

HOYT
FAMILY RECORD



REMINISCENCES

— OF THE —

HOYT FAMILY REUNION

— AT —

PANAMA, N. Y.,

JULY 23d, 1884.

— ◆ —
BY

H. H. HOYT,

EAST SAGINAW, MICH.

The Hoyt Family Reunion.

THIS description of the Hoyt Family Reunion is dedicated to JESSIE SILSBEE HOYT, my only daughter, by her affectionate father, with a request that she keep a copy of the same, until her death, and transmit it to her children if she ever should have any. It will be a memento of an event in the lives of her father and mother that will be pleasant to refer to in her old age. It will also serve to keep before her some information of her ancestors. The Hoyt family is one of the oldest families in America. They came to this country as early as 1628, less than eight years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, who were in

fact the first permanent white settlers in America. A certain pride in the family name induces me to place on record some facts that may have a tendency to encourage the cultivation of a knowledge of the generations of the family that have passed away. With what pleasure would I welcome the discovery of some event that took place in the life of my mother—very few indeed have I been able to find. She died when I was but little more than a year old. As a consequence I have no personal recollection of her. If I had now the record of some transaction that stood out more prominently than others in her life, if I could read an account of some thing in which she took a part and enter into her thoughts and feelings on that occasion, it seems to me that such a record would be invaluable. Judging the feelings of my child by my own, I take the trouble to write of a pleasing event in which her mother and myself took a part, in order that she, as well as the children of my brother and sister, may have something in after years,

when the writer of this has passed away, if referred to, will afford them pleasure.

This reunion of the Hoyt family only included the immediate relatives—the father and mother, their children and grand-children. It was from its inception to its finish a complete success. It brought the family together to renew, as it were, their acquaintance with each other after nearly a quarter of a century had passed since they left their father's house. It would not be strange, if in our new homes with different surroundings making their impression on our minds, entering into our social lives and bending our energies in different directions from those in our childhood days—it would not be strange, I say, after so many years of separation, if we had neglected in a measure the cultivation of those intimate social relations that always should exist towards members of the same family. This meeting tended to break down this invisible barrier that seemingly had grown up to impair the memory of our childhood days, and the recollection of the persons that

were associated with them. It also proclaimed to father and mother that in their old age they were not forgotten by those for whose welfare they had sacrificed so much; that their children in their manhood and womanhood would endeavor to make their declining years happy and agreeable by increasing kindness and affection.

It was in the spring of the year 1884 that my wife and myself concluded that if it could be brought about there should be a reunion of the family at some place during the year. It was also the wish of my brother and sister, and although each desired that the meeting should take place at their respective homes, it was left to father and mother to designate the time when and the place where such a meeting should be held. They named the old homestead. And that being agreeable to the rest of the family, father and mother sent to each member the following invitation:

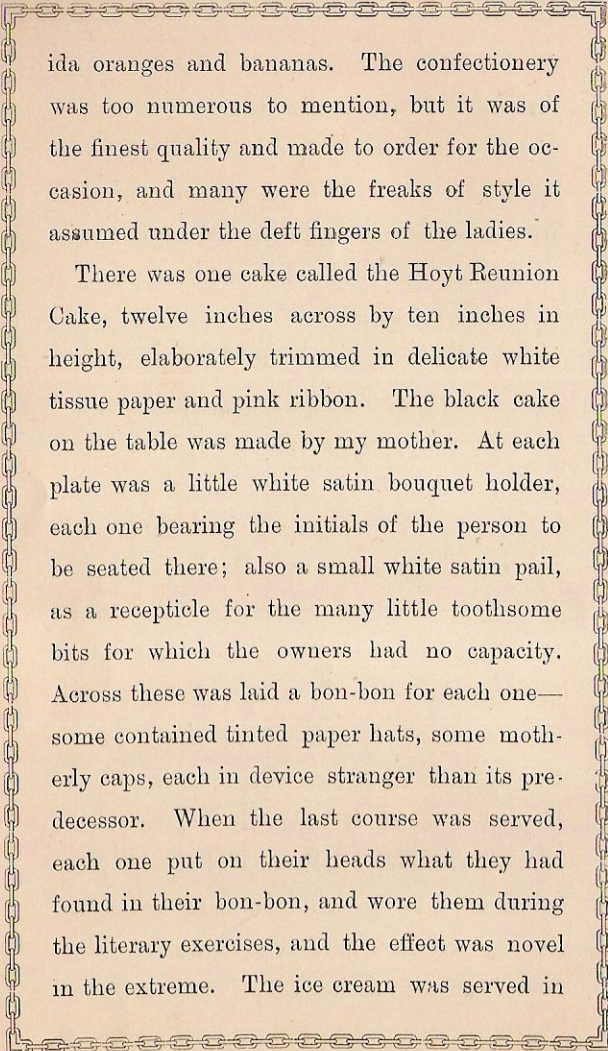
HOYT FAMILY.

*Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hoyt
request that you will favor them with your
presence
at 1.30 P. M., July 23d, 1884,
in Panama, New York,
to attend a Family Reunion Dinner at
the Old Homestead.*

As the time approached each member of the family turned their faces towards the old home with a desire and with the intention to make this reunion a happy and a pleasant one—a white stone, as it were, marking a bright spot in our lives. Nearly all of the family reached our father's house on the Saturday previous, and the following Sunday all attended church, the same old church so closely associated with our childhood days. Preparations began on Monday. The house was put in order for the coming event. To the accomplishment of that end we all worked with pleasure—our wives in trimming the house and preparing the table, the men in assisting the ladies and procuring

whatever they desired for the occasion. Father expressed a wish that no expense should be spared to make the occasion one long to be remembered. We felt gratified to know his wishes. But father was somewhat disconcerted when he learned that the children insisted on defraying the entire expense attendant on this reunion. Mother kindly placed the house in charge of her children, with permission to do whatever was considered advisable and desirable. The children had purchased for their parents, and they proposed to present to them as a memento of the occasion, a beautiful set of china dishes, and as the table was to be set with them the ladies interdicted father and mother from entering that one room in the house in which the preparations for the event were then taking place. If I was a lady I might be able to describe the appearance of the room and the table when the preparations were completed. I am sure I should deserve and receive the praises of our children when, after years have passed, they look back upon this event. The credit of

the beautiful adornments is due to their mothers, and to them alone. On the table was a center piece consisting of a gold wire fruit stand, three feet in height, laden with fruit from the golden gate, interspersed with green, over which was suspended a horn of plenty of large dimensions made of immortelles—on one side a bright scarlet, on the other pure white, with the words "THREE GENERATIONS" on either side, representative of the father, his children and grand-children. The horn was filled to overflowing with rare exotics reaching down to the table. It was suspended by tri-colored ribbons in abundance, producing a very artistic effect. Above this was a motto in black velvet and bordered with white immortelles; one side bore the words in gold "Long live the Hoyt Family," the other side "Three Cheers for the Hoyts," with silk banners flying from either end. Surmounting all was a white silk parasol reaching to the ceiling, and the lining was literally covered with flowers. Another design was of bamboo in fancy shape, filled with Flor-



ida oranges and bananas. The confectionery was too numerous to mention, but it was of the finest quality and made to order for the occasion, and many were the freaks of style it assumed under the deft fingers of the ladies.

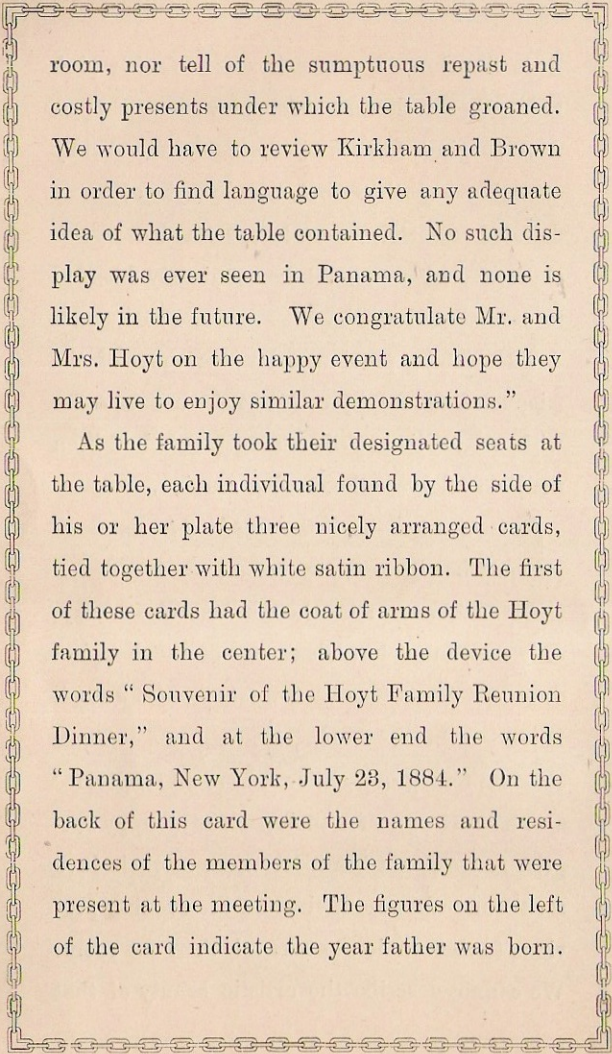
There was one cake called the Hoyt Reunion Cake, twelve inches across by ten inches in height, elaborately trimmed in delicate white tissue paper and pink ribbon. The black cake on the table was made by my mother. At each plate was a little white satin bouquet holder, each one bearing the initials of the person to be seated there; also a small white satin pail, as a receptacle for the many little toothsome bits for which the owners had no capacity. Across these was laid a bon-bon for each one—some contained tinted paper hats, some motherly caps, each in device stranger than its predecessor. When the last course was served, each one put on their heads what they had found in their bon-bon, and wore them during the literary exercises, and the effect was novel in the extreme. The ice cream was served in

little fluted white paper boxes tied with pink ribbons; the flowers assumed various shapes, now peeping from under a fold, now boldly asserting a position on the pinnacle of some delicate confection, from long-stemmed daisys to short-stemmed roses, all harmoniously blended into one grand whole.

