

MEMORIAL.

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THE word *gentleman*, as you all know, means a man of family, and, like scores of words which we use without analyzing them, comprehends a profound truth. It designates a combination of traits and qualities that are transmitted cumulatively, and with an ever decreasing admixture of baser elements, through a series of generations, when there is no mis-alliance to impair the heritage.

The law of heredity was first promulgated by Divine inspiration, I believe (for I can account on no other hypothesis for such precocious wisdom in so rude an age), in the Decalogue, in which it is said that the sins of the fathers last on (as they always do, at least in proclivity and strong liability) to the third and fourth generation; while, in what is no hyperbole if the world shall endure so long, the inheritance of virtue and piety has the promise of transmission for thousands of generations, thus giving us hope of the ultimate survival of the fittest and of the saints' inheriting the earth.

Of the malign aspect of this law we have had conspicuous illustrations in lines of kings and princes, yet not gentlemen, as in the houses of Hanover and Bourbon, and in not a few instances within our more familiar cognizance, in which families claiming distinction because they were old have paraded before the nineteenth century infirmities, frailties, limitations of immemorial antiquity in their respective races.

Of the better side of this law New England is full of examples. Of the names most honored now, a considerable

proportion have been borne without stain or blemish for two centuries or more ; and there are few of the men who were pillars in church and state when our colonies were in their infancy, who, were they to return to this world, would not find among their posterity those whom they would gratefully recognize as their heirs. So far as we have materials for comparison, we may trace in successive generations a growth of character, the primitive outlines of substantial integrity and high principle filled out and rounded into an ever more graceful symmetry and beauty. The founders of these families, while in some instances men of special mark, in others have been plain farmers, mariners or mechanics, whose record is that of honest lives, loyal membership of the Christian Church, and civic service in those town governments which gave the type, tone and spirit to the government of colony, province and State, and framed the procreant cradle of our liberty. In families thus derived, each son has more than reproduced his father, if not in merit, in scope of influence and capacity of service.

In many of our New England families the one link that is wanting is that which connects them definitely with their English ancestry. With every token of having been well-born and well-bred, and with potential ancestors in whom this condition would have been fulfilled, they kept no records, or records that are irrecoverably lost, of the connection, which in some families is supplied by myth, in others is confessedly unknown.

The latter is the case with the Salisbury family. The name has been borne in England by men of high reputation in arms and in learning, and by families which have given it ample honor. Its origin has been by some antiquaries derived from the city of Salisbury ; but it does not appear that the family ever had any connection with that city, — having lived in North Wales for many generations, having had in Denbighshire large family estates, having intermarried with distinguished Welsh families, and having furnished, from

father to son, governors of Denbigh Castle, and sheriffs and members of Parliament for Denbighshire. The English members of the family trace their name and ancestry to Adam de (or von) Salzburg, a younger son of the Grand Duke of Bavaria, who came to England with William the Conqueror, and had lands assigned to him in Denbighshire, a portion of which has ever since been in the possession of his family.

In confirmation of this pedigree we have the testimony of an author not belonging to the family, that the Welsh Salusburies (they spell the name with a *u* instead of an *i*) have preserved in features and complexion an unmistakable German cast. How far this description is applicable to the Massachusetts family you are competent judges; but among the reasons for believing that they were descended from the Welsh family is the statement that the late Reverend Sir Charles J. Salusbury, who till a very recent time was the representative of the Welsh family and held the ancestral estate, resembled in person our late President. It is also said that a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds of Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Johnson's friend, who was a Salusbury, bears a marked resemblance to one of the ladies of the American family. I am inclined to think that family resemblances are at least as authentic records of kindred as the oral traditions which have been often taking shape many years before they are written. I was once addressed by my name by a gentleman in Scotland on the score of resemblance to a descendant of a different son from my own progenitor of a common ancestor, who had been dead for more than two centuries, and I once detected by a well known family trait a descendant of that common ancestor's cousin.

Another reason for believing that the New England family was derived from the Welsh stock, is that the armorial bearings of the latter are known to have been in the possession of the former for more than a century; while

it was, I think, only at a comparatively recent date that American families that had not brought coats-of-arms with them, began to apply for them at the herald's office.

