

REMINISCENCES

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649690091

Reminiscences by Thomas M. Clark

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

THOMAS M. CLARK

REMINISCENCES



THOMAS M. CLARK, D. D., LL.D., BISHOP OF RHODE ISLAND.

REMINISCENCES

BY
THOMAS M. CLARK, D. D., LL. D.
BISHOP OF RHODE ISLAND

SECOND EDITION

COPYRIGHTED AND PUBLISHED BY THOMAS
WHITTAKER, 2 AND 3 BIBLE HOUSE, IN
THE CITY OF NEW YORK, MDCCCXCV

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. EARLY DAYS,	1
II. COLLEGE LIFE,	11
III. SEMINARY LIFE,	20
IV. THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH SIXTY YEARS AGO,	32
V. CHANGE IN THE OUTWARD ASPECT OF THE CHURCH,	40
VI. CHANGE OF TONE IN THE CHURCH,	53
VII. LIFE IN BOSTON,	66
VIII. REMOVAL TO PHILADELPHIA,	77
IX. RETURN TO BOSTON,	93
X. FOUR YEARS IN CONNECTICUT,	108
XI. REMOVAL TO RHODE ISLAND,	120
XII. THE RICHMOND GENERAL CONVENTION,	124
XIII. THE LATE WAR,	138
XIV. THE FIRST PAN-ANGELICAN CONFERENCE,	153
XV. MY EXPERIENCE ABROAD,	160
XVI. A FEW NOTABLE MEN,	173
XVII. MISCELLANIES,	190
XVIII. BISHOP BROOKS,	206

REMINISCENCES.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS.

I HAVE been asked to note down some of the reminiscences of a life already protracted beyond the four score years allotted to man, but have shrunk from the task, because it is impossible to impart a living interest to the record without seeming at times to trespass upon the confidence of private friendship. There are few persons, of whom we care to know anything, who do not in the course of their lives say and do some harmless things which they might not care to publish to the world, and yet these may be the very things that give tone and color to their character. I once asked the distinguished biographer of one of our most eminent bishops why he had left out of the narrative the brightest and most salient features of the bishop's character, and he said that the introduction of these peculiar traits would not harmonize with the purpose for which the book was written. When Whitfield's body servant and confidential attendant, Cornelius Winter, published his sketch of the great preacher's daily life, and told, among other queer things, how the good man once threw the hot water

in his face because something happened to irritate him while he was shaving, many excellent people were very much shocked ; but, after all, the honest narrative only showed that Whitfield was human. Many a tempestuous Christian has been comforted and relieved by the vigorous outbreak of St. Paul when, amid the loving salutations he was sending to his distant brethren, the thought of Alexander the coppersmith occurred to his mind, indicating that, after all, the inspired apostle was not altogether beyond the reach of our ordinary human infirmities.

The sale of the biographies of certain distinguished divines whom I happened to know somewhat intimately would be much enlarged by the introduction of a few marginal notes here and there, relieving the somewhat over-rounded symmetry and grace of the saintly figure delineated in the memoir. No one would care to expose the weaknesses of those whom he loved and revered, and yet out of these very weaknesses they may have been made strong, and their grandest achievements may have come of the fiery passion which, if it had been allowed to range without restraint, might have desolated the soil instead of making it fruitful. Some men are counted good simply on the ground that they have never said or done any imprudent things, but they are not the kind of people whose lives are likely to attract attention. It is the man who has had battles to fight that the world knows not of who achieves the noblest triumphs on the great public field of strife, and his name is not one of those which are " writ in water."

I did not intend to make any allusion in these papers to the period of my childhood, until I heard a

distinguished clergyman of our Church, and one of the keenest critics in the land, say that when he read anything in the form of a biography he was always more interested in what the man did when he was a boy than in any other part of his career. This must be my apology for occupying a few pages with some reminiscences of that period of life which, after all, leaves the most vivid impression upon the memory. When we have reached maturity and settled down into the well-worn grooves of existence, there usually comes a series of years very much alike in their routine, and unless the monotony is broken by some striking event there is little to distinguish one year from another. The decades between the ages of thirty and sixty may be the most eventful portions of our life, because it is then that our most important work is done, but in the retrospect this is the most vague and indistinct part of our existence. It is not strange that the first fifteen or twenty years should be the period to which our memories cling most tenaciously, for it was then that the plastic clay took form and the associations were enkindled which determined the quality of our being. It was then that nature first touched us with her brilliant coloring and wakened our souls with her varied harmonies. Are we ever moved in after life as we were when, in our childhood, we saw the bursting of the leaves and blossoms in spring, and caught the perfume of the summer fruits and flowers, and looked with sadness upon the decaying glories of autumn, and our young hearts leaped at the sight and touch of the icy crystals of winter? The poetry of nature was revealed to us before we knew what poetry