The evening previous a large number of the friends of the family called at the house to see with what artistic skill arrangements had been made to celebrate the coming reunion.

The editor of the Panama *Herald* commenting on what he saw, says:

“ It would seem as though last Wednesday, July 23d, must have been one of the happiest days that our respected townsman, Mr. Joseph Hoyt, and his good wife, ever enjoyed. Their children and grand-children were all ‘at home’ and had arranged for their parents a happy surprise as well as a beautiful token of their love for them. We were invited on the evening previous to the reunion to take a look at the room. We cannot describe the artistic beauty of that



room, nor tell of the sumptuous repast and costly presents under which the table groaned. We would have to review Kirkham and Brown in order to find language to give any adequate idea of what the table contained. No such display was ever seen in Panama, and none is likely in the future. We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt on the happy event and hope they may live to enjoy similar demonstrations."

As the family took their designated seats at the table, each individual found by the side of his or her plate three nicely arranged cards, tied together with white satin ribbon. The first of these cards had the coat of arms of the Hoyt family in the center; above the device the words "Souvenir of the Hoyt Family Reunion Dinner," and at the lower end the words "Panama, New York, July 23, 1884." On the back of this card were the names and residences of the members of the family that were present at the meeting. The figures on the left of the card indicate the year father was born.

1809.

HOYT FAMILY.

1884.

PARENTS.

JOSEPH HOYT.....Panama, N. Y
MRS. JOSEPH HOYT..... " "

CHILDREN.

MRS. T. F. RANDOLPH.....Ann Arbor, Mich.
DR. C. W. HOYT.....Sharon, Pa.
H. H. HOYT.....East Saginaw, Mich.

SONS AND DAUGHTERS-IN-LAW.

MRS. C. W. HOYT.....Sharon, Pa.
MRS. H. H. HOYT.....East Saginaw, Mich.
T. F. RANDOLPH.....Ann Arbor, Mich.
WILLET M. ROLPH.....Philadelphia, Pa.

GRAND CHILDREN.

FRANK HOYT..... Sharon, Pa.
EMMA HOYT..... " "
JOSEPHINE HOYT..... " "
MYRTLE HOYT..... " "
EDWARD RANDOLPH.....Ann Arbor, Mich.
LOUISE RANDOLPH..... " "
MABELLE RANDOLH..... " "
JESSIE HOYT.....East Saginaw, Mich.

On the second card there was a photograph of father and mother in the center, and above and below the likeness was printed the words "We Greet our Father and Mother."

On the back of this card was printed the family discourses, in other words the remarks to be made by the different members of the family and the subjects upon which it was proposed they should speak.

FAMILY DISCOURSES.

"Address of Welcome,".....	T. F. RANDOLPH
"Our Old Home,".....	DR. C. W. HOYT
"Aspirations,".....	EDWARD RANDOLPH
Music.....	JESSIE HOYT
"Early Recollections,".....	MRS. T. F. RANDOLPH
"Prophecy,".....	LOUISE RANDOLPH
"Our Family,".....	MRS. JOSEPH HOYT
Song—"While the Years Roll On,"	
	MABELLE RANDOLPH, Pianist
"The Family Name,".....	JESSIE HOYT
"Our Children,".....	JOSEPH HOYT
Recitation—"Hanging of the Crane,"	
	MABELLE RANDOLPH
Music—Song by.....	{ JESSIE HOYT
	{ EMMA HOYT
"The Hoyt Family,".....	H. H. HOYT
Music.....	JESSIE HOYT

On the third card was the menu:

M E N U .

Chicken Imperial Soup. Baked Whitefish.

ROAST.

Pork with Apple Sauce. Shoulder of Veal Stuffed.
Chicken.

COLD.

Lobster Salad. Ham. Tongue.

RELISHES.

Spiced Salmon. Pickled Raisins. Mixed Pickles.
Cucumbers. Celery. Lettuce.
Radishes.

VEGETABLES.

New Potatoes. Green Peas. String Beans.
Asparagus. Onions.

PASTRY AND DESSERT.

Raspberry Pie. Lemon Pie.
Bird's Nest Pudding.
White Mountain Cake. Almond Cake. Fruit Cake.
Hoyt Reunion Cake.
Orange Jelly. Wine Jelly. Macaroons. Cream Kisses.
Vanilla Ice Cream. Lemon Ice.
Oranges. Bananas. Layer Figs. Layer Raisins.
Assorted Nuts. French Candy. Bon-Bons.
Coffee. Tea. Lemonade.

It was my intention to include the remarks of each member of the family delivered on this occasion. It would have made complete this

little volume. But I regret exceedingly that I am compelled to omit those of my sister and her family, for reasons best known to themselves; they decline to allow me to publish what they said at this family reunion. Those that I could obtain I here produce. They show the thoughts, the feelings, the aspirations, and the desires of those that delivered them.

T. F. Randolph, sitting at the head of the table, acted as master of ceremonies. The programme on the card was carried out in the order there indicated.

THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

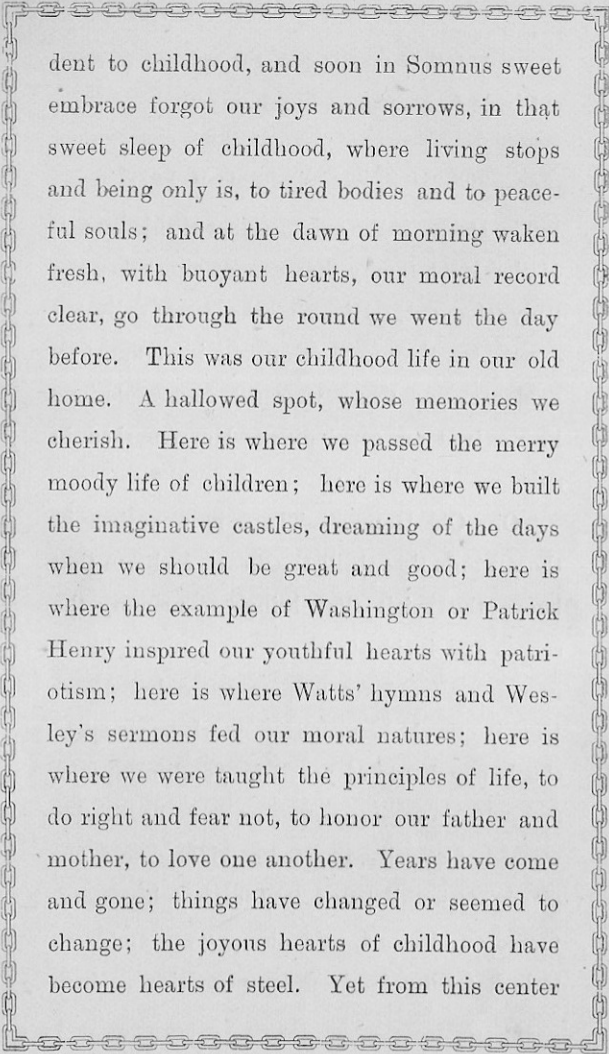
This was very feelingly delivered by Mr. Randolph, alluding to the happy event of a family reunion, and the generous welcome to our father's house of all the children with their families, that had gone out from the same so many years ago, remarking on the sympathy and affection that each member of the family had shown to the other, hoping that this feeling would continue in the future, and that the

success of this meeting would encourage us to cultivate frequent family reunions.

