mca
10-

Metropolitan Club
with The

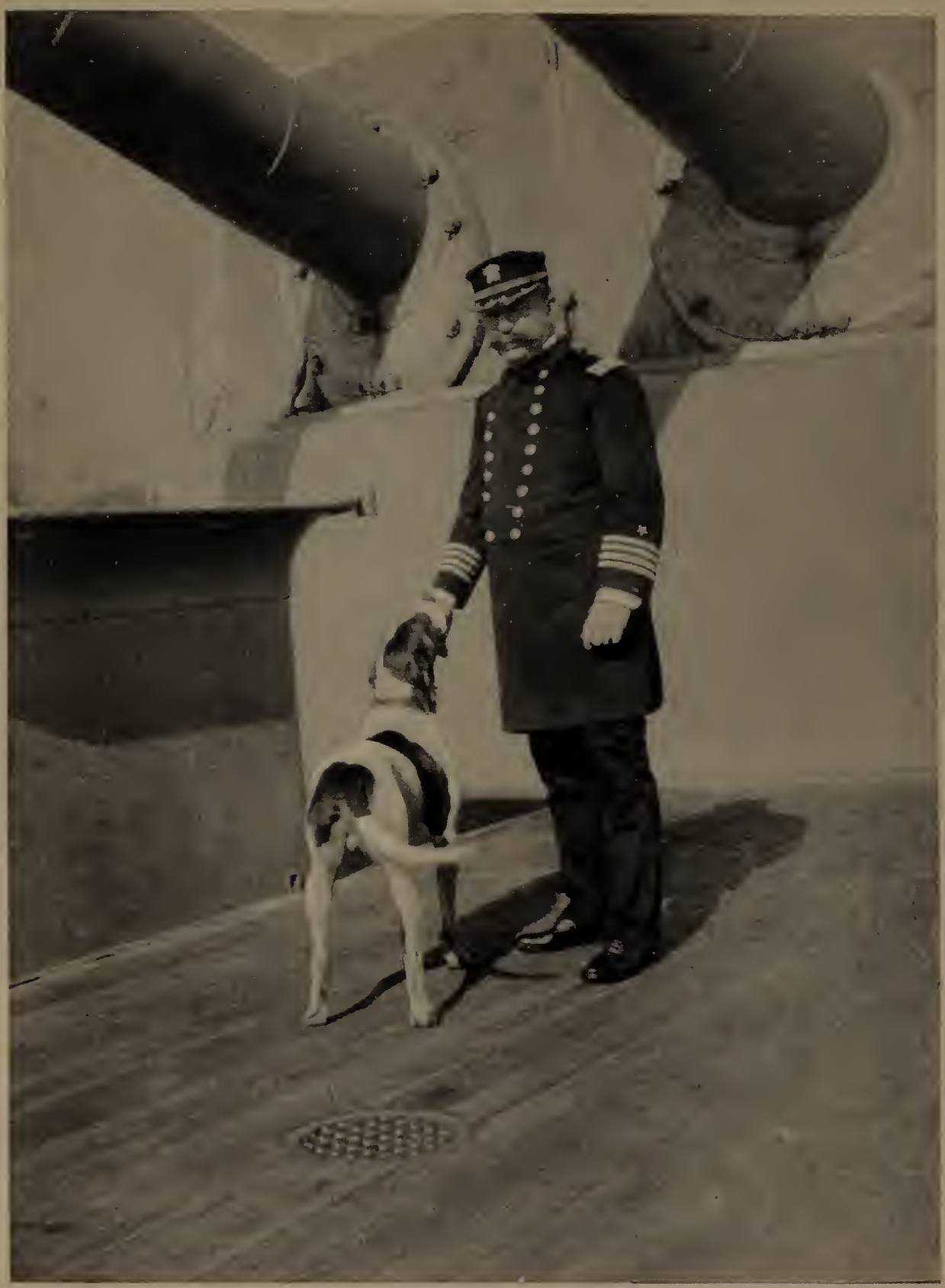
Compliments of the Author

1934.

JOHN TRAYNE

AND

SOME OF HIS DESCENDANTS



CAPTAIN CHARLES JACKSON TRAIN AND "PAT" ON U. S. S. *PURITAN*
Norfolk Navy Yard, 1898

John Trayne

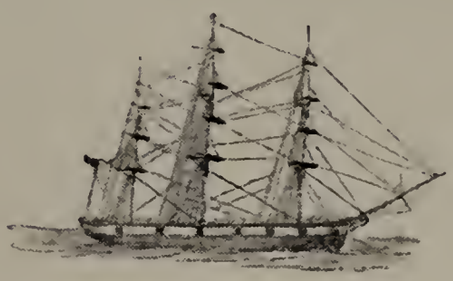
and

Some of His Descendants

Especially Charles Jackson Train, U S.N.

1845–1906

By SUSAN TRAIN HAND



New York

Privately Printed

1933

The vignette of the U. S. S. Constellation,
at one time commanded by C. J. Train, is taken from
F. W. Lawrence's sketchbook

PREFACE

For nearly three hundred years the Trains have been in this country. During the three centuries previous the historical records of Ayreshire in Scotland make frequent mention of the family. So for six hundred years we have some knowledge of the men and women who have given us our heritage.

In the dim background of Scotland we have romantic visions of "The Days of Bruce" and "Roderick Dhu," of "The Stag at Bay" in Highland glens, of bagpipes and tartans and fighting clans. We have also a picture of that unhappy land torn by civil strife and of her sons leaving her misery and seeking freedom and fortune in a colony called New England. We watch the successful development of this colony and in the stern experience of pioneer hardships see the growth of opportunity and the change of fortune in succeeding generations. We who have a New England inheritance should keep alive our reverence and our memories of the men and women who planted with such devotion and mighty endeavour the seeds of our American life.

Family records and letters as they reflect events and manners make their contribution to contemporary history. It is important that such material should be preserved, but it is of greater importance to capture for posterity the spirit that has lightened the lives that have gone before.

I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to my Mother for the use of my Father's letters and journals and to tell her of my gratitude for her interest and encouragement.

I wish that it were possible for me adequately to express my appreciation of the labour and professional skill that my son-in-law, William Lyttleton Savage, has given to the preparation and publication of this book. For all that he has done I am deeply grateful.

S. T. H.

Elizabethtown, New York.
October, 1933.

CONTENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS

Illustrations

JOHN TRAYNE

AND

SOME OF HIS DESCENDANTS

CHAPTER ONE

SCOTLAND

The family tradition that John Trayne came to New England from the southwestern part of Scotland proves correct in that the Trains are a sept, or members of the Clan MacDonald inhabiting the region of Ayrshire bordering on the coast. The historical Archives of Ayrshire reveal the fact that the family of Tran (spelled Train in parenthesis) are from the earliest times found in the town of Irvine. It lies on the coast about thirty miles south of Glasgow, on a river of the same name. It is said to be the oldest town in Ayrshire, and was a place of note before the year 1184 as well as later on. In C. S. Terry's *A Short History of Scotland* (p. 45) appears this reference: "In July 1297 at Irvine where Wallace's force lay expecting attack Bruce and others made peace with Edward." An ancient chronicler says: "The Toun is a fine Royal Burgh and is governed with a Provost and his Baillies. In it is a faire Church, and the Baillies Courts of Conyghame are there keipt by the Earl of Eglinton and his Deputies. Neir the river Irwyne is over passed by a faire stone Bridge. Neir which was formerly a Frierry of the Order of the Carmelites. There is plenty of Salmon in the river of the Toun."

Seagate Castle, under whose protection the town arose, was built after 1361 as a jointure house of the families of Eglinton and Montgomerie. In 1508 Hugh Montgomerie was created the first Earl of Eglinton. In 1617 Barbara Montgomerie married Andrew Tran, Provost of Irvine.

Robert Bruce granted a charter in 1322 to the Burgesses of Irvine to build the Tolbuith or Council House. A later evidence of royal favour came in 1572 when King James VI conferred on the authorities the power to hold Courts of Justice in the Council House.

The oldest and only extant seal of the town is appended to the Letters of Baillerie granted to Steven Tran in 1552. A facsimile of his signature is on a document stating that: "I Styne Tran, Provost ywth my hand appoint seven citizens to appear before the Lords of the Council of Mary Queen of Scots and produce certain records of the town of Irvine, May, 1552." In 1572 Hew Tran, Provost, William

Tran and Steven Tran, Burgesses, all sign a consent to the sale of some town property.

The Parish Church is mentioned in 1232 as belonging to the Abbey of Kilwinning. In 1431 a chapel was there dedicated to the honour of the Virgin Mary, the donor and benefactress being Dame Alice Campbell, who also conveys for the benefit of the Church "a certain Tenement with the pertenents lying in the Micklegate, between the Tenement of Sir Laurence Tran and John Lokatt on the other side."

The first Presbyterian minister was installed in 1570, but the times were unsettled for religion and in 1610 we read that: "Minister Scrimseour and several of his Bretheren were charged by the Lords of the Secret Council with the crime of harbouring Joh Campbell, alias, Fadder Chrisostom, ane known traficking Priest."

After the Reformation the Burgh was allowed a perpetual grant of all Church revenues for the purpose of establishing a public school and a charter was given by King James in 1572.

In 1609 the Town records the passing of an act, "In favor of Mr. Robert Tran, Schoolmaster anent the School." This Robert Tran was graduated from Glasgow University in 1624, and instituted a minister of Eaglesham in 1643. Two years later he was deposed for acknowledging that he had received protection from James, Marquis of Montrose. He died in Glasgow in 1666, but his son Alexander returned to Irvine.

There are innumerable deeds recording the conveyance of land to Trans and other citizens, as well as to the Town. In the treasurer's accounts the following items appear against Trans:

"Jonet Tran paid sixteen shillings for her twa rigs."

"Margaret Tran fined for ane new disobedience."

"For 4 pynts wyne and a pynt of aill and braid with Mr. John Tran and some strangers—31s. 16s. 6d."

"To the Magistrates and Mr. Robert Tran, some four mulckings of wine, and ane chapins of bier, and tobacco and pyps—11s. 10s. 4d."

"Patrick Tran for the watter fisching—x merks."

There were four Trans successive Provosts of the Town: Steven in 1552, his brother Hew in 1572, Steven a son of Patrick in 1609, and Andrew another son of Patrick in 1617.

In 1514 James V and the Queen Mother requested the Burgesses

of Irvine to provide vessels and mariners for the expedition against the Lords of the Isles, the powerful barons who constantly threatened the stability of the realm. During this century Scotland passed through some of the most tumultuous years of her history. James V was constantly engaged in war, and upon his death Moray became Regent. Then followed the romance and tragic death of Mary Stuart. Her son was crowned and reigned as James VI of Scotland and James I of England.

The Town was visited by a plague in 1546, and Queen Mary sent a commission to enforce health regulations to subdue the infection. An equally modern note is sounded in the minutes of a Town Council meeting held on September 7th, 1694, for we read: "The Market Cross to be taken away and the stones to be applied towards erecting the Meal Market now abuilding in respect there is great need of free stone for that new work, and that the Cross being of an old fashion, doth mar the decorum of the street and the Meal Market House."

These notes from the Council Papers give a picture of the life and character of the community in which the Trans obviously had a place. There is every evidence that Irvine played her part in all the events of the time.

Today through the Kirkgate where James Tran had his tenement in 1618, one may reach the grey stone church, looking down as of old on the "faire bridge overpassing the river" which is finding its way to the sea. The distant coast line brings to mind the busy waterways of the past when Irvine was the third port of importance in Scotland and her ships were plying forth to new places. Perhaps the sight played a part in awakening dreams of freedom and adventure in the mind of John Trayne and made easy his departure for the new world in 1634.

There is a possible clue to the identification of John Trayne the emigrant through the will of Christiana Low, the wife of James Tran.[1] She died in December, 1652, and mentions in her will the sum of £240 as due her stepson John Tran from his mother Isabella Orr.

John Trayne in Watertown—the settlement in the Massachusetts

[1] This chapter identifies more definitely than has been done before John Trayne of Watertown, Massachusetts, with the family of Tran (Train) in Irvine, Ayrshire. The information leading up to this identification was found by the author in September, 1930, in the Scottish Archives in the Register House and National Museum of Antiquities at Edinburgh.

Bay colony to which he came as an emigrant—was at this time thirty-nine years old. He died twenty years later, leaving to his large family an estate inventoried at £280. This was a large sum to have been collected in the wilderness and leads to the conjecture that the above inheritance might well have formed the foundation for it.

The fact that James Tran, the husband of Christiana Low when he died in 1657, appointed his sons-in-law, John Orr and John Herbertson, administrators of his estate and not his son John, may be further evidence that he was out of the country. His other sons, Patrick and James, had previously died. If this reasoning proves correct the lineage of John Trayne and his American descendants is as follows:

Steven Tran—
Provost of Irvine, 1552.
Married Margaret Brown.
Died in 1573.
Children: Patrick, John, Hew, Alison, Marion.

Patrick Tran—
Born in Irvine.
Married Margaret Baillie.
Died in 1602.
Children: Andrew, James, Bessie, Jonet, Eupheme, Helen.

James Tran—
Born in Irvine.
Married Isabella Orr; second wife, Christiana Low.
Died in Glasgow, 1657.
Children: Patrick, James, John, Jonet, Margaret, Christiana.

John Trayne—
Born, 1613, Scotland.
Married, 1634, Margaret Dix.
Died, 1681, Watertown.
Children: Elizabeth, Mary, Sarah, Abigale, John, Thomas, Rebecca, Hannah.

John Trayne—
Born, 1651, Watertown.
Married, 1674, Mary Stubbs.
Died, 1717, Watertown.
Children: John, Abigale, Elizabeth, John, Margaret, Rebecca.

John Traine—
Born, 1682, Watertown.

Married, 1705, Lydia Jennison.
Died, 1742, Weston.
Children: John, Judith, Samuel, Ebenezer, Joshua, Jonathan, William, Peter, Thomas.

Samuel Traine—
Born, 1711, Watertown.
Married, 1741, Rachel Allen.
Died, 1806, Weston.
Children: Lydia, Samuel, Mary, Ephraim, Rebecca, Lucy, Nahum, Martha, Enock.

Samuel Traine—
Born, 1745, Weston.
Married, 1771, Deborah Savage.
Died, 1838, Weston.
Children: Arthur, Isaac, Charles, Samuel, Betsy.

Charles Train—
Born, 1783, Weston.
Married, 1815, Elizabeth Harrington; second wife, Hepzibah Harrington.
Died, 1848, Framingham.
Children: Arthur Savage, Charles Russell, Althea, Lucilla, Sarah Elizabeth.

Charles Russell Train—
Born, 1817, Framingham.
Married, 1841, Martha Jackson; second wife, Maria Cheney.
Died, 1885, North Conway.
Children: Lucilla, Charles Jackson, Althea, Clifford, Henry Jackson, Arthur.

Charles Jackson Train—
Born, 1845, Framingham.
Married, 1871, Grace Tomlinson.
Died, 1906, Chefoo, China.
Children: Susan, Grace, Lucilla, Charles Russell.

Charles Russell Train—
Born, 1879, Annapolis, Md.
Married, 1908, Errol Cuthbert Brown.
Children: Cuthbert Russell, Middleton George Charles, Russell Errol.

Cuthbert Russell Train—
Born, 1909.

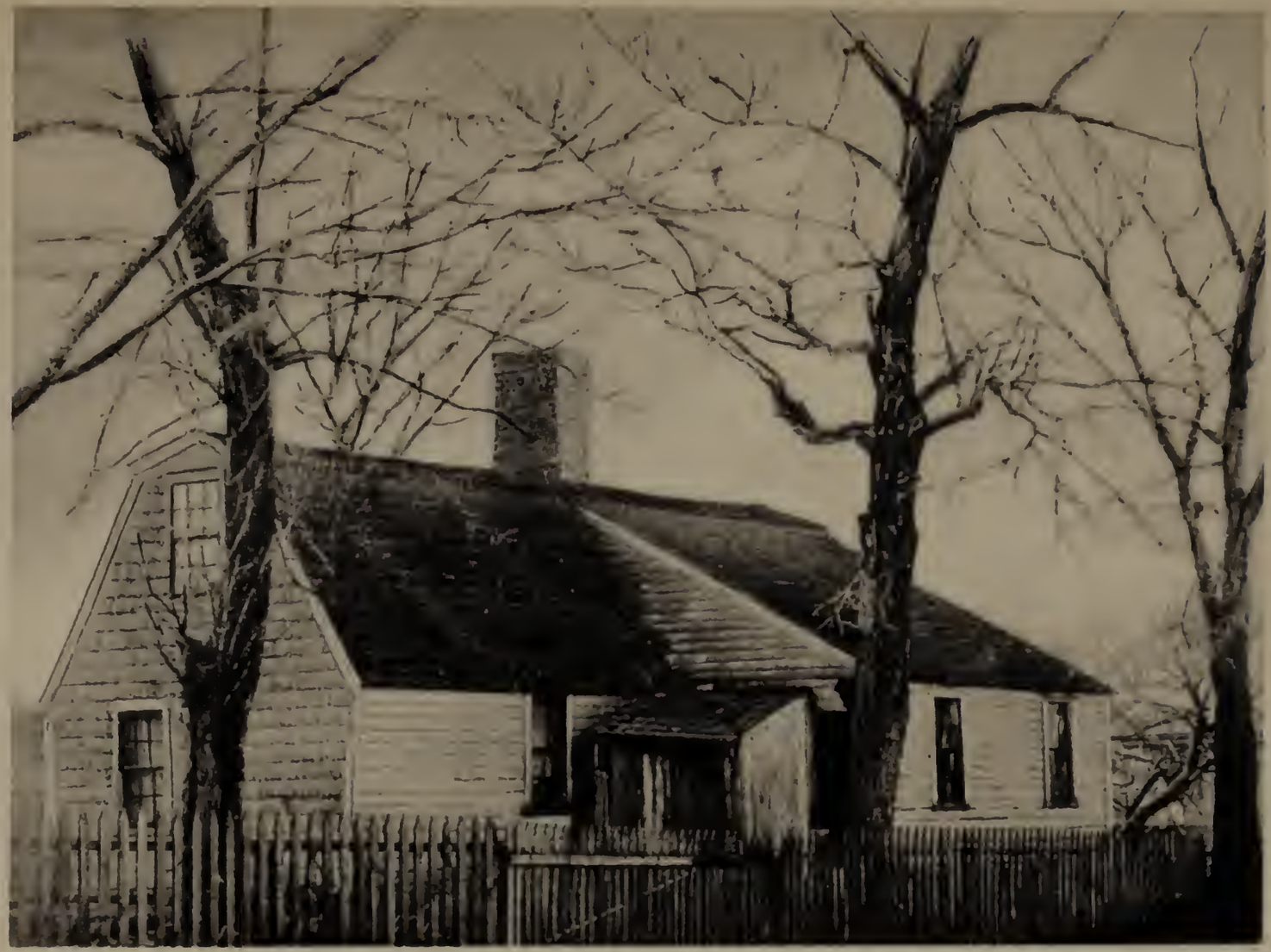
CHAPTER TWO

THE THREE JOHNS

PIONEERS IN WATERTOWN

In 1635 the brig *Susan and Ellen* sailed from "Ye Porte of London" for New England. Among her thirty-four passengers were young John Trayne from Scotland and Margaret Dix from England. He was twenty-five years old and she was only eighteen, and we wonder why she was leaving home and kindred by herself, for no others of her name were fellow-travellers. Was it an assertion of independence, or had John Trayne known her and persuaded her to share his fortune in a new country? How much we would like to know from whom, and from whence she came and why. Sharing the dangers and hardship of the long voyage was a stimulus to companionship. Romance and adventure beckoned the young companions and evidently love soon lightened the way for them. So we can suppose that Margaret had the protection of John through the turmoil and excitement that besets all travellers when arriving in strange ports. We can see these young wayfarers disembarking, seeking shelter and advice, and making plans for marriage and a home. John was probably wearing the usual dress of the period: short coat, and knee breeches of rough homespun and woollen stockings. Margaret probably wore a dress of brown homespun, a linen apron and close-fitting cap under a plain woollen hood and a warm enveloping cloak.

Most of the ships landed their passengers in Salem, where they either remained, or proceeded to the other Settlements: Charlestown, Dorchester, Boston, Roxbury, or Watertown. The largest number went to Watertown. Chosen by Sir Richard Saltonstall when he arrived in 1630, it was high land on the river with tide-water bringing fish from the sea; the surrounding lowlands were fertile for good planting. When John came it was a well-established colony, with its



TYPE OF HOUSE OF THE FIRST SETTLERS IN WATERTOWN

The Thomas Mayhew House built in 1636

Courtesy of G. Frederick Robinson

Meeting House and Town Government, dating from August 22nd, 1634, when "William Jennison, Brian Pembleton, and John Eaddie were chosen to order the civil affairs of the Town." At the same meeting it was "Agreed that the charge of the Meeting House shall be gathered by a rate justly laid upon every man in proportion unto his estate." Church and state went hand in hand in the Colonies and the Meeting House was the centre around which the dwellings clustered and from which issued the influence guiding the secular as well as the religious life of the inhabitants.

It was not far from the Meeting House that John bought a tract of land with a log house and a sawmill on it. Its previous owner had had possession from the Indians. There were many about this frontier spot on the edge of the forest and they were a continual menace to peace of mind and property. There had been no conspicuous trouble until the killing of John Oldham, the oldest settler, a man of influence and an active trader with the Indians. His brutal murder by them so excited his neighbours to vengeance that the Pequot War was precipitated and resulted in the extermination of the tribe. Thus we see how harassed by fear must have been the lives of John and Margaret and their neighbours, in addition to the heavy burden of toil that they must carry to survive. Their hands must provide shelter, food and clothing, utensils and tools, and warmth and light to make less dim the darkness of long winter evenings. Their house at first probably had one room with a fire-place in which hung the crane holding the iron cooking pots. The furniture was probably limited to a rough trestle table and wooden stools, a bed set in the wall, a spinning wheel whose gentle whirring sound was always heard when the heavier household tasks were done. The relief from labour came one day in seven when, on the Sabbath, work was prohibited and the people gathered together in the Meeting House. Their first minister was the Reverend George Phillips, who had come from Yorkshire with Sir Richard Saltonstall. He was a graduate of Caius College, Cambridge, and a fellow-student there of Oliver Cromwell and John Harvard. A son, Samuel, born in England, was the ancestor of the Founders of Andover and Exeter Academies. By a second wife, married in Watertown, he had a son Jonathan whose daughter Sarah was the great-great-grandmother of Hepzibah Harrington Train. Mr. Phillips had unusual breadth of thought and charity for his time. His statement that there was

"Salvation within other Churches" caused fierce discussion, but his tolerance was appreciated. His people were not fined for non-attendance at meeting, which was the general custom. This exercise of their will in the matter was commendable, although in consequence "their assemblies prove but thin if the weather was stormy." Mr. Phillips died in 1644, and his friend Richard Mather describes his end in pictorial language: "He was especially liable to the cholick: the extremity of one fit whereof, was the wind which carried him afore it unto the Haven of Eternal Rest. Much desired and lamented by his People in Watertown." The salary that his ministerial labours received was fifty pounds a year.

We do not know whether John Trayne was a Church Member or not. It was a law that no one could be admitted a Freeman unless he were a Church Member, and no one was allowed to vote in Town affairs unless he was a Freeman. It was not necessary to be a Church Member or a Freeman to hold office in the Town or an appointment from the court. This could be done by taking the oath of fidelity, which John did in 1652. Almost immediately after, we read in the Town Records of his appointment to many Town offices. He was three times chosen Surveyor of the Highways. Three times "Vieurer" of the Common Fences, and three times Constable. When holding that office he fined Ganet Child ten shillings for not regulating his hogs according to Town orders, and John himself was once fined four shillings for his "delinquency in not getting in his sheep." At a Town Meeting held at Deacon Bright's house, May 3rd, 1664, it was voted to "Hyre a Herdsman because owners will not herd their cattell but let them go without any sufficient Keeper, contrary to the Order of the Town and the greatest danger to the Inhabitance. For address of such abuses it is ordered that all cattell except such as are kept in particular enclosures shall be put to John Trayne to keep them for the summer and shall pay the said Trayne according to the Covenant made by Deacon Bright and others." When holding the office as Keeper of the Town Powder the following statement appears in the minutes of a meeting of the Selectmen held January 8th, 1663: "John Taynter having searched the barrell of powder in John Chadwick's hand, informed the town that the said barrell of powder is in good condition and is far better than the Barrell that John Trayne hath provided, for what sayd Trayne took away."

In 1649 the Town voted to pay Robert Saltonstall £90 to build a gallery to the Meeting House, and to build a school house the dimensions of which were to be: "22 ft. long, 14 ft. wide and 9 ft. between joynts." Before the erection of the school house the General Court of Massachusetts had ruled that all boys should be instructed at home in reading, writing and the catechism, but the law did not apply to girls. John Shearman was instructed to supervise the new building and to write a "letter in the Town's name unto David Mechell of Stratford to certify unto him the Town's desire to have him come and keep school in the Towne." No reference is made to his salary, but a later schoolmaster, Richard Norcross, is "advised to use his best endeavour to instruct all persons according to their capacity, who would pay him three pence a week for lessons in English, and four pence a week for lessons in Latin" and the Town paid him a salary of £25 a year. Another item of expense noted in the Town Minutes is the payment of £9 for drums for the military company of "Alarum Men." A portion of the Common was set apart for their drilling ground, and there an hourly watch was kept. From these records we picture the surroundings and activities of the times, but we cannot possibly imagine accurately the truly primitive and bare conditions under which John and Margaret reared their large family of eight children:

Elizabeth, born September 30, 1640. Married, 1658, John Stratton.
Mary, born October 10, 1642. Married, —— Memory.
Sarah, born January 31, 1647. Married, 1667, Jacob Cole.
Abigale, born January 31, 1649. Married, 1668, Martin Townsend.
JOHN, born May 25, 1651. Married, 1675, Mary Stubbs.
Thomas, born, 1653. Married, 1693, Rebecca Stearns.
Rebecca, born September 8, 1657. Married, 1677, Michael Barstow.
Hannah, born September 8, 1657. Married, 1678, Richard Child.

In 1660, three years after the birth of the twins, Margaret died aged forty-three. Fifteen years later in 1675 John married Abigale Bent. In 1681 John died leaving an estate inventoried at £280 and disposing of it as follows:

IN THE NAME OF GOD AMEN—The last Will & Testamt. of John Trayne of Watertown in the Coun. of Middx. in the Massachusetts

Colony in New England. First. I give & bequeathe my Soul to God ye gave it me, & my body to the Earth from whence it came. Secondly I give & bequeathe my loving wife Abigail Train five ponds a year to be paid her halfe in money & th' other halfe in good merchantable pay during her widowhood, & all such goods as she brought with her & two pr. of sheets. Thirdly I give & bequeathe to my loving son John Trayne, that house, barn, orchard, lands & meadow which he now injoys with all rights, privileges & apertenances whatsoever & halfe the pasture lands belonging to the house ye I now live in. 4. I give to my son Thomas Trayne ye house & land which I now live in with barne & orchard, except halfe the pasture wch. I have given to my son John Trayne as is above specified. 5. All my remote land & meadow I give to my two sons John Trayne & Thomas Trayne to be equally divided between them. 6. I give & bequeath to my Daughter Elizabeth Stratton twenty shillings to be paid her within one year after my decease. 7. I give & bequeathe to my daughter Rebeccâ Basto twenty shillings to be paid to her within one year after my decease. 8. I give & bequeathe to my daughter Sarah Cole twenty Shill. to be paid to her within one year after my decease. 9. I give to my loving daughter Abigaill Towning twenty shill to be paid her within one yeare after my decease: 10. I give to my love: Daughter Hannah Child three pounds to be paid her within one year after my decease. 11. I give to my loving Son John Trayne his children twenty shill: a piece to be paid ym at the time they come to age. 12. I give to my daughter Elizabeth, her children twenty shill: a piece when they come to age. 13. I give to my daughter Rebeccâ Basto her children twenty shill: a piece to be paid when they come to age. 14. I give to my daughter Sarah Cole her children twenty shill: a piece to be paid when they come to age. 15. I give to my daughter Abigaill Towning her children twenty shill a piece to be paid when they come to age. 16. I give to my daughter Hannah Child her children twenty shill: a piece to be paid when they come to age. 17. I give to my daughter Mary Memory her children John Memory, Samuel Memory, Joseph Memory & Mary Memory twenty shill: a piece to be paid when they come to age & yt they shall be kept & maintaind at school till they be fitt to goe to trades by my Executors. 18. ffurther I constitute & appoint my two sons John Trayne & Thomas Trayne to be my Executors to order & prform this my last Will & Testamt

as witness my hand & seale this one & twenty day of January in the yeare of or Lord one thousand six hundred eighty & one.

seald & signed in prsence of:
John Bright
John Nevinson

the mark of
John Trayne & seale

Apr. 4. 81 John Nevinson, John Bright } appearing in Court made oath to the will above.

Jonath: Remington Cl.

The reading of this document removes the mists of years and endows John and his children with a reality unfelt before. We see the houses, barns, orchard, and meadow lands that he gives his sons according to ancient custom. Were some of his daughters more dear to his heart than others that he calls them "dear" or "loving," or did the scribe grow weary in writing the word so often? Was Hannah Child given three times as much as her sisters because she had the grief and burden of an idiot son Shubel? And what had Mary Memory done to be unworthy of his remembrance? It is significant that he entrusts to his executors the schooling of her children and the obligation to see that they are taught trades before they can receive his bequest. Certainly John bestowed care and thought over the distribution of his property, and leaves us a record of a loving father.

In the ancient burying ground in Watertown, where the early settlers were buried, a few of their gravestones are preserved, among them the following:

Here lyes Buried
Ye Body of
Mr. Thomas Traine
Who departed this
Life, January ye 2nd.
Anno Domini 1738 in
Ye 86th. year of his Age.

Here lyes ye Body
of Mrs. Rebecca
Traine, Relict of Mr.
Thomas Traine;
Who departed this life
Sept. 3rd. Anno Domini 1746
In ye 85th. year of her age.

Thomas Traine was the youngest son of John and Margaret Dix. He left one daughter Deborah who was married to John Bright of Watertown.

In 1675 when the Plymouth Settlement was attacked by the Indians and asked the General Court for protection, Thomas Savage

was commissioned to command the forces sent, and Captain Daniel Henchman was in command of a company. Thomas Traine was enrolled in this company and served throughout the campaign known as King Philip's War. When discharged in July, 1676, he received six pounds and twelve shillings for his services. John Trayne, Junior, was thirty years old when his father died. He had been married six years to Mary Stubbs. She was the daughter of Joshua, who settled in Watertown, and there married Abigale Benjamin in 1641. Her father, appointed Constable by the General Court of Massachusetts, was one of the Founders of Watertown, and a large landowner. Part of his property is now occupied by the Perkins Institute for the Blind. There is little difference in the few records pertaining to John Junior and those of his family, and those of his father, except that privations were not as acute or as numerous. His occupations both public and private were the same. Farming, and serving the Town in the capacity of Surveyor of Highways, Mender of Fences, and "Haward." From the minutes of a Town Meeting held in 1702 it was voted that: "John Trayne shall keep Shubel Child, same terms as Jonathan Whitney last year, and that said Trayne is to fetch the little house that is at Jonathan Whitney's to keep said Child in if he be distracted, at said Traynes own cost." Poor Shubel was John's nephew, the son of his sister Hannah. Orphans, the aged and the imbecile, when dependent on the Town were placed in the care of those willing to undertake the work, and the Traynes seem often to have been willing. In 1709 the Town voted: "That owing to the distressed condition of Mrs. Sherman, John Trayne and his wife agree to go and live with her, and that they be paid six pounds a year." Times were evidently hard for them that year for they had mortgaged their property.

In 1710, the following year, John sold the "Homestall" that his father bought in 1643 and where they had all lived continuously since then. The growth of the Town had been westward, and the bitter controversy regarding the location of a new Meeting House to suit the convenience of the West End farmers resulted in the setting apart of the western end of the Town (including the New Meeting House) as the Township of Weston. Their new minister, the Reverend William Williams, had been duly installed. He had miraculously escaped the massacre at Deerfield, but he had seen his mother (Ann Mather) and his brothers slain, and his father and his

sister Eunice carried off by the Indians. From the beginning of his ministry at Weston in 1709 until its conclusion in 1751, Mr. Williams kept a true record of the ecclesiastical affairs of the Church and notes that on September 28th, 1712, John Trayne and his wife owned the Covenant. This meant that they acknowledged their intellectual belief in the doctrines of the Church without personal Christian experience. Having been themselves baptised in infancy they allowed Baptism for their children, but were not admitted to the Lord's Supper. John died in 1718 aged sixty-three years.

The children of John and Mary Stubbs were:

John, born, 1675. Died soon thereafter.
Abigale, born, 1677. Married William Sanderson.
Elizabeth, born, 1679. Married Thomas Spring, 1; married Joseph Bullard, 2; married Thomas Upham, 3.
JOHN, born, 1682. Married Lydia Jennison.
Margaret, born, 1685. Married Samuel Perry.
Rebecca, born, 1686. Unmarried, died, 1776, aged 90 years.
Thomas, born, 1688. Married.

John Second had married Lydia Jennison in 1705. She was the granddaughter of Robert Jennison, the brother of William, who was one of the three men first chosen to manage the civil affairs of Watertown in 1634. He returned to England, and his mantle of distinction descended to his brother. John does not seem to have taken any part in Town matters, so we can only imagine that he was too involved in the arduous task of clothing seven children and of making the soil and the forest yield food for them. John died in 1742 and Lydia in 1773. Nine children were born to them, eight sons and one daughter:

John, born, 1705. Married Jane Cunningham.
Judith, born, 1708. Married Joseph Upham.
SAMUEL, born, 1711. Married Rachel Allen.
Ebenezer, born, 1715. Married ——.
Joshua, born, 1718. Married Mary Nichols.
Jonathan, born, 1718. Married Jane ——.
William, born, 1721. Married ——.
Peter, born, 1724. Married Sarah Cowles and moved to Whately.
Thomas, born, 1727. Married Abigale Viles and moved to Hartford.

CHAPTER THREE

THE TWO SAMUELS

FARMERS IN WESTON

Samuel Traine married Rachel Allen in 1793. Her father was Nathaniel, the grandson of Walter Allen who came from England in 1640 and settled first in Newbury and then removed to Watertown where he married, but the surname of his wife is unknown. Later he went to Charlestown where he died. A John Allen settled in Charlestown in 1635, and his son Thomas was the administrator of the estate of John Harvard, and married his widow, Anne Sadler Harvard. The connection of Walter Allen with John and Thomas is not clear, but the fact that Walter removed to Charlestown where they lived leads to the conjecture of a possible relationship.

Samuel and Rachel lived in the house in Weston built in 1738 by Samuel himself and his father John. This house, one of the oldest in Weston, is still standing. Unlike his father John Traine, who held no Town offices, Samuel held many, and was exceedingly active as Constable, Selectman, and Surveyor. His salary as Constable was twenty shillings a year, but to "warn Town Meeting" he was paid an extra four shillings three times a year. His uncle Thomas, grown too old to support himself, became a charge upon the Town; then Samuel and Rachel took him in, and the Town Minutes record the following: "Paid Mr. Samuel Traine in full for his supporting Mr. Thomas Traine in his life time and for the costs of his funeral at his death." Eight children were born to Rachel and Samuel as follows:

Lydia, born 1740. Married Thaddeus Spring.
samuel, born 1745. Married Deborah Savage.
Mary, born 1748. Married Abijah Allen.
Ephraim, born 1750. Married Susanna Willis—first.
Married Rebecca Hammond—second.
Rebecca, born 1754. Married Thomas Hills.
Lucy, born 1757. Married Eleazor Crabtree.

Photo by G. K. Payson Jr. 1932

HOUSE OF SAMUEL TRAINE, WESTON

Nahum, born 1759. Married Louisa Fiske.
Martha, born 1763. Died 1773.
Enock, born 1773. Married Hannah Hewing.

When Samuel Junior came of age he also became active in Town affairs. In 1770 he and his father were largely responsible for securing a vote of the Town for sixty pounds a year to have "Five Reading & Wrighting Schools in the Winter Season." Records are fragmentary but seem to show that the family were useful and sturdy members of their community and, when necessary, fighting men as well. In 1754 Samuel's brother Joshua had enlisted under Sir William Pepperell, in the expedition to Cape Breton to capture Louisburg from the French. The siege and the campaign proved disastrous to his health. He never recovered from the hardships endured and died as the result in 1756. Samuel had been a member of the company of "Alarum Men" who in the early days of the Settlement held themselves ready to protect the inhabitants from assaults by the Indians. With the gradual lessening of that danger, the Alarum Men became known as Minute Men. They were formed into militia regiments called Train Bands, ready to meet any emergency. As loyal British subjects the idea of resisting their Government was an unsuspected possibility until the Stamp Act and various other unjust measures demanded of the Colonists too great an allegiance to their distant Sovereign. The general unrest of this time with disquieting rumours must have disturbed the family life in Weston although the twelve miles distance from Boston was somewhat of a barrier to their bearing the full measure of the agitation felt there. The arrival of the British troops in 1770 and the maintenance of the garrison had brought to an end the peace and security that previously prevailed. Hate was enkindled. Deep anxiety filled the hearts of the sober-minded citizens, whether Royalists or Whigs, as to the result of the continual display of temper on both sides.

The true seriousness of the situation at last had to be acknowledged in Weston and Watertown, when Colonel Richard Salstonstall, the great-grandson of the founder of the settlement, returned to England for the reason that he could not bring himself to fight under the Crown against his friends and neighbours, or rebel against his King. Each day as the storm brewed and the gloom deepened, we can be sure that the inmates of the house in Weston did not

escape the shadow. Uncertainty and anxiety filled the heart of Rachel and that of her daughter-in-law Deborah as she watched her little son Arthur just three years old. It was then that she needed the courage of her ancestress the fearless Anne Hutchinson. At last the storm clouds broke and the first shots were fired on April 19th, 1775, at Concord, when the Colonists resisted the demand of General Gage to deliver the ammunition stored there. With amazing speed the Minute Men were mustered. Led by drums which had beat at Louisburg and carrying ancient firearms, they trooped through the woods pursuing the British in retreat to Charlestown. Samuel Traine, then sixty-five years old, and his son Samuel were among the one hundred Minute Men in the Weston Company under Lieutenant John Fiske. It must have been a tense moment when they went dashing away, leaving their bewildered and frightened households. Did the women seek a hiding place in the woods for themselves and their children, or pass the hours at home waiting for news? It was a welcome sight for them to see the men returning unharmed after two days of uncertainty. There is no record of their being at Bunker Hill in June, or at Cambridge on July 2nd when General Washington took command of the Army. Samuel Senior served for six weeks in the summer of 1776, and in 1777 Samuel Junior was one of the few men from Weston to join the force sent to Canada to meet the British under General Burgoyne marching south from Quebec to Albany. They met in the battle of Saratoga in October, 1777. The evacuation of Boston, in 1776, removed the immediate evidences of war from the neighbourhood, but not until the final defeat of the British at Yorktown in 1781 was anxiety removed.

Eleven descendants of John Trayne bearing his name served in the Continental Army fighting for the independence of the Colonies. In addition to Samuel Senior and Samuel Junior, there were:

David of Athol, who marched to Bennington in Captain Ephraim Stockwell's and Colonel Job Cushing's Regiment to reinforce the Army under General Stark.

Jonathan of Athol was at Concord, April 19th, 1775, and at Bennington, August 21st, 1777.

Robert of Stockbridge, who was a private and then corporal in Captain Thomas Williams's Company of Minute Men, and Colonel Brown's Regiment. He was at Ticonderoga in 1775, and at Cambridge in 1776, and saw service again in 1780. These three men were

brothers and the sons of John and Jean Cunningham, grandsons of John Second and his wife Lydia Jennison, cousins of Samuel Junior.

Oliver of Whately, another cousin, the son of Peter and Sarah Cowles, was with the Army at Valley Forge for three years. He also was the grandson of John Second and Lydia Jennison.

The parentage of the following men has not been discovered, but there can be no doubt of their being descendants of the original John:

Isaac of Athol was in Jonathan Warner's Regiment for two years and marched to Fishkill.

Isaac was in Benjamin Simonds' Regiment and marched to Bennington to reinforce the Army in 1777, and was also at Saratoga in 1778.

Thomas was a private in Colonel Swords' Berkshire Regiment.

Jonathan of Greenwich, Rhode Island, marched in Colonel Oliver Lyman's Rhode Island Regiment to join the Northern Army under General Schuyler.

Primus served a month in Colonel Nathan Smith's Regiment.

Nathan served in the Port Henry Company of New York in the War of 1812.

When the bonfires blazing on village greens, celebrating the end of the War, had died away, and the tumult and excitement as well, the tedious work of readjustment had to be borne. The usual post-war conditions prevailed; high prices and a scarcity of money. A devastating tide of poverty swept the country, and we cannot but marvel that the family in Weston were not engulfed. By perseverence, hard work and frugality, they not only survived but prospered. Deborah had inherited fifty pounds from her grandmother, Mrs. Habijah Savage, and in 1789 certain real estate in the north end of Boston from her father, Captain Arthur Savage, a member of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Boston. This income must have been a decided help to the meagre resources of a farmer. There were five children in the family, and their grandparents Samuel and Rachel continued to share the cares and pleasures of the growing family. Rachel died in 1802 and Samuel in 1806. The children of Samuel Junior and Deborah were:

Arthur, born in 1772. Married Betsy Seaverns.
Isaac, born in 1779. Married Sarah Harrington.

CHARLES, born in 1783. Married Elizabeth Harrington, first; married Hepzibah Harrington, second.
Samuel, born in 1785. Married Harriet Seaverns.
Betsy, born in 1787. Died in 1797.

The only unusual occurrence that invaded the life of the community and the family in these years was the organisation of the Society of Baptists. It was indeed an innovation, and showed that there was a spirit of reform abroad rebelling against the established order of things. In 1772 both Samuel and Deborah had united into full fellowship with the Congregational Church, and they were among the few who joined the new Society. Samuel helped in building a tiny Meeting House for their use. The members petitioned Town Meeting to be relieved from the tax levied upon all to support the Congregational Church, but it was not granted. It was not until 1833 that the law of church taxation in Massachusetts was repealed. The feeble Society continued too poor to support a settled minister, until Samuel's own son Charles was installed in 1811.

The long lives of Samuel and Deborah were untouched by sorrow, except when they had to bear the disappointment and loss caused by the death in 1797 of their only daughter Betsy, aged ten. Their four sons grew to manhood. Arthur and Samuel married sisters, and so did Isaac and Charles—and fifteen grandchildren were born before their lives were ended. Deborah died in 1828, aged eighty-seven years and "Deacon Samuel" in 1838, aged ninety-three years.

CHAPTER FOUR

CHARLES AND HIS SON, ARTHUR SAVAGE

MINISTERS IN FRAMINGHAM

CHARLES, the third son of Samuel and Deborah, was born in 1783. His brother Arthur was nine years old; Isaac was four. Samuel and his sister Betsy were born afterwards. We can imagine the childhood of these boys: household tasks, long days of schooling, play on the village Common, frugal meals of bread and milk and hasty pudding, discipline and severity from the hands of their elders, no tempering of the penalties for sin and disobedience. A rigid sense of the vengeance and presence of God in their lives was taught them with unflagging zeal. The worthy ambition of all New England parents was to educate at least one son for the ministry. Many were the sacrifices and heavy the privations endured to fulfil this end.

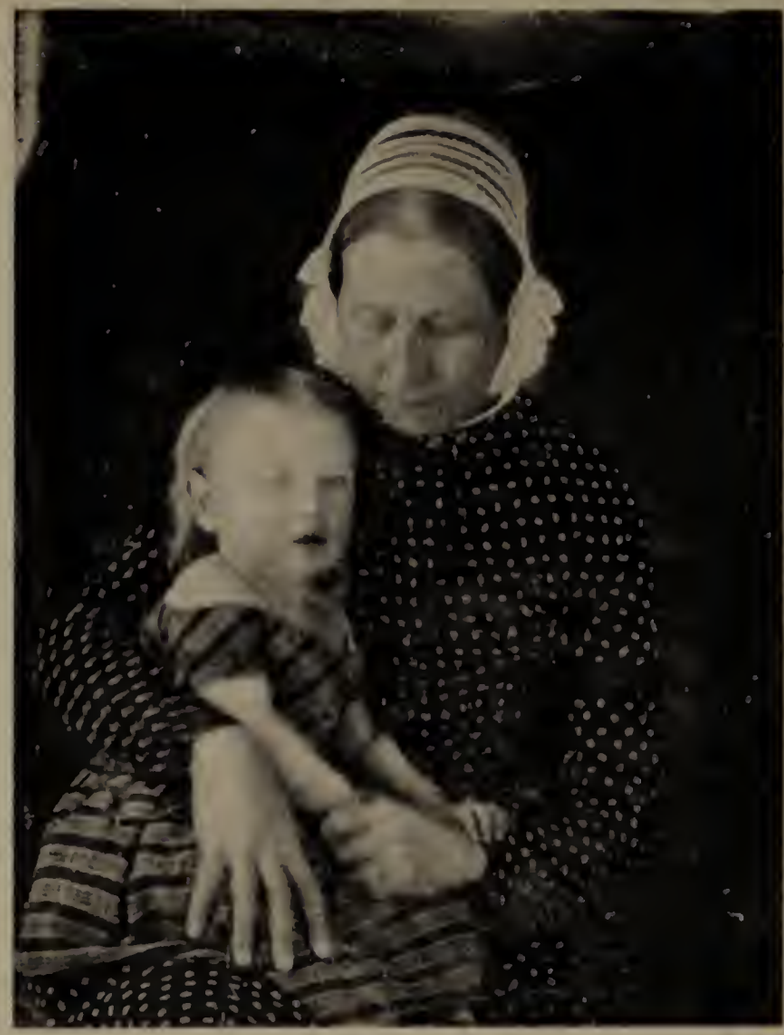
In young Charles this hope was centred. He soon showed aptitude for study, and was evidently of a most gentle and pious disposition. The Reverend Samuel Kendall, minister of the Congregational Church, a graduate of Harvard in 1782, not only persuaded but assisted him in preparing for college, so that he entered Harvard in 1801 when he was eighteen years old and graduated with forty-seven other members of his class in 1805. It had been a financial struggle for him to remain at college for four years. It was not only the cost in money but the loss of his labour on the farm that had taxed his father's powers. Arthur and Samuel were not strong enough to be of much assistance. They both died of consumption when comparatively young men, and Isaac was occupied on his own account as keeper of the village tavern. However, the cost of Charles' education was forgotten in pride over his success, when he was chosen to deliver the Hebrew Oration at Commencement. His parents must have been there, for their horse and chaise could easily have carried them the distance between Weston and Cambridge. His grandfather Samuel was still living and if he were there, too, the presence of the old man would have been a reminder of the many changes his long life had seen. Born under the sovereignty of the King of England, he had shared in the rebellion against that King and seen the independence of the Colonies and the growth of a new

Republic of which his grandson was a citizen. Thus it is, that little lives in every generation are wrought into the fabric of history.

It had been the first intention of Charles to study law but he changed to theology and prepared for the Baptist ministry. He was licensed to preach in 1806 and took charge of the congregations in Weston and Framingham. In 1826 his people in Framingham were able to build a new Meeting House. It is considered one of the finest specimens of Colonial architecture with its beautiful spire after Sir Christopher Wren. There Charles preached for thirty years. In addition to his pastoral work, he was always available to prepare for school or college those who needed instruction. For two years in his early ministry he was preceptor of the "Framingham Academy established in 1792 to disseminate Piety, Virtue, and Useful Knowledge." The scholars paid the preceptor one shilling a week for their tuition, and in winter six cents were added to this amount to pay for fuel. The Trustees paid him fifty cents for his board and his salary as minister was sixty dollars a year. He was ordained in 1811, the previous year having married Elizabeth Harrington of Weston. His brother Isaac had already married her sister Sarah. The Harrington family had been identified with Watertown as long as the Trains. Robert Harrington and his wife Susanna George were the first of the name in this country in 1642. His importance in the community can be measured by the fact that he was chosen Selectman fifteen times before his death in 1707. His gravestone and that of his wife can still be read as they stand in the old Watertown burying ground. Their great-great-grandson Abraham was the father of Elizabeth. He had marched by the side of Samuel Traine on the morning of the Concord fight in 1775. On that day two of his kinsmen, Jonathan and Caleb Harrington, had fallen on Lexington Common, the first men killed in the skirmish with the British. Abraham Harrington's wife was Ann Russell, the daughter of Thomas and Hepzibah Nichols. She is quoted as saying that her "family claimed relationship with Lord John Russell of England." In a history of the Russell family we read: "It is quite certain that the Russells are descended from one, John Russell of Woburn Abbey in Herefordshire, Privy Counsellor to Henry the Eighth, and created the first Duke of Bedford." A son of the fifth Duke of Bedford, George Russell was in Boston in 1679.

In a history of the Harrington family we read that: "Lucie, the

REVEREND CHARLES TRAIN



HEPZIBAH HARRINGTON TRAIN
CHARLES R TRAIN

daughter of Sir John Harrington of Exton, distinguished for her patronage of the Poets and celebrated in return by Ben Jonson and Dr. Donne, married Edward Russell the third Duke of Bedford." It is a coincidence that the two names should have been united both in England and America.

Abraham Harrington and his wife Ann had eleven children. A son Abraham was a member of the first class graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1826. They had seven sons and four daughters, three of whom married Trains. Elizabeth lived only four years after her marriage with Charles, leaving at her death in 1812 a son Arthur Savage named for his great-grandfather. When he was three years old his father married Elizabeth's younger sister Hepzibah, and four children were born to them:

CHARLES RUSSELL, born in 1817. Married, first, Martha Ann Jackson; second, Sarah Maria Cheney.
Althea, born in 1821 and died in 1845.
Lucilla, born in 1823 and died in 1842.
Sarah Elizabeth, born in 1834. Married, first, Emery Sabine; second, Moses Giddings.