It is known that various members of the Welsh family emigrated to America, and settled in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York and Pennsylvania. The earliest known ancestor of our late President is John Salisbury, of whom we first hear in Boston in 1685, and who died in 1702. As his oldest child was born as late as 1690, he can hardly be identical with either of the two John Salusburys, — if two there were, and not one, reported with variations, — one of whom is said to have come to this country between 1630 and 1640, the other between 1640 and 1645. There is record of the baptism of five children of John Salisbury in the Second Church in Boston. In the Probate records he is described as *mariner*, — a term which then included ships masters and all sea-going people. An extraordinarily large proportion of his not very large estate being in silver plate, a still larger proportion of it in ready money, and yet more in cash due on bonds, it seems probable that he had property in the mother country or elsewhere that was not included in the inventory, or, if not, that the plate consisted of family heirlooms that had come to him without purchase. In either case the inventory would point to some trans-Atlantic interest or connection, which has its obvious explanation by supposing him of English parentage, though he may possibly have been a son of the last of the Johns already named, who is said to have settled in Swansea, Massachusetts.

Nicholas Salisbury, the son of John, was a merchant in Boston, owned a house on Washington street that is still in the possession of one of his descendants, had a family tomb in King's Chapel Burying-ground, left memoranda of the baptism of three negro servants that were his own property, and appears to have borne all the tokens of prosperity, high standing and unblemished reputation. Through him

the American family has its definite position as to its past and its then future. His wife's ancestry can be distinctly traced without a break almost as far back as the discovery of America. His wife was Martha Saunders, whose mother was a granddaughter of Giles Elbridge, who married the niece and heiress of Robert Aldworth, and with him was co-patentee of the ancient Penaquid grant. The Aldworth and Elbridge families have many names of men of distinguished merit, large fortune and munificent liberality. The children of Nicholas became connected by marriage with the Quincy, Sewall, Tuckerman, Waldo, and other well-known New England families, and their descendants in like manner were and are allied to the Chaunceys, Higginsons, Lincolns, Phillipses, Woolseys, and a long list of names held in honor among us,—a list, too, that has upon it none but honorable names.

Stephen Salisbury was the eleventh and youngest child of Nicholas. He early settled in Worcester, as a partner of the commercial house previously established in Boston by his brother Samuel, who was by seven years his senior. Worcester was then a small place; but it was the shire town of the county, and if not before, it was made by the enterprise of the Salisbury brothers, the business centre for a large rural district. Stephen Salisbury, the elder, was, first of all, a rigidly upright and just man, having and deserving the implicit confidence of all who were brought into relation with him. He was generous and hospitable, too, and his house was for many years made attractive to a large circle of kinsfolk and friends, equally by the loveliness of his venerable mother, who long shared his home, and by his own delicate courtesy and assiduous kindness, in which he was warmly seconded, and his home enriched and endeared, when, quite late in life, at the age of fifty-one, he married Elizabeth Tuckerman, daughter of Edward and Elizabeth Tuckerman of Boston, and sister of the Reverend Doctor Joseph Tuckerman, the eminent philanthropist.

The Tuckerman family is believed also to have been of a German stock. Its American record was no less stainless than that of the Salisburys, and Mrs. Salisbury's mother was distinguished for her superior intellect, for her domestic virtues, for her fervent piety, and for special care and fidelity in the religious training of her children, — qualities which her daughter inherited in full.

Our late President was the oldest child of this marriage, and the only one that survived infancy. He was born on the eighth of March, 1798. He was fitted for college, partly in Worcester, and in part at Leicester Academy. He belonged in Harvard College to the class of 1817, — a class containing an unusual number of men of marked ability and reputation, and several — as George Bancroft, Caleb Cushing, George B. Emerson and Stephen Higginson Tyng — who held a foremost place in their respective departments. Mr. Salisbury maintained a good rank in his class, and graduated with honors. His commencement part, on the Influence of the Peace (after the war with England) on the Condition of the Professional Man, indicates the trend of thought at the time, especially the expectations based on the fresh flow of the long-refluent tide of general prosperity in New England.

