 1820. Continuing, Mr. Fitch expressed his judgment that the document which had been read by Dr. Strong was far too valuable for purposes of history to be kept from the public. The result was the appointment of a Committee consisting of Dr. Strong, Charles E. Fitch, and George P. Humphrey, to confer with the family in regard to the publication of the manuscript. The assent of the family having been obtained, the autobiography itself is now published by the Rochester Historical Society.

SKETCH
OF THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE OF
SAMUEL MILES HOPKINS.

TO MY CHILDREN :

For some years past, I have intended to leave behind me, for your perusal, a short account of the more important events of my life. That life, indeed, has not been conspicuous, nor to my fellowmen of much importance. On the contrary, it has been, most generally, a scene of disappointment, leading to results very different from the sanguine hopes of early years. But it has also been a scene of blessings and mercies; and my estimate of the value of life itself is much more favorable than that of moralists in general. My principal motives, however, for leaving any memorial of a life of so little general interest, are, that it will be a token of the dear love I bear you; that it may incidentally afford lessons, or warnings; that it may possibly (though I am not sure that I shall write enough at large for that) afford me the opportunity to note some thoughts which may interest you; and finally that I think some sketch of my early recollections may transmit to you who are to follow, such views of society, manners and things, as one generation may be glad to receive from those who went before. I will also add a few memoranda concerning our family and ancestors.

Hitherto I have obtained no certain knowledge of my progenitors, farther back than four generations previous to myself, that is to my great grandfather. His baptismal name is not known to me, but according to some memoranda which my father sent me, he removed from Hartford, in Connecticut, to Waterbury, which must have been towards the year 1700. The family-tree which I intend to annex will show our direct line, and such other of his descendants as are known to me.

In the *Massachusetts Historical Collections*, vol. 8, p. 207, is an account of the first settlement at Plymouth, from which it appears that on board the first ship was a person of the name of Stephen Hopkins, who was of some consideration. Stephen has been a hereditary name among us. Dr. Daniel Hopkins of Salem, Mass., wrote me that he had no doubt but that Stephen was our common ancestor. His brother Samuel of Newport (in writing his own life, I believe) made a remark to this effect, that, so far as he could learn, he descended from a stock who were Puritans as far back as Queen Elizabeth. I now add that, as far back as I learn, they have been very universally honest men. I think it is very common that blessings descend through a long train of the descendants of pious parents.

My grandfather removed from old Waterbury to the parish or "society" of Salem (part of that town), which must have been about 1730. I believe the family were large original proprietors in the town. He, my grandfather, and father, lived at the old family place until my father's removal to Goshen in 1774. My father's mother was of the Tallmadge family of Long Island (from which place was Col. B. Tallmadge of Litchfield, a cavalry officer in the Revolutionary War). My mother's name was Miles. My grandfather married, as his third wife, the widow Ann Miles of Wallingford (her family name was Daily), who had several children. They all removed to Salem and made one family, with my grandfather; both families lived in great and uninterrupted friendship during their lives. My mother was the daughter of this third wife of my grandfather. This grandmother Miles, who lived till my age of about 18 or 19, was a woman of uncommon mind and information; well versed in many things which our country women of that age did not generally study,—such as Geography, etc. She was a reader of Josephus and of Ancient History, and brought to my grandfather, among other books, the works of Milton, Young, Rowe, and, I believe, of Pope. I remember the Turkish Spy and several others. These added variety to the collection of strict Calvinistic theology and Puritanical sermons, which were at the old Hopkins residence, and they inspired a

strong love of reading in the whole family. My father once drew up for my use some notices regarding our families, but he was so much engaged at the time that he did not ever revise them. It was soon after the death of my uncle, Dr. Samuel Hopkins, hereafter mentioned. Thinking what he wrote rather too hasty for presentation as a whole, I now extract the following remarks from it.

My grandfather died in 1796. He was a grave, thoughtful, observing man, of rather a melancholy character, which perhaps might be increased by his religious views; for in religion he was almost of the strictest sect of the Puritans, whose excellencies and defects he at once exemplified. His habit of close and careful observation, both upon moral and physical objects, and self-acquired way of reasoning upon them, made him in many respects a wise man. But he was rather diffident of himself, and stated his opinions and conclusions with much caution. His reading was chiefly that of the practical religion of the seventeenth century. I believe his personal attention to religion was excited by the preaching of Whitefield. In person, he was tall and spare, and in health rather delicate, and became accustomed to regulate his diet and clothing with much care. Yet he lived to 75, and then died of accidental small-pox. His second son, Samuel, was in many respects one of the most extraordinary men I ever knew, yet he has left nothing behind him which will at all do him justice. He will live a little longer in the love and admiration of all the good and wise of his acquaintance who survive, and then the memory of him will be lost to all human view, like that of the vast multitude of men to whom God has given extraordinary powers, and who shine awhile and then are extinguished for ever. I should shrink from any attempt to write his character; but will try to throw in a few detached remarks to give some idea of him. The portrait of him which you see in the drawing-room is a copy by Trumbull, taken about 1825, from a portrait in possession of James Watson, which original Trumbull had taken for Watson as early as 1794. If the family of Mr. Watson ever sell that original, it ought to be obtained, first, by Hopkins McCracken, the only living descend-

ant of my uncle, and in default of him by some of you. You will see in the portrait a head and face, which I think is hardly excelled by the superlative beauty of Milton's. The intense glare of that eye, which you observe in the portrait, was the true interpreter of a mind immersed in intense thought. The whole cast of his mind and therefore of his conversation was in the highest degree bold, strong, original; and his thoughts were very often uttered in nervous and concise figures of speech, entirely peculiar to himself and full of instruction and light. The habits of society had not then reached that discipline and pretended polish, which at this day would suppress or much limit that style. But I think that his peculiar faculty was the intuitive and almost instantaneous perception of truth. Anecdotes of his extraordinary sagacity are still repeated with admiration among his surviving friends and by patients, some of whom, now nearly thirty years after his death, still delight to tell how he saved their lives, and that by means most extraordinary. While I write this, I have in mind, as an example which you know, that of a venerable lady who was subject to bleeding from the lungs. She had been under the care of a physician, who according to all known good practice had stopped the hemorrhage, and supposed, as all others did, that he had saved her life. But as she continued very ill, my uncle, who intimately knew her constitution, was sent for. His first measure was to set the lungs bleeding again, and she is yet alive. I presume the world never saw bolder practice; and woe to the physician who, with less sagacity than his, shall dare to imitate it. He was called too in the night (sleeping soundly from fatigue and exhaustion) to rise and visit his particular friend, Dr. B——, who was said "to be dying with the colic." "He hasn't got the colic," said he, half asleep and half awake, while dressing. When he arrived the patient was already surrounded by other physicians, who stood aghast but presumed not to murmur as they saw him begin to ply the sufferer with tremendous stimulants, internal and external. It was a repelled or wandering rheumatism, and any treatment for colic would have killed the man. All this he had foreseen and

understood before the attendants could believe that he was awake. When the stricture was removed from the bowels to a limb, he reproached his friend, Dr. B.: "Did I not tell you that that wandering rheumatism would kill you, unless you took care of yourself?" The cooling treatment in fevers, the puerperal especially; and wine in fevers since called typhus, I believe, were then thought madness; but his patients got well. Some such cases were the subject of much newspaper discussion.

The intuitive discernment of truth was not confined to professional matters. I remember instances which related to subjects very foreign to his usual studies; one even in relation to the operation of the judiciary in the Constitution of the United States, lately adopted. His writings were almost always occasional, and generally humorous and satirical. On a review of them, they seem to lose so much of their force and point by the change of times and things, that I scarcely think they ought in justice to him to be published. He removed from Litchfield to Hartford about 1784. Soon after this, and until 1789, the attention of all intelligent and good men became deeply engrossed by the great question of an efficient Federal Union. The timid, the less informed and jealous, were fearful of delegating great powers which might, they feared, be used against public liberty. But more than all this was the rivalry of little great men and second-rate politicians, who foresaw that their petty importance would be obscured by the power of real talent, which must be brought into action to support the general government. To bring the mass of the people to right views and decided action on this point required a power of persuasion and instruction and a mass of talent, such as, I presume, was never before nor since exerted before any people.

At that time there resided in Hartford, John Trumbull, author of *McFingal*; Col. David Humphries, Oliver Wolcott, Joel Barlow and my uncle; and a few years later Theodore Dwight, Richard Alsop and others. The first set of these made an informal club, meeting often, and by joint effort furnishing something in every possible style of writing, calculated to convince and persuade a reading and

thinking people ; but much of all this was conveyed in the form of tale, fable, mock heroics and irony; and much that is now lost forever, was I conceive, in a spirit of humor and good sense, not inferior to that of the age of Swift and Arbuthnot. I remember a plan for a legislative body, to be composed of old women only. Then they got up a heroic poem, called the Anarchiad, supposed to have been discovered among the ancient works at Marietta and more ancient than Homer, from which he and all subsequent poets had borrowed unblushingly. The plot of the poem was the final reduction of human institutions and all else to their original chaos. The leading demagogues of the day were made to figure as the agents and generals of the grand march ; and the speeches and scenes of the ancient poets, but above all, of Milton's infernal legion and nether world, were parodied and travestied with inexpressible gravity, always noting the flagrant plagiarisms of Homer, Virgil, Milton & Company. I remember the plan of some games instituted by the Anarch, in which the first prize was awarded to the chief who could see the farthest into total darkness, and in which all the leading popular factionists of the day were made to contend. But it was not humor alone. Ancient History was ransacked and contributed its share, and all the resources of reason were called forth, aided by a spirit of the deepest feeling for the unparalleled interests then at stake. Talent and the love of country, and a feeling of deep concern for the good of mankind, in that instance presided. Oh ! that it might ever be so.

I have been thus particular on this subject because it will disclose to you a fact which history—false, superficial, partisan, vulgar—will never tell to posterity. It is indeed sometimes told that the war of the Revolution was not to repel oppression felt, but foreseen. But the Federal Constitution was a much greater effort of just discernment in a whole people ; and it required a much greater sacrifice of old habits, of local interests, fears and jealousies, and a much wiser foresight of impending dangers. This was mainly accomplished by the pens of that vast corps of very able men scattered throughout

the country, and which that age produced so fruitfully. But what idea does it give of the American people as they were fifty years ago! This, however, is what history will never explain, because the writers will never know it.

I add but a word more of my uncle. He was kind, humane, most sincerely disinterested, so that he laid up but little property from a practice so immense that cases were sent to him in writing, for consultation, from distant states. His devotion to his patients was unbounded, and he always contended to the very last against the King of Terrors. He even rode in bad weather to see the sick, when it was said that he was less able than they to go out, and when he knew (who always watched and understood the progress of the consumption in his own lungs) that himself could not last long. Among the multitude of patients who came to consult him, were many of the intemperate. There was generally no hope for them, and when they retired I well remember how he would turn to his pupils and lecture from their cases. These were the scenes which made me at the age of fourteen form my vow or resolution of perfect temperance.

