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AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND MEMORIALS

OF

ICHABOD WASHBURN.

SHOWING HOW A GREAT BUSINESS WAS DEVELOPED
AND LARGE WEALTH ACQUIRED FOR THE
USES OF BENEVOLENCE.

BY

REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER,

AUTHOR OF "ISLAND WORLD OF THE PACIFIC," "LIFE IN THE
SANDWICH ISLANDS," "THE WHALE AND HIS CAPTORS,"
"THE PULPIT AND THE PEW," &C.

Power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring ;
for good thoughts (though God accept them) yet towards
men are little better than good dreams, except they be put
in act.—*Lord Bacon.*



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THE weary traveller in the south of Spain, who, after passing many an arid plain and many a bare hill, finds himself at nightfall under the heights of Granada, will hear plashing and rippling, under the shade of the spreading trees and along the side of the dusty road, the grateful murmur of running waters, of streamlets whose sweet music mingles with his dreams as he sleeps, and meets his ear as the first pleasant voice in the stillness of the early dawn. What is it? It is the sound of the irrigating rivulets called into existence by the Moorish occupants of Granada five centuries ago, which, amidst all the changes of race and religion, have never ceased to flow. Their empire has fallen, their creed has been suppressed by fire and sword, their nation has been driven from the shores of Spain, and their palaces crumble into ruins; but this trace of their beneficial civilization still continues, and in this continuity that which was good, and wise, and generous in that gifted but unhappy race still lives on to cheer and refresh their enemies and their conquerors. Even so it is with the good deeds of those who have gone before us. Whatever there has been of grateful consideration, of kindly hospitality, of far-reaching generosity, of gracious charity, of high-minded justice, of saintly devotion — these still feed the stream of moral fertilization, which will run on when their place knows them no more, when even their names have perished. The vision of a noble character, the glimpse of a new kind of virtue, does not perish. A thing of goodness, like a thing of beauty, is a joy forever.

—Dean Stanley.

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INTRODUCTION.



SENSIBLE writings in the shape of self-memorial and personal recollections are generally attractive. The story of a successful life, well told by one's self, is always read with pleasure and profit. The young and the old almost equally enjoy it. But to the young especially, whose career is yet to be run, such a life is fruitful in suggestion and stimulus. While to the old man, as Coleridge somewhat mournfully said, "Experience is like lamps in the stern of a ship, illuminating only the path that has been gone over," to the young man the narrative of that experience is like the head-light of a locomotive, shedding its rays over a track yet to be followed.

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The character and life developed in the present brief volume of autobiography, without being eminently great or transcendently good, were such a character and life as if everywhere reproduced would make society happy and earth akin to heaven. For it was a character so ribbed, braced, and undergirded by strong moral principle, allied to indomitable energy and perseverance, that it became in its day far more than ordinarily effective for good.

Ichabod Washburn of Worcester, Massachusetts, was the founder and first president of the great Washburn & Moen Wire Manufactory in that city, said to be the largest establishment of the kind in the world. It occupies eleven square acres of flooring, has a present monthly pay-roll of thirteen hundred names, yields an average daily product of sixty thousand pounds of one hundred varieties of finished wire, and makes a yearly sale of about eleven thousand tons to the amount of more than \$2,000,000, its capital stock being \$1,500,000. Its founder was a large benefactor of institutions of benevolence and education from Maine to Georgia. He was a liberal contributor also to Home and Foreign Missions, and bountiful to the poor and to freedmen.

Five or six years before his decease, he was induced, at the instance of his friend, the late Professor George Shepard, D.D., of Bangor, Maine, to indite a paper of auto-

biography, with special reference to his experience in giving, and to illustrate a text on which Professor Shepard built one of his most effective Discourses on the Moral Discipline of Giving, preached at the annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, at Detroit, Sept. 7th, 1858, from the text: "*But rather give alms of such things as ye have, and behold all things are clean unto you.*"

This writing having been duly completed, passed into the Professor's hands, and would doubtless have been used by him after a plan formed in his mind. But he was withdrawn from the scene of his earthly labors, and from the Theological Seminary to which he was devoted, a year sooner than his friend.

The memoir in manuscript has since lain unused, and it is now carefully edited and published, with other supplementary memorials, as an instructive exhibit of a self-made, remarkably wise and successful Christian manufacturer. His public spirited and judicious endowments while living, and at his death by will, of Associations, Schools of Science and Industry, Chapels, Colleges, Seminaries, Hospitals, Orphan Asylums, and Homes for the Aged, together with his numerous benefactions to churches and various Benevolent Societies, make his example a rare one, and to be justly held in remembrance. Professor

Enoch Pond, D.D., says of him in a printed paper: "He was the most liberal benefactor that we (the Bangor Theological Seminary) ever had; and his name will be cherished here till the end of time. His name is precious, too, in Worcester, and all over New England. He was a noble specimen of a man and a Christian. I would that he could have continued to bless his family, the Church and the world. But God's time was the best time. He and his friend Shepard have both gone to their eternal rest."

The world and society, made richer and better by the life here put into the amber of history, have a right to its faithful record; whereby the posthumous influence of such a life may perhaps far exceed that exerted while living. The instances are not yet so numerous that the world can afford to let them be forgotten, in which large possessions obtained by patient industry and enterprise, together with strictest probity, are devoted to such worthy objects of wise utility as in the case here recorded.

To preserve and illustrate that record, and to make it a safe guide and inspiration to the young, while not less a wholesome reminder to numerous older cotemporaries—is warrant enough for the present modest volume of autobiography and memorial. It is in confirmation of what has been said, by the "myriad-minded" master of

human nature, with a depth of reasoning not always appreciated :

HEAVEN doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves : for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.

The virtues possessed by the subject of these memorials were active virtues. He believed in wearing out, not rusting out. He held that Capital and Labor should be alike busy and put to productive use. Himself equally experienced as laborer and capitalist, he was in heartiest sympathy with the great industrial community of the United States. Holding his own views of co-operative industry, with benevolent designs in that direction, and believing that capital is as profitless without labor as labor is without capital, he acted upon the sentiment of the French Republican Gambetta, that CAPITAL AND LABOR ARE INSPIRERS OF EACH OTHER. When that sentiment shall be harmoniously acted upon by capitalist and laborer together, the rights of both will be secured, and the vexed problem of Socialism will have been satisfactorily solved without anarchy or revolution.

To American Capitalists and Laborers therefore, as well as to the ambitious youth of the land who have yet to

make their way to fame and fortune, like the honored author of the following autobiography, by force of brain and brawn under the firm grip and guidance of Christian principle,

THIS VOLUME

IS NOW CORDIALLY COMMENDED

BY

EDITOR AND PUBLISHERS.

WORCESTER, November 1878.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

ICHABOD WASHBURN.

CHAPTER I.

HIS ORIGIN AND CHILDHOOD — FORMATIVE INFLUENCE OF A PIOUS MOTHER — PUT OUT TO LIVE.

I WAS born in Kingston, Mass., August 11th, 1798, being of Puritan origin on my grandfather's side, and of Huguenot extract on my grandmother's side. My grandfather's name was Peabody Bradford. The name of my grandmother was Wealthy Delano, called in French De Lano.

The genealogy of the Bradford family is as follows :

Governor William Bradford of the "May-

flower" had a son whom he named William. This William had a son Samuel. Samuel had a son Gamaliel. Gamaliel had a son Gamaliel. This Gamaliel had a son Peabody. His daughter, Sylvia Bradford was my mother.

Capt. Ichabod Washburn, my father, was a sea captain. He died in his own house at the age of twenty-eight, of the yellow fever, contracted in the harbor of Portland, Maine, in the benevolent act of rendering aid to a vessel then lying in the harbor, the crew of which were sick with that disease. It was with great difficulty that he reached his home in Kingston, to live only three days, leaving my mother with three children — my twin-brother Charles and myself, about two months old, and my sister Pamela, now Mrs. George Warren, of Portland, Me.

I never knew a father's love or care. I have been told that he was a man of good moral character, quite thoughtful, and religiously inclined. Enterprising he must have been, by his own efforts and industry to have secured for his widow and

little family a homestead, the home of my childhood. I have heard my mother speak of his intention of bringing me up to a sea-faring life, which design he probably would have carried out had he lived to rear his children. My mother's means of support were so scanty that she was obliged to work at the loom. To aid her in this work my first mechanical labor was in winding the quills for her loom. I was kept at school until nearly nine years of age.

My mother early taught me the Assembly's Catechism, watched over me with great care, and would talk to me so seriously and tenderly that I was often affected to tears. When not more than seven or eight years old I was in the habit of reading a little book, entitled "The Happy Death of Young Children," which much affected me, and made me feel a strong desire that I might also be good.

The time arrived when my mother felt the necessity of being relieved from the expense of my support, and before I was nine years of age

I was "put out to live," as the term was. Leaving home on a sunny April day, with a bundle containing my wardrobe, I went five miles in company with a man who had procured a place for me in the adjacent town of Duxbury. On my way thither, I was much interested in the new scenes constantly opening on my young mind, awakening new thoughts, and suggesting many questions, which were doubtless a considerable tax upon my guide's patience.

When for the first time I saw a wind mill, which greatly excited my curiosity, and asked my companion what that was, his sharp, gruff reply was, "Don't ask me so many questions, boy." Such was the impression made on my mind, timid boy as I was, by the first reproof of a man's voice, that the circumstances, and even the very spot, have never been erased from my memory.

CHAPTER II.

HARDSHIPS AND HABITS OF HIS BOYHOOD.

THAT the child is father to the man is clearly shown in the fragment of autobiography that follows, in which it will be seen that the character and successes of after manhood had their foundation in the spirit, traits and habits of the youth. The manuscript of memorial continues :

The person whom I went to live with, at the age of nine years, was Abner Harlow, of Duxbury, who carried on the business of chaise, harness and trunk making. Here everything was new. I had a master who was less considerate of my ability to perform what he re-

quired of me than he would have been in his later years. It was my business to do the chores, take care of a horse and two cows, make the fires, chop the wood, and run the errands. I well remember the cold winter mornings when his loud voice bade me get up to build the fire, after which I had to go to the barn, before it was light enough to see the cow I was to milk.

Being naturally timid, I suffered much one year from being compelled to take lodgings in the garret of the shop, which stood at a short distance from the house. My sleeping place was in the upper loft, accessible only by a ladder, over a floorless pathway to my bed, which, if I remember right, I was obliged to make up myself. In this dark and lonely place it was quite easy for me, when I awoke, to put any construction which fear suggested upon the imaginary or real noises I often heard in the night.

When about eleven or twelve years old, I was placed in a most ludicrous position from having outgrown my trousers and shoes. Being sent

to mill, two miles distant, one cold, frosty morning, astride a grist of corn thrown across the horse's back, my feet bare, my legs extending prominently through my short trousers, I became so chilled before I reached the mill, that I was obliged to stop at a Mrs. Kent's and warm myself. The kind woman, taking pity on me before I left, made me draw on a pair of black, long stockings to cover my bare legs, and fasten a pair of women's peaked-toes shoes upon my feet.

Thus shod, when again astride the horse, on the top of the bag of corn, with my feet elevated nearly to a level with the horse's back, my long black stockings protruding through my short, out-grown trousers, the peaked-toed shoes lashed to my feet, my appearance must have been not only ludicrous in the extreme, but, when I reached home, a most effective though silent reproof to my master, for having allowed me to go off upon an errand so entirely unprotected and exposed.

During the winter I was allowed to attend the district school. I remember that I read my Bible very much in school from thoughtfulness. I was allowed to go home every three or four weeks, on Saturday afternoon, to return a-foot on Sabbath evening. A part of the way was very lonely, and I now remember my suffering from fear in passing through those woods alone. The pleasure of my visit was often marred by the dread of returning on Sabbath evening.

When out of school, I was required to work in the shop, being mostly employed in stitching harnesses, so that I became what was then called a good stitcher. During this time I was constant in my attendance at the house of public worship, where, however, there was little more than the form, without the power of godliness. The early instructions of my mother had impressed my mind so much, that during a time of religious interest in the neighborhood, under the labors of some evangelist, I became at once much interested. But through the opposition of my

master, who forbade me to hear the "renegade," as he called him, I lost that interest, and have ever felt that I lost much which might have proved a great blessing, had I then been permitted to follow my inclinations.

My master at that time was a great opposer of vital godliness, but, subsequently became hopefully a Christian. I was with this man five years, so that my first apprenticeship closed before I was fourteen years of age. Soon after I returned to Kingston, I undertook to make a harness for a cousin of mine, who furnished the leather. I succeeded so well, that the harness rendered him good service for many years, and I learn from him, that now, forty-nine years after the harness was made, he retains a part of it as a memento of the juvenile mechanic.

Soon after my engagement with my cousin closed (which was in the summer of 1813,) I attended school during the autumn, and then went to work in a cotton factory, in the town of Kingston. This was during the war with Great

Britain, when there were British men-of-war on the coast, and it was feared the enemy would come on shore, and burn the factory. Besides our regular days work, each one took his turn in watching three hours every night.

During that winter, I was engaged with a Mr. Sugden, an Englishman, in running a power-loom. It was so crude and primitive, that all the cog-wheels were made of wood, and probably it was the first power-loom ever made in this country. If so, its history should be recorded. At this time, I became much interested in the operation of machinery, and felt a strong inclination to learn the machinist trade.

A good opportunity offering in one of the shops of the Slaters, in Pawtucket, I had a great desire to avail myself of it. But my guardian being consulted, with others, discouraged the undertaking, on the grounds of the *probability, that by the time my apprenticeship should expire, the country would be so full of factories, that there would be no more machinery to be built.*

CHAPTER III.

EXPERIENCES AS A YOUNG APPRENTICE.

THE Master-mechanics, Manufacturers and Capitalists of the present day know little of the hardships endured in the previous age, when the great Arts and Industries that have now filled the land were in their infancy, and the inventors and artisans whose names have since become world-known were, as Burke said of the New England colonies at the time of the Revolution, "yet in their gristle."*

This section of the Washburn memorabilia shows us the honest but timid and diffident young Blacksmith among the pot-hooks and trammels and toasting-irons of his first smithy. The manuscript continues:

* See Note, p. 180.

In the spring of 1814, being less than sixteen years old, I went forth again from under the care of my mother, to learn what I then intended should be the business of my future life, the trade of a blacksmith. The promise of six weeks' schooling every year during my apprenticeship, was expressed in the indentures and was a strong inducement with me in going so far from home.

I left Kingston the day before the annual spring fast, with my trunk — brother Charles at one end, and I at the other — to travel across the pastures, a distance of nearly two miles, to Windsor wharf, where I was to embark with my uncle Joseph Bartlett for Boston. The vessel cast off, and drifted into what was called the Cow-yard in Plymouth Bay, a place of safe anchorage, where we lay becalmed all night.

The next morning brought to mind the consciousness of having left behind dear friends, from whom I was to be separated indefinitely. The waters were calm, and smooth as a mirror, the heavens and earth serene, but my heart

was sad; and when the bells of Plymouth and Kingston began to ring, I burst into a flood of tears. To find relief, I went below, and took from my trunk the Bible my mother had given me, and lying down on deck, under the hatchway, read and cried, but cried most of all, that I might not see those dear faces again.

Still becalmed, we left the vessel, and spent the day on shore. When on board again at evening, the vessel immediately got under weigh, and I awoke in the morning, to find myself at the wharf in Boston, where I spent the day in seeing some of the new and strange things of the city.

The next morning I took the stage for Leicester, where I was to learn my trade. I arrived at Worcester, about one o'clock, at "Syke's Tavern," where we were to dine. But the sight of the long table in the dining room, so overpowered my bashful spirit that I left the room, and went into the yard without dinner, to wait till the stage was ready. When within a few rods of

the shop in Leicester, the driver, who had pointed it out to me, took my trunk from the stage, and placed it upon an old sled by the road side. I went into the shop, introducing myself as the boy Mr. Ira Robinson had procured for them.

It was Mr. Robinson's representation of the business, as being both blacksmithing and cutlery, that had induced me to go so far from home. Judge my surprise, on entering the shop, to find no appearance of a cutlery department, except perhaps, the occasional new-laying of an old axe, or the making of a spoke-shave. At night I went to the house that was to be my future home ; my trunk was taken to the garret and placed beside my bed.

Retiring alone, shut up there in the darkness to my own reflections on the events of the past few days—separated by a distance of some eighty miles from home and friends—I sobbed myself to sleep. But I soon became so much interested in the shop, and passing scenes around me, as to banish home-sickness, and regain my wonted cheerfulness.

My first work was that usually assigned to apprentices, blowing the bellows, and wielding the sledge-hammer, until the next autumn, when I was advanced to work before the fire. This occurred on the day of the great September blow in 1815, when so many of the forests in New England were laid low.

Messrs. Jonathan and David Trask, with whom I lived, faithfully fulfilled their promise in giving me schooling, but, like most men at that time, made no provision for my attendance in the house of God. Having been brought up to go to meeting upon the Sabbath, and desiring to do so still, I hired a seat in the gallery of the Congregational Church, of which the Rev. Dr. John Nelson, was pastor; for this I paid fifty cents a year in pot hooks, made in time gained from over work.

All the spending money I had was earned in this way, and I had gained at one time some three days by over work. To make the most of it, I made six toasting irons, took

them to Worcester and sold them for \$1.25 each, taking as part pay "The Memoir of Harriet Newell," which I read with perhaps more profit than any other book except the Bible.

After serving with Messrs. Trask two years, they dissolved partnership, and separated, leaving it optional with me, either to continue with one of them, or to purchase the remaining three years of my apprenticeship. I preferred the latter, to pay \$25. each year.

While living with Mr. Trask, and when in my seventeenth year, I was permitted to visit Kingston. The journey was to be made on horseback, a distance of seventy miles, and I was allowed an absence of ten days.

My outfit was rather novel, and quite miscellaneous. My wardrobe, and a toasting-iron which I had made the previous winter, occupied one side of the saddle bag, and provision for my fare on the road, consisting of doughnuts and other "fixings" were placed in the other side. It was a delightful April morning when I set off to visit

my mother at our old home for the last time. The toasting-iron was to be a gift to my only sister, who had recently married Mr. George Warren of Portland, where she still retains the marriage-gift of her brother, after a lapse of fifty two years.

My pocket-money consisted of an uncurrent five dollar Ohio Bank Bill. On presenting the same in payment for oats for my horse, I found a fifty per cent. discount. This, with a three dollar bill, was all I had to depend upon for a four days' journey, with the expenses of a horse during the whole time.

There was therefore but one drawback to the joyousness of my heart—anxiety about my funds.

At Mansfield, I had my horse put up for the night; took a supper of bread and milk, and breakfast of the same fare the next morning. I handed my five dollar bill in payment for the same, and found no objection made, receiving four dollars and a half, and thus was relieved of

my anxiety, by acting in accordance with the directions of my master, who had no scruples in giving a lad what he knew to be uncurrent money!

I passed a most delightful week at home, the days going too swiftly away, bringing the time of my return, with the remembrance of the five dollar bill, and the question in my mind, how shall I return through Mansfield, and escape the notice of the man who took the five dollar bill? That uncurrent bill was the bane of what would otherwise have been an unclouded visit. But I concluded to return by the way of Boston, increasing the distance of my homeward journey by at least twenty-five miles.

CHAPTER IV.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS AND FIDELITY AS A JOURNEYMAN — PROGRESS IN THE RELIGIOUS LIFE — TESTIMONY TO THE INTEGRITY AND PURITY OF HIS EMPLOYER — TEMPTATION TO MERCANTILE PURSUITS RESISTED — THE PLAN OF PROVIDENCE ACCEPTED — FIRST ENTERPRISES AND SUCCESSES AS AN IRONSMITH — RELATIONS WITH DANIEL WALDO AND PAUL WHITING.

ON leaving Mr. Trask, I let myself to Mr. Nathan Muzzey for two years, on condition that he would give me \$50. and twelve weeks' schooling, with board and clothing. This arrangement secured to me the last year of my apprenticeship by paying \$25. And although the demand against me was not a legal one, I

have never regretted my adherence to the agreement in paying it.

During the three years of my apprenticeship at Leicester I became much interested in the subject of religion, under the preaching of Dr. Nelson. With others, I attended meetings of inquiry held at his dwelling house. The subject was almost constantly on my mind, and I often prayed in secret for that change of heart which I felt I needed, and greatly desired, but did not at that time attain.

Mr. Muzzey left Leicester, and I went with him to Auburn, where I came under the faithful instruction of the Rev. Dr. Enoch Pond. In this quiet town I finished my apprenticeship with Mr. Muzzey. I had nothing to do but to work from sunrise to sunset in the summer, and from sunrise to nine o'clock in the winter.

With little or no society, I sought my happiness in the solitude of the garret of the old house where I had my lodgings. I often recur to that period and place, where I had quite as

much profitable reflection as during any portion of my apprenticeship.

Never could any one anticipate the time of his freedom with more interest than I did, counting the days as they passed. That eleventh of August, 1818, my twentieth birthday, when my time with Mr. Muzzey expired, was a sunny day, never to be forgotten.

