REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

SINCE the meeting of April 29 in Boston, we have lost by death a member of thirty-eight years' standing: Elijah Brigham Stoddard, A.M. An appreciation of our associate will be presented by Professor E. Harlow Russell.

The long delayed Natick Dictionary, based upon the labors of our late associate, Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull, has been completed and the edition is to be distributed by the National Bureau of Ethnology.

In the report of the Librarian will be given details of the systematic growth and the increasing usefulness of our literary treasures, now crowding to repletion nearly all available space in this building.

In a paper upon the Land Titles of this Society, read at the April meeting in 1901, mention was made of the fact that John Adams, fresh from college, a student in the law office of James Putnam, taught the grammar school in the first schoolhouse built in Worcester, just in front of our present grounds. There has been some question as to whether he taught in this schoolhouse or in one which was built by Mr. Putnam and other gentlemen, which stood some half a mile to the southward. But careful investigation made it seem certain that the latter house was probably not built until after the future President had left the town. The local Timothy Bigelow Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution interested itself in the placing of a tablet which should commemorate the fact that Mr. Adams was once a teacher in the first schoolhouse of Worcester. And so, with the consent of the

Council, the tablet was placed upon the east face of the stone post at the southeast corner of our grounds. On the 23d day of May in the current year the tablet was unveiled, and public exercises were held in the church of the Second Parish, close at hand. Appropriate addresses were made by Mrs. DANIEL KENT, Regent of the local chapter; by the State Regent and the Vice-President of the National Society; G. STANLEY HALL, LL.D.; our Vice-President Mr. HOAR; and our Secretary for Foreign Correspondence, CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, the great-grandson of the village schoolmaster in whose honor the tablet was erected.

The Council shares with the Committee of Publication in their sense of loss through the death of one who had rendered them most valuable assistance in the publication of our Proceedings for more than thirty-four years. Mr. BENJAMIN J. DODGE of Worcester, who died on the 30th *ult.*, had been for fifty-four years the foreman and manager of the Charles Hamilton printing establishment. A native of Harpswell, Me., he came from Sutton, Mass., to Worcester, with his widowed mother, in 1842, and learned the art of printing. Four years later he bought a printing office, which he sold, after a few years, to Albert Tyler and Charles Hamilton. (Mr. Tyler is still living at a green old age). He retained his connection with it until his death, which came suddenly, but not without warning Our Proceedings had been printed at the office of John Wilson & Son in Boston from April, 1854, to April, 1867, inclusive, and from Oct., 1867, to Oct., 1868, inclusive, at a Worcester office. The work of the latter was not up to the desired standard, and so in April, 1869, it was given to Mr. Hamilton, either on the condition or with the promise that the work should be done "as well as it could be done in Boston." Under the intelligent supervision of Mr. Dodge the condition or the promise was fulfilled. But Mr. Dodge's work was not simply mechanical. Though he had had

only such an education as the common schools could give the children of sixty years ago, he was gifted with a native intelligence, which aided him in a self-education which made his services most valuable to the authors of any literary work which passed under his eye; and many a contributor to our Proceedings has been indebted to him for the modest query or gentle suggestion which corrected a *lapsus pennæ* or even an error in fact. His nature was sweet and lovable.

Mr. Dodge probably would have declined membership in this Society if it had been tendered to him; but such service as he gave us for so long a time should not go without appreciative recognition.

Jeremiah Evarts Greene, the fourth of the twelve children of Rev. David and Mary (Evarts) Greene, was born in Boston Nov. 27th, 1834. His father, for many years the secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, was of sturdy English ancestry, which his son in after life delighted to trace. His mother was the granddaughter of the distinguished Roger Sherman of Connecticut. Her father and the father of William M. Evarts, United States Senator and Secretary of State, was Jeremiah Evarts, a great temperance reformer, one of the founders of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions and an ardent friend of the Indians, a man of high intelligence and great force of character. Mr. Greene was thus descended on both sides from some of the best blood in New England.