Of my father, I shall say less. He was a farmer. Of all the men I ever saw he was the most truly just, impartial, and disinterested. He was ingenious, laborious and persevering; unsparing of himself, and sparing of the labors and sufferings of all other creatures, brute and human, and most kindly affectioned towards all that could think or feel. I can now recollect single expressions of his to me in boyhood, which taught me lessons of justice and humanity that, I hope, have influenced me through life. Not having much time for reading, he was thrown back upon himself for topics to engage his ever active mind. And, as moral and metaphysical speculations are those which can be best prosecuted out of the closet and in the midst of laborious occupations, so he dwelt much upon them. He had found time, however, to read nearly all of value that had been written on mental philosophy. He understood Locke, Hume, and Edwards, and could repeat Pope's Essay on Man, I believe, nearly every line

by rote, and this too without ever intending to learn it by memory. He had also read much of the best old English divines—Tillotson, Sherlock, Leeds, and others whom I have forgotten. How he found time to read them I cannot imagine; but once reading was enough, for he forgot nothing of importance which he had ever known, besides all the thoughts of importance he incorporated into his own mass. It is my opinion that his speculations, if reduced to writing, would have made some clear addition to all that has been before written on heads of metaphysical inquiry. Indeed, he was desired by me and some other of his friends to reduce his views to writing, but his engagements prevented it. In his advanced years, when he had removed near me on the Genesee river, I engaged him in occasional conversations in order to obtain some of his ideas more accurately; and I think I comprehended him on some points; on others, I recollected them from my youth. I may possibly attempt to give some sketch of the whole. I never have heard him on these subjects without being struck by some idea that was new to me, and this makes me apprehend that many very valuable thoughts have died with him. In the practical concerns of life, he had much of the quick and intuitive perception of truth which I have mentioned in the case of my uncle. He would see the right way of doing a thing, and see it instantly. At Goshen they were building a steeple to the church, the spire of which was finished below, and was to be raised by machinery and placed on the square part of the tower. When raised nearly to its place, a gin gave way in such a manner that the spire swung out of the right direction and hung leaning over, while its great weight and unequal pressure was thrown upon some braces, which were yielding and breaking gradually. It seemed alike fatal to the workmen to fly or stay, and consternation seized the multitude, while the impending mass threatened ruin, and the master builder was without resource. The most appalling circumstance was that there were several men so placed that they could not be extricated, and if the mass fell they must fall with it. At this moment of horror, my father saw where he could attach a chain so

as to secure the works from further pressure in the wrong direction and probably prevent the fall. He seized an ox chain, wound it round his neck and shoulders, and mounted rapidly to the scene of danger, regardless of the calls of his friends, whose attention was now engrossed by the awful danger of his enterprise. He attached the chain in such a manner as to save the crushing braces and all was made safe.

My father and mother professed their faith in Christ before my remembrance, and were members of the Presbyterian church. In the time of my youth, difficulties arose in the church at Goshen, owing to the overbearing and intemperate conduct of the minister, who was supported by a small majority of the church, but condemned by the opinion of councils and other ministers and churches. Those subjects were agitated with intense eagerness for years, during much of which time my father was excluded from church ordinances. When the excitement was over, and reason and charity, I hope, resumed their sway, the church rescinded all their measures, and restored my father, without any concessions whatever from him, to his right of membership.

I was born at Salem in Waterbury, New Haven Co., Connecticut, on the 9th of May, 1772, at a house on the Hopkins farm, a place about a quarter or half a mile south from the principal dwelling, and which he now inhabited, as his father and perhaps his grandfather had before him. I mention it on account of a tradition, which I imperfectly remember, to this effect. My grandfather's oldest brother, John, was to have removed to some far distant place (Stockbridge, I suspect), but going there he found danger from the Indians, and so returned and lived in this house (which my grandfather did or was to occupy). This great-uncle John I remember. I have therefore seen a man who, in effect, was driven back by fear of the Indians to within fourteen miles of New Haven. In 1826 I visited the old Hopkins place. I had before seen it at the age of 16, and before that at about 9 years old. No change except the slow workings of time upon wooden buildings a century old! But the grape-

vine was gone and the vast apple and pear trees rotting down with age. I remember a scene which must have happened at the house where I was born, which must have been in April, 1774, when I was 23 months old. I was in petticoats and was mortified about it. Memory now presents to my view that house, the dooryard and the stone foundation and embankment as they then were, and when more than fifty years after I saw the same place I found the same picture was entirely faithful.

About May, 1774, my father removed to Goshen and in June following, being 25 months old, I received a bad cut in my foot. I vividly and distinctly remember several facts about it, and such peculiarly as a child would be struck with. But I never have remembered the cut itself! Being the oldest grandchild, nephew, &c., on both sides, I was in much request and often sent for, to and from Salem. I must have been at the latter in the fall of 1777, for I well remember my grandmother's reading much in the papers about Ty, for so the name of Ticonderoga was written and printed for brevity; and I remember feeling a sentiment of peevish dislike at the frequent repetition of the senseless sound. From that time my recollection furnishes a good many pictures of men and things pertaining to Revolutionary times. Hence my frequent remark that perhaps the period of my life embraces, up to this time, the most interesting period of sixty years in civil history that has yet occurred. I remember something of the young men hurrying off to meet Burgoyne, the deep and anxious solicitude with which my father and his neighbors would talk of public affairs. I remember my father being absent with the militia who marched in defence of New York in 1776, when I was a few months more than four years old. I very well remember the rejoicings at the capture of Cornwallis. I have seen General Washington, been a little acquainted with the elder Adams, and with Jay, Schuyler, Clinton, Pickering; have been a good deal acquainted with Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and John Marshall; and have been conversant in business of the bar with that very extraordinary man Aaron Burr, and that very admirable and

wonderful man Alexander Hamilton. If, then, we add that the entire history of the Federal Constitution and the entire revolutions of Europe from 1789 come within my fresh recollections, you will admit that we must look forward and not backwards for a more important period in temporal affairs.

I remember some of the pangs of a little child sent to school and condemned to sit in total inaction of body and mind for six hours a day. Then the horrors of being compelled to commit to memory unintelligible jargon. "What is the chief end of man?" "What are the decrees of God?" "What is grammar?" Look at and recall the answer to the second question, and imagine the cruelty of putting a child of five or six years old to commit it to memory! The imperfect recollection now and then flits across my mind with feelings of indescribable sadness. How happy am I, then, to live in an age when the sunny morning of lovely infancy is not clouded by sufferings of this kind! I suspect that much of the irreligion which pervaded in the times of our admirable Puritanical ancestors had its foundation in the disgust which was caused by injudicious and compulsive teaching. By 10 or 11, I had well recovered from all dislike of the school. I had thoroughly studied the old system of Geography (Salmon's) which preceded Guthrie; and I devoured Robinson Crusoe and Voltaire's History of Charles XII., and it was decided that I must have an education, if possible.

In the winter of 1784 I was sent to live in the family of Eli Curtis, Esq., of Watertown, and to go to school. Mrs. Curtis was daughter of my father's uncle John, before mentioned. In 1784 I went to live in the family of my uncle, Dr. Lemuel Hopkins of Hartford, where I continued most of the time for four years. There I laid the foundation of what classical knowledge I have, at the Free Grammar School, and under the excellent instruction of Mr. Solomon Porter. It seemed a matter of course that I should be a physician; and I perceived, in after years, that my uncle, who had no son, had looked forward to me as a possible associate in future practice. In 1786 I gave myself wholly to Anatomy, Physiology and Medicine.

I read Cheselden, Winslow, Haller, Hunter, Boorhaave, Van Sweeter (18 vols.) and Cullen, and I wrote abstracts and treatises, and began to lay up written treasures of curious facts. But it was decided that I was to go to college, chiefly on the motion of my grandmother.

On commencement day, 1787, I left the farm work (at which, during haying and harvest, I had helped my father), and took my classical books, which for a year had been neglected. I was to enter the Sophomore class, and I had six weeks to revise all the studies preparatory to the Freshman year and to get, for the first time, a large portion of those for that year also. I had got an idea that I could do anything. So, in that time, I read all Virgil, a good many orations of Tully, all of the Greek Testament, the greater part of Horace, and revised my Arithmetic, Geography, &c. Those were days at once of delight and sadness to my dear mother, for she foresaw that my course in life would lead me far from her, and that it would be but a few weeks that she could ever again see me near to her, to know that I was in health, and to nurse me, and to read to me when I had a cold.

I passed three years at New Haven,—ardent, intensely studious, factious, infidel, self-opinionated, loving my friends devotedly and beloved by them. I scarcely doubted but I was to accomplish some great thing upon the earth. By the diligent improvement of time I laid in a stock of knowledge upon many subjects, particularly History, for the study of which I have had no other opportunity. The spirit of Yale College was, at that time, a spirit of literary ambition and of infidelity. But I must not enlarge upon these scenes, nor trust my pen to begin to talk of friends, who with me are soon to quit the world, when the memory of us and all that concerns us, will be like the memory of the youth who lived before the flood. Farewell,—farewell! Youth and the friendship of youth—with all its hopes and dazzling expectations—I review you in order for the last time; and we are hastening hence to stand before the Judge of the whole earth.

I was not in good favor with the faculty, and took no pains to conciliate their good will. But they gave me one of the three English orations for the commencement exhibition, which were then reputed the highest appointments. I refused to attend, and they refused me my degree, and the degree of LL. D., which they conferred when Samuel entered college, was the first and only one I ever received. Having resolved on the profession of law, I entered in the fall of 1791 the office of Judge (then Mr.) Reeve, in Litchfield. His law school contained more than twenty pupils, and was already celebrated throughout the Union. He was altogether an admirable man, of a purity, sincerity, guilelessness of heart, such as I have seen in few men in this world. His daily lectures were most happy, from his admirable faculty of carrying always on, a view of the reason and history of every principle. I have no doubt but his lectures are yet felt and long will be, in their happy influence upon the judicial department of our country's public economy. At a subsequent time, he became a most devoted Christian. Admissions to the bar were committed entirely to the members. In March, 1793, when I had studied only about eighteen months, the gentlemen of the bar, most unexpectedly to me, proffered me an examination for admission. It was in violation of a general rule, and was a thing I had never imagined possible, nor ever thought of, until it was offered. I think it was immediately after my admission to the bar that I had the small pox. The way then was, that certain physicians by license from public authority opened hospitals for that express and only purpose. Secluded places were chosen, on every avenue to which a pole with a white flag on it pointed out to every wanderer the danger of approach. I escaped by a surprise upon my parents, who supposed I was attending court until they heard that the disorder had already passed every crisis of danger. Farewell Litchfield and Goshen!—a country of storms and winter and frightful cold and snow, and of hardy, active, reading, thinking, intelligent men, who may probably be set forth as a pattern of the finest commonalty upon the earth. As an example, take a glance at

the state of society in Goshen. In that town of 1200 people, there was no such thing as a poor or dependent family. No tenant; no rich man except a single merchant. Every farmer tilled his 100 or 200 acres of land, chiefly with the labor of his own or his sons' hands. Until I left Connecticut I never had seen a person, male or female, of competent age to read and write, who could not do both. In different parts of the town were library associations, as is common in New England; and that in our neighborhood contained the most popular English works of history, most or many of the works of Addison, Pope, Blair, Beattie, and some of Johnson, Hume, &c.; and they were much read. I have attended an election there, and the order and decorum were not less than appears in divine service. No such thing as party was perceptible, even if there was some feeling of it. The man who should in any way, direct or indirect, by himself or by his friends, have intimated a desire for office, would by that mere fact lose it. I remember hearing my father say of such a man that "he shook hands rather too much," and seemed to be fishing for popularity. If he had not shaken hands so much, my father might have voted for him. These habits produced a wise, just, and stable government, and a most perfect obedience to the laws. The admirable form of the old Constitution of Connecticut was adapted to bring men slowly forward into public life, and to keep them much under public view. When long approved, they held their seats very firmly; and the Upper House (Senate) of that State has at times braced itself against the whole of the public opinion and of the popular branch, and defeated an unwise but momentarily popular measure. It contained but twelve men. My great uncle, Joseph Hopkins, of Waterbury, was elected member of the Legislature, I think, about seventy successive times; that is, twice a year for upwards of thirty-five successive years. George Wyllis, of Hartford, the third of that family, who was Secretary of State, was elected to that office by the Governor and Council or by the Legislature, a little before he was 21 years of age, on the death of his father. But the election of a Secretary of State belonged to the people,

except in the case of a vacancy *ad interim*. The people then, by a general vote of the whole State, elected him to the same office sixty, or one or two more than sixty, successive years, and he died in office at upwards of 80. Such were the habits of a people whose government was the most democratic on earth, except that of San Marino. But I am digressing.

It must, I think, have been early in April that my father accompanied me on a ride west across the tremendous country of the Ousatonic, and the fine country of Dutchess to Poughkeepsie, and there I put myself under the tuition of two young lawyers of excellent reputation. One of them is now enough known to the world as Chancellor Kent. Clouds have gathered thick over the advancing years of the other, Jacob Radcliffe; but with both I have maintained an unabated friendship of more than forty years; and to the latter I desire to do so much justice as to say that, as a lawyer, and while a judge of the Supreme Court, he was, on the whole, excelled by no man of his day. My object was to acquire a knowledge of the practice of the New York courts, which then was thought no small art and mystery. It used to be the sole business of a three years' clerkship in this State; and I was to acquire it in eighteen days, from Monday morning of one week to Saturday of the third week. I used to study perhaps sixteen hours a day, and pass two hours more in the evening reciting to those gentlemen, or rather disputing with them. I kept life in me by now and then running a mile or two to a hill which overlooks the village.