Conforming to the custom of those times, I invited three or four young men of my own age to take part with me in a game of ball, to celebrate my freedom-day, with the usual fixings, on the grass-plot behind the shop.

It is due to the memory of Deacon Muzzey that I should say that he honestly fulfilled his contract with me, and took a special interest in my spiritual welfare. He was for many years after associated with me as one of the deacons in the Union Church in Worcester. A good man, much beloved as a Christian, and esteemed as a useful village blacksmith, whose memory will always be cherished by all who knew him.

Free to go where I pleased, I now engaged with a Mr. Richardson of Millbury as a journeyman blacksmith. After working with him some two months, I undertook a journey to Portland, Maine, walking one 'half the distance to Boston, to take passage in a brig for Portland.

Arriving there, I found my sister married to Mr. George Warren of that city, and my mother residing in the family. While there, I received the offer of a place with Mr. Warren, in his store, and I was at first pleased with the idea of doffing my leather apron, and going behind the counter. Returning therefore to Millbury, to settle my affairs, I bade good-by to the West, as it was then called, and went to Portland, in expectation of spending the remainder of my life down East.

While waiting a few weeks for Mr. Warren's new store to be finished, on passing a blacksmith's shop one day, with muscles aching to be in exercise, I had a strange inclination to go in. I mentioned the circumstance to

my mother, who told me that she had been thinking of my proposed change of occupation, and was much exercised in her mind, with the fear that I had made a mistake in giving up a good trade for a mercantile life. Yielding to her advice, I resolved to return to Millbury, and once more to enter the Blacksmith's shop. Taking passage therefore for Boston, I arrived there the next day; and intending to walk to Millbury, I engaged a hand-cart man to take my trunk over to Cambridgeport, where I thought to leave it until I could send for the same by some teamster.

But meeting there in an open wagon, a man who had been to market, I asked him what he would charge to take the trunk to Waltham, and leave it with a Mr. Smith, whom I knew there. To my great joy, he replied, "Get in with your trunk, my lad, and welcome."

After jogging on a while behind his old white horse, sitting together on a cross-board, the farmer reached over behind, and brought forward

a firkin. Placing it between his knees, he took off the cover, and showed to my sight its contents, cold chicken, cheese and doughnuts, asking me to share with him in such a dinner, which to my youthful appetite was far more grateful and satisfactory than any meal I have since eaten at the "Astor House."

Arriving at Waltham just before sunset, I left my trunk with Mr. Smith, and here met two men, who were also going to Millbury. Walking with them till one o'clock in the morning, we reached Westboro, and there took lodgings.

The night, being one of the longest of the year, we rested until daylight, and arrived at Millbury, before breakfast on Thanksgiving morning.

During the winter, I engaged in business on my own account for the first time, manufacturing ploughs. To stock myself, required a small capital or credit.

With a few dollars I had earned I commenced, relying in part on my credit. There was no

difficulty in getting such stock as I wanted where I was known, but how to obtain plough-moulds, which were indispensable, I did not know. I was advised to make application to Mr. Waldo in Worcester. I was an entire stranger to him, so that when I asked if he would trust me until I could sell them, his mild, discriminative eye was turned upon me, as if in searching scrutiny. But to my great relief, he at once filled up a blank note for the amount to be paid in gold or silver, which I signed, and in due time paid.

This was before the introduction of the cast-iron plough. The mould-boards were then plated with old scythes, to procure which, I went to Southbridge, to the scythe shop of Mr. Paul Whiting—the senior of the celebrated, and highly prosperous firm of Paul Whiting & Sons, whose business has grown from this scythe shop to be one of the most extensive manufactories of machinery and cotton cloth in the state; their returns showing their profits for 1865 to be \$150,000.

I wish to record in the history of this family, that they early built a church, supported a minister, established and maintained a Sabbath School, aided the Temperance Reformation, and exerted a healthful influence in the promotion of every good cause, giving a striking illustration in their success of that scripture which teaches that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

No part of my subsequent business life gave me more pleasure than that winter. Rising with a light heart, generally at my anvil by sunrise, working until nine in the evening, and then retiring fatigued, I realised fully that the sleep of the laboring man is sweet.

CHAPTER V.

FORGING AND FINISHING AS MACHINIST AT MILLBURY — FIRST BUSINESS ENTERPRISE AT WORCESTER — MANUFACTURE OF LEAD PIPE — FIRST FACING OF A SUBSCRIPTION PAPER, AND WHAT CAME OF IT — THE PROSPEROUS BUSINESS FIRM OF WASHBURN & GODDARD — FIRST MANUFACTURE OF IRON WIRE IN 1831 — INTERESTING STEPS IN THE PROCESS — HISTORY OF ITS ENLARGEMENT TO THE YEAR 1850.

MY first business enterprise closed successfully in the spring of 1819. The early predilection for a higher order of mechanical business still clung to me, which induced my applying for employment at the Armory at Millbury. This for a time was refused, when I proposed to Mr. Waters, the proprietor, to work a month, for any wages he chose to give. The next Monday, I was on my way to the works, with my leather

apron under my arm, full of hope for the future.

At first, I was put to work upon the more simple parts, such as welding-on the heads to the ramrods. Soon, however, I was advanced to the more difficult parts of the work, and was liberally compensated for my labor. A little after this, application was made to Mr. Waters, by William Hovey, of Worcester, for a smith, who could forge machinery. The acceptance of this application led me to take up my residence in that town and introduced me to my long hoped-for, and favorite pursuit.

Engaging with Mr. Hovey, the next day found me on the way to Worcester, in June or July, 1819. I was to work on trial for one month, and had worked only a few days, when my employer wished me to engage for two years. I preferred an engagement for one year only. During this time, I not only worked at forging, but a great deal also at finishing, so that I soon acquired a practical knowledge of all the different kinds of work on machinery.

Closing my engagement with Mr. Hovey, I went into business with William H. Howard, manufacturing woollen machinery and lead pipe. Our connection was for a short time only. Mr. Howard desiring to leave town, I purchased his half of the business and continued the manufacture of lead pipe, then in its infancy. I had only enough to employ myself and one man.

At this stage of my life, I saw for the first time, a subscription paper. Timid and hesitating to subscribe myself, Mr. Melvin a benevolent person standing by said to me, "Put down fifty cents, young man, and you will soon see it come back to you again." Influenced by his advice I contributed the first fifty cents I remember to have ever given, and in a few weeks, I received a very large, lucrative order for lead pipe, under circumstances that induced the good Doctor to say, "I told you so."

He saw, in the rapid increase of my business, the fulfillment of the promise: He that watereth shall be watered also himself. From that time

to this, I have never lacked work, or the opportunity of facing a subscription-paper, and am a confirmed believer in the scripture truth that "he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

I was then prosecuting my business in the School street machine shop. Soon after this, the demand for woollen machinery so increased, that I was induced to take as partner, Benjamin Goddard, constituting the firm of Washburn & Goddard. Our business increased so much, that very soon, we employed some thirty men, and found it necessary to enlarge our buildings, and increase our facilities. We made the first woollen Condenser, and long roll spinning Jack ever made in Worcester county, and nearly the first made in the country.

I was engaged in business under the above-named firm at that place, when we sold out to Messrs. March, Goulding, Smith & Hobart. We then purchased a water power at Northville, and put up the necessary works for manufacturing

wire and wood screws. This business we pursued there about three years, when we had so far out-grown the water power, that we were obliged to remove to where we could obtain more.

Not willing to abandon that place altogether, Mr. Goddard preferred to remain where he was, giving also as a reason for not removing into the city, that he did not like to expose his boys to the demoralising influence of Worcester street.

This led to the suggestion of amicably dissolving our eleven years' co-partnership, by dividing the machinery and tools.

It is due to my esteemed partner to say he was a master mechanic, fruitful in suggesting the many improvements we had made during that important era of the early history of woollen machinery, thoroughly devoted to his business, proverbially honest, possessed of great simplicity and purity of character, prized by myself and by all who knew him. Modestly preferring a comparatively limited business, with moderate, yet sure gains

to a larger, but more hazardous business, and possibly larger gains, he secured to himself a competency, and retired to enjoy in his old age the earnings of his busy life.

In the year 1831, some two years before the dissolution of our co-partnership, we commenced the manufacture of iron wire, at a time when but little of this important article had been manufactured in this country. The first coarse wire machine that I ever saw, was one of self-acting pinchers, drawing out about a foot, then passing back, and drawing another foot; so crude and ill adapted for the work was this machine that no man could draw on it more than fifty pounds a day. We improved on this machine, so as to draw out about fifteen feet at each pass, increasing the product at least ten fold.

We soon, however, substituted the Drawing Block, which has never since been improved. With this, a man can conveniently get off twenty-five hundred pounds in a day. Other important improvements have since been made, aside from

the drawing block, which I do not claim, both in coarse and fine wire-drawing, as also in the annealing process.

In the autumn of 1834, I continued the business of manufacturing wire on my own account, at what is called the Grove Mill, built by Stephen Salisbury, Esq., under my direction.

In the enlargement of the business from time to time, the machinery has been mostly drafted by myself, and constructed under my direction.* The iron-wire department gradually increased up to 1842, when my brother Charles engaged with me as a co-partner, continuing until 1849.

One year after, in 1850, I took as a partner, my son-in-law, P. L. Moen. In him, I have had a most efficient aid in bringing up the business to its present mammoth size. While he makes no claim to be a practical mechanic, he has by his exactness, promptitude, and aptness for business generally, supplied a deficiency in myself indispensable to success. He has managed with rare ability our finances, a department of the

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business for which I never had the taste or inclination, always preferring to be among the machinery, doing the work and handling the tools I was used to, though oftentimes at the expense of smutty face and greasy hands.

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST PROPOSAL FOR THE AMERICAN MANUFACTURE OF PIANO-FORTE STEEL WIRE BY CHICKERING—THIS UNDERTAKING THE GREAT SUCCESS OF MR. WASHBURN'S MECHANICAL LIFE—STEPS OF PREPARATION—FACTS AND DATES IN THE HISTORY OF THE BUSINESS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA—PART IN THE IMPROVEMENTS OF WORCESTER—CHURCHES—BAY STATE HOUSE—MECHANICS' HALL—MISSION CHAPEL—MARRIAGE IN 1823—HOUSE-RAISING WITHOUT ARDENT SPIRITS—A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

ABOUT the time of which I last spoke, the year 1850, I was urged by Mr. Chickering of Boston, the piano-forte maker, to try my hand at making steel wire for the strings to his instruments. Until then, that business had been entirely in the hands of Webster, of England, for eighty years.

This undertaking, through all its attendant difficulties, to its final accomplishment, after years of personal application, many experiments, and much expense, I may say, without egotism, was the greatest success* of my mechanical life. Since that time, the introduction of the Sewing Machine, and of crinoline, has greatly increased the demand both for needle and crinoline steel.

An experience of ten years in working steel

* In Bishop's History of American Manufacturers, Edward Young & Co., publishers, Philadelphia, it is stated, p. 697, Vol. II., that "Mr. Washburn invented a mode of tempering wire longitudinally, for which he obtained a patent; and this wire, made at his works, is distinguished not only for great strength but uniformity of temper, smoothness of surface, and high finish. It is used in all the best pianos made in this country. His firm also make fine Plated Wire, which is wound around the bass strings of other musical instruments. * * * *

When the invention of the Telegraph had induced an extensive demand for wire for telegraphic purposes, Mr. Washburn devoted his attention to the manufacture especially of Galvanized Wire, which is a better conductor of the electric fluid than ordinary wire. Previous to the adoption of the process of galvanizing, the scale had to be removed from the wire by means that required an exposure to acids from fifteen to twenty minutes, which rendered it brittle.

To obviate this defect Mr. Washburn secured the control

before the introduction of crinoline wire gave us a great advantage, which very soon secured for us a decided preference over other manufacturers, our weekly production for this article alone, crinoline wire for skirts, averaging sixty thousand pounds, and being about one-half (judging from reliable sources) of the entire production in the country.

This estimate shows that the annual consumption of three thousand tons of steel is required to expand and give prominence to the ladies' dresses in this country.

of an English patent for a process by which the wire is passed through a tube heated so as to bring it up to a slight red heat, and then through a cold acid bath, remaining in it, however, hardly a second, from which it emerges in a perfectly clean condition, and not injured as it usually is when long exposed to acids.

Wire made in this way has borne the weight of tons falling upon it without breaking. Messrs. Washburn & Moen are the only makers of Patent Galvanized Wire in the United States, and notwithstanding it is established that the system which they have adopted uniformly secures the additional strength of 12 1-2 per cent. in tension, and the same in the section-power, over any other mode of galvanizing yet adopted, they sell it at the same prices charged by others for the ordinary wire.

It may not be out of place here, to record some facts in my own business, showing the great increase in the manufacture of wire during the last thirty years.

At that time, the year 1835, I was employing about twenty-five workmen, occupying seven thousand feet in area for manufacturing. At this time, 1866, we are employing at both our mills, from six hundred and fifty to seven hundred men, occupying one hundred thousand feet in area, where our work is performed, and showing a production during the last thirteen months of nearly two million dollars. Nearly the same ratio of increase pertains to England, as is shown by a statement made to me by a Mr. Lee of Kinver, in 1860, who was then about eighty years of age. Being a guest with him at that time, he invited me to visit the town of Prestwood, where, as he would shew me, was made the first Iron Wire in old England.

Judging from the capacity of the little stream, and the low fall of water, and what he informed

me of the number and size of the loads weekly sent to the store, where he was then as a boy, it could not exceed two or three tons a week. This quantity I understood to be the entire product, or nearly so, of Great Britain.

What interested me especially was the fact that the House where he was employed at that time supplied Daniel Waldo of Worcester in America with his wire. It was the same Mr. Waldo of whom I purchased the Wire used in my toasting irons, while a boy at Leicester. So that Mr. Lee was probably showing me the very spot where that wire was made some forty years before.

There is now one Wire establishment in Manchester, England, which manufactures one hundred and sixty tons a week. Judging from what I saw and learned while visiting the various Wire Mills of England, there are at least one thousand tons made every week in Great Britain.

In the summer of 1819, when I first became a

resident of Worcester, the population of the place was about 2,700. According to the census of 1865, it now numbers 32,000 (at the present date, 1878, 52,000.) During these forty-seven years of increase, I have so far aimed to identify my interests with the growth and prosperity of the city as to contribute my share in whatever public improvements have been made.

Besides the business results accomplished, I have shared with others in building two churches.

At my own expense I have erected the Mission Chapel on Summer street, and mainly supported it. I aided, with others, in giving to Worcester one of the best Hotels, "The Bay State House." I originated the idea, and contributed some twenty-five thousand dollars towards the erection, of Mechanics' Hall, now so indispensable in meeting the great wants of the city for lectures, concerts, and various social gatherings, and I may say of the State also, since it affords a convenient, spacious, and commodious place for great political gatherings.

In the first years of my residence here, there were only three churches. The Old South, under the care of Rev. C. A. Goodrich; the Unitarian, with Rev. Aaron Bancroft as Pastor; and the Baptist, under Rev. Jonathan Going.

My mother being a Baptist, my early religious impressions lead me to choose the last as my place of worship on the Sabbath. I well remember Mr. Going's faithful, impressive manner in the presentation of truth, which, as I believe, had its influence in keeping me from yielding to the many temptations that beset my path at a time when the most popular and attractive place was the bar-room, then frequented by the best of society.

Changing my boarding-place from a hotel to the residence of Mrs. David Brown, and soon becoming interested in her daughter, Ann G. Brown, whom I afterwards married, it was natural enough that I should then attend meeting where the family did, at the Old South Congregational.

I was married to Miss Brown October 6th, 1823, and occupied at once a hired house in School street, where we remained one year and six months. In December, 1824, our first child, a son, was born to us, who lived only a few days. In the spring of 1825 we moved to a house on Summer street, the property of my wife. Here we lived until 1829, when I built my present dwelling-house.

One circumstance connected with the raising of this house I wish to mention, as it illustrates the state of popular sentiment at the time in regard to the use of ardent spirits on such occasions.

Before the raising, the carpenter suggested to me the bill of fare required to enable him to proceed with the undertaking. Having examined it, I asked him if there was no such thing as raising the house without the stimulus of spirits. He doubted if it *could* be done. I inquired if *his* men would be willing to aid; and if not, whether they would co-operate if I would pay them for it.

Under these circumstances, the attempt was made to do what had not before been done for many years — a house-raising without rum! I cast around to see if men enough could be found in the neighborhood for the raising, with such a bill of fare as I would furnish, namely: lemonade, crackers and cheese, with small beer.

Among my own workmen at the shop, I could find only a few willing to help. The others were within sight, and by their jeers, ridiculed the undertaking, and did their best to make it a failure. The work, however, proceeded noiselessly and successfully to its completion without rum. And the novelty of such a house-raising was made the theme of a newspaper article, under the caption, "Progress of the Temperance Reform."

It was about this time that the friends of Temperance were organizing societies for its promotion throughout the New England States, and the first Temperance Society was organized in Worcester. Rev. Rodney A. Miller, of the Old

South Church, was chosen president, and myself secretary.

This movement greatly excited the opposition of the public at large, but especially of the tavern-keepers, one of whom, at that time, called upon Mr. Miller with a demand for the list of the members — as if the good people of Worcester had no right to move in the premises without their approval.

CHAPTER VII.

HABITS AS A CHRISTIAN — FIRST FAMILY PRAYERS — EFFECT OF THE PREACHING OF ICHABOD SPENCER — CONSCIENTIOUS USE OF THE MEANS OF GRACE AND DEVOTION TO CHRISTIAN DUTY — MOTIVES IN MAKING A PROFESSION OF RELIGION — ACTIVITY IN THE SABBATH SCHOOL — LABORS IN THE JAIL AND THE CITY SUBURBS.

AT the time of my marriage neither my wife nor myself was a professor of religion, although we were both thoughtful; and we commenced housekeeping by reading the Bible together, as a religious exercise.

During the year preceding that of 1832, we were constant, as we had always been from our childhood, in attending church twice every Sabbath, without regard to the inclemency of the weather. About this time there was a protract-

ed meeting held in the Old South Church where we were in the habit of worshipping.

Among the ministers, whose labors appeared to secure the most interest, was Rev. Ichabod Spencer, of Northampton, since settled for a number of years in Brooklyn, N. Y. Both myself and wife became much impressed under his preaching, and she soon indulged the hope that she had become a Christian. For myself, though much exercised in mind, and desiring most of all things to become a Christian, I did not reach that point so satisfactorily and clearly as I desired.

I could, however, recur to some of my exercises as giving me hope. Delaying to make a profession of religion for some months, until after the excitement was over, we offered ourselves for examination, and were admitted to the church under the pastoral care of Rev. Rodney A. Miller, in the year 1839.

Previous to this, my mind had become much exercised on the subject of family worship. I

not only felt that it was a duty, but believed that it would be a precious privilege, if I could only so far overcome my excessive timidity as to allow me to perform the duty. I at length resolved to make the attempt, and shall never forget the pleasant Sabbath morning, being the first day of the year, when, for the first time, I bowed before my Maker, with my dear family, in grateful acknowledgment of his goodness to us, in confession of our unworthiness, and in humble supplication for his forgiveness and guidance.

I went to church that morning with a more light and cheerful heart than ever before. And ever since that time, when my health would admit, I have always maintained family worship, for the most of the time with satisfaction and profit.

One of the reasons presented to my mind why I should make a profession of religion when I did, was, that the frequent meetings with the church, and its watch and care over me, would be a means of grace that I needed.

I early resolved that I would be constant and punctual in attendance upon all the meetings of the church. While they may not have proved to me all that I could desire, I can say that rarely, if ever, have I allowed my business or social engagements to keep me from the place of prayer, until the time when, from physical inability, I was prevented.

Nor did I visit the prayer-meeting to take a back seat, where, unobserved, I might not have been expected to take part in the exercises, but always placed myself near enough to my Pastor to share with him and others in doing what I could, in my humble way, to give interest to the occasion.

While I have often suffered much from natural timidity, I have, nevertheless, found that the strength given me to overcome this timidity has proved a means of grace. The want of this determination to stand in our lot, and do what we can in reliance on our Divine Master for all needful strength, has dwarfed many a Christian,

and weakened his ability to do much for the Master.

My idea of the duty of Christian activity is not restricted to what may be done in the church. It should extend to efforts in behalf of the destitute, and those unprovided with the means of grace. I very early felt under obligation to seek opportunity to do something for that class of persons, who, by reason of poverty or indifference, altogether neglected all means for moral and religious instruction.

One of my first efforts was, to instruct a small class of children, living in my own neighborhood, whom I invited to come to my house. More than thirty years ago I engaged with others in maintaining a Sabbath-school, kept in the school-house, at Pine Meadow, (East Worcester), for colored children.

Soon after that, I assisted in Christian work at the County Prison, where we at first held our meetings in one of the large cells. Subsequently, through the influence of Col. John W. Lin-

coln, the High Sheriff for the County, the commissioner removed some of the partitions, very much enlarging the room, and put in seats, and a desk.