The years in which the children were growing up were the busiest in their father's life. He was then the most important man in his community and was called upon to give much time to public affairs. For nine years he was a member of the State Legislature, as Representative and Senator. Among the acts with which his name is particularly connected are: The revision of the laws governing the Common Schools; the charter for Amherst College; and the founding of a legislative library at the State House. It is said that his work was important and his influence "benign and salutary."

When we learn that all his work both at home and abroad was done under the constant hindrance of ill-health, we can estimate the force of his character which enabled him to fulfil his tasks. As pastor, teacher, and public servant, he neglected none.

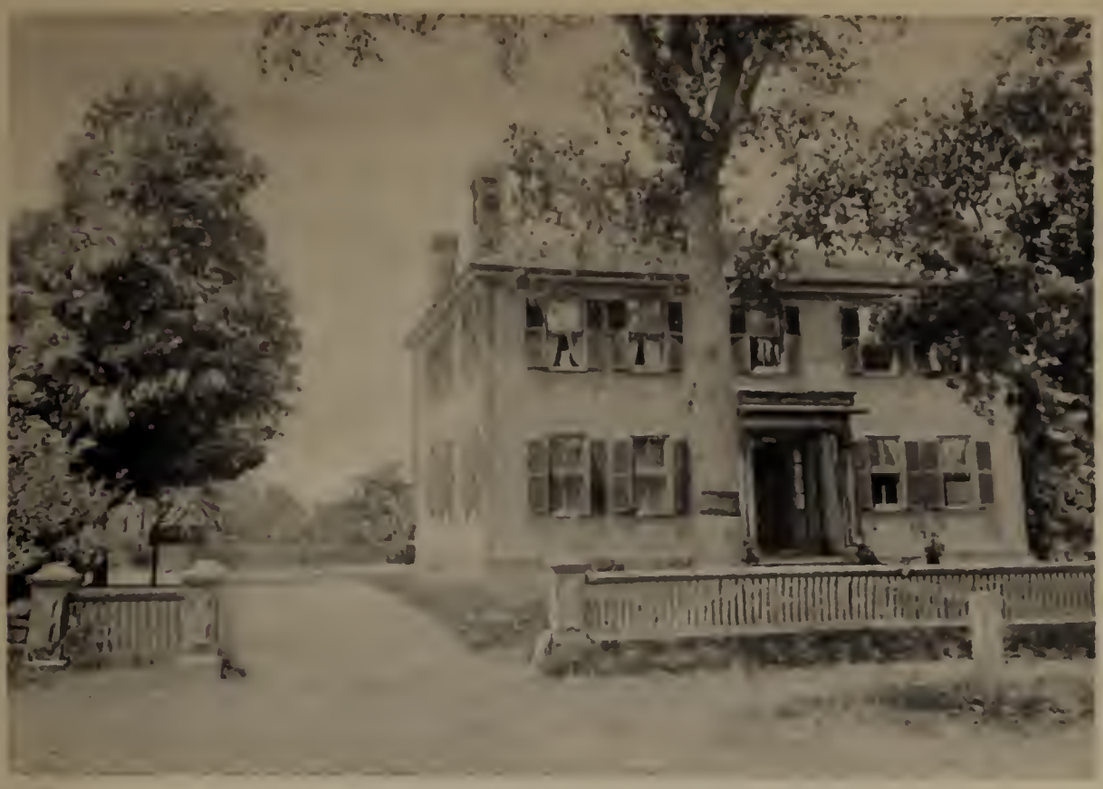
At this period another descendant of John Trayne was also playing an important part in the life of Boston, and a notable part as well in the maritime history of the country—Enock Train, a first cousin of Charles, ship-owner and merchant. This was the era of the clipper ships and the master mariners whose deeds captivate the imagination of all lovers of the sea. Train's ships sailed far and

wide for trade, and his Liverpool Packet Line ran regularly between Boston and Liverpool. The following were among his vessels: the *Joshua Bates, Washington Irving, Anglo-Saxon, Ocean Monarch, Anglo-American,* and *Daniel Webster.* They carried a black T in their foretopsail below the close reefed band, and flew the Enock Train signal, a red field with a white diamond. They were built by Donald McKay, the most famous builder of clipper ships. It was the perceptive genius of Train that brought McKay from Newburyport to Boston to establish his shipyards. Arthur H. Clark, the author of the outstanding book on this subject, *The Clipper Ship Era,* says: "The meeting at Newburyport of these two really great men; Enock Train and Donald McKay should be memorable in the maritime annals of the United States."

It never ceased to be a matter of regret to Mr. Train that he sold before she was launched the *Flying Cloud,* whose reputation for speed and beauty was unrivalled. Triumph in the success of their ships was shared alike by builder and owner.

The influence of Charles Train that was said to be "benign and salutary" on the public could not have been otherwise at home, and when touched with parental affection must have made a disciplined and happy family dwelling. The parsonage was a white house, spacious and welcoming, near the Meeting House, on the Common,—that broad green-sward surrounded with trees and neighbouring houses. The orderly arrangement of a New England village provides, as an Englishman of letters has recently said, "The noblest accommodation of man's life and nature." Certainly it would seem that lives lived under such surroundings must secure for themselves a serene power, not as easily acquired in the turmoil of towns. It would be pleasant to have more knowledge than we have of the daily life of the household, but we can only let our imagination paint the probable scenes. The following account of an event of uncommon interest is a picture of the times and of three members of the family. It was the laying of the cornerstone of the Bunker Hill Monument in 1825. Lafayette was the guest of honour and Daniel Webster delivered the oration. Charles Russell Train, then eight years old, tells his remembrance of the occasion:

"My Father was a patriotic man, he did what he could to influence his children to love of Country, and he brought his sons to Boston



THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH AND THE PARSONAGE,
FRAMINGHAM CENTRE

to see Lafayette and witness the laying of the cornerstone. I was gorgeously arrayed in a green bombazine frock and trousers and ruffled collar. My hat was made of Dunstable braid nicely plaited by the hands of my loving Mother and made into a hat by one of the neighbours. My feet were dressed in bootees from leather tanned and manufactured in Framingham and shining with black ball, well laid on for the journey. And so with the old mare harnessed into the yellow-hulled chaise, my Father, Brother and myself travelled to Boston making the distance of twenty-one miles in four hours. Arriving in Boston I thought my hat not quite the thing for the occasion and my indulgent Parent bought me my first cap and the straw hat was consigned to the chaise-box. The following morning my Father held me in his arms that I might see Lafayette and the procession over the heads of the crowd, my Brother five years older being able to take care of himself."

In those days when the pleasures of children were not considered of importance, it is a pleasing reminiscence of this father's desire to share with his young sons an interesting experience. All recollections of him are the same, proving him kind and sympathetic with his children, and giving much affection and care to the five motherless daughters of his brother Isaac. The eldest, Deborah, was often a member of the household. The necessity of resignation from his charge because of increasing illness and suffering did not come until 1839; and in 1843 he was able to perform in part some ministerial work. By that time his sons had graduated from college and were self-supporting, and his daughters had finished their term at the Academy and were prepared to teach school. They both secured positions not far from home. The following letter is to Lucilla from her mother.

"Framingham,
May 6th, 1841.

"Dear Lucilla.

"You probably expected a letter from me last week, but as matters were a week ago I thought it best to omit writing until today, and as I shall give you a history of events for the past three weeks you will perceive that on the whole it was best that I did not. On the first Sabbath that you left, it rained in the morning and your Father

did not go to Meeting. In the afternoon he went to see Mrs. Clark. He called at Mr. Goodnows and found Joseph had come home the day before sick with a fever. The next Sabbath I went to Meeting with him and had a pleasant ride over in the morning, and a good time while there, but it rained all the way home, but we did not face it so we did not get wet. When we got home James said that Joseph had brain fever and was not expected to live. On Monday it rained, and on Tuesday Mrs. Tombs came to see me. Wednesday your Father went to Boston and Mr. and Mrs. Harvey called. They did not stop long but went to the Hutchinsons. Thursday it rained again and Friday we went to see Joseph but he did not know us, and died Sunday night and was buried Tuesday. The last five days he lost his reason completely. Poor fellow, he little thought when he spent his Sabbath lounging about, that he had so few to spend here. The family feel very bad, and your Father prayed that this might be sanctified, not only to the family, but all young people. I felt it very deeply. I thought if Attie should be sick and I could not be with her, I could not support it—but I pray that she may return to us again, and hope to feel reconciled to whatever may take place. Martha has had a letter from her and she did not say but what she was well. Last Sabbath I went to Unionville to Church, heard two very good sermons but was very tired when I got home. Monday I put in my quilt but have not done much on it, we have a great many calling lately. We went to Weston Fast Day and had a good Meeting and went to Mother's and had a good visit and had a rain to come home in. I never knew such a Spring in my life everything looks so gloomy. The front yard looks tolerably well, those small fleur-de-lis are in blossom, the peonies and lilies are up and some other thing that I don't know. But the phlox are all dead. The large rose is in full bloom and the verbenas look sweetly. The dahlias have not appeared and I am afraid they will not. I intend to get some slips as soon as I can and plant some seeds. I find myself very busy. We have a boarder now. Dr. Wheeler has got starved out and we have taken one of his boys, he is quite a good boy, but I do not want him. Mrs. Perry told me she met with a Mr. Edward Sanford at her boarding house who inquired very particularly about our family, said he travelled with Attie, said he was introduced to her as 'Mr. E' and thought he would not alter it. Said he looked on those girls with astonishment, wondered their Parents could

consent to let them go. Charles and Martha came home yesterday. M. very much improved I expect, but the Doctor says she must exercise in the open air all the time and not study at all. Allen Shepherd is at home with the measles, and C. B. Clark is at Westboro keeping the Village School with 70 scholars. If he don't make a failure I will be glad. Caroline sent me your smelling bottle and a beautiful handkerchief. I shall make up a little bundle for you and send to Boston by your Father next week and he will find some one to take it to you. With regard to your joining the Ornamental Society, if you have time to attend to it you had better, but I would not undertake more than I could attend to properly. We had a letter from Arthur last week, S. and Annie are in Providence, and he is there all alone. I think it is too bad. They expect Annie will have the whooping cough. I am glad you like Townsend so well. M. saw a lady in Boston who had been to Townsend and said they were all homesick. Teachers and all. How is your health? Be sure to take exercise. I expect your Uncle and Aunt next week. Have spoken to S. Bigelow to help me should I need it. I suppose you had quite an interesting time last time Wednesday. I hope that friend K. [evidently the Minister] will be prospered and the good people of Townsend benefitted. Your father sent them $25.00 the other day. I have got almost to the bottom of my paper, if you can read it I will be glad. Sarah sends a kiss and the rest love. If we get a letter, from A. next week will put it in your bundle.

Goodbye,

H. Train.

"P.S. Your Father is to preach at the Poor House at half past 5 o'clock."

How much Lucilla must have enjoyed this chronicle of home affairs and how much it tells us of the life of the parsonage and its neighbours! Was it a foreboding of sorrow that made poor Hepzibah write: "If Attie should be sick and I could not be with her, I could not support it"? For it was what happened, only it was Lucilla first, just a year after the words were written; and two years later Althea died. It was a most grievous blow to have each young daughter stricken with illness away from home and die before their parents could reach them.

This marked the beginning of sorrow and anxious care. The re-

maining years of their father's life were burdened with extreme suffering and his gradual decline was prolonged over several years. He died in 1849 aged sixty-six years. The words of commendation that were then spoken in praise of his life and labours were well deserved. In the historical sermon preached in Framingham on the seventy-fifth anniversary of the church, the clergyman said:

"I would there were time that we might have the days of the past speak to us in detail of the labours of the Reverend Charles Train. I am forcibly struck by the amount of work he performed. He was indefatigable in his work for the Master. Not only did he preach here and look after his large parish in Framingham, but we find him labouring and preaching in the surrounding Towns. During his pastorate of thirty years he baptized 309 persons. He was called 'Father Train' and most appropriately so, for not only did this church come into existence through his earnest and consecrated labours, but it was tenderly nurtured by him in its infancy and early years. His memory is blessed."

The title of "Father" is certainly evidence of mutual affection between the pastor and his flock.

Hepzibah was left with her daughter Sarah who was fifteen years old at the time of her father's death. Her sons were married, Arthur in Haverhill, and Charles in Framingham. With the latter Hepzibah and Sarah lived until Sarah's early marriage to Emery Sabine, when she went to Maine to live with them. Mr. Sabine did not live long, and Sarah was married to Mr. Moses Giddings of Bangor, a man of position and wide interests, a devout and happy Christian. In such a home Hepzibah was more than content. The following letter shows this, as well as her interest in the lives of the growing generation. It is written to her grand-daughter Lucilla Train Lawrence.

"Bangor,
November 12th, 1876.

"My dear Lucilla:

"Your letter was just what I wanted. I had not heard from Framingham for so long a time that it did me a great deal of good, those old neighbours are very dear to me, and as I sit here, I wonder if they

think as much about me as I do about them. Mrs. Wheeler in particular has no one to care for her, and in her helpless state it must be pretty hard for her. She is the only quite old person that is left. There is Aunt Sophia and Miss Marshall but they have relatives that are interested in them. I think that I am one of the favoured few, having so many to write to me and Sarah to live with. I never lived so much to my mind in my life, and I think she enjoys it as much as I do, we can do just as we please, and no one to say: 'Why do you so?' I don't go out, only to ride occasionally, when some friend calls and takes me. Last Sabbath Deacon Thomson took me to the Communion Service, probably it is the last time for this year. The day was very fine and I enjoyed it very much. He said he would take me to spend the day with them but I declined going, not being in a condition to be from home but a short time, and Sarah would not go. Some of the people think that she is very fashionable because she don't make calls, but she don't mind. She says if she goes to one place she must to another and she won't begin till spring. I am glad that you went to see your Grandmother Jackson. I suppose she misses Emma very much being her main dependence. I had a letter from Mrs. Train the other day, they had just returned from the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, having enjoyed their trip very much. I learned from her that Harry had returned with the promise of a situation next Spring. He can fulfil his engagement at the theatre and have something to look forward to. I don't give him up if he has contracted bad habits. I have just read an article from a missionary in Persia, in which he says that the Mohammedans have a law prohibiting the use of intoxicating wines, and that it is strictly adhered to by their subjects. If one of them is seen intoxicated they say 'That man has left Mohammed and gone over to Jesus.' I should think it would be very discouraging to the missionaries. I had a letter from Attie and Mrs. Palfrey. Attie said she was much exhausted when she returned from Philadelphia. Mrs. Palfrey said she was quite well and the children were well, and she would miss them very much when they went in town, as she depended upon Attie to advise her about her baby. I think it must be hard to move twice in the year, and houses in town are not so convenient as those in the country, so much going up and downstairs. If I had been at your Father's, I should be obliged to keep my room. Here I have but one flight, and those very easy. I think if there

were a school at Belmont it would be better for her to stay where she is. I am glad to hear from Grace and her family. I hope Doctor Lawrence has recovered from his cold. Our next door neighbour has gone South for the winter on account of her health, she leaves her husband and two children. I don't think it strange that the people of Framingham did not recognize you. You have been there so little of late. You and Attie don't look much alike, but when you used to come in and see me, I often thought it was Attie. I am glad the quilt pleased you. People don't have leisure for such work, only old folks and they are fast disappearing. I enjoy doing it and am a great deal happier for having something to occupy my time. I read a great deal but my eyes get tired. I oftener write Sundays while Sarah is gone to church, because I don't have to look so steadily. I don't know how I shall busy myself these long winter evenings, as I have knit everybody out, that is the best for me, but if I continue as well as I am now, I shall be glad to knit for somebody. Sarah joins me in love to you and your husband.

Your affectionate Grandmother

TRAIN.

"P.S. You did not tell me about Susie Lawrence."

Less than six months after this letter was written Hepzibah died—eighty years old. The following account of her life and character was written by her son-in-law Mr. Giddings:

"She was a woman of rare virtues. For many years her home was a sort of Theological School, to which men came for instruction and assistance in preparation for the Ministry. Some of the most eminent and useful Ministers of the Denomination have occasion to remember her motherly care and counsel. Such was the reputation of her husband and the custom of the times that her home was more than the home of the Minister, in those days a sort of meeting place for the Denominations for miles around. Here Councils were held; here Ministers came for consultation; here plans were formed for the advancement of religious interests, especially as given to the care of the Baptists of New England. It was not an uncommon sight in those days for one looking in upon the large room of the old house, to see a young man seated upon the high windowsill, attentive to the profound questionings of the Council of Ministers who, themselves seated at the heavily laden table, sought to digest alike, the

well-cooked food of the good housewife, and the trembling answers of unfledged divinity. And if it is true, that a good dinner humanises more than human speech, alas! if one less careful or wise in the management of her husband, or in the spreading of her table had furnished the dinner for these hungry divines. Over such a home our sister presided with grace and intelligence. Nothing indeed was wanting to make it a Christian home. No duty was neglected, and yet though many the cares of such a home in such a day, she not only with unusual skill discharged every duty but also entered so heartily and intelligently into the work of the Denomination of which her husband was an honoured Minister, that at the time of her death there was no authority in New England more trustworthy with reference to the Baptist Denomination of those days than was she. For this reason her criticisms of memorial discourses and papers were invaluable. There was a serenity and an intelligent obedience and resignation to the will of God which, to those who had had large experience of life, spoke of some great contest at some early period of life which had resulted in victory. Such indeed was the fact. On May 21st, 1841 died very suddenly, away from home, a loved daughter Lucilla aged eighteen years. On September 14th, 1845 died yet another beautiful daughter, Althea, very suddenly away from home, aged twenty-four years. Against these Providences the strong heart of this woman rebelled. There were days and nights and weeks during which she not only refused to be comforted but also declared the dealings of God to be unjust. But at last the poor wounded bleeding soul lay passive in His Arms and knew no Will but His. The last portion of her life was spent in this city with her daughter whose precious privilege it was to minister to her in her declining years and to close her eyes in death. They who knew her have a memory of old age made green and beautiful and useful by the perpetual graces of the Christian Religion. But at length He who had long spared His servant to adorn the earthly home called her to adorn the Heavenly."

Her going closes the door upon her generation, and it is done with reverence.

Arthur Savage Train, the oldest son of Charles, followed the calling of his father and became a Baptist minister. His first charge was the church in Haverhill, where he remained twenty-five years. He

then resigned to become Professor at the Newton Theological Seminary. After seven years there he was called to his father's old church in Framingham, where he spent the last years of his life, greatly enjoying the associations and surroundings of his boyhood. A holiday in Europe in 1855 was a delightful experience to him, but he never lacked for recreation. His intense love of Nature and his rambles about the countryside gathering rare plants and flowers supplied his every need for pleasure and relaxation. The lovely village of Haverhill, lying in a river valley, with its wide streets lined with trees, owes much of its attractiveness to his skilful planning. He reared without thought a pleasant and enduring monument to his memory. James Russell Lowell has said: "No man does anything more visibly useful to posterity than he who plants a tree." In 1838, Susan Beckwith of Providence became his wife and they had three daughters: Alice Beckwith, Elizabeth Harrington, and Ann Russell. He married secondly, in 1852, Caroline Whittier of Haverhill. He died in 1872 aged sixty years, useful, happy, quiet years. A letter from his daughter Mrs. James Hale links her memories of the past with an active interest in the present generation.

"Haverhill,
April 13th, 1931.

"My dear Susan:

"When you are my age, towards a hundred, I usually give it and have to manage a house, and a servant, and a blind invalid friend (she came to stay a month and has staid on eleven years) and her companion, and all the bills, and at this season innumerable repairs, and your eyes so weak that if you use them more than half an hour at a time without stopping to rest at least an hour, you get into trouble—then, and then only can you realise my position. Of course you know that your Father was the cousin nearest to me in age. My birthday in February, and his in May in 1845. I never had any brothers of my own age and I was rather afraid of boys anyway, so my friends have always rather hesitated to credit my statement that I fired a gun on the 4th of July. You see Charley showed me how and said I was equal to it so of course I did it. When I saw your Father at Sam Payson's wedding I was perfectly delighted and he had not changed a bit. When I lost your Aunt Attie and her letters, I felt as though every one that belonged to me had suddenly

departed and left me alone by some mistake. She seemed so much younger and smarter than I. The last time I saw her, she said: 'Annie, do you feel as lively as you act?' She was always wishing I could see your brother Russell and of course I echoed that wish. I have a picture of him, apparently from a Washington paper. Quite clear and handsome, taken when he was appointed President Hoover's Naval Aide. I wonder how old his boys are now. Of course I have always followed your careers and I greatly prize Eleanor Parker's letters telling me the family news. I have to remember how ancient I am, in order to reconcile you young folks being Grandmothers. I am so glad that Eleanor's beautiful grandchild is named 'Grace Train.' I knew that Serena was married but had not been posted about her children. I think it is lovely to hear of her 'Arthur Savage.' When my Father went abroad I was too young to think about Ancestry. (Isn't it a pity that we never think to ask questions of those who can answer, until they are beyond our sight?) It was many years later that I heard him say that the Trains came from Scotland and use to spell their name Trayne. Also that he wanted to have Uncle Charles to have his boys change the spelling to that way and pass it on. If I ever knew where Father got the Coat of Arms, I do not know enough to swear to it in Court but I always supposed it came from Grandfather Train to my Father as oldest son. Ever since I can remember it hung in Father's study. I know Father always said that as he had no sons his framed Coat of Arms must go to Charles' oldest son, your Father. I was quite pleased many years ago when I received a letter from your Mother with the crest at the top of the paper, I speedily cut it off and still have it to remind me that since I am a Train I must be 'Brave and Faithful.' Cousin Wheeler of Concord was one of six girls in the same family, own cousins to my Father. Aunt Sarah Giddings told us when the last was born the Father (Isaac Train) was so vexed he would not see her. Deborah was the oldest and when she married Jonathan Wheeler of Concord took in all the rest. Aunt Helen kept house for Father a while before he married my stepmother Caroline Whittier. She never married and we girls thought she was a terrible old maid and very unsympathetic with us. We were told she was unhappy because she had been jilted by Paul Revere which then made her very interesting to us. At this time she was twenty-three years old! Cousin Deborah's oldest child Mrs. Blanchard was named Helen

for her. She was lovely. We went to Concord to see them, and I have since wondered why they never took us to see Hawthorne's house, or those other distinguished houses when we were there. No one did, in those days any more than they did Whittier's birthplace here. My husband came home one day and remarked that Mr. John G. Whittier the poet was in his store that day. And yet I made two attempts to see him and never succeeded. Mother Train's mother, Mrs. Whittier went to school with him. When we were reading Mrs. A. D. Train Whitney's books we wondered if she were any relative. Father did not know and told us to ask Uncle Charles, and he said yes, and told which Train she was the daughter of. But you know there were neither autos, or trolleys for so many years when Father and Uncle Charles were growing up they could not be intimate with all their relatives. Your great-grandmother was the only grandmother I ever knew, and was very dear to us all. I was very proud to have her visit me, in my own house here, and I have a picture of her lovely sweet peaceful face framed on the mantle of my room. She came to see me when she came from Bangor to Boston. She was eighty years old the last time she came. She went upstairs for her cap, and after coming down went right back up again. I begged her to let me go and she replied, 'Oh I am not old enough to be waited on yet.' I told her I was afraid that I would not have any one to wait on me when I was eighty, and if I did I should let them do it, and here I am eighty-six years old! When I study that peaceful face, I wonder if she could have kept it, if she had lived in such tempestous days as we do, everybody so busy, and everybody driven, that is if you join the crowd.

Your affectionate cousin,

Annie R. Hale."

CHAPTER FIVE

CHARLES RUSSELL TRAIN

A LAWYER IN MASSACHUSETTS

Charles Russell, the second son of Charles and Hepzibah Harrington Train, was born in 1817, and named for his father and his maternal grandmother, Ann Russell. He travelled the usual path of childhood by the side of his brother and his sisters, and followed in his brother's footsteps to the Framingham Academy and Brown University. This was chosen because of its Baptist affiliation. After his graduation he studied in a lawyer's office in Framingham and then spent a year at the Harvard Law School. He was admitted to the Suffolk Bar in 1841 and therewith began the practise of his profession in Framingham. That same year he married Martha Ann Jackson. Her parents had come from Attleboro and settled in Ashland, which was a part of the original plantation of Framingham (first known as Danforth's Farms), but set off in 1846 to form the new town "Ashland," named for the home of Henry Clay in Kentucky. The choice of name was largely due to the influence of James Jackson, who was then under the spell of the idol of the Whig Party. The paternal and the maternal grandfathers of Martha, James Jackson and Edward Price, came from Lancashire, England, to Attleboro in 1794, and are the only non-Colonial ancestry in the family. Edward Price, however, made a distinguished Colonial connection when he married, in 1796, Sarah Daggett. She was a lineal descendant of Governor Thomas Mayhew, whose daughter Hannah married Thomas Doggett in 1657. The Doggetts were of the Parish of Boxford in the County of Suffolk in England, adjoining the Parish of Groton. Groton Manor was the seat of the Winthrop family. There was a connection by marriage between the families, and in 1630 John Doggett came in the fleet with John Winthrop to New England. He was first in Watertown and a large landowner. From thence to Martha's Vineyard he followed his son Thomas, who was established there because of his father-in-law, Thomas May-

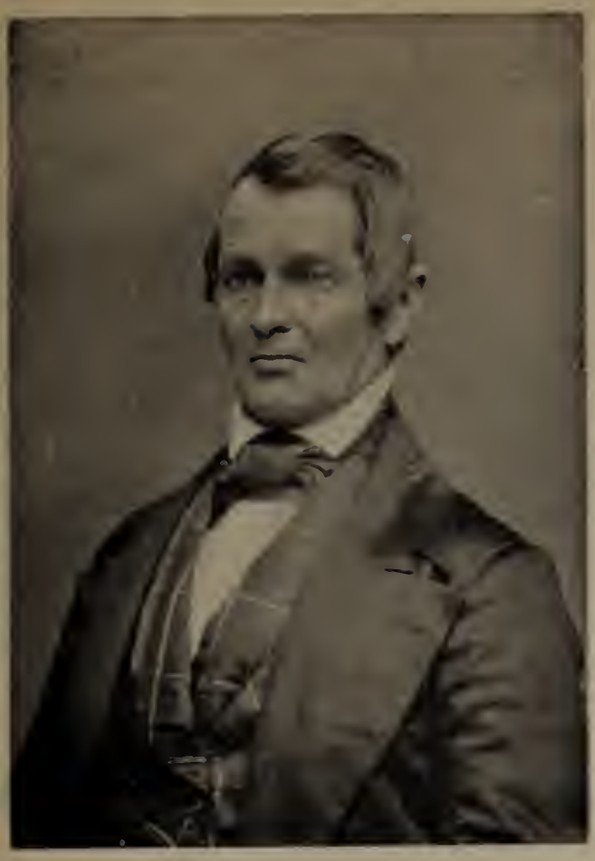
hew, the Lord of the Manor. Mayhew in writing to Winthrop says: "My son Doggett that hath more language than any other Englishman upon the Island, and is a considerable young man." Three generations of Doggetts (or Daggetts) remained at the Vineyard, and their house at Edgartown can still be seen. In 1711 they removed to Attleboro. In the old burying ground their tombstones reveal their resting places, and their epitaphs tell us of their habits and their virtues.

"Traveller—If ever dram to thee was dear
Drop on John Doggett's grave a tear
Who, when alive, so well did tend
The Rich, the Poor, the Foe, the Friend
To every knock and every call
He said: 'I am coming' unto all
At length Death knocks, poor Doggett cry'd
And said: 'I'm coming, Sir,' and died."

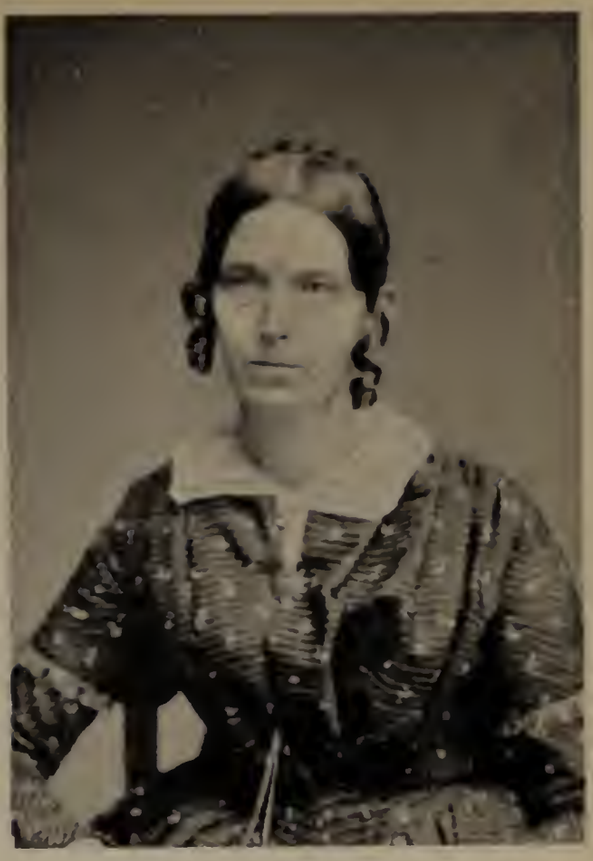
The Inn of which he was the renowned keeper was in earlier times Woodcock's Garrison House, one of a chain of fortifications against Indian attacks extending along the Post Road from Boston to Rhode Island.

The Reverend Napthali Daggett was President of Yale College from 1766 to 1779. His presidency was interrupted by the arrival of a troop of British soldiers under General Tryon at West Haven, July 4th, 1779. College was disbanded and the students scattered. Doctor Daggett was so belligerent and fearless, that he was captured while firing single-handed on the advancing soldiers. He was so roughly treated by his captors that he died shortly in consequence. His daughter Mary Daggett became the wife of Robert Platt of Plattsburg, New York, and one of the founders of the town.

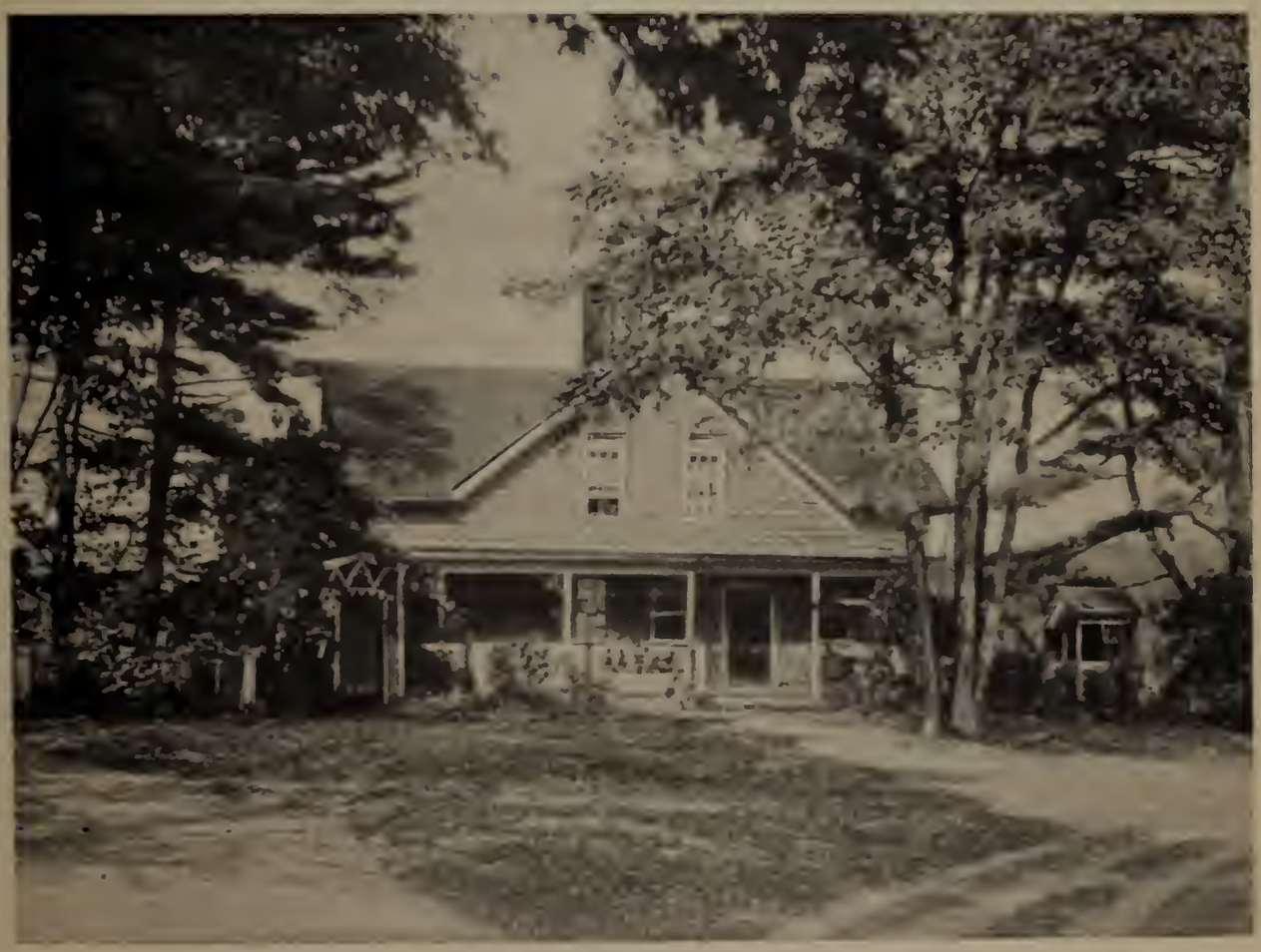
Elihu Daggett, Napthali's cousin, had a captain's commission in the Provincial Army, and served with Colonel Bradstreet at the capture of Fort Frontenac. His three sons also had distinguished military records. Daniel, the father of Sarah, was a lieutenant in Captain Robinson's Rhode Island Company. His wife was Margaret Woodcock. Among her forebears was a certain Sir John Woodcock, Lord Mayor of London in 1405. In 1695 the Parish Register of St. Mary's Church, Aldermary, records the second marriage of John Mil-



JAMES JACKSON



MARTHA ANN PRICE JACKSON



THE DANIEL DAGGETT HOUSE, NORTH ATTLEBORO, BUILT IN 1794

Birthplace of his granddaughter, Martha Ann Price

ton to Katharine Woodcock. The emigrant John Woodcock came to this country in 1735 and settled in Attleboro. It is said of him, "that he lived to an advanced age, in spite of the many attempts by the Indians to destroy him. He carried on his body the scars of seven bullet holes."

Daniel Daggett and Margaret Woodcock had eight children. Sarah became, as before mentioned, the wife of Edward Price, and their only daughter was Martha the wife of James Jackson. The mother of James Jackson was Molly Stanley, whom his father married in 1794 soon after he came from England. It is the general presumption that the Stanleys in America are of the English family of whom the Earl of Derby is the head. The first earl married Eleanor the daughter of the Duke of Salisbury and it was their son who commanded the left wing of the English Army at Flodden Field.

". . . On! Stanley on!
Were the last words of Marmion."

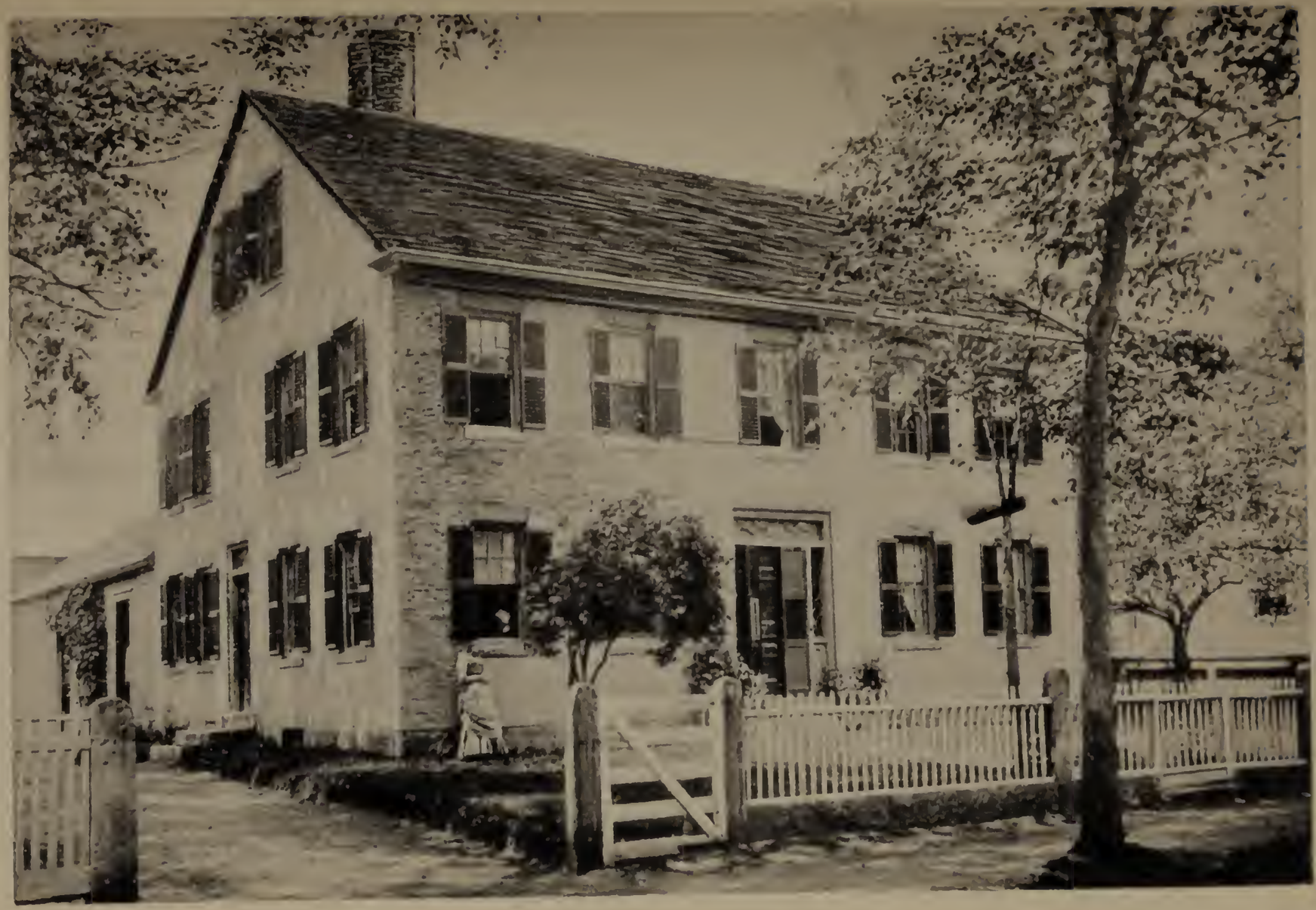
Matthew Stanley came to England in 1646 and settled at the Vineyard, and then went to Topsfield. There we read in the Town Records that he was fined five pounds, two shillings and six pence, for winning the affections of John Tarbox's daughter without her parent's consent. Six of Matthew's grandsons went to Attleboro and from them have descended a vast number of the name.

James Jackson and his wife Martha Ann Price had numerous children: Martha Ann, born November 13th, 1818; Emmeline Elizabeth, Henrietta Maria, James Price, Sarah Jane, Henry Clay, John Trull, and Charles Edward. Several died young or in infancy and those who survived were far from sturdy. It would seem unfair to blame their environment for their frailty. What could be more conducive to health than a childhood and youth spent in that sunny brick house with its spacious yard and orchard, standing near the street for friendly contact with the passerby, and looking over the way at the gray stone mill where James conducted a successful business manufacturing cotton. This was the spot where Martha Jackson lived with her brothers and sisters, going to the village school and then as we learn from the following letter to "The Young Ladies' Female Seminary" at Townsend.

"Townsend,
June 8th, 1840.

"My dear sister Jane:

"I am very much obliged for your letter, it was very interesting. You told me more news than I have heard since I have been in Townsend. I think you have quite a talent for letter writing, Jennie. I am writing in school and am very much fatigued, therefore shall not write you a very long letter. I wish you were here, Jane, it would be a nice place for you, only I am afraid your poor tongue would suffer for want of exercise. You could not talk as you do at home, never could speak in school and there are only two or three hours a day that you may talk *out* of school as we are obliged to study most of the time. But you would become accustomed to this and it is a fine place to learn. I hope Father will send you here sometime, but you must improve yourself as much as possible at home. You will find it much pleasanter to be advanced in your studies when you go away and be much happier than if you are backward and below others of your age. And if you are a good scholar you will be happy wherever you are and your teachers will love and respect you. I want you to study. Study every opportunity, and remember all you learn and write composition too. Begin now Jennie, if you wish to write easily and well. You will find it much easier to write when at home than when away, and if you commence now it will not trouble you when you go away to school as it does some of the young ladies here, and there will be no get off at school as there is at home. I am not accustomed to advising you and hardly know how to do it. I have given you a great deal and hope you will profit by it. Well, why did you not tell me more about your visit at Attleboro? Were you not homesick? Has Emma gone to Attleboro? I thought she was going to teach the District School this summer. I guess I will have to come home after all, and take it but I like going to school better than keeping school. I suppose you will go to Mr. Angiers's school if he takes one in Unionville. I think I shall not be obliged to return to Townsend if he opens a school. Perhaps he will need an assistant in which case I will offer my services. Oh! I should dearly love to fly home this afternoon and rest my weary head, for I have not had a moment's rest since I have been here, save when sick. But I like it. I am much happier for having every moment engaged with something useful. I have not so much time to think of home. Tell Emma



THE JACKSON HOUSE, ASHLAND

Mrs Jackson in the window and her granddaughter, Edmah H Wheeler, outside

I am in the second book of Euclid. Oh! I admire it. I like it better and better, the farther I advance. It is so much more sensible and prettier, than algebra. I wonder how any person can be so absurd as to prefer algebra to geometry. I should dearly love to have a ride on horse back this beautiful afternoon. It is just right for it, and as a substitute I must write composition as this is the time appointed for that delightful exercise. Jane, who is the President of the new Society in Unionville? What a name they have chosen. I can't endure it. It sounds so distressingly affected. I should admire to meet with them though. Are there any, save young ladies that belong? Do they have refreshments? Where is Mr. Clark? His name has not been mentioned since I have been here. I really feel quite concerned about him. Has he forsaken our house? Tell him I am going to send him a paper whenever I can get one. Where is Mr. M'Intyre? I wish he would come and see me. Oh, dear I must give in an exception, my book is out of place. I expect I shall be very orderly when I get home because if I leave so much as a pin out of place, that is, on the floor, or on the table, I have to get up in school and tell of it. How absurd, I shall not have such rules in my school. Is Mother going to Connecticut? I hope you will all try and persuade her to go. I am going to finish this in about one minute more, and then I must write composition. Oh, it is beautiful this afternoon. I had a call from a gentleman last evening, and this morning he came with a chaise and a splendid horse and took me to drive before breakfast. Had a fine time. It seemed nice to get into a chaise once more. There are some beautiful places here where we go to walk or ride, when we get the opportunity. But who do you think my beau was? I will have you guess. And now Jane you must not let any one but Mother see this. Write me again very soon. Tell James I will be very happy to receive a letter from him and will answer it if he will send one.

Your affectionate sister, ANNIE."

It was in Townsend that her acquaintance with the Trains probably began, for Lucilla and Althea were both students at the Seminary. In appearance Martha was tall and slender with clear cut features, dark eyes and fine straight black hair. She soon won the affection of her schoolmate's brother Charles and in a year and a half after the above letter to her sister Jane was written, they were mar-

ried on October 21st, 1841. She was twenty-two, and he was twenty-four. They went to live in Framingham and Charles bought a house from Elihu White who had built it in 1830—a plain white-painted house with gable ends and drooping eaves. It was situated across the Common from the Meeting House, on a short lane running from the corner of the Common and the highway, secluded but not removed from its neighbours on the Green. The pleasant quietness of the village remained undisturbed, since the railroad from Boston with its clamour had passed it by in 1827 and chosen the "South Village" instead of the "Centre" for its station. Its coming had brought business activity and professional opportunities for a lawyer, and Charles R. Train soon became known for the legal ability that brought success to his clients. Success was necessary for him to meet the increasing needs of his family:

Lucilla, born August 8, 1841. Named for the young aunt who had died in May. Married Francis William Lawrence.

Charles Jackson, born May 14, 1845. Named for his two grandfathers. Married Grace Tomlinson.

Althea, born July 24, 1847. Named for her father's sister who had died in 1845. Married Gilbert R. Payson.

Arthur Clifford, born August 15, 1850. Named for his father's brother and a friend, Governor Clifford.

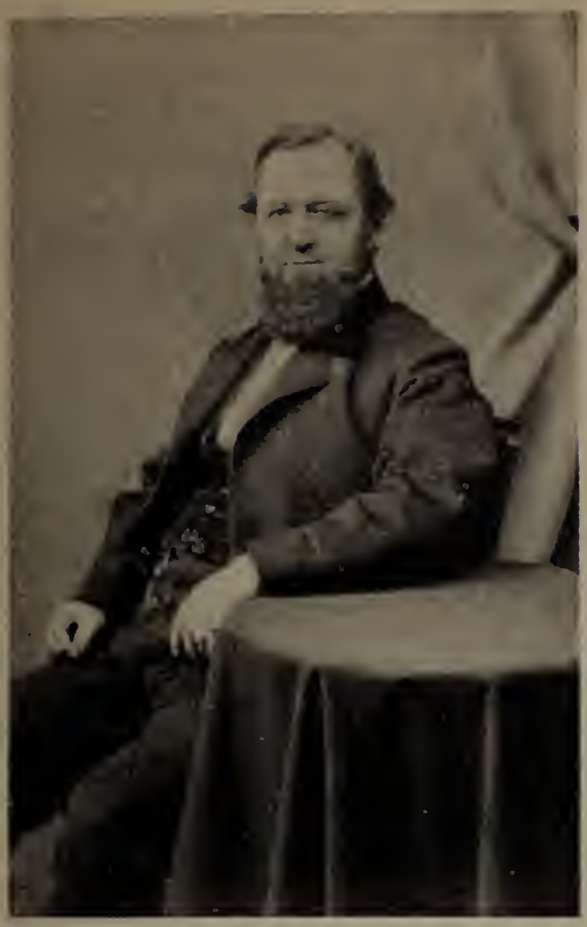
Henry Jackson, born January 28, 1855. Named for a maternal uncle. Married Ora R. Atwood.

John Henry Clifford, for whom young Clifford was named, was a notable lawyer born in Providence in 1809 and living in New Bedford. He was Attorney-General of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for eleven years and served as Governor for one year. Brown University of which he was a graduate, Amherst, and Harvard all bestowed upon him the degree of LL.D. For several years he was President of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College. Judging from his correspondence with Charles R. Train, a warm friendship of affection and respect existed between them. One letter is sufficient and pleasant proof of this.

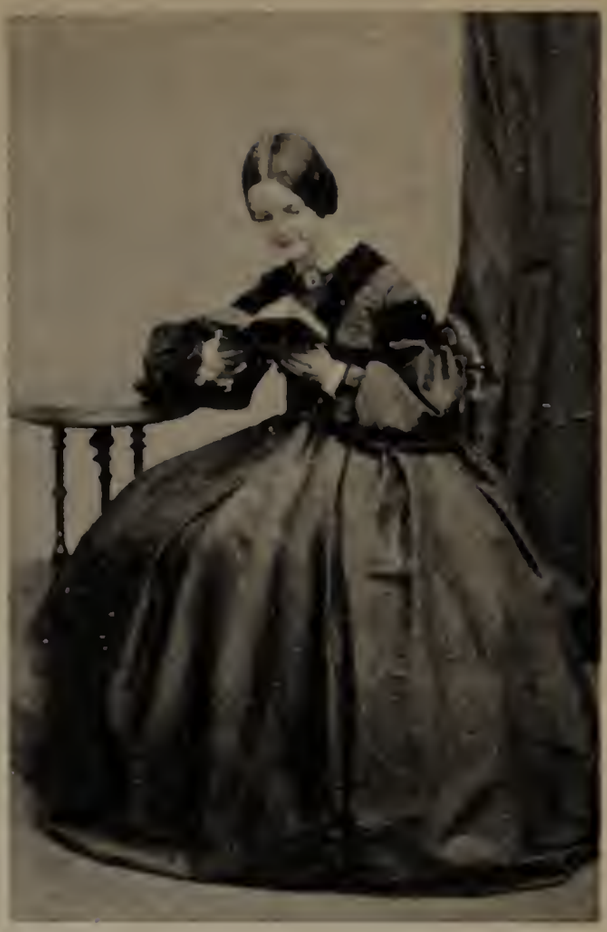
"New Bedford,
Aug. 29th, 1850.