Accordingly, on Saturday of the third week I embarked on board the good sloop John Jay, and soon saw the wonderful city, the compact parts of which extended to St. Paul's Church and then up Chatham street to the tea water pump or nearly. I had letters from my uncle Dr. Hopkins to James Watson and Judge Hobart, and from Mr. Reeve to his brother-in-law, (since so celebrated as) Col. Burr. We were five of us, New England young men, applying for admission.

Burr made our motion, and when the Court sought to exclude us

by an *ex post facto* rule, he succeeded in exempting us from its operation. I passed a most splendid examination, and have often since told my pupils that, if on signing the roll I had been desired to make out the most common process, I could not have done it. My license was dated on the 9th of May, 1793, the day I was 21 years old. I was received with infinite kindness by the gentlemen to whom I had letters. I told them I could no longer be a burden to my father, and that I desired them to recommend me to a new country, where I could most certainly earn \$52 in the first year, since I could live for \$1 per week. They recommended Tioga, and gave me letters. I hastened home to Goshen. My father was at Hartford, as a member of the Legislature. My mother searched the till of his chest and found, I think, \$10, or perhaps \$10.25. With that and with a valise which contained half a dozen shirts, a set of Blackstone, a skin of parchment, bought at New York, and some black seals, and on the horse Phoenix, which my father had raised for me, and which Phoenix was the first in official order of all my line of Phoenixes, I bade adieu to my mother and dear brothers and sisters and took the road to an unexplored and unknown wilderness. What a moment for my mother—what a moment for me! One hundred and ten miles west from Catskill, through a country almost all very new, brought me to the village of Oxford, and to the house of Mr. Benjamin Hovey, the founder of it, and who about eighteen months before had cut the first tree to clear the ground where this village stood. Here, too, I found Uri Tracy (of the class in college two years older than myself), and whom after nearly forty years I still count among the most valued of my friends. Here I took up my residence. Hovey was a man of very strong natural sense and vigor in action, but of very little education. He had been unfortunate in Massachusetts; his family had preserved life in this wilderness for some days by eating the grain from the ear in the unripe state. Suddenly he started for New York, laid open plans for the settlement of lands to the proprietors whom he found. He was taken up by old Gov. Clinton and his friends and admitted to

shares in their plans and speculations, built Oxford on his own land, became the leading man of a very growing country, possessed a great deal of property, relapsed into habits of intemperance—lost all; finally left his family and died in obscurity far West. This is the history of a great class of men.

I settled at Oxford as a lawyer. My first law-draft I made by writing on the head of a barrel, under a roof made of poles only, and in the rain, which I partially kept from spattering my paper by a broad brimmed hat. In such a village as this, the first or second framed building was an academy of two stories, and Mr. Tracy was the teacher. No Yankees without the means of education! Judge Hobart, my friend and patron, was to hold the circuit in June at Owego; and his kind notice of me was an excellent introduction to the county. The first case I ever tried was in defending a man indicted for forgery, which was death, and on which the attorney general of the State in person supported the prosecution. Judge Hobart sustained the objection I took, and the prisoner was acquitted. And in this country I rode 80 miles to Newtown (Elmira) to attend a Court of Common Pleas in my own county, and was too happy to win a jury cause and get a fee of \$8, perhaps the most gratifying I ever received. Sometimes I rode all day in the rain, forded the swift flowing Chenango in water up to my horse's back, found my whole library and stationery wet by the operation and lost my way in returning up the river, the path—not road—being too blind to follow. In attempting to follow the Nanticoke in a freshet I was obliged to go in a canoe and forcing Phoenix into the river, to lead him swimming while the ferryman directed the canoe. But how wonderful is instinct! The horse had never swam before, yet when he felt the force of the torrent, he breasted the stream, and dreading to be swept downwards he carried the whole of us up stream so far above the landing place, that the horse became entangled in floating tree tops and that I came near losing him. At another time I rode west to Cincinnatus, where at 18 miles was a house, north 18 miles farther off was another house, but in utter darkness at night I lost my

way and passed the night in one of the most incessant, steady, pouring rains I ever knew. I visited Onondaga when but two white families were in the "hollow," and attempted a rude estimate of the weight of the water of the salt spring, when not as many as a dozen of the kettles were in operation or ever had been. My name is first on the roll of attorneys in Cayuga. I visited my friends at Goshen, and was visited by my aged grandfather at Oxford.

I became convinced that I could grow up in the country and become as rich as I wished. Col. Burr had, almost by force, made me receive a library of choice law books, which he selected, saying that "I might settle it in my will," if I pleased. But Mr. Watson suggested the idea of a removal to New York for the sake of the society of able men, of mental improvement, and of professional advancement. He afterwards invited me to his house, imported for me about \$1500 of law books, the foundation of my present law library. He loaned me whatever money I had occasion for, and left me to pay it (as I did) years after, from the avails of my professional business.

I went to New York in the fall or winter of 1794 and took up my lodgings in the princely and hospitable house of Mr. Watson, quitting with a good deal of regret my Oxford friends, my village half acre and charming new office, and taking Phoenix back to my father, under the promise that he should be well and kindly kept as long as he could live. He lived more than twenty years afterwards. The winter of 1794-5 I employed in very intense study for counsel's examination. But in the course of that time Mr. Watson began to propose to me the project, which occupied my time afterwards for two years in Virginia and two in Europe. Virginia sold her lands at two cents the acre, and not only so, but the vender had always the right to make a selection from all her unsold lands in every part of the State at that price. She had (and I suppose has yet) one public office at which were sold land warrants for any number of acres to any person. These the vender located, by a vague and general entry in the county surveyor's office, without metes, bounds, direction or

limits, and at his leisure afterwards caused the location to be surveyed by an official surveyor, by which his location would be reduced to certainty and recorded. Hence surveys and locations were intermixed in every portion of the State, of every imaginable form, size and number, filed on each other and intermixed, surrounded and being surrounded by each other. Hence in Virginia and Kentucky there arose a confusion in original titles, which it cost a long series of years, with statutes of limitations to adjust, and which were often finally quieted only because the parties were exhausted by contention. But the worst consequence is of eternal duration. It is the want of all regular decisions for the purposes of social organization, intercourse and action. The method of laying out a country by geometrical lines, which after the times of the Pharaohs was first practiced in New England, and thence transferred in more perfection to the more regular surface of New York and to all the new lands of the United States, is an advance of inestimable value in the means of social economy; and it is for the sake of this remark that I have made this digression. A single conception of a single mind, in a matter not then perceived to be very important, but by which a thing is done in the best, instead of the worst, way, and order substituted for chaotic confusion, may happen to exercise an extensive influence upon the well being of mankind for indefinite ages.

Upon the establishment of the Federal Constitution, capital and credit and commerce had sprung up in this country as if by enchantment. It was perceived that our lands had actual value, and that an increasing population would soon occupy them, and in view of the present and approaching convulsions in Europe, it was thought no unreasonable expectation that persons of fortune there would be disposed to lay aside something in the safest of all depositaries and at an accumulating value. These Virginia lands, already surveyed, were offered in New York at 4 cents the acre. But they might be wholly worthless, or the titles might be bad or doubtful. Mr. Watson observed to me that he had capital; that I had health, youth and activity, and law knowledge enough to investigate titles. He devised

an operation, for joint and equal benefit, to be predicated on my personal investigations, and to be effected by purchases in Virginia, if found safe and advantageous, and by sales in Europe. I have always supposed that his inducement was not so much his own advantage, as the hope of giving me a competence without my wasting a life in professional labor. I gratefully acceded to his offer, and on the 13th of May, 1795, set out for Virginia, with letters of credit and of recommendation, and on the 27th I arrived at Richmond. My letters brought me to the acquaintance of John Hopkins, since deceased, a most estimable man, and who for thirty years was my friend, and by his advice I applied for legal directions to a gentleman then rising in distinction—John Marshall. From Richmond I rode on horseback to Botetourt and Montgomery counties, being abundantly supplied with letters to many respectable gentlemen by Mr. Hopkins, General Henry Lee, Col. Covington, and several other gentlemen. I made a station at Col. Cloyd's of Montgomery, whose son Gordon Cloyd was county surveyor. On the 20th June, having secured the services of two good woodsmen and hunters, and loaded a pack horse with flour and bacon, I set out for a jaunt into the wilderness to explore some of the great tracts of land which had been offered, as well as to examine personally the nature of the country generally. We were in the woods twenty-two days, and the six last of them without food or nearly so. This adventure was one of the most remarkable events of my life. How Guyandott suddenly rose and cut off our return, just when the last morsel, almost, was eaten; how we were driven to the expedient of going round the head of the river, into tremendous mountains with windfalls and laurel thickets; and sometimes over beds of rocks all humming with the buzz of rattlesnakes beneath; how I became partially deranged with fatigue and hunger; how after six days our horse finally failed, while we succeeded in dragging ourselves to a little frontier settlement of the kindest people on the east—all this and more I may yet possibly draw out from my journal and from memory and give you. Time forbids it now,—and I must hasten to finish this memorandum already extending much beyond my expectation.

It was long before my constitution could re-establish its balance after this affair, or rather, I think my health has never since been so good. I spent some weeks at the Sweet Springs to recruit, and among other exercises went to the lead mines, near the border of North Carolina, to see my friend and cousin, Hannah Miles, then Mrs. Herrick. It was wonderful enough that a Goshen girl should, with her husband, a Dutchman from the Mohawk, fly to a mine in the Alleghany ridge; but how odd the circumstance that business should call me, her friend and cousin, to the same place! Late in the fall I made arrangements for another excursion in the woods, towards the Ohio and near the Little Kanawha. I was in the wilderness about the same period as before. My company consisted of surveyors and their men, Anselm Tupper of Marietta being the official surveyor. The excursion was pleasant, though sometimes fatiguing, and at times we were without food. We killed a buffalo, deer, and turkeys. We were cheered with the music of wolves, when, at night, they scented our supper but, dreading our night fire, pealed a chorus from hill to hill all around us. I boated the Ohio, ran upon sand banks in the night and jumped into the water to help off the ark. After seeing the poor French at Gallipolis and treading on the soil now Ohio, when the territory did not contain 5000, perhaps not 1000, white inhabitants, I returned through the interior of the State to Richmond and to New York, about 900 miles on horseback. The latter part of the journey was a winter ride. These two jaunts made me a thorough woodsman, and in the course of the latter I began to feel that sweet oblivion of life and all its cares and occupations which explains to me why it is that even white men when once thoroughly inured to savage life, never desire to resume the habits of civilized society. I saw nature and the face of earth wholly unaltered by the hands of man, and I saw men themselves in forms of society approaching the rudest; and from their narrative of recent Indian warfare (as we passed by the half burnt logs which belonged to a dwelling where such and such a family had been massacred), I acquired that intimate knowledge of this department of human life

which could not otherwise be had. I was taught how a man might sustain himself when in a great measure unaided by art and unproped by social order. To me it will seem that by these means I am enabled to look at men—at nature, at society—with other eyes, or from a better point of view, than those who have seen nothing but cultivation, improvement and civilization.

On the 14th May, 1796, I again set out for Virginia to complete my land payments and titles, visited Richmond, the Sweet Springs, the West, then again to Richmond, to Norfolk, Yorktown and back, and on the 11th of July to New York, where it was resolved that I should sail for Europe. I have journals of all these journeys, with minute statements of expenses. To me every step has a deep interest; but my mind is shaded with a melancholy so intense, when I recur to my memoranda of any part of my past life, that I have hardly fortitude to do it. I am disappointed in this. I had preserved papers for the possible consolation of age. But farewell!—all these events are hastening into the oblivion of a past eternity, excepting only as the great day shall reveal them,—I must hasten on. I have not even the time to commemorate the many civilities I received, nor the kind friends I made in Virginia.