His class was one the members of which must have done a great deal toward educating one another, and all the more for the rigidly enforced monastic *régime* of the college, under which the law-abiding student had absolutely no outside life. At that time the play was hard work. The literary societies — the sole pastime of the good scholars — had meetings only for mutual improvement, and the ambitious young writer had there a much more severely critical audience than when he stood on the stage at Commencement.

A large part of the college instruction was then given by lectures, — perhaps not the best way; but such a corps of lecturers as Harvard College then had the country cannot

have seen since. Besides two full courses from Professor Farrar, whom those who heard him pronounced the most eloquent of men, there were courses delivered to the undergraduates by Chief Justice Parker, Doctors Bigelow, Jackson and Warren, Edward Everett, Levi Frisbie, George Ticknor, to cite only names that have not passed into oblivion.

The instruction in the classics was thorough of its kind, and I feel by no means sure that it was not the best kind. The niceties of grammatical construction were not studied technically. I doubt whether the professors themselves could have passed an examination like that through which alone a freshman can now enter college. The sole aim was to enable the student to understand and enjoy the classical writers, and to render them into the best possible English. Grammar was in this process unconsciously imbibed, and virtually understood, though its mysteries could not have been voiced. This method trained a much larger proportion of lifelong lovers and readers of the classics than is produced by the system which gives the first place to the study of the language, the second to its contents. It was in this way that Mr. Salisbury acquired his taste for the classics, and his capacity and habit of reading them with an enjoyment that only grew with his years.

On leaving college Mr. Salisbury returned to Worcester, which was thenceforward his home. He studied law with the Honorable Mr. Burnside, and became and continued a member of the bar, but without entering into general practice, finding his fully sufficient business in the care of his father's increasing property, which in 1829 became by inheritance his own.

But his life has been as far as possible from a self-seeking or self-centred life. With no ambition other than that of the full discharge of the duties devolving upon him, this noblest of ambitions has been the inspiration of his whole career from early manhood till the death-shadow gathered

over him. The growth and prosperity of his native town he has kept constantly in view. He has contributed largely to the development of its resources, has made the improvement of his own property subsidiary to the public welfare, and has given his liberal aid, and his often more valuable personal service, to every institution and enterprise promotive of the general good. With his habit of incessant industry and the most careful economy of time, were we to subtract from his lifework the portion of it that had not either a direct, or a designed, though indirect reference to the well-being of others or of the community at large, you would find a remainder surprisingly small; while, had he chosen simply safe and lucrative investments for his property, and led the life of elegant and literary leisure which would not have been uncongenial to his tastes, it is hard to say in how many ways and forms the lack of his counsel, coöperation and munificence would have straitened and enfeebled the interests which he constantly cherished and advanced.

It scarce needs to be said that when public office came to him, it came from the choice of others, not his own. He belonged to a class of men of whom I fear that he was almost the last, who would not have lifted a finger to obtain the highest or to evade the humblest public charge, but in either, as a matter of conscience and of sacred honor, would have rendered the very best service within their power. Such men used to have office forced upon them; they never sought it. Mr. Salisbury served both in the town and the city government of Worcester, was for two years in the House of Representatives and for two in the Senate of Massachusetts, and was for two successive terms one of the Presidential Electors.

In various local institutions he has been a frequent office-bearer, and most assiduous in whatever charge he was willing to assume. As a Director of the Worcester Bank for more than fifty years, and its President for nearly forty,

and as President for quarter of a century of the Worcester County Savings Institution, he must, by his inflexible integrity, his financial skill and prudence, and his habit of close personal attention to everything within the range of his responsibility, have done no little toward giving tone and character in Worcester to this department of business, in which we have seen elsewhere with sad frequency not only atrocious breaches of trust, but cases of negligence only and hardly less criminal, on the part of men who seemed to merit confidence till they had shamefully betrayed it.

Of the Worcester Free Public Library he was for many years a Director, for eight years President of the Board, to a large extent a liberal benefactor, and always in full sympathy with the method of administration, by which more has been done for the diffusion of knowledge and the creation of a taste for pure and good literature than by any other similar institution in the world.

The Worcester County Horticultural Society owes, if not its continued existence, its relief from disabling embarrassments, to his generous and munificent interposition at times of special need, while it enjoyed for a long series of years his valuable services as an officer.