"My dear Train:

"I hasten to reply to yours of the 27th this moment received, and to say that I shall be at the Tremont next Wednesday evening & to



CHARLES R. TRAIN



MARTHA ANN JACKSON TRAIN

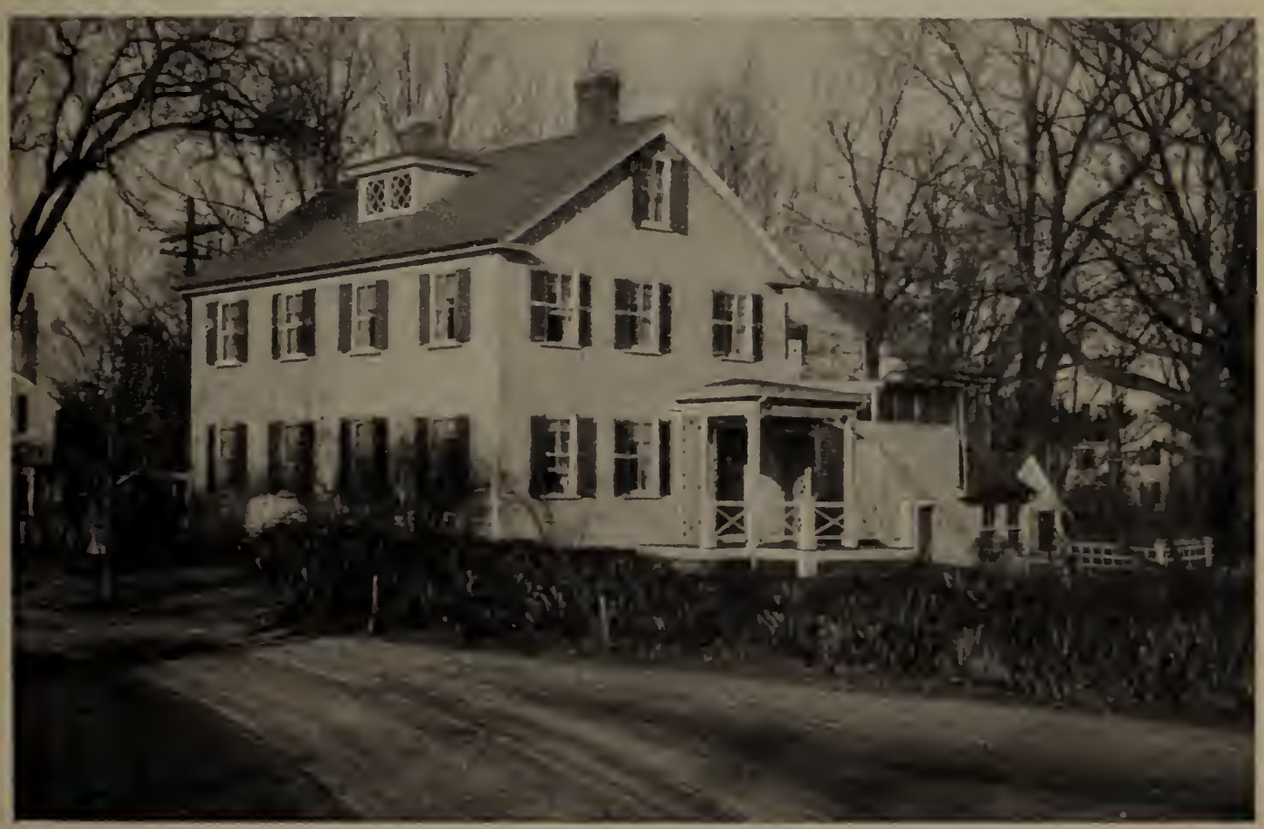


Photo by G. R. Payson, Jr., 1933

TRAIN HOUSE, FRAMINGHAM CENTRE

say that if your engagements will admit of it I shall be most happy to see you. . . . I congratulate you and Mrs. Train most sincerely upon the arrival of a scion of so good a stock. Heaven Bless him! May he live:

> Longer than I have time to tell his years
> And when old Time shall bring him to his end
> Goodness and he fill up one monument.

I pray you to tell his Mother that I fully appreciate the honour, which she has so kindly done me in his name. It will be an added influence upon me to bear the name myself, that he may never have cause to regret that it was given to him without his having any choice in the matter. I wish you and her that only compensation for all the solicitude and anxiety you must experience on his account; of witnessing his health, growth, and improvement uninterrupted by any adverse fates. I hope that he will be made early to understand that the name he bears is that of his father's friend who will be ever ready to become his own. I shall welcome him I trust, if we both live long enough 'To the gladsome light of Jurisprudence,' and the best that I can express for him is that, if ever he becomes Attorney-General, he may be fortunate enough to find through his office, as good a friend as his namesake has found in his Father. With kindest respect to Mrs. Train.

I am faithfully and truly, your friend,

JOHN H. CLIFFORD."

The influence of the character and career of the Reverend Charles Train was not without effect upon his son. It became a natural expectation on the part of his fellow-citizens that Charles Russell Train should render the public the service for which he was prepared by training and tradition. He was sent to the General Court of Massachusetts as Representative from Framingham 1847–1848. He was then appointed District Attorney for the Northern Criminal District, which office he held for four years. In 1852 a letter from Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, informed him that President Fillmore had appointed him an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of Oregon. This honour he declined. What an adventure it would have been for the family to migrate to the

Western Wilderness, and how it would have changed the tenor of our lives.

Since the death of his father in 1849 his mother and sister Sarah had joined the household. With the four children they had now well outgrown the old house. It was given up to Mrs. James Lord whose daughter Agnes was the friend of all the Train children, becoming "Aunt Ag" to the succeeding generation. The move that had to be made was to a large house on the east side of the Common. This was in 1854 and the following year the youngest child was born. Lucilla, the oldest of the family, was an excellent student, and her engaging manners and charm made her a great favorite. Charlie, who came next, was full of life and fun, heedless and amusing, beloved by every one; Attie, the pretty and lively playmate of her brothers and their friends, preferring their sports to those of the girls. Clifford was quiet and studious, with a delicate body that called for watchful care; the baby Harry, fascinating with his ruddy hair, rosy cheeks and brown eyes. Of course the usual happenings of family life occurred in this household as in others, work and play, altercation and merriment. The home was presided over by the sweet and gentle mother whose frailty aroused the tenderness of her children, but whose rule secured their respect and affection because it was firm and loving, making up for the austerity of their father whose busy life did not allow him time to understand or sympathize with the feelings or trials of youth. This note is an indication of the pressure of his work that often kept him from home.

"Salem,
December 3rd, 1858.

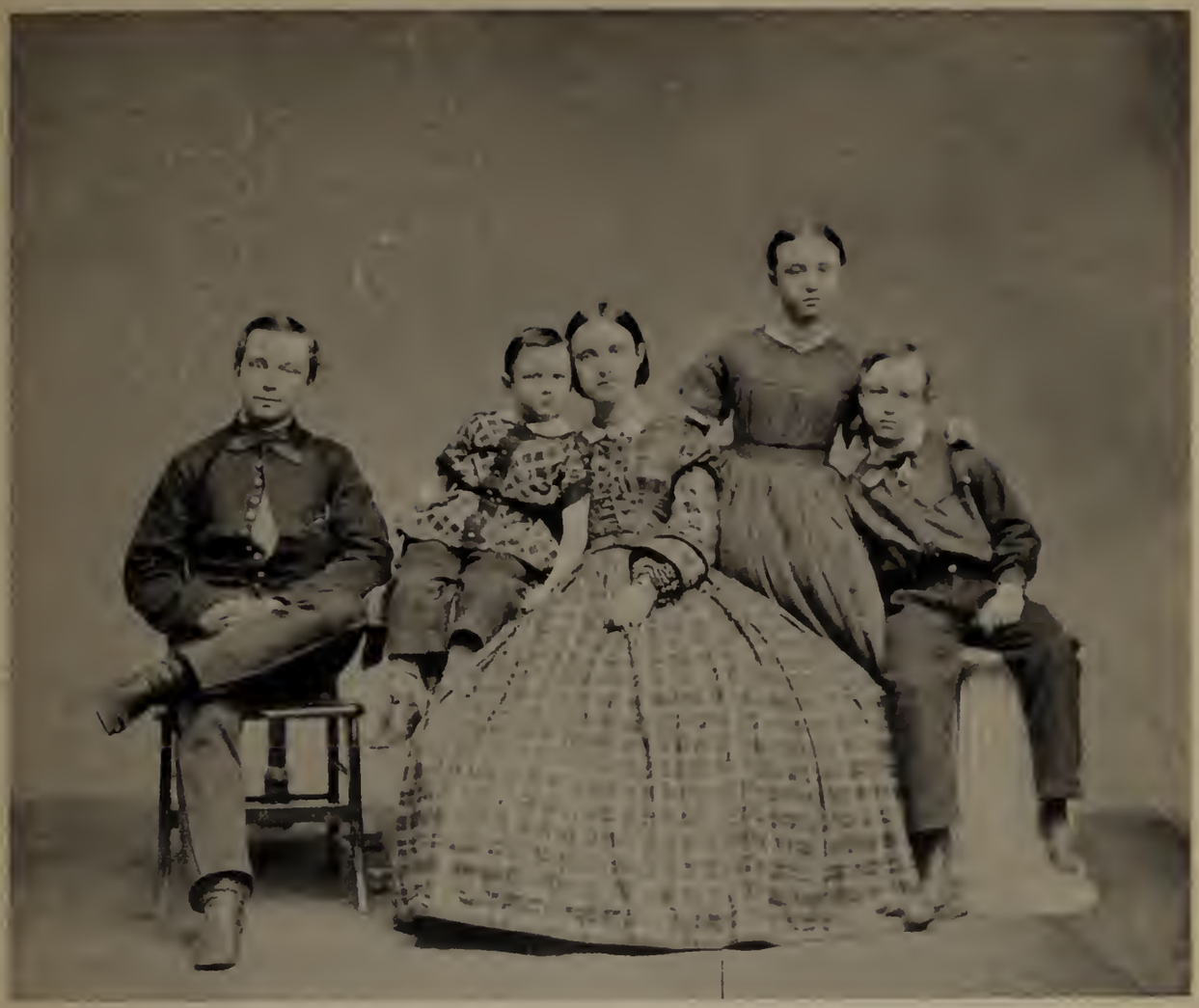
"Dear Martha:

"I was obliged to leave Cambridge for Salem in such a hurry that I could not write you but sent word to Mr. Clark to tell you where I was. I am trying a very important Cause with Mr. Choate as my Senior, & may not get up to Boston in season for the 4 P.M. train tomorrow. If I do not come on that train, send Charlie over to the steamboat train.

Yours truly,

CHAS."

This letter from Lorenzo Sabine shows his intention of attending



CHARLES JACKSON, HENRY JACKSON, LUCILLA, ALTHEA, ARTHUR·CLIFFORD

the Inauguration of President Pierce, and the intricacy of the journey from Boston to Washington seventy-five years ago.

"Washington,
Jan. 27th, 1853.

"My dear Train:

"As to your proposed trip to Washington. In my judgment you cannot come too soon, for I advise you to avoid the mob of Crowning day. The landlords in anticipation of the expected throngs, are already putting up their prices and towards the 4th of March, charge the most enormous rates, as we are told on all sides. What people come here for at Inauguration time, from what I hear, is a marvel. There is no show about, nothing but one vast mob, no comfort no time to see anything but the mob. The office seekers of course have an object in coming. I say then, come as early in February as you can. You had better take the morning train and go to Philadelphia the first day, stopping at the Girard House in Chestnut Street. The next day's journey is an easy one, as you arrive at Willards at tea time. You will meet with no trouble on the way except at New York, where a new Line commences, and where you must look well to getting to the Jersey Ferry in time for the Philadelphia train. A baggage man will beset you and tell you his plans are the cheapest, etc., etc., but on arriving at New York take a carriage, and so on arriving in Philadelphia. As to tickets—buy to New York. From N. Y. to Phila. and from there to Washington and get baggage checks accordingly, unless indeed you keep on with the mail from the start in which you get tickets and checks at New York to Washington. As soon as your plans are formed write me at once that I may arrange for you at Willards. Give me the exact number of your party. Whether here or at any other Hotel in the City, you will be compelled to sleep as you can.

Love to all,

L. S."

The presence in the family that made a difference in their lives was that of their saintly and beautiful grandmother Train,—the comforter and confidant of each one. Her daughter "Aunt Sarah" was too near the age of the oldest children to bear that title, and was rather the beloved and congenial elder sister. All shared in a love for

music. Having a true ear for pitch, and good singing voices, they sang together at home and in the church choir. In this their father was the leader. Charlie said: "I would give anything if I could sing like Father. The older I grow the fonder I get of singing and music." Lucilla played the piano for the accompaniments, and Charlie attempted to play various instruments, the piccolo, the flute, and violoncello—he says the last one named occupied much of his attention to the great injury of his finger ends. A Sunday treat, that more than made up for the lack of secular pastime allowed on that day, was the drive to Ashland after church to see Grandfather and Grandmother Jackson, and the aunts and cousins living there. Cookies and milk and Porter apples gathered from the orchard were ample refreshment to be remembered through a life time.

In 1858 Sarah Train married Emery Sabine and went to live in Bangor. His family had recently come to Framingham from Maine. Lorenzo Sabine the father was a friend of Sarah's brother Charles, political interests having brought them together. He was a man of considerable ability with versatile tastes and occupations. Early dependent on his own resources, he made his way in business. He became a member of the State Legislature and then of Congress. His report on the fisheries when in Congress led to an important settlement of the subject with the British Government. As an author he was exact and reliable in his statements. He wrote *Duels and Duelling, American Loyalists* and *Life of Commodore Preble.* Through a connection with the Preble family he came into possession of a sofa once the property of the Commodore and in use on the *Constitution.* After his death his widow, who was Elizabeth Deering of Portland, a relation of Mary Deering, the wife of Commodore Preble, gave it to Captain Charles Jackson Train, the son of her husband's friend.[1]

It was during these years that a new and abiding interest arose: It came with the introduction of the services of the Episcopal Church in Framingham. It was quite strange that the family should have responded so quickly to the teaching of the Church, considering the tradition and family connection that had allied them with the Baptist Society for three generations. When St. Mark's Parish was established in Southboro in 1859 by Mr. Joseph Burnett, the clergyman from there came occasionally to Framingham and held services in the Town Hall. Later the Reverend W. S. Southgate held services

[1] This sofa is now in the possession of Susan Train Hand, Elizabethtown, N. Y.

regularly. In 1860 Charles R. Train, with others, filed a petition to organize and incorporate "St. John's Church according to the Laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the Canons of the Protestant Episcopal Church." A wooden building, at one time used by the Universalists and built in 1832, was purchased and occupied until 1871 when the present stone church took its place. Charles R. Train was continuously on the Vestry, until he removed to Boston, and frequently a delegate to Diocesan Conventions. The Parish Register is a family record of their baptisms, confirmations, and marriages. Their lives were closely entwined with the life of the Parish. The Reverend Reese F. Alsop was their first rector and always their friend. In the church there is a window in memory of Martha Jackson Train, and the lectern is a memorial to her husband.

Success had so far attended the law practice of Mr. Train that he was able and inclined to give himself more to political interests and activity. In 1856 he was sent as delegate to the first National Convention of the Republican Party in Philadelphia. The years immediately preceding the Civil War were as tempestous and as difficult as any in our history. It was at this time that he was elected to Congress as one of the Republican Representatives from Massachusetts and served for two sessions—March 4th, 1859, to March 4th, 1863. He served as Chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, and as a member of the Committee on Public Expenditures in the Treasury Department. The records of his personal actions are fragmentary, except during the War, when a few letters and bits of diary tell his experiences. His wife was with him for a little while in Washington and wrote home to her children.

"Washington,
March 6th, 1861.

"My dear Charlie:

"The Inauguration has contrary to expectations of the crowd, passed quietly off. Your Father called upon the President yesterday, with the Massachusetts Delegation now here, made a speech introducing them. I was introduced to young 'Rob' Lincoln the other evening and had a pleasant chat with him. He thinks Exeter one of the most delightful places in the world, does not like Washington but delights in Cambridge and was anxious to get back there. I told him I had a son in Exeter. He inquired your name and if you would enter Cambridge next Commencement, I said, 'yes' and he

hopes to know you. I have made several calls upon Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln. I like Mr. Lincoln more and more, and Mrs. Lincoln will do very well but I think nothing remarkable. . . . I want you to read the President's Inaugural, it is considered one of the finest efforts of the kind. The Union people like it, but of the Secessionists of course we must not expect approbation. 'Their voices are still for war.' I went to the ball, and wish you and Lucilla could have been with me. The hall was three hundred feet long and wide in proportion, splendidly lighted with a raised dais around it, which was carpeted where we could stand or not and survey the brilliant scene. Between ten and eleven the President and his suite came in and walked the whole length of the hall through the company who formed a line upon each side while the band played 'Hail to the Chief.' I never saw a more brilliant scene or more inspiriting. There are so many people in the room talking to your Father that you must not mind any mistakes I make, I will not write any more, I long once more to see you my darling boy. God bless you!

Your fond Mother,

M. A. Train."

"Washington,
March 3rd, 1862.

"My dear Lucilla:

"I arrived safely at the Rugby at half-past eleven o'clock this morning, and found everything as usual, a nice fire burning, which was exceedingly agreeable, as I was a long time getting from the station, and got fairly chilled. I found more snow than at Baltimore, and the snow falling so that the streets are as vile as ever. A letter was on my table from Carrie Hale. As soon as I got warm, therefore, I changed my bonnet and cloak and went down to Willards, in all the slush and rain with the letter thinking that possibly I might find Mrs. Perry and Carrie, but they had left in the morning. I am thinking about you all the time. I enjoyed having you and Frank here very much. I found a card from Secretary Welles and wife for a party tomorrow night. I wish it could have come off when you were here. Secretary Smoot is going to West Point next week to see his Fuse, I hope it will be a success. Mrs. Smoot has made me a long call this morning. I began to think I should not get an opportunity to write to you. I must now finish for your Father has returned to his slumbers and I have nothing more to write. My love to Susan

and tell her I hope she did not get too tired while you were away. Kiss the children a thousand times for me, and give my love to Aunt Jane and all. Don't tire yourself all out, and get along as easily as you can until I get home. I hope Frank will be improved by his trip enough to pay for his coming. Tell him to take good care of himself. Give my best love to Grandfather and Grandmother, and Uncle John. God bless you my darling daughter.

"Father sends love to all.

Your loving Mother, M. A. Train."

Lucilla was at this time engaged to Francis William Lawrence.

"Tuesday, May 30th, 1862.

"My dear Children:

"We left Washington for an excursion with a party of ladies and gentlemen on the Government Steamer *King Phillip*. We left Washington at half-past one. Visiting the Gunboat *Naugatuck* which was there lying to be repaired in consequence of the bursting of one of her guns when going up the James River. I was much disappointed in the appearance of this boat expecting to see something much more imposing. She is more like an old canal boat than anything else, and is not iron-clad excepting the pilot house and the officer's room which are encased in a thin plating of iron with small loop holes. The gun which burst was very large and although the Captain and many of the men were very near, not one was fatally injured. After visiting this boat, our party having assembled, we proceeded down the Potomac. The scene is very beautiful as you go down the river at this season. You have behind you the city with its fine buildings, above which towers the splendid dome of the Capitol, for a long way a marked and conspicuous object. The banks of the river, which is very broad, is of the freshest green and the most luxurious foliage. Not many dwellings are to be seen, we miss the fine villas of the Hudson and the evidences of wealth and cultivation. We pass Alexandria on our right—which seen from the river looks old and delapidated. Very soon we come to Fort Washington on our left, a fine fort commanding the river. Next comes Mt. Vernon, ever memorable, high up on our left overlooking the river up and down for miles, surrounded by almost a thick forest

of very old trees. On we go, looking out with the most intense interest for the points so recently occupied by the enemy, by which this river has been entirely blockaded during the winter. We pass Indian Head, then Pine Stone and Cock Pit Points where there were batteries, then Buds Ferry. All the way we were passing some point which the last few months has invested with peculiar interest. The first night of the excursion added not a little to its interest and experience. Towards the close of the day which had been very warm, heavy clouds gathered entirely obscuring the blue sky and the sunshine. Thunder, sullen and distant, began to rumble, and lightning to flash along the dark masses of clouds. Heavy and more constant the thunder rolled, and the lightning flashed incessantly, lighting up the whole black pall, with which we were enveloped, with the most dazzling brilliancy. All night long this continued, with rain falling in torrents. So intense was the darkness, that had it not been for the lightning we should have been obliged to anchor. Such a scene of awful grandeur I never witnessed. Many of the ladies were very sick and very fearful, but in contemplating the scene every other feeling was forgotten. There really was more danger than I then knew, as we had a large amount of ammunition on board which we were taking to Fortress Monroe and therefore had the lightning struck, as it did on several places on the Bay, we should have been demolished pretty effectively. Until a very late hour we watched the sublime scene from the deck. All night it lasted and never will I forget the experience. We arrived at Fortress Monroe at half-past ten and we were early on deck, looking out for the scene of the heroic encounter of the *Cumberland* and *Congress* with the *Merrimac*. All eyes were directed to the masts of a large vessel just above the water, which was the *Cumberland*. The morning was lovely, the bay calm and peaceful, and the distant shore beautiful in its verdure. How difficult to realise, amid such a scene of quiet beauty, the horrors of that terrible fight. All honour to the Heroes who sleep beneath those blue waves, who so fearlessly gave their lives for their Country. Long may they be remembered and revered. We stopped at Fortress Monroe only long enough for our Committee to go ashore and call on Gen. Wool to get a permit to visit Norfolk. After leaving the Fortress we entered Hampton Roads, passing the Rip Raps, and Sewell's Point, upon which is to be built a Fort and named Fort Wool. We entered the beautiful James River. Its shores are very indented, and monotonous from the absence of hills, which

a New Englander misses sadly. But the vegetation is superb, rich and varied in its coloring. The City of Norfolk presents a fine appearance from the river, and some of the finest residences are situated close to the water. Opposite the city is the Marine Hospital which attracted every eye from its beautiful situation. We took a hasty glance at the Public Buildings and the principal streets, everything wore an air of neglect. The gardens which surrounded nearly every house were rich in shrubs and flowers peculiar to this climate and many unknown to me. Such profusion of roses and magnolias in perfection. The shops were closed. The streets grass grown, and the markets nearly empty except for a few early vegetables and strawberries in abundance which we liberally patronized and took on board with us. We did not see in the whole city a vehicle of any kind except the carriage in which we were driving. Neither were there any people visible. I don't think we saw more than half a dozen in the whole city except the soldiers and a few others at General Viele's Headquarters which are at the Custom House. Our carriage was driven by a very intelligent Negro, and he showed us many fine places whose owners were in the Rebel Army. After this tour we returned to the boat and proceeded up the river passing Portsmouth, to Gossport Navy Yard the unfortunate and unnecessary loss of which, in the commencement of our national troubles, entailed upon us so many misfortunes. Such a scene of desolation and wicked destruction of property of itself, is enough to satisfy me of the consequences of war. This was one of the largest and finest yards in this Country having cost the Government ten million dollars; partly destroyed by loyal men to prevent its falling into the hands of the Rebels, its destruction was completed by them to prevent its returning into our hands, and now, there is nothing but blackened ruins, excepting the house and grounds of the Commodore which escaped injury. Long may this remain a monument to the wickedness and folly of war. Leaving Gossport we returned to Fortress Monroe, at Norfolk we saw the splendid Frigate *Minnesota* and Commodore Goldsborough very politely sent his barge and an invitation to the ladies to come on board. We were dining after our long fast, but many availed themselves of the invitation and were delighted with their visit. It will be remembered that the *Minnesota* was built at the same time as the *Merrimac*. At Fortress Monroe we went on shore and walked on the esplanade, went into the Fort, talked with the soldiers, etc. The Fort commands the entrance of Chesapeake Bay

and Hampton Roads. It is surrounded by a moat fifty feet in width with drawbridges. The walls are of great height and thickness. About 15,000 men might be garrisoned there and could hold out a long time. I was disappointed with the appearance of things both within and without the Fortress. There was an entire absence of neatness and order and cleanliness I should say. Then we saw the Hygeia Hotel which has been in times past a fashionable resort for the Southern people, it is now a hospital except a small part reserved for guests. From its present appearance I cannot conceive of its ever being a pleasant Inn. The only thing pleasant about it is its gardens. The great inducement to seek this place is for its cool sea breezes that are always found here. We were detained, waiting for our boat which had gone to procure coal. We saw the famous Union gun, which with another, similar and near it, are mounted on earth works just below the Fortress. These guns weigh 47,000 pounds and will throw their balls which are immense from four to five miles, of course they command the inner Bay against anything except iron-clad boats. At the time the *Merrimac* attacked our fleet these guns were not mounted. We left at sunrise the next morning to go up the York river. I arose and watched the grey fortress with its walls and frowning guns, and floating above the glorious Flag of our Country all flooded in the bright sunshine. A beautiful picture not soon forgotten. We entered the York River about eight o'clock, passing Yorktown which we could see for miles before we reached it. There were evidences of recent encampments and everything bore the semblance of war."

[The narrative is here interrupted by the loss of several pages of the letter, and then continues.]

"We went ashore and walked about the motly assemblage of the hangers on and attendants of a large army camp. Officers, soldiers, civilians, contraband, etc. Beautiful fertile fields are trampled and trodden by our troops who have encamped here. Every vestige of cultivation has disappeared excepting the pine trees. Such filth! such odors! as you encounter at every step. Many of our gentlemen were anxious to have us wait for them and go on to Richmond by train, which was constantly expected, to bring down more wounded and then return. It was six o'clock when it came loaded with wounded and dying men. I cannot convey the impression made by these scenes; within sound of the guns of a terrible battle; in the

midst of a camp looking upon the bleeding, maimed and mangled victims, as they were lifted from their mattresses in the cars and placed on stretchers, and lifted so tenderly by the rough looking men that attended to them, and borne on board the steamer waiting for them. Every one without exception speaking bravely and cheerfully when they could speak, and not a sigh or groan to be heard in the midst of all this suffering. Oh, how I honoured those brave, suffering fellows. Our gentlemen made themselves very useful, by going amongst the wounded, helping to move them and in many instances finding acquaintances and friends, to whom it was great comfort to see a home face. I was advised not to go on board the steamer. There were several excellent nurses provided by the Sanitary Commission, and here I wish to express my admiration for the immeasurable blessings conferred by this Commission upon our sick and wounded soldiers. I wish that our Government could be persuaded to give to them the entire control of this department. I believe so much suffering might be saved. I have very little respect for the Medical and Sanitary Departments of the Government. Men are too much regarded as machines, and life as of little worth to any but those of position and rank. We had by this time been so long delayed that the steamer could not leave on account of the tide, so we could not sail until morning. There was not much sleep for any of us that night on board. We were all too much excited by what we had seen and too anxious to learn the results of the day's fight at Richmond. We received so many contradictory reports that we did not know what to believe, although we talked with many of those directly from the field, and still each gave varied accounts, and not until about eleven o'clock did we receive anything definite or reliable. Then a telegram came to our Committee stating that the fortunes of the previous day had been retrieved and that we had repulsed the enemy, but had not gained anything, and had lost a great many men. After this we retired for the night, but as I thought of the dying and wounded about me in such numbers, there being about 1500 immediately around us I could not sleep. Visions of suffering and sorrow haunted my pillow, and I thought of the anxious hearts at home longing for tidings."

Here the letter comes to an abrupt end. Another reminiscence of this period comes from Harry Train, who remembers that he accom-

panied his father and mother with a group of Congressmen and their wives to the battlefield of Bull Run. Confident of the overthrow of the enemy, their unexpected success sent the party flying back to Washington in dismay and disorder. The following morning Harry awoke to see a battered and mud covered soldier asleep on the floor of his room. It was a cousin of his father's. After the adjournment of Congress (1862) the family were for a short time in Framingham. Then the crisis overshadowing the country impelled Charles R. Train's return to Washington. He writes on his arrival:

"Washington,
September 3rd.

"Dear Wife:

"Did not arrive till nine last evening, being detained on the road by military trains packed with troops and freight. Today have been looking after the wounded, and helped Mr. Abbott in returning the body of Fletcher Webster to Boston. General Gordon I saw for a few minutes. He had not been undressed for fifteen days. Pope's company has been a failure, and we are worse off than we were at the commencement of the Rebellion. Our Army is now safe in the intrenchments in front of the city, and the next you hear of Stonewall Jackson he will be across the Potomac. BUT, we will whip them yet. Expect me home when you see me.

C. R. T."

General Gordon who was commanding a division under General Pope, was a friend and neighbour in Framingham, and after the second battle of Bull Run Train volunteered to serve on his staff. The following letter with this news must have brought consternation to the family. (No generation has yet escaped this particular consternation.)

"Willards,
September 4th, 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"I wrote you a hurried line yesterday. Today has changed all my plans. Gordon came in all tired out and not a Staff Officer left. Of

course I volunteered to go on his Staff and give him all the aid in my power. I did not want to join him except in a military capacity, because if I happened to be captured I could not be exchanged as a civilian. I at once went to the President and he gave me a commission as captain and assigned me to Gordon's brigade. I have bought me a buffalo robe, four woolen shirts, half a dozen woolen socks and a pair of blankets. I leave for the field tomorrow morning. I shall be detained until Gordon's Staff are able to rejoin him. Perhaps in a month. I am at liberty to leave at any time, as I volunteered to work without pay and to bear my own expenses.

Yours,

C. R. T."

The following notes are taken from his diary kept at this time:

"September 14th. Instead of going to church, ordered to march. All day on the route. In sight of the battle of South Mountain. Saw cannonading on the Right. Slept on the ground and dreamed of the dear ones at home.

"September 15th. Went to battleground with Gordon in the morning. The dead lying in heaps. It is dreadful.

"September 16th. Marched on the enemy. Halted until dark. Then to the front and slept on our arrival at three A.M.

"September 17th. Heavy cannonading at daybreak all along the line, extending some nine miles. We went on to the fight as soon as we could eat: 2nd Massachusetts—3rd Missouri—27th Indiana—13th–24th–107th New York. Oh God, Oh God, what sights and sounds! I went in the ring of the left wing. Gordon made a rash but magnificent charge. Wasn't killed, thank God. We were separated in the confusion and did not find ourselves for three hours. We cried when we met. At dark we had driven the enemy back the whole line, and lay behind the battery.

"September 18th. Buried our dead.

"September 19th. The enemy have left during the night. Rode over their lines. Went to all the hospitals and to Baltimore to take care of Dwight. Arrived in time to see him die. A good and brave man. Gordon sent me to Frederick to telegraph, with leave to go to Washington. I arrived there at ten P.M."

In General Gordon's official report of the battle of Antietam he says:

"I owe especial thanks to the Honourable Charles R. Train, who volunteered his services on my Staff at a time when a fatiguing labour, and a most ardous service had deprived me of all Aides, save one Staff Officer. This gentleman has shown his willingness to lay down his life in his Country's cause. The invasion of the loyal North called him from his Congressional duties and his home at a moment's notice. No fatigue, though excessive, no danger, though perilous, deterred him from moving forward whenever he could render assistance when beating back the foe."

With this deserved commendation the war service comes to an end.

In the meantime family affairs had proceeded peacefully at home in spite of natural anxiety. The little boys and Attie were at school. Charlie was at the Naval Academy and Lucilla was enjoying a blissful courtship. There had been an interval when intimacy had been denied the lovers because of their extreme youth, but their affection had survived this test and the following letter gives approval to marriage plans. The prospective bride was twenty-one and the groom was twenty-four.

"Washington,
Jan. 11th, 1863.

"My dear Lucilla:

"Yours of the 9th came last evening, and I am resigned to what can't be helped, although I can't see the family breaking up without a feeling of sadness, which you and Frank may understand better thirty years hence than now. I felt bad enough when Charlie joined the Navy, as it was the first inroad upon our charming and happy circle, and now you are going too. My first born to assume the joys, griefs, and responsibilities of a wife. I can only breathe a prayer for God's blessing and guidance upon you in your new relations. I am very happy in the selection that you have made, and pray that I may live to see you as devoted and exemplary a wife and woman, as your most excellent and ever to be loved Mother. I cannot come home until it is absolutely necessary. I therefore wish you to fix the day for the wedding as soon as Frank arrives, and let me know that

I may arrange Charlie's furlough, and then I will come in season to arrange for the 'Dejeuner a la forchette' which is I suppose, all I can do except to give away my child. I judge from your note that you may be married the last of next week in which case I will be at home a week from tomorrow, leaving here on Saturday next. I think Mother better hire if she can an aide for Bridget until after the campaign is over. I shall have a couple of waiters from Boston to arrange the entertainment. I think the drawing room might be decorated with evergreens by Monk so as to look very prettily, and perhaps you will conclude to be married at home instead of at Church, as we have so few carriages with which to accommodate the guests. Be sure and write out a list of those whom you will invite and don't deviate from it after it is made. If there is anything special which you may wish let me know, and I will be prepared to provide for it. As this is your business you shall have your way about it. I have just returned from Church. Dinner at Judge Thomas's yesterday and with Mrs. Bridge tomorrow. My cold is well now, but the weather is quite disagreeable. God bless you all, is the prayer of

Your affectionate Father,

CHARLES R. TRAIN.

"P.S. Can't Mother and Sarah come?"

Francis William Lawrence was born in Boston, the son of William Richards and Susan Dana Lawrence. He was educated in France; at Mr. Dixwell's school in Boston, at Harvard College, and he then studied medicine. From early childhood, he had suffered from asthma, and was never able to pursue his profession, or any other consecutive laborious occupation. He was exempted from military duty on account of his disability, but received an appointment as teacher under the Educational Commission of Boston for the "Instruction and care of persons of color at Port Royal or other places, and for such other duties as may be assigned to him." He also agreed to perform the duties of a medical officer agreeable to the army regulations in the Department of the South for the consideration of $100 a month. With these prospects the young people began their married life, and the following group of letters deal with these early experiences. The first one was written three days after the wedding and sent to them in New York where they were waiting for a boat sailing South.

"Home,
January 30th, 1863.

"My dear Children:

"I have just received your letter of yesterday. I need not tell you how very glad I was to hear from you. We have had such dismal weather since you left until today. The conviction is forcing itself upon me that you, my very dear daughter, have indeed left me. I do not think that I have realized the fact at all until now. I am trying very hard not to yield to the sad feelings this conviction induces, and forget the present in the anticipation of again seeing you before many months. I believe that every one considers your wedding a very successful affair. General Gordon and Lizzie made me a long call last evening. They seemed to have been very happily impressed with the whole thing. General Gordon thought the Service perfect and said that Lizzie was so delighted with it she wanted to be married herself. You are unanimously voted to have looked your lovliest. Julia Blake was here this morning and expressed the greatest delight with the ceremony, and your dress. We have found a pair of cuffs, but suppose them to belong to Mrs. Ames, as she could not find them when she left. Attie will go in town tomorrow and take them as she is going to the dentist. I enclose the flowers that will be at all suitable or pretty to preserve. Alice begged a good many of them and they have faded from the heat of the rooms, so they are few to select from. I have every thing restored to its usual state, or nearly so. You don't say any thing about 'Mac.' We are anxious to hear how you get on with him. Harry was disappointed, that you did not mention him. Charlie went away looking very sober as did his Mother. I think he will be rather homesick for awhile. He said he never heard anything so sweet as your voice in the responses when you were being married. I am afraid that Frank will think that I am flattering you too much. But I have too much confidence in your strength of mind to fear to tell you the truth whether I praise or censure. I am writing this with Harry constantly shaking the table and with a horrible pen, so excuse appearances. My kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence. Write as often as possible. Your silver is going to the safe tomorrow. I have not slept since you left for watching it. God bless and guide my dear children.

Your aff. Mother,
M. A. Train."

"Brevoort House, New York.
February, 1863.

"My very dear Mother:

"We went to Grace Church this morning with Mr. Amos Lawrence and family, but owing to the peculiar tones and enunciation of Dr. Taylor, and partly to the echoes of the church, I could not understand the Service or the sermon at all. This afternoon we are going to the Church of the Ascension, but I have just discovered to my disappointment that Dr. Smith is not at home. Yesterday when Frank was out I went to see Mrs. Jacob Abbott [Aunt of F.W.L.]. I found her as well as usual and had a nice call, only I took Mac with me and he flew around so, I felt uneasy all the time. The poor little dog got run over Friday. He got away from Frank and ran out in the street and was knocked over, by a horse and the carriage passed over him. He seemed as well as ever yesterday. Last night when we were dressing for dinner Frank discovered that his pantaloons were too short, and mounted a chair to look at them in the glass, and struck his head against the chandelier, and ran a sharp point through the skin, almost stunning him for an instant. The wound bled quite profusely for a little while, but has only left him with a slight headache today. We were invited to pass Friday evening at Mr. Dana's, but I was out all day and was so very tired that I sent a note excusing myself. We called there yesterday. I went to see Sallie Lawrence but did not find her, she and her Mother were here today. Love to all our relatives.

Your affectionate daughter,

Lucilla.

"P.S. The Pass from the War Department has come for 'Dr. F. W. Lawrence and wife,' so there can be no mistake about it. We expect to wait and sail by the *Arago* as she is recommended as a fine comfortable vessel."

"Framingham,
Sunday eve., February, 1863.

"My dear Daughter:

"I have just come from church, where I missed your voice so much in a favourite air the name of which I do not remember. It has a fine duet. 'Jesus Saviour of my soul' was the hymn. Helen Wilds sings very well, but in my opinion does not compare with yourself. I re-

received Frank's letter yesterday and for your sakes I am glad that you are going to Port Royal. How did you manage to finally get a pass? When I heard that you were to be another week in New York I was strongly tempted to pay you a call, but don't think it will be practicable. I am anxious about your Father, not having heard a word from him since he left home, which is very unusual, as you know he generally writes very often. Harry is in a much worse state than when you left. I am giving him Peruvian syrup, but if he is not soon better I will consult Doctor Osgood. Mr. Bodwell's house has been sold to another physician, Dr. Howe, so that we are likely to have no lack of medical men. It is also announced that Joseph Bodwell is engaged to Mary Baldwin. There is nothing new beyond this, except that Mr. Jaques is quite sick, and the children have all been ill. Every one expresses great interest in you. Louise came down and spent part of last evening, she thinks your pictures perfect as does every one. Mr. Alsop came to see me and said he must have one of you both. You can hardly imagine how quiet we are, Attie and myself have to entertain each other. She is very considerate and stays at home with me as much as possible. I expect Lizzie Henry [the village dressmaker] this week, Cousin Jane too. Mr. Wheeler will never cease to regret that he was not here to attend your wedding. Have you written Grandmother and Aunt Sarah. I hope you will do so if you have not. Your bird is doing nicely and sings famously every afternoon. The tea rose has two lovely buds and the room is filled with fragrance. All send love to you and Frank, and Harry and Clifford to Mac. They were jubilant at the idea of having him at home again.

God bless and keep you my precious child.

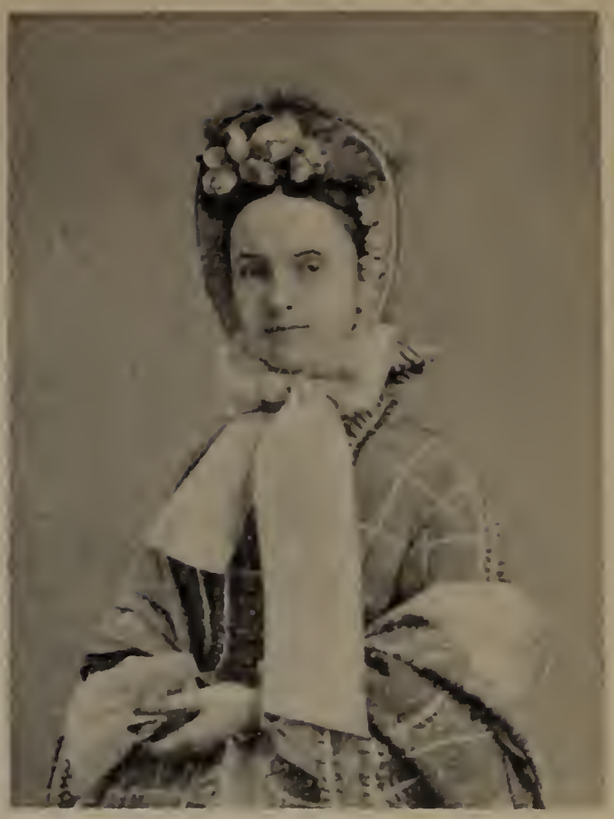
Your Mother, M. A. Train."

"St. Helena's Island, S. C.,
Longwood, March 8th, 1863.

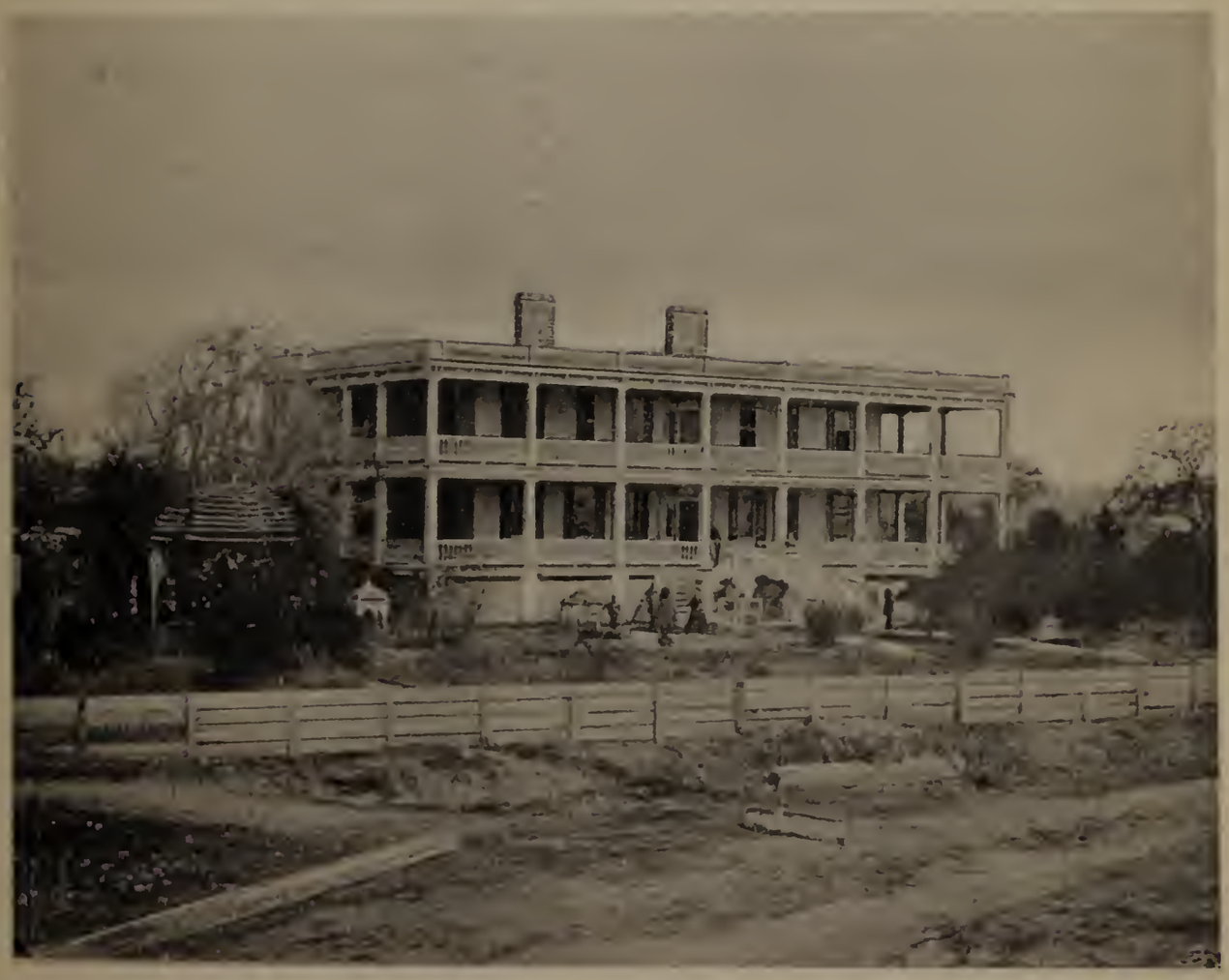
"My dear Mother,

"It is not yet dark but as I am here all alone, I have closed the windows and lighted the lamp. Frank has just been sent for to visit a patient at the Hazel Place, about two miles from here, so I am left alone with Mac for company. I have not been able to go anywhere with Frank yet owing to our lack of harness, but this is the

FRANCIS WILLIAM LAWRENCE



LUCILLA TRAIN LAWRENCE



LONGWOOD, ST. HELENA'S ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA

first time I have been alone so late in the day, and I feel a little more lonely as July and Dianna have gone to a 'Praise Meeting.' (We did not like the 'Glory Shout' we went to at all) but I am very happy looking for Frank's return. You don't know how happy your children are. We only want one thing and that is to have some of our friends come and enjoy this beautiful place with us. Perhaps you would not think it so pleasant as I, but to me it is lovely. Our room too looks very pleasant with its bright wood fire, and bits of carpets and rugs remind me of home. When we have more than three to dine with us we have to borrow chairs of the Negroes, and my table furniture is so limited in amount that I cannot change the plates on any emergency, but down here no one expects anything, and it only affords amusement. We have had a great deal of company, but as soon as the troops leave we shall be more alone. Friday Gen. Stephenson and his brother Lt.-Col. Stephenson, and Captain Clarke called on us, also Mr. Eustis and Mr. Delacroix, one of the Superintendents. That afternoon Frank and I went out on the marsh and shot a curlew. Saturday we drove over to the Camp and saw the 24th on Dress Parade, and took tea in Col. Osborne's tent. There were seven at the table besides Frank and myself, including every rank from Brigadier-General, down to a Second Lieutenant. I enjoyed myself extremely. After tea we had a nice serenade from the regiment band. Dr. Greene and a Major Hooper escorted us home. Sunday we started for the *Wabash* and I anticipated a great deal in attending once more our Church Service, but the wind and tide were against us and finding we would be too late we came home, as Admiral Dupont dislikes to receive visitors on Sunday unless to attend Service. I have a Sunday school for the Negroes in the morning on the piazza and also try to teach them every morning. They are very ignorant and happy and only seem to dread their masters' coming back. I took a walk in our grounds this morning and picked this mistletoe and moss from a live oak tree in front of the house, which I thought you would like to see. Write often to us. With much love.

I am yours affectionately,

LUCILLA."

The following letter from Lucilla's Aunt Sarah belongs to this group:

"Bangor, Maine,
March 22nd, 1863.

"My dear Lucilla:

"I think it is quite too bad that so long a time has passed without your hearing from us. We were much interested in your letter, and glad to know that you bore the journey so well. Frank Sabine sailed a week after you and encountered a severe storm. Perhaps you may have seen him for he is at Port Royal. The poor fellow went away feeling very blue. He had just become engaged to a very nice girl, and the prospect of being away a year or two with the possibility of never returning made him very sad. We think you must be very pleasantly situated. Mother breaks out every little while; 'Just think of Frank and Lucilla keeping house together' and wishes she could walk in upon you some day. I was much obliged for your letter from New York, and particularly for the photographs. I like them so much, and feel quite consoled for my non-appearance at the wedding. Indeed I feel as if I had been there. Your Mother wrote a very nice account of it the day after you were married, and Carrie Perry [her mother was a daughter of Isaac Train] wrote many pages, commencing with her first appearance in Framingham, and closing with her exit. To her it was the most astonishing performance she ever witnessed. Mr. Blanchard made us a short call the other day on his return from Calais, and said Carrie had not recovered from her ecstacy yet. Then Charlie, and Helen and Alice and Mrs. Sabine all wrote, so I think I know everything that happened. They all agreed that it was a very pleasant affair and that you and Frank did yourselves great honour. Charlie's letter was capital, he wrote the day after his return to Newport and was so full of enthusiasm that it did us good to know he had enjoyed so much. I am so glad that your Father has recovered from his attack of illness. He wrote Mother a very good letter last week and seems to have settled back in his old ways quite contentedly. I am so glad for your Mother, I think she will be much happier to have him at home once more. I have wished so many times, I could go home and have it seem as it used to, before I was married, when we were all there together. I hope to be able to go up in June when Mother goes, and Emery has business, and if you are back and Charlie is at home perhaps it can be brought about. I have just finished the fancy work I brought home last summer, and shall commence your

skirt this week. I have at last succeeded in getting some photographs of Mother. It was quite an event, and she gravely asked whether she had better be taken with her cap on. I assured her I should prefer to wear a cap if I were in her place. Aunt Lucretia is spending the week with me, and she wishes me to say that Frank is encamped on St. Helena's Island. If you see or hear of him please mention it, for like all Mothers she is anxious for tidings of him. Emery sends a great deal of love to you both and so does Mother.

Affectionately,

SARAH."

"Framingham,
April 18th, 1863.

"My dear sister Lucilla:

"I believe I owe you a letter. I was glad to get that letter from Frank, because I wanted to hear from you very much. We are having very funny weather just now. In the morning it will be very cloudy and you will think it is going to rain, but by nine o'clock it will be very pleasant, and then by ten o'clock perhaps it will be raining and so on all day. School commenced last Monday. I was very glad of it, for I was sick of vacation. You know last term I had just begun the life of Josephus in Latin but this term Mr. Kilbourne has put my class into *Cæsar* and I like it a great deal better. Last Thursday there was a fire here. Mother had gone to Milford and Attie had invited Hattie Whyting to dinner. About half-past twelve we heard the bells ringing, and James and Harry and myself jumped up from the table and ran as fast as we could. It was a little bit of a house by the Depot, and by the time we got there it was all out. I am tired of writing now.

From your affectionate brother,

A. C. TRAIN."

"Framingham,
March 30th, 1863.