On the 12th of August, 1796, I sailed for England, in the ship *Joseph*, Capt. Mooers. The only other passengers were Mr. Francis Childs (who was first to edit a daily paper in New York) and his lady, a very sensible woman. On our voyage we came near being sunk by a waterspout, and I believe I was the first to announce that this phenomenon is, without all doubt, electric. It is an upward movement of the fluid (the cloud being negative) which takes up water as a vehicle. We arrived at Falmouth about the end of September, and on the 2d of October Mr. and Mrs. Childs and myself took a post chaise for London. The residue of 1796 and the winter of 1796-7 was spent chiefly in attempts to negotiate my lands, of which I had obtained upwards of 300,000 acres, such as I thought I could safely and honorably recommend. American lands had become disgraced by the operations of Robert Morris and others, and I

finally failed of my object. But I lingered in Europe, with the assent of Mr. Watson; partly with the distant hope of better success, but more to seize that opportunity of enlarging my knowledge of men and things. Besides my business, my object was to see and learn all I could. London was to be seen and studied, but that alone would be the labor of years. I aimed to see all remarkable institutions and things—antiquities, curiosities, arts, men. I attended Parliament, and heard Pitt, Fox and Sheridan; the House of Lords, and saw Loughborough on the woolsack; the King's Bench, and Lord Kenyon, Ashburch, Gross and Lawrence; the Common Pleas, and saw Charles Butler and heard him give an opinion, and no man in England gained my admiration more than he. In the city, besides my commercial friends, I became acquainted with Mr. Vaughan, the author of the wet dock plan, since executed and shown as one of the wonders of England. It was then "a theory." At his house I use to meet Mr. Colquhoun, the celebrated writer on Police. The leading American gentlemen were Mr. King, our Minister, Mr. Gore, Col. Trumbull, the painter, and Mr. Pickering—the three last on a committee under the treaty of 1794. The friendship of Col. Trumbull and myself has continued unabated now thirty-five years. I made excursions to other places; my studies were diversified and general, not intending to practice my profession. I took with me a good collection of American History, &c., to prove the necessary progression of the country, and thence the necessary rise of lands. I drew up and printed the paper, of which there are two or three copies left among my private papers, entitled "Facts and Observations, &c." This paper seems to have fallen into the hands of Mr. Malthus, as it is referred to by him, in a note to my copy of his Essay on Population, with a remark that he did not know its authority.

Once or twice I was on the point of concluding a great operation. The Bank of England stopped paying specie; then was the mutiny of the Nore, and the reverses of the Duke of York in Flanders, and the success of the French. Many capitalists thought of seeking some safe investments in America, but did not love very plainly to

avow it; and on the whole the firmness of the British nation, under accumulated difficulties, inspired me with great respect for their national character.

On the 20th April, 1797, Judge Tudor of Boston (late Judge Advocate of the American Army), and Mr. Roope, a young English gentleman, and myself, took a post chaise and started for a jaunt to the West of England. At Slough, we called on Mr. Herschell, and were shown by him his great telescope. But I must not attempt even an allusion to the objects we saw—Windsor, Oxford, Blenheim, Malmesbury, Bath, Bristol. Up the river Wye, Peersfield Walks, Tintern Abbey, Welsh scenery, Hereford Cathedral, Llangollen, the cottage of Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby. My birthday, when 25 years old. The river Dee, Caernarvon, Snowden, Welsh harpers, Bangor, Isle of Anglesea, Hollyhead. Here we embarked for Dublin. 13th May, at Dublin, where we (Judge Tudor and myself, for Mr. Roope was to proceed with us no farther than Anglesea) were overwhelmed with hospitalities and kindness. One day we dined with loyal and the next with disloyal men, and each vied in telling of the atrocities committed by the other. The daily news was of massacres and the burning of villages, and our company at dinner was very often that of gentlemen driven in from the disturbed districts. We were pressed with more invitations than we could accept, and we fled (on 28th May) to avoid them. I must not omit the mention of Dr. Arthur Brown, the Professor of Civil Law, &c., in the University, who showed us great and marked civility. He is the author of the work on Civil and Admiralty Law and of a volume of essays which he gave me. He is an American from Rhode Island.

28th May. Took passage in a boat on the grand canal to Attry, 41 miles, Carlow, Kilkenny, &c., to Cork. Here we had letters to Admiral Kingsmill and to Mr. Cathbut and others, and from all received great civility. To Killarney (oh! Killarney!), Limerick, back to Dublin; north through the country by Lagh Neah to Colerain, Londonderry, Giant's Causeway, Belfast, Donnoryhjodie, and

Port Patrick. Hail! Scotland! Sunday looks like New England, except the plaids. To Lanark, to see Davy Dale's village and manufactories; to Glasgow; to Edinburgh. Thence towards London, passing Alnwick and many wonders, always loaded with civilities and hospitality by the respectable persons to whom we had letters every where. But I must not begin to speak either of persons or things in detail.

28th July, 1797. Left London for Gravesend, and after some delay got on board a Dutch fishing smack, under Danish colors and getting a clearance from the celebrated Mazzinghi, who acted as a kind of government agent, we sailed nominally for Emden, really for Holland, passing in between Helvaesbeys and Gozee. The master, deceiving as to the place of landing, put us on shore at his little exquisitely neat village on some inner arm of the sea or river. Nothing can exceed the order, neatness and quiet decency of this Dutchman, his crew, &c. Our fellow passengers were a Monsieur Hardenburgh, whom I have since supposed as the Baron Hardenburgh, since celebrated as a Prussian diplomatist; and several English merchants as agents, whose object was to get goods into France. From Capt. Staple's village, we coasted the arms of the sea or river, always higher than the land, and from which the distant villages, as spires or trees, were seen as if rising out of the water. We came as if from the interior and landed on Beeveland; thence the great city of Middleburgh to Flushing. I had no passport on account of the war, but Mr. King had given me a certificate of being an American citizen. The French officer at Flushing viséd this, because he believed it false, for he supposed I was English, and that my object was to smuggle in English goods, which was the real object of my English fellow travelers.

August 1. I took an open pilot boat and sailed up the wide, boisterous Scheldt, sometimes landing and walking on Indian matting up the dyke and going over into the village below for dinner and lodging. This is Lille! Those distant spires are Bergen-op-Zoom! I am in the midst of names and things consecrated to everlasting recollection!

Antwerp, at the table d'hôte of the Hotel D'Angletere. The town is all old fashioned, Dutch built, with grated windows. The cathedral, the tower of 622 steps high, is as light and airy as could be made of wood, and brings nearly all the Netherlands under its view. What a country! What a forest of towns and villages! But grass grows in the streets of Antwerp. Saw the house of Rubens, town-hall, &c. An excursion to antiquated Ghent. To Boom by a diligence; on the canal to Brussels,—the park is very magnificent. To Lille. But the question was how I could get in, for this was now treated as the proper frontier, and here we expected a strict examination of our passports. Lord Malmsbury and suite were there, he negotiating about peace; and there were many English in the place, and my dress was of course English. So, before arriving at the city gate, I stepped out of the "diligence" and walked carefully toward the gate, thoughtful and much at ease, rapping my boot with a rattan as I walked, and seeming to take no notice of the sentinel. He took me for a resident Englishman and let me pass. I had before taken the address of the hotel to which I wanted to go. Behold, I am in France! Lille is called "Petit Paris." But what stupendous works are these fortifications!! As to our passports in going out of Lille, the way was, in going out early before daylight of the morning; our diligence was very full, and the other passengers smuggled me back out of sight; many passports were shown to the officer at the barrier, and when he asked "Are there any more?" some one of my friends answered promptly no,—and so we drove on through Arras, Mevin (all riddled with ball holes) and Amiens; and 10th August to Paris, at the Hotel de Philadelphie. Early and late most intently employed in getting an idea of the city. In a few days an officer waked me very early and showed me a seal of the Republic, which I supposed was an arrest. "Why need you wake me so early, friend, I am not going away?" "They told at the Police, sir, that your habit was to rise very early in the morning, and I should not see you if I called later." It was a summons to show my passport, which had now many *visas*, and they gave some kind of paper allowing my stay, I forget what.

The 18th day Fructidor corresponded with the 5th September, and was the day of the great *coup d'état*, when Barras and two others of the Directory arrested Carnot and Bartholemy and a majority of the two Councils and sent them into banishment. All Paris rung with the note of preparation some days before, and when we rose in the morning it was known, as if by instinct, that the blow had been struck. I walked early out to see the sight, and found cannon with cannoniers and lighted matches pointing down every street. Before this I had already met my old friend Savarin, as I accidentally walked the Palais Royal. I forgot to mention, in its place, that he taught me French in 1796 at New York. He had been a man of fortune, was a thorough scholar, lately a member of the Constituent Assembly of France, fled in the Reign of Terror, had his all confiscated, was now a member of the Court of Cassation, again lost his office, and when I left France was on the staff of Jourdan in Germany (or had lately been). "It remains," said M. Savarin, "to be seen, whether the departments will submit to this," but Paris is France. Through M. Savarin I made many desirable acquaintances. Among others, Major Rostan, who I suspect, but do not know, was afterwards Bonaparte's Col. of Mamelukes, Mr. Montgolfier, the inventor of the air-balloon, &c. At Madame St. Hilaire's, 555 Rue de Bacy, lodged Mr. and Mrs. Barlow, the friends of my uncle, and my kind friends when we all lived under the same roof at Hartford. How very curious that we should lodge at the same hotel in France! There, too, was Robert Fulton, and my friend William Lee. The society was excellent, but we spoke too much English, and through M. Savarin I got into a French family from Dijon, and afterwards into still another. I forgot the day of Bonaparte's return from his Venetian and Italian campaigns, and of his reception by the Executive Directory at the Palace of the Luxembourg. There I saw and heard the adulation of the French, and came back and told Mr. Barlow that the French never could be republicans.

But I must not attempt to enumerate. I read, studied, examined

interesting objects, learned French and Italian, heard lectures, studied the drama and opera, and continued an infidel. My utmost efforts were used to acquire all the knowledge I could. I think the Commissioners sent by President Adams to treat with France were already there. If not, they arrived soon afterwards, viz., Mr. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, John Marshall and Elbridge Gerry. They were there all the winter unrecognized. It afterwards appeared that the winter was spent in the X, Y, Z negotiation. Here I renewed my acquaintance with Mr. Marshall, and formed one with Mr. Pinckney, from whom (both) I received many civilities. My leading occupations were scientific. I followed assiduously the course of lectures by Charles, on Physics, with his most splendid apparatus in the Louvre. (He gave it to the nation, in a fright in the Reign of Terror, but was allowed to use it.) Le Sage on Mineralogy a little, but more particularly Fourcroy on Chemistry—a splendid lecturer. I have still my notes in French taken from his lectures, written with a glass fountain-pen. General Pinckney and some of his family attended both Fourcroy and Charles. In the intervals, I read, made excursions, studied the paintings in the Louvre, the public buildings or other objects of art or of admiration. So passed the winter.

In Germinal (part of March) Mr. Lee and myself took a diligence for Bordeaux to embark for America. "Farewell, Paris!" said I, as I rose the gentle hills at the distance of three or four leagues and looking back perceived the houses first, then the churches, sink out of view. There—I can see nothing but the Pantheon and Notre Dame! At length the Pantheon disappeared, and the Cathedral which I had seen so flat and squat on an alluvial island of the Seine—that Cathedral which, farmer-like, I had estimated by pacing it and judged to contain about four acres,—that flat, squat, Dutch, barn-looking building, rose towering above all Paris, and was the last object which, turning often back, I could see when I finally said, "Farewell, Paris!"

Orleans, Blois (the seat of good French), Tours, Poitiers, Angoulême, roads some of them muddy enough for old Genesee, bad inns,

the *vignerons* uncovering their vines and tying them to the "elms," and the elections for the year—these were some of the objects. The elections were conducted under the point of the bayonet. We saw the troops ordered into all the large towns, and the party opposed to the Directory—that is, the candidates and their committees—were put under arrest; 14 in Orleans, as I remember, and 9 in Tours, &c., &c. Of course, the true republicans succeeded.

