

**THREE SCORE AND TEN YEARS OF
ACTIVE LIFE IN NEW YORK, 1821-1892:
THE REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM A.
BOOTH, BORN NOVEMBER 6, 1805,
DIED DECEMBER 28, 1895**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649205790

Three score and ten years of active life in New York, 1821-1892: the reminiscences of William A. Booth, born November 6, 1805, died December 28, 1895 by William A. Booth

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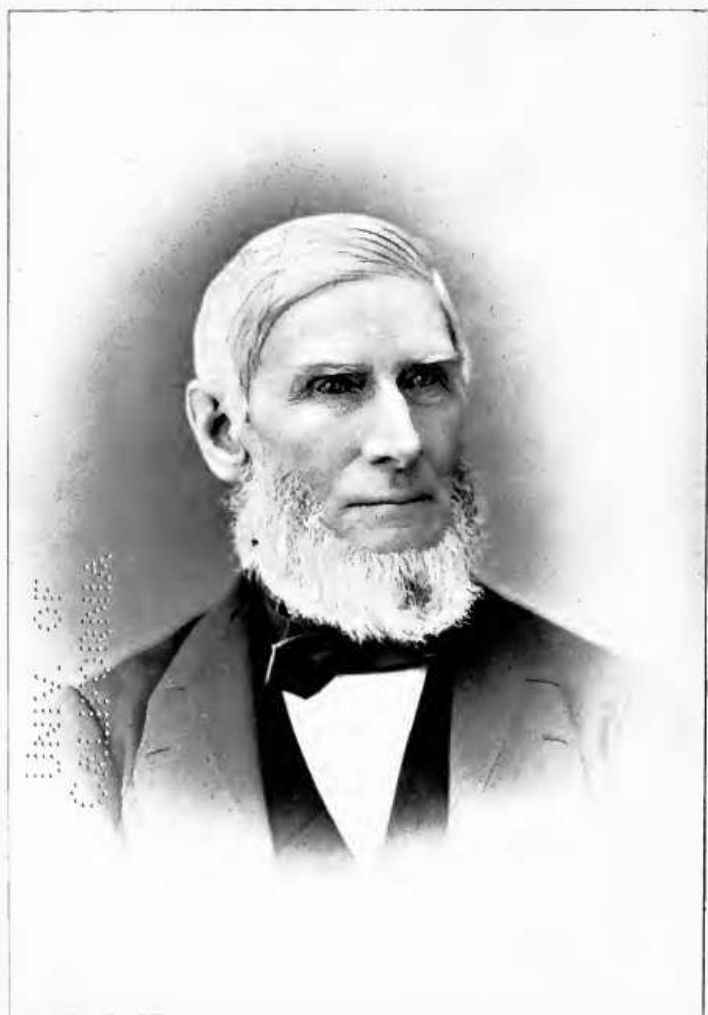
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Cover @ 2017

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WILLIAM A. BOOTH

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WILLIAM A. BOOTH,
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BORN, NOVEMBER 6, 1805.

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"THE GLORY OF CHILDREN ARE THEIR FATHERS."

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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TO THE
UNIT OF
CALIFORNIA

SUNSET.

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SUNSET.

Our aged Father celebrated his ninetieth birthday on the sixth of November, eighteen hundred and ninety-five. The day was one of very great happiness. Children and friends gathered about him, and those, who could not be present, remembered him with offerings of flowers, and messages of love. During the week of the birthday, he took occasion to attend meetings of the Committees and Boards, with which he had been connected for many years, and his appearance was greeted with expressions of respect and affection. No one supposed that he was near the end of his useful career. His mind was clear, while his physical strength appeared to be sufficient to meet the demands that might be made upon it for many years. He was interested in all the leading events of the day, and was still an active participant in many important affairs. There was every prospect that he might keep on as he was going, until he had crossed the line of the next century.

On the day after Thanksgiving Day, his daughter Mary, with two of her children, returned from a brief

absence in Europe. He had awaited their coming with eager anticipations, and he found unusual pleasure in listening to their experiences of travel. With them, he went to church on Sunday, where he heard his pastor, the Reverend James Eells, explain a course of Bible study, that had been prepared for the Sunday School. He expressed his approval of the course, and his pleasure in the service. Then he went home, to be seen no more of men. A slight cold developed into pneumonia. For a week, he was in his library, engaged as usual in reading, writing, and conversation, but with steadily failing strength. His last letter, written on Friday, December sixth, bears evidence of intense feebleness. The hand must have trembled, as it held the pen, for the writing is unlike the beautiful penmanship which was so familiar to his many correspondents. Yet he had not lost hope, for this letter closed with the sentence: "I have had a bronchial cold, this week, and Dr. Baldwin has been trying to cure it. It improves slowly." Two days later, he went to bed. When told that it was expedient for him to remain in bed, he answered: "I have never been accustomed to stay in bed." He yielded, however, to the desire of his physicians, and