"My very dear daughter:

"General Gordon will probably deliver this to you. He leaves for Beaufort tomorrow on account of his health. He and Lizzie came in last night to say he would be happy to take letters to you. Your Father wishes he could go with him, but thinks he ought not to leave

his office [he had resumed his law practice in Boston] and I think so too, although I wish he could go. Your Father is getting well fast, and we are all very happy. I can't tell you how happy I am to have things fall back in their old routine. Your Father takes luncheon in your luncheon box every day, and then dines at six when he gets home. Bridget is still here and I am trying to screw up my courage to tell her she may go. Your Father dislikes her as much as you did. Attie has been in Roxbury the past week and will remain until next Saturday. You will think about our Church Services this week, Passion week. We are to have services every evening except this. I know you will miss the Church very much but you have your Prayer Book, which is the next best thing. I never forget you and Frank in our Sunday Service. I particularly remember you then, although I daily pray for you both. I hope you will be a true help meet in holiness to your husband. May you each be a blessing to each other. I think you must have nice times from your accounts. I should not fancy having Attie among so many gentlemen, it would quite turn her head. I don't think she bears flattery as well as you, and she gets quite enough of it now. Cousin Jane has been spending the afternoon with me. I told her you were going to make a bag for her, and she was perfectly delighted. I think she is one of the best persons I know. I will miss her very much when she goes home. Aunt Jane has a very good servant and is getting on nicely. She is as much devoted to her present student as she was to Mr. Cromwell. Grandfather and Grandmother are well and as pleased to have your letters as children with a picture book. Uncle Allen is fast recovering and will go back to his command as soon as he can wear a boot. Emma has had the diptheria very badly, but has recovered now and has gone to Boston with her Father. Monk is to be our gardener this summer and has commenced our hot bed today. We have heard the birds for the first time and there is a faint indication that winter is leaving us. You do not say anything about your dresses whether you have sufficient and the proper kind. Have I written you that Mr. Abbott's School has 'burst up' to use a significant expression, and that Emma is going to Mr. Stearns' School in Albany. It seems that Mr. Abbott has lived entirely beyond his means and has no credit in New York. I have tonight received a letter from dear Charlie and a photograph for Aunt Jane, one of the best he has ever had taken. He expects to come home the last of May or the first of June and stay

till October. I anticipate a great deal in having you all at home this summer. I am sorry that Charlie's vacation is quite so long for I think it will be stupid for him. Lizzie Marshall is coming for the summer. The Hurds are moving to the Wharton house, and the Marshalls are going into that house. Mr. Jaques has bought the house that Helen formerly occupied in Charlestown. The Borlands are going to Boston to reside. I wish some good Episcopalians would take Mr. Jaques' house. Do you or Frank know Greely Curtis of Boston, brother of Mary Curtis whom Lizzie Scott visits. He is engaged to Miss Harriet Appleton, sister of Mrs. Longfellow. She has a large fortune and he is quite poor, and that is very pleasing. Mr. Alsop has been in and spent an hour. I do think he is one of the best men in the world. Frank Clarke has called upon him, and they play chess quite often together. I can't tell what a treat your letters are to me, and your Father enjoys them equally. I am made happy all day and quite beyond the power of annoyance from any of Bridget's faults. I like to hear about your dinners, etc. I think you are doing finely but I knew you would. Frank is very kind to write so often. Your Father has gone to Lowell to Court. He will be delighted with F's letter. He said he would go and see Mrs. Lawrence today.

Much love from Mother,

M. A. T."

"4 Barrister's Hall, Boston,
April 15th, 1863.

"My dear Lucilla:

"I see by the morning paper that the *Arago* has arrived in New York and shall expect letters tonight. Gordon has returned in her and I hope is improved by his trip. Did you see him? We are fast beginning to have a touch of Spring. The hot beds are down and planted. Yesterday I planted peas and today Griffen is fixing the asparagus bed. I mean to have a good garden this year. The robins and blue birds, and larks are quite merry, and though the East winds are a bit chilly we are quite comfortable in the prospect of summer. Last week your Mother spent down here, and was disappointed at the illness of Mrs. Lawrence that prevented her from seeing her. I spent one night with her at Mrs. Sabine's and one night at Cousin Helen's who hopes to be a mother next month. Today your Mother has gone to Milford to spend the day and night with Mrs. Staples.

I think she is not quite well this Spring and needs rest and relaxation. We have given notice to Bridget and I hope to find a woman who will be something besides a nuisance in the kitchen. If you can bring home a young contraband of the feminine persuasion I shall like it. We are getting along nicely at our Church. Shall pay off half the debt at least this year, and have the Chapel consecrated I hope by next Christmas. Frank is to play for us and Martha Bullard to do the soprano, so that we are whole footed in that department. Mr. Alsop is as acceptable as ever. Willie Huntington preached for us last Sunday and we were delighted with him. Attie is as blooming as ever. Clifford has just commenced Cæsar, and Harry is discussing the peculiarities of dog law. I am quietly at work at my profession and have been quite successful thus far in regaining my practice. I hope in a year or two, to restore it to its former condition, when I was out of Politics. We are a little disappointed about Charleston, but on the whole think the iron-clads were as successful as we ought to hope upon a first experiment. The Spring campaign, however, does not promise as well as we had reason to expect. We are very solicitous about General Foster and our troops at Newbern, and I have occasionally felt a little anxiety about you and Frank, as it would not be agreeable to spend the summer as prisoners or until you could be exchanged. How does the plantation progress? I hope that Frank will get his money back this season, for I have little faith in any title except that of force in those parts. If I had the time I would drop in upon you and eat a few oysters and curlew. And now my dear daughter I have written you all the gossip I can think of, and hope this will reach you. I can't imagine where our letters have gone to. We hope you are improving in health and usefulness, and all womanly accomplishments. We will try and be all together this summer, as Charlie will be on his furlough. I will have the house fixed up, against your return. I am obliged to Frank for his letters and will pay him my respects next time. I have just seen Mr. Lawrence and Mrs. L. will ride out in a day or two. News has come that General Foster is relieved.

Yours,

Charles R. Train."

The law office was now permanently transferred from Framingham to Boston and the practice that had of necessity been abandoned

because of Congressional duties was quickly retrieved, and this period became the most prosperous one in the career of Charles R. Train. He was now one of the prominent figures in Massachusetts, at the bar and in politics. His family reaped the benefit of this material success. Charlie notes in his diary of November 16th, 1863:

"Pa is showing his increasing prosperity by buying a new carriage and fixing up the barn." This was written at the Naval Academy in Newport. He had had, as we shall see in a following chapter, two years at Exeter and a few months at Harvard. Clifford was sent to St. Paul's School, Concord, and Attie came daily to Boston to attend Miss Welby's fashionable school. She was still a school girl when she became engaged to Gilbert Russell Payson. A mutual friend had introduced them, and it was truly a case of love at first sight. He was the son of Samuel Russell and Hannah Gilbert Payson. Graduated from Harvard with the Class of 1862, he was in business with his father, a successful cotton merchant. They were married in St. John's Church, Framingham, by the Reverend Reese F. Alsop, April, 1867. Lucilla and her husband had returned from the South and were permanently settled in Longwood. It proved to be the last time that the family were brought together on a happy occasion. In May Clifford came home from school and died after a long illness. This sorrow was too great a shock for the fragile frame of his mother, and, after months of failing strength, she died on the 14th of November. Charlie was at sea, and this letter comes to his father when he hears that his mother's illness must have a fatal ending.

"Lisbon, Portugal,
November 17th, 1867.

"Dear Father:

"I got three letters from home yesterday. It is strange how in the dark I have been all summer, and within the last two weeks of Mother's condition, and the result is, that now and ever since I got Frank's letter, I have continued hoping and trusting that there was some reason to hope. If you could have written to me, for I have learned to distrust women's accounts, to people they love, of anything that can give them pain. Aunt Jane gave me such encouraging accounts of Mother that I couldn't believe Frank's bare statement of facts,

and now the last letters seem to think it settled that Mother is to die. So confused, uncertain, and perplexed am I about you and yours. . . . From something Lucilla says I am afraid that you think that I have been negligent or that my heart is growing cold and careless, but you know that is not so. It is useless for me to tell you that you and Mother are always in my thoughts. . . . Were I home I could prove my love, but here I must trust to words, but words are not hollow things between you and me. And you must not think for a moment that because I have grown to be a man, I am any the less your son, or that I feel less dependent on you now as I ever did. But I do wish you would write to me as your own familiar friend as I have a right to be. It would do me so much good, and perhaps you would be happier for it. Of course I cannot realise the grief of a bereaved Father and perhaps a bereaved Husband, I can understand too well that of a motherless child, especially when the Mother was one like ours. But as I find so much pleasure and comfort in the thought that I still have a Father, and Brother and Sisters, to love me and for me to love, so should I think that you could find a little in thinking of us, your children, and the happiness and pleasure, which through you they have found in the world, and which debt they will be only too happy to repay. I got a letter from Aunt Jane in this mail. I am glad she got home all right and that the presents were satisfactory. I couldn't think of anything to send you, but I knew you would not mind. I thought Harry would like his paint box. I want to encourage him in everything that will cultivate his taste for a scientific life. Engineering is the profession of the present day. I am to be promoted to a Lieutenant next month. It only gives me another stripe and $400.00 a year more pay, making my salary $2500.00. The duties are the same as my present rank. There are to be some important changes in the Service this winter. I shall get in, in advance of most of the Volunteer officers, and shall stand up pretty well on the Lieutenant's list, which will be a very good position for one of my age. I have not stopped my reading and am advancing slowly in German. I am going to take a tutor in Nice this winter, in case we spend any time there. Self-teaching is not of much use after the ground is broken. We sail for Cadiz in a day or two, from whence the Admiral (Farragut) is going to visit Seville. After Nice, we are going to the Holy Land and Constantinople, so I shall have quite a complete acquaintance with the European coast when I come home.

The *Frolic* is nearly worn out. We expect to break down every time we go to sea. We will have to repair before we start for home which is to be May next. If I still have a Mother when you get this, tell her she will take my love to Heaven with her, if she must go. Love to Aunt Jane and all, and do write.

Your affectionate son,

CHARLES J. TRAIN."

The home in Framingham was now of necessity broken up. Harry was with his sister Lucilla, until he finished school and entered Williams College. His father came to Boston to live. This was a surprise and disappointment to Charlie, who had written in his diary "Father will never leave Framingham as long as he lives, and I am glad of it, I never want to have my home in any other place." He did not then realise what the loss of his mother had brought about and how much easier it was for his father to engross himself in his work in Boston. In 1869 Mr. Train married Sarah Maria Cheney. He bought the house at 227 Marlborough Street and their children and grandchildren were made welcome and always shown unstinted kindness by Mrs. Train. In 1875 their son was born, and named Arthur Cheney. He has told in part at least, his own life story in his book *Puritan's Progress*. His successful career as a trial lawyer at the New York Bar, and a most interesting experience in the Office of the District Attorney was abandoned for the career of writing, and as an author he has won amazing popularity and success. His gift of imagination, sense of humour, and his wit, were distinct inheritances for the same attributes are invariably mentioned as contributing to his father's skill as an advocate.

It was in 1871 after having served three years in the Massachusetts Legislature, and as chairman of the Judiciary Committee that Charles R. Train was elected Attorney-General of the Commonwealth, and annually elected for seven consecutive years. It was an office that often led to promotion to the Supreme Court of the State, and was interesting from the fact that the important criminal business of the State was the charge of the Attorney-General rather than the charge of the local District Attorneys.

Many famous cases were prosecuted during his term of office and he attained a high reputation for his knowledge of the law and his

resourcefulness. Professor Jeremiah Smith of the Harvard Law School said that he was one of the most powerful advocates before a jury that he had ever known. Mr. Moorfield Story relates that once he convicted a dangerous and desperate criminal who, when sentence was passed upon him, became violent, and threatened Mr. Train with vengeance. Years later when at work at his desk he looked up and saw this man looking at him. "Do you remember me?" "I do," said Mr. Train. "Will you lend me ten dollars?" It was easy payment, to be so quickly rid of a dangerous enemy.

On an occasion in Congress when he was insulted on the floor by a member from Alabama, he was so cool, self-possessed and parliamentary that the rebuke that he justly administered was sustained with enthusiasm by all right-minded men. The affair reflected nothing but credit upon the Bay State. He was never at a loss for a ready answer. He seated himself one day in the Supreme Court at the news reporters' table, to look over his memoranda before trying his case; a Deputy Sheriff stepped up to him and asked: "What paper are you for?" "For the Commonwealth" was the prompt reply.

After 1880 there was a gradual lessening of work, and almost every year when winter still reigned in Boston, he would go to Washington to enjoy the lovely spring there, and to see his son's family. His grandchildren remember what pleasant occasions these were although an atmosphere of awe somewhat surrounded them. They were often invited to stay with him and Mrs. Train at the old Ebbitt House, a novel and blissful experience to the young. They also remember a visit paid to him at North Conway in the White Mountains, which provided a trip to the top of Mt. Washington. The memories that remain of this experience are vivid; the bitter cold, the heavy clouds that obscured the sunrise, and the strange, unintelligible signs in the rooms requesting guests not to use the blankets "for wearing apparel." This visit was further identified with the ghastly phenomena, "The Yellow Day" August, 1884. Smoke from forest fires in Canada veiled the sun and an atmospheric condition resulted in a brilliant yellow glow enveloping the world.

It was at North Conway July 29th, 1885, that the end came quite without warning, and very peacefully, to Charles Russell Train. His funeral was held at St. Paul's Church, Boston, and the burial was in Framingham. The testimony of his fellow-members of the Suffolk Bar given at a special meeting of the Court is sufficient witness to

his character and his achievements to show his descendants that he is worthy of their remembrance:

"He was a lawyer eminent in his profession; a citizen conspicuous in various walks of life upon whom in a long career distinguished marks of confidence were bestowed. In discharging a closing act of pious duty, his assistants are affected by pleasant memories and gratefully remind the Bar in this place, where his presence was so long familiar, not only of the personal traits that endeared him to us his brethren but of the unusual professional qualities which marked his career. They desire to witness to his skill, his self-possession, his nice discrimination, especially shown in the trial of Causes, his enlarged views and that natural generosity of disposition and constant good humour which smoothed the rough path of duty, and rendered the ordinary experience of professional life most grateful."

After her husband's death Mrs. Train devoted herself to her son Arthur's education. She continued to live in Boston when he moved to New York after his marriage. She lived to enjoy his success and his happiness with his wife Ethel Kissam Train, and her grandchildren. The affection that she had from them and her husband's family was a just tribute to her generous and unselfish kindness. They truly lamented her death when it came in June, 1916.

CHAPTER SIX

CHARLES JACKSON TRAIN

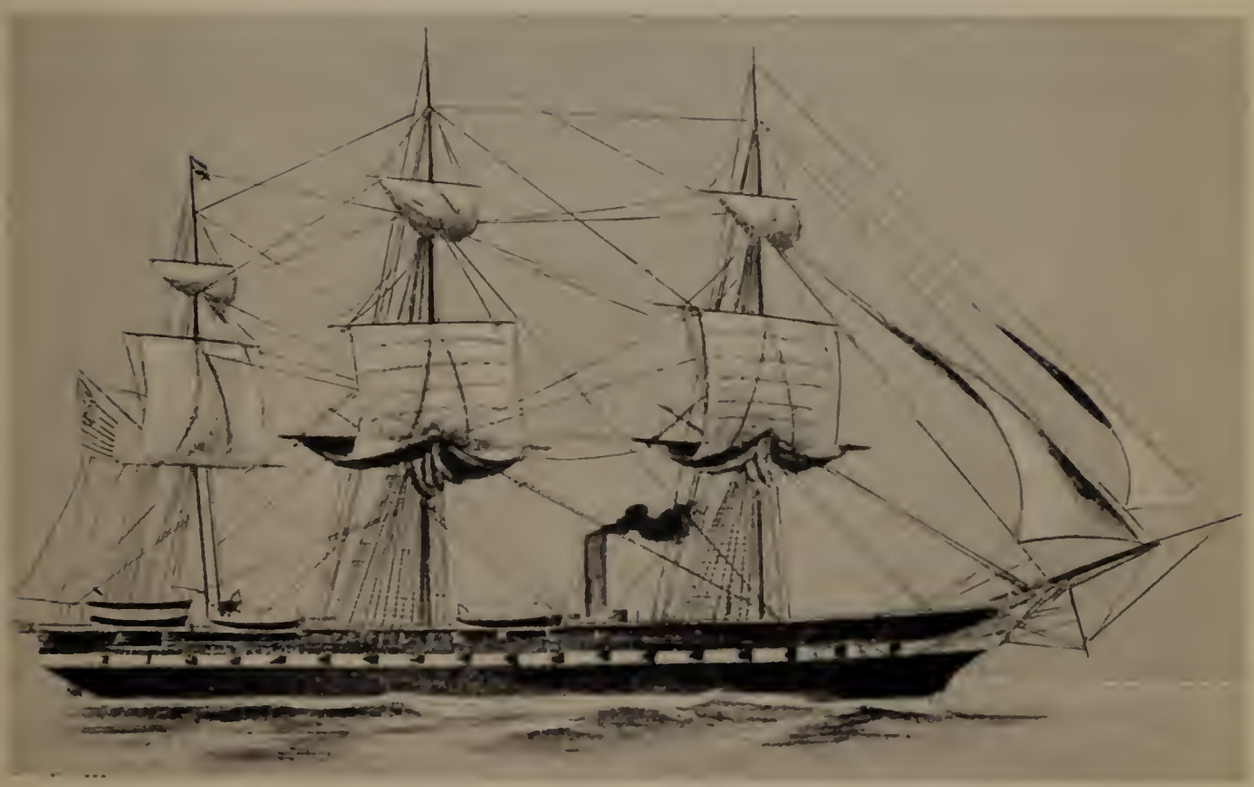
THE NAVY

A DIFFERENT page in the family history is turned with the life of Charles Jackson Train, for it departed from the trodden ways of his ancestors in New England. He was born in Framingham on the 14th of May, 1845, the second child and oldest son of Charles Russell and Martha Ann Jackson Train. No one who ever came in contact with his happy, humourous, and contented spirit can doubt that he was always the captivating centre of the household. As a boy his mischievous pranks brought mingled glee and consternation to his sisters and their friends, but his good nature and tender heart banished all resentment. His love of sport and ability to amuse, his quick intelligence made him a favourite with young and old.

The only break in the routine of home and school life came one summer vacation when he worked on a farm near Ashland. It was hard and unaccustomed labour in the fields under a taskmaster. He was faithful to the job, and proud of his capacity to be a wage-earner. When he was fifteen years old he went to Exeter Academy for two years. He had an excellent mind and memory, and though he later appreciated the traditions of the school and the instruction under such men as Professor Wentworth and Professor Cilley, at the time he was diverted from the path of study. He reminds himself of this when at the Naval Academy. "I mustn't let this damsel interfere with my studies. I remember how it was at Exeter, when in the last term, from a very good position I went down to the last man in my class, greatly to my parents' and my own disgust, and it was all the work of Lizzie O." His personality if not his academic standing left its mark and won this remembrance in the School Bulletin many years after:

"Train was accomplished and brave. His career may justly be a subject of pride to Phillips Exeter Academy, where his mind was

CHARLES JACKSON TRAIN, MIDSHIPMAN,
NEWPORT, 1863



U. S. S. *COLORADO*, 1865

early directed in the acquisition of knowledge, and in 'the habits of mental discipline.' "

In September, 1861, he entered Harvard College. His father was then a member of Congress and in November he sent by telegram an appointment to the United States Naval Academy, to take the place of his first appointee who had failed to pass the entrance examination. If the change of plan caused disappointment we know little about it. Youth in general is ready to "greet the unknown with a cheer," and he particularly always accepted a change as holding within it something new and good as well as interesting. The real regret was parting with his friends. The impression that he made on these friends during the few months of their intercourse was such that they always remembered him as a member of their class, "Harvard '65." Two years after his departure from Cambridge he writes: "It seems strange that after fitting for college for eight years, and thinking of nothing else, I should only have been there three months. It was all for the best though, I have no doubt. My class has dwindled down most sadly. There were 116 when I left and now they can barely muster 70."

The Naval Academy which had been established at Annapolis, Maryland, in 1845 when George Bancroft was Secretary of the Navy, was moved to Newport at the outbreak of the Civil War. The good ship *Constitution* which was in use at Annapolis as the Midshipmen's training ship was also removed from the chance of danger and towed to Newport. She continued to be used as the school ship until the close of the war when she was put to sea again. It was at Newport that, we learn from the Navy Department, "Charles Jackson Train entered the Naval Service, as a Midshipman on the 28th of November, 1861." From that time forward the Government Records and his letters and journals give us the history of his naval training, and forty-nine years spent in the service of his country. The material is so abundant and interesting that it is difficult to limit selections. The choice is made of that which will show his personal traits of mind and character, and his professional experiences and attainments, in the hope of conveying a true impression of his life and times. More use is made of the early journals, when the home in Framingham had not become remote, and we see the other members of his family and realise the happy relationship that existed among them.

Of the first two years at Newport we have no personal record. His first summer cruise was on the *John Adams,* Lieutenant-Commander Lull in command. After the second practise cruise on this sloop under Lieutenant-Commander Simpson, and when he returned to Newport from his holiday in Framingham, he commenced his journal.

"October 2nd, 1863. I wonder if all the fellows who went home this summer had as good a time as I had. I guess not, for I have a model home I think. However as soon as I can get the thought of it out of my head, I will be all right. I think this term will be quite interesting, especially gunnery and astronomy I know I shall like. I have always been a little homesick on Sunday ever since I was a Middie. They are so different from Sundays at home. I went to All Saints' Chapel in the afternoon. The singing was good, and the sermon too, a queer kind of sermon, nothing but a running commentary on the 'Prodigal Son.' Newport Churches are the stupidest and the deadest in the world, the responses are so low and no one seems to take any interest in the sermon. Trinity Church is a picturesque, queer old place. The box pews are very comfortable but the singing and preaching are never very good. When I went to Emmanuel Church I was disgusted, the people were talking and whispering and there was a continual going out and coming in. Our Chapel at home is my beau ideal of a cosy church. I can imagine now how every body and every thing looks, from the Rector and the organ boy, to the carpet and the ceiling. I suppose the family are just over dinner now and sitting in the pleasant twilight. They are all there except me. How pleasant it is to be missed. I have had a conversation with Caldwell. He affects a disbelief in Heaven and hell. Of course it is an affectation for no sane man would really believe any such thing."

"Captain Luce taught us the Signal Code today and it was very interesting. I am beginning to think that I do enjoy myself here. Such a place to make fun out of the most trivial things. At the table we are in a roar all the time, but that is partly owing to the jolly crowd at our end. McCalla[1] gave me a scolding for skylark-

[1] In 1900 Captain Bowman H. McCalla led the American Naval Expedition for the Relief of Peking in the Boxer Uprising.

ing. He says I set a bad example to the crew, it is partly true I suppose, but everything makes me laugh."

"I have had a letter from Lucilla, Attie is sick, I hope it is nothing. Our family has had very little trouble from sickness, though none of us took any particular pains to prevent it. The Lord blesses us beyond our deserts, that is as far as I am concerned, I wish I deserved it more. I have two of the best sisters that ever youth was blessed with, and I have the best Mother in the world. I have just written her eight pages which will please her. I am sorry I don't please her oftener. I think I never appreciated my Father's merits till last summer. Few fellows have a Father to whom they can write a long letter and take pleasure in it, and that is a very good test of the manner in which a young man regards his Father. There is a storm tonight and the wind howls around the windows, reminding me of the time when Mother used to put me to bed and how I used to lie and listen to the wind and the rain pattering on the roof. It seems struggling to break in tonight and it makes our room seem very cosy. I have been reading quite a lot lately: *The Wandering Jew;* a new novel called *For Better for Worse;* and Charles Reade's *Love Me Little Love Me Long,* that is jolly only the hero makes love in rather a peculiar fashion for moderns. I think I am getting up quite a taste for poetry. I have been reading *The Courtship of Miles Standish.* I like Longfellow very much."

"The orchestra appeared today. The dancing powers have improved much during vacation. It is no wonder if they had as good chances as I did. It made me quite homesick to shut my eyes and hear the music. It has been such a lovely day. Just the kind of a day when one wants to take the horse and ride in the country and see the foliage. Framingham is perfectly lovely now. I do love the country. Before I came back I had the most delightful ride with Mary B."

"This is my first day on duty as Officer of the Day. It is tiresome work. You have to be always on the alert not to be spotted. I accomplished that desired object. Tonight we had infantry drill and I filled the honourable position of Sergeant. I find it much pleasanter to walk on the side-walk with a sword than to be jostled

around in the ranks, but a sword does make your hips very lame. It was awfully cold and 'no Pea jackets' were the order, but 'Jug' double-quicked us most of the time, and many were the curses hurled at his head. The fellows swear tremendously here. It positively shocks even me. I try not to laugh at their blasphemous stories, and I succeed pretty well considering I laugh at anything. I tell them what I think on the subject. I should think they would have the common sense to see how foolish it sounds. I have quite broken myself of saying anything very profane. It seems as though I must damn occasionally, although I am perpetually making good resolutions against it. Captain Fairfax took me off the tobacco pledge this afternoon and I signalized the event by getting caught smoking three hours later. Captain Fairfax is a gentleman. A poor 4th classman was dying and with his customary consideration he had him removed from the dark, cheerless hospital to his own quarters. I would all Commandants were like him, I should have been saved a great deal of trouble."

"We had a jolly lecture from Professor Smith. He told us all about air and paraded any amount of glassware. Philosophy is no doubt interesting but it has too much mathematics for me. I made a tolerable recitation in seamanship, and good ones in gunnery and astronomy, so I am satisfied, I hardly expected to go up and I have not been disappointed."

"They have had an oyster supper at home to celebrate the anniversary of Father's and Mother's wedding and Father sent me a box of grub to reconcile me for my absence. He sent a letter too and said it will depend on my standing whether Attie comes to the Ball. It is lucky it isn't this month because I expect to go up in most everything next month. I have read and studied all day, and played the piccolo in recreation hours. We had a very nice sing tonight and I think my voice is improving slowly, perhaps some day I will sing like Father. I hope I shall have the chance to hear the great organ in Tremont Temple next summer, and I ought to have a chance to hear some European operas in my life. I went in to a music store the other day and found a college friend of Father's who told me about a band they had there and that Father played the bugle. What a fool I was not to learn to play some instrument

before, when I had the time but I did not love music as I do now. I am going to join the instrumental music crowd, with a violincello and I reckon I can make it go after a little practise."

"My violincello has come and has been the centre of attraction all the evening. My room-mates are much exercised and Shepperd is trying to change his room without success. I have drummed on it so long that my fingers are sore and I lost my chance to walk with Miss I. I told Mackenzie I was going to knock off studying. He said he didn't think there was much to knock off."

"I have had letters from home. Attie says Father has become a great smoker and leaves his pipes and tobacco all around loose in the library. I wish I were there. Mother says I am too old to write to Miss L. She does not understand that that sort of thing is not carried on as when she was a girl. She told me that Uncle Sam was dead. As I never knew him I don't mind it. He was a very talented man, but never did anything but drink and gamble. Father is doing a much better business than at any time since he has been at home. I am very glad and I suppose he is as jolly as possible. Molly B. sent me her picture. I was very glad to receive it but I wish it had been a photograph instead of a tin-type. I do hope some of my friends will come to the Ball from Boston. If that railroad ran they could come very easily, but it is a bore to change at Providence and take that horrid boat. I am one of the five members of the Ball Committee, and if Attie and L. S. come I expect to parade the prettiest girls in the room."

"Thanksgiving, 1863. I have passed a very pleasant day. Captain Fairfax let me go to church at Trinity. There was a small congregation. The minister was rather good, he quoted from that beautiful Hymn in the *Lyra Germanicus,* every verse ends:

'All things earthly have their day
God's Love only lasts for aye.'

I remember reading it to Aunt Jane last summer. Colonel Swan gave us quite a nice turkey dinner, but I would rather be at home this day than any other. I suppose they are having a family party

and a jolly time. The Old Man with the Scythe has not entered even the outskirts of our family, and I hope he will keep out for a long time to come. Grandmother wrote me rather a doleful letter. She is afraid she will never see us all together again, but I hope she will many times more, and together too. She seems to be getting on first rate and bids fair to live many years longer. I hope she will to see me a Lieutenant-Commander. The Middies have been very much excited over a rumour that the vacancies in the Navy Lists are to be filled from the Volunteers, thus putting us back at least fifteen years. A magnificent Memorial abounding in: 'The Flag of Our Country' and 'Our Hearts Blood' has been written by Long and sent to Congress. It seems to me all nonsense, at least the Memorial."

"The monthly average came out yesterday and I am perfectly satisfied with mine. I am pretty near the first section, and I mean to stay there too. I am standing higher in seamanship than I ever did before. I can't see that a man gains any advantage in standing high in his class, so long as I pass in the middle I am satisfied. Father groans over my lack of ambition. My ambition is to be a good officer and I think I can accomplish that without boning over mathematics. I do intend to stand well in seamanship and gunnery. I have not had a single demerit this week. How jolly it would be if I could get through the month without one and how it would astonish the 'aged P's.' I stand a good chance of being captain of our crew. I should like to wear the stripe not only on my own account but because it would please Mother and Father. We went aboard the *Macedonian* for general practise. I got in a thirty-ton mortar with a derrick in good style and was agreeably surprised. Today was my examination in astronomy. My usual good luck in examinations did not fail me. I drew an easy paper and got through all right. The examinations are perfect farces here. When I was a plebe all the fellows were shaking in their shoes. I was never affected in the least. After some of the exams. at Cambridge, especially the first, I thought I could stand anything. I have taken my first time sight. I will have to take a good many before I get through the lower grades of my profession."

"Our battalion has been photographed. The pictures will look

very nice framed and hanging on the wall of my sitting room when I am married. I have heard from Mother, and Father has gone to Washington to try a case, and will go South to see Lucilla. There was a paragraph in the paper that he had been made Judge-Advocate and Mother is afraid he will leave his business again."

"I have passed a pleasant Sunday. This morning the choir sang *Coronation* in great style. I remember how I used to admire that tune when Father sang it in the Orthodox Church at home. We had chicken pie for dinner the first time it has happened since I have been here, hence worthy of notice."

"Christmas Eve all over the world. I started out to go to church but could not find any service any where, I was quite disappointed. I think there ought to be services in all churches Christmas Eve. I wish I were at home tonight. Next Christmas I shall probably be at sea, and won't I wish I were at home then, *'Je pense que oui.'*"

"1864. The Commodore sent for me today and I was much bewildered, but he only wanted some one invited to the Ball. I met Mother and Attie at the Providence boat. Their trunk was lost. As it contained their Ball dresses it was rather rough. Mrs. Tom Swan lent Attie a dress and I tore all over Newport, and managed to buy slippers and things, but Mother was so disturbed that she staid in her room. Every one said it was the nicest Ball ever given by the Midshipmen. Attie had a beautiful time. She and Mother brought me a Bible and a dressing case for presents."

"Washington's Birthday, 1864. This day we celebrated as usual. The Commandant exerted himself and managed to give us a holiday of three hours. The band played, the choir sang, and the *Farewell Address* was read. Having heard it twice before, I solaced myself with a book. Never will I forget the 22nd of February two years ago, when I spent it in the cockpit of the *Constitution*. When I entered the Naval Academy all was *couleur de rose,* bands playing and boys in bright buttons, but in two weeks the scales dropped from my eyes. Poor Al Baker is not expected to live, he was a particular friend of mine and we were going to room together this

term. Dunn is not coming back, he prefers to measure tape in Elmira."

"As this is Friday night I have been especially busy in the music line. Immediately after supper I sawed on the 'cello till seven, then sang till eight while the rest of the men fenced. It was my bath night and I had a jolly bath. I am studying harder this term than I did last, and I want to pass higher. Navigation is quite difficult. I hardly ever get demerits, and I have quite got out of the habit of being reported. Father has got home and Mother is rejoiced. He brings good news of Frank and Lucilla. Frank has shipped $10,000 worth of cotton to New York."

"March 1st. The first day of spring, and it has been snowing all day, but snow or no snow, it *is* spring."

Nothing could be more characteristic of the writer's optimism which through life overrode adverse conditions than the above sentiment. The spring months reveal little of novelty in the daily journal. He is pleased at being chosen sergeant of his battalion; writes an essay on "The Origin of Our Ideas of Right"; sings in the choir of Emmanuel Church with Jerry Day, and Miss B.; secures a puppy to the disgust of his roommates, but is allowed to keep it, and takes it on the cruise with him. He makes a determined effort to work harder and says he knows he can excel if he tries at the June examinations. At the exhibition drill in seamanship for the benefit of the Board of Visitors, he was chosen Captain of the Maintopmast on the *Macedonian* and felt that it was a compliment. At the exhibition target practise he says: "only a few of us fired but I had the good luck to be among the number and sent my ball plumb through the target."

"June 6th, 1864. Father and the boys arrived. He looks just the same except he wears his whiskers differently. We took a sail to Fort Adams, and the islands and the ships. Father went on to Baltimore and the boys staid with Lucilla at the Fillmore House. I was with them all day and of course had a very good time. I don't think I would like to change places with Frank and Lucilla, but if I was certain of getting as good a wife as Lucilla I might be

tempted to some day. I was sorry to see them go as I am very proud of them all. The closing exercises took place with the band playing with its accustomed skill, a few broken remarks by Commodore Marston, and an address by Mr. Alexander Hamilton which was very stupid. The closing hop was the jolliest I ever saw. There were plenty of ladies and they all looked their loveliest. The last afternoon and evening Mac and I were at the De Kays saying goodby and had a most delightful time. I packed up and came aboard ship afterward. She is the best ship in the fleet, and I am at present a lieutenant, and I know I shall get along all right."

"June 13th. I have been on duty for the first time, and felt awkward and anxious, as though I had a tremendous load of responsibility on my shoulders. It was my debut in giving orders. We set stern sails and I shouted around in a remarkable manner and astonished even myself with my knowledge. Our labours on the cruise consist of taking time sights, working ship, recitations, rigging topsail yards, and exercises at quarters every day or two. I like my position on the foretop, only it is a bore having to go up there so many times a day. This ship is a terrible roller. We have counted twenty-four rolls in a minute."

Instead of going to Madeira as was hoped the cruise was along the Massachusetts coast and Gardner's Bay.

"The news of the sinking of the *Alabama* was received with great applause. There were frequent calls to quarters because of sighting suspicious steamers. One of these was thought to be the *Florida* and guns were cast loose, revolvers and ammunition passed round, and the port battery manned by sailors. I had the 14 inch gun and we waited for the order to 'Fire.' I had a first rate sight and could have hit her fair. She turned out to be the *Ticonderoga* after the *Florida.* The same day after we had settled down the drums beat again, this time it proved to be the Transport *Merrimac.* She hoisted the yellow flag and signalled she had yellow fever aboard, so we steered to windward as quickly as possible. We were ordered to look out for the *Tallahassee* the rebel frigate but she eluded us."

When the cruise ended in September he had the satisfaction of having the captain say that he was one of the most accurate workers aboard ship. The remaining two months in Newport were like the previous ones of the term: working for final examinations, "jolly calls" on many friends; singing and reading, such books as Carlyle's *Frederick the Great,* Jean Ingelow's *Poems,* Shakespeare, and the Epistle to the Romans. Of the latter he says: "I have been very sober and puzzling myself over St. Paul with a good deal of pleasure. I think I could make out his meaning better from the Greek than from the English. I like it but it takes a great deal of boning to make me understand the meaning of some of the passages."

Graduation came on the 23rd of November, and then departure from Newport and home to Framingham, there to await his orders for sea. He went to concerts and the opera in Boston with Attie, and with Clifford to Newton to spend the day with his cousins, and had a good time with all his old friends. His Mother was ill, and he says:

"I have learned to be quite a nurse and can make puddings with the greatest ease. Furthermore this leave has been of the greatest value to me. I have read Sterne, Lamb, De Quincey. A good deal of modern literature and any amount of the English poets. I wish I had income enough to do nothing but read and study. Luckily my profession will give me time for a good deal. I have invested seven dollars in standard books for my library and have had a present of a beautiful leather edition of Mrs. Browning's works."

Orders came on the 7th of February, 1865, to report at the New York Yard there to wait until the *Colorado* was ready to sail for European waters. When off duty New York provided him with sight-seeing and recreation with friends. He had the "jolliest romps with the Neilson children who are as pretty and charming as possible." Children never escaped his notice and always reciprocated his attention. He spoke of the "myriads of children playing in the Brooklyn streets, horribly dirty, splashing through the puddles in their bare feet, but pretty too. It is hard to think they must grow up ruffians or worse."

His father spent the day with him when passing through to

Washington. "He congratulated me on having brought credit to the family and myself, and bragged as is his custom about the other children. I wish I could always be with him." Clifford came for a visit and he took him to hear the *Huguenots* at the Academy of Music and thought it very "handsome but dirty."

Sundays were spent in his usual church going. At Trinity he heard the service intoned, but with the exception of the anthem was not impressed with the music. He went to hear Dr. Tyng preach at St. George's; "it is one of the largest churches in the city but very plain and simple, too much so for an Episcopal Church." The beauty of Grace Church was very satisfying. "The singing was almost perfect and particularly the chanting." He noticed the lack of responses from the congregations in all the churches, and thinks it a loss, "as it is one of the most beautiful parts of our most beautiful service."

There was a break in the monotony of the duty of standing watch aboard ship when the Admiral ordered him to assist in conveying a draft of 200 men to Washington. They left New York early one morning, changed cars at Philadelphia and Baltimore, marching from station to station at each place, reached Washington at three A.M. and walked to the Navy Yard. He was much impressed with the Capitol. "The beautiful dome and graceful columns seemed like the palaces one sees in the clouds. I could not keep my eyes away from it as we marched by it and I walked with my head turned till I nearly broke my neck."

Before the ship sailed he was given two weeks' leave as his journal relates:

"April 5th, 1865. Reached Boston at seven in the morning. Went directly to Lucilla's and surprised her. Attie came down and dined and we had quite a family party. At night I went home. The weather was lovely and I walked and drove as much as I chose and I read some lectures on English poetry which I hope did me good. Father has sold this place. He got a good price for it. It seems sad to leave the place where we have lived so many happy years. This summer the family will roam. Attie stays with Lucilla. Harry with Aunt Sarah. Clifford will board somewhere and Father and Mother talk about going to Europe. I enjoyed my leave but then had to take a forlorn farewell."

"April 17th. Two national events have happened, the surrender of Lee, at which every one was beside himself with joy. The other was the murder of the President which every one takes to himself as a personal grief as well as a national calamity. New York is covered with crape and we have fired guns every half hour all day."

The *Colorado* is ready for sea on the 23rd of June and we are assured by the Journal that sailing along on summer seas is very pleasant but that life on a man-of-war for a Midshipman is anything but monotonous. Duty in turn in the engine room, in the hold, and on deck standing night and day watches. Nothing is a bore except the effort to climb by a hook up in the air to your hammock at night. Sleep overcomes all other objections that it might have in comparison with a bed. The first port is Fayal.

"Fayal harbour is surrounded by high mountains. At the head of the bay is seen a little, white village and above the village on the mountain side are scattered little, white houses with green gardens and orchards. Along the water's edge there runs a low embankment and in the centre it rises to a few feet and there some old fashioned guns are seen sticking through, and one or two sleepy soldiers, and the gaudy Portuguese flag attempts to flutter above. Everything seemed calm and composed and wore such a sedate air that I was at once captivated. On shore the women were picturesque, the children half naked and the men lazy and dirty. Nobody wore shoes but every man seemed to be a shoemaker, which was peculiar."

"The English Channel. When I came on deck at four this morning to keep the watch the sun was shining brightly. The sea was covered with craft of all shapes and sizes skimming along in the fresh breeze. The jolliest were the sharp bowed, long, low steamers flying across our bows in a most impertinent manner. The white cliffs of Dover, the old gray castle on the hill and the little town beneath were charming in the morning light. It is certainly the prettiest bit of nautical scenery in the world."

"Flushing. The coast of Holland looked like nothing but a sand beach. Arriving in the river Scheldt the red roofs and church spires of Flushing could be seen and anchored off the town were the

United States ships *Niagara* and the *Frolic*. Salutes were exchanged, the Dutch flag hoisted and the forts banged away at fifteen minute intervals. The Dutch Admiral came aboard and the usual salaaming and gesticulating took place.

"It is a bad place to be at anchor, the tide is tremendous and the sea runs so high that boat duty is very disagreeable. I was nearly swamped once. We had a gale yesterday and the great waves climbed over the sea wall of Flushing and jumped down among the poor Dutchmen in a most ferocious manner. Our ship rode out the storm finely, although at one time we expected we would have to let go another anchor. It was supper time when I was ashore one evening and as I looked through the uncurtained windows I saw the tables set for the evening meal and in every house, no matter how humble I saw china that would have made Mother's heart burn with envy, that is, if such a thing were possible which I don't believe is. It was great fun to throw coppers to the infantile rabble and see the wooden shoes fly about. It is a mystery how they get over the ground so quickly with such a weight of lumber attached to them."

"Antwerp. Is a city of pinnacles and towers and gable roofs, picturesque in the air but below not very different from other cities, except being clean and quiet. Among all the pictures the sublimest was Van Dyke's *Crucifixion*. The solitary cross on the mountain side standing desolate and alone with the black cold clouds encircling it was the saddest thing I ever saw."

"Brussells. The whole distance from Antwerp to Brussells was like a gentleman's garden. The streets of the city were cleaner, the houses finer, and the girls prettier than any I ever saw. The concert in the park at night charmed me entirely. The beautiful trees, the lights shining among them, the soft air, the pretty women, and the perfect music. The Hotel de Flandre was quiet and delightful, and after our perfect days we would turn in to our jolly little beds, to be awakened in the morning by the tooting of the horn on the Waterloo Coach. With sad hearts we returned to the ship after three days' leave."

"Cherbourg. We are anchored about two miles from the shore

to give the crew a good hard pull. The bay is full of vessels. The whole of the French iron-clad fleet, ten of them. They carry many guns and are very formidable looking. The *Colorado* is the handsomest ship in the bay. The usual number of Admirals have come aboard and the usual contortions and grimaces gotten off on the quarter deck and the usual amount of powder wasted. A number of us Middies were ordered to visit the Navy Yard here, but we were received in a very cavalier manner, making a row about letting us enter and sending a gendarme with us whether to show or prevent our seeing I could not discover. However all we saw was the outside of a bakery. I pulled back from the shore with no wind, and the moon nearly full while the sun had not set and the mixture of half twilight and half moonlight was very lovely. The moon is the biggest and the brightest here, that I ever saw.

"After keeping watch for two months, life in the hold is comparatively easy and today is a good example of what it is. I turned out at five, in great fright lest I was too late for opening the hold, and thereby keeping the Officer of the Deck waiting for his buckets and there would be a row. After wandering over the berth deck in my nightgown and trousers and gathering my 'skirts' close to my delicate body lest they touch some of the filthy hammocks, I delivered the keys to the warden and returned to the steerage, shaved my person, drank my coffee and retired to one of the lockers for a nap. But as miserable creatures kept coming to me for water and sand, my slumbers were very fitful. At six bells all hands turned out, and the steerage then became crowded with white forms rushing wildly round, their hands dripping with soap and water and their hands flourishing towels and wash bowls. I had to depart and take to reading *Frederick the Great* amid the shimmering dampness of the deck. Then breakfast, and being good for a wonder raised my spirits and enabled me to smoke my pipe with a contented mind. There were no quarters owing to rain so I read till twelve. Craven asked Davis and me to his room and we sat and enjoyed ourselves till dinner. Quarters at five bells. After that we assembled round the table in the steerage, read and wrote, and made bad jokes and laughed with all our might and main. At three bells came 'Pipe down and hammocks.' Such are my days and tolerably pleasant ones they are. If I could have such duty the entire cruise I could do an enormous quantity of reading.

I get some French done every day, and now have *Social Science* by Professor Carey on hand. It is interesting and gives me an idea of political economy which I needed very much. I have just finished *Vanity Fair*. Coleridge I find requires real study and thought. His lectures on Shakespeare are wonderful. I have commenced to translate a Spanish tract on temperance. Spanish is remarkably easy to read. I try not to neglect my daily modicum of the New Testament."

"Brest. The harbour is full of ships, American, French, and Russian. It is a lovely harbour almost completely surrounded by beautiful hills sloping softly to the water, and one narrow opening to the sea and the blue horizon. The town with its old fortifications and the green trees above them seem as suited to the landscape as the hills and the water. Just before dawn is the time to bask in such a scene, and then see the sun come up all crimson and gold. It is not as attractive on shore, dirty and evil-smelling. The boulevards, gay with people parading in rather gaudy clothes. The children are the prettiest feature of the place, they rush and frolic about in the jolliest way, screaming and laughing at the top of their lungs."

"The Bay of Biscay. I suppose the *Colorado* at sea in a gale is about the most disagreeable thing to live on in the world. She rolls fearfully. Last night two boats were carried away, the howitzers got adrift, smashed themselves to pieces and I thought were coming down the hatch and would brain us in our hammocks. Two men were badly hurt. The gun deck has been flooded and the watch soaked and blinded with rain. We have one heavy squall after another. We have lost about all our crockery. On one of our fine days we had target practice and I was stationed in the foretop to make the shots. The day was so beautiful and the sea so blue and lazy I almost forgot where I was for the mere enjoyment of living. A ship's top on a pleasant day is a perfect place to dream."

"Lisbon. No more salt horse or beans for at least a month. Sailing up to the city along the Tagus River the shore looked very pleasant in the sunshine. Green and yellow sloping fields rising up

to a range of hills. The hills were covered with round fat windmills whose sails were shaped like a Maltese Cross. They looked like huge whirling flies. The city is clean and pleasant, long, straight streets lined with handsome houses. I went ashore, bought a fine edition of *Don Quixote* and went to the opera which was *Sappho*. The orchestra was the best part of the performance.

"Sunday was the birthday of Somebody, the men-o'-war in the harbour were all dressed with flags and a salute was fired at noon. When I am captain of a ship I shall fire no salutes on Sunday.[1] It is not a day for doing homage to an earthly potentate. Although duties sometimes interfere I try to keep the individuality of the day as much as possible with Sunday thoughts. It hardly seems possible that I ever went to church twice a day, walking demurely beside Mother and sat at the head of the pew in uncomfortable trousers and choking collar and winked at Harry."

"Letters from home, one from Lucilla telling me of Attie's engagement to Mr. Payson of Boston. I am glad though she seems hardly old enough, but she is smart enough and pretty enough. One from Attie herself with no news but just breathing of Gilbert. My long wished for one from Mother was full of news mixed with love and benedictions."

"I have been given the billet of ship's Writer, or Clerk. I will have very little liberty but the duties are very well suited to my disposition. I have all the time to myself and every night in. I have decided to devote all my day times to French and Spanish, and my evenings to English. I am reading Shakespeare's plays with Coleridge's criticisms, intending to get a deeper insight into the plays but I get so interested in the play that I am reading that I forget to keep up with the commentary."

"The Mediterranean. At sea again sailing along the Spanish and African shores. In sight of the 'Rock' like some huge animal rising up out of the water, and on the African side another white rock with rugged seams down its sides, and back of it a long line of hills stretching into the face of the sun, I mounted up into the cross trees to enjoy the sight. My first view of snow-clad moun-

[1] The present Navy regulation prohibits the firing of salutes on Sunday.

tains were the Sierra Nevadas, they gave me a strange feeling of sublimity and desolation."

"Villa Franca. And a charming little place it is. The bay is merely a little indentation in the coast open entirely to the south but completely protected on every other quarter by high hills covered with olive trees. We lie within a stone's throw of the village, which consists of a few houses lying close together, surrounded by an old ruined wall on one side and the citadel on the other side."

"Nice lies just over the hills and is merely a modern French city and is not nearly as picturesque as Villa Franca. The fashionable drive is along the beach and the hotels and villas opposite. Along the promenade you see fashionably dressed women and invalids, stout, hearty looking men being wheeled about in baby wagons. There are no private residences that compared with those in Newport. We have visitors all the time to see the Stars and Stripes. Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence and Miss Dana are here and it is very pleasant to see them. It is certainly the most delightful place for an American man-o'-war. It is very gay with opera and the carnival. The great affair of the season is the Club Ball to which we were all invited. The ball room was quite a splendid affair, with mirrors, chandeliers, and waxed floors. The gentlemen stood in the middle of the room and the ladies sat on benches around. There were some magnificent dresses and the most remarkable display of bosoms on the part of the matrons, while the younger ones were dressed quite modestly. The trains were so fearfully long, the men were usually enwrapt in them. The King of Bavaria disported himself in quite a lively manner for an old chap of seventy kicked out of his kingdom. Every other man was a Prince or a Count covered with orders."

"I have the training of the choir, it is some work but I enjoy it. I have taken two of the boys to the opera, and as they had never been before, I enjoyed their pleasure as much as the opera."

"Christmas Day, 1865. Pleasant and busy. Since there was no one else to make me a present, I presented myself with a beaver, which I wore all day in a most exulting manner, and yet fearful that it was going to fall off my head. I went to the English Church

and enjoyed the service very much. I could not help being a little lonely and homesick on the holiest happiest day in the year, but I can't help being happy when I think how happy they all are at home and wishing I were with them. I have had a letter from Mother and Clif, and one of my old Framingham friends has gone away forever—old Mr. Haynes, almost the first man I can remember and always connected with the memories of my childhood. It gives me the saddest feeling I ever experienced when we see how time is breaking up the circle of our old loving neighbours at home. I most fervently hope that at some time in my life I may be allowed to go to Framingham and settle down quietly to pass the remainder of my days amidst my old scenes. I wish there was more of the feeling among Americans that sends every one in their middle age back to their childhood home to keep up the old associations as unchanged as possible. The social relations of a New England village are the pleasantest in the world. So much love and kindness as is shown, such a desire for the general good which a community of interests inspires. And so much education and refinement both of mind and morals, all these combined, render a New England village the most desirable home in the world. I verily believe that the society which we had in Framingham when I was a boy of ten would equal in culture and refinement, added to true worth, that of any city on the globe, while at the same time it was free from all the petty lies and tricks that the fashionable society in cities is obliged to have recourse to, in order to keep up the tone of honour and courtesy that it has not."

"January, 1866. If I have ever done anything in my life for which I am heartily glad it is that I commenced to keep a journal. Whenever I am blue or homesick I can always fine solace in reading over my life two years ago at the Naval Academy and contrasting my feelings now with my feelings then. It is a Divine Providence that brings out all the happiness of our past life, while it shades down all the trouble and sorrow, so that the older we grow the more pleasure we take in going over in our memories our former lives. It always put me in a happy condition to go over the past. I have had such a pleasant time thus far in my life, such a good home and friends and good fortune generally that I should be a brute if I were not grateful to Him who gave. At which

thought the Devil insinuates that it is my happy disposition that has made my life so happy. At which I tell him if that is true I am a thousand times more thankful for being blessed with such a gift and may it stick to me all my life."