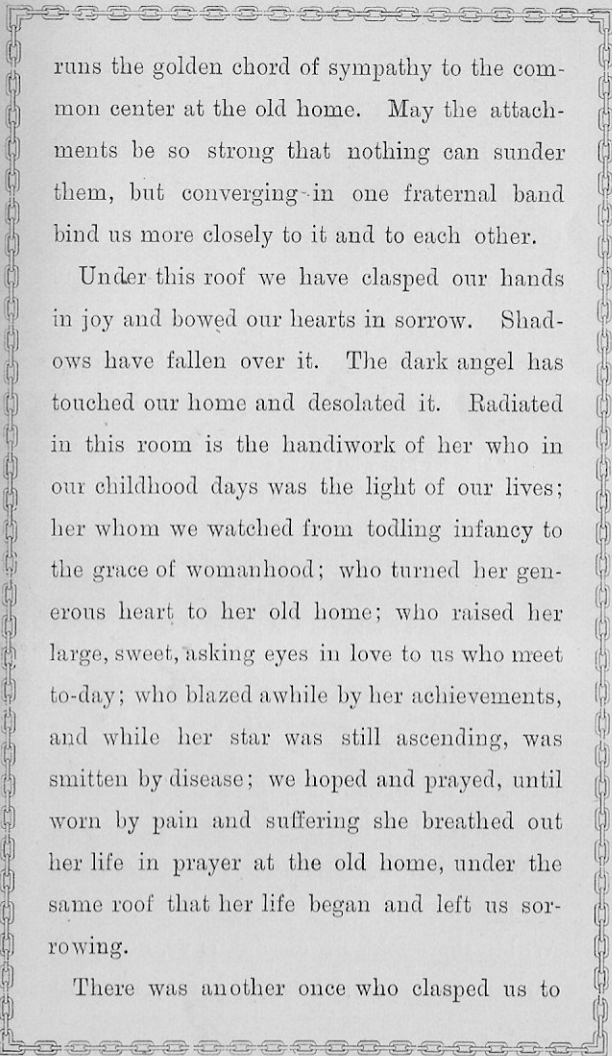
OUR OLD HOME.—BY DR. C. W. HOYT.

The Doctor is the only member of this branch of the Hoyt family that can at times become truly eloquent. His remarks were delivered extempore, they were frequently interrupted by applause, and many were the congratulations he received on concluding. He remarked in substance as follows:

“Our Old Home.”—There is a pathos in those words that thrill the heart, a charm that buoys the spirit that brings to memory the scenes and incidents of long ago, with a freshness and a fragrance perpetuated only by love. Here is our old home. Here is where we spent the happy hours of youth in youthful sports, and when evening came, around the fireside worked at puzzles, guessed at riddles, told our giant stories, listened to Indian tales, stammered our lessons, said our prayers and went to bed, feeling forgiven for petty sins so inci-



dent to childhood, and soon in Somnus sweet embrace forgot our joys and sorrows, in that sweet sleep of childhood, where living stops and being only is, to tired bodies and to peaceful souls; and at the dawn of morning waken fresh, with buoyant hearts, our moral record clear, go through the round we went the day before. This was our childhood life in our old home. A hallowed spot, whose memories we cherish. Here is where we passed the merry moody life of children; here is where we built the imaginative castles, dreaming of the days when we should be great and good; here is where the example of Washington or Patrick Henry inspired our youthful hearts with patriotism; here is where Watts' hymns and Wesley's sermons fed our moral natures; here is where we were taught the principles of life, to do right and fear not, to honor our father and mother, to love one another. Years have come and gone; things have changed or seemed to change; the joyous hearts of childhood have become hearts of steel. Yet from this center



runs the golden chord of sympathy to the common center at the old home. May the attachments be so strong that nothing can sunder them, but converging in one fraternal band bind us more closely to it and to each other.

Under this roof we have clasped our hands in joy and bowed our hearts in sorrow. Shadows have fallen over it. The dark angel has touched our home and desolated it. Radiated in this room is the handiwork of her who in our childhood days was the light of our lives; her whom we watched from toddling infancy to the grace of womanhood; who turned her generous heart to her old home; who raised her large, sweet, asking eyes in love to us who meet to-day; who blazed awhile by her achievements, and while her star was still ascending, was smitten by disease; we hoped and prayed, until worn by pain and suffering she breathed out her life in prayer at the old home, under the same roof that her life began and left us sorrowing.

There was another once who clasped us to

her breast, who breathed her prayers upon our heads, who with a mother's love cajoled our baby ills, looked in our eyes and laughed, and hoped and feared, as mothers do to-day, Alas, the maze of youth leaves naught to tell us of her love. We feel that great vacuity of soul that nature prompts, and hope to meet again. Our love goes out into the great unknown for these and other links in this paternal chain.

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees,
Who hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death
And love can never lose its own."

Yet love will dream and faith will trust, that somehow, somewhere, meet we must.

We meet to-day at our old home. We weave from scattered ties the fabric of a family union. Within those folds no discord, envy, nor strife should ever come; infancy, youth, maturity

and age blending harmonious in one—the bud, the blossom and the fruit of this, our family tree.

We meet to-day at our old home to cherish those we love, to honor those who watched and cared for us when we were young, with that tenderness and love that is born of the human heart towards its kind. The affection we had when children growing into reverence, developed into love, matures in adoration. We give them to-day, the ripened fruit of the highest emotions of our hearts. May their joys be many and their sorrows few; their days long in the old home free from the infirmities of age.

Edward F. Randolph was next called, his subject being "Aspirations." His remarks were listened to with attention. It was just such a speech as you would have thought one who had by application to study, extensive reading and meditation upon the duties of life in the dawn of manhood, and on the threshold of the busy world, would look into the future with aspirations and ambitions.

Mrs. T. F. Randolph followed, her subject being "Early Recollections." What she said referred to her early childhood days, a description of her thoughts and feelings at that time, a narrative of little incidences and the recollections of father and mother at that early period. It was very interesting to us all, and particularly so to me, as recalling events that took place in the life time of my mother, of which, although present, I was too young to remember. Tears stood in the eyes of many of us as she concluded. She has the brightest mind of the three children. It is said by those that knew my mother when she was alive, that Mrs. Randolph very much resembles her.

Louise Randolph was next called upon, and she spoke on the subject of "Prophecy." This was a pleasant production remarkably well delivered, and showing a well developed mind. She has the happy faculty of illustrating her arguments by a wit, making her hearers give attention. She never fatigues, but generally instructs them.

Next to be called upon was our mother, Mrs. Joseph Hoyt; her subject, "Our Family." Upon this subject she spoke in substance as follows:

This reunion of our family is an occurrence which will ever be a green spot in our memories, and we appreciate the loving thoughtfulness that planned and carried into execution this happy coming together of our children and grand-children. Forty-one years ago when I married your father, I fully understood that he had children, for whom I was in duty bound to do and care for in the capacity of mother as best I could. I then adopted you as my children and identified myself with all that conduced to your happiness and improvement. I have been ambitious for you, that you should be qualified to take a high position in the calling to which your inclinations and adaptations indicated as most likely to secure success, and I am happy to say I am not disappointed in your ability to sustain yourselves with honor in your chosen professions. As each went out

from under the old roof-tree, to build up homes of your own, all were very fortunate in securing companions perfectly adapted to make your homes the abodes of happiness and refinement, every one of whom we love and are happy to call sons and daughters.

One of our loved ones who had hitherto been with us in our family gatherings is absent to-day, summoned from earth in early life. We sorrow not as those without hope; yet we long for her cheery presence, forgetting that our loss is her eternal gain. I am glad her husband is with us, and thank him for the respect to her memory, and in the midst of his busy life comes to visit her old home she loved so well, thereby showing continued interest in our joys and sorrows, which we fully appreciate. We shall always be glad to greet him as one of our family. There is one thing in reference to our family that is a source of pleasure. We have been a united family, no dissensions between its different members, but all disposed to regard each other with the affection that

should exist between those so closely allied. We feel your presence a benediction, and when you are away loving thoughts and earnest wishes follow children and grand-children for your prosperity and happiness, not only as regards things pertaining to this life, but that by the mercy and loving kindness of our Savior and continued obedience to the requirements of God's word, we may all be united in heaven.

I am glad that an opportunity like this has been given me to thank you for all your unvaried kindness to me in all those years that I have been unable to do many things for my family, which would have been a pleasure to have done, not alone from a sense of duty, but because I love you all.

OUR FAMILY NAME—JESSIE S. HOYT.

We sing our name, but not to claim
Priority to others;
For they and we are from one tree
And all mankind are brothers.
Nor does it claim to rhyme with fame,
Yet 'tis with honor blended,
For H and O in Hoyt, you know,
From honor are descended.

A noble name, but whence it came,
I know the merest moiety;
In sooth, to me, our pedigree
Seems rather—Hoyty-toity.
Had it been mine to be the vine—
The patriarch cucumber
Whence we have grown—we would have
[known
Each other now by—number.

A working name—for we can frame
All sorts of things together;
A house, a bark, a shrewd remark,
Or stories—tough as leather;
Can make a law and pick a flaw,
(But cannot pick a pocket),
Yet what is worse, can write you verse,
As spiteful as—a rocket!

An honest name—that in the game
Of war is not—a traitor;
Nor do you see H-o-y-t
Spell “shoddy speculator;”
Nor lend its aid to tricks of trade,
Nor swindling corporation,
Nor to applaud a pious fraud,
Or stain a reputation.

A generous name—that keeps the flame
Of friendship brightly burning,
And opes its doors and ample stores
To all the tribe returning;

As we are here, with festive cheer,
Like Jack and Jenny Horner,
To tell our tale and quaff our ale
In the ancient chimney corner.