Most of all, the Worcester County Free Institute of Industrial Science has been indebted to him, not indeed for its establishment, but for its high scientific and literary reputation, for the breadth and thoroughness of the education which it affords, for its elevated tone of manners and morals, for the conspicuous and honored place which it holds among our institutions of learning, and for its eminent usefulness in the shaping of character for successive classes of young men, who, as employers and directors of labor, become propagandists of whatever salutary influences they carry with them into the outside world. His relation to this institution is characteristic. With the funds that he bestowed upon it, very largely exceeding the aggregate of all other gifts, he might have established a seminary that

should transmit his own name to posterity, and should far transcend the best that could be done by the generous donation of the actual founder. On the other hand, he adopted the founder's plan, and rendered its realization possible, notwithstanding a great depreciation of money after the endowment had been made, — careful always to place in the foreground the honored memory of Boynton and Washburn, and claiming for himself only the privilege of serving in the way indicated by their deeds of gift. And what a noble and efficient service has it been! As President, he has filled in all matters of importance the place which belongs to the president of a college, with that of the steward in addition, anticipating all the financial needs of the Institute, applying his consummate practical wisdom to its economical interests, holding, without assuming, because he could not but hold, its intellectual headship, exercising the utmost wariness and discretion in the choice of teachers, sustaining their authority and influence, rendering himself a beneficent power among the pupils, stimulating them to diligence, mental enterprise and high moral aims and purposes, and making them feel, each and all, that they had in him a friend and a cordial well-wisher, who appreciated all merit at its full value, and who would never fail in their need to bestow upon them his countenance and aid. The annual commencement of this institution has always been graced by his presence, and enriched by his addresses, often elaborate, always wise, pertinent and timely. Few series of College Baccalaureates would bear comparison with these addresses, in their range of thought, in their abundance of seedling thoughts dropped where they could not but fructify, in affluence of literary and classical illustration, in fine, in materials carefully selected from the hoarded wealth of a life equally active and studious, and specially adapted to the counsel, admonition and instruction of young men just entering on their several careers of lifework. The beauty of his addresses consists in the self-

revelation unconsciously made in them, in their singleness and directness of purpose, and in the ease and naturalness with which a vast diversity of topics is made contributory to the demands and to the unflagging interest of these occasions. Many of us, too, can recall with pleasure those commencement evening receptions, with his warm and hearty welcome to students past and present, and to the constantly increasing circle of those who either felt special interest in the anniversary, or craved the privilege of being the guests of a host so loved and honored. It will be remembered that it was at the last commencement of this institution that he made his last public appearance, and uttered what it seemed only too probable would be his parting words of counsel and congratulation, and that he could not be persuaded to omit the usual gathering at his house on the ensuing evening, or to delegate to younger hands the welcoming of the crowd of visitors.

While thus devoted to the institution of which he has been more than the founder, he retained through life his loyalty to Harvard College, which in 1875 honored itself and him equally by conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Laws. Beside occasional contributions for current uses, he endowed its library with a permanent fund for the purchase of classical books. A year ago he closed his twelve years, or two terms, on its Board of Overseers, members being by law ineligible for three consecutive terms. He was for eighteen years a Trustee, and for fifteen years Treasurer of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology at Cambridge, in which he took a very great interest, and with his wonted punctuality, though evidently too feeble for the journey, he attended the last meeting of the Board, during the week preceding the Cambridge Commencement. He was one of the oldest members of the Massachusetts Historical Society, was a not infrequent attendant at its meetings, and was zealous in the promotion of its objects, though through a different medium.

He was interested in various associations for religious and charitable purposes, and at a stated meeting of one of these held in Boston at ten o'clock of a morning in the late autumn, he has almost always made his appearance on the stroke of the clock, while those who live hard by find the hour too early. Long the Treasurer of the Worcester County Bible Society, he has for nearly a quarter of a century been one of the Vice-Presidents of the Massachusetts Bible Society, and by far the largest annual donor to its funds.