"Gibraltar. Is a pretty little harbour with a town on the water's edge and one higher up on the hill. There are Turks and Algerians in their native costumes looking out of place in the crowd of frock coats and red skirts. The Governor and his staff came over to church. He was a fine hearty old chap and his staff were perfect specimens of English gentlemen, straight and fair and all dressed in the most gorgeous uniforms. My choir were not dazzled by them as I feared and did themselves great credit and received a great many compliments."

"Cadiz. I was on watch long before the larks had any idea of rising, and had a fine view of the city as we came to anchor. It stands on a point between two harbours, and as each house seems to have a white minaret on its roof, much is added to the distant view. Two Spanish men-o'-war, in passing, manned their rigging and cheered. Of course it was somebody's birthday as usual, so the Spanish flag floated at our masthead and we saluted at noon. There was nothing of interest to see on shore. Dirty and ill-paved streets, shops filled with cheap English goods. Men wearing huge cloaks and the women mantillas. Donkeys travelling about with a melancholy bell clanging at their foreheads.

"The ship is full of rumours about a war with France, and we have received orders to be ready for sailing at any moment. Our boats are all hoisted in. It would be a sad thing for our country to be forced into a war. We would probably be all blockaded, or we would all be taken and stowed in some black hole to starve till the war was over.

"This morning we had boat exercise and pulled around the harbour and fired our howitzers and carbines in a very war-like manner.

"I am in a good humour tonight because I gave the steerage a piece of my mind in regard to blasphemous stories and expressions of unbelief in my presence, and kicked up an awful row in consequence.

"My infernal laziness has prevented my teaching a class in Sunday School, but now I have, I rather like it. Today the lesson was rather poor and I had to use a story in seamanship to illustrate it. I think I taught them a little, at least they listened. The chaplain has given me Wilson's *Noctes Ambrosional* for which I have been wishing a long time. He sent to London for it which was kind."

"We have had a tremendous gale. Our main topsail split and there was tremendous hue and cry over it. I was sent up in the top to look after operations and the wind nearly blew my eyes out. A man fell from the spar deck to the engine room and did not hurt himself. It was a most miraculous escape, but a poor boy has died of brain fever. This afternoon the boatswain's mate piped the sad cry 'Bury the Dead.' All hands came aft, the body was on a plank at the gangway covered with the blue jack. The engines were stopped, not a sound was heard except the waves dashing against the side of the ship and an occasional hiss of steam, so the sublime words of St. Paul in the service were distinctly heard. At the words 'we commit the body of our brother to the deep,' the body of the Boy Knight went over into the blue sea, my one thought was, what a beautiful tomb has the poor fellow. The Marines fired a volley, and we dispersed to work and play."

"Spezzia. The harbour is pretty and the snow-capped mountains looked very lovely in the morning light, but it is a stupid little place, filled with aged women carrying burdens on their heads. Victor Emmanuel has commenced to build a Navy Yard here on a magnificent scale and wants to make it his chief station. There are several frigates and iron-clads and gun-boats. It used to be our rendezvous in these waters and our store houses are still to be seen."

"Leghorn. There is no bay here only an artificial harbour formed by a long mole to which ships tie up like horses to a fence. The mooring was difficult and made disagreeable for the people on deck by floods of rain soaking us to the skin, and huge hailstones that made our cheeks tingle as they hit us. Our huge ship is most ignominously bound hand and foot to the dock by an eight inch cable and two anchors. Along side of us lies Prince Napoleon's steam yacht. An exquisite vessel. We saw her owner, Jerome, who

is an exaggerated Napoleon and looks stupid. The city lies right on the shore of the sea, where the mountains have retired into the country for a season, and left a clear space for the town. The view from the poop was lovely, for the wind was fair for going out, and there was a stately procession of ships from the harbour to the horizon, and I almost neglected my duty for watching the beauty of the sight."

With his friends, Davis, Jewell and Schouler, three days' leave were spent visiting Florence. "The jolliest, happiest days ever spent." The galleries, churches, and the opera *Lucia* were thrilling experiences and also the Boboli Gardens, where the view of the city and the Valley of the Arno was superb.

"Pisa. A pleasant day's trip from Leghorn on which the sun was kind enough to shine. Of course I climbed the Leaning Tower and had a magnificent view for our pains. A little chapel on the river was a perfect gem of architecture."

"Naples. I was disappointed in the bay, for I could not find the wondrous beauty I had so long read about. Even the mountains seemed insignificant and Vesuvius, from whose top I expected to see smoke belching forth, and perhaps fire, had only a faint line of smoke appearing occasionally. The Island of Capri in the distance was the prettiest thing in the view with its picturesque outline and faint purple colour."

"Pompei. I should have enjoyed much more, were it not that on this cruise I have seen so little of live cities, that I prefer them to dead ones."

"Palermo. Is just like any other Italian city. Very old and very dirty, with curious old houses that glare in the torrid heat. There is a good deal of shipping, and the most delicious oranges that are very cheap. The ship is full of rabble all day, and fleas in consequence.

"We have just heard of the terrible experience of the *Kearsarge* which left Lisbon the same day we did. The first night out the

surgeon was taken ill and it was soon discovered to be 'Yellow Jack.' Immediately the ship was headed north, but before they could reach the cooling north winds, seven officers and seven men had died. The surgeon was the first to go and there they were left on the desolate sea, with sick and dying men and no medical aid."

"At sea again being towed to Toulon to have our shaft mended. The sun set over Corsica, with desolate Elba on our port side."

"Toulon. A magnificent harbour completely sheltered and thus perfectly defended. We are in the midst of a huge fleet of men-of-war of every description. After hours of getting in the sheet, and off our seventy-five tons of shell, and much howling and bawling we got the ship into the dry dock. Directly along side of us is a huge Spanish iron-clad. We have become acquainted with her Midshipmen and find them very pleasant fellows. We get on very well as they speak about as much French as we do.

"The town is really much pleasanter than it looks, with busy streets, but I stay on board ship almost all the time and read a lot. Ruskin and Molière and Rousseau I like, but not as much as I expected. His books are absurd but I like the style. The *Siècle de Louis XV* I don't like as much as I did, for Voltaire talks in such a narrow-minded way about the Huguenots. I mean to gather a little library of French books and have them bound in England. I am reading some sermons of Frederick Robertson and never liked anything better, but I wish he would go deeper into some of his thoughts. At last too I have really commenced *Storms and Winds.*"

"May 14th, 1866. This is my 21st birthday and I am half glad and half sorry. The last two or three years I have clung with both hands to my youth, but it has gone at last, and won't ever come back any more except in memory, where it will ever be fresh and green. It does not look as though I should go home for some time to come. I am willing to have another year and a half if I am made a Master then. The idea that I had several months ago about resigning has left me, not so much because I like the Service more, but out of the Service less. I hope it is not the desire for an indolent life. I don't believe it is, or that my present laziness is my natural condition, only the result of circumstances. One can't

be active when there is nothing to do. If the indolence don't extend to my brain I don't mind."

Before leaving Toulon request for leave was granted and eight days were spent in Paris. The three friends staid in lodgings in the Latin Quarter. Sight-seeing all the morning. The galleries and museums became tiresome in spite of the beauty they contained. The Bois de Boulogne, Tuileries, and Luxembourg Gardens gave infinite pleasure, and Versailles— "Such vistas of green foliage, sunny lakes, and cooling fountains, noisy with the song of birds and the voices of children (the prettiest I have ever seen) and the air so sweet and refreshing after the mustiness of palaces. Then the theatre or opera in the evening after a luxurious repast for two francs."

"The Prefect gave a reception to celebrate the Napoleonic Dynasty and I went in my best bib and tucker and was squeezed in behind a cactus plant, but saw quantities of gorgeous uniforms, gold lace, and decorations. We dressed ship with flags at each yard arm, and fired three salutes."

"As the Recorder in a Court Martial I have had a taste of new duty. I shall be glad when I am free from the cobwebs of the law for our sessions were very stormy, and I was so affected by the excitement that I pity the man who has to read my report."

"Sailing along the English Channel, I am well content, with pleasant weather. Reading, smoking, a dose of Spanish with intermittent attacks of the flute. Also target practise, when I was sent up in the main-top to obtain all kinds of impossible data about the shots."

"Southampton. It is so like Boston, the familiar names and signs and the shop windows. It felt almost like being at home in church yesterday. We started to go to Winchester, but it rained too hard. Instead we had a lovely walk through green fields to Netley Abbey.

"The English Yacht Squadron is here. Mostly small craft and they do not compare with our vessels. There could not be a prettier ship than the *Colorado* at present. Our boatswain keeps her very trim aloft, and her hull always was lovely.

"We were allowed to enter the boat races, and I was never so happy in my life as I was when, standing in the front row of the spectators, I saw the Stars and Stripes and our barge coming in one hundred yards ahead, and the men pulling as steadily as when they started. I wanted to cheer horribly but had to content myself with clapping and waving my cap until I thought my arm would drop off.

"The Mayor has invited all the officers to a grand banquet but as he gave one to the *Alabama* (Confederate) when she was here I hope they won't accept.

"I have had the honour of showing an M.P. about the ship, but I was not particularly impressed by the account of his chats in the House of Commons.

"There seems to be a good deal of religious excitement in England now over certain books. I have sent for *Ecce Homo* which is one of them. The chaplain bought a lot of books in London, and the ship has really an admirable library. I find *Gil Blas* too easy in Spanish and must commence some language that requires hard study every day, for I waste my time horribly unless I plot out work beforehand. A mid-watch and a new pair of shoes incapacitated me for a day's active service so I have spent it reading and my head is full of German ideas about 'innate ideas,' 'consciousness and intentions' all derived from *History of Free Thought,* also Mitchell's lectures on astronomy, which are always thrilling."

"Such a hubbub getting ready for sea, coal lighters, provision lighters, whips in the fore and aft arms, putting them up to the music of fifes and the shouting of boatswain's mates. To crown all a lot of females came on board and the band tooted and banged on the poop. A barrel of molasses got out of the slings and splashed its contents all over the cockpit and spirit room and made a terrible mess."

"December 2nd, 1866, will always be marked with a white stone in my memory for on that day the Admiral's secretary came and told us we were promoted. The uproar of jubilation and congratulations defies description. I have some new duty which isn't much but as a change is rather agreeable. I have to make out the Quarter Bill, and look after the bright work. And now for the first time in my

life I am a wardroom officer in charge of a division which is the pleasantest duty on board ship."

"The years go so quickly now they don't startle me as much as they used to. I think '67 will not find me much changed, but I hope there is a change working for the better even if it is slow, so I wish myself 'A Happy New Year.' "

"Port Mahone, Spain. The harbour is good when you once get in and the island looks quite green and beautiful from the ship, but on shore the only green thing is the cactus, the ugliest of plants, and the little soil there is looks out of place in the midst of lava. It is like most Spanish towns. Streets full of donkeys, and pretty children taken care of by old hags. The only thing the Mahonese have to be proud of is a fine organ which was made for Barcelona and on the way thither was wrecked on this island and remained here."

"We are waiting here for the *Swatara* who it is reported is going to take Surratt home, he was found at Alexandria, the husband of Mrs. Surratt the accomplice in Mr. Lincoln's murder."

"I have just ordered my first pair of epaulettes and will be obliged to get a swallow tail coat and cocked hat according to the circular issued by the Navy Department. A letter from Mother congratulating me on my promotion and telling me to save my money. I would like to. The only way to save money I find is to lend it. Harry is at St. Mark's School, his heart broken over home sickness and English grammar."

"Mr. Bronson our Consul at Nice is a charming person, and it is such a pleasant place to go. I met William Cullen Bryant there and General McClellan. The children are delightful and we always have jolly romps together. The baby is to be christened aboard ship by Bishop Stevens, and we are giving him a silver cup which I have bought. I shall hope to meet some of the acquaintances I have made over here again some day, but do not suppose I ever will. Our squadron has made an enviable reputation in these waters and

now the *Colorado* is going home and I am transferred to the *Frolic*. She is like a yacht in her appointments and the men in good discipline. Her cook and steward are the best in the fleet, and our dinner parties are famous, but stupid females can ruin good food. The brain and stomach must either both be happy or both be miserable. I find life on board quite charming, but the duty is more monotonous than on the *Colorado* where there was always something going on, visitors to receive, or the band to listen to, while here the only excitement afforded the Officer of the Deck is playing with the monkey, which, being forbidden, can only be done behind the smoke stack. In a rough sea I was so accustomed to the dignified movements of the *Colorado* that I was unprepared for the peculiar wobble of the *Frolic,* and being so old a tar was mortified to find myself sea-sick."

"Marseilles. I never knew there were so many Greek vessels in the world as I have seen in this port. I enjoy watching the picturesque sailors on a brig along side of us. It is much too attractive a place for sailor men. All through my mid-watch they came stealing aboard ship, drunk and dirty, with blackened eyes and bloody noses.

"I have become quite broken in to Sunday amusements, and had intended going to a ball but was glad I did not. I took the occasion to examine my conscience about the Sabbath Day, and as I could not decide whether or not the reason my logic appeared so good was due to the fact that my desires were in my favour, I decided not to go any more till the question was settled. Were I at home I would never think of such a thing and I have no doubt of the benefit arising from our Sabbath keeping. However I really think there is nothing in our religion to cause me to think Sunday amusements wrong."

"Naples. A perfect Neapolitan day, not a cloud in the sky and the distant mountains and islands covered with that exquisite blue tint."

"Rome. The approach over the Campagna with gray horned cattle. Musing in duty bound at the aqueduct, I was aroused by the distant ringing of the Angelus, the twilight just dim enough to

make the beautiful ivy covered ruins appear poetical and mystical. The Coliseum I saw for the first time by moonlight, and never did I experience so much emotion and feeling for its beauty and its memories.

"I would have liked St. Peter's if it had been four times smaller, and would give more to have been the man who built the edifice of which the columns remain at the foot of Capitoline Hill than St. Peter's. The *Miserere* sung in the Sistine Chapel far surpassed my expectation. I never had an idea that earthly music could be so perfect. Our uniforms procured good places for us. The Chapel itself, except for the frescoes, is rather uglier than the Baptist Church in Framingham. On Easter Sunday there were at least 50,000 people in the Piazza waiting for the Papal blessing from the Vatican balcony. There was no enthusiasm; the Papal troops showed great bravery in keeping back the crowds."

"Sorrento. I spent the day there and came back with an armful of Sorrento wood. The ride there from Naples is wonderful. The sea and Capri on one side, steep hills, almost mountains on the other, with deep ravines stretching into the very heart of the mountains, and all covered with the delicate green of the olive trees. A wonderful view from the hotel balcony. Sorrento would be just the place to spend the winter with Mrs. T."

"Messina. 'And on the morrow we sailed for Messina.' When I came on deck for the early morning watch we were just abreast Capri, and the bay full of waves of gold, framed by the mountain still covered by the transparent mist of the morning. Stromboli flamed occasionally but the flames lasted only a few minutes, and then sank into a sullen glow like a smoldering fire. Then flamed again as though giants beneath were blowing it. The straits are beautiful, the water about Scylla smooth and pleasant, showing no reason for abhorrence."

"May 14th, 1867. One more birthday has come round. It is time I put myself through an examination after these three months of excitement. I have hardly had one hour's steady thought since I was promoted. On my next cruise I expect never to leave the ship except when driven off; either I want to go all the time or not

at all. With plenty of books there are worse things than life on ship board, but I never want to make any more three year cruises."

The first of May a letter from Lucilla explains that their silence had been due to Clifford's illness. His life had been despaired of, but he was recovering. This hope made grief more poignant when the news of his death came.

"The happiest family in the world is broken up, Clifford is gone! My Brother, the best one of us all is dead. When I read the news a great heavy weight usurped the place of my heart, only my work and duty takes away the feeling, but I do not want it to go away, for life mustn't be to me as it was. God has taken Clif to teach me that life isn't all play and to bring my thoughtless brain to reflect in earnest. I must keep hold of my resolutions, and not let them become covered with the dust of my indolence. The dear boy's death won't be wholly lost if it makes me live the life of a man. Good bye Clif, I love you now and shall the rest of my life.

"My poor Father and Mother are terribly crushed. I have written Mother and it was a hard task. What would I not give to see her! She writes she is so lonely and wishes I could come home. The most touching part of her letter was when she says how she thought of my grief when I should first hear the news. Just like my Mother, thinking never of herself till after she thought of her children, and she says she thanks God for having given her such children. (My heart smites me most keenly for my own comparative happiness while she is suffering so.) Time will soften the grief and pain, and perhaps we shall all enjoy the world in a healthier way, now we know what life is. I'm going to write Father to bring Mother and Harry to Europe. It would do them good and me as well. Attie is to be married in a month, and then Father says all his splendid family of children will be broken up. He was struck by lightning and severely hurt just a few days before Clif died."

"Trieste has nothing to call me ashore for. Although the fellows are loud in praising the good music, and the pleasant gardens."

"Venice. I could not bear to leave Trieste without making an effort to see Venice and the Venetian school of painting over which

Taine goes into such raptures, so I applied to the Admiral, and, after the customary disagreeable interview, succeeded in getting four days' leave. I took a small steamer at midnight, and slumbered peacefully in a horrid little bunk through the heat and closeness and the cackle of a remarkable bird in a cage on deck that disturbed everybody else. My first impression of Venice was exactly as had been described. Everything about this charming city is strange and romantic. Even the men and women don't look like ordinary men and women. I should not have been surprised had the pretty blond women opposite my window grown tails under their petticoats and fins on their backs, and flopped off their balconies into the sea. The smooth dark water between the houses could tell awful secrets. The seaweed, and crabs and shells clinging to the doorsteps have so strange an air. The absence of sound, only the echo of voices and the swish of a passing gondola, I never tire of gliding in one. I wish more cities had been built on sand banks, for canals are preferable to roads and gondolas to hacks. I admired the paintings of Tintoretto and Veronese with an enthusiasm that would have done credit to Taine. The colour is dazzling, the life and energy wonderful."

"Three weeks at sea gives plenty of time for reading. I give my German two hours a day and French too, so I can speak quite fluently. One of the boys who has aided me in French has written a vaudeville and dedicated it to me. Since seeing Venice I am reading art when ever I get a chance, I ought to take up something more directly professional than esthetics and philosophy. With three watches a good deal of time is spent on deck, but that is not hard in this perfect weather."

"Cartagena looks dreary. A range of delapidated white houses. A navy yard. High hills crowned with a useless fort, but Spain is so far behind the other countries there is still romance left.

"When I came on deck this morning I found that the whole European Squadron had arrived, and later there was a deal of powder burnt. It is a large fleet and I am anxious to see a practise fleet again, and the crowds of Midshipmen about is almost as good as being at the Naval Academy. We have been waiting for the *Franklin*. She came in with the Admiral's blue flag at her main-

mast, but in a most slovenly style, with her yards all cock-billed, and everything in bally-hoo fashion. She doesn't compare with the *Colorado* either fore or aft. We were all disappointed in her appearance, for the home papers have been praising her for the last six months."

In recognition of his service in the Navy during the Civil War, the Government placed the *Franklin* at the disposal of Admiral Farragut in 1867 to visit Europe. Her arrival in the different ports was the signal for international courtesies and social gaiety. The *Frolic,* the *Canandaigua* and *Tuscarora* were an accompanying escort.

"The English Channel. At Spithead we passed the British Fleet in readiness for the Great Review before the Queen and Sultan. Twelve large ironclads, seventy-four battleships and any quantity of line-of-battleships. It is a great pity we can't attend the Review."

"Steaming along in the German Ocean, keeping our pace of half a mile behind the flag ship. We had church on the hurricane deck, there was a fresh breeze. I am sure every one took a cold in their head. I was Officer of the Deck so I got behind the paddle box and kept my hat on. Later we had a thick fog and I amused myself with blowing the whistle with great vigor. I don't get much reading done, three watches hardly leave you time except to eat and sleep."

"We stopped at a little place called Nyborg off the coast of Denmark to bury a marine. It looked so pleasant and fresh and green. The people were very kind and brought flowers and covered the coffin and the grave."

"Stettin. From the German Ocean we sailed up the river Oder. In places it was so narrow you could almost jump ashore, and the waves from the paddle wheels swished among the rushes of the river bank with a pleasant sound, and frightened the birds. The hay makers stopped their work to look at us, and there was a delicious smell of meadows and fresh earth and grass. We fired a salute as we approached the town, and then, as far as the eye could reach, we saw that every window and balcony, and the streets were packed with cheering people and American flags to the number

of two were flaunted in the breeze. It was certainly more of an ovation than we expected or that we could see any reason for. But it was the first time an American man-of-war had ever come to Stettin and the people wanted to show their affection for the United States and gratify their curiosity. The usual receptions and presenting of bouquets took place. Many visitors to the ship official and otherwise. The German girls were very pretty and jolly and almost all spoke English. Our departure was attended by the same mad enthusiasm of the populace."

"Cronstadt. Only one rough day sailing along the coast to this port. It seems a miserable little hole, and no one can want to visit it, but you can go up to St. Petersburg three times a day. The Admiral is being well received. There is to be a function when the Grand Duke comes down.

"The *Franklin* absorbs all the visitors and the functions, and we are pleased to have it so, and what routine there is on the *Frolic* runs like clock work. Russia don't seem to be shaken by a live Admiral and an American Fleet in her waters. The sightseers come down in the river steamers flying the American flag and playing the *Star Spangled Banner*. The merchants and the corporation gave a large function for us at the Town Hall. There was a quantity to drink but very little to eat. The Russians bawled in their peculiar voices till I thought my ears would split, but the singing of the boys and the music of the band made up for it. After dinner the old chaps indulged in stag dancing, in obedience to a Russian custom, and the old Mayor was as lively as a plantation nigger. We all joined in a grand quadrille afterwards in which the Americans kicked for the honour of their country till I thought my legs would fly off. The ball at Admiral Legofsky's was quite a swell affair and I danced till 4. There were a good many very pretty girls, but the music was poor and the air bad. Russians seem to have a horror of fresh air."

"St. Petersburg. After an hour in a steam boat from Cronstadt, I saw the gilded domes of the capital rising up out of the water. It is a handsome modern city. Wide streets and plenty of light and air. Very handsome shop windows. I bought some beautiful photographs, and two gorgeous headdresses, but paid enormously for

them. The picture gallery had some wonderful pictures. I heard some charming music, and saw the coloured fountains, and some pretty women in the Public Gardens. I am ready to go south again. It is cold or very hot and the air filled with horrid little flies."

"Gulf of Finland. After an hour or so down the gulf we entered some of the most devious winding water I ever saw. We twisted about among fir trees and sand banks without a house appearing. At last we entered an island lake as dreary looking as the road to it. There we were met by a fleet of monitors. Each fired a gun in turn till the full seventeen salutes had been given the Admiral. With the Russian Fleet and ourselves moored in three lines, we make an imposing spectacle. First come the monitors, then the iron-clads, frigates and corvettes. I did not know that the Russians could furnish such a warlike and seamenlike fleet. At boat exercise I never saw boats better rigged. There was dinner on the Russian flagship to which we got invitations at five to dine at six, as we were then eating our own dinner we did not go."

"Stockholm. After heavy seas and rough weather in the gulf we ran into good weather when we took our Swedish pilot on board. For two hours we sailed up a narrow devious channel, among little rocky islands covered with fir trees and an occasional red farmhouse, breathing exhilarating air and watching a beautiful northern sunset. We anchored in the little bay of Waxholm. It was a pleasant sail of twelve miles to the city among green islands and some fine villas. I had the opportunity of going with the Captain and Admiral in full array. It was the first time I had the chance of hearing the great man talk. His conversation was not particularly impressive, but he has a good face. Mrs. Farragut was very pleasant but very solicitous about her husband's health. We spent a delightful time in a lovely garden with flowers and music, where we dined and then went to hear the last opera of Offenbach."

"Copenhagen. As I had the afternoon watch, I had the opportunity of studying the situation and appearance of this place. Between the two shores of Denmark and Sweden there is a constant procession of stately ships, for the whole Baltic Fleet and other shipping has to pass through this sound. The Denmark side is

green with foliage and among the trees villages can be seen with windmills thrusting their arms into the air. The city is surrounded by a high wall with the greenest of grass and trees growing down to the edge of the surrounding ditch, which was covered with water plants and looked as though it had never heard a sound beyond the croaking of bull frogs. I was able to form a tolerable notion of the town, as I went nearly all over it in search of an oboe. The streets were as crooked as those in Boston and as narrow. There were no festivities, because the King's father-in-law had died and the court was in mourning. I should have liked to have seen the Princesses for they are the handsomest in Europe.

"The cold, clear bracing air here is precisely like ours at home in early winter and fills my heart with thoughts of home. But I have been away so long that my homesickness does not come in the aggravated form as in the early days of my cruise. I do love to go back in memory to the past pleasant things, but I had much better let the past go and attend to the present."

"We had a fearful gale in the German Ocean, and fortunately reached the lea of the Skaw, dropped our anchor in the mud and are as snug as possible. We are among a fleet of about fifty different kinds of ships glad as we to be protected. The rest of our fleet have not appeared and must have had a fearful time. I expect Mrs. Farragut is well scared."

"The Thames. When we reached Gravesend we found the *Franklin* safely at anchor. The river is narrow and full of vessels so there is plenty to look at on watch."

"London. Stopped at such a quiet hotel here it was unpleasant and put me in a very subdued state of mind. I did some sightseeing. The National Gallery to learn something of Turner. Westminster Abbey, and roamed up and down Oxford Street. Bought books and presents and found them quite dear. I came up to meet Aunt Jane, and spent the evening rushing from the station to the Strand Theatre and back, for the train was an hour and a half late, so I had a chance to see a very funny burlesque on 'William Tell.' When I found my Aunt at last she was the picture of woe and despair, but I soon got her to the hotel. Tea and toast and a warm fire soon

overcame the effects of the Channel crossing. I staid with her till I put her on the train for Liverpool. I only hope I did not show her how much I was bored, but I am not used to shopping with ladies or listening to such a perpetual stream of talk. My conscience has troubled me since I got back to the ship, and I know I did not do as much for her as I might, and she has a long and lonely journey before her. I spent all my money on presents for her to take home to my people. Of course Aunt Jane made me homesick, but tonight the stove is up in the wardroom, and the fire in it gives quite a feeling of home. We have the best looking wardroom any way, a new carpet, mahogany chairs, and green rep curtains bordered with gold."

"Portsmouth. The Lords of the Admiralty and the Duke of Cambridge visited the *Franklin*. The Royal Standard floated in the breeze, the yards were manned and all the wardroom toed a seam on the quarter deck for an hour. There is to be a grand Review and sham fight. Our Admiral visited the Navy Yard and was received with great civility. The English do the polite in the most thorough manner."

"I am getting very enthusiastic over German and am determined to do a lot of studying so that I can read it well by the time I get home, and I don't intend to let my enthusiasm die out. I have Draper's *Intellectual Development* waiting for me when I finish Renan. I am also reading *Heat as a Motive Power* and shall commence some mathematics as soon as my books come."

"I have had letters from home. Such a pleasant old fashioned one from Grandmother. A funny one from Harry and one of Aunt Sarah's calm satisfactory epistles. Jim Valentine sent me a long letter giving me all the Framingham news, and awakened all my interest. I read of the proceedings of the Normal School with the same delight as ever. Lucilla writes me regularly, and I get very anxious for her letters to know whether Mother is to live or die. I won't allow myself to think the latter, for I cannot imagine what I shall do without her. I have been hoping against hope for so long, but now I must yield, and yield I have but I dread the fatal letter."

"Cartagena, Spain, December 12th, 1867. The bad news has come at last, not bad either, for it was a relief to know that at last Mother was free from suffering. She welcomed death, and she saw Clif waiting for her, so how can I help being glad she has gone. It is the hardest of all to think I have been away from her all this time, but I will never let her influence leave me, and will try to live so as to go to her. But it seems now as though the world would stop without her. I clutch at every rumour that the ship is going home, as a drowning man grasps at a straw. I think nothing but seeing home again will make me happy, but how I shall miss Mother and Clif when I do get there. My poor Father and Harry and my sisters, they think of me all the time. But for this grief I might never have known what my sisters were to me, so every sorrow is tempered with joy."

"Christmas, 1867. I never passed a sad Christmas before, but the memories of the season will always be pleasant and cannot be taken away. The ship is very prettily dressed. Spars and rigging covered with evergreen crosses, on her masthead, and a star on the jibboom end."

"New Year's Day, 1868. The old year went out and the new one came in with rain and cold. The year, 1867 was a memorable one to me. In it I got my first commission, my first room in a wardroom; had charge of a ship for the first time; found out what grief was, and life, and worst of all what it is to be motherless. I have not learned entirely this last lesson nor shall I till I get home. This year I hope will be a happier one. I look forward to nothing more than content the rest of the cruise, but that is a good deal, and my plans for study are tremendous."

"I wonder how many times the history of this cruise has repeated itself. I go over the same round of work and relaxation every four days as from the beginning."

Thus we know how the time was spent when the fleet passed the winter months in the usual Mediterranean ports—Nice, Lisbon, Toulon, and Trieste, Barcelona and in the north as well. The old friends at Nice were as friendly as ever, and new acquaintances

were made in French society which he entered with enthusiasm, but he soon relates the abatement of his interest in their gaieties.

There was an unexpected four days' leave from the ship, when Captain Harmony asked him to chaperone Mrs. Harmony on her way to Geneva, and he escorted her as far as Lyons.

"Lyons is a very handsome city, some of the streets as fine as any I saw in Paris. From a hill near the city we got a superb view of the valley and the two rivers, but it was not clear enough to see the Alps. I was sorry not to go to Geneva. We shall miss Mrs. Harmony for we have learned to like her pleasant ways and kind heart. There are three women living on the *Franklin* in the ward-room. The Master has his wife and little boy. Such a state of things should not be allowed for it destroys easy bachelor life and makes a man a guest in his own house."

"We followed the *Franklin* out from Malta, flying under topsails and steam, through a gale that covered us with spray. The English Fleet came out at the same time and one by one they cheered the *Franklin* and their Flagship, the last, saluted and then we stood our respective ways, they to the East and we to the West."

"Barcelona. There is a Boston barque here 147 days out from San Francisco. Her skipper has been aboard. Listening to his war memories made me regret as always that I was kept away from our war, and half ashamed of myself when looking at my stripe so easily gained."

"Malaga is by all the means the most attractive Spanish town I have seen but the weather is as hot as ever, and my room very uncomfortable. My reading in consequence is desultory and embraces at least a dozen books, but with Gibbon and Shakespeare in the first rank. I have begun to read Grote as we are going to Greece."

"Brindisi, a dingy little white village with a well-protected harbour. The Peninsula and Orient Company expect to make it a terminus for their steamers. Here we take aboard the Minister

to Greece, his wife, mother-in-law and little boy, to be conveyed to his post in Athens."

"The Peiræus. We are anchored between the river and the outer harbour. The bay and Island of Salamis are behind us, but it is too hot for enthusiasm, and we have to accompany the Minister to the city to make his entry as imposing as possible."

"Athens is a collection of glaring white houses with no population visible. The hotel mean and dirty, and our dinner consisted principally of flies. We reached the Acropolis through hot, filthy streets, but when there, revelled. There never was such architecture or such ruins. The present desolation is frightful. Because of the Christening of an infant prince I was awakened at daybreak by tremendous gun-firing, which did not bring down blessings on the youngster's head from me. Owing to the size of the church our invitations to the ceremony were withdrawn, but we hoisted our flags and dressed ship. There was a continual banging all day, the *Franklin* alone fired one hundred charges. The King visited her and we in his honour manned the rail and cheered.

"After leaving the Peiræus we twisted among countless islands, and saw the Temple of Minerva on Cape Colonna. We sailed along the Cirego Channel, with a large fleet of vessels making the most of a fair wind to get out."

"Milo. We stopped here to pick up a pilot and caused great excitement to the little white-baked fishing village."

"Syra, one of the most thriving towns in all Greece. The harbour filled with ships, which with the town are decorated in honour of a birthday of a prince. We left in a blaze of rockets from the patriots on shore, and sailed over seas replete with classic memories, passing ancient Troy and gazing on the tomb of Ajax and Patrocles."

"Smyrna. The Bay lovely in the sun light. The mountains with their soft outlines, the dark green of the Cypress trees, the white houses and the numerous slender towers of the Town. In the evening I went in bathing in the most delicious water, and so phos-

phorescent I seemed to be in a sea of fire. On shore the bazaars were bad smelling and dirty. I bought a rug, a piece of amber and a narghile. The Turks and Persians are fine dignified looking men and industrious."

"The Dardanelles. We stood up the Dardanelles in the deepening twilight, but the shores are lighted every mile or two with red and green lights. We passed Gallipoli and entered the Sea of Marmora white with foam and reflecting back numberless sails of a large merchant fleet beating up to the black Sea. We had ever so much trouble in dodging them and gave me excitement enough to last through two hours of my watch."

"Constantinople. Hazy in the sun. The minarets glisten, and the mosques look low and squatty. When the raging wind and sun went down and the quiet moon came up behind the huge yellow English hospital at Scutari, we viewed the scene with more pleasure and equanimity. I do not think the city so attractive. The best things about it are the horses, handsome well-kept little fellows that draw the caiques which serve as horse cars, and are much more serviceable than their fragile appearance would lead you to suppose. The bazaars are crowded and dirty and one is frightfully pestered with beggars. The harems have mostly disappeared. The face covering of the women is now so thin homely faces can be plainly seen. All the pretty women wear European dress. The men are fine looking, intelligent and industrious. We haggled half an hour over the price of admission to the Church of St. Sophia, and took off our shoes when we entered the Sanctuary. It is very beautiful and imposing, and the interior much improved by the absence of shrines. The shores of the Bosphorus slope down from high hills covered with verdure, and are dotted with white villages, interspersed with the palaces of the Sultan and the Ambassadors who live in much state.

"We ran so near the shore to escape the influence of the current that we looked into the windows of the houses, unprotected by the lattice, but the whole world lives out of doors. The women and children sit on the edge of the water watching the endless train of vessels and talking Turkish gossip, the men smoke their chiboks at the tables of the cafes, or draw their caiques laden with country

produce along the banks to the city. There is no room for horses on the narrow pathway. There are no beasts of burden. The only horses are those in the city used for travellers. The last village at the mouth of the Black Sea where all the Ministers live is a little civilized European watering place, judging from the hotels and the dress of the ladies.

"The Admiral is being entertained by all the Ministers, Grand Vizier and the Sultan. I have seen the latter and he looks like any other Turk. Wasn't sitting on a divan, had no guard and was dressed in European clothes. There is to be a return of all hospitalities and he is expected on board the *Franklin*."

"I have had a visit here from a missionary and his wife who knew me at Framingham. I was so glad to be remembered by Framingham people. The lady was a friend of Mother's."

"Therapia. Anchored in this lovely little cove I passed a pleasant first watch listening to music and watching the people. The women come out to the water-side and squat down in a row like so many penguins, and pass hours without stirring from their position."

"Galata is simply a European town filled with French and Germans."

"Stamboul. I soon saw all I wanted of it; each time I went ashore I became more and more disgusted with the bazaars."

"Khios is a lovely island, green, fertile shore and a back bone of lofty rugged mountains. Everywhere could be seen the ruin brought by the Turks when they burnt the town forty years ago. It is still in their possession, as are all the islands in the archipelago which are worth having. The diplomatic affair that brought us here was soon settled, not being a matter of the slightest importance.

"Meanwhile my German marches on and my purse grows heavier and my heart lighter, as I think that before long I shall be on my way home, but I do not forget that I have had a delightful life over here, and European winters are so delicious, that I hate to think that I shall know them no more, nor all my friends either that I have made on this side of the water.

"Blessed with wonderful weather along the Mediterranean and now Trieste for the last time. Delightful as ever to a naval man. The last visit to the bookstore, exit, laden with books. The last glass of beer at the *Bier Haus* on the corner, the last showery evening, and then the eyes of Europe see the United States Squadron steaming out of Trieste Harbour."

"I have received my orders to the *Franklin* as Flag Lieutenant for passage home, and I begin to be homesick for the *Frolic* and quite forlorn at parting with my pretty room. My empty book shelves look down most reproachfully at me. I have made a start at packing the huge chests the carpenter has made for me. There is one thing pleasanter than packing and that is unpacking at home. But this time it will be sadly different for when I went last from Newport I found my dear old home intact, and it was the last time we were all together."

"Gibraltar, October 18th, 1868. Over the side of the *Frolic* and on board the *Franklin* so at last I can write the words, 'Homeward Bound.' "

"New York Harbour, November 10th. Which day is an epoch, for one does not pass over the bar homeward bound, after three years out, and three grades higher, often in a life time. Great was the excitement when we made the pilot boat, and my own enthusiasm burnt a little at the sight of my native land. The harbour was lovely but not as animated as I expected it would be. The ship in an uproar over the news of the election of General Grant."

There were six weeks' leave spent with Lucilla in Longwood. During that time he goes to Belmont to see Attie and her baby [G. R. P., Jr.].

"Very charming, and a marvel of beauty and intelligence, but it will be a wonder if he grows up with such a row made over him. I find the family not much changed except my Father. All his old fire seems to have gone out of him. Went to Ashland and found poor Grandmother so glad to see me, and my cousin Em so pretty I decided to stay all night, and the next day went to Framingham.

I called on all the ladies. Went over the cemetery in the snow and the wind. Tramped through Mr. Clark's woods and visited our old house, but the scenes of my youth failed to inspire me with any emotions of pleasure."

Four days were spent in going to Bangor to see Grandmother Train and Aunt Sarah, two there and two in the cars, listening to the talk of honest down-easters, and playing with some little backwoods children that were very amusing.

"Longwood, Christmas, 1868. A family party at which we were all together for the first time. Even the baby was present. Real Christmas merry-making. Duets on the drum and my new flute (portending woe to my shipmates on future cruises). Christmas carols were sung by the choir boys outside the window. The church was very prettily trimmed, for I in company with two pretty girls, a youth, and the Sexton, had been 'wreathing the holly and twining the bay.'

"Now the year, 1868 is nearly over and a pleasant one it has been, though I cannot realize that I have actually got home and the anticipation of that is past."

Orders for China or Brazil were expected, but instead they were for duty at the Naval Observatory at Washington, and "My heart was filled with joy for it was just what I wanted."

"Washington, 1869. I am getting accustomed to my life here and my duties at the Observatory, honest intensive work with plenty to interest one. Even on Sundays I have to be there to wind and compare the chronometers. I am very comfortably settled in a little bedroom with an air-tight stove that reminds me of Exeter, and a big bath tub. I am bravely getting over my timidity at the boarding house table, and like it for the fun of watching the people. There is a pretty German girl to whom I am making slight advances for the purpose of talking German. I have engaged a tutor and shall take six lessons a week. The weather is delicious and I enjoy my brisk walk to work. Washington life is very pleasant. I have seen some of my *Colorado* shipmates, go out to a few parties, and to see people, principally Jewell's friends the Sunder-

lands in C Street, where I can go whenever I am lonely, and have a good time. They are all so nice and I enjoy myself so much and I have begun to wonder what is to be the result, for it is impossible for one man to be liked by a houseful of girls, for any length of time without falling in love with one of them.

"The city is full of politicians and their attendants, and I think I never saw a more disreputable set of men than I meet on the Avenue (Pennsylvania). American men are not particularly well favoured by Nature, but whiskey, bad dressing, and politics ruin the little that Nature does."

"Inauguration Day, 1869. The town so full one man had to pitch a tent on a vacant lot, and squat there with his wife and daughter; and all day I have seen men with their carpet bags still in their hands. It rained in the morning with a gale of wind. The procession was not a very extensive one. Grant's Inaugural was as good as possible, and Johnson's Farewell Address the only thing needed to cap the climax of his folly. I had a pleasant holiday in C Street, guarding the house. When a fire broke out near by Miss G. and Rosalie and I went. I was particularly struck by the good behaviour of the crowds, and only saw one drunken man."

"March 14th. Washington spring weather is lovely. The air so soft and balmy and the sky so transparently blue. The view of the river sleeping in the sunshine, with here and there a white sail, and the blue hills on the Virginia side is exquisite. The observatory is beautifully situated, and my side very lovely. Today is Sunday and I finished my toil with the chronometers in time, so that walking back I met the people coming from church. The bright coloured dresses worn by the women this year give a deal of *éclat* to a procession of them. Washington people seem to be very devoted church goers, it is a pity they don't have more attractive churches. I am going to St. Aloysius this afternoon for the walk and to hear the music. Europe spoiled me as far as church going is concerned. I find myself frequently sighing for the bull fights of Lisbon."

"April 16th. The loveliest April day and the streets are crowded with the colored people in their best clothes waiting for the pro-

cession with which the day is honoured, for it is the anniversary of the Emancipation Declaration. I had a pleasant walk in prospect and forgot I was due at the dentist. If I go to Southampton in the *Sabine* I think I will visit that wretch of a dentist who ruthlessly slaughtered two of my innocent teeth when I was there last."

Before six months' duty at the Observatory was up he received orders to go to sea on the *Sabine*. About the same time came the announcement of his engagement to Grace Tomlinson. She was one of the "houseful of girls," members of the "pleasant family in C Street" where he found such agreeable companionship when he came to Washington. This was the family of the Reverend Byron Sunderland, whose wife Elizabeth Tomlinson was the aunt of Grace, and with whom her family spent the winter months.

It was not surprising that the inevitable happened to one so susceptible to feminine charms, for his sister Lucilla said she thought that Grace at this time was the most beautiful creature she had ever seen. She was nineteen years old, perfect features, clear dark skin lightened by the brightest of rosy cheeks. Beautiful hazel eyes that could be pensive as well as snapping. Her frank and natural simplicity of manner was as charming as her delicate beauty was unusual.

The paternal ancestors of Grace Tomlinson were notable settlers of Stratford, Connecticut, in 1652. Abel Tomlinson removed to Vermont in 1811, where his name and deeds are recorded both in Vergennes and Middlebury. His son, Daniel Webb, was born in Vergennes in 1815, and in the beautiful Congregational Meeting House in Middlebury his sister Elizabeth was married to Byron Sunderland of Shoreham. In childhood the latter was a pupil in the village school kept by Marcia Northrup, who became the wife of Augustus Hand of Elizabethtown.

Susan Everett, the mother of Grace Tomlinson, was descended through her mother, Cornelia Townsend, from Henry Townsend of Long Island, a settler there in 1646. Susan was an only child, her mother died early and she was brought up by her grandparents, William Everett, Surrogate of Orange County, and his wife Phœbe Tallman, in Goshen, New York.

Daniel Webb Tomlinson left Vermont and went to Mobile, Alabama, to seek his fortune, in which adventure he was so successful

that he retired from business activity at the age of twenty-eight, married and settled in the pleasant town of Batavia, in the beautiful Genesee Valley of western New York. The place, the house and its inmates are described for us in the Journal:

"May 18th, 1869. The trip was delightful. The Hudson was lovely of course and I enjoyed it on a pile of mattresses looking out of a car window. The country through Central New York was deliciously fertile and highly cultivated. Batavia itself is a perfect New England village except the trees are not so big. It is a shire town and altogether charming. The Tomlinson mansion, in which I am over content to be, is a huge old affair. Built in what is ages ago in this country, it reminds me somewhat of the old D'Aubin mansion at Bouquière, only its interior is not quite so quaint or inconvenient. I never expected to find such a house in this part of the world, where wigwams, I supposed, were more to expected.

"I find so much comfort in the house I can rarely be induced to leave it, and have become quite a domestic fowl. The mornings are devoted to the library, an excellent apartment for various purposes. I read a little, play on the flute, and talk to G. a great deal. I brought a seamanship book to study which I have not done. The countryside is lovely and we go to drive, all delightful, the joviality of Kit mingles pleasantly with the acerbity of Fan.

"It is a great mystery to me why under such adverse circumstances I keep so contented. Here I am as happy as a grig albeit it rains and I could not go to see a picture gallery with the Rosebud, and must stay in my room and think of a voyage on the *Sabine* for a year at least. But the cruise will be pleasant and short, most of it spent in Europe. At the thought of which I have thrills from head to foot. Professionally of course the cruise in a sailing ship will be advantageous, and I hope to come back a tar of the old school in all that relates to seamanship. I am convinced that it is the best thing to go to sea under the circumstances. It will be more honourable and just to G. and give her a chance to see how it will be without me. But I would willingly relinquish the test however, but I shall hope to have our happiness consummated next year."

There was an exchange of visits between Longwood and Batavia. Frank and Lucilla making the journey there and bringing back

Grace and her sister Fanny. Then family gatherings at Belmont and Longwood.

"What particularly delights me, they all seem pleased with each other, and G. thinks Attie and Lucilla as perfect as I do. Everybody in Longwood called and several parties have been given in their honour.

"I called on Miss Cheney, and am sure she will make my father a good wife. They will soon be married. I also went to Southboro to see Harry and found him acting umpire in a baseball match. The school seems an admirable one. I felt very old and dignified, when being taken to the Master's study to converse with the great person."

"July 11th, 1869. The *Sabine*. Harry came on board and sailed down the harbour. We dropped our pilot at noon well out of sight of land, our cruise for a year begun. The time will pass quickly."

"July 21st. Running before a fierce southwest gale. Making over 250 miles a day without much delight to ourselves, for the ship rolls so there is not comfort to be found anywhere. On deck it is a pleasure to see her dodge the huge waves as they come up behind. Below it is anything but pleasant, the gundeck all afloat, and everything adrift in the wardroom. At dinner we all rolled over three times, across the wardroom; at last the table gave way and the dinner and ourselves were all jammed together in a heap. It was funny but disagreeable. The steerage was an inch deep with water, which was some consolation."

"July 25th. A thick southerly gale and as we did not know our exact position have been knocking about under close reefed sails for fear lest we run down the Scillys. Once past we will become bolder and make a fair wind up Channel.

"When I went on deck for morning watch we were abreast Portland. The chalk cliffs looked very natural as they shone in the sun, more so than Sandy Hook did last year. Under all the sail we could get on, and tide in our favour we got up to the Needles in good time.

"The Isle of Wight looked as beautiful as ever and the Solent

was covered with yachts, nothing but this ship reminded me that I had been at home at all. Five years ago I came out for the first time in the *Colorado* a Midshipman. Now I am a Lieutenant, and a Watch Officer on a frigate, and expect to be married."

"July 31st. Betook myself to my old quarters, the Craven Hotel in London. I filled all my commissions with success, and returned to the ship having spent all my money. The Midshipmen go to town in scores, and each comes back with a beaver hat on the back of his head and much the worse for the rain.

"I went to Ryde and passed a pleasant time walking quietly about looking at the people. Drove to Cowes through the loveliest country imaginable. Went on board an American yacht furnished like a sound steamer."

"August 16th. We were thirty-six hours beating across the Channel, and then the fog lifted just in time to get us in to the breakwater and escape a southwest gale which would have been vile. Cherburg looks as insignificant as ever, but the fields and orchards are luxuriant. The usual iron-clad fleet is here and my labours as translator commence. I was invited to the French Flagship to breakfast. Our barge won the boat race as she did five years ago. I went to Paris for two days but have ceased to think it the only place in the world, unless She was here. I was not at all bothered with the temptations of Paris which gave me so much bother before."

"I miss my light airy room of the *Frolic* when I begin to study. This is so dark and the boys make such a horrible noise with an occasionable pleasing, little fight. Perhaps this is only an excuse for my laziness, but I purpose to struggle with it fiercely. I have exhausted all my books in German; I am finding Robertson's *Letters* charming, and reading besides physiology and some medicine. Studying about the stomach this morning, hard but interesting. The flute gets to be more and more of a success."

"August 26th. The Bay of Biscay seems to have changed its character. Instead of gales and heavy seas which I have found here before, we have calm and light easterly and northerly winds. Pleas-

ant sailing. The night watches charming, everything bathed in the richest of moonlight and not a sound but the splash of the water. The monotony today was broken by a severe thunder storm, that did no harm except wetting me to the skin. The band toots all day. The Midshipmen yell in the steerage, and the drones in the ward-room amuse themselves over dominoes. They are not a very quiet crowd, and books except novels are tabooed. A superb sunset. Huge gold sun with streaks of dark clouds over his face and golden ripples from him to us."

"September 12th, Lisbon. The united Channel and Mediterranean English iron-clad fleets are here. Probably the most powerful that ever went to sea in the world. The King visited them one day and we manned yards, cheered, and fired salutes without number."

"September 28th, Cadiz. Is lovely by moonlight and also with the sun shining upon it. Ashore I had a delightful evening. Two bands playing in the square. The scene from the upper windows of the club, looking down on the brightly lighted square thronged with people, the long rows of lamps on the streets leading to it, the white walls of buildings culminating in a church with an illuminated clock, was lovely and like a scene in a play."

"October 12th. It made me feel strange to see the old Rock again. On my last cruise it always seemed to me that when I wanted particularly to go home I turned up at Gib. The number of times I went out of the Straits for the *last time* was enormous. Ashore, I saw a review on the Neutral Ground. It was fun watching the English Navy on horseback.

"I was overpowered by the arrival of a large family mail. There is no subject so agitated as the mail and no one knows the value of letters as naval men. We are trembling as to the fate of our next letters as the insurgents on shore have torn up the railroad."

"October 24th. Abreast of the Balearic Isles we ran into a north-west gale, which has been knocking us about under a lone reefed topsail, every day getting farther and farther from port. The ship is wet and cold and our larder is exhausted. We have split three sails, our sides are covered with rust and salt, and we look as

though we had been making a passage of a hundred days instead of seven."

"November 2nd, Nice. I enjoyed the morning watch although it was bitterly cold and nasty squalls kept coming down from the mountains, but I did enjoy the view as the sun came up. The mountains had more snow than I had ever seen before and the contrast between their bleakness and the warm bright city at their feet was very striking. Now we are tied up in front of cosy little Villa Francha. Not many of my particular friends are here and the season is only just commencing, the hotels still empty. I have not been so contented since I left home, but who could help being contented in Nice, only I want my double to enjoy this delicious air with me."

"December 22nd. Last week was a memorable one. I received my commission as Lieutenant-Commander, and with it came back pay, causing me to pay an immediate visit to the jewellers."