This school, for a number of years, was carried on a part of every Sabbath day under his fostering care: he was always present, and much interested in the welfare of the school, and by his urbanity and kindness of heart, secured the love and esteem of all the teachers.

Since that time, the County authorities have provided a spacious, convenient, and attractive Chapel, with a small organ, where the Sabbath-school is held every Sabbath morning, under the patronage and oversight of the present High Sheriff, J. C. Knowlton, who never fails to be himself in the school.

It is now about thirty-years since this school was organized. During all that time, except when prevented by ill-health, I have always made it my duty to be on hand, serving most of the time as Superintendent. I have found in

Mr. Charles W. Rice an efficient co-laborer and Assistant Superintendent. And many others, whose constant and faithful labors in this enterprise will have their reward, are well known as constituting the best working elements in our churches.

CHAPTER VIII.

PART IN CHURCH-BUILDING ENTERPRISES —
ORIGIN OF THE UNION CHURCH—IS MADE A
DEACON—TRIBUTE TO CO-WORKING ASSOCI-
ATES—HISTORY OF THE MISSION CHAPEL—
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL—THOUGHTS ON GIVING
—AN ACCOUNT OF STEWARDSHIP—REASONS
FOR DEVOUT GRATITUDE—ORIGIN OF THE
COLORED ORPHAN HOME AT ATLANTA.

IN 1836 the population of Worcester had so increased that it was deemed necessary that there should be increased facilities for public worship. A few members of the Central Church, and a much larger number of the Old South met to consider the expediency of colonizing; which resulted in the organization of the Union Church, an enterprise in which I was a sharer.

Alfred D. Foster, from the Central Church,

and myself from the Old South, were perhaps as much relied on for pecuniary aid, both in the erection of the meeting-house, and support of the minister, as any of the others—he, Mr. Foster, subscribing five hundred dollars a year, and I two hundred.

The Church was organized in the year 1837. The next year we built the Union Church edifice, now standing on Front street, costing something over twenty thousand dollars, which was paid for by the sale of pews.

The support of the Minister, and other incidental expenses, were met for more than twenty years by voluntary subscription. My annual subscription was never less than two hundred dollars, and some years nearly four hundred; besides many other expenses, which I voluntarily took upon myself.

This system was continued until the ability of the church had greatly increased, without any relief to myself and others, who had co-operated for so many years in carrying forward this enterprise.

It seemed to me that some other more equitable and just method should be adopted ; and the final result of discussion on this matter was the gift and sale of pews to the Parish. Since that time, the expenses have been mainly met by the renting of the pews — not, however, without the necessity of raising a part by subscription.

It may not be out of place here for me to say a word of Mr. Foster, my beloved co-laborer, now gone to his rest, with whom I was so intimately associated, both in our business relations for this enterprise, and in our Church fellowship.

We were both chosen Deacons of the Church at the organization. He was the chairman of the Building Committee, and I was his associate in that capacity ; these circumstances brought us often together as co-workers.

It is due to his memory, as a man of God, that I should here record that he was in every way a model man — my beau-ideal of a Christian gentleman. A warm-hearted disciple of great purity of character ; thoroughly devoted to the interests

of his Master ; able in council, firm but catholic in his opinions and charitable in his judgment of others.

It is just to say, that all unknown to himself, he exerted a greater moral influence over others by his quiet, unobtrusive, yet manly piety, and uniform Christian deportment than any other man with whom I have ever been acquainted. I am certain that his influence over myself for good exceeded that of any other man I ever knew.

There had been for many years a growing interest in behalf of the poor and neglected in the neighborhood of Pine Meadow, or East Worcester, as it is now called. Sabbath evening meetings were held in a private dwelling-house, and for a considerable time in the school-house, in Pine Meadow, where these children were gathered and instructed, but with great inconvenience both to scholars and teachers, for want of better accommodations.

Repeated efforts were made to raise by sub-

scription a sufficient amount to build a Chapel, but all failed. My mind was much exercised in considering the subject of the erection and support of a City Mission Chapel, to give to the poor and neglected a place of worship free.

The trial of mind was not so much on account of the pecuniary means requisite, but in the feeling that such an undertaking involved a spiritual as well as moral qualification, which I feared I did not possess. These scruples being overcome, however, I went forward and built the Chapel on the corner of Summer and Bridge streets, making the building of such form and size as to include a good dwelling-house for a City Missionary.

The plan was my own, and were I to erect another building for this purpose, I do not know how I could improve it. The land and building, all complete, cost fourteen thousand dollars. The Chapel was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God in the spring of 1855. A Sabbath School was organized, and a Circular was issued

inviting all to come who were disposed, the seats being free to all.

Within the past two years a church has been organized under the charge of Rev. Henry T. Cheever, numbering some forty members. A flourishing Sabbath School is maintained, averaging one hundred and fifty scholars. The house is now, 1865, as fully attended every Sabbath morning as the average of the other churches, according to its capacity.

Connected with this institution is an Industrial School, held every Saturday afternoon, during the autumn, winter, and spring months. The object of this department is to give instruction in sewing. The cloth is furnished gratuitously, and the garments made are afterwards given to the children, being about three garments to each child in the course of the season.

Beside the instruction in sewing, passages of scripture are committed to memory and recited by the pupils, and singing forms one part of the exercises. The average number enjoying these

advantages is two hundred and fifty, mostly Irish Catholics.

This enterprise was entered upon with some misgivings, and was regarded rather as an experiment. It is now twelve years since the completion of the chapel-building, and the success of the enterprise is no longer regarded as problematic. Its friends think they can clearly see that it has the seal of God's approbation.

Going back forty-five years since I made my first little donation of fifty cents, my practice has been to give something to almost every object brought to my attention.

Mr. Washburn, however, knew how to intelligently refuse when there was a reason for it. Witness the occasion when an application was made to him for aid in building a parsonage in a flourishing manufacturing village of Maine. He declined having a part in it, at the same time suggesting the names of others who might more fitly make the benefaction, on account of their

business interests in the place. He thought that the men whose worldly interests are bound up in such places should be looked to and solicited to do such works.

The following is an extract from the letter written by Mr. Washburn on this occasion :

You speak of the growth of the place as justifying such an expenditure, and the large investment recently made in the erection of a large mill. Allow me to suggest that the proprietors of that enterprise cannot afford to do without a good orthodox church.

And this reminds me of an incident in the life-time of Abbot Lawrence, a Unitarian. He was showing a southern friend of his through the factories and city of Lowell ; his friend was much surprised in noticing the wealth and thrift of the place, and asked Mr. Lawrence how it was that they could make such ample dividends ; how do you do it ? He replied, we do it with *cash* and plenty of good orthodox preaching.

Now, if your mill owners want to make good

dividends, let them see to it that they have a plenty of good orthodox preaching, a good minister well housed, and my word for it, it will prove to be the best part of their investment; for godliness is profitable to all things, having the promise of this life and of that which is to come. This anecdote and the history of the factories are well authenticated and no fiction.

I can mention instances within my own observation where, upon the same stream of water, factories have been erected; the proprietors of one of them entirely ignored churches and all the facilities for the moral and religious culture of their people.

In a few years they failed and, as the English say, came to grief; while their neighbors, on the erection of a factory, put up at the same time a commodious church, and at their own cost maintained a good orthodox minister, sustained a Sabbath-school, with all the other concomitants incidental to such an enterprise; and to-day have increased in wealth many fold.

Now you know the promise is, that the increase may be thirty, sixty and even a hun-

dred fold. I advise them to go in for the hundred fold; but to secure that they must do a good many good things besides making good cloth, among which let them build a good parsonage for your minister, and to make the thing doubly certain, give their aid in his support, not forgetting to identify their interest by their constant attendance on his preaching. If they like such a kind of orthodoxy as I have recommended, let them try it.

The text of the Autobiography is here resumed:

Naturally credulous, and preferring to be imposed upon by others rather than by myself in withholding where I ought to give, I rarely have let an opportunity pass, being under the impression that few, if any, will resort to begging except from necessity.

Indiscriminate giving under all circumstances should not be practiced. In cases that will admit of investigation, it should be made. Yet there is a large class of objects which must be acted upon at once. In these cases, when I had

doubts, I have made it my invariable rule to give something.

It is common to make a record of benefactions, and at one time I pursued this course for a few years. At length I became careless, and soon gave it up. Among other reasons, I had some apprehension that the sight of my annual donations might influence my mind unfavorably by a too great intimacy between my right hand and my left.

Seeing how difficult it is to guard against the notoriety of our benefactions, I have often felt that it would be a luxury to do a few good things without any other person in the world knowing it. And recently, I made the attempt, enjoining upon the person* who was to be the almoner of the bounty not to let it be known. Yet, to my surprise and regret, the same was acknowledged in such a form as to be guessed out.

The aggregate amount I have given for various

* This allusion is explained by an interesting correspondence which Mr. Washburn had with Lewis Tappan of New York in regard to the plan for founding a Home for Colored Orphans in Atlanta, Ga., for which purpose he first contributed anonymously \$4,500 to the American Missionary Association.

benevolent objects, I have no means of determining. Realizing for many years the duty and privilege of consecrating all to God, I have felt myself a steward of his bounties to me. Acting upon this principle, the amount so given would necessarily be large.

It has been to me a source of great satisfaction, and, I think, devout gratitude to my Heavenly Father, that He has not only given me the means, but the richer gift, a heart to give. The amount I am still entrusted with is far greater than I ever supposed it would be, and I verily believe, larger than it would have been had I followed the opposite course, so that, what I now have, I trust, "is clean unto me."

In recurring to the past, these years have brought with them their shades of adversity, as well as the sun of prosperity. There have been times of great commercial embarrassment, when I found it extremely difficult to prosecute my business with so limited a capital as I had; yet,

in the darkest hour, I never saw the time when I thought I could not pay my debts, and, what has been a greater source of comfort to me, I had always enough to meet the reasonable wants of the dear ones, who were dependent on me.

CHAPTER IX.

MEMORIALS OF BUSINESS LIFE AND BENEFAC-
TIONS — CONSECRATION OF NEW COUNTING-
ROOM AND OFFICES — POEM ON HIS SIXTY-
EIGHTH BIRTH-DAY.

THE motto we have adopted from Lord Bacon affirms that good thoughts are little better than good dreams except they be put in action. The subject of these memorials was no mere dreamer, but he was eminently a practical man. Power to do good was the true and lawful end of his aspiring.

Solomon, with a touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, says in the Book of Proverbs: Most men will proclaim every one his own goodness; but a faithful man who can find? .

Here, as we have seen in what has gone before, there *was* to be found that rare phenomenon, a faithful man : faithful and self-denying as a half-orphan boy, learning obedience by the things he suffered ; faithful and attentive as an apprentice subject to hardships ; faithful, reliable and self-reliant as a journeyman put to the test ; faithful and considerate as a co-partner in business ; faithful and conscientious as a family-man, citizen and neighbor ; faithful as a Christian, churchman, and deacon, under covenant with God and his people ; faithful as a Sabbath-school teacher and Superintendent, holding it as an high honor and privilege to minister the word of life to the neglected, the outcast, and prisoners ; faithful in the acquiring and disbursing of property as a steward of God and tasting the powers of the world to come ; in all these relations striving to make the most out of himself and to do the greatest amount of good to others.

In the carrying out and application of the principles, hints and purposes found in the fore-

going pages of Autobiography, Mr. Washburn gave away in his lifetime large sums of money for humane, patriotic and Christian purposes, every dollar of which was honestly earned, and so was "clean unto him." For he acted upon the rule, never to give out that which did not first come in. And at death he bequeathed his entire estate, appraised at \$550,000, to benevolent objects, with the exception of about one-tenth for his family and in personal legacies.

When for the enlargement and accommodation of his increasing business he had occasion, in the year 1864, to erect new buildings for Counting-room and Offices, he made a new and solemn consecration of himself and his business to his Maker. The following is taken from the account thereof given at the time in the *Christian Mirror*, of Maine, by Professor George Shepard, D.D., in a paper entitled, "The Christian Mechanic, or Consecration of the Secular." It is given unchanged in the characteristic style of its author, a closing reference only omitted.

THE CHRISTIAN MECHANIC, OR CONSECRATION
OF THE SECULAR.

In a visit some weeks since, to my friend, Hon. I. Washburn of Worcester, Mass., I witnessed an instance of this, the consecration of the secular, which greatly impressed me. Mr. W. had recently finished and entered a model counting room. For this, he left a counting-room which he had occupied some twenty-five years, during which years God had prospered him; and in return he had endeavored to dedicate to the Lord himself and his business and the place of it.

On entering this new and more spacious and perfect room, he felt constrained to mark the entering with special religious services, in view of the Divine goodness to him, and as a symbol of that trust he desired ever to exercise; committing absolutely all his interests, and his business in all its contingencies, to the overruling Providence of God.

He remarked, 'To leave the old counting-room, where I had enjoyed so many years of unprecedented prosperity, without a similar recognition of God, and my dependence on him, seemed to me not only very ungrateful,

but presumptuous;—these reflections induced me to make a similar dedication of the new counting-room.’

The occasion was a solemn one, and could not but be salutary in its bearings. The proprietors with their wives, and the overseers with their families, and all others employed in the establishment, so far as their sympathies would lead them to attend, and other invited friends filled the room to overflowing.

After some introductory religious exercises, Mr. Washburn gave a brief history of the past, and made a statement of his views in regard to his duty as a business man who claimed to do business on Christian principles. Rev. Mr. Cutler, the pastor of Mr. Washburn, followed with some instructive remarks, (also, Rev. Professor Shepard.) Dr. Cheever of New York spoke with great ability, explaining what he regarded as constituting true success in business. Rev. H. T. Cheever then led in a most interesting and appropriate dedicatory prayer. The services were interspersed with singing; and all felt at the close that they had enjoyed the presence and approbation of the Master.

It is interesting to know how a business commenced and has advanced, that thus honors God in all its departments and places. Mr. Washburn began the world having nothing but the faculties his Maker gave him, and the principles a pious and most discreet mother instilled into him. He was a poor boy, left in his early boyhood without a father's care.

He was, at first, put under the care of a harness-maker, with intention to be initiated into that trade ultimately. But he was here treated with so great rigor, inhumanity even, that his friends took him away and for a season set him to work in a cotton mill. At about seventeen he was apprenticed to a man in Leicester, Mass., to learn the trade of a blacksmith. This trade he thoroughly learned; and it became the foundation of all his subsequent success.

All the time that he was learning it, he hired and occupied his seat in the house of God, and paid therefor in pot-hooks. By the same means, he bought his first book, a religious work, the life of Harriet Newell; which proved very useful to him. He paid for this as he did for his preaching, in pot-hooks of his own make.

After becoming a master of his trade, he undertook to leave it; he came to Portland and engaged in mercantile employ with a brother-in-law, still a resident in that city. But the sagacity of that mother countermanded the arrangement; and very soon he turned back to his trade.

He took passage for Boston on board a coaster; landed in that city; put his trunk on the stage for Worcester; and instead of taking lodgings for the night in Boston, he took his legs for Worcester; and the next morning he saw that village, now a city, from the high grounds on the east, as the first rays of the sun fell upon it; and there and thenceforth he applied his sinew and his ingenuity, and ultimately achieved a success in the line of mechanical business which has rarely been equalled.

His blacksmithing gradually passed into another form of work in iron—the manufacture of wire; and his success in this branch of manufacture grew not only out of his industry, but still more out of his mechanical ingenuity,—his remarkable inventive faculty, by means of which he introduced a succession of improvements not

only profitable to himself, but greatly promotive of the public advantage.

The making and tempering of the piano wire was then a secret known only in the shops of Europe. To them, of course, belonged the monopoly. Mr. Washburn addressed himself to this problem and wrought it out by his intense, solitary study; and now he so far exceeds the European modes, that he is called upon to manufacture piano wire for European markets. Diligence, skill, integrity are the trinity of the qualities which have ensured the enlargement of the business done by this firm.

The enlargement, while it has been gradual, has become very great, and I suppose is still getting greater. The making of crinoline wire has brought a huge accession to the amount of work. In this department alone some twelve hundred tons of steel are annually used up—quite a load in the aggregate for the women to carry. When Mr. Washburn entered his first counting-room he employed about twenty-five workmen. The firm have now in their employ about six hundred.

There have been vicissitudes in this as in all

business ; and Mr. Washburn has passed times of straitness and difficulty, in which a rigid economy in expenditure had to be practiced in order to keep up and keep along. Yet he has the satisfaction to make this record : ‘ I feel grateful, I trust, that during an active, and I may say, an extensive business-life of forty-three years, I have been able to meet all my pecuniary engagements, and that God has also given me the means adequate to all the wants of the loved and now departed.’

It is interesting to look in upon such a business and know that it is conducted on Christian principles of the sternest integrity. Most satisfactory is it to find that it is prosecuted with benevolent motive and intent,—to gain the means to help on the great cause of redemption. Both members of the firm are of the same spirit in this. Mr. Washburn declares it as his principle and purpose to give to the cause of Christ systematically and *in proportion to his gains*.

Numerous reflections press on the mind in passing over the leading points of such a life.

1. Who can estimate the value of a mother's faithful training and influence?

2. How unspeakably important the seed of good religious principle, lodged and working in the mind of a lad, in his first setting out.

3. The value of a Trade; the discipline of work as perpetually ministering nutriment and strength to the character. What a treasure it is to a young man with the world before him. How more precious than gold the *necessity* which is laid upon him to be diligent and frugal, by the early straitness of his lot.

4. We are here shown how it comes to pass that most of our princely men in means and position, the ruling men in business, are self-made — the architects of their own fortune.

5. We see here the honorableness of gaining wealth by work; by producing, — adding to the sum of the world's wealth, rather than by some turn of luck or shrewd stroke of speculation, or adventure.

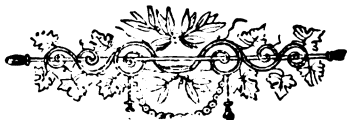
6. The beauty of the beneficent life, based on integrity, and when the giving is conducted in a measure and style which so restricts

accumulation as perpetually to hold in check the *terrible lust* of accumulation.

7. Christians in this State are furnished with an instance which should call forth a grateful recognition, and especially should excite those whom God has blessed with wealth, in the way of emulation or imitation. I refer to the fact that Mr. Washburn has recently given \$10,000 to the permanent funds of Bangor Theological Seminary. If our rich men at home would consent to follow the munificent action of certain rich men out of the State, the days of poverty and depression to this Seminary would soon be ended.

BANGOR, Sept. 14, 1864.

On the sixty-eighth anniversary of the birth of Mr. Washburn and his twin brother Charles, the following Poem was composed by a daughter-in-law of one of the brothers. It properly finds a place in these memorials, as affording a pleasing sketch of the course of life of two brothers who were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death not long divided.



*Lines on the 68th Anniversary of ICHABOD and
CHARLES WASHBURN, born at Kingston,
Mass., August 11th, 1798.*

The summer sun was shining,
On the sea so calm and still,
And the deep cool shadows lying
O'er the meadows and the hill.
All nature soothed in silence,
Shone forth in beauty bright,
When in a lowly cottage
Twin babes first saw the light.

Born to no earthly honor
Or luxury were they,
Yet loving eyes bent o'er them
And blessed the happy day,
When to their little quiet home,
This precious boon was given,
Twin babes to gild their lives with
joy,
A double gift from heaven.

And often in the twilight hour
 When closed the cottage door,
 They'd sit beside the pleasant fire,
 And talk their future o'er.
 I'll take, the father said with pride,
My boy to sea with me ;
 And *yours* shall go to college,
 For a scholar he shall be.

In toiling for his wife and babes
 Oft on the deep sailed he,
 While the patient mother waited,
 In the cottage by the sea.
 At last one day with feeble step,
 And weary lingering tread,
 He sought his little humble home
 And sank upon his bed.

A few brief suffering days he passed
 Ere, heaving his last sigh,
 He left his earthly home to dwell
 Forever in the sky.
 Ah! dark the days and sad the heart
 Within that little cot,
 When first the happy mother knew
 A widow's lonely lot.

Yet smiling played those little boys
About the cottage door,
And knew not that their father
Would come again no more.
For life was full of happiness
And those fair boys were gay,
As they frolicked in the sunlight
The merry live-long day.

While the patient mother bravely
toiled
To clothe each little form,
And to keep alive the cottage fire
That should her darlings warm.
Thus year by year sped onward,
Each one more quickly went,
Till the sunny happy childhood
Of those twin boys was spent.

Then blessed with many a prayer
and tear,
The elder twin went forth,
And left his younger brother still
Beside the cottage hearth.
And many a sad and weary day
And lonely hour knew he ;
And oft he thought with tender tears
Of the cottage by the sea.

One studied books, the other men,
 Yet grew they both in fame,
 Until when grown to manhood's years,
 Each bore an honored name.
 While toiling thus in busy life,
 How sweet each other's love !
 Twin souls to walk o'er life's rough path
 And dwell in Heaven above.

The mother died at good old age,
 Bowed down with weight of years :
 They laid her in her lowly grave
 And watered it with tears.
 And many times with aching hearts
 They've seen their loved ones die ;
 Yet faith triumphant points to them,
 As angels in the sky.