We had few days to see Bordeaux, its splendid quay and fine theatre and decaying commerce. Then taking an open boat on the Garonne we got on board the brig ——, Capt. ——, a dull sailor. I tried to soothe my dreadful seasickness by reading Dupin's most learned atheistical work, "Origin de tous les Cultes," but I never for a moment admitted atheism in my heart. Blessed be thy name, O most holy God! And I think that this doctrine, resulting from other less rank infidelity, may have alarmed me a little by its excesses, and given my mind some bias favorable to the subsequent reception of religious truth. A wide ocean, dreadful weather, and a poor plank only between me and water miles in depth, were circumstances which ought to make any human heart wish to believe in a God of providence, and in His care. But though I believed not in Him as the hearer of prayer, nor in special superintendence, yet He bore with me and brought me safe home. "Bless the Lord, oh! my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

Sixty days of adverse winds and currents had worn me down to a skeleton with seasickness. Besides we were out of all provisions, except a little poor beef and bread; and finding some fishermen on the banks of Newfoundland, we got into one of their boats, which to appearance was one of the dirtiest and least inviting of any vessel I ever saw. But the fare was excellent, the treatment kind, the sea smoother, the gales sweet and favorable, and the charges reasonable; and in six days our kind fishermen landed us in Marblehead. My country—my country—how sweet to me are the very rocks of thy wild and rough shore!

To Boston, Springfield, Hartford, New York. I soon after visited

my friends in Goshen. It was now the summer of 1798. Thus ended the project which had kept me occupied for more than four years, and it resulted in a complete failure. I had not sold my lands; they remained a dead weight on Mr. Watson's hands; four years of my life had been spent, usefully in many respects, but not as to advance me in my profession. Some precious years of youth and strength had passed, and I was now to begin life in debt and without a cent. Mr. Watson still extended to me his hospitality and continued to make me a member of his family as before. I took an office without delay; but in August the yellow fever broke out with great violence and we were scattered. Congress had passed an act for the assessment and collection of a direct tax of two millions. The commissioners to make the assessment, of whom Mr. Watson was chairman, met at Hudson and appointed me clerk. General Gordon, the grandfather of Mr. G. Verplanck, was one of the commissioners, as also Moss Kent, the brother of the Chancellor. On me devolved the charge of digesting a system for the valuation, assessment, appeals, and also for the abstracts and returns. The commissioners sanctioned whatever I did, and the whole went successfully into operation. The plan and correspondence with the Treasury were probably well conducted; but as a mere clerk, whether as a writer or calculator, I was miserable.

In the fall of 1798 two events happened to throw a considerable amount of business into my hands. Mr. Michael D. Henry, a very respectable attorney, declining with consumption, left his business in my hands in his lifetime and after his death. And my friend Jacob Radcliff, Esq., being appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court, did the same. I had never well understood the forms of practice and was now crude in my knowledge of principles, having forgotten much which was to be understood and acted on at once—not a single cause, but a multitude. How I ever got along with it is now matter of amazement to me. I studied and wrought to the utmost stretch of the powers of my fine constitution. At times I took a blanket and pillows to my office, and passed the night sleeping an

hour or two at intervals, and studying or writing most of the time. I had an impression that the lawyers of New York looked unkindly at me, as not having served a "regular apprenticeship." I was too proud to ask for information or fee counsel, and was the first young counsel who had relied upon himself alone to sustain his client's cause. I was also the first eastern lawyer who had settled at New York with the manifest purpose of making his way at the bar. Business increased and paid off my debts to Mr. Watson—I mean the pecuniary debt, for the debt of gratitude can never be paid.

Your mother and I were married on the 5th October, 1800. We went to housekeeping in May following in Broad street (No. 16) and a house rent of \$1000 a year. By this time I had an office full of clerks. After either one or two years we removed to 274 Pearl street, a house which your Grandpa Rogers gave to your mother. Mary was born in Broad street; William, Julia Ann, and Hester in Pearl street; Samuel in the village of Geneseo; Woolsey and Sarah at my late house near Moscow.

In 1806 your mother and I took a jaunt to Niagara Falls. It was to me a relaxation from labor which I much needed. We traveled with a phaeton and pair. It was a question of much speculation whether we must not sleep in the woods one night beyond Batavia, but it turned out that there was a house. I see a note in my journal that for such a certain part of the journey "no guide is necessary!" But there was a four-mile woods in one place and a twelve-mile woods in another. It was agreed that no spring carriage could pass the road, and I left the phaeton and took a common wagon at Canandaigua. Mr. John Winthrop and B. W. Rogers were with us on a great part of the road.

In 1808-9-10-11, indeed ever after the election of Mr. Jefferson, the politics of the country excited a most intense interest. I was always a Federalist, a disciple politically of the school of Washington and of the framers of the Constitution, and all that I had seen abroad seemed but to increase in my mind the dread of that extreme democracy which is allied and leads to despotism. But the worst feature

of it was, that the party was essentially French. The object was to subjugate the country to French plans of aggrandisement. I entered ardently into the contest of party politics, and I do not think that in the retrospect I have aught to reproach in my motives. But it engrossed too much of my time, as did also the affairs of the city, for I was several years a member of the Common Council. Besides this, when the embargo and restrictions came on, business most unexpectedly diminished. By a kind of common consent, nobody paid and nobody was sued, and the lawyers were starved instead of fattening. Finally, and more especially, your relations on your mother's side were a very numerous connexion of people of unexampled prosperity, and of no little love of the "pride of life." As to me, though I loved the pride of life as well as they, yet my business was never of the most lucrative sort, nor had I any knack of making the most of it. Mine was the business which came because it needed a hard-working, persevering man, and not because it was bestowed by patronage. My family expenses were enormous, and I saw that I was wearing out life to gratify a vain ostentation for which I was not the better nor happier. I sought to get into the country and hoped to save my life by escaping the terrible labors of my profession.

And a word about my professional life. I was excessively laborious, caretaking and anxious. I made my client's cause my own, too much so, and held on upon it, as they say, with the grasp of death. I was a stranger to selfish calculations, and having been brought into deep sympathy with my client, I could never learn to set up my own interest in my heart so as to obtain anything like just compensation for my services. In this spirit I undertook charity causes and fought them (one at least) with unyielding perseverance for years. I repeated the old trick of working alternately with catches of sleep through the night, in which way I once went through a hearing of eleven days in the Court of Chancery, alone myself against two very eminent counsel. I was self-confident, even to presumption, and yet the greatest suffering of my life has been from diffidence. No description can give any idea of the throbs of agitation under which

I spoke in court, or waited to speak, and what was to me melancholy, it seemed not to wear off with time. I almost never spoke in any court or place in this part of my life without much distress, and never without such agitation as took from me much of the power I should otherwise have exhibited. In subsequent life I acquired composure when speaking at the bar, but then the same distress clung to me when speaking in other places and on other subjects, until I had been long much accustomed to them. An address on temperance, anti-masonry, or at a public anniversary, would rack my whole frame; and as these are *post-obit* confessions, I may now say, that for at least ten years after I began to use extemporaneous prayer in my family it was almost always performed with great distress, and I have seriously doubted whether that distress was not the foundation of my long dyspepsia while living since at Albany. Even now in my sixty-first year, it so agitates me, if I expect to be called on to pray in public, that I am deprived of almost all enjoyment from the meeting.

On the whole, my success as a lawyer was sufficiently encouraging. I probably held a better rank at the bar than any man of my years had ever done in New York. What I aimed for with such intense exertion was given me, but with it gall was intermingled, and I began now to come to the time when a merciful Providence was, as I humbly trust, leading me to Himself, though by "a way that I knew not of." I lived in a style sufficiently though not exceedingly elegant. My connections were in the best rank of society. I had public influence and popularity, though my party was not generally successful. But a little check in business cramped my finances. I began to see that with a rapidly increasing family I must reduce my style of living or leave the city. It was with difficulty that I met all my engagements on leaving New York. And although I saved my pride and glossed over a removal, as well as I could, by talking about health and country life (truly enough), yet in reality my removal dashed all the fondest hopes of my ambitious and proud spirit and was a sore and prostrating blow. Deep griefs took hold of me, and were vented in floods of tears, seen only by Him who seeth in secret, and thus I was taught to pray, or attempt to pray.

In 1810 I purchased, jointly with your uncle, B. W. Rogers, a share in two tracts of land which had been reserved by the Indians or their agents or interpreters as, above all others, choice and delightful,—that is Mount Morris and the Leicester tract on the Genesee river. If the habitable globe contains any places more entirely excellent and desirable than these two adjoining tracts, I know it not. I bought merino sheep and went to farming. In 1811, I removed to Geneseo, the village of my old and excellent friends, James and William Wadsworth. From here I superintended my farm with unsparing diligence and care until I could have a house prepared. In 1812 the war. In 1813–14 I was a member of the XIIIth Congress—an election which was contrary to my expectation and wishes, and to the duties of which my farm and building forbade my giving much attention. Besides, I had hardly a party to act with, for a great portion of the Federalists voted against all means to strengthen the government, a course which (much as I disapproved of the war, and well as I knew it was got up for party purposes, and that those purposes were at bottom devised by French influence) I could not approve nor acquiesce in. So I staid in Washington as little as I could, and disappointed my friends by taking but little or no part in the proceedings. In these same years I built my house. In August, 1814, I laid out the village of Moscow on a plain which far and wide was covered with a young growth of oak and hickory, so thick as to be almost impervious, and such as prevented me from getting any just knowledge of the extent and shape of the plain, except by actual mathematical survey. But I have passed some scenes of deep interest. My brother Mark was agent for our company, who had purchased a large share of Mount Morris, and he began by sowing about 100 acres of hemp, which we intended to raise for the New York market. While we were making the first day's trial of some inventions to facilitate the cutting of such a harvest, he fell suddenly sick in the field, and that was the commencement of a bilious fever which for some time we expected would prove fatal. Our good cousin Mary Smith (Mrs. Ayrault) was almost alone his nurse and house-

keeper. Expecting he would not live, I wrote a statement of the facts to my dear and excellent mother, then at Utica with my sister Susan. She came hastily on, with a strong presentiment that she should not live, and soon sickened. My father then left Mt. Morris to help to take care of my mother, and as we walked in the fields for some herbs he stumbled as if drunk, and immediately fell sick at my house of the same fever. My practice now was to ride to Mt. Morris, six miles, and see to the state of my brother and attend the consultation of physicians, oversee the work and employment, the food and payment of twenty or thirty men, or more perhaps, who were cutting hemp, ride home in the evening and attend to my father and mother. My father and brother recovered; my mother died and is buried in the graveyard on the hill east of Geneseo village. A partition only separated my two parents as one lay dead and the other expecting to die. I heard my father call my mother in very affecting terms. Supposing him a little delirious, I said, "She is dead, sir; don't you remember it?" "Yes! I know very well that she is dead." He of course was unable to attend the funeral, but he would rise and look at the procession through the window. The physicians came to me and said they saw no more to do for him. "Well, gentlemen, let me know when you consider all the resources of regular practice exhausted; when you do so, I will take my own course." "What will you do?" "I will try baths in some shape, cold or hot." They retired again on this, and ordered a hot salt bath, which I personally administered by means of a mattress and blanket, the latter wrung out in the brine and often changed. On the second immersion a little sweat started from the forehead, and my father lived near seven years longer.

One of the most delightful dreams of my fancy in going to the West was to have my parents near me, so that we might live in each other's society, and some in turn might close the eyes of the others. It was otherwise ordered, and I already began to see the clouds of disappointment gather around my new establishment. I cleared land, fenced fields, and multiplied my sheep. I built a house, a vil-

lage, and mills and farm buildings. From the river my operations extended back to the pine woods, near three miles. But I made these improvements at the enormous war prices of labor and produce, and when in turn I had the wheat of 100 acres to sell, it would not command in cash 25 cents per bushel for any quantity, great or small; and the wool of 1500 sheep sold proportionally low, or nearly so. Of these sheep a select flock of 300 were bred with more care, I presume, than any other man ever used. I have the names (numbers), crosses and pedigree of all the breeders registered, with annual samples of the wool of each. And while mentioning my flocks, I must not forget the name of my most estimable friend, my shepherd Malcolm McNaughton. He was among the men I have known, as most truly respectable, just, faithful, diligent and devoted to my interest. He was brought up in the highlands of Scotland, and could read his Bible in the language of Ossian before he could speak a word of English.