When he was a child the family removed to Roxbury, and there at the noted Roxbury Latin School, the story of which he told in later years before this Society, he was fitted for college, entering first, at the age of fifteen, the New York University, but after a year there joining the sophomore class at Yale where he was graduated at nineteen in the famous class of 1853, which contained many men who afterwards won great distinction in life and whose friendship he retained.

For the first year after graduation he taught in an Episcopal school in Cheshire, Conn., and for the second year at Keosauqua, Iowa, where he met the difficulties

that faced a schoolmaster on what, at that time, was almost the frontier.

He then spent two years as a civil engineer in the employ of the U. S. government in the survey of land in Kansas, during which time he had some very trying experiences that tested his courage and endurance and which he was fond of relating to his friends.

In 1859 he returned to Massachusetts, his father's home being in Westborough, studied law, was admitted to the Worcester County Bar in 1860, and established himself at North Brookfield.

Here the outbreak of the Civil War found him, and with the fervid patriotism of his ancestors he was the first man to enlist in Worcester County, and actively aided in raising the 15th Mass. Regiment, in which he was commissioned First Lieutenant, Aug. 1, 1861.

He developed excellent capacities as a soldier and was in command of his company at the battle of Ball's Bluff, Oct. 21, 1861, where with other officers, he was taken prisoner and held at Libby Prison until Feb. 2, 1862, when he was released on parole. He was made Captain in the 15th Regiment June 17, 1862, but as his exchange as a paroled prisoner was delayed, he resigned on the 3rd of the following October and returned to his practice of law.

April 14th, 1864, he married Mary Anna, daughter of John G. and Henrietta (Kirtland) Bassett of New York, and granddaughter of Rev. Amos Bassett, D.D. Though a woman of much culture and charm, Mrs. Greene was for many years, and up to her death in 1897, a great sufferer from serious nervous disorders, which forbade her engaging in social duties. They had no children.

May 1, 1868, Mr. Greene removed to Worcester, became connected with the *Worcester Spy* and continued as its leading editorial writer for twenty-three years. During all this period, though a zealous citizen, interested in all good work, he lived an extremely retired and modest life, seldom appearing at public or private functions, working very hard for very small pay, but displaying such finish, lucidity, insight, knowledge and grasp, as a thinker and writer, that he was surpassed by none, and equalled by few, in the country as a leading editor.

In 1891, he was appointed postmaster at Worcester

and remained in that office under four presidents, until his death, eleven years later. One of these presidents, Mr. Cleveland, though of an opposite party, wrote a letter commending Mr. Greene, and refusing to disturb him.

When he first took the office some of his fellow citizens, who knew him only slightly as a quiet editor without executive experience, thought that he would prove to be a failure, or at best only a commonplace official. They lived to see him recognized on account of his industry, his non-partisanship, his inventiveness, his persistent energy, his mastery of details, his love of fair dealing and his extraordinary devotion to his work, as perhaps the best postmaster in the United States, his improvements formally urged on other postmasters by Mr. Wanamaker, and his office spoken of by President Roosevelt, on his visit to Worcester last year, as "the record postoffice" of the country.

Mr. Greene was twice appointed President of the Board of Directors of the Free Public Library of Worcester, in which, as well as in the park system of the city, he was greatly interested. He was one of the first to suggest and found the St. Wulstan Society, a social club of Worcester, was almost never absent from its meetings, and was its first, and up to the time of his death, its only secretary.

He was elected to membership in the American Antiquarian Society Oct. 22, 1883, and to its Council exactly five years later. He contributed to the Proceedings of the Society several papers of marked value.

After a short period of failing health during which with characteristic resolution, he kept up his work at the postoffice, Mr. Greene died in his sixty-eighth year, Nov. 8, 1902, of softening of the brain at Plainfield, N. J., while visiting his sister, the wife of Jeremiah Evarts Tracy, Esquire.

His funeral was attended from the Central Church, Worcester, by a very large concourse of his fellow citizens of all classes and ranks, who completely filled the church, thus manifesting in an unusual degree their sense of loss and their profound respect for this quiet, strong, cultured, high-souled public servant and citizen.