Now scarred with many a conflict,
 Like soldiers from the strife,
 They come to-day to celebrate
 Another year of life.
 The grief or joy before them .
 They seek not here to know,
 Their Father watches o'er them, —
 He'll cheer them as they go.

And, as when tender new-born babes,
They wept while others smiled ;
While many a loving fond caress
Their infant grief beguiled ;
So when at last they close their eyes
In death's long peaceful sleep,
May smiles light up their faces
While all around shall weep.

WORCESTER, Aug. 11th, 1866.

M. E. W.



CHAPTER X.

DOMESTIC LIFE AND BEREAVEMENTS — INSIDE VIEW OF THE HOUSEHOLD—THE DARK VAL- LEY LIGHTENED.

THE subject of these memorials was twice married, first, as we have seen in the Autobiography, to Miss Ann Brown, of Worcester, by whom he had two daughters. One of them, Eliza, lived to the age of twenty-six, a wife and mother. The other, Mellie, died at the age of twenty-two.

Soon after the death of the latter Mrs. Washburn, with an only grandchild, also passed away. All these sore bereavements were experienced within the brief period of three years.

One of the lesser publications of the Boston

American Tract Society is a Monograph, entitled "The Dark Valley Lightened," commemorative of the two beloved daughters, in whose memory their bereaved father founded and endowed the Memorial Hospital of Worcester, with such a portion of his estate as would have naturally fallen to them.

That Monograph, constituting a fitting part of these memorials of the father, is in these terms :

THE DARK VALLEY LIGHTENED.

The young mother, whose last days are so touchingly sketched in what follows was called to resign all the endearments and bright attractions of life at the early age of twenty-six years. Her course had led her through continual sunshine, and it ended in a halo of light and glory seldom witnessed.

Reared in a lovely home, under the instruction and guidance of affectionate Christian parents ; surrounded with every advantage and facility for securing both knowledge and pleasure that the most ample means could yield ; tasting the

joys of every relation in life, — daughter, sister, wife, and mother; yet she could cheerfully surrender all in view of the greater attractions of heaven. She gave herself to Christ, in a public consecration at the age of sixteen, and always honored her Christian profession.

The letter, which was written a few days after her decease, by a younger sister, is now published, in the earnest hope that it may stimulate the young to choose the same precious Saviour, and with the desire that it may cheer and strengthen other suffering disciples of Christ in their way to Mount Zion above:

MY DEAR MARY:

Many thanks for your note and kind words of sympathy received yesterday. Nothing but your presence, at this time, could have been more gratifying to us. Though we could not see you, we felt that you were with us on that solemn day when we committed all that is mortal of our Eliza to the earth. Now that is over, our work for her is all done; her pleasant sick room is deserted; and all that is left us are the sweet, precious memories, which will continue fresh in

our hearts till the happy day when we shall be reunited, never more to part.

One of our dearest treasures has been taken, but we feel that it is garnered up for us in heaven ; and while earth looks dark and desolate, we can turn the eye of faith toward that bright world where her ransomed spirit now rejoices in the presence of her Saviour. It is sweet to think that I have now a sister in heaven — not less *my* sister because this veil of flesh hides her from my sight, not loving me less because I can no longer hear her sweet words of endearment, but, as I can not but believe, the *same*, only washed, purified, sanctified, made perfect in the Redeemer's righteousness.

Would you like a few brief and imperfect particulars of Eliza's last weeks and days? Through my short and hurried letters to Sarah I suppose you heard something of the progress of her disease, and her feelings in view of the change which she anticipated.

At the time we were in Newport, in August, Eliza has since told us, she first began to consider her case very critical ; and as a few weeks passed, in which every thing was being done

which seemed likely to benefit her, without any improvement being manifest, she gradually gave up all expectation of recovery, and from that time occupied herself entirely in setting her house in order for her departure. All thoughts of a merely earthly nature seemed to be forgotten; and all her energies were devoted to the one object of preparing herself and us for what awaited us.

Many, weeks ago she gave back to God that choicest treasure, her babe, and what was the severity of the struggle you can imagine who have a mother's heart. Faith, firm, unwavering faith in the promises of her covenant God, alone enabled her to say, "I have given my child back to God; I have not one anxious thought for her; I feel that he can fit her for his kingdom, even if I am not permitted (as I *have so longed to be*) to train her myself for his service and his presence. I have not one doubt but that I shall one day welcome my darling to my better home." And after that struggle was over, she could, sustained by the same faith, give up one after another of her dear ones with joy and confidence.

From the time your mother left she failed

slowly but steadily. At no time were we really encouraged; but once or twice her symptoms changed, and hope, for a few days, sprang up in our hearts. She watched the progress of her disease very closely; once, when she seemed a little better, she asked if we thought her recovery possible; on being told it seemed not wholly impossible, she said, "Can it be that I am to be called back to the world again when I had thought I had done with it forever? Yet, if my work is not yet done, I hope I am willing to wait God's time."

For nearly three months we conversed freely upon her situation, our separation, her hopes for the future, and her wishes respecting Annie. Her face beamed with cheerfulness; not a shadow of sadness ever crossed it; and her peace and joy seemed to pervade the whole house, so that her sick room had nothing of gloom about it, but was to us all the brightest spot on earth.

After mother had once talked freely with Eliza, her feelings changed so that she, too, found that room a pleasant and delightful spot. It is more than a month since Eliza was able to sit for a great length of time in her easy chair, though,

until within a week of her death, she was placed there almost every day for a short time.

As her body grew weaker her mind seemed quickening and brightening, and she conversed more than in the early part of her sickness. Three weeks ago to-day, or rather yesterday, we thought her much worse, so much so that we feared her last hours had come; her strength seemed suddenly to give way; and she fondly hoped that her prayers were about to be answered, and that she was "going home."

Feeling that her days were numbered, she determined to spend her remaining breath in speaking sweet words of encouragement to us, and magnifying the grace of God so rich and abundant toward her. For four days it seemed that superhuman strength was given her, so that, while so weak as to be unable to turn herself in bed, she conversed almost incessantly with those of us who had the precious privilege of watching at her bedside.

Love was her theme — the wonderful love of the Redeemer for mortals, especially the manifestations of it to herself through her whole life, through her sickness, and on her dying bed.

Not that she had the raptures and the visions of which many speak, but she leaned upon the *promises*, which she knew were unfailing, and she *felt* that the Love which had redeemed her could and would bear her safely through the dark valley of the shadow of death; so she feared no evil there, and only fixed the eye of faith upon the bright world beyond.

Her love for us increased; and especially did her whole heart go out toward mother. She could not have her out of sight an hour. When restless, and very weary, she would say, "Come and kiss me, mother; there, now I can go to sleep on that;" and then would sometimes fall asleep like an infant.

She never spoke to us without some term of endearment: "Mother, darling," "Mellie, dear," or, which was her pet name for me, "My sweet baby;" and for the slightest favor done, she always said, "Thank you; how can you do so much for me?"

Through the long, weary hours of pain, which at times was violent, and of constant weariness, never did the first murmuring word escape her lips. Sometimes, when in much pain, I have

seen her lips moving, and thinking she was trying to speak, have stooped over her and caught the words, "Patience, my Father! give me patience."

And her prayer was answered; for she was a most wonderful exemplification of that grace. When, sometimes almost involuntarily, I said, "Eliza, how can you bear all without one murmur?" she would say, "If I am patient, it is only the grace of God which enables me to be so." And when I added that I was learning precious lessons from her, she said, "Oh! if I might magnify that grace, I would be willing to stay here a long, long time."

After the time of which I spoke, (about four weeks ago,) she waited for her summons. When she closed her eyes in sleep, she would say, "Kiss me, and say 'good by,' for you know I may never wake again." And when she opened them after a long, but too often unrefreshing, sleep, it was her prayer that she might next rest in heaven. Sometimes she would ask if it was wrong for her to pray that God would soon take her to himself. When asked if she was tired of suffering, and so wished to go, she replied, "No,

I think that is not my chief reason. I long to be with my Saviour; I long for the purity of heaven." Dear one! never, as it seems to us, was more of the spirit of heaven given to a child on earth than to thee!

As I before said, love for her friends seemed to strengthen every hour. She sometimes said, "Can it be that God, who is the great source of love, would cause my love for you to brighten every hour if he intended to quench the flame forever? No! Love is immortal! In another world I shall go on loving you more and more, till we are permitted once more to rejoice in each other's eternal presence."

These things, and many like them, comfort us much now that she is taken from our sight. My poor pen can give you little idea of the last days of my sister; of her sweet resignation to the divine will; of her love and tenderness toward us; of her meekness and patience; above all, of the power of the religion of Jesus to sustain in the dying hour, and of the hope full of immortality which was hers.

"Oh!" she would sometimes say, "oh! that *all* my friends would seek and obtain the same

precious hope ; with it, death itself is but a welcome messenger ; without it, he is, indeed, the 'king of terrors.'" For those who are yet without hope she prayed most earnestly and frequently, that they might no longer neglect what should be their chief concern.

When at length the long wished for messenger did come, he came in gentleness and love. She seemed for most of the time unconscious for two or three days before her death. We do not know that she ever knew that she was dying. Through Tuesday night a change seemed going on. She did not appear to suffer much, but was evidently sinking rapidly.

At five o'clock on Wednesday morning we called the family. From that time until the last we were all seated by her bedside, her left hand in mother's, her right hand in mine, father and her husband on either side. And there she lay for four hours, gently breathing her life away.

Her thin, sweet face was calm and motionless, and continued so as the breath came shorter and shorter, until, as her bosom heaved for the last time, a smile of heavenly radiance overspread her whole face, lighting every feature with an

expression more of heaven than earth, giving us a sweet token that the ransomed spirit had found its better home. We laid her from our own bosom back upon her Saviour's and there, with our very hearts breaking, we could leave her with joy unspeakable.

Gratitude for her happy life, her peaceful death, her glorious entrance upon "the rest which remaineth to the people of God," I believe, filled every heart; and it is only when we remember the terrible breach now made in our family circle, and the many years we may have to live uncheered by her smile, her words of counsel and love, that we can say we *mourn*.

But her God has been ours. He who sustained her has supported us. Mother bears up wonderfully. She says she thought, a few weeks ago, she should never live through it, but even *she* could say, as she turned from her darling's bedside, "I am happier than I have been for months." Eliza's prayers for her seem being answered. I am now greatly in hopes no violent illness will follow this over-exertion and grief.

Her poor husband is almost heart-broken, so lonely and desolate every thing seems without

his Eliza ; but he, too, is most of the time calm, and even cheerful, for he would not call her back. Annie is our treasure, a light-hearted little thing, little knowing what has befallen her within the past week. She is, indeed, a comfort, but what a responsibility we only know who understand that mother's wishes and hopes respecting her.

If I have wearied you by this long letter, do forgive me ; when the heart speaks one never knows when to stop. Eliza left her "good-by" for you and Kate, with the earnest request that you would spend your lives in preparing for that rest upon which, we trust, she has now entered. She spoke with especial interest of Kate ; and hoped that at this time she had that to support her which was her own all-sufficient comfort.

With sincere love, I am, as ever,

Your affectionate cousin,

MELLIE.

In less than two years this younger sister also passed from this life to her heavenly home, at the age of twenty-two years. Now, mother and

daughters, with the little Annie, are all with Jesus.

In a note written to her father a few days before her death, expressing her wishes as to the disposition of a sum of money given to her some years before, the younger sister says: "This is imposing some care on you, dear father, but I thought it might be a pleasure to you, to feel that, though I was no longer with you *bodily*, you might still be working for me.

"I love to think that, through your kindness, I may be the instrument of good to souls even for years after I shall have entered the spirit-world; for who knows but God may greatly bless this little sum of money which I joyfully give for the promotion of the cause of Christ."

"God bless you, dear father.

"Now and FOREVER your loving child,

MELLIE."

November, 1854."

CHAPTER XI.

VISIT TO ENGLAND ON BUSINESS AND PLEASURE—SECOND MARRIAGE IN 1859—ELECTION TO MASSACHUSETTS SENATE—PATRIOTIC SUPPORT OF THE GOVERNMENT IN THE WAR OF REBELLION—HELP TO SANITARY COMMISSION AND FREEDMAN'S AID SOCIETY—PERSONAL TRAITS—PLANS FOR CO-OPERATIVE INDUSTRY—RELATIONS OF CAPITAL AND LABOR—PROSPECTIVE SOLUTION OF A DIFFICULT PROBLEM—STRICKEN BY PARALYSIS.

IN the prosecution of his business, and to compare and perfect his knowledge in the various processes of iron and wire-making, Mr. Washburn twice visited Europe, and travelled through Great Britain and on the Continent; the last time in company with his second wife, Elizabeth Bancroft Cheever of Hallowell, Maine.

On his return from travel, in the year 1860, he was elected Senator to the Massachusetts General Court, in which capacity he served with integrity and honor. He was at the same time the Treasurer and liberal friend of the Church Anti-Slavery Society, and furnished the Premium of one hundred dollars offered by that Society for the best tract on "The Teaching of the Bible *versus* Slavery."

He was also a warm and generous co-operator with the Sanitary Commission and Freedman's Aid Society. He was a patriotic supporter of the Government in quelling the Rebellion, and he early urged, by petition to Congress and otherwise, the arming of the blacks and the decree of Emancipation as the only way to victory.

Although constitutionally timid and conservative, singularly averse to controversy and argument as well as impatient of opposition, and desiring peace with all men, Mr. Washburn was hospitable to reform and progress in every direction, including advanced education and privi-

leges for women, legal prohibition upon the liquor traffic, and hostility to secret societies.

Himself scrupulously exact and neat in his own personal habits, and intolerant of smoke and dirt, he abjured tobacco in all its uses but that of exterminating lice and vermin from his greenhouse, and he was one of the most reliable supporters and friends of the apostle of the Anti-Tobacco Reform, Rev. George Trask, whose frequent drafts on him in the prosecution of his lone warfare with the fashionable vice of smoking were always honored.

In the last decades of his life Mr. Washburn answered well to * Frothingham's conception and description of "The American Gentleman," in the volume entitled, "The Rising and the Setting Faith:" for he was in warm sympathy as therein set forth with that honest labor which is the creator of wealth, and was never ashamed of toil or of the company of them that toil, when he himself had become virtually independent of the same.

* "Tho' modest, on his unembarrassed brow
Nature had written GENTLEMAN.

“The true gentleman’s hands,” says O. B. Frothingham in the Discourse under the name “American Gentleman” — “are not too fine to be put to the plough if necessary, to the wheel, or to the hammer. He respects the labor, the sincere toil of hand or head, of heart or will, by which wealth is created. He does not side with capital against labor, for capital is nothing but accumulated labor, and all the capital in this country is liable to diminution and waste ; it changes hands ; it passes away with shifting values ; it becomes divided and sub-divided among many heirs. There is no inalienable wealth in landed estates. There are no districts that can never be sequestered.

“But labor, that which creates wealth, which has all wealth in possibility, that exists through all days, is the common heritage, the universal lot, doom or privilege, the equal dignity, of every human creature. The gentleman cannot side with labor against capital because labor is but the promise of capital — capital in the future.

Labor is the creature of capital as well as its creator. There can be no controversy between the two.

“The gentleman stands with one foot on one and the other foot on the other, reconciling them both, and feeling very sure that labor, honest, sincere, faithful, unremitting labor of whatever kind, is essential to the preservation of all wealth, whether one happens individually to enjoy it or not. Is he capitalist he will not abuse his power, is he laborer he will not bewail his weakness.” *

The subject of these memorials continued in active business, a laborious worker with hand and brain; strenuously employing his capital and his industry; steadily giving and still increasing, up to his seventieth year.

His mind at that period was much exercised — as the Editor has special reason to know — upon the subject of Co-operative Industry, or experiments in so-called Associate Labor. He

*See Note A, Appendix.

came to be more a believer in the principle of constructive Equitable Association, than in the principle of destructive selfish competition.

He was collecting and comparing facts from all quarters in regard to the practical working of Co-operation, with the design and hope of ultimately making his own business a co-operative one: whereby the workman, according to his skill and time of service, should share in the profits, and himself become an interested capitalist as well as laborer.

He believed that the skilled and faithful manual worker, as well as the employer, was entitled to a participation in the net proceeds of business over and above his actual wages; and that he should be held to diligence and economy in his work, and to self-improvement and fidelity to his employers, by the expectation of a proportionate share, however small, in the total gains and savings, and by the enjoyment of a bonus in periods of extraordinary prosperity and productiveness.

He recognized the necessity and naturalness of a friendly harmonious relationship between Capital and Labor, as being alike dependent upon each other, and he regarded those who seek to raise an issue or excite jealousies between the two, as public enemies, to be opposed alike by workman and employer, because equally hostile to both.

He held that in this country the entire people are one great working class, working with brains or hands, or both, who should therefore act in harmony — the brain workers and the hand workers — for the equal rights of all, without distinction of color, condition or religion — their common motto ALL for EACH — EACH FOR ALL — ALL AND EACH FOR THE COMMON GOOD.

Capital being of little or no value without labor; and labor being unproductive without capital, he held that the interest of both sides is always best served by concord, but thwarted by disagreements. Conflict between the two was as senseless and unreasonable as a fight between the members of the same human body.

Labor should therefore be honestly and punctually requited by Capital, and that requital should be fairly earned by honest labor—in other words, a fair day's wages for a fair day's work—the work and the wages to be alike protected by society, through wholesome impartial legislation.

With true sympathy for the “horny-handed” sons of toil, Mr. Washburn had nothing in common with that insane party* of the present which makes war on the property and money of the country, and whose platform condensed into one plank is virtually this, Wanted, Money without earning it—Position and power without winning it—Success without deserving it—A living without making it either by labor or capital.

He held that it was for the real workingmen of America to stamp out and extinguish the imported vicious views of foreign communists in regard to property and its rights, by the united heavy tread of broad American commonsense.

*See Appendix, Note B.

It was for them to strangle at birth the crude pestilent theories of political adventurers and discontented ambitious schemers, vainly puffed up in their fleshly mind, understanding neither what they say nor whereof they affirm.

He thought that the mechanics and artisans of our American cities in successive ranks, beginning at the bench and the forge with nothing but their labor, as he had done, and making it a rule like himself not to spend except to produce, should be all along lifting themselves by industry, economy, and temperance, out of the condition of labor alone into the position of capital also.

Holding that capital is virtually accumulated labor, and wealth the creation of labor and capital combined, he thought it to be the wise policy of the large capitalists and corporations to help in the process of elevating and advancing labor, by the stimulus to their employees of a proffered interest in their several business enterprises.

Labor and capital, in his view, were two separate interests, but never properly antagonistical. The parties to each were mutually dependent upon one another, free to enter into contract together, or to decline proffered terms on either side; but always bound both by law and honor to fulfil stipulated obligations, without the intervention of either irresponsible Trades Unions, Guilds, Secret Societies, of any name, on one side, or powerful monopolies on the other side.

While he deplored and discountenanced strikes as a remedy for the wrongs of Industry, he admitted that those wrongs were real, and that Society should protect its weaker members against the rapacity and selfish competition of such corporations and contractors as aim to cheapen products to the consumers, by screwing down the industrial producers to the lowest living rates.

This he thought to be the proper province of law, the protection of rights and the prevention of wrongs. Labor had its rights and capital its

rights, but neither to be exercised to the injury of the other. Capital justly claims legal protection for its owner's sake, and for the public welfare no less. Labor claimed and deserved the same with special deference as to the weaker party. Impartial Legislation should serve a friendly office between the two, favoring that co-operation which will induce a common prosperity, but never passing into the class-legislation on either side, which is productive of mischief.

Certain mutual adjustments which expediency may suggest or necessity demand, are proper matters of wise legislation. Hon. Galusha A. Grow says: "The highest statesmanship known to government is that which secures to labor, by wise legislation, so far as within its power, steady and constant employment at fair and remunerative wages; so that the laborer can make his house comfortable and his fireside happy, and rear his children to be honored and respected members of society."

Mr. Washburn regarded the labor question as one which would be likely to agitate the country to its core, and would require all the brain and wisdom and judgment of statesmen, patriots, Christian philanthropists, and good citizens in general to meet and manage.*

He thought he saw its possible solution in a wise system of co-operative industry or Associate Labor, whereby all artisans should be incipient capitalists, and rich corporations should make an honest division of net profits with Labor.

That such a division would be soon conceded on the part of many "soulless corporations" he was slow to believe. But he felt assured the good time was coming, and that it was for the interest of Capital and Labor alike to bid it welcome, the true remedy for the present seeming antagonism between the two being the broad principle of healthy Co-operation, which was fair and square for all.

* Note C, Appendix.

While his active mind was teeming with these plans and inquiries,* and with the projected enlargement of his own business works, he was suddenly stricken with paralysis on the morning of February 4th, 1868. He rallied and lingered till the 30th of December of the same year, when he passed to his rest, falling asleep in Jesus. FOR SO HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

Certain lines, in ballad form, on the seventieth, and as it proved, the last anniversary of Mr. Washburn's birth, August 11th, 1868, are from the same pen that composed the anniversary Poem that has gone before.