My ten years of life on the Genesee river were years of very high excitement and effort. My engagements, public and private, were important and very diversified. There was much enjoyment in the various enterprises in which I was engaged. I was in the full tide of whatever strength of body and mind I ever possessed. I acted practically on the notion that nothing was too much for me. I pursued my projects with most incessant and vigorous effort, but all tended to disappointment. The clouds of adversity gathered, and its storms began to beat hard upon me. A just and merciful Providence found many ways, by me unthought of, to make all my enterprises, however diligently and carefully conducted, to issue in loss. But my real estate had greatly risen in value, and seemed enough to meet, in the last resort, all possible deficiencies. As late perhaps as 1817, it was estimated on a very careful revision, with the aid of friends, as worth \$74,000 or \$75,000, and in two or three years after I was glad to accept a bank check of \$25,000 for the whole. Years after it was gradually explained that the utter disappearance of money, which reduced me and many thousands besides to ruin, was

the necessary result of operations to restore a vitiated currency, and that the vitiation was the fruit of the labors of politicians and demagogues. *Quicquid delirunt reges, plectuntur Achivi.*

I must not leave the Genesee river without a tribute of respect for the admirable circle of society which, new as the country was, it was our happiness to enjoy. I must not begin to name individuals. Our visiting circle extended to Canandaigua, and so thirty miles around. Oh, what brilliant-minded women and what able, intelligent men were in that circle! What a truly polished society! Oh, that more of them had gained the true knowledge and accumulated the riches that will never fly away!

Neither must I quit the place without a tribute of everlasting affection for your excellent mother. The disappointments of my life have often been to her a cup of humiliation and sorrow. She had been brought up with no idea of any limitation of means of any kind. She knew nothing of life except as a scene of elegant and refined enjoyment and gratification. Judge, then, what was my anguish, when I was finally compelled to inform her that we had not the means to keep up our style of living in New York; that I thought we must go into the country; and when we moved, first into an old house that had been a dirty tavern, and then into an unfinished house, and then to meet the various occasional wants of the country; and then, when I had finally made one of the most elegant establishments in the State, what must have been my anguish and hers, to find that we must leave a place to which her heart, as well as my own, had been wholly knit! Through all this and through the subsequent difficulties of life your dear mother has followed me. She left parents and many friends that were dear to her; she has most kindly reconciled herself to very trying changes, in which my heart has often deeply sympathized with her, regarding her sufferings much more than my own. Dearest wife, this is for you, too, to read when I am gone. Accept, I pray, as my poor acknowledgment for all you have endured on my account.

Losses came upon losses like the beating of hail. But the greatest

was that money disappeared from the country and property ceased to have any but a very low exchangeable value. When afterwards I came to sell my Moscow estate, at a loss of \$50,000 compared with its late salable value, I deemed the sale rather a fortunate escape. It left me in debt, though not heavily so, beyond all my means of payment.

My father died at Mt. Morris in March, 1818, and I buried him in the new and till then unoccupied burying ground on the hill west of the village. His death conspired with the unpromising aspect of all my prospects in life to make me sorrowful and thoughtful; and, in proportion as I was so, I think I found myself disposed to humble myself under the mighty hand of God,—to acknowledge his justice and to submit to his chastisement. As I now write this, it seems to me as if much of these expressions would truly represent the feelings of a heart renewed in His image, but such was not then the idea of myself. I however very well remember the time when, riding sad and lonely on my horse, my heart very distinctly said: “I will be on the side of Christ; I will go and make my father’s place good in his church.” I do not believe that I then thought of my own state, nor reflected on the question whether my heart was or had been changed or not. But I continued in my purpose to join myself to the people of God, and was received into the church at Moscow, where the Rev. Mr. Mason was then preaching. Oh, that it may finally appear that I am a member of the invisible church of the Redeemer! If so, then how merciful have been all the disappointments, rebukes and humiliations which a righteous God has administered to me. The best account I can give of my exercises, at or about this time, is very poor.

In the spring of 1822 I sold off, paid off, broke up and traced my course to Albany. I had made every previous arrangement there, having been a member of the Senate and attended there during the winter. My object was to live by my profession of the law, and after much consideration and advice of professional friends I preferred Albany to New York. Rent was low and living cheap at

Albany, but with \$2000 in hand I would have gone to New York. Albany, before the canal was open, was rather in decay, and it was the place in the State where I had the least hold on the ground of personal interest. Before my wife's furniture and my own library were put up, I was taken down with typhus fever. My excellent friend, Dr. Daniel James, carried me safely through it in three or four weeks, and it was followed by five or six years of dyspepsia. The most unhappy effect of this disorder was that it rendered me incapable of intense application to study or business.

Albany received us with great hospitality, but gave me no business. I was, however, extensively known to lawyers in the city of New York and in all the country and I had a considerable run of bar business, which by degrees came to be poorly paid, that is from the country, when it was found that I was not exact in demanding my dues. Chancellor Sanford appointed me reporter in his court. I published his decisions in one volume, a book which I presume is exceeded by few in the English language in point of mechanical correctness. I know of one typographical error in it, which I presume no other human being knows, or will ever find. I doubt whether any one other is to be found. I learned this habit of great exactness in proof-reading from Mr. S. himself. Indeed, he made it a condition with me, and he read all the proofs once. I, and others also, read them with great care. With all these means, I lived. But my family was large. Some of the time—nearly all—perhaps quite all of them were in a course of education, and my pecuniary circumstances were at times much straightened. Often then I spread my case before Him who hears prayer, and wonderful to tell, I often received relief from unthought-of sources, at the last and trying moment. Doubtless Thou art a God hearing prayer! and let all my powers and faculties bless and praise Thy holy name. How very merciful and kind hast Thou been to me!

About 1826, and afterwards, I was appointed (with Messrs. Tibbetts and Allen) a commissioner, and continued by sundry acts of the Legislature, with various powers, in relation to State Prisons and

Penitentiary punishment. We built and governed the State Prison at Sing Sing. These engagements arose from the opinions which I had expressed and reported in the Senate (and the year previous had expressed in the other house) relative to the old State Prison system. They led to my essay on State Prison Punishments. The public benefit of the joint efforts of us commissioners was the establishment of the new, or Auburn system of discipline, in this and many of the States, with the near prospect of its general establishment among civilized nations. So far as I can now see or judge, I suppose this to have been the most useful labor of my life; and I attach the more importance to it, because our system was violently attacked and held for a long time a doubtful existence, and was finally sustained with much difficulty. The celebrated Mr. Roscoe, of Liverpool, was our most formidable opponent. After all, the Legislature turned me out with much abuse and opprobrium. But the system remains, much obscured, however, by the political necessity of a corrupt pecuniary administration, in order to keep politicians in pay.

Your grandfather Rogers died in 1826, leaving a much larger fortune than we supposed he possessed. From that time your mother's dividend of his estate has placed us in comparatively easy circumstances. Thinking that I had done enough of hard work in life, I now determined to renounce the pursuit of a thorny and ungrateful profession (except as an object of science) and devote my time to my health—my family; to such benevolent objects as might fall in my way; to any useful purpose towards my age, generation and country; and to prepare to meet my God. Oh! holy and blessed Spirit of all grace! give me that preparation.

The discoveries made of the crimes, the oaths and obligations, and the excesses of Free Masonry, induced me to join in some efforts of the Anti-Masons, while their cause appeared young and feeble. Since they became stronger, I aim to withdraw. Still I have great fears lest Masonry should resume its action and triumph. If it does so, then a final adieu to any government than that of the lodges.

I expected to live and die in Albany, but in 1831, as you know, our Geneva friends suggested the idea of our removal to this village, and last May, ten years after we had gone through this place eastward, we returned on our tracks to this charming place. So little is it in man to direct his own steps.

Labor and penury seem to be accounted the great evils of human life, and as soon as our altered circumstances relieved me from these, I began to enjoy life in a way unknown before, and which can never be conceived by those who never knew toil, anxiety and want. But since our removal to Geneva my life has been one stream of enjoyment. I would here begin to enumerate my mercies, but they are more than I can tell, and if I should begin the account I should doubtless omit many. "I have all things and abound." I have no crosses nor cares. Life is made so exceedingly delicious to me, that I seem to myself an exception to the lot of man. I ask, with surprise and some fear, whether any disciple of the Saviour was ever without any thorn in the flesh, or what is he, who experiences no chastisement, to think of himself? Oh! thou merciful and gracious God, who hast made this part of the closing years of my life so exceedingly delightful to me, grant me the aids of thy good Spirit that I may rightly use these blessings; may I give thee all thanks for thy great goodness. Oh, that I may not take my final portion in these friendships, happy as they are, nor in any of the temporal sweets by which I am here surrounded and with which I am filled; but oh, grant me a still sweeter mansion, flowers that fade not, health that decays not, these same friends in immortal and glorified bodies, —all, all derived from thy blissful presence, from the smiles of my Saviour, and the society of saints and angels and the spirits of just men made perfect!

To bear my testimony to the very peculiar (as I suppose it) mercy of God, in this signal dispensation of earthly good, to one who has led a life so little worthy of it, is no small part of the object of this paper. What else remains for me, thou God knowest; and to thee, with all my heart and soul I most cheerfully, gratefully, submissively confide myself.

Much remains to say : much I could add of advice and the fruit of observation on many subjects. I did intend, too, to have stated the plans of intellectual labor which I could wish to execute ; for since reason tells me that, at the utmost, I cannot execute the half of them, and may not begin even one, so I could wish you to know what I had thought of. And it is very delightful to me to keep on writing in this posthumous kind of way, to children who have been to me so good and affectionate. But my remarks are extending too far. Time passes. Life is hastening away.

Farewell, farewell, dearest wife and dearest children, till the heavens be no more ! And through infinite riches of grace in Jesus Christ our Saviour, may we all, all meet at His right hand in heaven, thence to go no more out forever ! Amen.

SAM'L. M. HOPKINS.

GENEVA, 26th Dec., 1832.

The following letter was written and addressed to a daughter, by Mr. Hopkins, on visiting the place of his birth and the scenes of his childhood :—

SUNDAY MORNING, Oct. 14, 1821.

This is a part of my journey through Connecticut, of which I intended to give you a particular account. This morning I am alone in my room, with no proper book for the day, and until church begins I may as well write, although I may but commence my story. You know I was born in Salem, a parish in the town of Waterbury, in N. Haven County, but brought up in Goshen, in Litchfield County. It has been my desire to see both places once more in my life, and on my way from Albany to Litchfield I was devising some possible way to glance at the place, which used to be off the stage road, but behold, the stage passed by my father's former home at Goshen. Palmer, his successor, keeps an inn at this place. I told who I was and asked for a candle to look at my part of the house. All was just as my poor father made it forty years ago. I looked at

the room where I usually slept when a boy; at my mother's bedroom; at the East room, which my grandparents occupied when they came to lean upon my father; and then at the spare bedroom, which was afterwards my study and where I began some of those excessive exertions at my studies, by which alone I have been able, under heavy burdens in life, to bring myself forward among the ranks of men of education and of cultivated minds. In that room I compassed in six weeks, without an instructor, the usual reading of a year in the classics at school. The next year I brought home Euclid for vacation amusement, and for sixteen hours a day pored in rapture over the intellectual beauty of the combinations of quantities and the proportions of lines and angles and figures. I looked all about. The days of childhood and youth; parents that nurtured me and are gone; brothers and sisters that played or worked with me, and sent me little presents of nuts and fruits at college;—all this and a hundred other things rushed upon my memory with inexpressible emotion. I was almost willing to be gone. It was light enough for me to roam to the brook where I used to play in the water in summer, and slide and break my head in winter. Everything affected me. I could see that the fences were just where they were when I was just old enough to drive home the cows, and the bars stood in the same place as when I used to toil and strain to put them up, and get angry because I could not do it.

I looked at the foundation of the house again; the stone abutments which support a little garden under the front windows, and they bore the marks of the chisel or drill when it was in his laborious hand; with unsparing effort he placed the foundation just right. But there is no end to all this. It cannot interest you as it does me, to whom the days and the scenes and some of the friends are gone forever. So farewell, dear lost scenes and friends—I shall not see you again till the heavens be no more!