Mr. Greene was a finely proportioned man of more than medium height, with a very erect and soldierly carriage

and a thoughtful, kindly, but determined face. He was noticeable for his long, swift stride, as year after year, for more than a generation, he walked, cane in hand, with great regularity along Main street to and from his office with a favorite spaniel at his heels. Very unassuming and courteous in his manner, he had an air of quiet mastery, which together with his candor and kindness greatly won the confidence and esteem of his associates and employees.

He was an excellent classical, and a well disciplined scholar; a master of pure, exact and vigorous English; an occasional writer of clever verse; fond of rare books and curios; much interested in all historical questions; clear in thought; ready in wit; proud, without ostentation, of his ancestry, his college, his work, his country; a most loyal, companionable and affectionate friend and a zealous patriot and citizen.

Mr. Greene gave much thought to civic affairs and advocated several measures of reform, among them "Proportional Representation," upon which he wrote with force and discrimination. He was also all his life devoted to the improvement of the Indians and was a warm defender of their rights.

The prolonged invalidism of his wife to whom he was most tenderly attached, and who could not bear to have him leave her, cut him off from extended travel and from opportunities for fame and fortune which he was abundantly capable of filling; yet he never thought of complaining.

Though a brave soldier, rich in thrilling experiences of the Civil War and a cordial friend of old soldiers, he would never join the Grand Army of the Republic on account of his aversion to secret societies; but he was keenly interested in the proposed statue of General Devens, and at his death was a member of the Commission for its erection.

Mr. Greene was a Puritan in his tastes, his habits, his religious faith, and above all, in his exalted sense of duty. His ideals were lofty and uncompromising. He hated selfishness, deceit, fraud and impurity with a righteous wrath, and he was a man capable of any sacrifice in standing by the men and the measures that he believed to be in the right. This love of duty was the iron string that vibrated through all his character and conduct in

things great and small. This was his passion, his joy, his reward. This made him a worthy exemplar of the finest traits of the noble stock from which he sprang. This made us all see that he had in him the elements of true greatness and drew from the whole community a most striking demonstration of sincere admiration, honor and affection at his death.

An able, brave, unselfish, stainless gentleman with a life that is an inspiration to us all, he rests in peace.

D. M.

John Bellows. This delightful Englishman made but one visit to the United States. I do not know that any member of the Society ever saw him in England, except myself. He contributed but three papers to our Proceedings. Yet he had that rare quality which inspires men with attachment at first sight. No man ever spent an hour in his company without hearing some interesting fact or bit of wisdom to be remembered as long as he lived, and without carrying away with him the memory of a most attractive and impressive personality. So when we heard of John Bellows's death, we felt as if we had lost one of our oldest and dearest members.

The following are the principal events of his life:

John Bellows was born January 18, 1831, at Liskeard, Cornwall. He died May 5, 1902, at Upton Knoll, Gloucester, England. He was son of William Lamb Bellows and Hannah Bellows, his wife.

He was educated by his father, who was a schoolmaster.

In 1845 he was apprenticed to Llewellyn Newton, a printer, at Cambourne, Cornwall.

In 1851 he entered the employ of Harrison, the Queen's printer, in London. He left after a few months, by reason of ill health. In the same year he went to Gloucester and became manager of George Wait's printing office.

In 1858 he started business as a printer for himself.

January 14, 1869, he married Elizabeth Earnshaw, daughter of Mark Earnshaw (surgeon) of Clitheroe, Lancashire.

Nine children survive him: four sons and five daughters.

In 1870, during the Franco-German War, he visited France as one of the deputation from the Society of Friends to administer relief to the war victims.

In 1872 he published the first edition, of 6,000 copies, of his celebrated French Dictionary. The whole edition sold within a fortnight of publication.

In the same year he discovered the Roman Wall in Gloucester. That discovery led to great interest, on his part, in antiquarian research, especially in regard to the Roman occupation of Britain. He subsequently traced the wall around the city. He discovered this wall when building a new printing office (his business having largely increased), beneath which was a part of the Roman Wall, still in existence.