In this Society of ours we have preëminent reason for enduring gratitude to him whose departure is our unspeakable loss. Hardly any of us can remember the time when he has not sat as chief among us. For forty-four of the seventy-two years of the existence of our Society he was a member; for forty-one years, of its council; for thirty years, its president. We express but a small part of our indebtedness to him, when we say that his munificence has been, not contributory, but essential to our fair show and exterior prosperity. Money, and brick and mortar are needed, but utterly inadequate for a work like ours, which, more than any other department of intellectual labor, demands such knowledge as comes not by intuition or reflection, but only by painstaking research, together with antecedent conversance with the field of investigation, and with ability to discriminate between that which age makes venerable and precious and that to which even pre-mundane antiquity could impart neither interest nor value. Our late President possessed these qualities in the fullest measure, and to him do we owe it, in great part, that the labor performed under the auspices of our Society has always yielded a harvest of sheaves worth binding and keeping. His own contributions to our Proceedings commence with his presidency, and outnumber its years. Several of them are elaborate papers, and among these I might name the Memorial of Governor John Endecott, which is second to

no monograph of its kind in the judicial weighing of evidence, in fair appreciation of character, and in comprehension of the state of society at a time so remote from ours.

I find, also, that these papers embrace a very large proportion of our necrology, and of the obituaries of such public men as claimed our special notice. As the case seemed to demand, these notices have sometimes been condensed biographies; sometimes, brief sketches; sometimes, resolutions of commemoration, respect and sympathy. Those who have attempted this task know how difficult it is, and how delicately it needs to be performed, so as at once to shun unmeaning or inappropriate panegyric, and to single out the salient points of merit and the actual reasons for loving or reverent regard. Here our President was peculiarly happy, equally just and kind in his estimate of character, giving no false praise, but never omitting or attenuating any trait of genius or of moral worth, and making encomium all the more emphatic and expressive by a grace of diction that betrayed by its perfectness the careful literary labor which its simplicity and naturalness might else have concealed.

I forget not the faithful work that has been wrought for our Society by those whom I know only by tradition from earlier members, by those who have already shown us where we must look for our future prosperity, and, especially, by my very dear friend and classmate, the late librarian. Yet we shall come together, certainly so long as the elder among us live, with a sense of vacancy and void, as we miss that benign presence, that meek and modest dignity, that unstudied courtesy, that ripened wisdom, which have given the tone and spirit to our meetings, and have borne so large a part in shaping the character of the Society.

In enumerating the posts of public service which Mr. Salisbury has held we give but a very imperfect account of his life-work. He kept his time so full that it was elastic,

and would always stretch to new demands upon it; for it is they who do the most that the most readily find room for more. Whatever was worthy of his coöperation never failed of his help in counsel and in action; and I cannot learn, that when his gait grew feeble and every effort must have been a burden and a weariness, there was any slackening of his industry.

But a life-work consists not in the things that a man does, but even more in the selfhood that he puts into them. Acts are small multiplicands; the actor's self, the much greater multiplier, and thus the chief factor in the product. It is, therefore, hard to estimate, impossible to overestimate, the efficient force, always in behalf of the true, the right, the generous, the noble, that has been withdrawn from this community, and from all our venerable friend's various circles of influence and spheres of duty by his departure,— a force, too, which had been constantly growing, and never was more vigorous than when through the brief death-shadow it emerged into immortality. Even in doing the same things his was no routine life, no self-returning round, but an enlarging and ascending spiral. We all saw that his decline of life could be so termed only as to bodily capacity. In all else it was culmination; and we never so felt how severe a loss we should sustain in his going from us as when we began to doubt in parting from him whether we should ever see him again.

Yet, while no man ever made more than he did of the closing years of a lengthened life, he looked upon death as in God's good time to be welcomed and rejoiced in. I had last year a letter from him, which I reperuse with the more tender and grateful interest now that the hand that wrote it is forever still, and from which I cannot forbear copying a few sentences as illustrating the way in which he would have had us regard his removal from us :