I ought not to forget that, a mile above, I passed the house of our Aunt Smith. Capt. Smith was a man amiable, modest, and just,—the excellent husband of our excellent Aunt Smith. Of feeble

health, and in such a country, he could have but slender means, yet were his family the charming people whom you see,—which may show us how much worth and excellence often resides in retired corners of the earth with little worldly distinction.

Passed on to N. Haven. Received every attention from President Day at the agricultural oration, and also from Professor Silliman and Mr. Whitney, and even Father Hillhouse; was taken and placed in the same pew, and walked in procession with them. I was gratified to see, wherever I went, so many good men to associate with, and all of them so disposed to treat me with favor and distinction. The society of wise and good men is doubtless one of the most valuable privileges and highest enjoyments of this life, excepting only those which especially appertain to one's relations to our Redeemer.

At Litchfield passed a day at Governor Wolcott's, charmed as I always was with the weight and excellence of his conversation, though not always agreeing with him in opinion. Passing through this country in the stage, and in the solitary hours of a night ride, I thought over the goodness of God which, among so many trials, burdens, dangers and toils, has still left me that best enjoyment—to use and cultivate my mental faculties, to love the wise and good, and to be loved by them. Pleased with the train of thought, and grateful to the Author of all good, I meditated in prayer.

To my Father and my God:—Thou art my God, and I will bless thee,—my Father God, and I will exalt thee. I desire now to bow myself with gratitude and with deep humility before thy glorious Majesty, and to come before thee with a tribute of praise and thanksgiving for all thy goodness and mercy and loving kindness to me. Thou art my Creator. I bless thee that I am again led back by thy providence to this spot; to the place where thou didst first uphold my helpless infancy. Here thou gavest me kind parents and affectionate friends, who nursed and smiled upon my childhood. It is thy power which guarded me from danger, and fed and defended me, clothed and sheltered me and upheld my life from infancy to

childhood, from childhood to youth, to manhood and till this time; amidst dangers and vicissitudes, and through all my wanderings on the earth; in the cities of men, in the wilderness, on the stormy ocean; from pestilence, from tempest, from war, and from the violence of evil men, thy watchful and guardian care has still been my protection. When I was unconscious of thy power, that power was my support. When I denied thy providence, that providence still guarded me. When I was unconscious of thy power, that power was my support. When I sinned against thee, thy long suffering and forbearance still did not cut me off; and now having obtained help of thee I continue till this time, desiring to witness, both to small and great, that God is merciful. After fifty years thou hast brought me again to the place of my birth, and to the land where my fathers were born. On this spot I desire to remember, before thee, that thou also hast been the God of my forefathers, and that I was born of ancestors who lived lives of prayer, and in whose hands was thy written word, and in whose hearts, as I humbly trust, was repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Hitherto the Lord hath helped me. Thou hast cast my lot among the wise and the good, and given me the means of being useful among my fellow men. I desire to bless thee for the partner thou hast given me; for my children; for friends, relations, and social and mental enjoyments, and for the unnumbered blessings of thy providence by which I am surrounded. I have more abundant reasons to bless thee and praise thee for the gifts of thy grace; that I am not left without God in the world; that I am allowed to seek thee in prayer; that I am disposed to look to Christ for redemption; to thy Holy Spirit for light and comfort and sanctification; to God my Judge for reconciliation and pardon. What is my house, and what is my father's house, that thou hast dealt thus bountifully with thy servant! What shall I render unto the Lord for all his mercies! I will come before the Lord with thanksgiving and praise. I will devote myself to thy service. I will seek thy blessing and depend upon thy help, and may thy grace be sufficient for me. Go with

me, I beseech thee, through the residue of life. Guide me through this vale of tears. Support me in sorrows and discouragements. Give me each day my daily bread. Leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation. Be a God to my children, whom I commend to thee. In all the changes of life, wheresoever those children shall live or wander or be settled in thy world, be thou their God and portion, their Saviour and Deliverer. And grant, O God, that in thy kingdom of glory we may all again be brought together to worship thee forever. For what remains of life, give me grace to serve thee in sincerity and truth. May I remember the day is far spent and the night cometh when no man can work. Enable me strictly and truly to examine myself whether I be in the faith. Oh, help my unbelief. Bring me back from all my infirmities. Confirm me when I waver. May thy Holy Spirit guide and instruct me. Be thou my all-sufficient God. To thee I wholly commit myself. To thee, O God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, I ascribe all honor, blessing, praise and dominion, forever. Amen.

REMINISCENCES OF SAMUEL MILES HOPKINS,
CONTRIBUTED BY HIS CHILDREN.

EXTRACTS FROM "FAMILY SKETCHES,"
BY PROFESSOR S. M. HOPKINS, MARCH, 1898.

Of my ancestors, I know little or nothing. My paternal grandfather, named Samuel, was persuaded by my father, in the time of his prosperity, to remove from his hard Goshen farm and follow his son's fortunes into the "Western country." He was comfortably established in the young village of Mt. Morris, and cared for, until his death from the deadly bilious fever of the country in 1818. He was, I think, the first person buried in the Mt. Morris cemetery, the ground for which was given by my father.

As to my father's physique, the portrait, now in possession of his grandson, Doctor George G. Hopkins, of Brooklyn, gives a fairly good idea of his spirited intellectual head and countenance. His soft brown hair grew thin in later life, but never turned gray,—his eyes were a light blue. He ante-dated the era of beards, and always shaved his face carefully,—his thin skin obliged him to be very choice in his razors and their treatment, and he rather prided himself on his skill in keeping them in the best order.

One could not every day meet with so fine a figure of a man,—he was just six feet high, and perfectly formed for strength and activity. When in Paris, at the age of about twenty-five, he was called "*le Phœbus Americain*,"—upon his farm, and surrounded by his stalwart "hands," it was always understood that he was the *best man* on the ground.

He was a fine horseman, and took pleasure in mastering a spirited or fiery animal. When in Albany, he always kept a good saddle horse,—the one I remember was a large and powerful bright bay. Mounted upon this steed, with his own gallant and chivalrous bearing, he drew all eyes as he trotted through the streets. Later, in Geneva, he sometimes rode one of a pair of carriage ponies—a vicious brute which had thrown me two or three times, and which at length succeeded in leaving him on his back in the village street,—after that he never put foot in stirrup again.

My father's adventure in farming having failed, and involving him in debt, he had no other resource but to sell everything on the best terms he could—at an immense sacrifice indeed—and return to the practice of the law. It almost

broke his heart. He detested the profession, and was, in some respects, ill suited to it. He had missed his proper career, which was that of a Professor of Moral Philosophy or Political Economy, or teacher at the head of a law-school.

He was essentially a philosopher and teacher. His knowledge of the principles and history of law was unsurpassed. He had the discrimination, the analytic skill, the candor and fairness, that would have made him an ornament to the judicial bench. But he was not *hard* enough to make a successful lawyer; he had too much sympathy and sense of justice; and a certain nervous diffidence in public speaking made it impossible for him to argue causes before a jury. My impression is that his practice in Albany only just sufficed to keep the wolf from the door.

When, in 1829, my mother's father (Moses Rogers, of 7 State St., New York) died, and she came into a handsome income, it was with unspeakable satisfaction that he dropped his law business, and retired finally from the Bar, to spend his remaining years amid the delights of study, horticulture and congenial friends, in the village of Geneva. Of this happiest period of his life, when he was freed from all anxieties and worries, and lived entirely at his ease, he has given some account, I think, in his own autobiographical sketch.

From the time of his own father's death, the sentiment of personal religion deepened in his mind. In his little "den" (as he called it), in his Geneva home—no larger than a pantry, he spent much time every day, in reading his Bible and books of devotion (such as Baxter's "Dying Thoughts"), and in prayer. So true a gentleman, so high-minded and honorable a man, so humble and devout a Christian, I have never elsewhere known. This is only a very scanty and imperfect tribute to him. It is hard for me to content myself with it, but if I went on, I should only expose myself to the suspicion of yielding to the influence of filial partiality.

The circumstances under which he abruptly left college without graduating, are, I believe, told by himself; of course he got no degree; and never had a college diploma until, thirty years later, he went to enter his son at New Haven. Perhaps the Faculty thought it was magnanimous in him, as it was, to place his son at the college where he himself had suffered, as he thought, great injustice. They would not be surpassed in generosity; and so, of their own motion, they conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws; this, at a time when the honor was sparingly conferred, was, no doubt, very gratifying to him. At present, when honorary degrees are often obtained through solicitation and influence, and conferred on small lawyers and politicians, they bring no distinction whatever.

NOTES FURNISHED BY MRS. JOHN M. BRADFORD,
née SARAH ELISABETH HOPKINS.

In compliance with a request of Dr. Strong, I add a few items to the account already given, of my father.

For sixty years we have kept this memoir in our own family, and it seemed at first almost like disobedience to his expressed injunction when, in response to much urgent solicitation, we gave our consent to its publication.

My father desired that there should be no obituary notice of him, and nothing upon his tombstone, but a simple text of Scripture; but there were many obituary notices—that written by Thurlow Weed closing with the words of Hamlet:

“He was a man, take him for all in all,
 We shall not look upon his like again.”

During my eighteen years of intimate companionship with my father, I never remember to have heard from him one impatient, fretful or complaining word, or even an expression of indignation, except when some act of wrong or dishonor came to his notice, and then (I say it with reverence), his denunciations reminded me of those of our Lord upon the “Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!”

His charity, both in thought and action, was boundless; he gave every man the benefit of the doubt, and his hand was ever ready to help young men in supporting themselves, or to aid the struggling to make their way in the world.

He never would have made money by his profession, for he always took the cases of the poor and helpless. Through all the years of our life in Albany, one of the many cases upon which he was engaged was that of a family of children cheated of their inheritance, which he was trying to secure for them.

Our home was an asylum for dependent relatives—young people who were brought there to be educated, or older ones who were given positions in the household, and also of distressed strangers, and foreigners, who came with letters to my father—such as the exiled Greeks and Poles, some of whom found a home with us for a long time.

My dear mother gladly welcomed my father’s relatives, and he as gladly gave a home to hers, though this was not often necessary, nearly all of my mother’s family being in prosperous circumstances; but our table was always a long one, with a numerous company about it.

In removing from New York, with its gaieties and a large circle of friends and relatives, to Geneseo, my parents with four children, governess, and servants, set out by sloop to Albany, by carriage to Utica, and from there by springless

wagons, travelling over rough roads with all the furniture of a large New York house, for their destination. Piano, mirrors, pictures, and even the delicate bell-shaped glass of the clock which vibrated under a touch of the fingers, were transported safely to that distant home, inhabited as their friends imagined, by savage tribes, and yet more savage beasts, and by my mother spoken of until the end of her life as "the far west."

Like Abraham, my father collected about him his flocks and herds and shepherds, and began life in a new country, and among strange people, and these people were mostly Indians.

The new house was prepared in Utica, but the family lived in Geneseo for a considerable time before they could move into it, and even then, as the doors and windows had not arrived, the openings were covered by blankets, while at night fires were kept burning about the house to frighten away the wolves.

In a beautiful wood, overlooking the fertile valley of the Genesee, the colonial house was built. Fanny Wright, the first woman's rights advocate and lecturer in this country, who happened to be travelling through that region in 1818, was met in the woods by my father and sister, and invited to the house. In recording her impressions she calls it a "palatial residence," but my recollection of it as I visited the place years later, is, that it was a large comfortable wooden house, white, with green blinds and broad piazzas, with winding avenues leading to lodges at the two entrances, and only enough trees felled to open views to the valley below.

Here the three younger children, and I, the youngest of them all, were born. Our nearest neighbors were the Seneca Indians, and their dusky faces are among my earliest recollections. Kinder, gentler, and more honest neighbors could not be found, until white men brought them the "fire-water," thus corrupting and brutalizing them.

The great chief Red Jacket, nature's gentleman and eloquent orator, succumbed to the passion for drink, and would lie in the woods for days and nights with his jug beside him, stupefied with rum, and the common Indians, after this passion for strong drink seized them, were ready to rob, or even to murder, for money to purchase the "snik-ke-yi" (whiskey).

There were many interesting tales told of these red neighbors of ours, which I have not space to set down here. They loved my father, who was always kind and just to them, and they gave to him the name of "shin-ne-wah-ne" (the gentleman).