They are founded upon a dream had in his last sickness with paralysis, when he thought himself watching, as in boyhood, at the old Mill on the floss, and his twin brother coming to relieve him in the lonely hours of night :

* Note D, Appendix.



THE sunset rays had faded,
The sky had lost its light,
Its starry diadem lit up
The dusky brow of night.
The busy wheel hangs motionless,
The waters ripple by :
No sound disturbs the stillness,
No living thing is nigh,

Save a little lonely figure,
The watchman of the mill,
Whose quiet footfall breaketh
The silence deep and still,
As he paced with childish footsteps
The old brown walls about,
And watched the stars till daylight,
As they one by one went out.

He keeps his lonely vigil
 With a faithful, earnest heart,
 Though weariness assails him,
 As the lengthening hours depart.
 And he walks the dark old cham-
 bers
 In silence and alone,
 While the light of a little lantern
 About his footsteps shone.

The sighing wind in the forest
 Stirs his boyish heart with fear,
 And he hears with a chill of terror
 A footstep drawing near.
 Straight up the rocky pathway,
 Onward, right on it came ;
 A voice breaks the evening stillness,
 It calls him by his name

An answering cry burst from him ;
 He knew his brother's call,
 And sprang with joy to meet him,
 In the shade of the ancient wall.
 " Why come you here ? " he ques-
 tions,
 " At this lonely hour of night,
 When to labor you must hasten
 With the earliest dawn of light."

"I could not rest, dear brother,"
The elder one replied ;
" You slept not on my pillow,
I missed you from my side.
Let me stay with you, brother,
While you your vigil keep ;
The thought of your lonely hours,
Would haunt me in my sleep."

The little watchman answered,
As he heard this loving prayer —
" The lonely hours too short would
seem,
Did you my watching share."

" Tho' I cannot work like you, brother,
And for this we often grieve —
(Then the eyes of both glanced down-
ward
At a little empty sleeve.) *
" Yet a brave, stout heart I have,
brother,
My duty I will do ;
And when I need two hands in toil,
Why, then I'll lean on you."

* Allusion is had to the fact that the brother Charles who died October 7th, 1875, seven years after the decease of Ichabod, was one-armed from birth.

So faithfully they labored,
 Each one his place to fill;
 They worked at the forge and anvil,
 And watched in the old brown
 mill.

Life's pathway lay before them,
 Its rugged steps untrod;
 Unaided they must tread it,
 Save by their father—God.

With strong brave hearts they struggled
 Manfully side by side;
 While years passed swiftly o'er them,
 And blessings multiplied.

Though in toil and many a hardship
 Their lot was often cast,
 In mutual love and sympathy
 Boyhood and youth were passed.

When many years of manhood
 Had tinged their locks with gray,
 God's finger touched the elder;
 He faltered by the way.

While the nights were lone and weary,
And his listless hands lay still,
He dreamed of the scenes of childhood,
And the nights in the old brown mill.

Though the faith and hope of the
Christian
Shone bright in this trial hour,
The love that blessed his boyhood
Had never lost its power.

When strength ebb'd low within him
And the lamp of life burned dim,
He could not leave his brother
While *he* had need of him.
So he struggled up from the river,
Though lingering long on the brink,
And once and again of its waters
His lips were pressed to drink.

He had deemed the battle over ;
He thought his life-work done ;
That the soldier's watch was ended,
And the rest of the Christian won.
But another year these brothers
Are lingering on the shore ;
To celebrate their natal day
We now return once more.

The friends with whom in former days
 The path of life they trod,
 Are gathering, a family,
 About the throne of God.
 Bright angels safely guide them
 As they cross life's troubled sea,
 And reach that quiet haven,
 From pain and sorrow free.

The love they bear each other
 As brightly glows to-day,
 As when in hours of infancy
 They in one cradle lay.
 So at the last sad moment,
 When parting words are spoken,
 May they cross the shining river
 With the mystic tie unbroken!

AUGUST 11th, 1868.

CHAPTER XII.

PROOFS OF PUBLIC ESTEEM—TRIBUTES BY THE MASSACHUSETTS PRESS—RECORD OF PUBLIC BENEFACTIONS WHILE LIVING—VIEWS AND STATE OF MIND ON THE APPROACH OF DEATH.

THESE supplementary memorials would not be complete without a reference to the numerous testimonies by the Press, as to a valued public Benefactor. It is fitting, however, now to refer only to certain articles in one of the Journals of Mr. Washburn's adopted city.

The quotations given, although necessarily condensed and somewhat desultory, fairly indicate the esteem in which he was held, not only in the city of Worcester, and through the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, but by the Country and Humanity at large.

They supply also with accuracy certain facts as to his charitable investments while living : for, as we have seen, Mr. Washburn wisely chose to be the almoner of his own bounties all along through life, and provided that what remained at death should be distributed in like manner. The extracts that follow are mainly from the *Massachusetts Spy* of January, 1869 :

In the death of Hon. Ichabod Washburn, Worcester sees the passing away of one who has been largely and long identified with its prosperity.

Born in Kingston, near Plymouth, Mass., Aug. 11, 1798, he established himself in this city in 1819, at the age of 21, in the manufacture of woolen machinery and lead pipe, and from that time forward his enterprising life and labors have been enriching the city of his adoption, while the noble charities which he has endowed and helped by the solid rewards of that well-directed industry have blessed many.

It is in place here merely to glance at the public enterprises and institutions outside of business, with which Mr. W. has been actively identified in the course of his busy life. In the organization of the Union Church (of which he was one of the first four deacons) the erection of a meeting-house and support of its services, Mr. W. bore an active and leading part. In the erection of the Bay State House and Mechanics Hall, Mr. W. was among the foremost, giving at the outset \$25,000 to the latter enterprise, and being a large stockholder in the former. The Mission Chapel building and Industrial School on Summer street, at an original cost of \$14,000, were his creation.

The noble endowment by Mr. Boynton of the School of Science, he very largely supplemented. For a much needed City Hospital and a Home for the Aged he has made generous provision. The Theological Seminary, Bangor, Me., Wheaton College, Illinois, Berea College, Ky., and Oberlin, Ohio; the Colored Orphan Asylum,

Atlanta, Ga., Hampton Agricultural Institute, Va., and latterly, Lincoln College, Kansas, (its name now changed to Washburn College) have each largely shared in his benefactions. He was the treasurer of the Church Anti-Slavery Society, organized in this city in 1859, on a radical basis.

Many other private enterprises and charities his willing co-operation and ready means have aided, and his teeming brain was exercised upon others when sickness and death arrested him at ripe three score and ten.

Since the stroke of paralysis on the 4th of February last, he has been laid aside from active employment; but with the assiduous and genial nursing of a devoted wife, he had retained a warm interest, not only in his friends, but in public affairs and benevolent societies. For some months past he had been able to ride out almost daily in his carriage, but on Sabbath morning, the 20th December, he was suddenly seized with symptoms of congestion of the lungs.

Rallying a little with astonishing tenacity of life he lingered till the morning of the 30th, when, at three and a quarter o'clock, he gently ceased to breathe, and entered, we cannot doubt, into the joy of the Lord,—‘For I heard a voice from Heaven, saying, ‘write Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth,’ ‘Yea,’ saith the spirit, ‘that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them.’

Trained in a stern school of adversity, Mr. Washburn commenced his career well fitted for the battle of life. His youth and early manhood were spent in the careful study of the details of the business in which he afterwards attained to such eminent success. ‘There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.’ This was the favorite maxim of his life, and in proportion as his efforts were crowned with success, did he open his hand to give as God had prospered him.

That his motives were absolutely pure from all that is selfish, he would be the last to claim; but that he desired to honor Christ, none who knew him well will question. He was seldom more humble apparently than when he spoke of what he had done or was intending to do. Strong in will, his love of life was strong to the last, but he desired to live to do more for Christ. He did not expect his good works would make amends for his imperfections and sins, but regarded them as but poor returns for the many and great mercies he had received from his Heavenly Father. His hope of salvation was based solely upon Jesus Christ and him crucified.

Submission to the will of God characterized him through all his sickness. His last words to his brother were, 'It is all right.' He was familiar with the thought of dying. For more than sixty years he had been accustomed to meditate and talk of this great event. And so, when he had served his generation by the will of

God till his work was finished, he fell asleep in Jesus. His end was peace, and his approach to it resignation.

He has left a Christian example worthy of imitation. His humility, his self-reproaches in view of his own failings, his lively interest in the welfare of the church of which he was an officer, and in the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ generally, his constant benevolence when his means were small as well as when they were large, his patience under all the discipline of his Father's hand, and his warm-hearted and growing piety, constitute a mantle which may well be coveted by those who survive him.

What further charities he might have planned for the benefit of mankind is impossible to say. He has gone to his reward. Nor can we who are left behind regard the death of such a man as other than a calamity. 'The good men do lives after them,' and long after all that is mortal

of Ichabod Washburn shall be mouldered into dust will the stream of his beneficence widen and deepen for the solace and support of suffering humanity.

He will be tenderly remembered as long as our best institutions — of religion, of education, of charity, — shall perform their noble missions. His name is fragrant with sweet recollections, and the poor and the struggling of other days will rise up and call him blessed. For he took close to his great heart the spirit of that grand, eternal thesis of the apostle who, more than all the others, translated the precepts of his Divine Master into the practical maxims which apply to common life, ‘ Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep Himself unspotted from the world.’

His charities were varied and judicious, looking generally to permanent and protracted results.

His sentiments were liberal, his aim the amelioration of the condition of his fellow men. Nor will he soon be forgotten, either by those among whom he lived, or those who may only have known him in the light of a benefactor, whether in the far West, where the college he endowed is rapidly growing into vigorous life, or the forests of Maine, through whose dim aisles the little church bell shall still call the weary pilgrim to the house of prayer.

Conscious of the deeper and more permanent relations of human life and destiny, Mr. Washburn accepted, and discharged faithfully, the trust which had been placed in his hands by Providence, and turned the blessings, which flowed in upon him so freely, into wider channels, till they became benefactions to the community and land in which he lived. Every citizen in Worcester feels the influence of that single life, in some way or other, and coming generations shall still reap the fruits of his goodness.

To young men who are starting out in life, with no present wealth but that of brain and muscle, Mr. Washburn is a noble illustration of what these can do when allied with industry, sobriety, energy, and enterprise. To those who have achieved possession, and already hold the munificent gifts of the Giver of all good in trust, —as all the wealthy do—he is a perpetual example of the generous and worthy use of large and honest wealth. He has reared his own best memorial, and his name freighted with, and still evoking, blessings, shall be reverently uttered by the citizens of Worcester through all her history.

CHAPTER XIII.

MEETING OF TRUSTEES OF SCHOOL OF SCIENCE
ON OCCASION OF MR. WASHBURN'S DECEASE
—COMMEMORATIVE ADDRESS OF THE PRESI-
DENT — RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE
BOARD — ACTION TAKEN BY THE COLORED
METHODIST SOCIETY.

CHIEF among the institutions that shared largely in the benefactions of Mr. Washburn was the "Worcester County Free Institute of Industrial Science." At a meeting of its trustees, held a few days after his decease, Hon. Stephen Salisbury, the President of the Board, addressed the trustees thereof in these terms :

Gentlemen : — It is the dictate of duty and of proper sentiment that we should devote an early hour of this day to an interchange of thoughts

on the death of our respected associate, Hon. Ichabod Washburn, who, after a long course of distressing disease, with painful and increasing physical disability, died at his home in this city on the 30th ult., at the age of seventy years four months and nineteen days.

The important institution, which is entrusted to our care and from which so much of good is demanded and hoped for, had no more devoted friend, no more wise counsellor, and no more efficient promoter than he.

When the founder of the Institute, John Boynton, Esq., had provided for the intellectual training of our youth in the productive arts, on which civilization and human progress will depend, Mr. Washburn came forward to give application and visible utility to the important department of mechanical science, by erecting a handsome and commodious Machine-shop on the grounds of the corporation, and furnishing it with a steam engine and machinery; and by providing a fund for the compensation of the

superintendent of the machine shop and of the hired workmen, and some aid in the support of some of the pupils as apprentices. And all this was done by an expenditure greatly exceeding his first offer to this board.

It was a noble generosity in our friend to provide for the youth of this and future time a more certain and easier way to win a share of the great success which he obtained by persevering, patient and difficult efforts.

He was happy to remember, and no right-minded man could hear him tell without increasing admiration, that when he was an apprentice-boy to a blacksmith in Leicester he paid for his seat in the church by making irons for a kitchen fire. He was afterward a student in Leicester Academy, and for many years he has been a very useful trustee of that ancient and respected academy.

In 1834 he established the manufacture of card wire in Worcester, and soon, by the superiority of his product, supplanted the supply of the im-

ported article. His machinery and processes were originated and improved by his own studies and experiments, and other varieties of wire-drawing were added, and the works were enlarged by additional buildings of greater productive capacity, from time to time, until the Washburn & Moen Manufacturing Company now carry on an establishment which takes a high rank for skill and amount of production among the best manufacturing factories of our country.

Mr. Washburn was a man of great industry in the labor of his mind, the wasting toil, which sometimes consumes the life, while it shows no cause without why the man dies. But he had great constitutional strength, which was apparent in what he could accomplish in his active days, and in long resistance to the severe disease by which his life was terminated.

He will be remembered as a public benefactor for his honored example of industry and thrift, for the large employment he provided for the labor of others, and for the wealth he added di-

rectly and indirectly to the aggregate of the community.

He is and will be honored for the liberal use of his wealth, for the aid he gave to institutions of learning far and near, and for his constant contributions for the support of churches and institutions for the promotion of the religious views which his judgment approved and his heart warmly cherished, and for other important public enterprises; and his departure will be lamented with more tender emotions by the numerous children of want and sorrow, who were rarely disappointed in reasonable expectations of pecuniary aid from his private and cheerful bounty.

Let us not forget that his great endowment in this Institute was attended by a circumstance which does high honor to his generosity. He had intended to perpetuate his personal connection with the mechanic arts, by being the sole originator of such a school, and consulted with friends on the subject, and he was surprised when

he found Mr. Boynton had occupied the ground.

He expressed no disappointment, and promptly made a free donation for the building for instruction. Soon after, with the practical wisdom that distinguished him, he created the department which is the peculiar attraction and strength of this institute.

This great benefaction was not a solitary expression of his good will to the pursuits to which he devoted his life. The aggregate of his gifts to the Worcester County Mechanics Association was nearly \$30,000, chiefly appropriated toward the building of the beautiful hall, which is designated primarily to promote the education and gratify the refined taste of those engaged in mechanic art; and he made other liberal gifts for kindred objects.

Let us consider also for our own admonition his anxious interest and his faithful attention to his duties, as a member of our board. Let us recall his personal presence, in his gentle and friendly courtesy, which was happily combined

with his decided opinions and his strong will; and his modest carriage, which did not conceal that personal independence which he had honorably acquired.

As a man and a Christian he gratefully enjoyed the success he was permitted to achieve. Though he had no ambition for political distinction, he served as a member of the School Committee and was a Representative and a Senator in the State Legislature.

I will not abuse the privilege of introducing the thoughts of the hour. This honorable chair gives me no right to supersede your deliberations by my own discourse. And if it were permitted I could not pronounce his eulogy.

Without any connection of partnership, for half of our lives Mr. Washburn and I were connected by the closest business relations and an extraordinary degree of mutual confidence, and in all that period our friendship was not interrupted nor jarred by the slightest offence or misunderstanding. He gratified me by alluding to this, in

taking leave of me at his bedside about a year ago, when he and his friends thought the hour of his death had come. And I will again say farewell to my friend with the solemn cheerfulness which the poet Bryant so well expresses :

“ Why weep ye then for him, who having won
The bounds of man’s appointed years, at last,
Life’s blessings all enjoyed, life’s labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed ;
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun has set.”

Yes, I am persuaded, that, in the mercy of God, he has gone to the rest that is congenial to his energetic spirit, the rest of other and better occupation, not of inactive repose.

As the deeds of men are written on the sands of earth and the inscription is soon obliterated by the current of events, I offer the following resolutions to prolong as they may on our records and in our hearts, the wholesome influence of a useful and honored life :

RESOLVED, That as an act of duty we will inscribe on our record, that on the 30th day of December, 1868, our respected associate, Hon. Ichabod Washburn, died at his home, in the city of Worcester, after a long course of painful and exhausting disease, with intervals of relief, at the age of seventy years four months and nineteen days. By this event this Institute has lost its second founder, who placed on the basis of intellectual education provided by Mr. Boynton, a superstructure for the practical application of mechanical science, in training the accurate eye and the skilful hand.

That we will hold in honorable remembrance the services which Mr. Washburn rendered to the city of his residence, and to our country, in improving the machinery and processes of mechanic art, in providing larger occupation for manual labor, and in the increase which he has made in the aggregate wealth of the community, and in the independence and happiness of many homes.

That we will cherish the memory of our respected associate for his faithful and consistent life, for his industry and thrift, and for the liberal use of the wealth which he acquired, in his munificent aid of Christian influences and en-

terprises, in the promotion of education at home and abroad, in his open hand to those who were struggling for advancement in life, and to those who were oppressed by sickness and poverty, and in the furtherance of all movements for the improvement of men.

That while we lament this loss as a calamity to this Institute, and a sad privation to ourselves, we will contemplate, for our own imitation, the zealous service and the prudent counsels of our associate in the trust that is committed to us, and the courtesy and independence with which he aided us in our duties.

That we will express our respect and friendship by attending the funeral of Mr. Washburn after the adjournment of this meeting.

That a copy of these resolutions shall be presented to Mrs. Washburn and the family of our associate, with the assurance of our sympathy in the loss of such a friend, for which the recollections of friendship and Christian hopes are the best alleviation.

After interesting addresses from Hon. Emory Washburn, Rev. Dr. Hill, and Hon. George F.

Hoar, the foregoing resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Among the numerous Corporations and Societies of which Mr. Washburn was a member or trustee, and which took appropriate action upon his decease, the Resolutions adopted by the Zion's Methodist Society (colored) of Worcester are especially significant and worthy a place in these memorials. They read as follows:

RESOLVED, That the Members of Zion's Methodist Society have learned with feelings of deep sadness of the death of their long-tried and faithful friend Deacon Ichabod Washburn.

That his valuable services as one of the Trustees of our Society, and his frequent and liberal donations for its benefit entitle him to our heartfelt gratitude, and impress us with the conviction that in his death the Society has lost one of its best friends and most liberal patrons.

That his unvaried kindness to the poor and oppressed of whatever nation, clime, or complexion, will long be held in loving remem-

brance : and it has won for him a name and a character that lead us to contemplate with admiration the ORDERING OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE, WHICH SEEMED TO LEAVE HIM CHILDLESS THAT THE POOR MIGHT CALL HIM FATHER.



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CHAPTER XIV.

OPINION AND HABIT IN RESPECT TO THE
NUMBER AND NATURE OF SABBATH SER-
VICES—HELD TO THE OLD NEW ENGLAND
CUSTOM OF TWO SERMONS—FUNERAL AT
UNION CHURCH—PASSAGES FROM THE SER-
MON OF DR. CUTLER.

FOR the last ten years of his life Mr. Wash-
burn worshipped with his family at the
Mission Chapel in the morning service, and at
the Union Church, under the pastoral care of
Rev. Dr. Cutler, in the afternoon. He was a
pronounced believer in two pulpit services for
the Sabbath, holding that the sanctuary be-
longed to the people for the preaching of the
Gospel by the constituted ministry at least twice
every Lord's day.

He thought also that there was a growing profanation of the Sabbath in many parts of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to be charged in part to the closing of Houses of Worship in the afternoon. He deplored and condemned the fashion that was beginning to prevail in Worcester with ministers and congregations, of deserting and locking well-appointed and attractive churches after one opening in the morning.

He therefore encouraged *his* minister, and honored the Sabbath by his own uniform attendance at the second service so long as he could go out, and at the Chapel Prayer-meeting in the evening. And his mortal remains were borne to the grave from the loved sanctuary of his choice, attended by a large concourse of friends and a long procession of employees of the Corporation of which he was the head.

These memorials might properly include the Sermon preached on that occasion by Rev. Dr.

Cutler, from the text which was one of the last on the lips of the departed: *I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.*—2 TIM. 1: 12. But the prescribed limits of this volume admit only of some of the closing thoughts and applications:

Deacon Washburn had learned to say: "I know whom I have believed." His faith which was first unto justification, grew into that knowledge which cannot be obtained except by experience of Christ in the soul, as the living motive power of all spiritual action and enjoyment, of all spiritual confidence and triumph. He found peace in believing, and that peace ripened into the peace of God which passeth all understanding. He found joy in the Holy Ghost, and that joy matured into joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Christ dwelt in his heart by faith, till in some good degree he was rooted and grounded in love,

and able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height ; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that he might be filled with all the fullness of God. His faith was tried often and severely and for many years ; yet it failed not, but strengthened by the trial as the growing pine that towers above the forest strengthens by the blasts which beat upon his lonely top.