“ The text, ‘ Who hath abolished death,’ and other similar language in the Bible, and in ordinary Christian utter-

ances contemplate death associated with human weakness and wickedness as that which the teachings and hopes of Christianity will conquer and abolish. But it is beyond question that death is currently represented as an interruption, and a painful, frightful calamity, in itself, without regard to that which may follow, and this opinion occurs in the abundant literature of our day, when so much attention is given to the facts of physics and the experience of life that are inconsistent with it. Death is an incident in striking analogy with the dissolutions of inanimate matter, whose improved reproductions show the probability of the resurrection of man. The human body in its best preservation is subject to be worn out, and disabled for its purpose; and physicians tell us that the end of its course, when free from complications, is attended with evidence, commonly of relief, often of pleasure. A few days ago, in talking with a friend, an earnest clergyman and a scholar, I alluded to the blessing of death, and he was shocked and started in his chair as if I had spoken that which was false and repulsive. But without this ministry the human race could not rise in knowledge and happiness above the shepherd tribes on the plains of Mamre, restrained by the authority of the patriarchs. And death is undeniably a blessing in individual experience. If the generations did not pass, the development of the young would be impeded, if not prevented, and social order could not exist. Then the moral influence for which decay and death give occasion cannot be overlooked. The false estimate of death supports, if it does not originate, another error, the desirableness of a long life. This opinion is so nearly universal in literature and among living men, that it may be referred to the suggestion of a wholesome instinct. Yet in the few instances in which four score years are exempt from the ordinary burden of labor and sorrow, old age is not an improved condition of life. I will not enlarge on the unhappiness of the consciousness of insufficient and decaying powers, and of the pain of standing in the way of the young, who, inreverent and loving service, forbear to unfold their faculties and take their place in society until death gives the opportunity. I have said enough to prove that death is not only the

‘Friend to the wretch whom every friend forsakes,
but a friend to every human being.’

That our friend could write thus shows that there was no need for him so to write. No mind impaired by age ever passed such calm and cheerful judgment on itself; and next to the assurance that death has been to him but the gate to heaven, our chief consolation in his going from us when and as he went, is that he was spared the disabling infirmity and the enfeebled brain-power which could hardly have failed to overtake him with added years. Far rather would we miss him while he filled his place than that he should have survived the capacity of filling it.

In the estimate of Mr. Salisbury's character I am disposed to place first what is commonly put last, as if it were accessory, and not fundamental. He was a profoundly religious man, a diligent and earnest reader of Holy Scripture, firm in his Christian faith, constant in the support and reverent observance of Christian institutions and ordinances, walking humbly with his God, and making the Word of God, written and incarnate, the rule and the inspiration of his life. Hence its blended strength and beauty.

His habits and conduct were based on fixed principles. Integrity was his robe and his diadem. Not only in the transaction of business, but in his judgment and his treatment of others and of all men, truth and uprightness were his law, and we cannot conceive of any deflection on his part from justice, nay, not even in that broad sense in which justice is but wise, impartial, comprehensive charity.

He obeyed the apostolic precept, Honor all men. Fine, gentle, considerate courtesy was as natural and spontaneous to him as breathing. He assumed nothing on the score of position, nor yet in these latter years, on that of age. Humanity meant more to him than its differences, and was always a sufficient claim on his respect. He was not condescending; for he did not consider himself as stooping in order to hold friendly intercourse with any human being. His bearing was always dignified, for it could not be otherwise; but his was the dignity of blended self-respect which

he never laid aside, and kindly regard which ignored the artificial distinctions of society. Thus while there was no need of his looking up to, it was impossible for him to look down upon, any one. His whole social influence, I do not mean in what would be called his own circle, but in his conversance with all sorts and conditions of men, tended toward the levelling upward, the raising of the grade of those who stood toward him in any relation however humble, he thus doing his part of the work which properly belongs to the institutions and citizens of a republic, where there should be room neither for aristocrats nor for pariahs.

His generosity was large and broad, and at the same time careful and discriminating. His wealth he regarded as a sacred trust, and he was solicitous equally to avoid doing harm and to effect real and substantial good by its use. As a giver, he was averse from ostentation, and when the magnitude of his gifts made publicity inevitable, it was never of his own choice. His bounty flowed in more numerous and more diverse channels than it would be easy to trace. Several instances have come to my knowledge, in which need and worth — remote and entirely unrelated to him — were promptly relieved. I have also known instances in which applications which he might have strong selfward motives to regard favorably, have been dismissed, because he considered the ends sought either as unattainable, or as of doubtful value. I learn that he has not only been always ready to meet the demands of actual want and suffering, which for one in his position was hardly less a necessity than a duty, but that he has been assiduous in helping those who have done their utmost to help themselves, in aiding modest and obscure enterprise, in encouraging industry and thrift, in giving the needed assistance to young men of promise, whether in the pursuit of education or in active callings,—charities which, unlike those that perish with the using, yield a permanent and growing revenue. He was evidently solicitous, also, so to bestow