When I was four years of age, we removed to Albany, where my father resumed the practice of the law. Here he was a member of the Legislature, as he had previously been of Congress. At his "Legislature dinners" were always

to be seen Thurlow Weed, Mr. Seward, and many other prominent and distinguished men, whose names I have not time to record.

I remember Daniel Webster, and the Chancellors and Chief Justices; La Fayette, on his second visit to America, with whom my parents took breakfast, and whom I was permitted to meet. The stately Governor Clinton walked up the aisle of the Second Presbyterian Church one Sunday morning, with Mrs. Clinton by his side as usual, and a procession of sons and daughters behind them. With the Governor walked a dignified gentleman, who attracted general attention,—this was the great Sir John Franklin, on his way for the second time to the polar regions.

As we sat in the gloaming by our blazing wood fire in the winter evenings, a silent figure would sometimes glide in, and after a few moments would as silently steal away; this was Aaron Burr, despised by every one, but tolerated and kindly treated by my father, because of benefits received from him when he was a struggling young lawyer.

In 1832 it was decided that we should remove to Geneva, in order that my father might spend his last days near his much-loved sister Mrs. Dwight. We made the canal journey on board a new packet-boat chartered for the occasion, the forerunner, though we dreamed it not, of the modern house-boat. This was our home for a week; the cabin was a pleasant parlor, with piano, centre-table, books, games and work; and it was an experience which we would gladly have prolonged; but it was ended by our arrival at our pleasant home in Geneva. Here my father spent five happy years, and here he sank peacefully to his rest, in charity with all the world, and “in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.”

GENEALOGY OF THE HOPKINS FAMILY.

The Hopkins Family is said by some to have come from Staffordshire in England. Others assign the town of Coventry in Warwickshire as its original home. As Warwickshire and Staffordshire are contiguous counties, and the stage-road from London to Liverpool traverses them both, and as family connections may have stretched across the boundary line between them, both of these stories may have their element of truth. At Coventry however we find a Stephen Hopkins so early as 1609, and there, on certain old buildings, the Hopkins crest is credibly related to exist to day.

Goodwin, in his "Plymouth Republic," asserts that "Elder Brewster and his son Edward in 1609 became members of the Virginia family just formed, and this year Stephen Hopkins and his family, and other non-conformists sailed in the fleet of Gates and Somers to relieve the colony at Jamestown, Virginia. He is mentioned as lay-reader to Mr. Buck, chaplain of the expedition." Yet somewhat later than this he signed his name with a cross, perhaps like Peregrine White (born in the Mayflower, the first white child born in New England, November 20, 1620, and died in 1704), "who in youth used his pen in a forcible manner, but in his last days made his mark in his will."

The vessel destined for Virginia was shipwrecked off the coast of Bermuda. This shipwreck was not simply the means of discovering the island. It resulted in returning to England in 1611 or 1612 a man designed by Providence to become one of the most prominent of the Plymouth Pilgrims.

When the Plymouth Colony was projected, it was only natural that the same love of adventure and of freedom which had led Stephen Hopkins to sail for Virginia should lead him to sail for New England. His hardships in Bermuda gave him an excellent preparation for colonizing the northern portion of our western continent. At any rate he is the fourteenth in the list of the immortal forty-one who in December, 1620, signed the compact in the cabin of the Mayflower.

Stephen Hopkins was always called "Mister" (= Master) though only twelve persons in the list of the Mayflower passengers have this prefix to their names. He was the constant companion of Miles Standish in his military expeditions, and he was associated with Winslow in his embassy to Massasoit. It is said that he was a dealer in leather. He was certainly in the beaver-trade with Mr. John Atwood of Plymouth, which rendered possible his falling in with other skins suitable for tanning purposes.

Before he left England, Stephen Hopkins had two children, Giles and Constanta, by a first wife, and at least one other named Damaris, by a second wife. In Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation" (pp. 448, 452), we find the list of passengers in the Mayflower. Among them are "Stephen Hopkins and Elizabeth his wife, and two children, Giles and Constanta, both by a former wife, and two more by this wife, called Damaris and Oceanus, the last born at sea, and two servants, Edward Doty and Edward Litster." It is plausibly maintained that while Giles was the eldest son of Stephen by his first wife, there was a second son John, also by the first wife, and that this John, left behind in England on account of the second wife's jealousy and coming himself to Boston thirteen years after, is the ancestor of all our Hopkins tribe.

Certain it is that Elizabeth Hopkins exercised such influence over Stephen that he made her son Caleb his heir, regardless of the rights of Giles, his eldest son by the former wife. It is also curious to find that Giles's first son was named Stephen, and that his second son was named John. The names Stephen and John indeed succeed each other continuously during the early history of the family. What seems to be the record of Stephen's second marriage at St. Mary's, Whitechapel, London, reads simply: "Stephen Hopkins and Eliza Fisher, March, 1617." The record of marriages at St. Mary Le Strand, London, add other family names to the list: "November 23, 1612, John Hopkins and Ann Tumber"; "February 15, 1616, Hugh Richardson and Mary Hopkins." The "John" here mentioned may possibly be the brother of Stephen, from whom John of Hartford was named. The name Samuel is also perpetuated in the subsequent history of the Hopkins family. And, lest all these records from London churches should seem impertinent, we must remember that Bradford gives Stephen Hopkins as one of the Mayflower passengers "from the London section."

Thus an argument has been constructed to prove that the Hopkins race is descended from Stephen Hopkins of the Mayflower. We can trace our descent with certainty to John Hopkins who came from England to Massachusetts with the Reverend Thomas Hooker in 1633. It would be very pleasant to know that this John Hopkins was the Mayflower Stephen's son by the first marriage, early deprived of his mother by her death and left behind in England by his father thirteen years before. The age and name of the son, and the name which the son in turn gave to *his* son, corroborate the surmise. Dr. Samuel Hopkins of Newport, and President Mark Hopkins of Williams College, although their biographers throw doubt upon this genealogy, both inclined to the belief that Stephen Hopkins of the Mayflower was their ancestor. Yet the first link of connection still remains somewhat hypothetical, and

our descent from so distinguished a member of the original Plymouth Company cannot be considered as absolutely proved.

Samuel Miles Hopkins, in the sketch of his own life which follows, claims that his ancestors were Puritans as far back as the days of Queen Elizabeth, and he adds that they were uniformly honest men. We can at any rate pride ourselves on our forefathers from the days of John Hopkins down. As has been already said, he came from England to Massachusetts with the Reverend Thomas Hooker in 1633. In that same year he married a wife named Jane. Some member of the family has seen a history in which was written in pencil-mark, after the word "Jane," the word "Strong," making it possible that the Stronges and the Hopkins foregathered even thus early.

John Hopkins was admitted freeman in Cambridge in 1634, the same year that his son Stephen was born. When the Reverend Thomas Hooker became a founder of the Connecticut Colony in 1636, John Hopkins apparently went with him to Hartford. The records of that Colony at any rate make honorable mention of him so early as 1639. He is called "juror" in that year, and "townsman" in 1640. He was a miller, and was the partner of Governor Edward Hopkins of Connecticut. He owned a farm south of Mill River, near the site of the old Charter Oak, and he is commonly called "John Hopkins of Hartford." John Hopkins, born in England probably about 1613, died at Hartford, Conn., in 1654, leaving two children, Stephen and Bethia. This name Bethia, like Beth, Bertha, and Berthia, was perhaps one of the nicknames for Elizabeth with which the age abounded, and it would be a singular confirmation of relationship if John Hopkins of Hartford in a forgiving spirit named his daughter Bethia after his stepmother, as he had named his son after his father Stephen.

Stephen Hopkins of Hartford, in the second generation, was born in 1634; was made freeman in 1651; married Dorcas Bronson, daughter of John Bronson of Farmington, who died May 10th, 1697. He had six children, John Stephen, Ebenezer, Joseph, Dorcas, and Mary. He built the mill in Waterbury in 1680, but gave it to his son John to run, he himself never leaving Hartford. He died at Hartford, in October, 1689.

In the third generation, John Hopkins, eldest son of Stephen, was born in 1665. He married, in 1683, Hannah (Rogers?), who died May 30, 1730. He was Sergeant Ensign and Deputy to the General Court for sixteen years. He was "The Miller" of Waterbury, where he had allotted to him twenty acres, and also a home-lot, in consideration of his usefulness to the town as a miller. Waterbury was at first called Salem. John Hopkins died November 4, 1732. His children were John, Consider, Stephen, Timothy, Samuel, Mary, Hannah, Dorcas—eight in all.

In the fourth generation, Stephen Hopkins, fourth child of John, was born November 19, 1689. He married Susannah Peck, of Wallingford, in 1717. He lived at Waterbury, Conn., and died there January 4, 1769. His brother Joseph was elected to the Legislature, half-yearly, for seventy successive times. His younger brother Timothy (1691-1749) was the father of Dr. Samuel Hopkins (1721-1803) the noted theologian of Newport, R. I.; and Samuel's youngest brother Mark was the father of Archibald Hopkins and the grandfather of President Mark Hopkins of Williams College (1802-1887).

In the fifth generation, Stephen Hopkins, son of the preceding Stephen, was born June 28, 1719. He married Dorothy Talmadge of Long Island for his first wife, and she was the mother of his son Samuel. For his third wife he married widow Ann Miles of Wallingford, the mother of Samuel's wife Mary. Stephen Hopkins died at Waterbury in 1796.

In the sixth generation, Samuel Hopkins was born November 10, 1748. He removed from Waterbury, then called Salem, to Goshen, Conn., in 1774, and there spent most of his days. In 1771, he married, as we have already seen, Mary Miles, a daughter of his stepmother, his father's third wife. Mary Miles Hopkins was born October 9, 1753, and died September 19, 1811. Samuel was thirteen times elected Representative in the Connecticut General Assembly. He was a man of large reading, of literary tastes, but especially of theological acumen. He was the elder brother of Dr. Lemuel Hopkins the poet, who was born at Waterbury in 1750, and died at Hartford in 1801.

Samuel Hopkins served as a soldier in the War of the Revolution. In the year 1776 he enlisted at Winchester and marched to the defense of New York. Samuel Miles Hopkins, in the memoir to which this genealogical account is an introduction, says: "I remember my father being absent with the militia who marched to the defense of New York in 1776." The Hopkins family has been more noted for its achievements in literary than in military affairs, yet at least one member of the family risked something as a soldier in the War of Independence. It may also be remembered that one of the great-grandsons of Stephen Hopkins of the Mayflower wrote "Stephen Hopkins," with a weak hand but a stout heart, beneath the Declaration of Independence, while the signer's brother was Ezekiel Hopkins, the first Admiral of the American Navy, and the equal in rank with Washington himself.

In 1809, with his son Mark, Deacon Jesse Stanley and others, Samuel Hopkins removed from Goshen, Conn., to Mount Morris, N. Y., and he died at Mt. Morris, March 19, 1818. He had six children, Samuel Miles Hopkins, born May 9, 1772, died October 8, 1837; Polly Hopkins, born October 16, 1775, died August 17, 1872; Mark Hopkins, born March 9, 1778, died May 22, 1832; Susan

Miles Hopkins, born March 22, 1782, died August 30, 1860; Frederick Miles Hopkins, born January 22, 1791, died February 20, 1879; Dudley Hopkins, died in infancy, 1794.

In the seventh generation, Samuel Miles Hopkins, the author of the autobiographical sketch which follows, was born, as has been said, May 9, 1772. In 1800 he married Sarah Elizabeth Rogers of New York City. His children were seven: Mary Elizabeth Hopkins (Mrs. William Gordon VerPlanck), born April 13, 1802, died February 28, 1857; William Rogers Hopkins, born January 2, 1805, died November 12, 1876; Julia Anne Hopkins (Mrs. William E. Sill) born February 22, 1807, died March 5, 1849; Hester Rogers Hopkins (Mrs. Charles A. Rose), born November 5, 1808, died October 8, 1845; Samuel Miles Hopkins, D. D., born August 8, 1813, for many years Professor in the Auburn Theological Seminary; Woolsey Rogers Hopkins, born July 14, 1815; Sarah Elizabeth Hopkins (Mrs. John M. Bradford), born August 20, 1818.

ANCESTRY OF SAMUEL MILES HOPKINS, SUMMARIZED.