In 1876 he published the second edition of his French Dictionary.

From 1886 to 1892 he took a great and active interest in the Home Rule controversy, most vigorously and strongly supporting the Union side, as it was called. He distributed, mostly at his own expense, more than twenty tons of literature in leaflets and pamphlets. He carried on many newspaper controversies, and spoke at public meetings, being one of the most influential opponents of "Home Rule."

In 1892 and '93, he visited Russia with Joseph Neave, on behalf of the Stundists.

In 1896-97, he visited Bulgaria and Constantinople with his wife, to take relief from the Society of Friends to the persecuted Armenians.

From 1896 to the end of his life he took a prominent part in the work of the Society of Friends in helping the Donkhobors to emigrate from Russia, and in settling them in Canada.

In 1899 he visited Russia with Edmund Brooks, to plead with the authorities, on behalf of the Society of Friends, for those of the Donkhobors who were in exile in Siberia.

In the same year he visited Sweden with Edmund Brooks to plead for some men who were imprisoned for refusal of military service.

In the same year, 1899, he was one of the deputation from the Society of Friends to the Hague Conference.

In 1901 he visited the United States, where he made many friendships. During this visit he received the degree of Master of Arts from Harvard University.

PUBLICATIONS.

Outline Dictionary for the use of Students, with prefaces by Professor Max Müller and Professor Summers. Published 1868 and 1869.

Pocket French Dictionary. 1st edition published 1872. 2nd edition published 1876.

Pamphlets.

The Track of the War around Metz. Published after the Franco-German War.

On the Ancient Wall of Gloucester and some Roman Remains found in proximity to it, in 1873. (Proceedings of the Cotteswold Naturalists' Field Club, Vol. VI.)

Notes on Offa's Dyke; the Black Rock at New Passage; and Caldicot Castle. (Proceedings Cotteswold Club, Vol. VI.)

On some Archæological Remains in Gloucester Relating to the burning of Bishop Hooper. (Read at the annual meeting of the Cotteswold Club. Proceedings Cotteswold Club, Vol. VII.)

William Lucy and his Friends of the Cotteswold Club, Five and Thirty years ago. (Proceedings, Cotteswold Club, Vol. XI.)

Evolution in the Monastic Orders. Roman Work at Chepstow. Roman Remains at Bath. (Proceedings, Cotteswold Club, Vol. XIII.)

Survivals of Roman Architecture in Britain. (Proceedings, Cotteswold Club, Vol. XIII.)

On the Past in the Present in Asia. (Proceedings American Antiquarian Society, April, 1894.) (Read afterward before the Cotteswold Club, and printed in Proceedings, Cotteswold Club, Vol. XI.)

The Forest of Dean. (Proceedings American Antiquarian Society, October, 1899.)

The England of the Time of the War of Independence. (Proceedings American Antiquarian Society, October, 1901.) (Afterward read before Cotteswold Club, and published in Proceedings of the Cotteswold Club, Vol. XIV.)

Roman Wareham and the Claudian Invasion. (Dorset National History and Antiquarian Field Club, Vol. XIII.)

The Roman Wall of Gloucester. (Transactions of the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archæological Society, Vol. I., 1876.)

On some bronze and other articles found near Birdlip. (Transactions of the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archæological Society, Vol. V.)

Remarks on Skeletons found at Gloucester in 1881. (Transactions of the Bristol and Gloucestershire Society, Vol. V.)

The Romans in Gloucestershire. (Cheltenham Natural Science Society, Session, 1899–1900.)

Chisel Drafted Stones at Jerusalem. (Palestine Exploration Fund Quarterly Statement, July, 1896.)

Ritualism or Quakerism?

The Browns of Bartonburg. (Friends' Quarterly Examiner, 1899.)

Prayer. (Friends' Quarterly Examiner.)

The Truth about the Transvaal War. (Translated into French and German.) *New York Tribune.*

Letters and articles in newspapers, etc., afterwards printed as leaflets, etc.