It loves romance, and aye, the glance
Of woman, youth, and beauty,
And reverend age, but most the page
Of sacred truth and duty.
In every art it bears a part,
In every profession,
And with the press it makes, I guess,
A very deep impression.

Brave name—that dares the fiercest cares
That rise in life's commotion,
Still steering strong its course along
The world's tempestuous ocean;
And knows no fear if still it hear
Its truth and manhood crying,
Up Hoyts, once more, and reach the shore
With all your colors flying!

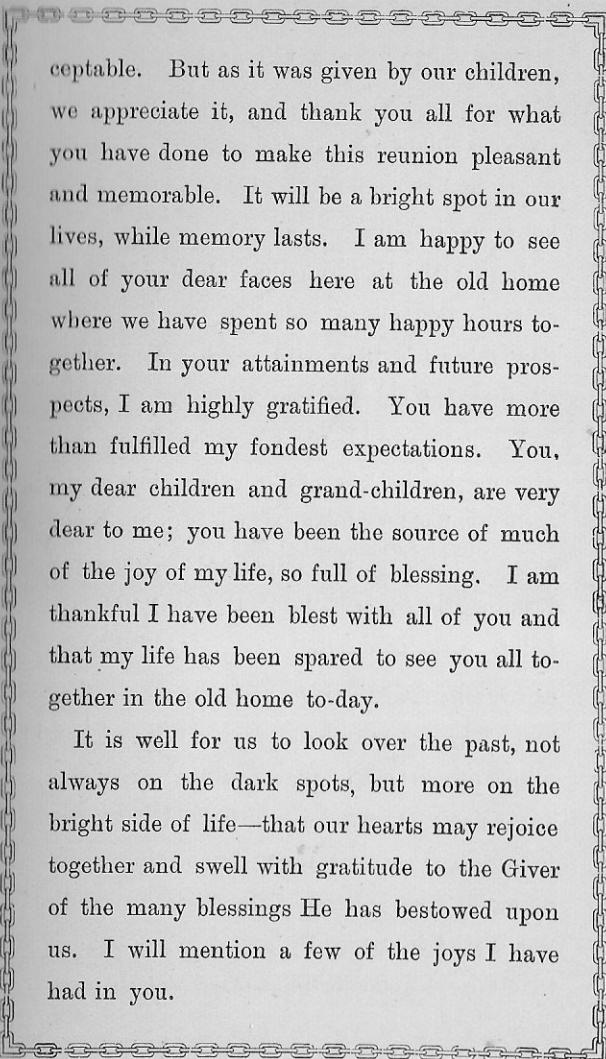
When thrice the clang of conflict rang
And liberty was weeping,
And valiant men o'er hill and glen
In martial ranks were sweeping,
Upon the scroll, the mighty roll
Of battle's bloody story,
We point with pride to those who died
To give our name to glory.

O'er all the states, the Hoyts and Haits
And Hyatts wide are spreading;
And people say that every day
We have a birth and—wedding!
Hail, gallant band! we'll fill the land
With freedom's sons and daughters;
And Panama town, of old renown,
Shall always be—headquarters!

Now raise the song, sincere and strong,
For all our entertainers!
God bless the fold, the young, the old,
The cottages and manors!
Be this our vow: United now
We'll ever be true-hearted
Until above we meet in love,
And nevermore be parted.

Father was next called upon, who, in his opening remarks, referred to the present that had been made to them by his children that day. The subject that he spoke upon afterwards was "Our Children." What he said is in substance given below:

We thank you for this magnificent gift of china. If this gift had been bestowed on us by the public, or even by our friends outside of our own family, it would hardly have been ac-



ceptable. But as it was given by our children, we appreciate it, and thank you all for what you have done to make this reunion pleasant and memorable. It will be a bright spot in our lives, while memory lasts. I am happy to see all of your dear faces here at the old home where we have spent so many happy hours together. In your attainments and future prospects, I am highly gratified. You have more than fulfilled my fondest expectations. You, my dear children and grand-children, are very dear to me; you have been the source of much of the joy of my life, so full of blessing. I am thankful I have been blest with all of you and that my life has been spared to see you all together in the old home to-day.

It is well for us to look over the past, not always on the dark spots, but more on the bright side of life—that our hearts may rejoice together and swell with gratitude to the Giver of the many blessings He has bestowed upon us. I will mention a few of the joys I have had in you.

February 12th, 1837, I was blest with a dear daughter baby, to me one of the finest and sweetest children I had ever seen. I was never weary of her company. She soon learned to know and love me.

June 11th, 1838, another blessing was bestowed upon me in a darling first-born son; September 4th, 1840, still another son, unlike the first, but equally dear.

February 22d, 1842, a deep sorrow passed over me in the loss of the companion of my early manhood, and your own dear mother, who passed from us to the spirit-world, with a full assurance of immortality and eternal life, ever free from the temptations, ever safe in the joys of heaven. My three dear children were then more dear to me than ever. My heart was filled with gratitude that you were spared to me. You were my care and joy. I was never too weary to care for you. At morning, noon, or night, I was always glad to see you. We were happy in each other's society. For more than a year I supplied the place of father and

mother as best I could. March 12th, 1843, your present mother came to our home, to be a mother to you and to share with us our joys and sorrows. I was made glad to see your young hearts warming into love and affection for her, and her arms and heart so open to receive you.

We had other dear children who came as bright sunbeams to greet us and gladden our hearts, soon to pass from us to be ever safe in heaven.

March 25th, 1850, we had another daughter, I do not say superior to any of my dear children, but to me equally lovable and lovely, whose seat here is vacant to-day. She has passed before us to the other shore where we are hastening. I have other dear children by adoption; they have added much to the joy of my life. The first is my son Thaddeus, so well adapted as the companion of my first-born daughter. We have spent many years very pleasantly together in business; the remembrance is pleasant.

Another dear daughter, Emeline, so cheerful and womanly, so well adapted to make my first-born son happy. Still another comfort is my daughter Sophia, who only needs to be known to be loved, of whom her husband may well be proud. Last, but not least, is my son Willet, noble and true, well calculated to steady the buoyant spirit of the once loved child and your dear sister, who will never more greet us here. I shall always be glad to call him son and number him with us.

These dear grand-children, when I look around upon you, it seems as though I was young again, and you were my own dear children. I love you as my own. I am proud of you, and hope you will excel your parents or grand-parents in all that pertains to this world. I am happy in calling you my own children. I should be more than happy, yea rejoiced, if I could see you all fully trusting in Christ as your redeemer, taking his word as your guide. It would smooth the rough paths of this life, and give you hope of that which is to come.

May the richest blessings of God attend you while you live, and give you that mansion that is prepared for them that love Him when you pass over to the other shore.

I think it will be admitted by those that were present on this occasion, that the most interesting remarks made were those made by father and mother. What they said, their manner of saying it, and the circumstances surrounding them at the time of its delivery, the feelings manifested, and the memories it must have recalled, all tended to produce this effect.

Following this Mabelle Randolph recited the "Hanging of the Crane."

The lights are out, and gone are all the guests,
That thronging come with merriment and jest
To celebrate the hanging of the crane
In the new house,—into the night are gone;
But still the fire upon the hearth burns on,
And I alone remain.

O fortunate, O happy day,
When a new household finds its place
Among the myriad homes of earth,

Like a new star just sprung to birth,
And rolled on its harmonious way
Into the boundless realms of space!

So said the guests in speech and song,
As in the chimney, burning bright,
We hung the iron crane to-night,
And merry was the feast and long.

And now I sit and muse on what may be,
And in my vision see, or seem to see,
Through floating vapors interfused with light,
Shapes indeterminate, that gleam and flash,
As shadows passing into deeper shade
Sink and elude the sight.

For two alone, there in the hall,
Is spread the table round and small;
Upon the polished silver shine
The evening lamps, but, more divine,
The light of love shines over all;
Of love, that says not mine and thine,
But our's, for our's is thine and mine.