his benefactions as not to supersede the liberality of others. He put a just value on the independence of the institutions which he most befriended, which over-endowment by a single hand would both enslave and cripple, while their fresh and vigorous life is sustained and fed by a more extended clientelage in the present and the hope of it in the future. In fine, he greatly enhanced the value of his large, varied and incessant benefactions by applying to them the wise and fruitful economy which characterized his management of his private affairs.

A life so true, so generous, so useful, and so full of work could not have been maintained without the practice of punctuality and its kindred tribe of subsidiary virtues, — not by any means minor virtues, as they are sometimes called, but essential to perfect truth, honesty and kindness, and while seemingly devoid of sentiment, possessing a winning grace and beauty when made the frame of a faithful and noble life.

Mr. Salisbury's mind, like his moral nature, was developed symmetrically, with ability rather than with genius, but with ability which was wisdom and strength in whatever he did, which grew by constant exercise, and was never more conspicuous and efficient than when close under the shadow of death. As a man of letters he was a peer of the foremost, if we except those who, as teachers or writers, make letters their profession. He was familiar with the best English literature, and with not a few choice authors whom most of us know only by name. He was a lifelong reader and admirer of the Latin classics; and after he had become an old man he revived his knowledge of the Greek, and found great delight in its wealth of epic, lyric and dramatic poetry. He had no little conversance with the various departments of physical science, and was thus kept in intimate relation with the instructors and classes in his favorite educational institution. His knowledge of American history, archæology and bibliography was exten-

sive, and, so far as it extended, accurate and thorough. Of the literature in and of the Bible he was not merely a devout reader, but to no small degree a critical student.

He wrote with care, less for rhetorical effect than for clearness and definiteness of statement. His style had the simple dignity and grace that belonged to his entire character, and was therefore the natural outcome of his thought and feeling. I can see no reason why, if he had chosen, he might not have been successful and even eminent as an author; for in whatever he wrote he showed himself master of his subject and equal to the occasion.

In some respects Mr. Salisbury's life-record is almost unique. I wish it were not so. Here is a young man of excellent ability, highly educated, with ample resources, who, instead of seeking or making for himself a place in the world, quietly seats himself in the place already made for him, indeed, to which he might seem to have been born. It is not a large place, or one of exacting demands. But he grows, and his place grows with him. He has more and more lofty views and aims, and his place develops ever higher capacities, on which those views rest, in which those aims find scope. He becomes gradually, but by unintermitted progress, the centre of a broad and still broadening circumference of institutions and interests, trusts and charities, the cynosure, within an extended and constantly enlarging circle, of all in need of counsel, encouragement or aid, doing good in more forms and ways than one could imagine till the void made by his departure, beneficent, serviceable and useful in a degree and measure certainly unsurpassed, and probably within the knowledge of most or all of us unequalled, realizing in the eyes and in the remembrance of all who knew him the ideal of that noblest style of man, the Christian scholar and gentleman.

I have thus given you a sketch of our late President, not in the glowing colors in which my loving thought might

clothe his form after many years of pleasant intercourse and the frequent enjoyment of his cordial hospitality, but as he must have appeared to the outside world, in his daily walk of faithful duty, of kindly converse and of beneficent service. His fails of being a striking character because of its fully rounded perfectness. Mountains look low from table-land mountain-high; they need a plane on the sea-level to appear all that they are. The best characters lack prominent traits, because there are no defects, infirmities and weaknesses to give prominence to the features of their excelling goodness. *Chiar' oscuro* is as essential to attractive character-painting as it is to a picturesque landscape; and where there are no deep shadows, we are hardly aware of the intenseness and brilliancy of the light. But in this picture of one so profoundly revered, so tenderly loved, there lives not the man who knows where or how to paint in the shadows. Let it then have place in our record in the pure, white light in which our friend will live, with every one of us, in enduring and grateful memory.

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