Why I ought not to keep Christmas.

The Meditation of the Virgin.

Letters to the Students of the Penn Charter School, Philadelphia.

A Russian Railway Journey in Winter.

Daniel Wheeler's farm at Shushare.

The Georgian Road Through the Caucasian Mountains.

Alexander III.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Prince Louis Lucien Buonaparte.

Overtrained Free Trade.

Letter to *New York Tribune*,—"How Boer Women and Children are treated." (Reprinted as a leaflet by the Women's Liberal Unionist Association.)

Letter to Senator Hoar, in *New York Tribune*. (Reprinted, as above by Women's L. U. Association.) &c. &c. &c.

The news of his death was received with profound sorrow in England, where he had a very wide circle of friends, including many famous men of science, and men of letters. He took great satisfaction in his friendship with Leslie Stephen, the accomplished editor of the Dictionary of National Biography; as well as in that of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who had been his guest in England, and with whom he had corresponded for many years; and that of Andrew D. White, lately the accomplished Ambassador to Germany.

Mr. Bellows was a very good correspondent. His letters were written in the careful style formerly cultivated by eminent men who had reason to expect that their lives would be written, and their letters would form an important part of their biography. I will not yield to the temptation to make many extracts from them until the Memoir, now in preparation in England, shall appear.

The following was written when he got the news of the death of President McKinley:

"Upton Knoll, Gloucester,
14. 9. 1900

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Ah this is indeed heavy news that reaches us, that after all our hopes President McKinley has died!

I am certain that the feeling in England is not almost, but absolutely as deep as that in America in the presence of this great sorrow! We lose all sight of differences that lie on the surface of things—all sense of distance that separates our countries, in the one overwhelming thought of the wantonly cruel act that has cut off President McKinley so suddenly—so undeservedly—from the life that is at best but so brief for all of us. We cannot find many words to give utterance to at such a moment—but every heart in this nation—nay in every nation in Europe, will give you its silent sympathy in your trouble.

Believe me thy friend

JOHN BELLOWS."

I had one of especial interest, from which I give an extract, written when he was lying on what I suppose he knew was his death-bed, in which he speaks of himself as cheered in the long hours by listening to the wind as it sweeps over Cotteswold Hills and the beautiful historic valley, of which his house commanded a view, including the towers of Hereford and Gloucester and Worcester and Tewkesbury, the scene of Cromwell's famous battles, and the heights of Malvern, whose signal-fire announced the approach of the Armada.

"Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely hill."

"As I write in my room, up stairs, I have been wishing thy wife could have such invalid quarters as mine, with all this wide reach of landscape to look out on, and with the sound of the breeze coming through the open window; I was going to say, in music; but it is in something more than music. It comes sweeping through the trees gathering up tones that are different, from different species. The sound in the leafless beeches is sweet, but it is not the same sound as in the foliage of the fir-trees, and so on. A being of larger faculties than ours would therefore comprehend *more*, in listening to the wind, than we do; he would *see* a tune played on all the trees and shrubs over which it swept, as on a multitudinously-stringed instrument. I can apprehend, though I cannot comprehend such an effect, from watching the play of the sunlight on the towers in the different parts of the landscape. They shine white, and fade and disappear in response to the play of the clouds, and come again, like the notes of music in some vast concert, that are varied by the composer so as never to recur in the same order, and yet never to fail of rhythmic beauty. Such a larger-powered being as I have hinted at would take in more than the differences of *sort* in the tree-sounds; he would discern their individual faculties, just as I see differences in towers and spires that are many miles away. Thus, there is a lovely Lombardy poplar not far from my window—one that I planted some years ago. At sunrise all the leafless twigs are golden in color, but near the tip there is one branch

that stands away from the rest, of course giving a variant note to the wind that sweeps over it. No doubt when the tree was younger some starling or homeward-bound rook rested in the twig that was not then strong enough to bear his weight, and so he gave the plant this set for all time. I used to think it would be well to cut off this branch for the sake of uniformity; but I could not reach it. Now I would rather have it as it is. And is it not so in life? We are too fearful of divergences."