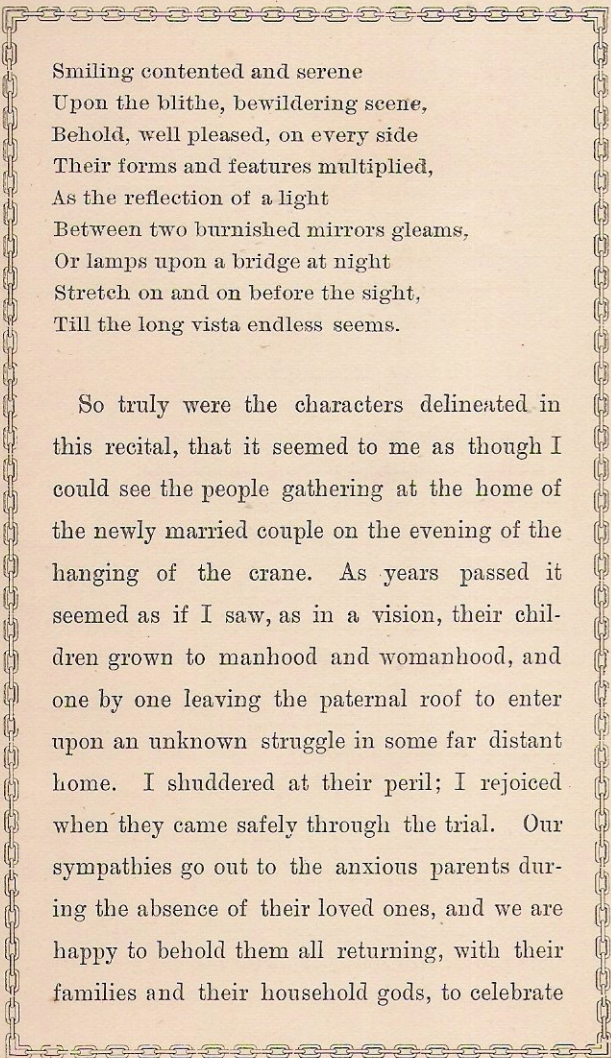
They want no guests, to come between
Their tender glances like a screen,
And tell them tales of land and sea,
And whatsoever may betide
The great, forgotten world outside;
They want no guests; they need must be
Each other's own best company.

* * * * *

After a day of cloud and wind and rain
Sometimes the sitting sun breaks out again,
And, touching all the darksome woods with light,
Smiles on the fields, until they laugh and sing,
Then like a ruby from the horizon's ring
Drops down into the night.

What see I now? The night is fair,
The storm of grief, the clouds of care,
The wind, the rain, have passed away!
The lamps are lit, the fires burn bright,
The house is full of life and light:
It is the golden wedding day.
The guests come thronging in once more.
Quick footsteps sound along the floor,
And in and out and everywhere
Flashes along the corridor
The sunshine of their golden hair,
On the round table in the hall
Another Ariadne's crown
Out of the sky hath fallen down;
More than one monarch of the moon
Is drumming with his silver spoon;
The light of love shines over all.

O fortunate, O happy day!
The people sing, the people say.
The ancient bridegroom and the bride,



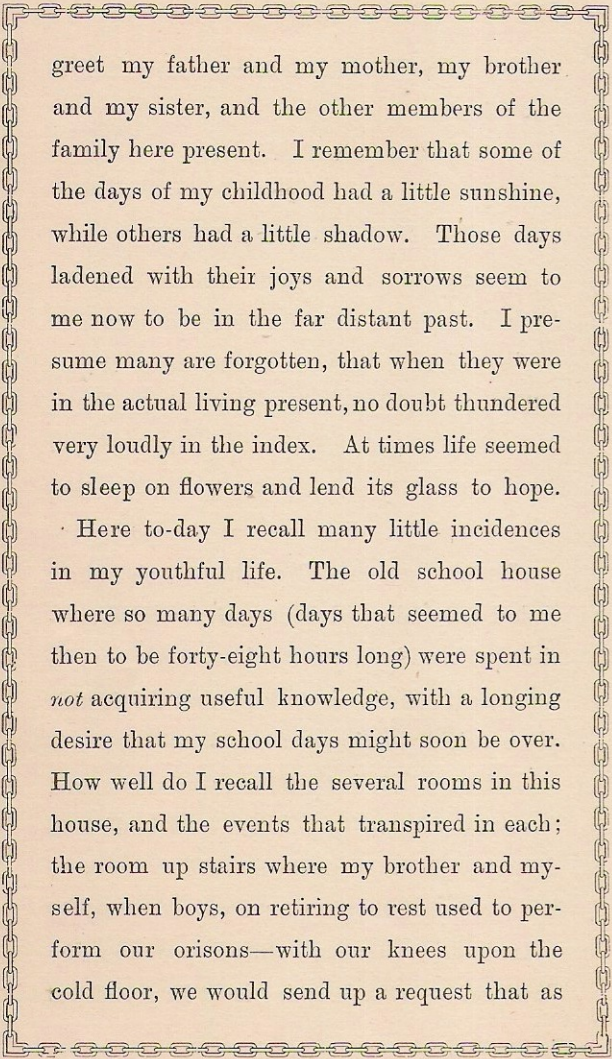
Smiling contented and serene
Upon the blithe, bewildering scene,
Behold, well pleased, on every side
Their forms and features multiplied,
As the reflection of a light
Between two burnished mirrors gleams,
Or lamps upon a bridge at night
Stretch on and on before the sight,
Till the long vista endless seems.

So truly were the characters delineated in this recital, that it seemed to me as though I could see the people gathering at the home of the newly married couple on the evening of the hanging of the crane. As years passed it seemed as if I saw, as in a vision, their children grown to manhood and womanhood, and one by one leaving the paternal roof to enter upon an unknown struggle in some far distant home. I shuddered at their peril; I rejoiced when they came safely through the trial. Our sympathies go out to the anxious parents during the absence of their loved ones, and we are happy to behold them all returning, with their families and their household gods, to celebrate

the golden wedding at the home altar with love and affection.

THE HOYT FAMILY.—H. H. HOYT.

A quarter of a century ago, inspired with the laudable desire to make for myself a name and a place, I bade farewell to the home of my childhood, and followed by the prayers of a father and the blessings of a mother, I wandered from the protecting care of home out into the world alone. How well or how poorly the conflict has been carried on, how much or how little I have taken advantage of the opportunities that have been presented, need not here be recounted. Suffice it to say, that I left this place a sickly looking youth with the rose colored views of life incident to such an age, and from that time, to this, I have been seeking to demonstrate the correctness of the theory of the survival of the fittest. I return to the old home to-day, where as a child I spent so many days, going out and coming in at its portals, to



greet my father and my mother, my brother and my sister, and the other members of the family here present. I remember that some of the days of my childhood had a little sunshine, while others had a little shadow. Those days laden with their joys and sorrows seem to me now to be in the far distant past. I presume many are forgotten, that when they were in the actual living present, no doubt thundered very loudly in the index. At times life seemed to sleep on flowers and lend its glass to hope.

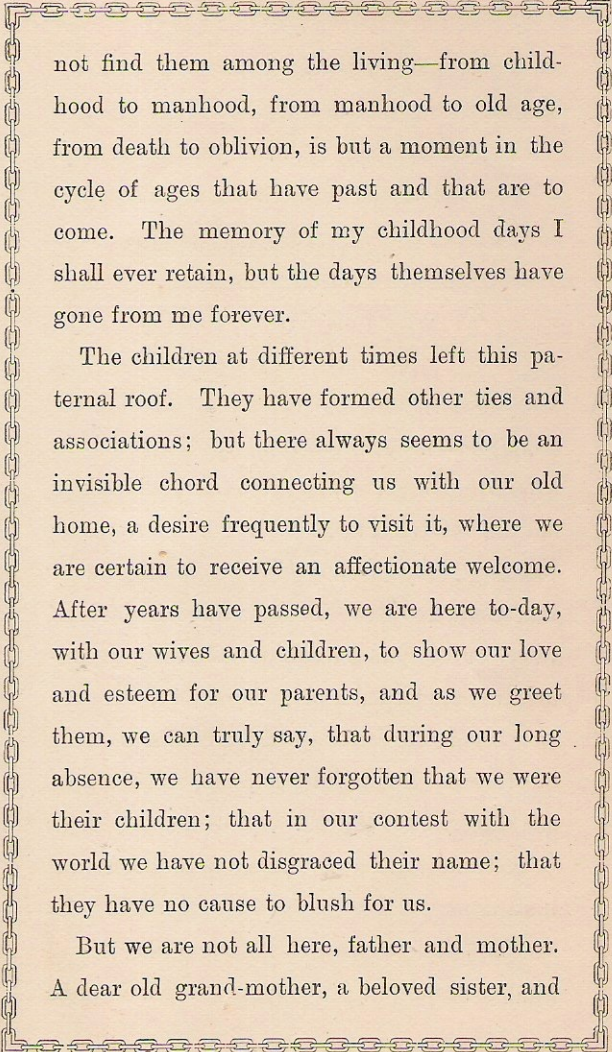
Here to-day I recall many little incidences in my youthful life. The old school house where so many days (days that seemed to me then to be forty-eight hours long) were spent in *not* acquiring useful knowledge, with a longing desire that my school days might soon be over. How well do I recall the several rooms in this house, and the events that transpired in each; the room up stairs where my brother and myself, when boys, on retiring to rest used to perform our orisons—with our knees upon the cold floor, we would send up a request that as

we were about to lay ourselves down to sleep, if we should unfortunately not live to see another sun, that the Lord would be kind enough to take charge of our little souls and keep them until called for.