He was tested, as to his trust in Christ, by repeated bereavements, and those the most afflictive. He saw his children sicken, and pine away, and leave him childless on the earth ; the younger following the elder but a short distance behind. Thus his first great bereavement, which seemed to carry a part of himself to the grave, and which filled his heart with anguish till he felt as if it would move out of its place, was paralleled before the fountains of grief had ceased to flow.

Then he was called to part with his only grandchild, on whom he seemed to have

transferred the love which he had borne to his children ; and for a time his heart was so desolate that the stroke seemed heavier than he could bear. Yet he doubted not that God was good, or that Christ was faithful ; only his own unworthiness became so magnified to his view that he feared his faith might wreck. But he would not relinquish his hope, and soon found it as an anchor of his soul, both sure and steadfast, because it clung to the Rock of ages within the vail.

Again, he saw the wife of his youth, who had been for years declining as by a living death, vanish from his presence. But in the furnace of affliction his silver had lost much of its dross ; and now over the fiercer flame the image of the Purifier and Refiner was soon reflected, and the cupel was withdrawn. And thus he learned the faithfulness of his ever-present and sympathizing Saviour.

His faith was tried, however, in more ways than one. It was tried by long-continued and

increasing prosperity in business. And, I doubt not, this was found a hard trial to pass through without spiritual harm. But if success crowned his labors he acknowledged his indebtedness to the divine Master whom he served.

If the perplexities of business sometimes overcame his patience and self-control, the divine Forgiver of sins taught him how to forgive those who had trespassed against him, and to seek forgiveness of those against whom he had trespassed. If his wealth increased, he increased his contributions to the cause of his Master in aid to the destitute.

And if the world flattered by its obsequiousness, by its cheap praises and its transient honors, he still seemed the more devoted to Christ, and Christ seemed to be more nearly all in all to him. The house of God, the domestic altar, and the closet were dear and more dear to his heart; because there he held communion with Christ as with a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

And he was tried with physical infirmities and disease and pain. But because he trusted still his Saviour, he experienced his Saviour's presence and support. For several years, at the expense doubtless of frequent physical discomfort, he seemed to act as if moved with the Psalmist : " One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after ; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple."

And when a little less than a year ago he was smitten down with a disease that precluded his ever visiting the sanctuary again, the text of the last sermon he heard on Sabbath afternoon : " The Desire of all nations," — still resounded in his heart and was echoed through his stammering lips.

And during the weary months that succeeded, he had the experience of the Psalmist : " In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul." And after his sudden prostration two weeks ago to-morrow, he forgot

not to say that his verse for that morning was :
“Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all
his benefits.” Could he be mistaken, then, when
his faculty of speech disappeared with the decla-
ration : “ I KNOW whom I have believed ? ”

And shall the genuineness of this assurance, as
the last utterance of the lips now closed in death,
be doubted ? He had committed himself with
all his immortal interests unto the Lord Jesus
Christ as his Saviour, and felt no disposition to
withdraw his trust. He had grown into the
delightful confidence : “ Yea, though I walk
through the valley of the shadow of death, I will
fear no evil : for thou art with me ; thy rod and
thy staff they comfort me.” For him the grave
had no terrors ; because he felt assured that
through him whom he had trusted as the Resur-
rection and the Life, “ this corruptible shall put
on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on
immortality.”

And though the day of judgment appeared in
prospect as a day of awful grandeur and solem-

nity, it also was divested of all terror to him ; for he was persuaded that his Saviour was able to keep that which he had committed to him against that day. At the bar of God he should stand, he knew, and have even the secrets of his heart revealed ; but he was confident that he should stand in the righteousness which is by faith, a sinner indeed, but a sinner redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, and made meet to be partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light.

And we may have assurance for him who had such assurance for himself. We may be confident that his Saviour has not failed him in the emergencies of his dissolution, and will not in the resurrection and in the grand assize. He has passed beyond the confines of faith into those of sight. His assurance has been tested, and he knows for a certainty the nature of the sentence of his august Judge. As he was not ashamed of the Lord Jesus as his atoning Saviour, so the Lord Jesus when sitting as the Judge will not be ashamed of him.

He has entered into Paradise. He has joined the loved ones who went before him, and his sorrow at their separation on earth bore no comparison to his joy at their reunion ; “for his light affliction, which was for a moment, has wrought out for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.” He is mingling with those who have been redeemed from the earth, and adding his voice to theirs in that new song to the Saviour: “Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood.”

I have not eulogized the man, but have sought rather to magnify the grace of God in him. I might have dwelt on his genius for invention and enterprise ; on his singleness and persistency of purpose ; on his patience and perseverance in carrying out his plans ; on his ambition to carry his business to the highest perfection of success ; on his quickness and soundness of judgment in forecasting his advantages in the business of his

choice ; on his caution and distrust in regard to the enterprises which he did not understand ; on his ability to amass wealth and his disposition to bestow it with princely munificence ; on his industry and frugality when in abundance as well as when he was in want ; on the monuments of his philanthropy and Christian benevolence ; but I preferred to dwell upon the very secret of all these, his consecration of himself to the Lord Jesus Christ.

This was what belonged to our remembrance of him, and this was something in which every one of us may emulate him. This gave him courage in bold expansion and outlay ; for he consecrated his business as well as himself to the Lord, and trusted in the Lord to give him success. This was what disposed him to his multiplied charities, which were scarcely known except by the recipients and Him who seeth in secret and rewardeth openly.

This was what opened his ear and his heart to the suggestions of the wise and learned as to the

opportunities for benefiting his race, and advancing the kingdom of Christ in the generations to come. Few of us may hope to achieve his large success in business, or his large results in liberality with pecuniary means; but we may all put our trust in his Saviour, and do good as we have opportunity, and attain to his Christian assurance.

And this for which we may hope is worth immeasurably more than those things to which we may aspire in vain. For a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of those things which he possesseth. Such large possessions would be the ruin of many both for this life and the life to come. One needs the grace of God to enable him to accumulate, to possess, and to dispose of riches for his own good and for the glory of Christ.

This life vanishes like a morning vapor. The one event which happeneth unto all comes on with fearful rapidity to those who are not prepared to meet it. If we have riches and

honor, we must soon leave them behind us. And when the stern necessity comes, then who of us will not be glad to have so trusted Christ as his Saviour as to have assurance of a blessed immortality beyond the grave ?

The assured Christian, whose body we commit to the grave to await the last trump, was not perfect. He had learned the nature of his own heart too well to be deceived. None saw greater deficiencies in him than he saw and deplored. Naturally he was as selfish and proud and vain as the average of men. Had it not been for his consecration to Christ, he might have made the world worse by his example and influence. But divine grace triumphed over human nature. His piety was humble, sincere and ardent. In a large degree it was by the grace of God he was what he was.

Imitate him in perseverance, in enterprise, in benefactions, if you will ; but fail not to imitate him in his Christian trust, and experience, and assurance. This do, however, not by making

him your standard of excellence, but by following him only as he followed Christ. So when you come one after another to the time of your departure, you shall be able to affirm: I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I committed unto him against that day. With such Christian assurance you shall meet him again, and unite your voices with him in ascribing the glory of your salvation not unto yourselves but unto Him who was delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification. Amen.

SURE the last end
 Of the good man is peace! — How calm his exit !
 Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
 Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft.
 Behold him in the evening-tide of life,
 A life well spent, whose early care it was
 His riper years should not upbraid his green:
 By unperceived degrees he wears away ;
 Yet like the sun, seems larger at his setting!
 Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird
 Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
 Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
 Then claps his well-fledged wings, and bears away.
 —*Blair's Grave.*

In closing these memorials it is meet to say that here have we seen a Christian man of business, after a life of useful and laborious activity, calmly committing his soul to the Saviour, dressed for eternity in the beauteous robe of Christ's righteousness and the holy habits of his regenerated life, and saying with serene confidence, as another did in like circumstances, who was looking out with hope and joy upon the ocean of futurity: "I carry the eternal mark upon me that I belong to God, and am ready to go to any world to which He shall be pleased to assign me, certain that everywhere, in height or depth, He will acknowledge me forever."

Thanks be to God for his abounding grace, we have seen it is not Paul only that can say in all humility: *I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.*

To such a man calmly waiting on God, and patiently doing His will, it is of little concern when or where he lives or dies, or whether life here be passed in the vale of obscurity, or on the lofty heights of conspicuous service. Enough that he is serving God to the best of his ability by a private life of benevolence toward His creatures, in the providential sphere assigned him, be that lofty or low.

God liketh patience! Souls that dwell in stillness,
 Doing the little things, or resting quite,
 May just as perfectly fulfil their mission,
 Be just as useful in the Father's sight,
 As they who grapple with some giant evil,
 Clearing a path that every eye may see !
 Our Saviour cares for cheerful acquiescence,
 Rather than for a busy ministry !

Appendix.

APPENDIX.



ABSTRACT

OF THE "WILL AND CODICILS OF ICHABOD
WASHBURN, LATE OF WORCESTER, AS THE
SAME APPEAR UPON THE RECORDS OF THE
COURT OF PROBATE FOR SAID COUNTY OF
WORCESTER."

BEQUESTS in money, Bank Stock, and (by decision of Arbitrators) in Stock of "The Washburn & Moen Manufacturing Company," instead of Stock of "The I. Washburn & Moen Wire Works," which latter name appears in the text of the will :

TO the Home for Aged Females and to the Widow			
jointly and equally	-	-	\$85,000
TO the Home for Aged Females	-	-	25,000
“ the Worcester County Free Institute of Indus-			
trial Science	-	-	80,000
And the cost of erecting and furnishing a Machine-			
shop for the same, by estimate	-	-	30,000
TO the Memorial Hospital	-	-	100,000
“ Bangor Theological Seminary	-	-	20,000
“ the town of Kingston for its Widows	-	-	10,000
“ the Mission Chapel of Worcester	-	-	20,000
“ the Mission Chapel Industrial School	-	-	5,000
“ American Bible Society	-	-	5,000
“ American Tract Society of Boston	-	-	5,000
“ American Board of Commissioners for Foreign			
Missions	-	-	5,000
“ American Missionary Association	-	-	5,000
“ American Seamen’s Friend Society	-	-	5,000
“ Mass. Home Missionary Society (by arbitration)	-	-	5,000
“ Childrens’ Friend Society of Worcester	-	-	1,000
“ Charles Washburn	-	-	5,000
“ George Ichabod Washburn	-	-	5,000
“ Caroline T. Washburn	-	-	5,000
“ William T. Buckley	-	-	2,000
“ Pamela W. Cram	-	-	1,000
			<hr/>
			\$424,000

THE largest of the bequests is seven hundred and fifty shares of the capital stock of the Washburn & Moen Manufacturing Company, as the endowment of the "The Memorial Hospital" in memory of the two daughters of the testator.

The design of the hospital is to afford care, comfort and relief to the sick and suffering of the city, who may require superior medical skill and science, and are in the judgment of the trustees proper subjects for treatment therein. The rents, income and dividends on the stock are to be safely invested till the trustees are incorporated, when they are to hold the stock and income thereon for a term of five years after the decease of the testator, when, if all the assets of the trust amount to over \$100,000, the excess is to be set apart as a fund for the establishment and support of a Free Dispensary in connection with the hospital. If the trust does not amount to \$100,000 in five years, the executors are directed to retain enough of the estate in their hands, and apply the same by paying the deficit to the trustees.

At the expiration of the five years the trustees are to set apart a sum not exceeding \$50,000, as a real estate fund, out of which are to be paid the expenses of furniture, apparatus, medical and other attendance, &c. Out of the real estate fund the trustees are to provide buildings and

fixtures for the hospital, so far as may be, and to keep the same in repair.

The investments, aside from the real estate, are to be kept in the stock of the Washburn & Moen Manufacturing Company so long as the trustees consider it a safe investment, and the two funds of the Hospital and Free Dispensary are to be kept separate.

The board of trustees is to consist of not less than twelve persons, the testator designating as the original board: P. L. Moen, Hon. Emory Washburn, Hon. P. C. Bacon, Dr. Henry Clarke, Dr. Henry Sargent, Dr. Thomas H. Gage, Rev. S. Sweetser, Charles Washburn, Edward Earle, T. K. Earle, S. Salisbury, Jr., and the officiating clergyman, for the time being, of the Mission Chapel, Rev. Henry T. Cheever.

The trustees are to have the charge and management of the hospital and all the property and estates belonging thereto, with power to appoint surgeons, physicians, superintendent and officers, and to make all necessary regulations. The arrangement of the plan and details of the hospital is also left to the trustees.

The will also provides for a board of visitors, to consist of the Judge of Probate, the Chairman of the County Commissioners, the District Attorney, and the High Sheriff of the County of Worcester, the Superintendent of the State

Lunatic Hospital in this city, and the Mayor of Worcester, who are to have power to examine and inquire into the management of the hospital, to ascertain if the purposes and objects of the testator are carried out in good faith by the trustees.

The testator designed erecting the Memorial Hospital upon an estate in Worcester, on Front street, called the Bigelow Estate, which he purchased for the purpose after having made his will, but failed either to convey or bequeath the same. It therefore became part of the residuum.

This residuum designated in the will as "The rest, residue and remainder of my estate of every description, of which I may die seized and possessed," is, by one of the provisions of the will, to be divided among eight Benevolent Societies (including the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society by decision of the arbitrators)* in proportion to their several specific legacies.

* A body of referees appointed by the American Bible Society and Mrs. E. B. C. Washburn to settle questions in controversy between the two concerning the construction of parts of the Will of I. Washburn. The arbitrators appointed were Theodore D. Woolsey on the part of the first, Royal B. Stratton on the part of the second, and A. D. F. Randolph was agreed upon as a third. They adopted "as their leading principle of decision to abide by what appeared to them to be the settled and ultimate purpose of the deceased in regard to the disposal of his property," and the case was decided substantially in favor of Mrs. Washburn.

In this residuum there will be one hundred and ninety-seven shares, or one share of residuum to every \$500 of specific legacy: which will give one hundred and thirty-five shares to the "Home for Aged Females," its specific legacy being \$67,500; and ten shares each to the American Bible Society, American Board, American Missionary Association, American Tract Society, American Seaman's Friend Society, Massachusetts Home Missionary Society; and two shares to the Children's Friend Society of Worcester.

The executors of the Will named by the testator were Hon. Emory Washburn of Cambridge and P. L. Moen of Worcester. But, on their resignation of the trust, after carrying the Will to Probate, "Administrators with the Will annexed" were appointed and qualified with bonds by the Court, the same being P. C. Bacon and W. W. Rice, Esqrs., and Mrs. E. B. C. Washburn, widow, under whom the estate is still in process of administration.

THE DISCREET GIVER.

BY PROF. CHARLES O. THOMPSON.

(From "The Memorial.")

Show these qualities which are altogether in thy power —sincerity, gravity, endurance of labor, contentment with thy fortune and with few things, benevolence, frankness, no love of superfluity, freedom from trifling, magnanimity. —*Marcus Antoninus.*

The generation that knew Mr. Washburn is rapidly passing away, but those who enjoy his benefactions and who will enjoy them are innumerable. No memorial is so sure to perpetuate a name as a tablet in the hearts of grateful debtors. This makes a man a part of every generation, and he is happy who can secure for himself such an immortality.

Mr. Washburn enjoyed the act and the reflexive influence of giving. He found great satisfaction in the sincere joy which his benefactions awoke in other hearts, and in his own; and among his last utterances were expressions of pleasurable satisfaction in the opening of an institution for the benefit of youth who desired to pursue his own avocation.

Yet such is human nature, that it becomes needful, from time to time, to see to it that the qualities of the giver are not forgotten in the enjoyment of his gifts. The clearest eyes are sometimes holden from discerning the hand behind the gifts. A good Cape-Cod deacon was wont to

pray, "Oh Lord, forbid that the brightness of Thy gifts should blind our eyes to the graciousness of the giver."

Mr. Washburn was a discreet giver. Long and intimate acquaintance with men, led him to discern the real secret of human want, and his extraordinary ability in choosing the best means for any end suggested the cure. He had faith in himself, and by the simplest logic, he reached the conclusion that what men need more than all else is self-trustworthiness.

He valued personal character above all other gifts of God. For himself all he asked was a chance to smite his own anvil and enjoy the fruit of his own labor. When a boy at Leicester Academy, he would not take even a seat in church at others' expense, but forged hooks and bolts, in leisure hours, to earn the required amount.

He naturally put a high value upon handicraft, and regarded it as an indispensable acquisition for all youth, since it is such an important condition of absolute personal independence. In the day of his prosperity he was fond of alluding to the time when he came to Worcester a penniless youth, but with a fortune in his hand. Yet he was not long in perceiving that matter is made for the service of man; that fingers of steel outlast those of flesh; that knowledge, energy and perseverance concentrated upon one point, must ultimately triumph. Beginning at the tedious business of drawing wire by hand, he lived to see the new business, developed through machinery of his own invention, filling to its utmost capacity the largest establishment of its kind in the country.

No wonder he felt a jealous pride in it. This business was the creation of his own genius. He drew the line with a fine instinct, between inexactness and injustice. With whatever zeal, precision and forethought he conducted his business, when riches increased he set not his heart upon

them. After securing a competence for his old age, he never allowed his interest money to accumulate. Though grave of habit, as all thoughtful men are, who have successfully endured long labor, his heart was tender and alive to every call of mercy, or of good will to men. He held himself accountable to God, not only for the use of his time, but of the property which resulted from his intelligent industry. But in all his giving there was some careful watch for every possible chance of saving the individuality of the recipients. He would not allow generosity to foster the evils it is designed to remedy, by disregarding the cardinal principles of human actions.

So when he would do something for young men, as the result of the observations of his long life, he proposed to found a school where they could secure knowledge and skill, the two conditions of success in mechanical pursuits. With rare magnanimity, when he found that his darling project had been undertaken by another, discerning that the end could be more broadly and substantially accomplished by joint action, he consented to merge his own scheme in the other. The desire to perpetuate a good idea triumphed over the desire to perpetuate his own name.

Very likely this munificent gift was suggested by the great success which attended the Industrial Mission School, where, in the most unostentatious way, by the agency of a few christian woman, a small amount of money has been turned to great account, in training poor children to those habits of industry which lead to self-support.

From the same notion of the value of intelligence, arose his important contributions to the Mechanics Association.

But Mr. Washburn found the world full of suffering which lies beyond the reach of the sufferers. He found the poor always with him, likewise the fallen, the faint, the sick, the blind. Without stopping to consider too curiously how

they came so, he accepted the decrees of a wise providence and rejoiced that it lay in his power to help.

Yet they who fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure ;
For still the important end of life
They equally may answer.

Many an aged woman, stranded on the lee shore of poverty, drew supplies from his ample stores, with the least possible sacrifice of a decent self-respect. This habit of life, crystallized in the foundation of the Home for Aged Women.

The following passage in Mr. Washburn's Will concerning this institution, sets out in a clear light his motive and purpose in all his benevolent acts: Preference is to be given to those [aged women] who have not been the recipients of public charity, but have respectably sustained a struggle with disease or misfortune, till such a refuge as the Home will be appreciated and enjoyed by them.

The orphan of tender age has a claim hardly inferior to any, upon christian benevolence, and the Children's Friend Society found in Mr. Washburn a friend in need.

The condition of the sick, who are too poor to secure needed care, made a strong appeal to his generosity, and he founded the Memorial Hospital. This filled a gap in the charitable resources of the city, which had been strangely and too long neglected. The dedication of this charity to the memory of his daughters, is a delicate recognition of the supreme claim of woman to leadership in self-sacrificing benevolence. But Mr. Washburn tilled broader fields. He encouraged, with a liberal hand, institutions of pure learning, especially those whose chief function is to equip ministers of religion for their holy call-

ing; such was his abiding faith in the value of knowledge, wherever found, and wherever applied.

Finally, he felt that what men most need, is a knowledge of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and he gave substantial help to all the benevolent societies, giving a natural prominence to those which aimed at benefiting the Freedmen, from the keen sense of the wrong of slavery. Yet his charity, thus expressive, began and was active at home. To the establishment of the Mission Chapel, he gave careful thought and attention. Certainly this enterprise owes him more than any other, for to this he gave the aid of his personal attention, and active sympathy, and co-operation. The chapel he founded for the destitute he attended himself, its Sabbath School he superintended, and its permanence he secured by a liberal bequest. While to other objects he gave his money, to this he gave himself. The elaborate care with which those passages in his Will which provide for the Chapel are drawn, show that this object lay very near his heart.

The preamble declares in strong and explicit terms his ruling purpose :

Whereas, I have long felt that it was desirable to devise some means by which a pretty numerous class of persons in the City of Worcester, who are now living without the benefits of moral and religious instruction and restraint which grows out of an habitual attendance upon the ministrations of the gospel, should be supplied with opportunities and inducements to enjoy the same :

And, whereas, it has seemed to me that the readiest way of accomplishing this purpose would be to open for the use of all who may be disposed to avail themselves of the same, a suitable and respectable house of worship, wherein, upon the Lord's Day and at suitable times on week days, religious services may be held and conducted by some

learned, pious and devoted Christian minister, who in addition to preaching and conducting public worship, shall devote himself, by visits and personal influence, to persuading and inducing such as may be unaccustomed to attend worship, or who neglect the Sabbath, or from any cause are destitute of the healthful restraints and moral influence of religious instruction, to attend upon the services in such place of worship :

And, whereas, I have a strong hope of aid hereafter to carry out the design I had in causing said house of worship to be erected, I give and devise, etc.