He could distinguish the varieties of the trees by the sound of the wind through their branches. I thought at first this was a discovery of his own. But I find that George Herbert and Walter Scott had noticed the same thing before him.

Herbert says in his poem called "Providence":

> "Trees would be tuning on their native Lute
> To thy Renown."

In Mrs. Hemans's delightful account of her visit to Sir Walter Scott, she says:

"On the way back, we talked a good deal of trees. I asked Sir Walter if he had not observed that every tree gives out its own peculiar sound to the wind. He said he had, and suggested to me that something might be done by the union of music and poetry to imitate those voices of trees, giving a different measure and style to the oak, the pine, the willow, etc. He mentioned a Highland Air of somewhat similar character, called 'The Notes of the Sea-Birds.'"

Our Proceedings of April 29, 1903, contained an interesting account of the meeting held at the Guildhall, on the occasion of the unveiling of a portrait of John Bellows, and the presenting of the picture to the Corporation of the City. The Earl of Ducie, Lord Lieutenant of the County, presided, and his speech and that of the other eminent gentlemen who took part in the meeting, showed the warm affection and high esteem in which Mr. Bellows was held at home. G. F. H.

Elijah Brigham Stoddard. The mere annals of the life of our late associate are not remarkable or significant except as they are strikingly typical of a career not uncommon in the history of New England communities, namely: birth in a rural neighborhood, a childhood spent among self-supporting and self-respecting people, and in the companionship of nature, the rudiments of book learning acquired in the ungraded district school of the earlier half of the last century, the habit of filial obedience and serviceableness in small

things inculcated and more or less ingrained by the home life of the time, such expansion of youthful ambition and capacity as to suggest a more liberal education in academy and perhaps college, the adoption of a profession, then migration to a larger field and assumption of graver responsibilities, and at length the attainment of a degree of prominence or distinction. This is a story which has been repeated thousands of times in our New England history, as indeed elsewhere, and though not unfamiliar, is never commonplace or uninteresting. A large proportion of the leading men of our cities have long been of this type, and we have great faith in such a mode of development, as being sound and wholesome. The simplicity and seclusion of country life afford a soil in which the germs of character may take deep root and enjoy an unforced growth before being subjected to the strain of complex and competitive social conditions.

The outline just sketched was filled in with unusual completeness by the career of our friend, whose sudden though not untimely departure—called, as he was, while on the post of duty—has been so generally and deeply felt in the sphere in which he moved. It was almost as if his voyage of life had been laid out beforehand on the chart of time, and pursued under fair skies and with few adverse winds, to the end. His life was far enough, indeed, from being one of idleness or ease, but it encountered no disaster and was never much deflected from its main course. This may have been due in part to favoring circumstances—to what is called good fortune; but I suspect it was far more the result of a "well-attempered frame," and a stable character and purpose, formed in early youth, or perchance inherited from ancestral sources. I think that most of those who knew him felt in Colonel Stoddard the presence of a mental and moral poise and force that could not be traced to his acquirements or to any advantages of position which he enjoyed. He himself had a hand in making most of the circumstances that contributed to his success; and this he accomplished by the exercise of a very simple but very difficult art. He once said, in speaking of his success as an angler, that it was not due to the nice selection or casting of flies or to any of the refined accomplishments that fishermen most plume themselves upon, but to the fact that he "made longer days at it" than most men, an illustration, I think, of the great common-sense which in larger affairs enabled him by persistent use of the simplest means to do so much and do it so well.

The public notices that appeared at the time of his death record in permanent and accessible form many details and

dates that need not be repeated here. It will be sufficient to note in succession and very briefly a few of the principal stages of his long and busy life.

Born in the town of Upton, Massachusetts, in 1826, he had the advantage of a strong ancestry, both parents being descended from good old Revolutionary stock. The father, whose scriptural name and whose military title the son bore, not without justifiable pride, was one of the leading citizens in that quarter of the state, and is described by a discriminating biographer as "a man of indomitable energy and uncompromising integrity," qualities inherited by the son in such measure as to indicate no deficiency of character on the mother's side.