But the halcyon days of my childhood were those that were passed within the sacred walls of the old church where I used to go for consolation, and instruction as a constant and consistent devotee. I distinctly remember the hard board I used to sit on. I have a vivid recollection of the still harder sermons I then heard, and the beautiful figures of speech so frequently made use of, so soothing in their effects to a sinner, as the preacher unfolded to his congregation the future rewards in store for the good, and the fearful torments of the damned. I can in my imagination people the room then occupied for prayer meetings with the same persons that so frequently attended years ago, and it seems now as if I heard their voices, giving their experience and the evidence they had that they would wear the crown after

life's fitful fever was over. One person in particular, is impressed with the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, as he stands in the presence of his brethren—his limbs shrivelled with age, his head frosted with the snows of many winters—he is saying in a palsied voice that he feels his days are numbered, the sands of his life have nearly run, a few more days at most and he will not be among the living, he will soon be borne hence and buried where the roses bloom—beneath the clods of the valley—and I hear the rest of the brethren shouting "Thank God," not that they were glad that the old man was so soon to pass away—for he was a respectable member of this community; he had lived a blameless life among them—but the brethren, when the spirit moved, had become so used to expressing themselves, that they took little heed as to whether their remarks were or were not appropriate to the occasion.

I can people this small village with old and familiar faces, but if I seek them now, I shall



not find them among the living—from childhood to manhood, from manhood to old age, from death to oblivion, is but a moment in the cycle of ages that have past and that are to come. The memory of my childhood days I shall ever retain, but the days themselves have gone from me forever.

The children at different times left this paternal roof. They have formed other ties and associations; but there always seems to be an invisible chord connecting us with our old home, a desire frequently to visit it, where we are certain to receive an affectionate welcome. After years have passed, we are here to-day, with our wives and children, to show our love and esteem for our parents, and as we greet them, we can truly say, that during our long absence, we have never forgotten that we were their children; that in our contest with the world we have not disgraced their name; that they have no cause to blush for us.

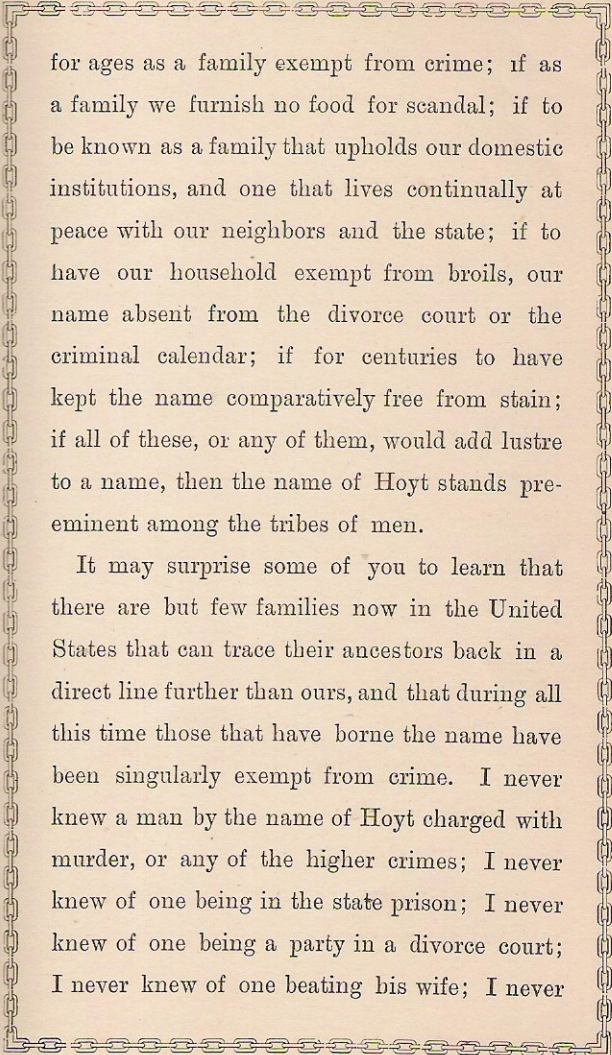
But we are not all here, father and mother. A dear old grand-mother, a beloved sister, and

some of our little ones are not among our number, they have passed away.

Alas, we have all drank of that bitter cup. We have all learned by actual experience that

“There is a reaper, whose name is death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.”

It is fitting and appropriate at such a gathering as this, that something should be said in regard to our ancestors. We all should take a natural interest in the name we bear. Who does not feel identified with his family name? Our's may not be an illustrious one, if deeds of valor, or of statesmanship sufficiently prominent to be awarded a place in history, were the only means to be adopted to render a name illustrious. But if long lives of usefulness to ourselves, to society and to government; if to be instrumental in advancing civilization to a higher plane; if to be found encouraging the arts and the sciences; if to be on the side of good government; if to dignify labor; if to be



for ages as a family exempt from crime; if as a family we furnish no food for scandal; if to be known as a family that upholds our domestic institutions, and one that lives continually at peace with our neighbors and the state; if to have our household exempt from broils, our name absent from the divorce court or the criminal calendar; if for centuries to have kept the name comparatively free from stain; if all of these, or any of them, would add lustre to a name, then the name of Hoyt stands pre-eminent among the tribes of men.

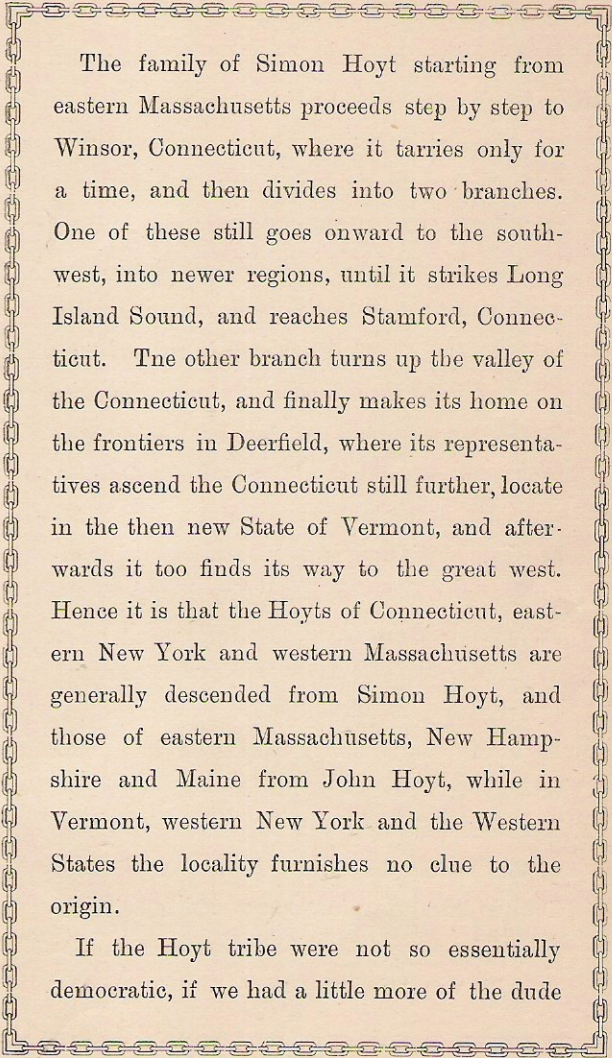
It may surprise some of you to learn that there are but few families now in the United States that can trace their ancestors back in a direct line further than ours, and that during all this time those that have borne the name have been singularly exempt from crime. I never knew a man by the name of Hoyt charged with murder, or any of the higher crimes; I never knew of one being in the state prison; I never knew of one being a party in a divorce court; I never knew of one beating his wife; I never

knew of one whose name was connected with scandal; I never knew of one that did not honor his father and his mother.

We form a large tribe related in some degree of kinship with each other. There are supposed now to be about fifteen thousand of that name in the United States. Our family has lived in this country nearly as long as this country has been inhabited by white men. But a little more than one hundred years had passed after this continent was discovered by Columbus before our family was established in this country. The first successful colony of Massachusetts, composed of about one hundred persons, came in the Mayflower December 22d, 1620; one-half of that number died within a year. The next successful settlement was made at Salem in 1628. Our family were certainly here before 1628; how much earlier is not known. We were certainly among the very earliest settlers in Massachusetts. We were here one hundred and forty-six years before the revolutionary war.

In fact we are of the old original Puritan blood; that gloomy, austere, self-mortifying, fanatical religious sect, that rejoiced in the suppression of all the buoyant and happy feelings natural to the human race, who braved the terrors of the then unknown sea, seeking a place on the virgin soil of a new world, and casting a gloom over its natural beauties. No where did the spirit of Puritanism in its evil, as well as good, more thoroughly express itself than in Massachusetts. From their loins have we come, for they were our ancestors. From what part of the world the Hoyt family came, whether from England, Germany or Holland, is not definitely known. The first of that name that we have any record of as being in this country was John Hoyt. If he had a father, and I assume he must have had one, nothing is now known of him, but that John Hoyt was born about 1610, and that he was one of the original settlers of Amesbury, Massachusetts, we have positive proof. That we are his descendants will appear hereafter. There seems to be a

tradition in the Hoyt family that originally three brothers came to this country, but there is nothing to base such tradition upon. History tells us of John and Simon Hoyt, the originators and progenitors of the whole Hoyt tribe in this country being in Massachusetts. John Hoyt had a family, and was in a place subsequently called Salsbury previous to 1639. Simon Hoyt was in Salem in 1629. Whether they were brothers is not known. John Hoyt lived and died in Amesbury, Massachusetts, and three generations of Hoyts did the same. From that place its members passed into the adjoining parts of New Hampshire, along the sea coasts into Maine, and up the Merrimac to Concord, and the newer and more remote parts of New Hampshire, till they joined the other stream from western Massachusetts and aided in peopling Vermont. The family then sent colonies to western New York and helped to swell the tide setting towards the west, but it has always left some to bear the name in the old town of Amesbury from which it sprang.