"Christmas, 1869. The dreariest I ever spent. At sea on a cold cloudy day, and everybody in a bad humour because it was selected to go to sea on. But the Honourable Senator from Iowa and his delectable nephew could not wait. I was unable to say goodbye to any of my friends, and have been on watch nearly all the time for five days. Double duty because one of our Watch Officers has succumbed to a strange disease."

"January, 1870. To me the famous old year of 1869 is gone, and I have been indulging in a retrospection of all that has happened. My reflection goes to show that it has been a most fortunate one; a short one since the day I alighted in the snow at the Washington station and drove to Mrs. Webb's, and yet I have crowded into it more than in all its predecessors."

"January 11th. We are safely tied up in Genoa. From the sea at this season, it is a cold stupid looking place. The only thing of interest on shore is the opera which is admirable. The weather is the coldest I ever have known on the Mediterranean. The ship is bit-

terly cold and the subject of stoves is frequently agitated with no results."

"January 16th. Four delightful days in Milan. I had not anticipated seeing so many pictures there. My old enthusiasm, which for want of fuel had quite died away, flamed up again before the Raphaels and Van Dykes. Then I heard some good music. The Cathedral was superb. I liked it more than St. Peter's. I went there to church on Sunday and enjoyed hearing the great organ roll among the huge columns. I had great comfort too, before a fire in my room in the hotel, with a pleasant pipe and book and writing to Lucilla and Grace, who thinks it must be more amusing over here than at home. Batavia must be slow in January."

"January 22nd, Spezzia. I have no desire to go ashore. The coldest of winds come down on us from the snowy Apennines gleaming white behind the hills. Have been amusing myself reading my old Journal. It is astonishing how flat it has become since it has ceased to be the depository of my secrets, if I had any, and shows of what little consequence my own actions and life have become to me. It drags now and it is only force of habit that keeps it up. With my marriage it ceases and I think I shall destroy it as soon as I see Boston Light."

"February 4th. We had ticklish work getting steerage way out of Spezzia and we came precious near running down a small gunboat. We have been working with difficulty against a stiff southeaster. We drift to leeward and it will be some time before we get to Naples. The trip is rendered more than usually disagreeable by the absence of food, we having eaten all we had while waiting for a fair wind at Spezzia."

"February 11th. Vesuvius looks like Spitzbergen, and I like to watch the steam rolling out. Naples is as cold as Spezzia. I have been to a Court Ball, where I saw the Royal Family, got well squeezed and my coat covered with candle grease."

"March 11th. We can consider the European part of the cruise fairly over with Naples to the leeward. Better luck in weather than

we expected, only one gale that did not drive us off our course. It will be plain sailing till we get to the Straits and there we may beat about for a month, but the moon is full, the fresh provisions hold out and the noisy geese are still alive."

"March 20th, Gibraltar. Making the most gigantic preparations for a long cruise whether for Capetown or not we do not know. Then sailing suddenly for Madeira. The trip has taken seven days instead of four on account of head winds and calms. We have been towed into the harbour by our own boats and those of an English transport."

"April 4th, Funchall. I have never seen anything more lovely than the fresh green mountain, with its dark gorges and shining sugar-cane fields. The air filled with the smell of foliage and rich earth. I never tire of looking at the island and think it is the loveliest thing my eyes ever rested on. Fayal is nowhere in comparison. I went up a mountain in an ox sled and slid down in another sled to the great delight of the Portuguese infants with curious abdominal protuberances caused by an exclusive diet of sugar cane. It rained so we lost the view at the top of the mountain but the slide down was worth the trouble of going up. The people were very hospitable and I have eaten a dinner which for creature comforts I will never forget, though soul did not fly as high as I like to see it. Sorry to leave for it is our last time in port for at least a month."

"April 16th. Days slip by deliciously fast in this quiet sea life as we roll along our hundred miles a day under a bright sun and clear sky with only here and there a trade cloud, and at night the most magnificent moon. We are well in the tropics, my room is uncomfortable and I read my German and seamanship under the wardroom wind sail. A great deal of talk about the ceremony on crossing the line. The gun-deck resounds from morning to night with familiar barn yard sounds: sheep bleat, pigs squeal, while the cocks crow continuously, to the great discomfort of the watch below. The quarter-deck boats are filled with oranges and bananas ripening in the sun. A source of comfort to the Officer of the Deck on night watches. The band is a great luxury and I think I will take it to Longwood next summer if G. is there and give her a concert. We

no longer have service on Sunday, since the chaplain has never been willing to officiate since his row with the Skipper, so my spiritual comforts on that day are limited to my *Daily Food* and nightly Psalm and the lessons for the day."

"May 7th, Rio Janeiro. Letters here, and sixty days since I had heard from home and now I have posted my last letter on this cruise. Ten months since I left Boston. We have been to so many places and I seem to have done almost as much as in all my three years over here before. The remaining three months with the monotony of the long passage will pass quickly and pleasantly. There were startling rumours brought in this mail that this ship would come out again next year, but I decline to give any credit to them, and also I can conceive of my having a worse fate. However I have written two begging letters asking for duty at the Naval Academy. I doubt if they do me much good, there are so many people wanting to get there and I am such a youthful bird."

"May 28th, Bahia. On our way here one of our men died supposedly of yellow fever. Every one is somewhat concerned but these fresh cool winds are so efficacious in airing and ventilating the ship, and with the complete absence from exposure, I hope we shall be all right.

"I did not find as much novelty on shore as I expected, I spent an hour looking at the darkies in the market, but there was not much going on as it was Corpus Christi Day, but rockets being sent up for prayers. I walked all over town with a monkey on my shoulder much to the detriment of my attire, and paid ten dollars for a parrot, which I am convinced will die at the earliest opportunity, and if it don't I will be at a loss to know what to do with him, as I am sure neither Grace nor Lucilla will want him. The whole ship is crammed with monkeys and parrots. My room is lined with oranges for me and the rats to eat on the way home. The washerman has absconded with most of the clothes but no one minds that on the eve of departure for home."

"June 24th. Five days at sea homeward bound, and we have averaged eleven miles a day, at which rate we will reach home a year from next August. A general air of melancholy pervades the

ship. The alligator has succumbed to sea-sickness, and my parrot is suffering from over eating, but the other pets are chirpy, and I think a change must come soon."

Then prosperous winds caused rising spirits when the North Star appeared in sight. Squalls succeeded calms and when port was reached on July 22nd, the sails were almost falling from the yards, and the last entry made in the Journal at Boston Light as predicted:

"I do not go home by any means as rich as I expected, but I have done my best as an economist.

C. J. T. July 22nd, 1870."

CHAPTER SEVEN

CHARLES JACKSON TRAIN
(CONTINUED)

THE MIDDLE YEARS

THIS period commences with his marriage, and covers three grades of his promotion in the Service. Seventeen years as Lieutenant-Commander; twelve as Commander, and eight as Captain.

The years were fairly distributed between the usual types of duty ashore and afloat. His work never failed to interest him, but the times aboard ship were particularly satisfying and he was ever ready to exchange a desk for a deck.

"I must go down to the sea again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray, and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying."

If there was not much novelty in naval service, there was always a certain romantic significance in being exclusively a servant of the Government. A thrill of patriotic excitement involved the whole family when an official document arrived from the Navy Department, ordering the Officer to leave his domicile for duty. If the order read, "Without delay" then forty-eight hours were allowed for departure, but if "immediately" within twelve hours he must be on his way, and in bewildered confusion partings took place. All the exigencies of naval life were met with spirit and capable energy by Grace when she became the wife of Lieutenant-Commander Charles Jackson Train on June 1st, 1871, in St. James' Church, Batavia, New York. They began their life together at Annapolis, where he was Instructor in Seamanship at the Naval Academy. In April, 1872, their first child was born and named Susan for her maternal grandmother. We have a glimpse of the family when Lucilla and Frank Lawrence visit them and Frank writes home to his parents in Longwood.

"Annapolis,
November 7th, 1872.

"My dear Father:

"We arrived here last night at 7½ o'clock. One hour late on account of the horse disease in Baltimore, which compelled them to use steam instead of horses and as they took about ¾ of an hour to make the train up properly before they could go through it was rather tedious. However we arrived safely at last and found Charlie waiting for us and very glad to see us. They had a good dinner waiting which we appreciated as we had nothing but a light lunch at Wilmington, the train not stopping there as long as it used to do. Lucilla is of course delighted with the baby which is certainly a very nice little girl. We have just finished breakfast and Charlie has gone out to an hour's recitation after which we think of going out to try and shoot some quail which are said to be very plentiful about here on the other side of the river. The Yard here looks very pleasantly now, though the leaves are falling but the grass is still green and as I write the band is playing very nicely outside just far enough away to be pleasant. Lucilla sends a great deal of love and will write soon though she is so occupied with washing that 'blessed baby' that she can't this morning. With a great deal of love to Mother from us both,

I am your affectionate son,

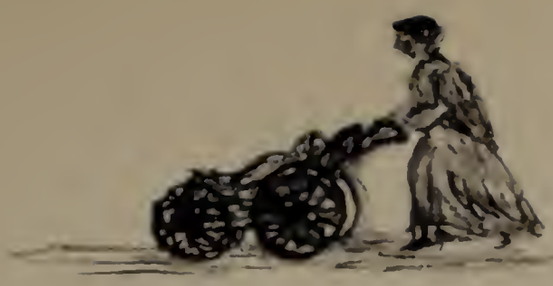
Frank W. L."

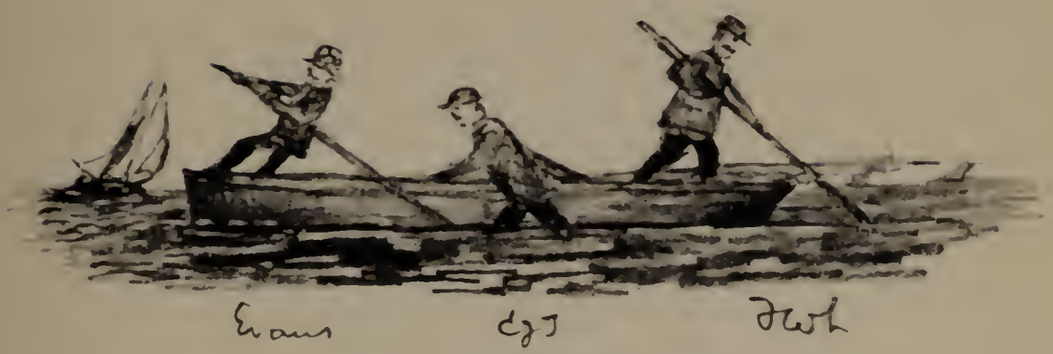
In December, 1874, there was to occur the Transit of Venus across the sun, visible in the Antarctic Ocean. Charlie's interest in astronomy and previous observatory duty led to his becoming a member of the expedition sent out by the Government. There were several months' duty in Washington beforehand in order to make the scientific preparations. From there some more family letters go to Longwood, giving us two sides of the picture.

"Washington,
November, 1874

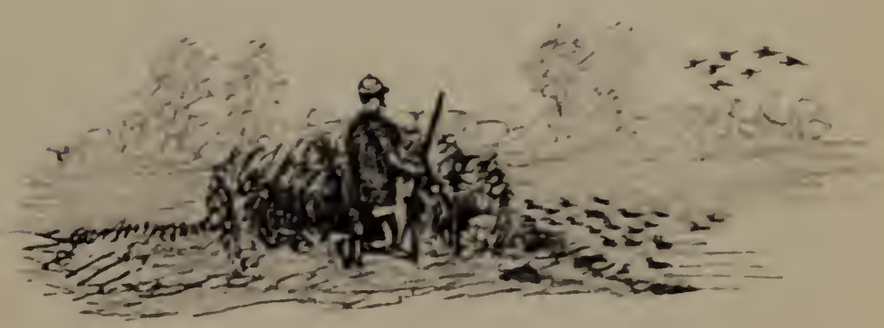
"My darling Mother:

"We consider ourselves fortunate in escaping the storm, we heard it all Monday night, but it cleared before we left New York. The streets as we drove to the ferry were in an awful condition. Frank





Homeward "Cat Hole" —
March 22nd /73 —



"Cat Hole" Island

ANNAPOLIS SKETCHES BY FRANCIS WILLIAM LAWRENCE, 1873

1. Susie and Mammy.
2 and 3. Shooting party. Evans was "Fighting Bob" Evans

has considerable asthma but is coughing less. As it is his birthday Charlie is going to give him canvas back ducks for dinner. I suppose it will make him long for an opportunity to shoot them. He and Charlie intend going to Baltimore to find some shooting. We are having a very pleasant quiet time here in Charlie's household. He goes to the Observatory every morning for a few hours and the rest of the day he is at leisure. I have been up to the Observatory with him and seen the beautiful Transit instrument, which he is to take with him on the expedition. It is mounted in a little observatory built for the private use of the two officers who go, and the whole thing is to be transported just as it stands to Kerguelen Island in the Antarctic Ocean. If you can get the *Popular Science Monthly* for December you will find an interesting article on the approaching Transit of Venus and some account of the different expeditions to be sent out. On our return we encountered the President [General Grant] sauntering along alone with the stump of a cigar in his mouth and his hands in his pockets, I did not admire him at all. We also saw Secretary Robeson of the Navy. It is a wonder to me how any one can long retain any respect for a Republican government if he lives in Washington. Love to all.

From your affectionate daughter,

LUCILLA."

"Washington,
November 28.

"My darling Mother:

"We had a pleasant Thanksgiving yesterday. Grace and I went to church and I was surprised to see such a large congregation, there being nearly as many people as on Sunday. In the afternoon we took a walk, and Dr. Sunderland and his two daughters dined with us. I missed Frank,—from his staying so long I hope he is better and enjoying his shooting; he is at Seneca Farms where he was last year about sixteen miles from Baltimore, so he could easily get away if he were worse. Susie has the same ravishing ways that she always had and is as good as ever. She is certainly a wonderful child for her age. She plays tea by the hour, and plays making calls etc. like a child four years old, and she will not be two till April. She gets very much wrought up because we cannot understand her as she only speaks a few words plainly, but talks incessantly. Agnes

Lord writes me they have had good sleighing in Framingham for a week, which sounds like an old-fashioned winter. It is very mild and delightful here. I am sorry I did not tell Katie to get a turkey for herself and Ellen yesterday. Please remember me to them and kiss the dear dogs (Mac and Pick). With much love,

I am ever yours,

Lucilla."

In May a second daughter was born and named Grace for her mother, and when she was two weeks old her father started on his long journey. The party set sail in the *Swatara* from New York and consisted of: Lieutenant-Commander Ryan in command, Lieutenant-Commander Train, Jerome H. Kidder, surgeon, two photographers, a cook, and boy. They were five weeks in reaching Bahia, Brazil, five from there to Cape Town, and another month took them to their destination, Kerguelen Island, which they reached in September. The *Swatara* stood by five days, long enough to land stores and equipment, and then began a Swiss Family Robinson life for four months. Letters and journal describe it.

"Kerguelen Island, Antarctic Ocean, September 11th, 1874. Went ashore and tramped four hours without stopping, in search of a place to set up our houses. The lowland is an immense bog and the wind blows so hard we did not select open ground, for nothing would have withstood it, and the favourable places were all too far from the shore. At last we chose a place on the side of a steep hill. We were caught in a tremendous snow squall and the boats that were coming for us were lost, but we built a fire and made a shelter and made the best of our situation. It does not take a minute here for the wind to blow a gale; one small boat was smashed to pieces and the steam launch broke her line and has gone and we won't see her again. The Captain is in a hurry to be off and you may receive this letter next spring, but don't be worried if you do not."

"September 20th. Our houses are up and in order, and this week we have built the Transit and equatorial houses. We have one terrific squall after another and the thermometer is down to 23°. I have shot my first albatross and it was a good shot. [This bird is in the Smithsonian at Washington, as a fine specimen.] I wish you

could see the penguins. They are the most ridiculous of birds and waddle about in the strangest way. We have a big one down on the beach, with a long string tied to his leg. All day he swims as hard as he can under the impression that he is getting away, and at night we haul him in, and stand him up on the beach, and there he stands till morning. We have depended on penguin eggs for omelettes and things, and now they have calmly stopped laying. In consequence we are greatly interested in the movements of our one and only hen who has had the courage to lay an egg in this climate. We have two strange varieties of night birds who build their nests in the tussocks of moss with which the ground is covered. In the day you would never suspect their existence but at night the air is alive with their flashing about. One kind makes a sound like a cooing dove and the other like a rusty row-lock."

"December 6th. As the time of the Transit draws near, we can talk of nothing else, and we are not allowing ourselves to think of anything but a clear day. This last week has not been reassuring, for I have only had two good sights. Although I have sat up and waited patiently every night."

On the night of December 9th the Transit occurred. The observations and the photographs were successful, and when the *Monongahela* arrived after Christmas, the observers were applauded for the success of their efforts.

From Rio the party came to New York by steamer, arriving there in May. The Train family were with Lucilla in Longwood and when word came that Charlie had landed and could catch a night train to Boston, Grace was at the station early in the morning with little Grace to meet the father who had hardly seen her. We can feel now the weight of disappointment when he failed to step off the train. He had missed it the night before. When he did at last arrive, only those who have undergone long and silent separations can comprehend the joy of the reunion.

With the expectation of being kept in Washington to complete the report of the Transit expedition a house was secured there, but before even unpacking was accomplished orders came to join the *Tuscarora* on the Pacific Coast. A tenant was quickly found for the house and hasty preparations made for the overland trip across

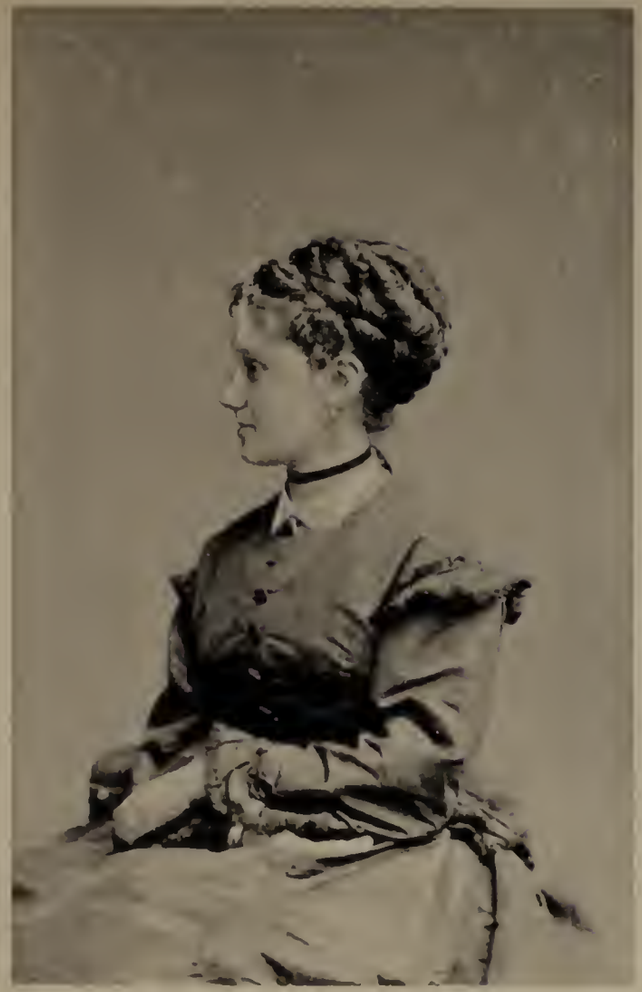
the continent. This time Grace and the children and Mammy refused to be left behind.

No record of the family would be complete without including Harmonia Taylor who shared so faithfully the family fortunes from the day she came in 1872 until her death in 1898. She could neither read nor write, but she more than justified the title given to her by her gentlefolk neighbours, "A perfect lady." Mammy was born in slavery, but when she was eighteen her master allowed her to purchase her freedom. This she accomplished in four years for $112. She gave the date of her birth as the "year before the Battle of Bladensburg" (the Campaign of 1812). She remembered the body servant of General Washington, Billy Lee, an old, old man, walking about the streets, followed by a troop of children—and she was one —to get a Bible text with which his memory never failed to supply them.

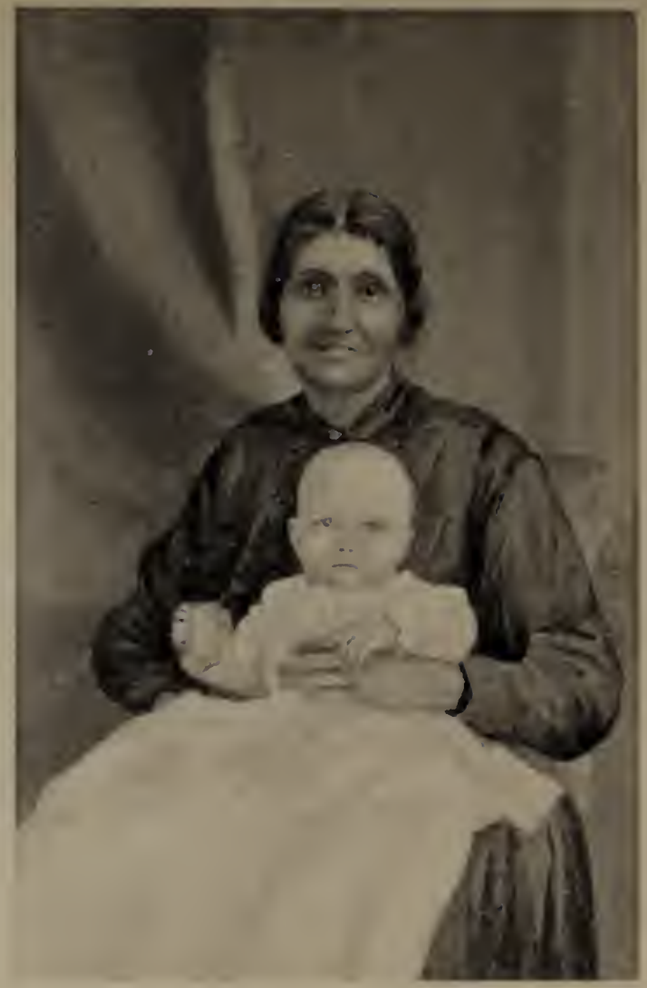
There must have been Indian blood in Mammy's veins, for her hair was fine and silky, and there was a tinge of colour in the brown skin of her high cheek bones. When dressed in her favourite purple calico, big white apron and with the wide strings of her scoop bonnet tied under her chin she was an impressive and picturesque figure. Easier to describe than to explain was the power of her gentle voice and quiet presence, in which seemed to repose the patience of the ages.

San Francisco was only reached in time to catch the ship before sailing time, and the family settled down to await the return. This cruise for deep sea soundings was spent in Samoa, the Fiji Islands, Tasmania, Australia, and the Sandwich Islands. The following letters are of this period.

"Honolulu, December 1st, 1875. The first stopping-place of the cruise is reached, and it is tremendously hot on shore. I remain on board and write. Not that I could go on shore much if I wanted to, for the Executive Officer is "everybody's nigger" on board ship, and is sure to be sent for as soon as he is out of sight. I suppose by the time you get this you will have heard from Grace how sudden my departure from San Francisco. I was very glad to go as soon as possible, because of course the sooner we go the sooner we get back. But in this case it was a trifle overdone. The trip overland was rather fun, and when we reached San Francisco we were no



GRACE TOMLINSON TRAIN



SUSAN TRAIN AND HARMONY TAYLOR

more tired than if we had only been riding one day. There was a very good crowd on board in our car. As far as scenery goes I did not see anything very remarkable, but they said it was because we passed it all in the dark. I did not see an individual antelope or buffalo, nothing in the way of game but ducks and geese. We descended, Gracie, Susie, and all at every eating house, where Susie could not be persuaded to do any thing but stare at the people, while Gracie would howl dismally if she could not eat everything on the table. Still both the children were as good as they could be. Sleep all night and play all day. But it was very gratifying to reach Frisco and go into Mrs. Giffen's nice house, where she had everything ready for us, even going so far as to have toys for the children. The worst part of the trip is the dirt which accumulates so rapidly as to make one sensibly heavier each day. I managed to shave on the train but it requires a very steady hand. Harmony seemed to have a very good time and expressed great admiration for the scenery. I started for Mare Island Monday morning, but when I reached the wharf I found the *Tuscarora* opposite the wharf at which I was rather surprised and rather disgusted, but I went on board and reported and found she was going to sail at once. I was not by any means pleased with the ship for she was as ugly as possible and fitted out in the most senseless way. Instead of trying to adapt her to sounding they load her down with a heavy battery and everything complete and then tell us we have to carry 60 tons of coal on deck to carry out our orders about soundings, of course it puts her so deep in the water she is logy and wet and can't sail at all. I have never seen anything quite so slow either under sail or steam. The wardroom mess with one exception were all strangers to me and all had been so much in the squadron as to be more or less tainted with Pacific slope notions. Still we get along very well. I have a very good crew only not half enough of them. Fortunately we have no chance for exercise. We were twenty-four days coming here from San F. Pleasant weather all the way only very light winds. We caught a shark one Sunday but we did not see the Sea Serpent. Honolulu looks very pleasant from the ship, but it must be hot as blazes there. We are anchored just inside a coral reef and I saw any quantity of plover over there last night, on the flats between the reefs. I propose to try a shot at them as soon as I get a chance. I brought both my guns with me and filled up with

ammunition at Frisco. I propose to get new gun cases made on board, and everything else I can think of. I expect Grace will have a pretty lonely winter. I only hope she will stay at Mrs. Giffen's. I expect to be back in May and stay all summer. Then we go down to the coast of Guatemala surveying for two or three months and that will probably end my cruise on this ship. We hope to reach Sydney by Feb. 1st. We coal tomorrow and start as soon after as possible. Give my love to Lucilla and Attie and the rest of the family and send me the occasional newspaper."

"January 9th, 1876. At the present writing we are making violent attempts to reach the island of Kandavu, one of the most southerly of the Fijis. The peak of Kandavu 2600 feet high looms ahead about forty miles away. We know that under its shadow lies a mail for us with newspapers, coal and fresh grub so of course we are anxious to get there. But the wind and currents are both against us and, although the kettle is boiling and the machine grinding as hard as possible, I very much fear it will be dark before we get up to the land, and I shall not dare go in till daylight for this is an entirely unexplored country and coral reefs do much abound, and, as I am Captain now, I do not care to run the ship ashore. We have been at sea thirty-five days and our patience is about exhausted. For the first time in my career my disposition has not been equal to the strain put upon it, and I have become morose, sour and irritable. Life seems a blank desert and I want to go home. Kerguelen was much better. Nature however continues to please, and gives us lovely weather only very warm, but it is the men who are vile. I do not think you will ever laugh at me again for calling every one a good fellow. But to resume, thirty-six days ago tomorrow we left Honolulu and commenced soundings. We found the water nearly four miles deep to begin with. Now it is unpleasant to have such deep water for various reasons. In the first place Captain Miller, who is naturally of a dismal nature, gets more and more depressed the longer the wire is going out, lest we should not get it back again. It takes about two hours to get the wire out and back. Following the example of the Captain all our spirits sink as the wire sinks, and rises as it rises, his however generally stays down. After about a fortnight of it he gave up and took to his bed and the sick list and I have been Captain ever since. There

is nothing difficult about the soundings the operation is simple enough. The wire, small piano wire, is coiled on a reel which stands on a platform projecting over the ship's side. To the end of the wire there is tied a rope having on its end the weight which consists of an xi inch shot with a hole bored through the centre, through which the 'Sounding Cylinder' passes. This latter is a brass machine which brings up the specimen from the bottom. When the shot strikes the bottom it falls off and the wire is pulled up with only the specimen at the end. The specimen that it brings up is carefully gathered, put in a bottle and properly labeled and put away. The greatest difficulty we have to contend with is keeping the ship off the wire. There are so many forces a drag on a ship lying still in water that it is very hard to make her stay in the right place. Of course at these great depths there is a great strain on the wire, and any extra strain is very apt to part it. Still we have taken 75 casts in water between 2000 and 3500 fathoms deep and have only lost about 1200 fathoms of wire, most of it before I became Captain. Between Honolulu and the Phœnix Islands we averaged 3000 fathoms of water which I think is the greatest depth ever found for so long a distance—700 miles. The Phœnix Islands are a little group of coral islands which rise out of the sea almost perpendicularly. We stopped off one of them and a forlorn white man came off with a boat full of Kanakas. It was a guano island and the men were employed getting the guano out ready for shipment. We only stayed an hour or so and then went on our way. The next day we passed another island prettier than the first for it had cocoanut trees on it and a lagoon in the centre but it was uninhabited. We sailed and sounded along two weeks more and yesterday morning sighted the island of Yasawa the western most of the Fijis. We anchored opposite a little village of huts half hidden in the cocoanut and mango trees. I sent a boat ashore to try and get some news or a pilot, but they came back with neither for there was no one in the village that spoke English. It was a Christian village with a native missionary. We got a pig and some chickens of them and continued on our way. We will stay here ten days or more and then start for Sydney, and be back in Frisco by June or July. I am glad I came but it is by no means as nice as I anticipated. I hope to hear from Grace in a day or two. I am afraid she is having a lonely winter but it was much better than

to leave her behind. I hope you will let me hear from you occasionally and tell Attie not to let me pass entirely from her memory. Tell Francis I yearn for his society with a deep yearning. Remember me to Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence and the rest of Longwood."

"The *Tuscarora,* Honolulu, May 25th, 1876. I suppose I was as happy last night as a man in my circumstances could well be, for the orders we found here told us to return to San Francisco in ten days. Everything was lovely today until noon when some mail came from the Consul that had been overlooked (including two letters from you). The Captain sent for me and thrust a paper into my hands and told me to read the orders from the Admiral which said: to remain here till further notice which might mean for two months or longer. I thought I could stand almost anything after our last experience in Washington, but I must say this was about as bitter a pill as I ever had to swallow, and your disappointment troubled me much more than my own, so it took a load off my mind when I read your letter and learned that you already knew and were making plans to do without me a little longer. I have no fear of being ordered back to Samoa. The Captain has just sent in his Samoan report and it was a tremendous affair. I can't imagine what they want of two vessels at these Sandwich Islands. The *Lackawanna* is here now. When she came in yesterday we thought she was the flagship and visions of all kinds of drills and inspections danced before my eyes. I am sorry if I have complained in my letters, but it happens that the annoyances on board are of the sort that I least expected and of which I had had no experience, and just the sort too that would trouble a man of my disposition. But as they still call me the 'sanguine man' aboard ship I do not think you may fear that my disposition has materially changed. Your letters are lovely, I have put them in book form and read a few pages every night. You would be surprised to see how big a bundle four months' mail makes. I think it was a good thing my bringing you out, for it has evidently been a bad winter at home for children and what are the little trials we have to bear compared with poor Ryan's sorrow [the loss of his little girl] and poor Mrs. Thornton! It must be terribly hard to lose one's only child. Can you imagine people so foolish or so wicked as to go without children, or with but one, just to avoid

a little care or responsibility. Only think what blessings ours are to us. Even if I do see them so little, I take so much pleasure in just thinking about them and thank God for them every day. Susie's picture is splendid, but she looks awfully big and old. Do invent some way to keep those babies little till I get home. But I shall write all night if I don't take care and I must leave something for the other nights of the week. You are mistaken about my having lost my Testament. I have not missed reading it a single night. Last night I commenced Galatians, tonight being Sunday I read the lesson instead, but I must say 'Good Night.' "

"We are painting and 'titivating' the ship and I have to be on my feet all day. The poor old thing is pretty seedy for it is four years since she went into commission, she is in need of all sorts of repairs and her outfit which was only for a year is all used up so we must get home pretty soon. However at present all that fresh paint and bright brass can do will be done, and I think she will look pretty well when she enters the Golden Gate. I have made up my mind that you have probably gone up to the Yosemite. If the ship goes out of commission when I get back, you may be willing to go home having exhausted California before I shall have hardly seen it. Still I can't say that the little I have seen makes me particularly anxious to see the rest. I hope you will get out in the country as soon as you can and leave that musty San Francisco. I am glad you saw Vallejo. I do not know what we shall do for a place to live when I do get home. I wish the Captain would turn his cabin over to me. We could keep house on board very well. Be sure and tell Harmony all sorts of nice things for me. Poor old thing I am sorry she has suffered so much. I might as well stop this and go to bed. Between the rats and mosquitoes my bed is not particularly inviting, but I have an enormous pile of *Tribunes* and *Nations* to read. I learned from the letters you re-addressed that my Aunt Sarah's husband was dead and that Attie had another baby. Yesterday morning when I was transporting in my tub, the *Zealandia* came in, bringing mail, my trousers, and orders to proceed to Mare Island at once. I shan't have the faintest idea of your where-abouts, but as we shall anchor off San Francisco before going up to Mare Island, it may be possible for you to have a letter on board telling me where to look for you. We hope to sail

before June 10th and we will be 25 to 30 days making the voyage. I went ashore to church today. I have not been since I was here last. This seems to be a pleasant place to live, but I would not care to have you here. Captains will scold, and officers will not take as much interest in their ship and people will always make unpleasant remarks. Of course I have a right to have you at Mare Island so that is all right. I am up to my knees in paint and whitewash these days, trying to make the ship presentable, and I have a host of things to do before we sail, I am only too glad to be kept at work."

"June 7th. Coaling ship and we sail at daylight, and there is not much sense in writing more when I shall see you face to face in four weeks. It will seem a long time for I am so impatient to get home. This has been a much longer winter than the Kerguelen one. I have mended all my clothes, and thrown away my 'holy' socks so you won't have any mending to do for me. I shall have to buy something for the children in San Francisco. Don't tell them I am going to bring them anything for mercy's sake, for I should not want to disappoint them. I won't write any more. Keep a bright look out for me, and pray for fair winds."

On his return came the good fortune of being ordered to Mare Island Navy Yard. Many brother officers were not so fortunate, and found themselves stranded on the west coast without duty and without funds to come east, Congress having adjourned without voting the usual appropriation for the Navy.

It was a short year of family life and shore duty. Then to sea again on the *Lackawanna,* bound for the coast of Mexico, from there north to Port Townsend and Puget Sound. From the last place Train left the ship for a day's hunting. He lost his way for many hours, was overtaken by the night and, in crossing the Columbia River on drifting logs in the darkness, was nearly swept away. There was grave danger too from wild beasts as well as from exposure and exertion, and there were moments when he never thought to see the ship again.

During this absence the family lived in Vallejo across San Francisco Bay, and from there the following letter was sent by Susie, aged five years, to her Father at Neah Bay, Washington Territory.

"Dear Papa:

"I wish you would come home. You and I had a good time when you were home. I wonder how you like it there. Gracie is so cunning. We have some very nice slippers that you saw, but these are some more. Our nursery is full of things now. A little boy broke the hoop you bought me. Do you want to know what the little boy was named? His name was Harry Plummer. One night when Mamma was reading pictures to me Gracie said, 'Me want to go to bed,' and she went upstairs and put on her new slippers and we knew what she went up for. I wish I could send you a flower or something. Perhaps I will send you a pretty flower. With love and kisses, ever your dear little

SUSIE."

Soon after his return to the family in November, 1877, a third daughter was born and named for her Aunt and great Aunt Lucilla Train. Her grandfather thus writes to her father after her birth.

"Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
Attorney-General's Office,
7 Court Square,
Boston, December 10th.

"My dear Charlie:

"I wish the last baby was not a girl, but it can't be helped and we shall all love her just as dearly as we do the others, and I hope you will name her for your Mother. If you don't leave California till next spring I am intending to make a great effort to come and see you, but you will hear from us all at Christmas. Of course you were as much shocked as we were over the loss of the *Huron*. It came very close to me as I had come to regard Ryan as a sort of older son. I was at New Bedford on the day of his funeral much to my regret, as I wished to assist in paying him the last honours. Upon the whole I rather envy him his departure for I have a great dread of living to a useless and feeble old age, and I begin to feel the weight of years. With much love, I am

Yours very truly,

CHAS. R. TRAIN."

The gunboat *Huron* commanded by Commander Ryan was on her way from Hampton Roads to the West Indies and ran ashore

on the coast of North Carolina. The seas that broke over her were so heavy that one by one the exhausted men were washed overboard. Thirty-three men survived among the one hundred and fifty on board and Ryan went down with his ship.

When little Lucilla was three months old the family came east, stopping at Batavia where grandmother and aunts welcomed the travellers. The summer brought the grief of the baby's death.

In April the move was made to Annapolis, the lovely and ancient little city on the banks of the Severn. It had been a gay Royalist Colony whose founders in 1649 loved the Royal Family and their London. We feel this when we walk the narrow streets named Duke of Gloucester, Prince George, Fleet Street, and Chancery Lane. Colonial headquarters had been set up here and it was from the Sir Christopher Wren State House that General Washington later presided at affairs of state and also resigned as commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary Armies. The beautiful Georgian houses scattered through the town speak of the grandeur of those times; only an air of reserved gentility remains, but the memories of an older day are still fragrant with romance and penetrate even the high Navy Yard wall which guards a new life of adventure and action.

The three years spent in this lovely Navy Yard were happy ones for every one. Such a comfortable old-fashioned house with a real feeling of home about it. There was a nursery that in memory has never been equalled. It was a square room, with a big fire-place where in winter blazing logs or low embers glowed on the hearth, filling the room with a delicious sense of indoor content, while a wonderful outside world could be seen through the broad sunny windows. This view was of a green parade ground, where the band played for marching men, or guns boomed in sham battle; beyond it was the sea wall bordering the waters of the Severn, which were crowded often with the fascinating movements of boats and ships sailing to and from the bay.

The natural beauty of these surroundings and the military atmosphere of precision and discipline gave a sense of perfection and order to life. The work of teaching mathematics and navigation was congenial. Friends were many, and the situation perfect for the favourite sport of duck shooting.

Music became once more a happy avocation. The chapel choir

needed the leadership that Train could give. It was he who started the custom which has ever since continued of closing the service with the singing of the hymn, "Eternal Father strong to save."

The summers were spent with the Midshipmen on their practise cruise, once to Europe on the *Constellation,* and the second year in command of the *Standish.* They visited the New England coast and the family were at Swamscott near the Lawrences who had a house at Galloupe's Point.

The crowning happiness of these years came with the birth of a son on September 19th, 1879. He was named Charles Russell and was the fourth to bear the name of Charles. His grandfather writes in appreciation of his name.

"Barristers' Hall,
Boston,
October 13th, 1879.

"Dear Charlie:

"I had fondly hoped that you would name the baby for me, and if you leave out the middle one he will have the name of his great grandfather. Don't christen him until I come down during the Christmas holidays. I walked out to Lucilla's yesterday with Arthur. He is a buster and like Clif. Lucilla and Frank are practising on the cornet and are great blowers. Uncle Allen was buried last week and several more of my relatives ought to go through the same performance without further delay. All the rest of us are as well as usual. I am delighted with your description of the baby. Give my thanks to Grace and love to the children.

Yours, Chas. R. Train."

Russell was a year and a half old when his father was detached from Annapolis and ordered to the *Powhatan* as Executive Officer. It was the last time of breaking up of home, for the decision was then made to settle down permanently in Washington, secure against moving if not against the separations that were inevitable. Much pleasure and interest were taken in choosing the location and in building the house at the corner of Connecticut Avenue and R Street.

The cruise on the *Powhatan* lasted thirty-eight months, but there was opportunity at intervals for short leave. The ship was attached to the North Atlantic Squadron, and in winter was in the West

Indies and in summer on the New England coast. The *Powhatan* was the last side-wheeler in use in the Navy. The following letters were written on board:

"Port Royal, Jamaica, April, 1883. The wardroom Mess is hard at work all writing letters to their wives, and I fancy each man is saying about the same thing and thinking how much they would like the day to come when word of mouth could take the place of these lifeless letters. I see by the papers that our Cape Haytien mail has arrived in New York so you will get letters with great frequency as there are no end of steamers coming and going from here. It is very hot and dusty, and I have not been to Kingston but once. The Captain dressed himself up and made his official call on the English Admiral. I have met a lot of English officers at the Club in the Navy Yard. The Commodore is giving a party to which we have been invited. The ship has been crowded with washerwomen the last two days and such washing you never saw. They dry their clothes by spreading them on the beach and putting stones on them to keep them from blowing away, and everything is full of sand. I have taken advantage of a clear dry day to have a house cleaning on a small scale in my room and my clothes put in order. My domestic Charles who has waited on me for a year and a half was discovered wearing one of Mr. Fitch's four dollar undershirts the other day, so I have incarcerated him in my deepest dungeon and do not allow him to return to the wardroom. So perhaps now my clothes will last a little longer. I have spent most of the afternoon manœuvering about among a lot of barrels in order to report to the department how long it takes us to turn around. One would suppose they would have found that out about the old *Powhatan* before this time. This comparatively cool weather gives me a chance to do a good deal of drilling. My voice worries me a good deal for it gives out before I have given half a dozen orders. I suppose there is nothing to do for it but stop giving orders, and that is out of the question, but I always keep a Midshipman by me to supplement my voice with his. I don't know when I have had two more uncomfortable days than when coaling ship. The natives do all the work, and the men look on, they have behaved pretty well, but of course in spite of all my sentries there was more or less drunkenness. Now that we have our coal we shall start for Cartagena."

"Sunday, April 22nd. I hope you had a more agreeable place of worship than I had today, for it rained in torrents, so we had to have church below and you can fancy the temperature and mugginess. As soon as the chaplain began to preach, the parrots all began; some to talk, some to cackle, like barnyard fowls, and others to screech, and such a din I never heard. The choir sang; 'Oh, to Grace how great a debtor, daily I'm constrained to be' which reminded me of my first church-going with you. Your accounts of my boy gratify me very much and I long to spend a Sunday afternoon with him and you. Susie's letter came with yours. Both the children have certainly improved vastly in their writing. Whether that is due to you or their school I don't know. I have just reread your letters, and though I am perspiring and as uncomfortable as possible in my room I am happy in my mind, for I can hear the paddles churning away and feel the old ship bound over the calm sea, and know that every bound brings me so much nearer you, and that in a week's time, if all goes well, we shall be in the U. S. even if it is only Key West."

At the expiration of this long cruise he came to Washington on duty at the Navy Department in the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting. Commander Winfield Scott Schley was Chief of the Bureau and had recently returned from the successful rescue of Lieutenant Greely and six of his companions, lost in the Arctic Circle for two years. Eighteen of his men perished before the arrival of the relief expedition.

As a householder now in Washington, and with his eager family there waiting for him no other duty could have been more acceptable than this under Schley with whom he had been stationed at Annapolis. The day's routine rarely varied. The early walk to the department, home for lunch, then back again until four o'clock. The return walk generally was continued farther afield, for the country was then near by, and walking with his dog was the exercise diligently pursued with keen enjoyment. On Sundays the entire family walked together to old St. John's Church. Family church-going was a custom strictly adhered to, as maintaining a prized tradition of early days.

In January, 1886, came promotion as Commander and his commission was signed by William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy

under President Grover Cleveland. In August he assumed command of the *Jamestown* and then the *Constellation,* training ships for apprentices. These ships of the old Navy with their graceful lines and swelling sails were beautiful creatures of the sea and beloved by their Captains. The spreading of sail to the breeze, the reefing of canvas in the face of a gale, and the climbing aloft on swaying shrouds made seamen that have gone with these ships they sailed. This tour of sea duty was comparatively limited and was spent in home waters in the summer and in the West Indies during the winter months. The following letters were written from the *Constellation* during this period.

"At sea, November 11th, 1888. I couldn't write last Sunday night the ship was tumbling about so, but tonight the sea is smooth and the ship steady.

"After we sailed we did not get but a mile or so before the wind left us and we had to anchor. At daylight the next morning we started. The wind was light and has been ever since, but as I don't want to get to Barbadoes before December I would rather the wind would be light. The weather has been perfect, even the Gulf Stream, where you almost always have gales and rain, was as mild and pleasant as possible, and it was so good for the boys. I have such a lot of little chaps, and rough stormy weather and ship's food uses them up completely. Of course they were all more or less seasick as it was, but the warm sun and smooth sea has brought them around now.

"We had a sad accident day before yesterday. We were exercising and the rope that holds up the main topsail yard broke while the yard was being hoisted. It would take too much technical talk for me to explain the cause but the result of the falling of the yard was, that a boy's leg got caught in a rope that was attached to it and was so badly crushed the doctor had to amputate it. The boy was a nice little fellow and a favorite with us. We very much feared he would not survive the operation, but he has, and seems to be doing well.

"We are settled down now to our regular sea life and it is monotonous and peaceful. I read and walk on deck and play whist in the evenings, and have church of course on Sundays. I like the new chaplain very much. He is a Baptist but he reads our service and

preaches very well. I had a concert in the cabin tonight. The paymaster played on the melodian, the marine officer on the violin, and the rest of us sang. We went all through the Hymnal.

"Today is our twelfth day out and I am going to stay out eighteen more if I can. My orders compel me to be at sea half the time I am away. I am going to put in all the time I can now. I keep the ship under easy sail which answers the double purpose of enabling us to sleep at night without anxiety, and of going slow. I had my last piece of fresh beef today. After a fortnight of salt food I may be more eager to get into port."

"Sunday night, November 18th. For a whole week we have had a tremendous sea running and the old ship has been floundering about in the most exasperating way. The only place in my cabin where I could stay was my bunk and then I rolled back and forth all the time so that sleep was a fitful business. I have been unable to have any drills aloft for fear the boys would roll into the water. But I kept up the school all the time but I doubt if the boys learned much as they were rolling over the deck a good part of the time. The little boy whose leg was cut off has stood it much better than we thought possible and will probably get well. I shall send him to the hospital at Barbadoes and when he is able he will go home and be discharged and get a pension of 25 or 30 dollars a month all his life.

"We have had our usual Sunday evening concert. The organist would roll off his stool and bring up in the lee scuppers every few minutes, but he would pick himself up and go on again. We couldn't have any church today. Tomorrow I am going to head south and try to run out of this weather. My larder is getting very low, only four or five chickens left. Luckily one doesn't get very hungry at sea."

"November 25th. Today has been quite a pleasant Sunday, the first since we sailed. The sky was clear, the sea was smooth and a gentle breeze was blowing us towards our port at the rate of five miles an hour, so I made the boys put on their best white uniforms and had a very thorough inspection.

"We have not had any wind this past week, as we were passing through the region which borders on the Trade Winds, a region

noted for calms and rain squalls. Such wonderful sunsets I never saw, and one night there were two lunar rainbows. It was a wonderful sight. The moon was nearly full and the sky full of enormous masses of cumulous clouds of most fantastic shapes. In the west were heavy black rain squalls and in front of these the silver arch of the lunar rainbow. Unless you could see it yourself you could never realize how wondrously beautiful it was. It was only nice to look at however, for we were standing still most of the time and deluged with rain every hour or so. But we are through with it now I hope. The sick boy is getting along fairly well, but I am anxious to get him to the hospital. He is a little chap not more than fifteen years old and the noises on deck at night wake him up and frighten him, and we can't put him on the deck below it is so hot and close. My doctor has pretty well used himself up taking care of him. If this wind continues we ought to be in on Friday."

"Sunday, December 2nd, 1888. We have been at anchor an hour, and the delight with which I heard the splash of the anchor can only be appreciated by those who have been at sea for 33 days as Captain of a training ship. The place looks as quiet and hot as ever. There is an English man-of-war here, and I have just had the call of ceremony. There are a dozen boatloads of washerwomen under my window, all jabbering and laughing at once. We have had no news and no mail from shore yet. I am going to close this letter and begin another when the mail comes."

In 1893 the Navy Department contracted with the shipyards at Bath, Maine, for the building of two light cruisers, the *Castine* and the *Machias*. Before their completion Train was ordered to command the *Machias* and spent several months in Bath greatly enjoying the family of General Hyde, head of the shipbuilding company. The musical talent that was so eminent in Emma Eames was also remarkable among her cousins the Hydes, and their music was a source of infinite pleasure.

When the ship was put into commission and on her way to the Brooklyn Yard she ran ashore, but immediately floated. The findings of the usual Court of Inquiry brought out the fact that the Captain having discovered that she would prove unseaworthy in case of rough weather felt impelled to run as close in shore as pos-

sible. This maiden voyage demonstrated something definitely wrong in the construction. She and the *Castine* were returned to the shipyards, were cut in two, enlarged and lengthened, and made safe from capsizing.

Two tours of duty that combined the pleasures of life at sea and ashore were those of Inspector of the Light House Districts, covering the waters of the Chesapeake and the waters of the Delaware. The work involved the laying of buoys, the inspection of light ships and light houses, and the carrying of supplies to their keepers. Travelling libraries were part of the equipment and great care was taken to satisfy the individual tastes of the family often long without contact with the shore. The inspection boats, the *Hally* and the *Zizania,* were good sized and comfortable boats with sufficient quarters to enable the captain to have his family or friends accompany him in pleasant summer weather. The office for the Delaware Bay District was in Philadelphia and that for Chesapeake Bay in Baltimore. Sundays could generally be spent at home in Washington.

"The *Zizania,*
Asitigue, Delaware,
November, 1895.

"Dearest G.:

"The good weather departed with you. I will only send a line to say that we are safely stowed away here, we came to anchor none too soon, for it is going to rain and blow from the eastward. I had two fine days for my inspection. I left Philadelphia at six P.M. Tuesday. There was a good deal of ice in the river, but I was alongside of your old friend at North East End Light Ship at seven the next morning, and finished at Winter Quarter Light Ship at sunset. We started again this morning at daylight and have done all the Bay Lights with Egg Island and Maurice river in addition. I hope to be at home Saturday night.

C. J. T."

"Philadelphia,
Sunday night.

"My dearest G.:

"It has been a long day but not an unpleasant one. I went out to that new church Susan was talking about. It is a terrible ways off, but I was glad I went, for it is one of the most beautiful churches

I ever saw. It is a reproduction on a small scale of some Italian cathedral. The stained glass is particularly fine. The proportions of nave, transepts and all, are just what they ought to be. The service is just like that church in Boston where we used to go [Church of the Advent]. I spent this P.M. walking. I think I circumnavigated the whole city.