Just what influence determined the boy's direction towards college does not distinctly appear, but the serious work of preparation, chiefly at Phillips Exeter Academy, resulted in his admission to Brown University in 1843, at the age of seventeen, and his graduation in due course, four years later. He certainly lost no time in choosing a profession, for he was admitted to the bar after two years' pupilage, having found time to teach the classics a little, while pursuing his law studies.

In 1852 the young lawyer allied himself by marriage to one of the leading families of Worcester, with which he became further connected in the following year by a professional partnership with his father-in-law, Honorable Isaac Davis. This connection undoubtedly led him into larger interests and considerably modified his subsequent course.

From about this date his participation in the more important affairs of city, county and state became marked and constant. Elections and appointments to offices of responsibility and honor multiplied upon him. He was in turn district attorney, city solicitor, a member of each branch of the city government and of each house of the state legislature; he served in the governor's council and on the governor's staff; he was the first commander of the most important local military organization, and at the outbreak of the Civil War, though anxious to enter active service, he yielded his place to his friend Devens. He served the city for nine years as a member of the school board, a considerable portion of the time as chairman of the high school committee; was for many years a trustee of Brown University (his *alma mater*); and for the last twenty-five years of his life an active and influential member of the state board of education, attending its meetings with great punctuality and serving on several of its most important committees.

The year 1882 marks perhaps the highest point of his pub-

lic service, when as mayor of Worcester he displayed characteristic sagacity and energy in solving several municipal problems of magnitude and difficulty.

It was probably in the management of large corporate interests that Colonel Stoddard's ability was most generally recognized by his fellow citizens. Here he had few equals; and yet, I am informed that the distinguishing characteristics of his policy and methods were simplicity and directness of procedure, guided and controlled by a general conservatism of action. He was not without originality in devising ways and means, for he was possessed of great tact, and, like Odysseus, seldom lacked ingenious and effective devices; but he never let his means mislead him or obscure the end in view. His foresight was instinctive and habitual and was generally accurate.

Of many interests and activities that engaged his earnest attention—political, religious, philanthropic, social, domestic—there is not time, and perhaps not occasion, for me to speak. For more than threescore years he led a life of varied and incessant activity, and I believe it is not too much to say that in all the manifold relations which he sustained—to friends, associates and the community at large—he bore a manly part.

Undoubtedly, in social and business intercourse, Colonel Stoddard affected different people differently. A certain bluntness of speech and manner sometimes marred the impression he made upon those who knew him but slightly, or those who would not or could not understand him better. He had his reserves, and did not wear his heart upon his sleeve. Moreover, a curious privation of fluent and flexible speech seemed often to frustrate the purpose or intent of his mind. He was denied the power to adorn or recommend his thought by graceful expression, either of tongue or pen. I have sometimes wondered whether this defect, which he himself felt to be such, did not after all carry with it the rich compensation of making him—what he certainly was—a man of deeds rather than of words. He could often *do* what many another would charmingly discourse about. And his doing was apt to take the form of timely and unostentatious service to others. Indeed, I am inclined to think that his character flowered and culminated in friendship. He loved to receive, and still more to perform, friendly offices. He was by nature a peacemaker, a reconciler, a promoter of all good causes. There seemed scarcely enough of the alloy of malice in him to make a good fighter, much less a good hater. The predominant qualities of his heart, I should say, were love and good-will; of his intellect, tact and good sense. Emerson, in his eulogy

of Thoreau, compares his strong common sense to "that which Rose Flammock, the weaver's daughter, in Scott's romance, commends in her father, as resembling a yardstick, which, whilst it measures dowlas and diaper, can equally well measure tapestry and cloth of gold." The comparison would not be inapt if applied to the simple but discerning and perspicacious mind of the associate and friend whose loss we mourn today.

E. H. R.

For the Council,

HENRY S. NOURSE,
CHARLES A. CHASE.