The family of Simon Hoyt starting from eastern Massachusetts proceeds step by step to Winsor, Connecticut, where it tarries only for a time, and then divides into two branches. One of these still goes onward to the southwest, into newer regions, until it strikes Long Island Sound, and reaches Stamford, Connecticut. The other branch turns up the valley of the Connecticut, and finally makes its home on the frontiers in Deerfield, where its representatives ascend the Connecticut still further, locate in the then new State of Vermont, and afterwards it too finds its way to the great west. Hence it is that the Hoyts of Connecticut, eastern New York and western Massachusetts are generally descended from Simon Hoyt, and those of eastern Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine from John Hoyt, while in Vermont, western New York and the Western States the locality furnishes no clue to the origin.

If the Hoyt tribe were not so essentially democratic, if we had a little more of the dude

in our composition, and desired to trace our origin to some person who formerly held a patent of nobility, we might lay claims to that distinguished honor. You have before you a correct copy of the coat of arms of the German branch of our family. It is a red device on a white shield; the animal in the crest is said to be a wolf; one of the wings is red and the other white; the helmet is the open helm of the German Empire, and does not indicate the rank; the coronet resembles that of a German duke, but it does not here determine the rank, as it is above the helmet instead of resting directly upon the shield. I give it not as the arms of the American Hoyts, but simply as an object of interest to those bearing the name.

Every descendent of the Puritans should feel an interest in whatever relates to them and their times, but that interest is greatly increased when one feels that he is acquiring knowledge of his family ancestors, those whose blood flows in his own veins, and to whom he is indebted for many traits of his character, and indeed his very being.

I propose to give the geneology of the branch of the Hoyt family from which we are directly descended. You will find that the family is hoary with age if nothing more, and if there is anything in purity of blood, as a family we ought to be the peer of any in America.

First Generation.—John Hoyt was born in 1610. He lived and died in Amesbury, Massachusetts; he was a Puritan; he was the father of thirteen children; he died in 1687.

Second Generation.—John Hoyt, son of the above, was born in 1638. He married Mary Barnes June 23, 1659; he was the father of ten children; he was killed by the Indians in Andover, Massachusetts, on the road to Haverhill, August 13, 1696.

Third Generation.—Joseph Hoyt, son of the above, was born July 14, 1666. He married Dorothy Worthen, October 5, 1702. He was the father of eight children; he died in 1720.

Fourth Generation.—John Hoyt the eldest son of the above, was born July 2, 1703. He married Mary Eastman of Salsbury, Massa-

chusetts, December 15, 1726; he was the father of seven children; he died in 1754.

Fifth Generation.—Captain Joseph Hoyt, son of the above, was born at a place called Lion's Mouth, Massachusetts, in the year 1727. He married Sarah Collins. Removed to Brentwood, New Hampshire, as early as 1752, in that part incorporated as Poplin in 1764. He was taxed in Poplin as late as 1772, but he very soon after removed to Grafton, New Hampshire, being one of the earliest settlers of that place. Tradition says that the first apple trees set out in Grafton consisted of one hundred trees carried there from Poplin by the wife of Joseph Hoyt. It is said that Joseph raised twenty men and went as captain when the Indians burnt Royalton, but he did not reach that place. He was the father of eight children; he died in 1808.

Sixth Generation.—Joseph Hoyt, son of the above, was born October 17, 1754. He married Polly Cass; he lived in Grafton, New Hampshire, until about 1800, then removed to Bolton,

Lower Canada. He was the father of fifteen children; he was my father's grand-father.

Seventh Generation.—Joseph Hoyt, son of the above, was my grand-father. He was born March 5, 1775, in Grafton, New Hampshire; he married Sally Stevens of Enfield, New Hampshire, May 3, 1798; he was the father of fourteen children; he died in Bolton, Canada, August 27, 1849.

Eighth Generation.—Joseph Hoyt, my father, was the son of the above. He was born March 7, 1809; he was twice married; his first wife, Sarah Boyce, was my mother; he married my mother November 17, 1835; my father is still living; my mother died February 22, 1842; there were three children by this marriage, all of them are present here to-day with their families.

Ninth Generation.—I am the youngest son of Joseph Hoyt. I was born September 4, 1840; married November 25, 1865, Sophia J. Silsbee, and live in East Saginaw, Michigan. We have one child.

Tenth Generation. — Jessie Silsbee Hoyt, daughter of the above, was born at East Saginaw, Michigan, June 12, 1869, and is present here to-day.

It will be seen that we have here to-day the eighth, ninth and tenth generations of the Hoyt family in America. That from the first to the tenth generation two hundred and seventy-four years have passed. Our family has lived in America at least two hundred and fifty-five years. Our names are not on the pages of history as having acted an important part in any of the great events that have transpired on this continent. We have been satisfied in occupying a middle position, between the very great and the very mean. We have always belonged to the middle classes; to that class in society upon whom rests the perpetuation of our free institutions; to that class in every government that stands between the upper and lower grades of society, and protects each from the other. No revolution, no change in the forms of government, no correction of the abuses of power,

whether coming from the higher or lower classes, can be maintained or become permanent without the aid of this class to which we belong. History awards to this class and to its fostering care the growth of all the good that has been maintained and perpetuated in government, and to it is due the civil liberty and the civilization we now enjoy.

We occupy the golden mean of which the poet has said:

“He that holds fast to the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor;
Nor plagues, that haunt the rich man’s door,
Imbittering all his state.”

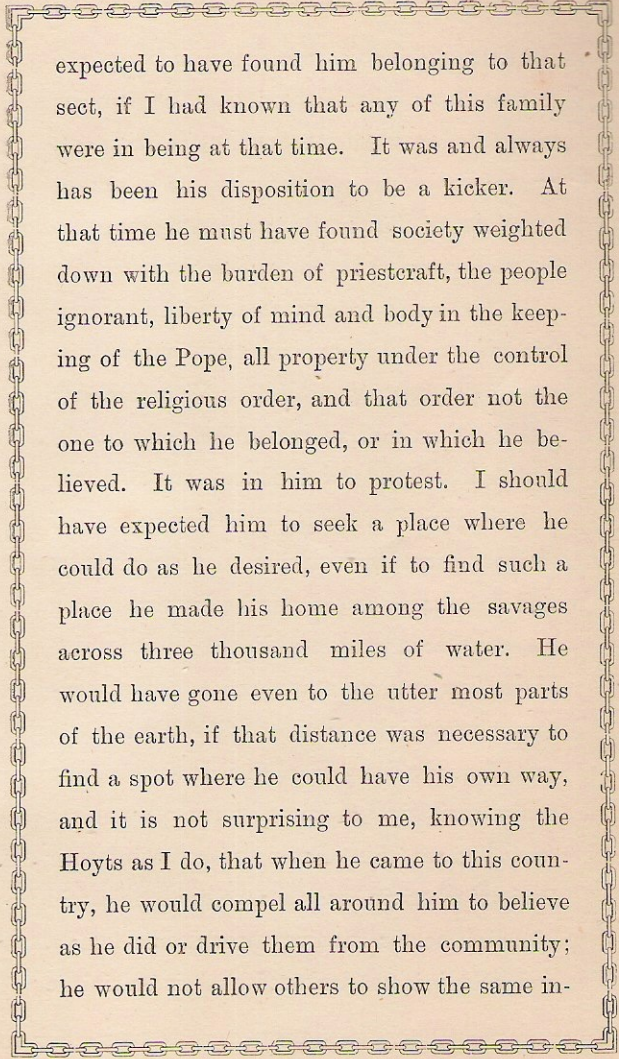
We claim to be a people of a sober, sound, practicable turn of mind, not running to fancies, not extravagantly ambitious, neither given to innovations nor opposed to progress—a common sense order taught in the common schools, skilled in the useful arts, and furnishing here and there minds of the highest type. The

Hoyt family in point of personal appearance, moral stamina and general respectability will compare favorably with any other name or family in this or any other country.