Mr. Washburn's "strong hope of aid hereafter," ought not be disappointed. To broaden and deepen existing agencies for good, which have been proved efficient, is better than to multiply new ones.



* Note. Page 25.

TRIUMPHS OF AMERICAN MACHINERY.

THE *London Times* pays a deserved tribute to the inventive genius of Americans in its recent commendatory yet discriminating notice of American Machinery at the Paris Exposition. Parts of a leading article in that journal are in place here :

(From the London Times.)

It may almost certainly be predicted of any modern mechanical congress, that the Americans will carry off the palm for novel and ingenious application of force to practical purposes, the substitution of mechanism for hand labor in new and curious contrivances, which to the amateur in such matters surprise as much by the new ways in which old problems are attacked as by the fine way in which the work is done. The mass of invention and practical result from it produced by the Americans within the century, and especially the last twenty or thirty years, is so great and so important in results that it presents an important problem in political economy — one especially interesting to Englishmen, as American mechanism is an offshoot from English, but an offshoot so peculiar in its character that mere heredity will not quite explain it. A traveller in the New World once said that the most interesting thing in America was its Americanism; and so we may say that the most curious feature of American mechanics is its distinctively American feature.

The activity and insight of the American inventive genius develops more that is new and practical in mechanism than all Europe combined. The New Englander invents normally; his brain has a bias that way. He mechanizes as an old

Greek sculptured, as the Venetian painted, or the modern Italian sang; a school has grown up whose dominant quality, curiously intense, widespread and daring, is mechanical imagination. It is not the professed mechanic or ironmaster who invents, any more than the schoolmaster or the farmer. As Tintoretto left his dyeing to become a great painter, the American, be he bank clerk, pedagogue, backwoodsman, or ploughman, turns in his busy brain some problem of his own, suggested by his experience of ill or too slowly done work, and like Archimedes in his bath, he suddenly finds it and rushes away with his "Eureka" to some place where he can make his model or get it made — more frequently the former for want of funds to get it made. There was a want the man had felt, an ideal to be worked out, and in his meditation suddenly the thing flashes on him, and is complete in all its essential parts from that moment.

Though the American collection at Paris is not large compared with those of other manufacturing nations, there are present so many of the contrivances which illustrate the subtle mechanical genius so well recognized already that "Yankee" is almost a synonym of inventor, that it becomes to amateurs in mechanism a most fascinating stroll, that among the little railed-off spaces of the American section; for few of these

contributions occupy more than a few square feet. Many of them are already widely known — the writing machine, by which the operator, touching a series of keys like those of an accordion, prints his thoughts or text more rapidly than they can be written legibly with a pen; the sewing machines, whose name is legion, and which here are illustrated by new variations for special work, a little attachment to one making it an embroidering machine of curious efficiency, and another a plaiting machine. The telephone and photograph are there, and beside them an electric pen by the inventor of the phonograph — a pen which, carrying a tiny electro-motor at the top, drives a needle through the paper 10,800 times a minute, forming a stencil sheet through which, with an ink-roller, copies may be produced more rapidly than with a lithographic press, and of an excellence which must be seen to be appreciated.

Finest type of the Yankee contrivance is the Stow "flexible" shaft for transferring power round corners and to out-of-the-way places. One sees the operator holding what seems at first sight to be a small garden-hose, but furnished with an augur at its extremity, with which he thrusts and bores in every direction, — over his head, under his feet, to the right, to the left, — it upsets all one's ideas of rigidity. Pharaoh

could not have been more surprised at seeing Moses's rod turn to a serpent than we were to see this rope-like affair eating into the planks set on all sides for it to work on. It is as good as a piece of legerdemain. It is really a "flexible shaft," — a cable of steel wires wound coat over coat, each successive coating in the reverse direction from the preceding, until the strength required is attained, and in which longitudinal flexibility is combined with circumferential rigidity.

Close by it stands Clough and Williamson's "wire cork-screw machine," which catches a straight piece of steel wire and throws it out a cork-screw of such temper that it may be driven through an inch deal plank and not yield a hair's breadth. The deftest waiter will take as long to pull a cork as this machine to make half a dozen cork-screws of an exceptionally good quality. Here is a screw-cutting machine which takes a rod of iron, steel or brass, and by an automatic series of operations drops screws at the other end of the machine. One tool cuts the point of the rod down to the dimensions of the screw, another cuts it off, leaving the head the full size of the rod, and another takes it off from the last and passes it on to have the thread cut, a cutter passes by and leaves it slotted, another with four iron fingers takes it and transfers it to a fifth

cutter, where the head is finished, when still another tool comes to push it into the pan placed to receive it. No intervention is needed until another rod is wanted.

A set of shoe-making apparatus in another inclosure takes the leather in the hide and turns out, with slight manual application, a pair of shoes, sewed, pegged or screwed, in about fifteen minutes. These machines, with the exception of the one for sewing on the welt, were at the Vienna exhibition, and were better arranged and displayed than here. A novel planing machine shows a revolving cutter fixed on a disk, which is, by means of an elbow arrangement of bands and pulleys, moved in any direction over the board to be planed, giving a very remarkable finish to the surface.

The exhibit of the Waltham Watch Company and their manufacturing processes are described at length, especially the device for perfecting the compensation for heat and cold. On this point the writer says :

The delicacy of construction of the new balance would only have been possible with the mechanism introduced by the Waltham Company, the

precision of which may be judged from that of the micrometer last produced and shown at Paris, which measures the twenty-five thousandth part of an inch, and even indicates that so largely that it might be divided under the lens readily into hundred-thousandths. A micrometer screw-gauge detects inequality in the thread of a screw up to hundred-thousandths, and a screw made for the government scientific commission to correct the measures has been constructed, in which the *maximum* of error in the thread is less than one ten-thousandth of an inch.

In the department of fire-arms, in which the Americans have always maintained a certain advance as to construction, there are exhibited by the Remington-Arms Company two new forms of military rifle, one of which, the Lee gun, is obviously an improvement on all simple breech-loaders hitherto used. The breech-block is the same as the Martini-Henry, but the opening is effected by the hammer, which holds the same place as in the old rifle, and can be worked by the thumb on the right hand. The breech-block, when opened, is held open by a catch which is liberated by the flange of the metallic cartridge as it enters the barrel and the block, then rises to its place and closes the breech automatically. The motions are fewer and the action simpler than in the Martini-Henry, and the hammer

indicates to the most careless glance the half and full cock. The second contribution of the Remington Company is a breech-loader on the piston system, with an auxiliary magazine so arranged that a reserve of seven cartridges may be kept in the magazine and the gun used as an ordinary breech-loader until a critical moment, when by pushing aside the key of the magazine the reserve is brought into play, and the seven shots may be fired with aim in ten seconds. A gun of this nature has long been a *desideratum* in the American service, and the advantage of this reserve magazine over the magazine system pure and simple, such as the Winchester and Swiss Vetterli guns, is clear. While deliberate long-range fire is going on, the gun is used as an ordinary breech-loader and fed by hand; but when a charge is to be repelled, or firing at close quarters from any reason, the magazine is thrown open by command by a touch of the thumb, and the seven shots are delivered with an effect which can easily be imagined.

* Note. Page 47.

It is much to be regretted that Mr. Washburn did not more minutely trace the progress of his mind in the way of invention, and the several

steps of experiment whereby his various processes of wire-drawing, annealing and tempering were brought to their present perfection. His nephew, however, Mr. Charles F. Washburn, supplies one of the missing links in the following contribution :

WHILE engaged in the business of drawing lead pipe the feasibility of drawing wire for the card-makers suggested itself to his mind, but how to do it was the question. He was a good blacksmith, was a fair machinist, had but little or no capital, and was wholly ignorant of "dies," "draw frames," "annealing pots," "vitriol baths," and the many other appliances, great and small, necessary for wire drawing. With great pains the young blacksmith constructed his first drawing frame. It was of a pattern never before or since used for that purpose. It was planned to hold the "die" at one end, and at the other end was a spindle, upon which was wound a chain. This chain, with strong nippers at the end of it, was pulled out the length of the frame, the nippers firmly bit the end of the wire-rod projecting from the die, the power was applied to the spindle, and the result was the complete demolition of the whole structure without moving the wire-rod through the die a particle.

Mr. Washburn recognized in every one of those fragments a gauntlet thrown down at his feet, defying his power and skill; and right manfully he entered the battle undaunted. His life-long friend, the Hon. Stephen Salisbury, had lately thrown an embankment across Mill Brook, just where it entered the then village of Worcester, thus forming what has ever since been known as "Salisbury's Pond." In connection with this water power Mr. Salisbury erected for Mr. Washburn a brick factory, 100 \times 40 feet, which was afterwards known as "Grove Mill," and this name has continued to adhere to the present large establishment.

We cannot now tell how Mr. Washburn evolved from chaos his machinery and methods, but we know he was a man of prayer, and believed in a God who delighted to give wisdom to all who ask for it; and from the fact that ever after he regarded all his success and prosperity as coming from God, often saying, "God pours into my lap faster than I can give it away," we may infer that he earnestly sought the aid of Almighty Wisdom in this great struggle to realize an inspiring thought.

In three years from the time of the demolition of his first wire frame we find him supplying all the Leicester card-clothing makers; and from that time forward his product of card and

other wires was steadily increased with the demands of the country. The average daily production of this company, from the commencement to 1875, is estimated as follows :

For five years ending 1835,	700 lbs. per day.
“ “ 1840,	2,000 “
“ “ 1845,	3,000 “
“ “ 1850,	6,000 “
“ “ 1855,	15,000 “
“ “ 1860,	20,000 “
“ “ 1865,	40,000 “
For ten years “ 1875,	60,000 “

At first only one-third of the building erected for Mr. Washburn was occupied for his business—about 3000 square feet of flooring. At present the flooring occupied by this company will measure 479,666 square feet, or eleven square acres, or one hundred and fifty times the space first in use. The number of men employed at the beginning was five ; now (1875) the monthly payroll indicates nine hundred names, mostly of heads of families, representing a population, with schools, churches and other necessary branches of business, enough to make a village of four thousand five hundred souls.

* Note. Page 113.

The writer, quoted in the text, continues in a strain of remark no less forcible than appropriate upon the absorbing question of the hour, the payment of honest labor in honest money :

The gentleman believes in the substantial ends and uses of labor. He has no faith in noise and fury, in the pounding of a hammer on an idle anvil, in the fuss of the politician, in the vain and futile hurrying to and fro of the man of business who with much ado accomplishes nothing. He believes that no labor is worth a straw that does not accomplish an object, that does not make its contribution to the permanent wealth of the community, whether it be the toil of the artisan, the effort of the thinker, the trained ability of the financier, the politician, the statesman. The end and the end alone, in his apprehension, sanctifies the means and dignifies the use.

Honesty is the basis of all his respect. That labor should be paid for and in honest measure of honest money is his first affirmation, his absolute, primary demand. Call the money gold, call it silver, call it paper, what you may, the stamp must carry value, a value that will hold its own all over the civilized world ; which will

be received by Englishmen, Frenchmen, German, which will pass current among men of all conditions, which the laborer can thankfully take as his reward, which the capitalist can honorably pay in wages. This, this alone, this always, the gentleman respects, and he is no gentleman, he has not the first conception of gentlemanliness, who will take less than this.

For the gentleman plants himself first and foremost upon regard for the welfare of mankind. He is no sectionalist; he is not pledged to the interest of Pennsylvania on the one side, or of Colorado and Nevada on the other, but to the concerns which are precious to the hearts of the whole country, to the essential welfare of mankind. Nothing that prejudices or impairs this is, in his estimate, honorable at all. Everything is honorable that advances this. If a man contributes but a mite by the sweat of his brow, by the vigor of his right arm, by the robustness of his frame, he makes his contribution, and it is as valuable as any other if it is offered in the spirit of simplicity and earnestness.

But the self-seeker, the man who, for any cause whatever, tries to divert to himself, to his own particular interest or glory, whatever it be that belongs to the community at large, and would pull down another's card-house for the sake of erecting his massive stone structure,

never can be entitled to that grandest designation, the word gentleman. Pay your debts; pay them in value that is universally recognized. Then will you be held acquitted of obligation as far as one can be. But if you pay in a depreciated coin, even the most incidental and superficial debt, say nothing of the sacred debts of honor, leave out of consideration entirely debts to which the *nation's* honor is pledged, the infamy clings to every fiber of the man. There is but one ground that a gentleman can take, and that is the ground of willingness to sacrifice every personal comfort and convenience for the sake of standing faithfully by his word.

An honorable gentleman, well known in business circles, a townsman and friend of Mr. Washburn, was recently called upon to testify before the Congressional Labor Committee in regard to the harmony of interests between different classes in this country so essential to prosperity, and how it can be promoted. In the course of his very valuable testimony he, Mr. Joseph H. Walker, was asked as follows:

Please state from your long and intimate association with the mechanics and business men of Massachusetts, your large experience as an employer, your observation of the practical working of her political institutions and business and social customs, what are the means and methods by which men there obtain positions of influence and power, as compared with those proposed by the socialists, and whether anything more can be done by legislation than is being done for the wage class.

Mr. Walker replied that in conjunction with other states, Massachusetts might enforce her present laws as to the hours of labor, and other things in the interest of workers, in some of her factories; but he could conceive of no more just and happy social condition than her laws and institutions were formed to establish:

In this respect I suppose she does not differ materially from her neighbors. I do not think socialistic labor reformers can have carefully examined and reflected upon the principles upon which our political and social institutions and customs are founded and administered. Every man holds every dollar of his property, his liberty, and even his life, at the will of the peo-

ple. The State commands her sons to face death even, when the safety or interests of the whole community demand it. I do not think any socialistic communities could exercise this great power any more thoroughly and justly than is now done. The State owns and enforces her claim upon every dollar of the property in the hands of her citizens, even though it be invested in other States.

Knowing that capital is as necessary to labor as labor to capital, she encourages in every just way her citizens to accumulate capital, and allows every man the largest liberty in controlling and disposing of so much of his savings as society in its aggregate action does not absolutely need for its immediate use. Believing it is immaterial in what particular hands the title to capital resides, the people allow those citizens who have demonstrated their capacity to best manage accumulated property for the public good by saving it, to control it. She allows so much as she does not immediately need to remain in their hands, and further allows them to appoint its depositories at will under her supervision. The State guarantees to every person comfortable shelter, clothing and food; and performs her promise in this respect with a lavish expenditure.

Again, the people only elect who shall administer the public law in their interest in this and

every other regard, but there is rarely a man in any business position who is not absolutely elected to the position he occupies by the most wise and just law of selection that human ingenuity can devise. In all places the man who is designated by his fellow-workmen as a leader, by the respect and deference he wins from them by his character and skill, is made foreman in his department. His executive ability securing him the leadership over the foremen in other departments, he is made general superintendent, and finally becomes a manufacturer or merchant himself, in competition with his former employers for the suffrages of his fellow-men, in the form of *their* purchasing his products rather than those of *his* former employers.

If he commences to manufacture boots or shoes, every pair of his goods purchased by the consumer, in preference to others, is the most tangible expression possible of the purchaser's opinion that he should continue in his office as a manufacturer. If enough are of the mind of the first purchaser to keep him employed, he continues in his office, and if enough to supply the demand were before in the business he adopts, some of them are retired by the people, who give his goods and others the preference, to some subordinate position. The man or combination of men who show a special aptitude for anything,

or in other words prove that they can do it cheapest, are retained in the specialty they have chosen by the constituency they have appealed to.

This is true of every position in the socialistic community of Massachusetts. There is not a man in any position, from governor, senator, alderman, councilman, merchant, manufacturer, foreman or employer of any kind, even to the man who removes the night soil from the city sinks, who is not there because the constituency he serves have by their action appointed him to his place. It is equally true that every place of every name and nature is only held by its present occupant until another convinces his constituents of his ability to better fill it. That there are occasionally men misplaced in positions that another would better fill is doubtless true, but not one where it is popularly supposed there are hundreds. By the present mode of securing the service of the people as a whole, in any other capacity than that of a journeyman, a man is required to give a guarantee of his capacity to do so, in the form of more or less capital, accumulated by himself.

Again, capital, general ability, a thorough knowledge of the demands of the markets, and even complete familiarity with the process of production, gained by large experience, will not

enable a man to start any business which shall be successful at first. Everything is a growth, and must inevitably submit to the adversities typified by the diseases incident to childhood. The owners and employees in a successful manufacturing establishment who are in responsible positions, from the head to the man who has charge of the least important part, have found their places by natural selection, and have, as it were, grown into each other, and now form a homogeneous mass of minds moving with one impulse. They have grown up with the growth of the enterprise, and are a part of it, holding their positions by a tenure little less permanent than the positions themselves. The manager is compelled to select his agents with impartiality, his success depending upon having each place filled by the man best qualified for it: and usually the man in whom at first he least expected to find the capacity is his foreman, and ultimately his competitor.

Again, however numerous or however able the members of a firm or corporation are, there must be some one of their number whose mind is the guiding power, and from whom there is no appeal—whose word is law. This impartiality is inevitable, for each man must conquer his place in every department of life. It is not in the power of another to give it to him. Any

attempt to "place" and keep any man in any position that he has not won by a power inherent in himself, must result in failure. The results of the trials and sufferings both of body and mind, incident to the struggle, are a part of the very fibre of his being, and are necessary to his development. There is and can be no other path of usefulness, honor or happiness. All experience proves that the happiness of the individual and the progress of society depend upon the independence of the individual, and the freedom to all to fill any political office, exercise any social power, or govern in any business, when his fellow citizens call upon him to do so by any of the manifold ways in which men express their preference for one man above another.

Modern socialistic schemes are at war with all human experience. They assume that all men are equally honest, industrious and frugal; that cheerful, patient, persevering industry is the normal condition of men. That system would deprive the people of the power to freely decide who should fill every position in life, as they now practically do, substituting for it the methods of politics. Whatever attempts may be made to explain modern socialism, as in harmony with individual liberty, and as promoting the best interests of all classes of the people, the fact remains that it is the parent and supporter

of those tyrannical combinations of men who are attempting to increase their own wages at the expense of their fellow-workmen.

There can be no conceivable reason in justice, why one man should receive any more for a day's work than another, or do any work rather than another, excepting that the person wishing the work done freely pays more for the services of the first than the second could be had for. There is no reason why a day's work upon the land should not command as much pay as a day's work in the shop, excepting the proved capacity of the worker in the shop to produce in the day that which his fellows decide to be worth the the larger compensation.

And the worker in any shop who by combining with his fellow-workmen, or by any means whatsoever, hinders the worker upon the land from producing anything in the shop or elsewhere in competition with his work, is to just that extent an oppressor of his fellow-men. All combinations of men to prevent any other men from doing anything, in competition with themselves, are clear violations of the fundamental law of liberty, and of right. Such action endangers the life, abridges the liberty and destroys the happiness of the men combined against, and should meet condign punishment, sure and without mercy.

Note B. Page 116.

THE sympathies and views of Mr. Washburn, as well as his own character and life, find just expression in the following article from the *Christian Union*, by Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, entitled

EMPLOYERS AND EMPLOYED.

I remember the burial of a man who died years ago in a good old age, honored and lamented. He had begun life without capital, with only the common school education of a New England boy, but with a name which he was proud of, and which he was determined not to tarnish; and his long life had been both prosperous and useful—the more useful for all his prosperity. Having learned an honest handicraft, he labored as a journeyman till by careful saving of his wages he was able to have a workshop of his own. In Bible phrase, he had “known the heart” of an apprentice and “the heart” of a hired workman; for he had a heart that could know and remember. So, when he began to train apprentices and to employ journeymen in his own shop, he had a fellow-feeling with them; and, being a Christian man, he did not harden himself against such feelings. His diligence and

prudence brought success; his business grew; his personal character commanded confidence, and the confidence of bank directors enabled him to make larger contracts; he became more and more an employer of labor; and, by his knowledge and skill in the purchase of materials and the sale of his products, he was able to make an honest profit on the materials honestly purchased and the labor honestly paid for. That the labor was honestly paid for nobody doubted. The apprentice received a thorough training for his trade, with the stipulated outfit at the expiration of his indentures, and the journeyman received for every day's work its full market value. They were set forward on the same road to wealth on which their employer had travelled. His growing wealth — all his success — was encouragement to them; and, when old age began to come upon him, he relinquished his great business to a partnership in which some of his sons and some who had been his apprentices were the partners.

