

**THE LIFE OF  
SAMUEL  
HOPKINS EMERY**

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The Life of Samuel Hopkins Emery by Ralph Davol

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**RALPH DAVOL**

**THE LIFE OF  
SAMUEL  
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DRAWN FROM  
PHOTOGRAPH  
BY BERNARD  
QUINCY, ILL.

# THE LIFE OF SAMUEL HOPKINS EMERY

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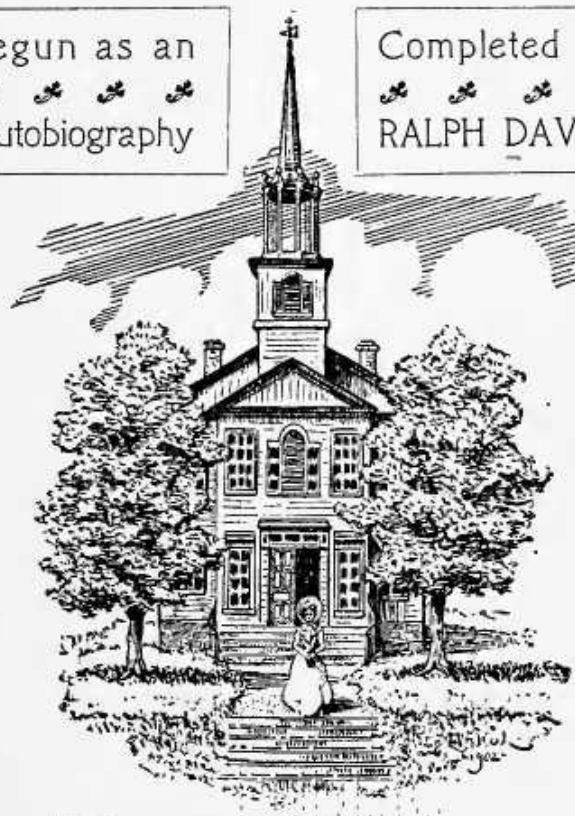


Autobiography

Completed by

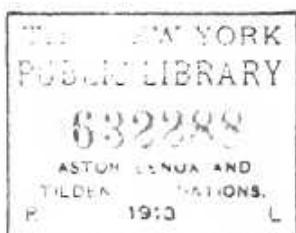


RALPH DAVOL



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TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS : : : : : 1902

C.M.F.



HOW WIN  
SILVER  
YEARLY

Friend without fault or fail,  
Friend to forgotten poor,  
Friend to inebriate sinners in jail,  
To the asker of alms at the door.

Friend to the Boys in Blue,  
To the menial sons of Ham,  
Friend to the sheep of the blackest hue,  
To the shorn and orphaned lamb.

Friend to the Blessed who mourn,  
Friend to the Blessed who weep,  
Friend to the earth-worn crossing the bourne,  
"Under God's roof to sleep."

A friend to the fallen of earth,  
A Good Samaritan he,  
His life was a lesson of brotherly worth,  
To be pondered by you and me.

R. Davol, Feb. 7/13. \$50



## INTRODUCTORY.

DURING the final and lonely summer, Dr. Emery, at the solicitation of friends, began to write the story of his life. One day in late September, he called me to his side and said that he had written a codicil to his will, bequeathing his literary possessions to my care. I did not realize then, as he did, that he never would finish his autobiography. In two weeks he was called away. And so it is that the story which would have been so delightfully written by his pen is left for another to finish.

“Nor I nor others think me worthy of it.”

As it is impossible to write down the sweetness of the orange, the song of the lark, the freshness of the ocean breeze; so are cold, hard, lifeless words wholly inadequate to express the palpitating fervor, the Easter radiance, the enthusiasm, (God within), the downy, emollient presence, the elusive *esprit de corps* that constituted his cheery personality. After perusing many letters and documents, and listening to anecdotes by obliging friends and relatives, I have chosen such half-hours as seemed to give the character of the man, and present them here in a sort of story form.

In looking over a century of letters of a family whose warm, pulsing, eager life is forever past, there comes an inevitable sadness.

“Man cannot touch the dust of ages and smile serenely.”

There is in these letters a tremendous depth of conviction in the supreme happiness of a future life, and in the vanity of all human wishes. The chord that runs

through them all is a mighty rebuke to the stifling skepticism which says "the Heaven is of brass and shuts down to the earth."

I have made a few comparative references to Emerson, in no sense odious,—as the labor of the two men was in wholly different fields; one was intellectual, the other emotional; they differed widely in Biblical interpretation; one found inspiration in Nature, the other in tradition. Yet in the vicissitudes of personal existence there were many parallelisms. Thus, both came from North shore ancestry; both grew up among four brothers, and were both educated for the ministry; both suffered from pulmonary complaint in youth; both were strongly influenced by women—"Aunt Mary," "Mother Emery,"—and in each was a desire to teach in a female school, (which Emerson realized.) They both lived simply, and stood for the New England ideals of home life; both lost their first-born sons. They were alike in physical make-up; both lived beyond the allotted age, and were exceptionally honored by fellow-townsmen. Both faced eternity with a smile.

There are dazzling geniuses, martyrs in the name of conscience, military heroes whose chariot of fame rides over their fallen comrades; there are darers seeking the North Pole, captains of industrial legions, inventors of labor-saving machines, and all manner of electrical wizards. Mr. Emery simply brushed away the tears of his own generation about him.

"And where is he who dares foreshadow for an only son a lovelier life, a more unstained than his."

MARCH 28, 1902.

RALPH DAVOL.

On the title page is a drawing of the old Spring Street Church, in which Mr. Emery was ordained on his first coming to Taunton. The edifice was built by Congregationalists before 1800, on the site of the present Unitarian Church, and afterward moved to Spring street. It was occupied as the sanctuary of the Unitarians, Universalists, Free Will Baptists, two Congregational Societies, and was the first home of the High School. At the end of the book is a drawing of the Hall of the Historical Society, of which Dr. Emery was President at the last.