C. J. T."

The even tenor of Naval life was rudely broken when, on February 15th, 1898, the battleship *Maine* was blown up in Havana Harbour and 2 officers and 258 men lost their lives. The United States Government had for some time been disturbed by the troubles of the Cuban people suffering under Spanish rule, but President McKinley hoped for a peaceful solution of the discord without our intervention. Theodore Roosevelt, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was most impatient of this attitude and thus expressed himself: "The blood of women and children who have perished by thousands in hideous misery lies at our door, and the blood of the murdered men on the *Maine* calls, not for indemnity, but for the full measure of atonement, which can only come by driving the Spaniard from the New World."

War was formally declared with Spain on the twenty-first of April. There was no fear that the Navy would prove unequal to her job, for as Mr. Roosevelt later wrote in his History of the War: "The Navy was largely on a war footing as any Navy, which is even respectfully cared for, in time of peace must be. The Admirals, Captains and Lieutenants were continually practicing their profession, in almost precisely the way it has to be practiced in time of war, except actually shooting at a foe."

This statement of preparedness was justified when the Pacific Fleet under Admiral Dewey destroyed the Spanish Fleet in Manila Bay for they met the test of battle with skill and courage.

On the other side of the World it was known that the second Spanish Fleet under Admiral Cervera was steaming westward probably destined for Porto Rico or Cuba. He eventually entered the harbour of Santiago without discovery, and it was not until Lieutenant Victor Blue,[1] by a most hazardous undertaking, reached a

[1] In 1899 Lieutenant Blue was attached to the *Massachusetts*, commanded by Captain Train. When steaming in formation with the other ships of the fleet, the flagship signalled, "Why is the *Massachusetts* out of position?" Captain Train signalled back, "Because the officer of the deck is engaged to be married."

height that gave him a view through the enemy country of the harbour and had proof that the Spanish ships were there—four battleships and two torpedo boats lying safely at anchor under the protection of Morro Castle. With this knowledge the Atlantic Fleet under Admiral Sampson blockaded the entrance of the harbour. The fateful but brave sortie of the Spanish ships became imperative after the successful attack of the American Army on Santiago on the first of July. Admiral Cervera knew that the cause was lost, for he had sadly written: "I am going out to suicide dragging with me these 2000 sons of Spain."

In his Official Report of the engagement, Admiral Sampson said: "This complete and important victory was the successful finish of several weeks of arduous close blockade, so stringent and effective during the night, that the enemy was deterred from making the attempt to escape at night and deliberately determined to make the attempt in daylight."

Many auxiliary ships, manned by the Naval Militia from various States, were added to the complement of the regular Navy for this war service. Train was detached from light house duty and put in command of the *Prairie* with two regular officers and the Massachusetts Militia. The following account of the cruise of the *Prairie* appeared in a Boston newspaper after the war:

"The crew was mustered at the Brooklyn Navy Yard May 3rd and the ship put into commission May 13th until June 25th doing patrol duty on the New England coast then ordered to join the Squadron at Key West.

"July first to the end of August on blockade duty off Cuba and Porto Rico, during which time she shelled and sank the *Alphonso XII,* and saved hundred of thousands of dollars worth of property by the effective service of her officers and crew at Ponce, when the *Massachusetts,* the *Manitoba* and the *Vulcan* ran aground there. The Captain of the *Prairie* was responsible for thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of property and for the health and safety of some 300 men. He did not lose a penny's worth of property nor a single life by accident or disease while the men were under his command. He had a green crew and a number of totally inexperienced officers under him, and if any three men worked hard and deserved credit for making sailors out of landsmen in a short

time those three men are Captain Train, Commander Osterhaus, and Lieutenant Stoney, of the United States Navy."

These letters written home are the Captain's own picture of the situation.

"U. S. S. *Prairie,* off Havana, July 10th, 1898. It is a pleasant Sunday morning. Away off to the southward there is a booming of heavy guns, I think it is the *San Francisco,* shooting at some battery on shore. [The Captain's son Russell, a third classman at Annapolis, was on the *San Francisco.*] She went down there last night. There is nothing else she can be firing at unless she has run some unlucky blockade runner ashore, and that is not probable, as they are very scarce. Life is becoming very monotonous. We drift about all day and night, a painted ship upon a painted ocean. Still it is not as hot here as it is at home. All the fresh food is gone and today is the last day of the ice. Then our real suffering will commence. Even at Key West there is only a little ice machine that makes twenty tons a day, not even enough for their shore customers. I wish some money-making Yankee would come here with a schooner load. We are much excited over the capture of Cervera's Squadron and wonder why the Spaniards did so little harm. I have not seen Russell since his ship came here. At Key West he was standing Watch in the Engine-room, and he did not like it a bit. Wasn't it a pity I had to leave my band instruments behind. They would have been a boon now in these dull days. The *Maple* is one of my neighbors here, she don't look very pretty in her dirty grey, but she is very useful. Below comes the *Mayflower,* Ogden Goelet's yacht commanded by Mackenzie. [A. J. Wadhams was on her.] All last night the Spaniards were throwing a big search light over the sea. Perhaps they were looking for poor Cervera's ships. This would be wearing work if the enemy had any torpedo boats to steal out at night and scare the life out of us. My Naval Militia Officers continue as useless as ever and I would like to put them all ashore."

"Off Gibara, Cuba, July 21st, 1898. Our former Vice-Consul came off to see me this morning, to say that the Spanish troops were all leaving the town with all their impedimenta and were not coming back and that the U. S. must take charge. He evidently didn't take

much stock in any government by the insurgent crowd, and I fancy all the respectable Cubans are in the same boat. He wants us to annex the Island. He says it is perfectly healthy ashore. He came at the request of the people to ask us to take charge until some form of government is established. So I shall make myself Military Governor until Howell comes and drives me out. Then I shall ask him to send a small vessel here that can lay at anchor in the Harbour and let me go somewhere else. It is not at all bad here except all our food is gone. Cowles brought me a small piece of ice in the *Topeka* and you have no idea how good it was. The Consul told me that Santiago had surrendered on the 12th."

"Off Gibara, Cuba, Sunday, July 24th. We were in hopes the *Frisco* would have come today and brought us some news and a mail. This is weary work. The food is slowly giving out, and I am living on brown bread and canned soup. The man we got for cook in New York was one of the best, and his brown bread can't be beat. The potatoes and onions are all gone and we are on the last can of condensed milk. However my coal is going too so I shall start for Key West in four days. The Cubans will take charge of the town tomorrow, but I don't know whether it is the Insurgents or who are to govern the community. A monitor and a ship of the *Montgomery* class went by to the eastward yesterday so the war is still on. We have church now on Sundays and I read the Service. I wish we had some Prayer Books and Hymnals. However we have hymns all the same, only I am afraid the men sing the same verse over and over, but they sing uncommonly well. It is the best crew in some respects that I ever sailed with. The officers are beginning to be of some use too. We have had no one on the sick list for ever so long. If this is the rainy season I don't see why it is so abused. There is a shower every day but nothing of any consequence. We are four miles out and on shore there are more showers."

"Guantanamo, Monday, July 25th. Last night I got a dispatch from Sampson ordering me off San Juan at once, as I had not enough coal I had to come in here to get some and am now alongside the coal schooner, and I shall get away day after tomorrow. The whole Navy seems to be here, I never saw so many ships in my life."

"Port Ponce, Porto Rico, August 6th. We have finally reached a Post Office, so I will renew my correspondence with Bar Harbour. I believe my last letter went from Guantanamo. I stayed there three days, took five hundred tons of coal, and nine hundred rounds of ammunition for the *New Orleans,* not to mention various quarters of fresh beef and all the ice we could beg or steal, and departed for San Juan. We reached the place without incident, and found the *New Orleans* cruising off the Morro, six or seven miles away. I went on board and interviewed Folger, and learned that we were in the greatest peril at all times, that the Spaniards had enormous guns that reached miles, and wicked torpedo boats liable to come out any minute and blow me to atoms. All of this was rot, of course. Everybody left alone on a blockade tells his successor the same thing, and I have been surprised at the number of Falstaffs the Navy has produced in this war. The next day I filled Folger up with powder, and he went to St. Thomas to coal. The *Dixie* came along on her way to Ponce, and Davis was very amusing with his stories of his capture of the place. He was sent ahead to reconnoitre the place with the *Wasp,* and finding no enemy there, and the inhabitants delighted to see him, he boldly demanded their immediate surrender, which they were only too glad to give. However, that did not prevent General Miles from capturing it over again the following day, and making a flaming report of the feat in which no mention whatever is made of Davis, very much to his wrath. I blockaded San Juan in safety and peace for twenty-four hours, and then the *Puritan* and *Montgomery* came along, and Fred. Rodgers sent me here, to my exceeding great content. I found this place full of ships of all kinds, with Frank Higginson as Senior Officer in the *Massachusetts.* I brought him and Davis orders to return to Guantanamo at once, which they hated to do, as this is a nice place and they had discovered it. The city of Ponce lies two miles back from the beach, and is a very nice town, with twenty thousand inhabitants, a good French hotel, theatre, cafés and all the modern improvements. Of course at present, soldiers are everywhere and fine looking fellows they are. I found my friend, J. Wadsworth, with a roving commission from the President, empowering him to go anywhere, and see everything, and he has been staying with me for two days, but yesterday he went off with a detachment of regulars that was going to occupy a little town up in the hills, fifteen miles from here. The

troopship *Massachusetts* ran ashore on the reef three days ago, and we only got her off last night. She had 1200 men and 1100 horses on board and the second night the men got scared and thought they were going to be wrecked so I was signalled to go on board at once and take them off. I can't tell you what a horrible condition of things I found when I got on board. Men and horses all mixed up together, filth indescribable, utter confusion, the captain of the ship worthless, the military men, volunteers, ignorant and alarmed; all together such a mess I never saw before. You can fancy with what joy I was greeted, and in two hours I had them all on board the *Prairie* and gave them the first food some of them had had for twenty-four hours. This ship had the City Troop of Phil., Troops A and C of New York, and many others beside, with their horses, and stores of enormous value, the whole in charge of a volunteer officer of six days' experience, while the captain of ship was utterly incompetent. Some of the horses had not had water for forty-eight hours. The line officers of Troop A had gone ashore in shore boats, and left their men to look out for themselves. That is our fine volunteer army. I am coaling now, and have got to return to the San Juan blockade, much to my disgust. However the war seems to be nearly over, and I suppose we won't blockade very long. We are still without mail, and won't get one probably, till we get back to Key West. We have hundreds of dollars worth of stores waiting there for us, but it is nobody's business to forward them, so I suppose they are all spoiled by this time. The 6th Mass. has disgraced itself here, and the colonel, major and a captain or two have been court-martialed, and dismissed. If I have any daughters staying with you, give my love to them. If this cruel war ends soon, I shall probably come to Boston with my militia."

"Port Ponce, August 10th. We were just starting for San Juan yesterday, when my orders were annulled and I received new ones to convoy some troops and supplies from Mayaguez and Arecibo. I fancy these orders are the result of J. Wadsworth's trip over the mountains. He found General Stone trying to build a road over which the troops could march to these places. They are only a few hours from here by water, so J. W. suggested to General Miles that he stop the road building and send the men round in my charge. I was delighted to get out of that San Juan blockade. J. W.'s

son is coming down on the *Manitoba* and he is going to stay here till he comes. I think you can thank your stars that your boy is not down here as a soldier. The *Relief,* the Army hospital ship came in yesterday, and all day long they were loading typhoid fever patients on to her. There were some 300 of them, and they all got the fever at Camp Alger. Out of one company of 90 men in the 6th Mass. 43 were ill. Were it not for that, this would be a most healthy campaign. I am still without any news of you. The soldiers have about left Ponce and gone into the interior on the different roads leading to San Juan. There is a report that there was a small fight yesterday resulting in no loss to our side. The *Manitoba* has just run on the reef, in the same place the *Massachusetts* did. I suppose it will be another job for us in getting her off. I don't understand why so many troops are coming here anyway. The Spanish have only four or five thousand while we must have at least thirty thousand. There are almost as many correspondents as soldiers. I saw Richard Harding Davis and Stephen Crane ashore the other day."

"August 11th. As I expected we were sent out today to get the *Saturn* off. She got ashore last night in trying to get the *Manitoba* off. We have been at it all day with two tugs and have not moved her, and the *Manitoba* is still high and dry, and the authorities have made no attempt to get her men or horses ashore."

"August 13th. We are still trying to pull ships off the reef, and having a most disagreeable time. Don't bother about the *Prairie* and don't believe a single word you read, for there are awful yarns told. Gibara for instance was in the hands of the Cubans when the *Nashville* got there. Two poor little schooners, stripped and dismantled (probably belonging to some Cuban for whom we were fighting), were promptly 'captured' by the *Nashville* and sent to Key West. They might just as well have gone on shore and taken somebody's wagon. I think it is the meanest thing I ever heard of and all for the sake of a few dollars. Gibara was the most peaceful place and there wasn't the least idea of resistance there or here either, where all the little boats tied up in the harbour have been 'captured.' I am disgusted with the whole business. So far as I know not a single man has done any thing worth mentioning, except Cameron Winslow

and his boat crew and Hobson's personal bravery although the plan was a failure. The Army has departed and I have no news. Thank you for the books and the *Spectators*. Will you write to Bar Harbour and tell Frank the band instruments are here, I shall have no time to write him this mail."

The immediate duty after detachment from the *Prairie* was at the Norfolk Yard putting out of commission many of the ships that had been in use during the war.

"Norfolk, Sunday. I got the *Terror* out of commission yesterday, and such an amount of crawling and wriggling as this gentleman did before he was satisfied she was clean enough to turn over, was awful. I shall get the *Puritan* out by Wednesday or Thursday. There are so many papers to sign, that I may possibly have to stay on after the ships go out. A list has to be made out of every blessed thing that goes ashore, and I have to sign it. It was a stupid thing putting these ships out of commission. They ought to be anchored at, or in, the ports they were intended to defend, and become a part of the permanent defenses of the port, so many floating forts. All the money they are spending on them now is wasted, for they will never go to sea again."

"Norfolk, Tuesday. I expect you will faint dead away when you see me drive up Thursday morning with one sea chest, three trunks, two boxes, a dog, and a canary. And I have given away articles of countless value because I had no room to pack them. I have just got a letter from Sam Payson asking me to come to his wedding between the 10th and 15th of April and I should like to go, and will if I can."

In November, 1898, he was promoted to Captain, his commission being signed by President McKinley and John D. Long, the Secretary of the Navy. He writes from Philadelphia where he has a few weeks' duty on a court martial.

"November, 1898. I have got my new frock coat with four stripes on it, and look like a gold mine, and my other uniforms are being altered, and I shall have a nice little bill for gold lace. I went to the opera Saturday and paid three dollars for a bad seat. It was *Faust*

though and I could not resist the temptation, but Melba is too fat and lazy to make a good Marguerite. Still the music is perfect as ever."

The first of January, 1899, he took command of the battleship *Massachusetts* of the North Atlantic Squadron, under Admiral Sampson, Commander-in-Chief. He says: "We have a most contented ship. Nearly all my men are first class, and punishments are almost unknown."

During the first summer cruise when the ships came to Bar Harbour the marriage of Susan Train to Augustus Noble Hand took place at St. Saviour's Church. There were many amusing and fictitious newspaper accounts of the occasion, such as, "Cupid speeds a battleship" and the "Ceremony will be performed on board ship and will not be eclipsed in point of Naval éclat, in the annals of the Navy since Cervera's fleet sank from our guns, and no Massachusetts bride will ever enter the holy bonds with such a boom of guns or bombardments of gallants."

A true account of the wedding is given in the following letter sent by Francis W. Lawrence to his mother in Longwood.

"U.S.S. *Massachusetts,*
Bar Harbour,
Sunday, August 6th, 1899.

"My dear Mother:

"I am spending my nights on board ship as I am rather uncomfortable at home on account of asthma.

"The wedding is over at last and everything went well except the weather which was damp and foggy, but no one seemed to mind that. Our house has been in confusion for several days, as we had Attie, Grace Train, Susan and Gracie, and Nilla Hand and her two sisters staying with us. Susan looked very well indeed in white satin or silk or something, dress and veil. Gracie was maid of honour in blue and looked as pretty as a peach, but the prettiest of all were the two Hand girls as bridesmaids, dressed in white with blue sashes. I think I never saw anything as pretty and graceful as they were when they walked up the aisle. Charlie brought Susan up on his arm in full uniform all covered with gold lace, and of course that was very showy, and about a dozen officers from the ship were in the

congregation. The church was well filled, Mr. Leffingwell [the Rector] and William [Bishop Lawrence] married them and we had a reception at our house afterwards. Susan and Gus had made their plans to take one of the ship's launches and to go to the Mt. Desert Ferry, about seven miles from here, where there is very good hotel to spend a day or two, but the fog was so thick Charlie did not dare to let the launch go, so they had to wait for the boat at 8.45 with all the rest of the passengers. This morning the fog has lifted and the sun is shining beautifully, at eleven we are to have a Service conducted by the Bishop. The launches are going ashore to bring off all our friends and relatives. The *New York* and *Indiana* have just come in and anchored near us and the rest of the Fleet comes in a day or two, so that this next week will be a very gay one.

F. W. L."

At the very time that this letter was being written a most tragic accident was happening across the Bay at Mt. Desert Ferry. An excursion from Bangor brought a crowd of men, women, and children to visit the ships, and, as they were embarking on the ferry boat, the gangplank gave way and a hundred people were dropped into the water and caught under the pier. Many were drowned, and many more suffered from shock and injuries. The following notice appeared in the Bangor paper.

One incident connected with the terrible accident may be of interest to Bar Harborites. Mr. and Mrs. Augustus N. Hand who were married here last Saturday were at the Bluffs when the accident occurred. They were among the first to throw open their apartments for the use of the injured and in addition laboured very hard in caring for the unfortunates and supplying them with garments from their own wardrobe. They had five half drowned persons at one time to care for. With Captain and Miss Nora Fairbanks they led the improvised hospital corps in the work of resuscitation.

Captain Train held the command of the *Massachusetts* for two years and then was ordered to Washington where for three years he was first a member and then President of the Board of Inspection and Survey. The visiting of Government and private shipyards where ships were building, the supervision of construction, going on their trial trips and reporting the results of their speed and behaviour was important duty.

When at home all the pleasant habits of a simple life were part of the day's routine. Work, walks, reading and the daily visit at tea time to his friend and neighbour Major Bailey and a game of cards with him and General Sanger. All too quickly for family and friends these years came to an end, but the fullness of their happiness has been added to the other many memories of a happy life.

CHAPTER EIGHT

CHARLES JACKSON TRAIN
(CONTINUED)

THE LAST CRUISE

In September, 1904, the top of the professional ladder was reached when he received his promotion as Rear-Admiral, his commission being signed by President Roosevelt. Almost at once he was ordered to the East to assume command of the Philippine Squadron of the Asiatic Fleet, with headquarters at Cavite Navy Yard, Manila.

Before starting across the continent there was a family gathering at Bar Harbour with his sisters, Mrs. Lawrence and Mrs. Payson, his wife and daughter Grace and his son Russell who had just returned from China. The circle was sadly incomplete without his brother-in-law Frank Lawrence who had died in the spring. The congenial and beloved companion of many years was grievously missed. The time of partings had come.

The ship that carried him to his new post sailed from San Francisco, and his regular letters written on the voyage and afterwards keep us in close touch with him and his new duty.

"S.S. *Korea,* September 24th, 1904. This ship is a fine one, and the Captain an old acquaintance of mine. The General Manager of the Line is an ex-naval officer and one of my pupils at the Academy, so I had no trouble, and have an outside room on the upper deck all to myself, although the ship is full. There are forty-three missionaries on board representing six different sects, but no Episcopalians. I wish you could hear the hymns they sing, they are simply abominable, not even as good as Moody and Sankey, and they work at them all day. The ship is so big there is plenty of exercise to be had either in walking or playing games. I play piquet with my Flag-Lieutenant, Frank Fletcher, afternoon and evenings. I did not bring books enough. One can read a lot on a trip like this. There is an old judge from Honolulu on board who knew Father very well and says all sorts of nice things about him."

"At sea, October 3rd. I had a pleasant day at Honolulu. It has become a City since I saw it in '75. Silas Terry took charge of me and drove me all about. We took a lot of Japanese on board. There were twenty-eight babies in the lot, so we had a baby show a few days ago and gave prizes by vote to the best looking. The Captain gave them an extra allowance of soap and fresh water, and their mothers dressed them up in all their best clothes and they were the cunningest things imaginable. It really is a very pleasant voyage. Much nicer I think than a European one, for the passengers are quiet and inoffensive. We are in the temperate zone now and the days are the pleasant summer days of New England, and the sea and sky are so beautiful. I wish you could have been on deck tonight. You never saw such beauty. We will be in Yokohama in a few days and I will go on shore and stay, for the ship will be there a few days so I will have a chance to go to Tokyo."

"October 14th. We are sailing through the inland sea of Japan this morning, and it is lovely. It might be Frenchman's Bay so far as the water and islands are concerned, but Frenchman's Bay has no little brown villages here and there, nor queer little temples with cocked up roofs on little detached islands among the pines. The pine trees of Japan are a constant source of joy. They are not in the least like ours. They look centuries old and the boughs try to be horizontal and run way out across the streets and have props under them. The foliage is like ours only not so dense and fluffy.

"We were ten days in crossing the Pacific to Yokohama. I went to Tokyo and stayed with our Secretary of Legation. He lived in a Japanese house and you might as well live in a band box and expect to be comfortable, and the weather was cold and disagreeable. I did not see much because a jinricksha is bad in a storm, and uncomfortable anyway, it jolts you so much, and then you have so much sympathy with the man after he has carried you three or four miles at a fast trot. We stopped at Kobe from Yokohama and from there I went to Kyoto. It is the old capital of Japan but there is nothing foreign in it. There was a delightful hotel half way up a big hill with the most lovely views from the balconies. The low country is covered with great fields of rice that are a beautiful yellow at this season, and here and there little oases of trees and farm houses, and for a background high mountains.

REAR-ADMIRAL TRAIN AND HIS SON, LIEUTENANT TRAIN,
BAR HARBOUR, 1904

"The streets in Japan are most interesting. Children are everywhere in infinite numbers and are the cunningest things you ever saw. The women are sweetfaced things but their clothes are absurd. The young men and boys have not only fine faces but their clothes are picturesque. Everybody is smiling and happy, no one talks loudly, even the babies don't cry, and you hear only the clinking of clogs that every one wears and the rattle of the jinrickshas. I bought almost all my admiral uniforms at Yokohama for about a quarter of what they would have cost at home."

On the 19th of October he reached Manila, was welcomed with the salute of thirteen guns and hoisted his flag on the Flagship *Rainbow*.

"U. S. Flagship *Rainbow,* Cavite, November 6th, 1904. It is a beautiful Sunday morning. The sea is like glass. The mountains that surround Manila Bay are blue in the haze. They don't have gulls here, but instead great kites, with wings that are bronze in the sun. They dash into the water alongside every minute or so and carry off pieces of bread in their feet and eat it at their leisure, instead of gobbling it as gulls do. I have a great big saloon running clear across the deck so that I get a draft of air through, and can see everything without rising from my chair. All the battleships came in yesterday morning and with all the colliers, tugs, etc., the harbour is crowded. Manila Bay is a huge body of water twenty miles across with low alluvial shores backed by high mountains. The City of Manila is ten miles from here and I can just see the spires and domes. I go up there nearly every afternoon for I have a nice large boat and when I get there a victoria with two little ponies is waiting for me on the wharf and my Flag-Lieutenant and I get in and drive. The streets are full of natives with pleasant faces and children by the thousands. The streets are clean and well paved and we arrange our drive so as to arrive at six by the band stand on the Lunetta. It is dark then, for there is no twilight, but the electric light makes it bright enough and every one who can afford a carriage comes out and drives slowly around the circle while the band plays. On one side is the sea and on the other a flat place with huge mountains beyond, all very picturesque. I have dined and called on the Governor. The Army makes a very creditable showing. There is not

much but official society. I am going to Hongkong to have the ship docked and on my return I am going down to the Southern Islands and visit the Moros in their native haunts. They say it is a charming trip, all sorts of remarkable things in the way of lakes and mountains and waterfalls, besides the interesting natives who run amuck and cut your head off with one stroke of the bolo. General Wood is in command and promises me the finest shooting in the world. I have had but one letter from home since I got here, it is a long way from the U. S., but I get a telegram from Washington nearly every day. I have a very pleasant set of officers and my servants are beyond reproach. There is nothing in the world equal to a first class Chinese servant. Ah Lung watches me like a hawk and I am not allowed to do anything for myself. I found Japan fascinating. It is a pity this war prevents our going there in the ships."

"November 25th. When I went over to Hongkong, the *Helena* Russell's old ship met me and took me up to Canton. It was all delightful, every minute. I am so glad I had the chance to come out here, and I don't wonder that Russell likes it. At Canton I went to a banquet given by the Chinese authorities in honour of the birthday of the Empress, and it was great fun, although most of the food was too horrible for words. I was the Senior Officer present and as I had a lot of officers with me and the band I was very much *persona grata.*

"I spent several hours roaming through the City in a chair but the streets are only a few feet wide, and crowded with dirty Chinese, and damp and cold, and ill-smelling, a few hours was enough. But the river was a joy. The country about Canton is alluvial, and intersected by creeks and canals in every direction, and millions of Chinese live all their lives in boats of every description without ever going on shore and it is simply fascinating to watch them. Hongkong is simply a big English dock yard town. It is picturesque and built on the side of a mountain, so steep that you have to go up on one of those Mt. Washington kind of railways and are standing on your head most of the time. Every one was very nice to me."

"At sea, November 29th, 1904. We are cruising around among these beautiful islands. I wish I could describe them to you, but it is impossible. They are simply great high masses of the most beautiful

foliage of every shade of green. We left Cavite Saturday afternoon and reached Zamboanga, which is down on the southwest corner of Mindanao, at nine on Monday morning. There we went on shore and explored the quaint little Spanish village and called on the officers. The natives particularly the Moros wear the most brilliant reds and yellows. Mrs. Wood thinks it an earthly paradise. It is never too hot or too cold and the children are as robust as possible, but the mosquitoes are pretty thick. They gave a review in my honour, then Mrs. Wood took me on a drive. In the evening she and the Adjutant's wife came to dinner and at ten o'clock we got under way, and this morning found us at Jolo which is another picturesque little town with the white Spanish houses shining out among the trees and the houses of the Malays built out over the water all along the beach. This is the island where the natives were so ugly at first, and killed a lot of our men, before it got into their heads that they always got the worst of it, and now they are as peaceful as possible.

"The steamer with the Governor and General Wood on board got in about two o'clock and as soon as they were fast to the dock I went on board. It was an extraordinary sight. The Malays had turned out in great force with their queer dugouts decorated with the most gorgeous of silken banners and the Chiefs in their finest clothes sitting about, but they are the most villainous looking men I ever saw. General Wood speaks well of them though, and says they are much more industrious than the Filipinos. We reached Malaban the noon of day before yesterday. There are the headquarters of the —th Infantry and a lot of cavalry, so when I climbed up the sand I found awaiting me a troop of cavalry flashing their sabres at me, and orderlies and aides placed at my disposal and two huge ambulances, so I climbed into one, the cavalry escort trotted ahead of me and up we all went in a cloud of dust for a mile or more until we came to the Colonel's house. There we stopped. The cavalry came into line with much noise, more sabres were presented, I saluted and off they trotted to my great relief. The Post was prettily placed on a plain with an old Spanish fort at one corner and the officers' quarters and men's barracks all built of bamboo and nipa. All the officers came to pay their respects. I walked about a bit and then went on board. At six the next morning I was on the beach again. I had Colonel Simpson, Welles, the Doctor, and the Paymaster and a marine who knew how to photograph. We climbed into an ambulance, the cavalry escort

took their place and off we started for Lake Linane, 2200 feet in the air. The *Rainbow* started at the same time to meet us on the other side. The ride rather long, and an ambulance not a very desirable vehicle, but the road was through the woods the whole way and the trees and ferns were lovely. At Camp Vicars on the south side of the lake we got on horseback with our packages on pack mules and spent forty uncomfortable minutes going down the trail to the little steamer that was going to take us across the Lake. The lake was beautiful of course with wooded shores and high mountains all around. As we approached Marahui the big military post on the other side of the lake the weather which had been so delightful became cold, and raw and wet. When we got alongside the wharf there was more cavalry, and more aides and orderlies ordered to report to me. We all climbed into ambulances, and drove up to the Post, saluted by a battery on the way. The Colonel wished me to review the troops, the 22nd Regiment of Infantry, four squadrons of cavalry and a light battery. I had on a khaki suit made for shooting, marine leggings and a straw hat, and I did not intend to make a spectacle of myself. The Colonel's name was Robinson and he was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. They gave us a reception that evening. The ladies were not numerous but officers in crowds, and fine looking fellows they were. There was a Tomlinson from Connecticut, just out of West Point. The next morning I went all over the Post and inspected the barracks and at noon started on another five hours' drive with the usual troop of cavalry. The road was rough and it was a hard drive. On the way we stopped to see a very beautiful waterfall, the water dropping 200 feet between the most wonderful cliffs covered with delicate green moss. At five we reached Overton where the 14th Cavalry was posted. The *Rainbow* was there waiting for us, and at eleven at night we were on our way home to Cavite. We certainly had a delightful trip."

"Flagship *Rainbow*, January 1st, 1905. I wish you all a Happy New Year. It is a bright sunny summer morning. My two canaries are having a singing match. The crew are lying about in the shade of the awnings, doing nothing for it is a holiday. Archbishop Harty gives a big reception this evening to which I am going. They say he is a fine man, but he wrote a most absurd paper, defending the performance that took place here some days ago over the 'Virgin of

Antipolo.' This is a very old wooden image of the Virgin belonging to a church in Antipolo and believed by the faithful to be most efficacious in the curing of disease. Once every century or so the Image comes to Manila and the natives simply go wild. The Insular Government gave them a holiday, on one of the days she was carried about, which provoked much adverse comment in the papers. The Archbishop tried to defend the whole thing and made very heavy weather of it.

"If the Philippines were not so far away I would not mind living out here. It is a healthy place. The chief complaint is tuberculosis. That is unusually prevalent. I have just condemned three men on board this ship with it, one was the Band Master. There is practically no typhoid and no pneumonia. But I must stop and go ashore to church. You ought to see me in my big twelve-oared barge. When I reach the shore I make the whole crew except the boat keepers march to church behind me. The church is a temporary building on the top of the walls of the old fort, we have a most excellent Chaplain. A large part of our Navy Yard is taken up by an old Spanish fort, and close to the place where we go to church there is a square pen with solid walls around it twenty feet high where the Spaniards used to put their Filipino prisoners, and then stand on the wall and shoot them from above."

"Flagship *Rainbow,* January 12th, 1905. Manila continues to be very pleasant but such gaiety I never saw. There is hardly a night without some kind of a ball and dinners and lunches without end. We had a ball on the *Rainbow* the other night. She is just the ship for a ball as she has great big decks with room for everybody, but the battleships have their balls as well. The climate at this season lends itself to that sort of thing, for it never rains and the evenings are delightful.

"Last week I went one hundred miles back on the railroad on a duck shooting trip. I was astonished to see how thickly settled and well cultivated the country was, and what a lot of pretty native villages the road passed through. We slept in the car and in the morning I walked four miles to the shooting place. We killed sixty-five ducks and got back to the car at half past ten. They have the most beautiful birds in this country you ever saw. All the sparrows and thrushes and doves that are plain and sober with us, here are covered

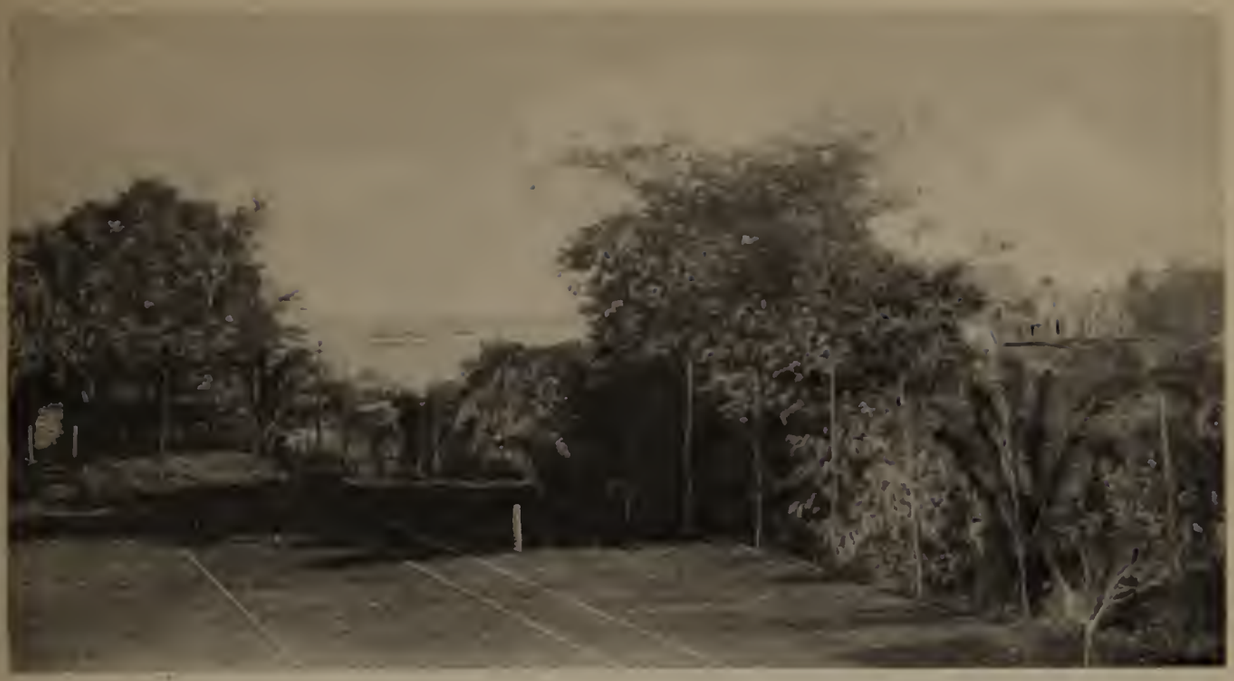
with the most brilliant blues and yellows and reds you ever dreamed of. They look like little bits of rainbows as they dart through the thickets. They don't seem to sing though at all. The pond where we shot was covered with a thick growth of water plant and the only way we could get our ducks was by sending boys mounted on caraboa into the water, and it was most curious to see the great big brutes floundering about, sometimes swimming, sometimes wading, but always perfectly docile and obedient. It is a most curious thing that they should have been evolved on purpose for these islands. Mud through which no animal that we know anything about could possibly pass, doesn't concern them in the least. They look like a big dun colored ox with enormous horns that grow back over their necks, and when they walk they carry their noses straight out in front. The horses here are little bits of things about the size of Shetland ponies, but they are pretty things, and go like the wind, but when an American cavalryman on his horse comes by he looks like a giant. I only get our carriage now when Sterling doesn't want it, but I had it last night and drove on the Lunetta to hear the famous Constabulary Band which has just come back from St. Louis. It plays finely. Its leader is an American Negro who got his musical training at The New England Conservatory of Music.

"I went to a big reception at the Archbishop's the other night. He is an Irishman from St. Louis and seemed very nice. The Spanish Church and not the Spanish Government governed these Islands before we came. You never saw such a lot of huge stone churches, and convents and palaces as they built all over the country. I don't see how an American Archbishop can get used to the view of religion that these natives have had taught them these centuries.

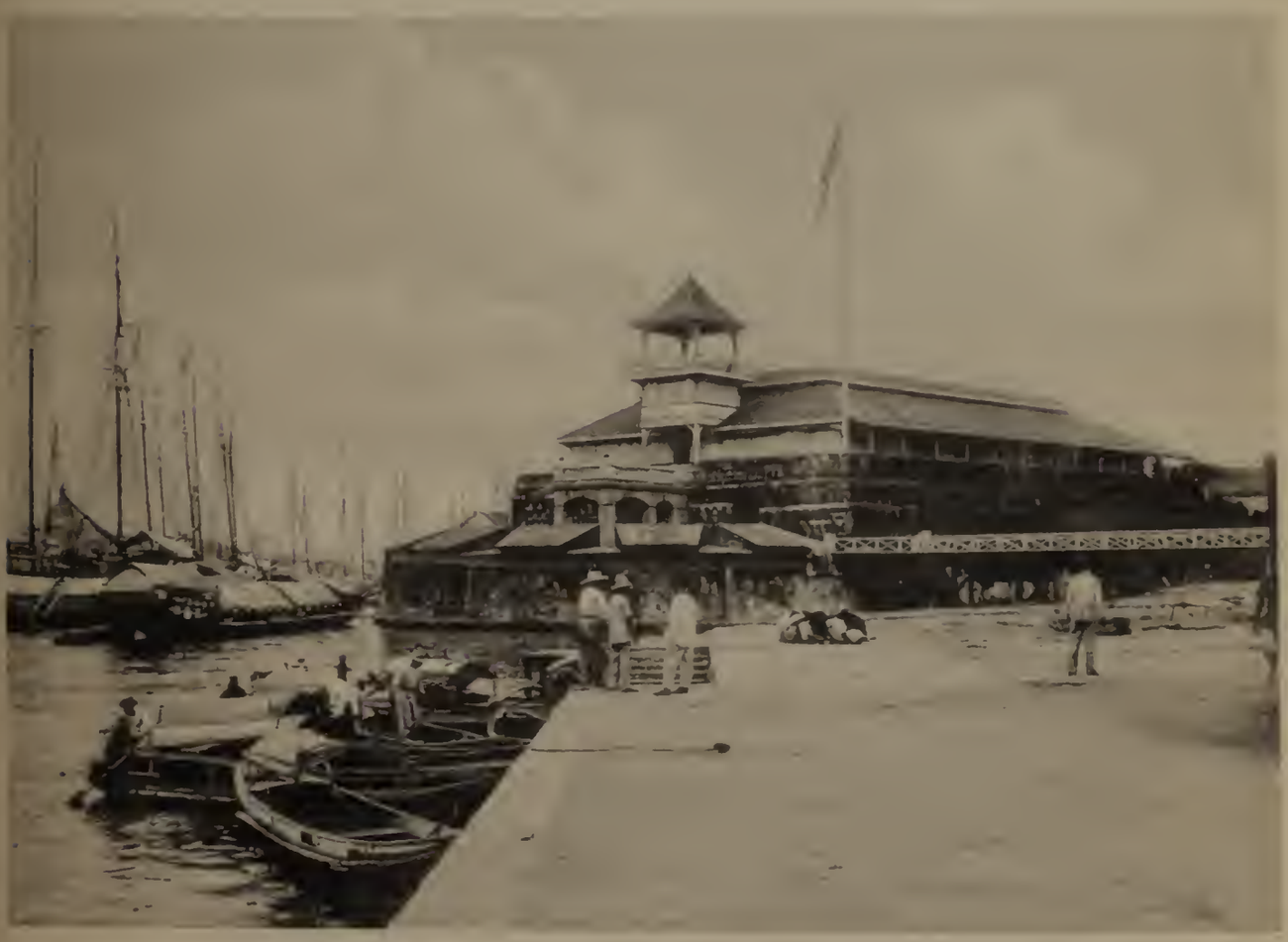
"I wonder if Russell is on his way out here yet. I wish he were here now, I need him."

In the spring of 1905 Lieutenant Charles Russell Train was ordered to the East and reported for duty to his father Admiral Train in Manila. He was given command of the *Quiros* on the Yangtze river in China.

"*Rainbow,* March 4th, 1905. We are anchored tonight in a bay in one of Kalamianes Islands on our way home from an absence of almost a month without a mail or paper all that time. But it has



"LOOKING UP FROM COLONEL FLINT'S PIAZZA, SANDARK. AND THE U. S. S. *RAINBOW* IN THE DISTANCE"



"WHERE WE LAND IN MANILA"

been a delightful trip. The weather perfect all the time, and one of the most interesting experiences I have ever had. We have a man in charge of things at Jolo that America can be proud of. For the ruling of a race like the Moros can't be done by many men. Colonel Scott of whom I speak was the most successful man among the Indians we had in the Army, and his success with these people is almost as great. The condition of things at Luzon is not satisfactory at all. The half civilized Filipino don't grasp the 'academic' form of government as desired by Mr. Taft and Professor Schurman, and so there are fighting and rows all over the country. The people are delighted to see us wherever we go. I stay just long enough to give them a dinner and a dance on board, and depart at daylight the next morning for the next post. We have circumnavigated the whole Sulu sea, going down on the east side and coming back on the west side. The southern limit of the trip was at Sandarkan the capital of British North Borneo, where we stayed two days and had the customary ball and dinner though there were only eleven white women in the place. From there I went to a little island called Cagayan Sulu, where there are three craters of extinct volcanoes, all in a row close together and each row on a lovely, little lake, perfectly round with high steep banks covered with the most beautiful vegetation. It is said there is no such thing anywhere like it in the world. The old Malay Daito or chief, came off to see me, and I got a lot of beautiful grass mats for a mere nothing. My cabin is beginning to look like a museum. Shields and swords, and bows and arrows, and all sorts of trash, and on deck I have a Minigut bird, said to be the finest of talkers."

"Cavite, March 6. I am just back and find a large mail. Poor Russell is very much disgusted at the refusal of the Department to order him here. The principle is correct but I am sorry that I am the first man to suffer. Unfortunately I have always held that sons should not be on their father's Staff, but I swallowed my principles for the sake of having my boy."

"Cavite, November 15th. I have been back a week now from my last trip south and such delightful cruising I never had before. There is very little but scenery however for but few of the islands are inhabited. Tell Sam I went shooting one day near Zamboango, which

is the capital of the island of Mindanao and four of us killed eighty-two fish snipe. It was very hard work though, for most of the walking is done through neglected rice fields, covered either with mud up to your knees or stiff grass higher than your head. Every now and then you come to a herd of caraboa wallowing in the mud and then you are scared to death, for if one of them should be in a bad humour, he can make things most unpleasant. We travelled some ten miles into the country a month ago on a duck shooting expedition. We officers went ahead on horseback, while behind us came the cart with our things in it drawn by a caraboa, with a sergeant of marines walking beside and a native boy driving. All at once the caraboa charged the marine, knocking him down and running over him, then attacked the boy and gored him badly, and then tore himself from the cart and ran into the woods. I slept that night in a Filipino house made of bamboo. I slept on a canvas cot and nearly froze to death. There was a rooster tied in each room and they crowed all night, while under me all sorts of animals wandered and grunted all night, but we killed lots of ducks the next day. The climate in the islands is pleasanter than here. The temperature is about the same, but here now the wind blows so hard afternoons that boating is wet and unpleasant. I had some officers and girls in the cabin at afternoon tea today and I thought the boat would roll over going home.

"Folger is talking of going home and that will make me Commander-in-chief which will be a fine ending to my naval career. I wish this ridiculous war would stop so that I could take my ship to Japan in the summer. In the winter Manila is delightful but in summer it is hot and wet. The officials go up to a Sanatorium among the hills, ninety miles from here and 3000 feet high where the summer climate is said to be delicious. Of course I have a band, and I have just headed a subscription for the purchase of a piano so that the men will have something to sing to. The band is playing now while the crew and marines are going through their calisthenics keeping time to the music. We had a very good minstrel show the other night, one conundrum was: Why is the *Rainbow* like Mrs. John Jacob Astor at a ball? and the answer 'Because she has such a lovely Train.' "

"U. S. Asiatic Fleet, Office of the Commander-in-chief, April 9th, 1905. Wasn't it a great piece of luck to have Folger get out so

soon. I knew he was going a month before he did and had a hard time keeping it a secret and was in deadly fear lest he change his mind. Everybody was afraid of him and if you could have seen how delighted everybody was when they heard the news, you would have been gratified I am sure. I still stick to the *Rainbow* though and shall until they send out a Junior Admiral.

"I got a cable today that the Russian Fleet had passed Singapore. They will be in my territory next, and I have sent my torpedo boats down south to see they don't slink into any of the Bays in Palawan. There are huge bays there, big enough to hold all the fleets of the world, and no inhabitants, and if I don't look out somebody will be trying to hide in them."

The Russo-Japanese war had been in progress ever since Train arrived in the East in 1904, and the important duty of maintaining a strict neutrality in the Philippine waters devolved upon him. The initial step of hostilities began when the Japanese fleet attacked the Russian ships at Port Arthur, before the actual declaration of war. In Korea the Japanese Admiral Uria met with considerable success. The same was true of the Army on land. In May, 1905, Admiral Togo met the Baltic Fleet of the Russians, and within twelve hours all their ships with few exceptions had been either captured or sunk.

On the third of June Admiral Train writes: "We found three Russian Cruisers this morning when I had the Fleet out exercising. They got all the fighting they wanted a week ago, and ran away after dark and apparently decided Manila was a good place to stop." The situation existing when belligerent vessels enter a neutral port is governed by international law and the report of this particular incident is as follows:

"June 3rd, 1905, three Russian men-of-war, the *Aurora,* the *Oleg,* and the *Zutchug* after the battle of Tushiria sought asylum at Manila. Admiral Enguist the commander of these vessels stated that the *Aurora* and the *Oleg* were seriously damaged and that the *Zeutchug* was in bad condition, and he requested permission to make repairs and to fill up with provisions and coal. As the repairs were so extensive the Secretary of the Navy cabled Admiral Train, commanding the Asiatic Fleet then at Manila, that the Russian vessels could not be allowed to repair war damage unless interned. Admiral Train

in consultation with Governor Wright, on June 9th reported that as the Russian ships had not left the harbour within the required twenty-four hours he had notified Admiral Enquist that the force under his command must be considered as interned after June 8th at noon. Admiral Train stated that disarmament was going on, by removing the breach plugs, and the engines were sufficiently disabled for the purpose of internment by limiting the coal supply. Admiral Enquist had expressed his willingness to give his parole and that of his officers and men and to take no further part in the war."

Soon after this the Czar accepted the mediation of the President of the United States. Peace negotiations were opened at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and the Treaty of Peace signed there August 23, 1905.

Comments upon Admiral Train's position as a neutral commander in the East during the war were most commendatory: "A clear head and sound judgment were needed, and an extensive and accurate knowledge of the law of all nations. All these requirements were fully met by Admiral Train, and his service at this critical time has added greatly to an already enviable reputation."

"Flagship *Ohio,* Manila, June 4th, 1905. I am on board the *Ohio* at last having put it off as long as I could. The preceding two weeks I have been living on shore in a most attractive nipa house in the country part of Santa Mesa. It is on the Posig river two miles above Manila and my launch comes for me every morning and brings me back at night. It was delightfully cool up there and the *Ohio* is not. I live in a gale of wind from an electric fan all the time which is very disagreeable, but keeps the temperature down. The *Ohio* is a fine big ship full of guns and things, and a band that is worse than anything even you and Frank ever attempted. It was a shame I had to leave my nice band on the *Rainbow.*

"Bishop Brent and I are very good friends. I have dined with him and he has lunched and preached with me. It is a joy to hear him preach and he has very few to preach to. Of course the native Filipinos won't ever be Protestants, and the English and Americans are not numerous. Before the American occupation a Protestant clergyman could not even land on these Islands much less preach. The wife of the Manager of the Hongkong Bank told me that when she was

married they had to send to Hongkong for a clergyman and he had to land under guard, go to the British Consul, perform the ceremony and return at once.

"I hope to go to China in about a fortnight, we all want cooling off. The thermometer was 107° in the dynamo room when I looked at it this morning, but we were steaming at sea and of course the ship was hot. I am glad you enjoyed your California trip. The world is so full of beautiful places waiting for you to see them and I hope you will."

The guests referred to in the following letter were members of a Congressional Committee on a tour of inspection of the Philippines.

"At sea, September 2nd. We have had no mails for a month and I have been so busy I have written very little. We had a good time in Manila even if it was hot and dry. Usually in August it rains most of the time, but this time there was hardly any. It was good luck for the guests, but bad for the town, for cholera broke out two days before we left, probably on account of the weather. The heavy rains and strong winds of the typhoons cool the air and clean the streets, but this year there was no typhoon of any consequence. The visiting party seemed to enjoy themselves very much, and I hoped the Congressmen learned something. Mr. Taft, I liked very much. I talked with him a good deal, and heard him speak often and was impressed with his good sense and sincerity. Mr. Wood of Groton brought me a letter from Bishop Lawrence. I had him and Bishop Brent and Burke Cochran to lunch one day.

"I entertained the whole crowd at different times and in various ways. I am now on my way to Chefoo, where I shall gather my ships together and take them to Taku. The *Logan* [Army transport] will be there with all the party except the politicians who have gone home. We will all go to Pekin to see the Dowager Empress, and what she will do for Alice Roosevelt, no one knows. At Japan the whole nation was turned upside down to do her honour. She goes home loaded with gifts of every kind and description.

"Chefoo where I spent a month was a wretched hole. The climate was as bad as the town while we were there, rain nearly every day. It is a great place for missionaries. One of them wanted to preach on the *Ohio* in Chinese dress, pigtail and all. I told him he couldn't

preach in any but Christian clothes, so he didn't come. Russell is here with the *Quiros,* but I have not seen him yet."

"Tientsin, September 15, 1905. We came up here from Taku last Monday in the *Quiros.* I had intended to take the crowd up to the railroad station at the mouth of the river myself, but the Viceroy had made arrangements to do it himself and it was thought wise to let him do it.

