

**"ALONGSIDE;": BEING NOTES  
SUGGESTED BY "A NEW  
ENGLAND BOYHOOD" OF  
DOCTOR EDWARD EVERETT HALE**

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"Alongside,"; Being Notes Suggested By "A New England Boyhood" of Doctor Edward Everett Hale by Caroline Wells Healey Dall

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**CAROLINE WELLS HEALEY DALL**

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# "ALONGSIDE"

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BEING NOTES SUGGESTED

—BY—

"A NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD"

—OF—

DOCTOR EDWARD EVERETT HALE

By Caroline H. Dallas

NEW YORK

PUBLIC

"When to the sessions of sweet alert thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought."

*Shakespeare, Sonnet 30.*

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PRIVATELY PRINTED.

THOMAS TODD  
14 BRADON STREET, BOSTON  
1900

## PREFACE.

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"I have written frankly, garrulously, and at ease; speaking of what it gives me joy to remember, at any length I like — sometimes very carefully — of what I think it may be useful for others to know; and passing in total silence, things which I have no pleasure in reviewing, and which the reader would find no help in the account of."

To these words, with which Ruskin introduces the first chapter of "Præterita," it seems to me that there is no need that I should add anything.

If there are any living who remember with what opening my life began, who have witnessed a sincere effort to make it, in spite of fate, of some use to the world, those persons will know why I have selected this passage.

CAROLINE H. DALL.

Washington,  
December, 1898.

## "ALONGSIDE"

BEING "NOTES" SUGGESTED BY

"A NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD," BY E. E. HALE, D.D.

A REVIEW AND A STORY.

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"It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples."

*As You Like It.*

IT is impossible for one of Mr. Hale's generation to read the charming transcript of his early experiences without being led afresh through bygone days. Many of the topics which he touches lie parallel with my own memories, and I feel as if some of the Boston women of today would like to know what the girls of that time were about.

Mr. Hale's story opens with the interesting question of the development of human memory—How early can a child remember? The true answer to this question would be, "From the very moment of its birth the child begins to remember whatever is of use to it, in that stage of its being." If it were not so, it could not develop at all. How soon impressions can be made which will last through life, and can be consciously recalled at any moment, is quite a different affair.

This will depend on the intellectual nature inherited and the circumstances under which impressions are received. Mr. Hale has often called mine an *iron* memory, but whatever metal it is made of, it holds only the impressions that pain, profound emotion or intense interest have stamped upon it.

In referring to the execution of André, Hugh Wynne says:

"I sometimes think it strange, how even in particulars the natural and other scenery of this dark drama remains distinct in my memory, unaffected by the obliterating influence of the years, which have effaced so much else I had been more glad to remember."

Here Weir Mitchell distinctly recognizes the permanence of the impressions deepened by pain, and doubtless these words had been spoken in his hearing by some one who remembered what George Washington suffered on that day.

I could not have been more than fourteen months old when I was very ill. My nurse left me, for a moment, on the bed in what was the front spare room of the house in which I was born, and at that instant I was attacked by very terrible pain. I was also frightened by my loneliness, and that experience printed upon my mind the walls of the room, its doors and mantle, and the pattern of the carpet. On the day on which I was fifty years old, I was anxious to see if I did actually remember these things, and I asked per-



mission to examine the room. The wall paper and the carpet had gone, of course, but in every other respect the picture corresponded to that in my mind.

When my father was married, he went to live in a house built by Mr. John Lodge for his own use, in Boston, at No. 6 Green Street. When he left it, that Mr. Lodge might return to it, I was only three and a half years old, so that all I distinctly remember of it is what I saw or heard before that time. My first distinct impression is of an earthquake. I was tied into a high chair, by my grandfather's side. Suddenly, the room seemed to float; the Empire clock upon the mantle rang against its glass shade; two or three flower-pots fell from a green stand by the window, and through it all I saw my mother coming from the parlor closet, with a glass of jelly in her hand. I do not know how old I was, but the picture in my mind is so distinct that I feel no hesitation in describing it.

The house was large; it had a long yard running back to a stable. It was one of a pair of brick houses, still standing. Two washrooms were built out behind the houses, the roofs of which were protected by a composition of tar and gravel, and divided by a narrow parapet about eight inches high.

I suppose I must have been about three years old — my mother still keeping her chamber — when I was sent to a dame school in Hancock Street, kept by a Miss Wentworth, who afterward became Mrs. Charles Hunt.

Jane Otis — one of the lovely family living at 34 Chambers Street, whose story those who desire may find in the Library of the Boston Athenæum — was then going to school on Mt. Vernon Street, and used to call for me every morning and bring me home every noon, when my nurse met me, dressed me afresh, and stood me up on a chair to watch for my father's return to dinner. At this school, the tiny pupils, if they behaved well, were allowed to carry home pink or blue bows on their white sleeves, according to their sex; while a black ribbon told the less happy story.

I remember nothing of this school except my dear teacher's face, and the high stool and fool's cap which often fell to my lot. The fool's cap was made of white cardboard, and had a little bell upon its peaked summit, which betrayed the slightest motion of the baby culprit. I can remember ringing this bell, and laughing merrily at its tinkle. One day I think I must have done this a little too often, for I found myself going home on Saturday noon with a black bow on my shoulder. The West Church Sunday School, said to be the first in the city of Boston, had not then opened, but our dear minister, Dr. Charles Lowell, held a catechising class, every Saturday afternoon, in the belfry of the Lynde Street Church. The small square room where we were seated must still be in existence, I should think, but I recall nothing of it or its inmates, save my minister's dear face. The one thing I felt sure of, as

Jane led me home, was this — that I could never wear a black bow into Dr. Lowell's presence! As soon as the door opened, I darted through the parlors, into the parlor pantry, climbed three short inside steps which led to the shed, jumped over the parapet, and climbed into the window of the adjoining house.

I was familiar with the way. The next house was occupied by an English family, named Wilby, whose four accomplished sisters afterwards became distinguished in the annals of school-teaching. Often had I been lifted over the parapet that I might watch one beautiful daughter as she played upon the harp. So far I remember; the rest I have been told. I could not have found any one in the house, not even the big St. Bernard with which I loved to play. I climbed to the upper storey, and, in the extremity of my disappointment and mortification, rolled under a servant's bed and cried myself to sleep.

What distress I left behind me, loving hearts of mothers will divine. Both houses and the whole neighborhood were searched in vain. There was a "Town Crier" in those days, and not even the heavy toll of his big bell reached my shrouded ears. Toward night the absent family came home to what was then very unusual, a late dinner. With them came my St. Bernard. On his way to his water-bowl in the pantry, he detected my presence, and, bounding up stairs, dragged me forth. The family were listening to the