Whenever I begin to think of the supposed conflict between capital and labor the image of that man rises before my mind, and I cannot but think about something less abstract; namely, the relations between an employer of labor and the laborers whom he employs. The man whom I have partly described never felt that mere jus-

tice in dealing with his apprentices and his hired laborers was enough. He was kind as well as just. Not to "defraud the hireling in his wages" did not satisfy that good man's conscience toward God; nor could it satisfy his instinctive sense of human brotherhood. He never undertook to raise the rate of wages by paying more for a day's work than the market price, for that would have been equally unjust. He would have scorned the meanness of making a profit on his workmen by paying them in "orders" worth less to them than cash; for that too would have been injustice. Had he felt that the relation between him and the men employed by him was nothing else than the politico-economical relation between capital and labor, or, in other words, the commercial relation of buyer and seller, he would have felt that simple justice was his whole duty in regard to them. But his Christian instincts made him feel that, in his relation to the men and boys whom he employed, there were other and higher duties than that of paying honest wages for honest work—duties of humanity, duties of good neighborhood, duties under the royal law of love. He was, therefore, to every one of them not an employer only, but also a friend. He acknowledged a responsibility to God for the well-being and well-doing of every one of them. His interest in them made him

careful in regard to their surroundings, their temptations to idleness and dissipation, their opportunities and means of self-improvement, their amusements, their homes. He felt that the welfare of the young men whom he employed, and in whom he had therefore a special interest, was inseparably connected with the welfare of other young men and of the entire community. Thus he was ever ready for every good word and work in behalf of young men, in behalf of the working men, in behalf of the poor, or in behalf of society as a whole. His sympathy with his fellow-men made him public-spirited. He had no thought of enriching himself at the expense of his neighbors, much less at the expense of his workmen, who were his nearest neighbors. His prosperity contributed to their prosperity, and they knew it. The town in which he lived was the better for his living in it; and when he died the good that he had done as a neighbor among neighbors, and especially as an employer, lived after him.

I have not named the man, for I am not giving any man's biography. What his name was, or where he lived and died, is of no consequence to the reader. Call my description a fancy picture, if you will; it may, nevertheless serve as an illustration of what ought to be, in all cases, the relation between the employers of labor and the employed.

Nor is it necessary for me to mention the name or the abode of another man whom I may describe more briefly. He is a man of eloquent ability, and prosperous in his affairs. Perhaps a hundred families buy their daily bread with the wages paid over his counter, and he pays always honest wages for honest work. In dealing with his workmen, as in dealing with his customers, he is simply but strictly just. Their labor is a commodity which they have on sale and which he has occasion to buy ; and in his view the relation between employers and employed is nothing more than the commercial relation between buyer and seller. Consequently his only care in regard to his workmen is to look out that they do not cheat him by doing less than a good day's work for a day's wages. Whether they are good men or bad men is nothing to him if only they are good workmen. Whether they attend church or spend their Sabbaths in dissipation is no concern of his, if only they are punctually at work on Monday. If they never save anything out of their wages, if their dwellings are uncomfortable and unwholesome, if their wives are neglected and therefore unhappy, if their homes are therefore cheerless, if their children, ill-clad and unkempt, are growing up in ignorance to an inheritance of wretchedness, all that he thinks (if he ever thinks of it), is their concern, not his, for this is

a free country and every man must look out for himself. He doesn't own them as he owns a steam-engine, and it is not his business to take care of them. As he buys the material of his manufacture and pays for it, so he buys their labor and pays for it. It is enough for him that he does not defraud them. The defect in that employer is a lack, not of justice or commercial honesty, but of human sympathy and Christian principle. I will not say whether he is in profession a Christian or an unbeliever — whether he is counted in the statistics of this or that "denomination," or is left out as a "Nothingarian." But I do say of him, That mind is not in him which was also in Christ. Whatever his religious name or profession — whether his faith be in Christ or in Frothingham — he has not learned to love his neighbor as himself. He has not learned that the men whom he hires to work for him are his neighbors, and that their families are neighbors to his family. He does not think what opportunities of doing good, and of making those neighbors of his better and happier, are involved in the relation between him and them. His thinking is in the plane of his business — how to create value, in the sense of political economy ; how to make the most profit on what he pays out for materials and for labor ; and, because "business is business," it does not

occur to him that there is infinite difference between the work of human muscles and the work of a steam engine; nor what difference there is between the muscles of a man whom he hires and those of the horse which he owns. He is not cruel to the horse; and (even if he dared) he would not be cruel to the man; but he does not remember that the relation between himself and his hired workman is something more—something infinitely higher—than a merely business relation. Because he does not think, he does not feel; and because he does not feel, he does not think. If that mind were in him which was also in Christ; if he could know and feel that, though “business is business,” there are other things than business—higher and far more blessed—belonging to this transient life of ours; if he better knew the luxury of doing good, and how much better it is to give than to receive, the relation between him and those neighbors of his to whom he pays wages for their work would be instantly exalted and glorified. He would feel it, and soon they would feel it, and, in a little, everybody that knows him or them would see it.

If working men—*i. e.*, men who work for wages—find and are made to feel that the relations between them and their employers is nothing more than a business relation, like that between buyer and seller—if they are permitted

to feel that the employer has no care or thought for them save as their labor is one of the factors in the production of wealth—what can we expect but that there will be conflict between labor and capital, and that such conflict will breed malignity and all manner of evil?

NOTE C. Page 120.

IN the *North American Review* for September and October there is an article on this question by George W. Julian entitled, "The Just and Saving Principle of Co-operation." In it he says:

By the side of this labor question the old slavery issue dwindles into a trifle. It casts its shadow across every civilized land, and is rallying and organizing multiplying millions of discontented and determined men, whose just demands cannot be safely slighted. It foreshadows a conflict between the vandalism and madness of Communism on the one hand, and the rapacity of capital on the other which naturally tends to provoke and inspire it, and which, as the Duke of Argyle declares, "overrides even the love of

life, and silences even the fear of death." The omens of a coming storm are quite as discernible as were those which preceded the deadly struggle which at last buried African Slavery in its bloody grave.

President Chadbourne of Williams College deals thoughtfully with the same question in the leading article of the *International Review* for September, under the title, THE CRY OF LABOR — WHAT ANSWER? In it he argues that the composition of the strife between capital and labor cannot be satisfactorily accomplished by strict adherence to the lessons of political economy, unless *that* science is broadened to include social science. Philanthropy must be an element of the solution. He treats of the general principles that must govern in the solution of the labor problem :

Capitalists who have the advantage of power and are likely to have organizing and controlling ability must understand, first of all, that their employees, as men and women, stand in entirely differently relations to them from any other

agency they can use. They may abandon a mine if it becomes unprofitable, demolish buildings for advantageous changes, and kill dumb animals for profit, or to put them out of the way; but their employees are men and women, and each one of them is worth more than all the property of the proudest capitalists. They must have the proper conditions for men and women to live in, the advantages to which rational beings are entitled.

The capitalists are to give the conditions of such a life or cease to carry on business; and more than this, they must take such care as few of them have ever taken, that all employed by them properly improve the advantages they afford. For the obligation on the part of the employee to rightly improve his advantages is as great as the obligation of the employer to give them. And for such improvement the man employed should be held to strict accountability, as a condition of employment.

No man — and corporations must be held to the same accountability as men — no man has a right to carry on a business that destroys manhood, or to permanently employ one who fails to act on the principles of manhood. First giving the conditions of a manly life, the employer should make such a life an absolute condition of employment.

If, under this plan, a remnant is left unemployed, the strong arm of the law must protect them, care for them, and see that they have some employment, and that they work. They are *wards* of society. It comes to this at last when such persons reach the prison and almshouse, and the earlier the wardship is reached the better.

The details of every plan for the solution of the Labor problem, Mr. Chadbourne argues, must be worked out by experience, but as lines of action to be tried and changes that appear to be demanded, he indicates the following :

1. The principle of benevolence must be prominent in ordinary business in many cases where now strict justice and the stern laws of trade are deemed sufficient.

2. This implies a brotherhood of feeling and co-operation of interest between employer and employee that do not now prevail.

3. Employment must, for the benefit of all concerned, make thrift within reasonable limits a condition of permanent employment.

4. Comfortable homes must, to the greatest possible extent, be secured for families—homes of their own. And the largest number possible

should be encouraged to carry on independent productive business.

5. Let no false view of rights and liberty allow men to make themselves and families burdens and pests of society.

6. Every man able to work should show that he has honest means of living. If he lacks them through ignorance he must be directed ; if through viciousness or idleness he must be controlled ; if through misfortune, the means he needs must be promptly supplied.

7. Let no city tolerate within its borders those who are not fairly housed, clothed and fed, or that cannot show honest means of living.

8. Let society see that all these conditions and rules are complied with, and such others as from experience are found needful. Let this be done in the spirit of benevolence and under laws to which every individual in the land is equally amenable.

Note D. Page 221.

FROM the manuscript of a paper recently read before the "Worcester Saving Fund and Loan Association," by Mr. Wm. H. Earle, on "Co-operation the Remedy for the present Antago-

nism between Capital and Labor," the Editor is allowed to print the following, as being in accordance with and corroborative of the views attributed in the text to Mr. Washburn:

ONE of the most essential things for a working-man to do is to *save money*. It is the savings of the world that support the world's civilization; and without property by saving there is no real independence. People refuse to believe in merit that does not know how to obtain anything for itself; and it is one of the sayings of Scripture, that men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself. If toilers would work with a light step, and a more cheerful heart, let them spend less than they earn. A French writer says that "a man is not poor because he has nothing; but he is poor because he will not or cannot work." Samuel Johnson said, "Whatever you have, spend less, for without economy none can be rich, and with it few can be poor."

Geo. Stephenson worked his way from the pit-head to the highest position as an engineer. When his wages were increased to twelve shillings a week, he declared that he "was a made man." And when his skill had further increased and his wages had advanced to a pound a week, he declared to one of his colleagues that he

“was now a rich man.” And yet there are very few workmen in our city who do not earn even more than this last sum. A person of large experience has stated that he never knew, among working people, a single instance of a man having out of his small earnings laid by a pound, who had in the end become a pauper.

The waste of money causes society more suffering than the want of it.

A superfluity is dear at any price. Give to almost any man all the money he now wastes, not only on his vices, if he have any, but on useless business, wearisome or deteriorating amusements and superfluities, and he will in a very few years be above pressing want. Extravagance is now the prevailing habit of society.

It is especially the characteristic of town life. You see it in the streets, in the parks, in the churches. The extravagance of dress is only one of its signs. There is a general prodigality in social display.

People live in a style beyond their means, and the results are observed in commercial failures, in lists of bankrupts, in criminal courts, where business men are so often convicted of dishonesty and fraud.

Look for a moment at the *poverty and misery caused by Drink!*

The annual expenditure of the working people

of Europe and America, on stimulants alone, is one thousand millions of dollars ! (\$1,000,000,000.)

Four bar-rooms in New York average annual sales of \$500,000. In five of our leading cities, there is an average of one saloon to every forty-three families ; entailing an annual cost to each family of not less than \$100. Add to this the cost of tobacco and other worse than useless expenditures, and it is safe to say that the whole would amount to a tax upon the family of every workingman of not less than \$2.50 per week for the entire year. A sum sufficient to enable every one of them to own ten shares each in a Co-operative Loan Association. I wish it were in my power to induce every workingman to do as poor Charles Lamb wrote :

“Clench their lips and ne’er undo them

To let the deep damuation trickle through them.”

In thus urging the importance of temperance and frugality, I do not wish to convey the impression that the working people receive a compensation under the present system that leaves a margin for any extravagance. I believe it is insufficient to secure them needed comforts and necessary development. But it must be evident that wherever extravagance obtains it must be at the sacrifice of the necessary comforts of home and family.

Another burden that toilers have to bear is the *frauds of competition*.

America is disgracing herself by manufacturing *imitations*; by prostituting the genius of our country in the invention of the most ingenious contrivances for the purpose of fraud. We are held in admiration for the ingenuity of our inventions, but are detested for the abominations of our work.

The adulteration of human food is one of the most alarming results caused by competition. Day after day this evil is sapping the life and strength of the community by lessening the nutritive power of the foods upon which we rely to arm and nerve us for the burdens of life. I see no way to protect ourselves against the practice of these rascally adulterators of food supplies, except through co-operation.

In competition a good profit is often esteemed of more consequence than a good conscience. A prominent manufacturer said he "was forced to adulterate his goods in order to compete with others in the trade." Competition among manufacturers is the principal cause of a reduction in the prices paid to workingmen, and consequently the cause of "strikes." In the godless race of competition there are always some who will take orders to manufacture at prices which, at the ordinary rate of wages, will not give them

a profit. To make themselves whole, then, they resort to cutting down the wages of their operatives, thus forcing other manufacturers of the same line of goods to a ruinous competition.

This cut-throat game among manufacturers of underbidding and underselling one another, is largely the cause of low wages, and also of an inferior quality of goods.

The meanest made goods injure the workman most, for the item of labor is larger in proportion to the whole cost in inferior made goods than in those where good material is used.

Again, the non-producers in this country are too many to make the country prosperous. When one-quarter of the people want to live on the interest paid by the other three-quarters, and that quarter spend more than the others earn, the result is far from satisfactory.

I find the total earnings per annum in England amount to \$4,000,000,000; out of which the capitalists receive \$2,500,000,000, and the laborers the remaining \$1,500,000,000. That is, the non-producers, who constitute one-third of the population, receive two-thirds of all the remainder earn.

The thousands who want to make their living from stock and crop speculations, and the horde who needlessly stand between the producer and consumer, must all go to work. Thousands of

idlers in all our cities, who eke out a precarious existence in any way, so they evade real work, must take off their coats, turn up their sleeves, and handle the plow or the hoe, the hammer or the plane.

Were every man and woman an honest toiler, all would have an abundance of everything, and half their time for recreation and culture.

For fifty years the United States have advanced with unparalleled rapidity in the production of wealth; there seems no limit to our ability to create those things essential to individual enjoyment. Yet here we are with one-half the population deprived of many of the comforts of life, and the other half trembling lest they lose all they have acquired through long years of labor.

Why is there want and poverty at so many doors, when the country lacks nothing necessary to man's happiness?

Is it not because we have only learned how to produce wealth, not how to distribute it? By proper distribution we must understand not *equal* distribution but *equitable* distribution. The highest equality is equity. We do not believe in an equal division of unequal earnings.

At this moment society presents a spectacle which may well fill the minds of the thoughtful with the liveliest apprehension. Strikes, lock-

outs, riots, robbery, murders, and suicides on every hand. Millions of workers on one side, clamoring (some wisely and some unwisely) for a better position ; thousands of employers on the other, single-handed or united, resisting these demands.

I am not surprised that labor is impatient or discontented under the heavy and often unnecessary burdens it has to carry ; but it should discountenance all violence, every assault on private rights or property, or the liberty of the individual workman. No man has a right to prevent any other man from working when, where, and for what wages he sees fit.

The antagonism between seller and buyer, employer and employed, the capitalist and the worker, is the consuming disease of our modern civilization.

“Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of life ?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other,
In blackness of heart ? That we war to the knife ?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife !”

The problem of the relations of Capital and Labor shall yet be solved — not on the principle of might is right, of vast fortunes to the few, and poverty, pauperism, and privation to the many, but on the firm basis of the rights of the laborer,

the rights of the capitalist, and the rights of the consumer. These three no longer enemies, but working in harmony with each other. And the Christ of this new gospel of peace is *co-operation*.

The need of the hour is a better spirit pervading *all* classes.

Capital and Labor are partners in business, and should mutually consult each other — they must be friends, not enemies.

As long as capitalists and laborers constitute sharply-defined classes, difficulties are certain to arise between them. The principle of partnership must therefore be invoked.

Labor must own capital, or, at least, must have an interest in profits.

Labor furnishing its own capital, and working it for its own benefit, would be the best both for Labor and the public weal.

One of the best conditions attached to the ownership of property is, that it must be taxed. If every workingman owned the house he lives in, and had to pay taxes upon it, he would soon become interested to look after the law-makers who impose the tax. The wretched dens of filth, misery and death, in all our large cities, are occupied by persons who take no interest in what is for the public good — such pay no taxes.

Just in proportion as we encourage thrift and providence and savings on the part of the work-

ing classes, and give them an interest in the property of the country, we shall increase their happiness, and render stable the good institutions of the country.

It is found that of the seven and one-half millions of dollars annually saved by the English co-operative societies, about 60 per cent. of this sum, so declared as dividends on purchases, is left in the store and converted into capital. Every third man in Rochdale, England, has something laid up for the future. There co-operation has trampled pauperism under foot.

I do not advocate co-operation as a scheme of philanthropy, but as offering a basis of success upon sound business principles.

In co-operation the self-interest of each is made to conduce to the common interest of all. Co-operation binds men together for mutual helpfulness, and gives them greater confidence in each other to work out the higher ends of life for the benefit of all.

Let us hope that this and kindred associations may beget in us a greater love for our neighbor, and a wiser conduct of life. For if the practical results that modern society now presents to the serious observer are the best that we can hope for, from our present system of political economy, then it is alarmingly manifest that we have not yet hit upon the true theory. We need a science

of political economy that shall perform as well as promise. One that shall not keep the great mass of the children of men shut out from the promised land of plenty, while the exhaustless bounties of nature are more than sufficient for all.

THE STORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By Lucy Cecil White (Mrs. Lillie). Fully illustrated with portraits and views of celebrated spots. 12mo. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$1.25.

This is a book which should find a place in the library of every household. It is from the pen of a distinguished lady now in England, who has peculiar advantages for making it not only interesting, but reliable. It is not a "picked-up" book, hastily put together, and made only to sell, but a careful, thorough compilation of facts, written in a fascinating and agreeable manner, and in a style especially adapted to the tastes of young readers. Although comprehensive in its scope it is not wearisome in detail. It contains interesting sketches of Chaucer, Spenser, Bacon, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and many other distinguished writers, with a great deal of interesting information about men and manners of various times. The illustrations are particularly fine, and include portraits of the principal characters, with views of historical buildings and places.

OVERHEAD: WHAT HARRY AND NELLY DISCOVERED IN THE HEAVENS. Illustrated, Quarto. Illuminated cover. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$1.00.

In this charming little volume the author undertakes to teach the rudiments of astronomy to children, without making it seem like study. It is written in conversational style, the characters consisting of Professor Willoughby and several of his young friends. In the course of these conversations a description of the starry heavens is given, the peculiarities of the heavenly bodies are described, and the planetary system explained, together with its various phenomena. All this is done so easily and naturally that at the close of the book the children find that they have learned a great deal of astronomy without knowing it. The text of the book is greatly aided by the illustrations, of which there are many. A thorough perusal of its pages will give young readers a better idea of the distant worlds above and around them than the study of a dry text book for an entire term. Prof. Waldo, of the Cambridge Observatory, furnishes a pleasant introduction, in which he indorses the book from a scientific standpoint.

SIDNEY MARTIN'S CHRISTMAS. By Pansy. Large 16mo., 600 pages. Fully illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$1.50.

Of the multitudes of story books brought out for the holiday season none will be more sought after by young readers than this, one of Mrs. Alden's latest works. It consists of a series of stories written with a special adaptation to the season, and all of them are specially suited to cosy fire-side reading. It is safe to say that "Pansy" has never written a dull nor uninteresting story, and the present collection is made up of her sprightliest and best efforts. It is printed on clear white paper, and is beautifully bound.

YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF GREECE. By Charlotte M. Yonge. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$1.50.

The second volume of Miss Yonge's series of Histories for Young People takes up *Greece*, and deals with it in an exceedingly interesting manner. The author makes the attempt to trace the story of that country of poetry and fable so as to be intelligible to children. She begins with some of the best known of the Greek myths, which she considers absolutely necessary to the understanding of both the history and of art, and then, taking up the thread of acknowledged history, follows it down to our day. Like the *History of Germany* it is very fully illustrated, and is bound in the same style.

TRUE BLUE. By Mrs. Lucia Chase Bell. Large 16mo. 10 illustrations by Merrill. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.25.

This is a delightful story for girls, and promises to be as popular as any of Miss Alcott's productions. The scene is laid in the far west, and the incidents are such as could only occur in a newly-developed country, where even children are taught to depend upon themselves. "Doc," the warm-hearted, impulsive heroine of the story, is an original character, and one whose ways are well worth copying by those who read her adventures and experiences. The book shows how much can be accomplished in a community by earnest, determined endeavor on the part of a single one of its members, even if that member is a young girl.

True Blue ought to become a standard book in every girl's library.

CHILD TOILERS OF BOSTON STREETS. By Emma E. Brown.

With 12 pictures drawn from life by Katherine Peirson.

Quarto, with illuminated board covers. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price 50c.

Here is a book which should be read by every Boston boy and girl, to say nothing of the boys and girls who have never been in Boston, and who would like to know something about the various ways in which poor children manage to make a living for themselves and those depending upon them. Miss Brown, the author, personally made the acquaintance of the children here described, saw them at their work, visited them at their homes, and saw how they lived. What she learned during these visits is very interestingly told, and will give young readers who are better off a fair idea of the daily life of the working poor, and the trials and troubles through which they have to pass. Humble as some of the occupations are which are here described, the example of industry and economy set by certain of those who follow them might be profitably imitated. The illustrations by Miss Peirson add to the beauty and interest of the book.

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