"I and my Captains and servants left Taku at noon in the *Quiros* and reached here at six in the evening, and had an audience with the Viceroy the next morning. We had our own car attached to the special train with the party on board, and came on to Pekin reaching there at six Tuesday afternoon. I dined at the Rockhill's [American Minister] that night. Baron Mumm the German Minister who used to be in Washington, gave us a very handsome dinner followed by a reception. Thursday we all went to the summer Palace to the audience of the Empress. We had to rise at six in the morning. Carriages were few. We only had two. Russell and Welles had to go in Sedan chairs and were four hours going. Fletcher and I had a small brougham and were two hours and a half making the trip, for the road was awful. When we got there we all went to the Audience Room and stood in a row in front of the throne. I was given precedence. Rockhill made a few remarks and the Empress did the same, then we made various bows and withdrew. Then we went to lunch and after that we again met the Empress in another room where she walked about and talked to the ladies, and gave each one a present, and seemed pleased and happy. I have not time nor space to tell you about her, and if you will take any book on China and read about her you will find she is one of the most remarkable women in history. After all this we took boats for home. They were small pleasure launches belonging to the Empress and they took us through an artificial lake and a canal for some miles, and our carriages and chairs met us there, and took us home, you can imagine how pleased I was to get there. Russell in a chair got in two hours later. Tonight we go to a reception at the Viceroy's and tomorrow the whole party goes on board the *Quiros* and thence to the *Ohio* and the *Alava* and I take them all to Chemulpo. The crowd is tired of the Transport *Logan* and so I told Miss R. I would take them over if she would get her father's [President Roosevelt] permission,

which she did. It is only a passage of a few hours. The *Quiros* will go back to Chefoo and I shall join him [Russell] there in a week. Pekin was an interesting place, but so nasty and bad smelling, that I was glad to get out of it. I bought a couple of rugs, they make lovely blue and white ones there, and two cloisonné vases, black and gold. Russell has just come in and seems in good health and looks exceedingly well. I am going to send this to be posted by him. Give lots of love from us both to everybody."

"The *Alava,* Shanghai, November 3rd, 1905. We are all shut up on board by a gale of wind. Shanghai is very pleasant at this season, and Russell and I go on shore every day and drive about or go shopping. We have just come back from a month up the Yangtsze. I took the *Ohio* as far as Nanking. The depth of water would not permit her going any farther. At Nanking we moved over to the *Alava* and with the *Quiros* in company went to Hankow. The river is not picturesque, few great rivers are. As far as Nanking the banks are low and overflowed. From Nanking up, the river is bordered by low hills, terraced and cultivated to the very top. Old walled cities abound and every high hill has its pagoda on top. Most of them so old that bushes are growing out of each story. The river is full of junks and the shores are thickly populated. The whole country looks like a market-garden as every inch of ground is cultivated. We had a reception by the Viceroy both at Nanking and Hankow and they treated us with every courtesy. Chinese officials are the most gentlemanly creatures imaginable.

"Russell knew everybody at the towns where we stopped and his presence added a great deal to the pleasure of the trip. We had some fine shooting but it finally ended in disaster, and for a short time I thought I might have to kill some poor Chinese to save my boy. This is what happened. R. and I with an orderly and a coolie were shooting, and R. accidently hit a Chinese woman with three pellets of shot in the face. We were at once surrounded by a mob of villagers who took our guns away from us by force, and took R. and the orderly and said they were going to keep them until the girl either died or got well. Me, they let go back to the ship, so I brought both ships down, and Fletcher went ashore with side arms, and an interpreter with various others including the pilot who spoke Chinese, and who luckily put a small revolver in his pocket. Fletcher

got the head man in the village and explained that the Doctor said that the girl wasn't in any danger, and that we would stay till she got well and give her some money, but that the guns and prisoners must be given up. But the villagers refused, so Fletcher signalled me that we must use force. I at once landed forty men and got them on shore just in time, for the villagers had begun to fight, and one tried to stab Fletcher with a pitch fork and was promptly shot by the pilot. Our men came on just then and the villagers retreated. Then we came back to the ship and down to the capital of the Province who at once sent an official to the village, who returned the following day with the guns and the wounded. The latter were put in the hospital, an Episcopal hospital attached to a small mission in the town of Ngankin. Three very nice young men are attached to it, Woodward, Lee, and Taylor. The Chinese officials made many apologies, and as the man who made all the trouble was the one who was shot we thought he was sufficiently punished and expressed ourselves as satisfied. The man was shot in the wrist and not badly hurt.

"The morning paper announced the murder of four poor missionaries and a little child at a place 100 miles north of Canton. One of the ladies had been a medical missionary for fifteen years. A Chinese mob is so easily excited by bad men to acts of violence that no European can tell when they will turn against him. At Kiankiang I went out to a Methodist Episcopal College and made a speech to the pupils. It is practically a secular college and has been there many years, and as the Chinese have no schools of their own this one has all the pupils it can handle.

"We have had a very active summer. The Port Arthur visit was the most interesting thing of it all. After reading of sieges all one's life, there, I saw exactly how it was done. But the defences of Port Arthur were by no means as strong as the newspapers tried to make one believe. The forts were all on top of high hills, and the Japanese just burrowed their way under them, and then blew them up. I suppose your Mother and Gracie will be out here this winter. I hope they will like Manila and that I can find a comfortable place for them to live. I suppose you are still in that 9th Street palace. Give my love to Serena and Gus."

It was a dangerous and unpleasant experience that Lieutenant Russell Train and the orderly suffered when captured and impris-

oned by the Chinese mob. After eight hours of captivity they heard the village tocsin, calling the men of the village together. Calculating that it was probably time for Admiral Train to have reached the ship (a walk of several miles) and be returning with help, they made a dash for liberty, and got to the high bluff above the river at the moment when the blue jackets were being called upon to land, and thus their escape was accomplished.

"Manila, December 4th, 1905. I send you a clipping about my Men's Club at Cavite. I am very proud of it, because it is the first of its kind in the Navy. All the others are Y.M.C.A. affairs and the men have nothing to do with their care or management, but are permitted to use them as an act of charity. This one however belongs to the men and is going to be run by them. The old Spanish houses lend themselves exceedingly well for such purposes, huge things of stone covering no end of ground, with cool spacious rooms and many windows. It has everything it wants and is making money fast, but what I most wanted was a similar place in Manila, one in which *all* sailors could find a resting place by day or night. That would have cost at least $50,000 but with the $15,000 that the Governor promised me the Bishop and I thought we could raise the rest. But when the Governor withdrew his promised aid we thought it too big a proposition to undertake. The new Cathedral climbs up in a most wonderful way, and I hope to go to church in her before I go home."

"January 24th, 1906. Tomorrow Bishop Brent lays the cornerstone of the Cathedral and we are going to have a great function with the Constabulary Band and a big choir. He has just come back from a visit to his Indians. I don't wonder he likes them. They are the nicest things you ever saw. I am enclosing a picture of the Iggorot children that I am so interested in.[1]

"This is New Year's Eve with the Chinamen and they are firing off crackers and Roman candles with the greatest vigor. They have brought a small boy dressed as a devil to me in the cabin. He played on the banjo and made an awful noise. My coolie who was with

[1] The teacher of this Iggorot School tells that, when the visit of the Admiral and his staff was expected, a boy was sent out to herald their approach, so that teachers and pupils could be drawn up to receive them formally. He came back saying he saw nothing, but a man with a bird cage climbing the hill. "So," she said, "he came as a friend of children, and not as an Admiral. and we all loved him."

me in our engagement at Tong Lao has just come in with his name on a piece of paper, 'Ah Kong—A Happy New Year.' Poor old things—they never seem to do anything but work, but such obedience and industry I never saw in my life.

"It is thought that the Chinese nation may 'erupt' tonight or tomorrow. I suppose Russell is laying awake with his gallant crew all ready for battle at Kiankiang, or wherever he is.

"We had great doings last week when the English Fleet came here. I entertained everybody at dinner and afterwards there was a grand ball on the *Ohio*. We have a new Judge out here from Albany whose wife says she knows the Hand family."

"Manila, February 20th, 1906. The two Graces [his wife and daughter] are at Yokohama, or were as I got a cable from there. I wrote them not to come here but to get off at Shanghai, as we leave here next Tuesday not to come back. I go to Hongkong for docking, then to Alongapo for target practice and then to Shanghai. [The Fleet under his command had the distinction of making the best target practice record for the year.] I have directed Fletcher who is senior officer there to have Russell meet them, so they will be all right till I come. From there I shall take what ships I can and go to Japan for two or three months and I think they will like that. I went off up the coast a few days ago, in the *Alava*. I was all alone except the people I took to do the work. The weather was perfect as it always is at this season, and I had a fine time and good luck. I thought I shouldn't like to shoot ducks in warm weather, but I find I prefer warm weather for everything. I don't know what I shall do when I have to spend winters at home."

"Manila, March 13th, 1906. We have just come back from Hongkong where I went to meet the family, inspect my Hongkong ships and dock the *Ohio*. There we dined with the English Admiral and the General. I took the family to Canton in a torpedo boat, and we all stayed with our Consul Mr. Lay. I was entertained in a very flattering manner by the Viceroy, and I don't believe there will be any trouble in China except local disturbances. I had a letter from the Senior Officer at Shanghai a few days ago commending Russell for zeal, energy and skill, as shown by his going to sea on a dark night, after very short notice in aid of the missionaries in danger on

OFFICIAL VISIT TO THE VICEROY, CHEFOO, 1906

Photo by Grace I. Whitney from the Admiral's barge

U. S. S. *OHIO* IN CHINA WATERS

the Po-yang Lake. I hear nothing of the Vice-Admiral Bill. I hope it will pass."

The visit to the Viceroy in Canton was more important than the mention of it in the above letter would lead us to suspect. The Admiral and his staff and the Consul-General went in state with an armed guard. There was danger passing through the native city where anti-foreign feeling was so strong. The following article appeared in the press commenting on the success of the interchange of courtesy:

"Commenting upon the attitude of the Viceroy of the Two Kwang toward foreigners, the *Hong Kong Telegraph* of March 9 says: 'Should it ever be understood by the lower orders that those in authority show contempt for the foreigner, and are discourteous in their dealings with him, the feeling becomes at once infectious, and instead of the expected urbanity from the natives, the foreigner is regarded with a sort of contempt. The feeling once engendered is liable to develop into an unfriendly and anti-foreign spirit. Thus it was that the Viceroy's attitude towards the Consular officials, for months past, was so much regretted. It was felt that at the very time when America and China were trying to avoid friction, it was alleged the Viceroy seemed determined to provoke it. If such had been the Viceroy's attitude, however it was created, it is gratifying to be able to record that a marked change has just recently been brought about, and this through the instrumentality of Vice Admiral Train's visit to Canton. As was stated in the *Telegraph* the U.S. Admiral proceeded to Canton the other day on a visit of inspection of the American warships at that port. The occasion appears to have been availed of by the Viceroy to manifest a change of feeling towards the foreign visitors, and no more suitable personage, in the circumstances, could have been selected for the special object of Viceroy Shum's desire for an interchange of official amenities. Vice Admiral Train was entertained at a banquet in his honor on Tuesday, March 6, and on the following day, our correspondent informs us, a reception was held at the U. S. Consulate General at which not only was the Viceroy present, but most of the high officials of Canton. Needless to say, the usual honors were accorded a person of H.E.'s rank, and the U.S.S. *Monadnock* fired a salute of nineteen guns. Now that

the ice is broken, it is to be hoped that better and pleasanter relations will exist between the ruler of the Southern capital and the representatives of the Powers, when, as a result, all the apprehension of an anti-foreign outbreak, at any rate in the South, might be removed and a reversion to the smooth understanding of the past once again obtained.' "

"At sea, June 23rd, 1906. Our Japanese tour is over and we are on way to Chefoo this morning where we spend the remainder of the summer though I shall go to Manila to welcome the Drydock *Dewey* as soon as it arrives. We had a pleasant two months in Japan, and I fancy Grace and Gracie regretted they left in such a hurry. [They sailed for home May 28.] Personally I think Japan is soon exhausted. The country is picturesque and beautiful but the people are monotonous and there is so much exaggeration in the various books you read, that you look for more than you find. The Japs just now are undoubtedly suffering from 'big head' as they have been so lauded and praised because they defeated the Russians, but the country is very poor, the resources are not enough to pay its debts. Its people are industrious enough, but they don't half cultivate the land and the men prefer to drag other people about in jinrickshas to doing other work. So far as concerns most of the qualities which we admire in men, the Chinese are much the superior race. Speaking of races we are having one as I write. The *Ohio, Galveston,* and *Chattanooga* are ordered to make all the speed they can for six hours, and the *Ohio* at this moment is leaving the others very fast.

"Russell will join me at Chefoo and I have a good mind to take him out of his gunboat and make him a navigator of something, as it is time he had some experience of that sort.

"The *Siberia* which was the boat that followed the *Korea* and which my family had some idea of taking, came in with bubonic plague on board and was quarantined for twelve days. I was thankful my family did not have to go home in her."

"Chefoo, June 24. We came in this morning and I found the French Squadron here to my great disgust, for we look upon Chefoo as our particular summer drill ground and there is not room for both of us. However they will probably leave in a month. Their ships are great big armoured cruisers that take up the whole harbour.

"I hope you will have a pleasant summer. I wouldn't mind a little Bar Harbour in June, but I am quite contented out here. Give my love to Attie and the children.

Yrs. aff'ly,

C. J. Train."

The last letter. He remained at Chefoo as he planned until the 5th of July, then sailed with his ships to Manila to welcome the Commander of the Drydock *Dewey* on the successful completion of his long and difficult voyage across the Pacific. After his return to Chefoo there was sudden illness which ended peacefully for him on the 4th of August. His son Russell was with him. There was a service in the English church overlooking the sea conducted by Bishop Moule, before his body was taken on board the *Ohio* to be carried to Yokohama there to meet a steamer for home. At Yokohama a service was held in his honour attended by representatives from the American, French, Chinese, and Japanese Fleets, from the Diplomatic and Consular services and Japanese Government officials. Minute guns were fired as the body accompanied by his son Lieutenant Train and his Flag-Lieutenant Pollock was brought on board the *Empress of China.* A procession of launches and boats followed the ship out of the harbour, as with half-masted flags she steamed forth on the last voyage.

"Calm on the sea, and silver sleep
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep."

At last the quiet Naval Cemetery at Annapolis was reached and he was brought to rest within sight of the lovely waters of the Severn and the Chesapeake, and within sound of the life of his profession which he had served so well.

CHAPTER NINE

CHARLES RUSSELL TRAIN

LATER NAVAL RECOLLECTIONS

Charles Russell Train, the son of Charles Jackson and Grace Tomlinson Train, was born at Annapolis, Maryland, September 19th, 1879. He received his appointment to the Naval Academy from the Honourable James W. Wadsworth and was graduated in the Class of 1900. In 1933 he reached the grade of Rear-Admiral and, while stationed at the Naval War College, delivered the following address before the Art Association of Newport, Rhode Island, on April 8, 1933:

These are indeed random and rambling recollections based entirely on a very poor memory.

My naval career has carried me to many lands and although I feel that my five years in the Embassy in Rome stand out as the most interesting sojourn abroad, there are some few incidents prior to that time that I look back upon with untold delight. I think many outstanding experiences which bring back the happiest memories are often made so by personal associations. Therefore, I hope the incidents which I have selected today will not be altogether lacking in interest to you.

My duties have carried me to China, Australia and to Europe, and into close associations with President Theodore Roosevelt, President Taft and President Hoover. But going back to 1901, I find myself assisting at the opening of the Commonwealth of Australia by the Duke and Duchess of York—at present the King and Queen of England—and as I look at their pictures today, I find very little change in their appearances. The Australians could not do enough for us. We were entertained from morning until night and, of course, were never allowed to pay for anything—a fact which a Midshipman could never forget. As in all young minds the things that are retained as memories are the boyish episodes instead of the more important things that mature minds would cherish. This little story does not reflect much credit upon myself but our good dear

Admiral at the time—Admiral Remey, the father of one of your members—I know would have forgiven me. On the last day in Melbourne we gave a reception in part payment for all the kindnesses, and, being junior Midshipman on board, I was assigned the boring duty of putting guests in the boats at the docks and sending them off to the ship. It was hard for a poor Middy hearing the dance music and putting hundreds of pretty girls into the boats. Just before being relieved at six o'clock (the dance was to be over at six-thirty the British Flag Captain from the royal yacht came up and asked if I would be so kind as to take a note off to my Admiral. Of course I was delighted to be of service, so I put it in the tail pocket of my frock coat (those atrocious long tail coats we are made to wear). I was almost immediately relieved, and piled into a boat, hurrying for fear I would miss the last waltz of the day. Naturally being only a Midshipman and pretty girls all about, I danced, kept some of them for dinner, and then went ashore with others and finally got back in the wee small hours. When I turned out for my eight o'clock watch I found we were at sea, and out of sight of land. It was Sunday morning and in those days we had Captain's Inspection on Sunday mornings and ten o'clock found me leaning gently against the steel bulkhead behind my division of blue-jackets waiting the passing by of the Captain. Suddenly I felt and heard the crinkling of stationery as I pressed against the steel. Oh, how quickly my thoughts flew back to the dock, to the British Captain and to the note. Cold perspiration flowed down my back; however, I stood it long enough to last through the inspection and get to my room, where I discreetly closed my door, took out the note, opened it, quite determined that if it really was an important communication I would calmly walk up and confess. Well—with trembling fingers I read that their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York requested the honour of Admiral Remey's presence at a farewell dinner that previous night. I do not know what you would have done, but remember I was only a Middy, so I quickly threw it out of the port.

From here I skip over several years, and find myself in command of a gunboat up the Yangtsze River guarding American interests, and trying to keep the missionaries from getting into trouble. It was my first command, a small ex-Spanish gunboat, but to my eyes no dreadnought of today could surpass her as a unit of a nation's power. One night I was rushed up into the Po-yang Lake (a closed area to

all foreign ships) for that day several Jesuit priests had been massacred at one of the cities bordering the Lake, and alarm was felt for a large English Mission in the vicinity. Notwithstanding a Chinese pilot, we repeatedly ran aground, but finally arrived and visited the English Mission. To impress upon those missionaries that their lives and possibly all of ours were at stake if they did not come away was beyond the power of the human tongue. No, they would not leave, and so we stayed until conditions quieted down. Falling water in the Lake made our departure absolutely necessary. After returning from China I recounted many of my China experiences to my author uncle Arthur Train, and so, when I picked up a short story of his entitled "The Rescue of Theophilus Newbegin," I wasn't surprised to recognize the foregoing expedition except his heroine was far too charming and pretty to have been left behind. This trip was typical of most of our expeditions. Missionaries would be killed and as it was only a short time after the Boxer outbreak we were in constant fear of a general massacre of foreigners—but to make those determined servants of God see that by remaining in threatened districts lives of thousands would be jeopardized was more than ordinary sailors could do.

Now that I am on the subject of missionaries, I recall a very embarrassing Sunday morning when I had permitted a group of them to hold service on board. It was a terrible Sunday morning, blowing a gale, raining and cold, when this group of about ten arrived at the gangway in an open sampan. Poor souls, I felt so sorry for them. We helped them aboard and their portable organ with them. They were wet and bedraggled but their enthusiasm was undiminished. I took them down in the cabin, dried them out and warmed them up with some hot coffee. Then we all trooped up to the forecastle, where the service was to be held. Mess benches had been put in place, the pulpit installed and a long, lanky young lady began drumming the poor old organ and in a high screechy voice sang "Throw Out the Life Line." I remember thinking at the time what an admirable selection it was. Meanwhile the ship's bell tolled for service, and continued to toll, and still I and the quartermaster on watch were the sum total of the congregation. Of course, I could not order my sailors to church but I did have some hopes that a few faithful followers would back up their skipper and attend. Soon the man tolling the bell grew tired and quit, then the squawking lady soprano

began to weaken, and anxious eyes from the missionaries lost a little of their enthusiasm and seemed a trifle antagonistic. Just when I thought all chances for service were over my quartermaster came to the rescue. Turning to me, he said "Captain, you know we have nearly forty men on the extra duty list." But first let me explain that punishments for minor offences often consist of so many hours extra duty. It did not take me a second to realize the possibilities, so I told him to go below and announce to the crew that the Captain would charge off two hours of extra duty to every man who came to church. Well, there was a wild scramble up the ladders and every bench was filled, and after that my gunboat boasted the reputation of having the most religious crew on the Yangtsze River.

Now just one more glance into China before going overseas to Europe. In 1904—still in command of the "Sovereign of the Seas," as I called my little gunboat—I was rushed up to Tientsin and thence to Peking to arrange for an audience with the old Empress Dowager of China for a small but distinguished company of Americans escorted by my father—then the Admiral, Commander-in-Chief in Asiatic waters. As I said, the party was small, but very select as the chief attraction was Miss Alice Roosevelt, nor could any one be more delightful or charming. I carried her up the Pietto River—from the Taku Forts to Tientsin—leaving behind, cooling his heels with the rest of the party, Nick Longworth, who was in the middle of his ardent courtship. After the assembling of the party in Tientsin we went on to Peking by rail, and I remember so vividly another ardent courtship going on within the party—that of Burke Cochran, then at the heyday of his career as the great orator of Congress, and Miss Ide, daughter of the Governor-General of the Philippines, and you know this courtship too came to a happy and successful ending. Rockhill was our minister at the time, and I doubt whether our country has ever turned out such a distinguished authority on China. On the appointed day, we, the junior members of the party, were carried in sedan chairs while the distinguished members drove out to the Summer Palace in the few carriages that had survived the siege of Peking. The Palace was situated about ten miles from Peking on the wooded hillside of a beautiful lake. As a mere palace it would mean little, but as a Chinese palace it was very typical. With vaulted domes and pointed towers built of massive timbers, partially covered with paint, it was far from a sight of beauty as one neared it, but

from afar, nestled as it was on the wooded slopes about the lovely mirror lake, it was quite beautiful. The old Dowager had then ruled over China for nearly fifty years. It is strange that, in a country where women have little recognition, she, because she had brought forth a son, should have risen from the harem to be the ruler of the Empire. This son died in his early manhood and the Empress placed another infant on the throne for whom she acted as Regent. She received Miss Roosevelt privately, and then, we of the hoipolloi. She was an extraordinary figure as she sat stiffly on a royally embellished chair. Outstanding were her eyes, black, alert and penetrating, and I am sure she never missed a thing of importance. Her face was so expressionless on account of the thickness of the cosmetics that I remember feeling that if she smiled she would crack and roll from her chair. Conversation through interpreters was not what we might term scintillating; however, it was interesting to see the Ruler of the largest Empire in the world surrounded by her household, all appearing fearful that a command would cause the fall of their heads on the morrow. After the audience I had the honor of accompanying Miss Roosevelt, guided by Prince Ching of the royal family, through the gardens, then out in a gilded houseboat over the lovely lake covered with water lilies and lotus flowers. At one end of the lake was a beautiful arched marble bridge, and close by a marble houseboat built to answer some whim of a departed Emperor. From the lake we returned to Peking, then to Tientsin, and shortly afterwards I returned to my haunts on the Yangtsze River. I haven't time to dwell on the interesting life on the river, of floods, of typhoons, of shooting a Chinese woman while out pheasant shooting, and then being taken prisoner—I must move on.

During the Russo-Japanese War I spent a winter with my ship frozen in the mud, at a place called Newchwang far up behind Port Arthur, and there became very close to a Britisher named Simpson, whose brother has written many things on China under the pen-name of Putnam Weale. Simpson was in the Chinese Custom Service under Sir Robert Hart. We had a grand little group of foreign men up there, English, French, Russian and German, and became very good friends during that winter when we were cut off from the outside world. Many years later, during the World War, I met Simpson on the streets of Rome wearing the uniform of a private in the Canadian Army. He was about to embark for China to bring

back Chinese coolies for work on the Western front. Poor Simpson's ship, the *Arabia,* was torpedoed in the Mediterranean a few days later and all hands, and he amongst them, were lost. But to return, I took Simpson home to lunch and during our reminiscing he asked if I remembered so and so, mentioning one of the German chaps in Newchwang whom we all liked, and as I did he told me the following story. One night after being relieved from a look-out post in the front line trenches on the French front, he moved back to a more sheltered spot, curled up on the ground to try and snatch some sleep, when he was disturbed by a conversation going on near him and a vaguely familiar voice which carried him back to China. He recognized his own officer who just then lighted a match to peer more closely into the face of another man. Simpson rose on his elbow to get a better look. The man seeing Simpson gazing at him turned to his questioner and said, "Well, it's no use, for I see my old friend Simpson recognizes me." This was our old German friend and he was dressed in the uniform of an officer in the English Army. Needless to say, Simpson identified him and he was taken to the rear and shot. Simpson, after his official identification, was excused from any further unpleasant participation.

Now having bounded across two oceans to Europe I will remain there for the present.

I went to Rome in 1914 as Naval Attaché at the Embassy. Thomas Nelson Page was the Ambassador and both he and Mrs. Page were as close as non-relatives could possibly be to my wife and myself, and it was a result of this intimate friendship that I was assigned the duty.

I left the United States in May, 1914, and just before my departure I was in Washington for some days. I have never forgotten the farewell words of an old friend who said as he bade me good-by, "I feel that you are going to Europe on the brink of great happenings —what they are I don't know—there is nothing tangible." However, in my own mind it seemed that just the contrary was true. All the petty pin pricks among the powers had apparently died out and Europe seemed at peace for an indefinite period. I had many occasions to remember those remarks, and when we arrived at Naples in the midst of a general strike and were told that we could get off the steamer at our own risk, I felt that possibly this was the beginning of a chaotic Europe. That was a memorable drive from the steamer to

the station. We were in two rickety old Neopolitan barouches. The first lesson I learned in the military art of war was never to divide your forces. As we crossed the piazza in front of the station, a cavalry charge galloping by separated us, but thanks to the good old Yankee Consul, who seemed strong enough even to thrust a platoon of cavalry off the street, we got into the station, and, under the protection of the carabinieri, soon after arrived in Rome.

Rome was a desolate place and terribly hot. Every one had scattered for the summer. Upon reporting at an Embassy abroad, the first move of real importance is to ask to be presented to the King. I can't remember much about that first interview with Victor Emmanuel as I had the honour and pleasure of visiting him several times during my duty in Rome. However, the ceremony and the Palace itself made a great impression. From the outside the Quirinale, or Royal Palace in Rome, is far from prepossessing. Except for sentries walking up and down the street one would hardly give the building a second thought. Alighting at the front gate, one is met by the Captain of the Guard and led up the marble, red-carpeted stairs. On both sides the King's Guard, placed a few feet apart, stood motionless. Each picked for his looks and large stature, with a white plumed helmet on his head, made me feel more like an officer in a Lilliputian service than in that of the United States. At the top of the steps we, my predecessor and myself, were met by the Master of Ceremonies, then escorted by him and military and naval aides through innumerable rooms and halls, and finally brought into the Royal presence. It is one of the extraordinary Italian customs that to make a ceremony particularly brilliant and impressive the visitor must be led through as many unoccupied rooms as the palace or house can provide. Victor Emmanuel is a great personage, handicapped as he is by his size, which, as you know, is hardly more than five feet two or three inches. He has rather a commanding personality. He speaks English fluently with hardly an accent and is always anxious to hear what is going on in the United States, in new methods, new reforms, etc., and seems very pro-American. The Queen, on the other hand, is more retiring and less approachable, partially due to the fact that her English was far from good; but she was a distinctly lovely person to look upon and during the war she and our beloved Mrs. Page became very intimate. Mrs. Page operated a large relief work centre for the families of soldiers in

which Her Majesty was greatly interested. The Queen Mother, Queen Margherita, now deceased, was most regal, just what a Queen should be, strikingly handsome, beautiful features, sparkling eyes. At the private audience which she gave to our Embassy, she conversed with each of us individually and we were unanimous in our admiration for her charm and graciousness. Her Palace, or rather part of it, has now become the permanent American Embassy, and during the war some part of it was used as a hospital.

Hardly were we over with Roman formalities before I went with my predecessor to Vienna to be presented to Emperor Francis Joseph, as I was also accredited to Austria. En route I stopped in Venice, peaceful, joyful Venice, full of visitors, with not a care in the world, and then on to Vienna.

The next time I visited Venice was shortly after Italy entered the War. What a contrast! Situated as it was, close to the front on both land and sea, it was often the target of air attacks. Houses and hotels closed, few people on the streets, canals nearly empty, sentries placed on the tops of houses, watching for the dreaded bomb attacks that became too frequent. It was impressive to walk through the darkened streets of Venice and hear the sentries on the roofs passing the hour from post to post. Instead of the proverbial "nine o'clock and all's well," they would call, "nine o'clock and to the skies on guard." It was during this first visit that I watched with great interest the breathless endeavour to protect with sand bags all the priceless immovable monuments in which Venice abounds. I am sure some of you remember the famous four bronze horses over the entrance to the Church of San Marco. Bombs had been dropped dangerously close to the piazza of San Marco only that morning when I watched the soldiers at work taking these horses down. They are probably the finest examples of ancient bronzes in the world. They have had a strange career, taken from the arches of Nero in Rome to Constantinople by Constantine, then to San Marco in Venice by Doge Dandolo in 1200, then to Paris by Napoleon, and finally restored to Venice by the Austrians. Towards the end of the war, while in the Palazzo Venezia in Rome, I was happily surprised to find, stowed away in a corner of the garden of the inner court, my old friends the bronze horses of San Marco, intact and ready, I hoped, for their return voyage to Venice.

I was several days in beautiful Vienna. What a grand city it was,

and I must also say what delightful people the Austrians are. We drove out to the Schoenbrunn Palace for our audience with Emperor Francis Joseph, were met by officials and escorted up a grand marble staircase, just as we were in Rome, only here it seemed endless. Passing by stately guardsmen standing motionless in their marvellous blue grey Austrian uniforms, we were then ushered into the Emperor's study. A huge room it was, overlooking the Palace gardens, and there sitting at a large desk was the Emperor. He rose and graciously stepped out to greet us, speaking French, dressed in uniform consisting of a short, pale blue blouse or tunic, dark trousers and a few medals. His face with almost a childlike complexion seemed far too unlined to be his, he who had had tragedy after tragedy; whereas his hands, which I remember quite distinctly, were those of a very old man. We talked of trivial things, and unlike Victor Emmanuel, he cared not a whit for news of the United States. He was glad to see us, hoped we would like Vienna, etc., and the audience with the man around whom the Council Tables of Europe were soon to be centred, was terminated. We then came back to town, and my predecessor left for Berlin and the United States, while I remained on for a few days to see Vienna before returning to Italy.

A notice in the papers here only a short time ago recalled a luncheon at the Embassy while in Vienna, where I had the pleasure of sitting beside one Slatin Pasha, the man who wrote *With Fire and Sword in the Sudan,* which had so many readers. He was called an Anglo-Austrian on account of his service under England with General Gordon in the Sudan. When General Gordon fell, and Khartoum with him, the natives cut off Gordon's head and sent it to Slatin Pasha as a warning of what would happen to the British if they insisted upon their Egyptian campaign.

It was only a few days after our return to Rome that the world was startled by the assassination of the Archduke Charles on June 28th, heir to the Austrian throne. I imagine I was one of the last American officials to see Emperor Franz Joseph before war was upon us. I never went back to Austria. A relief was sent out from home and I remained only accredited to Italy.

Italian conditions changed hourly. As war was declared by one nation and then another, frantic Americans began to descend on Italy for transportation home. The Mediterranean seemed safer for embarking than the Atlantic, for Italian steamers were at least neu-

tral. We toiled night and day to find ships and berths for transient America. If we could not find them we made them and the present Director of Veterans' affairs, General Hines, started his brilliant career with us, digging up ships and sending Americans home. Those days were, I think, more hectic than war days, for each stranded American demanded immediate transportation. Many had no justice in their demands and consequently became more demanding and more thoughtless. The war had spoiled their vacations and it should stop and send them home. Finally we got rid of them, thanks to certain high-minded and efficient Americans who worked tirelessly on committees, digging up money and transportation.

In the meantime the pressure of war was telling on the Italians. They declared their neutrality on August 3rd, 1914. This was Italy's first move.

From 1914 until May, 1915, the country was preparing itself for war. No one had the slightest idea that Italy would fight on the side of Austria. In those early worrying days we did think for a time that Italy might be able to remain neutral, but the pressure was too great. Hemmed in as she was by the sea, she was dependent on the Allies for her very life. I remember how we watched the growing enthusiasm for war. Each day passing the Embassy at a certain time a small group of guardsmen came from their barracks en route to relieve the guard at the Palace, drums beating and bugles blowing, with the National Colors at their head. Before the outbreak of war the guardsmen would pass by without the slightest notice being taken of them, but from the moment of the declaration of war by Germany, passersby would stop and salute and sometimes cheer. As the days went on, these passersby began to join in, and as the months went by, it was the occasion each afternoon for a wildly enthusiastic demonstration for war. However, Italy was biding her time. The Triple Alliance had no ties by which she was forced to side with the Central Powers. The Alliance was a defensive one, and at the first sign of aggression on the part of Germany or Austria either towards the Balkans or towards France, Italy was freed from its obligations.

Well, that year was one of unparalleled interest. Italy couldn't afford to remain neutral. She would have been starved to submission and young Italy was crying to even up the old scores against Austria. Delegations came to Rome from the Allies as well as from the Central Powers. Germany made the greatest effort when she sent Prince

von Buelow as a special Ambassador to Rome. He had innumerable friends there and his wife, the Princess Camporeale, came from one of Rome's most aristocratic families, but even he could do nothing to stem the tide that was bending Italy to join the Allies. He says in his memoirs that if Austria had correctly sized up the situation and had offered Italy then and there the Trentino and Trieste, something might have been done, but she would not and Germany offered only territory that depended upon a German victory such as Tunis, Malta, Nice, etc. I remember so well the dinner given to von Buelow and his Princess at the Embassy. After dinner I went out to Mr. Page's study to bring him and Prince von Buelow in. I shall never forget hearing Mr. Page say, "Your Excellency, there is only one thing for Germany to do to save herself from the world who is turning against her." Von Buelow stopped in his tracks and said, "And what is that?" Mr. Page replied, "Get out of Belgium at once." Von Buelow only shrugged his shoulders and passed on.

As the year rolled by and May, 1915 came, the question that arose in every man's mind was, when will the crisis come and when will it break? More troops were weekly being called to the colors and munition factories were working day and night—why—to pursue her neutrality? No—and the world knew that it was only a question of time before war would be declared. On the 5th of May—the anniversary of the sailing of Garibaldi and his Thousand to Sicily from Quarto, near Genoa—there was to be an unveiling of a monument in commemoration of that event. The King and Queen were to attend, but the day before they cancelled the engagement—conditions were too serious for the King to leave Rome. Thousands attended however, and d'Annunzio, the poet-soldier, came down from France to take part. He made a fiery speech and it was the signal gun for war demonstrations throughout Italy. Genoa and Milan had riotous demonstrations, German shops were burned. In Rome it was demonstration after demonstration. Troops guarded the German and Austrian Embassies and paraded the streets to preserve order.

Here let me digress a moment to say something of the grandsons of Garibaldi. Five of the seven grandsons joined the French Army during Italy's neutrality, and I believe three of them were killed. Pepino Garibaldi was a familiar figure about our Embassy and quite a friend of our Ambassador. A fine figure of a man, in fact one of the handsomest soldiers I ever saw. The family was a great power

among the people and the grandsons' early enlistments at the French front were heartily hailed as a true Garibaldian effort for liberty.

On the 14th of May the Ministry resigned. D'Annunzio came to Rome and addressed a great gathering of people and their enthusiasm was terrific. Sunday the 16th was a wild day never to be forgotten in Rome. People began to congregate on the Piazza del Popolo at dawn, and when the crowd overflowed that huge area they began to move to the Palace, singing Garibaldian hymns and carrying veteran Garibaldian red shirts on their shoulders. They marched up the Via Vente Settembre, passed our Embassy and cheered us as we looked down on them from the balconies, then on to the British Embassy. I wish I could describe the enthusiasm of these demonstrations, a people who had been starved and maltreated by Austrians for generations suddenly awakening to the moment of their revenge. The King recalled the Salandra Cabinet. He had answered the problem and the people knew that the decision meant war.

On the 20th the Chamber was reassembled. The diplomatic galleries were packed but my wife and I slipped in early and got front row seats. D'Annunzio had again addressed a great group of people from his hotel window in the Via Veneto and the crowd then marched to the piazza in front of the Chamber and demanded war. The Government, now assured of its strength, made its declaration and demanded full war powers which were enthusiastically accorded. This was War. One more great demonstration took place and the King and Queen welcomed the people from their balcony as they marched by the Palace.

On the 23rd the order for a general mobilization was issued and here Austria, in one last minute effort to avert war, made great concessions, but, as the Austrian Ambassador himself said, all his offers were answered by the words—"Too late."

We had many friends among the Austrians. It was hard to see them leave with their children for an unknown future which seemed so black. They went off at night and were given every protection. The German and Austrian diplomats departed that night, and on the following day the Armies of Italy and Austria confronted each other along a 500 mile front. Then Italy took on an entirely different aspect. Seriousness took the place of frantic, unschooled demonstrations. It was curious to note how France was usually left out of the demonstrations. The feeling for France and

her feeling for Italy were the weak points in Allied efforts for complete co-operation. A member of the French Parliament in a speech just prior to Italy's declaration of war referred to her as—"Waiting to fly to the succor of the victor."

Now to skip the grim war years and to pass on to the period after the Armistice.

Almost immediately after the Armistice was signed, I left Venice in a destroyer with Admiral Bullard for Pola. Pola as will be remembered was the great Austrian naval base, just across the Adriatic from Venice. The Allies were all represented there to assist in the carrying out, by the Austrians, of the terms of the Armistice. We arrived so promptly after the Armistice that bubbles were still coming up in the harbour from the torpedoed battleship which had met her fate only a few days before. I am not going to recount to you our sessions on how the Dalmatian coast was to be treated—suffice it to say that the sessions were as violent as the Western front during an attack on Verdun. But, it is this strange side of the situation that I wish to explain and possibly show why the Italians were so completely nonplussed when they found that they were not to be considered the victors in the case and by rights, therefore, to receive the spoils.

As soon as the Austrian Army broke and ran and finally capitulated, the Italian Navy proceeded to Pola to take charge. All during the war Pola was the base for Austrian naval operations both on and under the sea and in the air, which harassed Italian shores by day and night. For years the Italian Navy looked at Pola with longing eyes, and certainly when it fell as the result of brilliant Italian military achievements, it would seem the logical prize of war for the Italian Navy. What was their dumbfounded surprise, to find on their arrival in Pola, and in fact at all naval bases along the coast, a new flag, one that had been born the night before, flying from all ex-Austrian vessels and all public buildings. To add to their discomfiture, the French Government instructed its representatives that the new country which had arisen from the defeat of the Austrians, Jugoslavia, should have French backing. I am sure all the difficulties in the settlement of the Dalmatian coast resulted from the overnight birth of a new nation to become a threat to the future peace of Italy. The Italians felt, and quite justly in my opinion, that the germ for a new nation had been stimulated by France in order that a big pow-

erful nation should grow to the eastward of Italy, to share with France the threat against Italian northern frontiers. Surely such an ending to Italian aspirations after three years of devastating war would cause even the most peaceful, law-abiding peoples to writhe.

During President Wilson's European trip, he came down to Rome and was accorded a grand reception. Nothing could have equalled the enthusiasm of the Italians. The Ambassador and Mrs. Page gave him a luncheon at the Embassy and the King and Queen were present. The Queen was so excited over the rolls made of white flour (from the United States) that she asked Mrs. Page if she could take one back to the Palace as her baby then three or four years old had never seen white bread! President Wilson then went back to Paris where he promulgated his ideas on the rearrangement of Europe, and disregarded all the wishes and aspirations of the Italians. Anti-American feeling grew to such an extent that guards were put around our Embassy and Americans were warned against walking on the streets. The Italian people grew to hate President Wilson, so much so that one day Baron Sonnino the Minister of Foreign Affairs said, "You know if President Wilson came back to Rome now, the Italians would probably crucify him," and Mr. Page answered, "Yes, the Romans crucified another pretty good man about 2000 years ago."

In the preceding paragraphs I have tried to stay away from actual war activities. In looking back over those Roman days no association did I enjoy more than that with an old and distinguished American sculptor, Moses Ezekiel. He had lived in Rome for nearly fifty years and was loved and admired by Italians and Americans alike. He was accorded the unique distinction of being allowed to make his home —first, in the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian and later, when those ruins were turned into a Museum, he was permitted to fit up a home in the walls of Rome, near the Porta Punciana, just off the Borghesi Gardens. Old Ezekiel, like so many of his race, was a brilliant scholar, a musician of note, and, being a Virginian by birth and a product of the Virginia Military Institute, was a close friend of Mr. Page. His works are well known in Washington, Richmond and Baltimore. No one knew Rome better, so during those long dark years of war he kindly took the ladies of the Embassy sightseeing every Saturday. He told an interesting anecdote. One morning while living in the Baths of Diocletian he noticed a man wander-

ing about and the next day and the following day, the same man could be seen roaming around and taking notes. Being a friendly soul Mr. Ezekiel asked him in for breakfast, and they talked and liked each other immediately. The stranger not long after came to live with him, and is known to you as Marion Crawford, who was writing at the time one of his most delightful romances of Rome.

An episode showing the simplicity and good fellowship of the present Prince of Wales occurred when he came to Rome during one of the dark periods of the war to help bolster up the lowered morale of the Italians. A member of the British Embassy Staff decided to give him an informal party where ceremony could be discarded. We helped out with silver, tablecloths, etc., and I believe it was our graphophone that furnished the music for the dance that followed throughout the house with furniture and rugs pushed back into the corners. The Prince had a grand time, and I can assure you that he had succeeded in his object as our morale was certainly higher when we shut down the graphophone in the early hours of the morning.

The next time I saw Europe was in 1924 when I was sent over by the Navy in charge of the Navy athletes for the Olympic Games in Paris. We lived in a Murat château at Roquencourt, outside of Paris. No athlete ever had such delightful surroundings with which to prepare for the games as did ours for that Olympiad. However, I am sure you can appreciate my difficulties when I was placed in charge of the entire 400 athletes and tried to keep their minds on athletics instead of gay Paris. I can never repay Douglas Fairbanks, his wife Mary Pickford, and that grand entertainer Marie Dressler for their great assistance. These good Americans realized our difficulties and several nights a week would come out and entertain the athletes after supper.

My next foreign cruise was one of those in which naval officers delight and get so rarely these days, free from Admirals and consequent routine. I was on leave in Washington from the battleship *Utah* which I commanded, when I was called on the telephone and told that the *Utah* had been selected to go to Montevideo, Uruguay, to fetch the President-elect and Mrs. Hoover. I was to sail within a week; in the meantime the ship had to be dry-docked in New York, and prepared for a large contingent including at least two ladies. I will not go into these hectic preparations. It is nearly 6000 miles to the river Plate, and Montevideo lies well down towards the mouth—

so much so that it has the appearance of being on the open sea as the width of the river is nearly forty miles across at that point. We drew too much water to get up to the city and were forced to anchor nearly seven miles off shore, where strong winds every afternoon with accompanying big seas made boating practically impossible except by the use of tugs. We had nearly a week to spare during which time we were royally entertained by Uruguayans and Americans. The President of Uruguay was a delightfully humourous, friendly individual, and considered the fact that he and an officer of the U. S. Navy should be carrying on a conversation in Italian a great joke, but we had resorted to Italian when we discovered how perfectly atrocious were his English and my Spanish. Unfortunately the night before the Hoovers were expected, I elected to come off to the ship in my gig. There was a big sea running and I was thrown so violently across the stern sheets of my boat that I laid open my eyebrow and well blackened the eye—indeed most embarrassing with which to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Hoover.

Nowhere else in the world does one find such a variation in depth of water as in the mouth of the River Plate. It is one of those things that makes skippers grow old over-night. The river about Montevideo covers a great expanse with a depth quite uniform, but this depth is dependent upon the direction of the wind. The prevailing wind is up the river and it blows very regularly from that direction. However, the day before the Hoovers arrived, although I found the regular depth about the ship at eight o'clock in the morning, I was totally bewildered to find the ship aground at eleven o'clock, the water having fallen seven feet in three hours. I sent for tugs and pilots but of course got none as all available tugs and pilots were up at Buenos Aires to bring down the Hoover party the following morning. I found that the depth of water had fallen for miles, all due to the shift of the wind from up the river to down the river. As there were no mechanical means to help the situation, and as I had visions of the Hoovers remaining off Montevideo for days, I resorted earnestly to prayer—with the grand result that at eight o'clock that night the wind changed and blew a gale from the sea, and in three hours all the water was back under my keel. The old *Utah* was majestically afloat again.

You will be surprised to learn what constitutes a Presidential party. The forty-seven people that accompanied Mr. Hoover on his South

American trip certainly taxed my ship to the limit for accommodations. However, by doubling up and by leaving a number of officers home on leave, we were able to make the party very comfortable. Secret Service, newspaper men, camera men and clerks in addition to the personal party gave us a full house. Sailing from Montevideo amid national salutes and the parading of guards from the Uruguayan Navy we headed for Rio.

The details of Mr. Hoover's trip were so minutely reported it seems unnecessary to say anything about them, even the visit to Rio where the Brazilians out-did themselves in their welcome and by the ingenuity of their pyrotechnical farewell.

Rio has probably the most beautiful harbour in the world, made so by the high mountains which surround it. The famous Sugar Loaf and Corcovado majestically guard the pink and white city built beneath and bordering on the white sands of the harbour. We left Rio after dark. As soon as the ship was under way the entire perimeter of the harbour burst into a great flame of colored lights, with the peaks of the mountains opening up with thunderous colorful bombs. The display lasted until we were outside of the harbour where two Brazilian cruisers, our escort, saluted, then silently sped away into the night.

Instead of a trying voyage, which could so easily be the case for a Captain, it was all too short. The Hoovers and the party enjoyed everything. The sea excelled itself in calmness and in beauty. Naturally we were sorry when it came to an end. Daily we found some navy means of entertaining our guests, which of course pleased the press, as it gave them food for their daily columns; however, one delightful representative of one of our leading papers complained, after he had tried to get in his afternoon snooze, that "this Captain can think of more things to do to break up an afternoon siesta than any one I ever saw." It was quite true there was no such thing as an idle moment.

It is a great treat to go to sea for several weeks and find oneself in close companionship with the future President of the United States and his wife, to say nothing of such distinguished men as Henry Fletcher and Mark Sullivan. The latter I had as a messmate in my improvised cabin with Will Irwin who is almost as well known. Mark Sullivan, one of Mr. Hoover's closest friends, I consider about the greatest political analyst in the country, with one of

CAPTAIN CHARLES RUSSELL TRAIN ON U. S. S. *UTAH*, 1929

the quickest and clearest working brains, and with an extraordinarily retentive memory. Since those days I have seen a good deal of Mark Sullivan as during my two later years with President Hoover he nearly always was a member of the President's party on various trips.

Previous to this trip I had only just met Mr. Hoover, but I had had the honour of serving on an Executive Committee in a national organization with Mrs. Hoover. From the day they came aboard the *Utah* my admiration and devotion to them both has grown inestimably. Nothing was ever too difficult for them to do for the welfare of others. On Christmas Day they autographed and gave a Christmas card to each officer and man on board—a small matter of eleven hundred cards. The next two Christmases were during my association with the President as his Naval Aide and rather than dwell upon official contacts with such international figures as Laval of France, Grandi of Italy, the Crown Prince of Japan, the King of Siam, I prefer to give you a glance into the unofficial simple life of the White House, so typical of these kindly people. It will be remembered that those days of December, 1931, were ones when the world's economic stability seemed about to topple. The President had been toiling tirelessly all day. His telephone had rung unceasingly—and let me add that he is the first President that ever had a telephone on his own desk.

Christmas Eve during the Hoover régime belonged to the official household and family. It was an early party on account of the children. As was usual the guests were assembled in the Blue Room where the President and Mrs. Hoover came in and shook hands with each, young and old. Then headed by the President with his little granddaughter and Mrs. Hoover with her little grandson, we trooped in to the State Dining Room. A large horse-shoe table took all the grown-ups—with a small table for the youngsters in the centre—and from time to time the President had to relinquish his knife and fork in order to pay attention to his grandchildren who would in turn climb up into his lap. Near the close of dinner great trays were passed, and from them each guest took a brass bell and a copper candlestick with a lighted candle, these having been made by the crippled veterans at Walter Reed Hospital. Then all the lights were put out throughout the first and second floors. Preceded by the President and Mrs. Hoover and the grandchildren—Little Peggy Ann and Peter—we marched hand in hand, in and out through the

Red, Blue, and Green Rooms, in which roaring, crackling pinecone fed fires were blazing in the old fashioned fireplaces. Then up the state stairway decorated with greens, red ribbons and candles. Overhead and just under the arch hung a large, sweet-toned bell which we all rang in passing by. We trooped to the sound of happy children's voices, through the upper halls and down again, and upon reaching the main hall we were welcomed by a troop of girl scouts holding candles and singing Christmas carols. That over, we filed into the great East Room where the sight of a brilliant Christmas tree met us. The President and Mrs. Hoover were quite forgotten as such and all hands became subject to the children's delight. As soon as the Christmas tree presents had been given out and the children had had a moment to enjoy them, the little grandchildren bade us all good-night and trotted off to bed, closely followed by the other little ones. We of the older variety stayed on and once more the old walls of that famous East Room looked down upon an old-fashioned Virginia Reel.

By ten o'clock the President and Mrs. Hoover left us. The President, feeling that he could not accept more time for leisure even though on Christmas Eve, went back to work in the Abraham Lincoln study to carry on as had his great predecessor an almost single-handed fight for the future of his people.

Nearly three hundred years have passed since John Trayne settled in Watertown. The hard, plain lives of our forebears within the confines of New England have been outstripped by the lives of our contemporaries who have seen far places and touched world events. The spirit and tenacity of purpose that crossed a sea and overcame a wilderness is born afresh in each generation with the same power to win success over circumstances. Because of the past we have good hope of the future if the same traits of character and personality are cherished and maintained: the Fear of God, and a gallant and happy heart in the pursuit and performance of Duty.

INDEX OF NAMES

INDEX OF NAMES

Index of Names

Index of Names

Index of Names


THE SCRIBNER PRESS