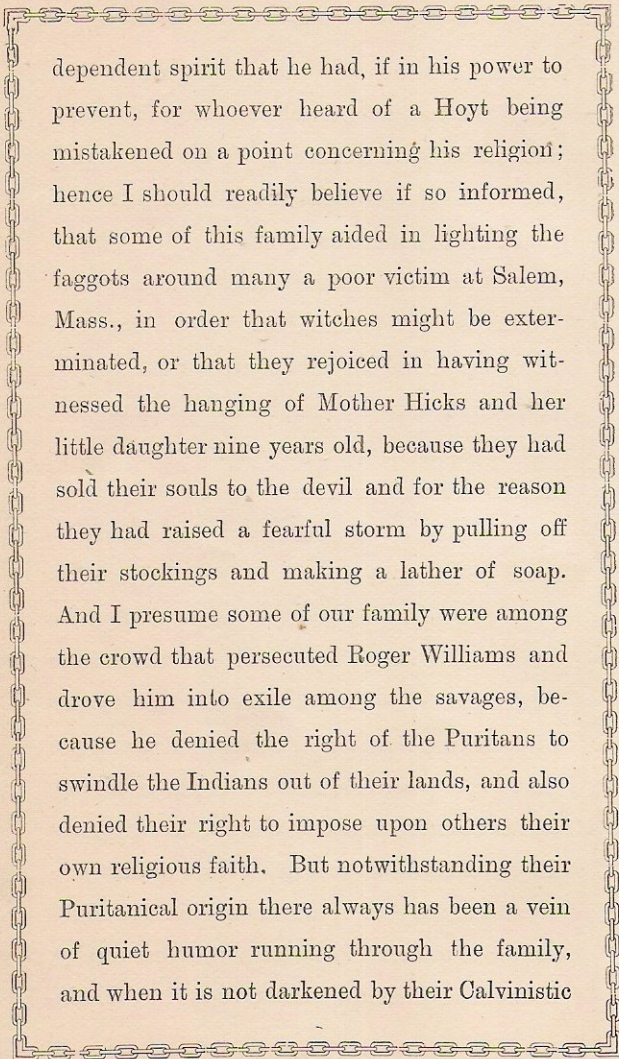
We have certain traits or characteristics more or less prominently developed in every member of this large family. The lines around our mouths indicate firmness. We have a peculiar walk. We have a good constitution, are strong and active, and generally healthy. We obey the Bible in its commands to multiply and replenish the earth. Generally we are kind and agreeable in our families, furnishing no material for scandal, live happily with our wives, and are indulgent to our children.

The most prominent of all our characteristics is our independence. There are few hypocrites in the Hoyt family. We never have, to any alarming extent, crooked the pregnant hinges of the knees that thrift might follow fawning.

It does not surprise me that the originator of this family was a Puritan. I should have



expected to have found him belonging to that sect, if I had known that any of this family were in being at that time. It was and always has been his disposition to be a kicker. At that time he must have found society weighted down with the burden of priestcraft, the people ignorant, liberty of mind and body in the keeping of the Pope, all property under the control of the religious order, and that order not the one to which he belonged, or in which he believed. It was in him to protest. I should have expected him to seek a place where he could do as he desired, even if to find such a place he made his home among the savages across three thousand miles of water. He would have gone even to the utter most parts of the earth, if that distance was necessary to find a spot where he could have his own way, and it is not surprising to me, knowing the Hoyts as I do, that when he came to this country, he would compel all around him to believe as he did or drive them from the community; he would not allow others to show the same in-

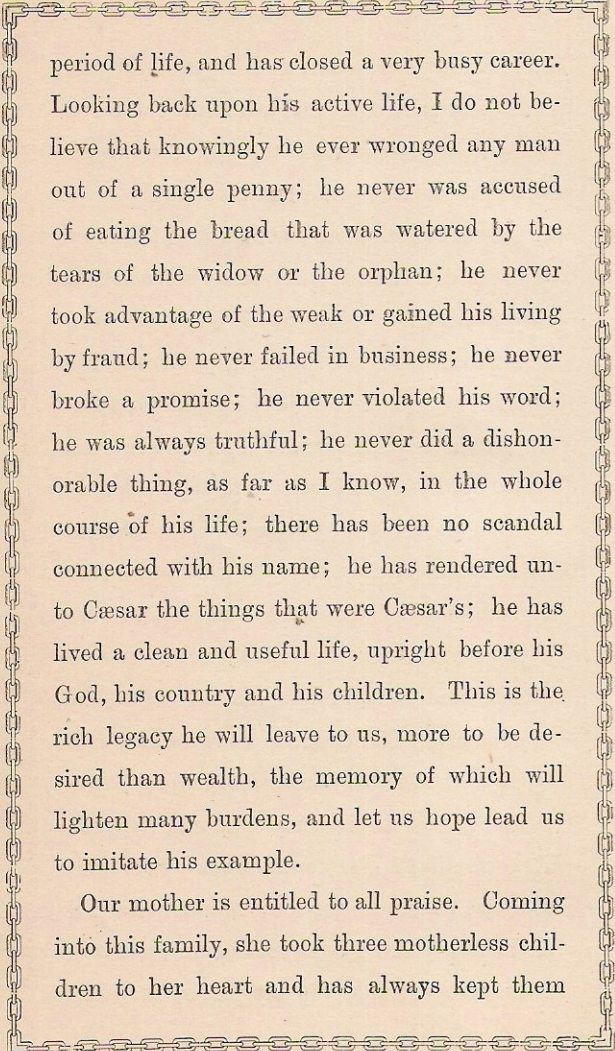


dependent spirit that he had, if in his power to prevent, for whoever heard of a Hoyt being mistaken on a point concerning his religion; hence I should readily believe if so informed, that some of this family aided in lighting the faggots around many a poor victim at Salem, Mass., in order that witches might be exterminated, or that they rejoiced in having witnessed the hanging of Mother Hicks and her little daughter nine years old, because they had sold their souls to the devil and for the reason they had raised a fearful storm by pulling off their stockings and making a lather of soap. And I presume some of our family were among the crowd that persecuted Roger Williams and drove him into exile among the savages, because he denied the right of the Puritans to swindle the Indians out of their lands, and also denied their right to impose upon others their own religious faith. But notwithstanding their Puritanical origin there always has been a vein of quiet humor running through the family, and when it is not darkened by their Calvinistic

theories they are pleasant companions. They are a very religious family, but they never advance in their religious ideas. The same cold, hard, morbid Puritanical faith that their forefathers had, they have to-day. They never have learned anything new on this subject, and they never will.

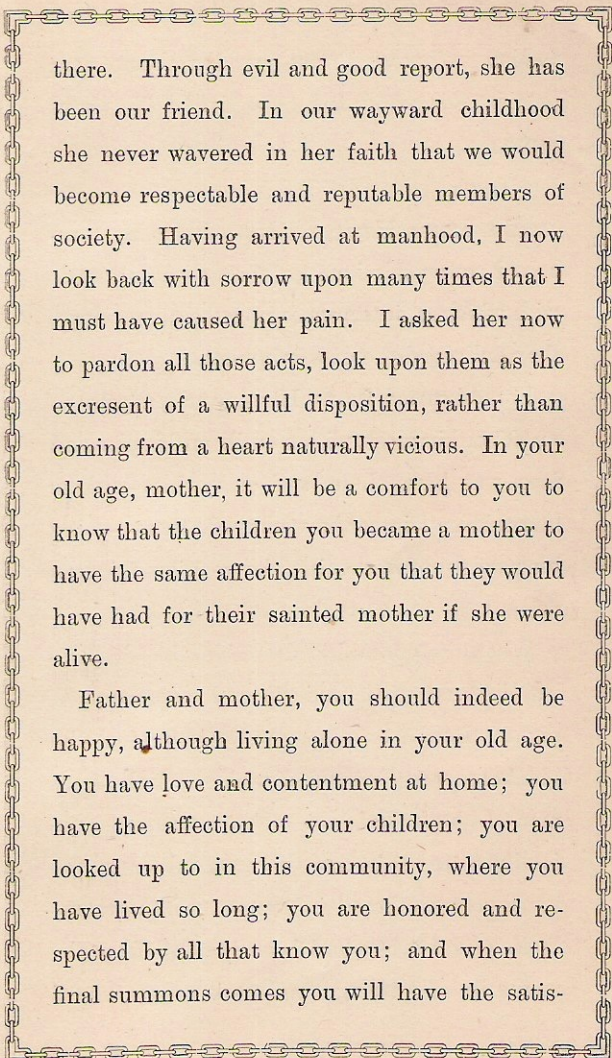
There is another peculiarity in the Hoyt family. The men generally have the good fortune to marry good wives, and the Hoyt maidens, by their gentle charms, have as a rule won for themselves good husbands. The husband feels that his honor is safe in her keeping. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not of the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her.

Before concluding my remarks upon the Hoyt family, I wish to say a word in reference to our father and mother. Father is a living example of what I consider the highest type of manhood. He has already passed the allotted



period of life, and has closed a very busy career. Looking back upon his active life, I do not believe that knowingly he ever wronged any man out of a single penny; he never was accused of eating the bread that was watered by the tears of the widow or the orphan; he never took advantage of the weak or gained his living by fraud; he never failed in business; he never broke a promise; he never violated his word; he was always truthful; he never did a dishonorable thing, as far as I know, in the whole course of his life; there has been no scandal connected with his name; he has rendered unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's; he has lived a clean and useful life, upright before his God, his country and his children. This is the rich legacy he will leave to us, more to be desired than wealth, the memory of which will lighten many burdens, and let us hope lead us to imitate his example.

Our mother is entitled to all praise. Coming into this family, she took three motherless children to her heart and has always kept them



there. Through evil and good report, she has been our friend. In our wayward childhood she never wavered in her faith that we would become respectable and reputable members of society. Having arrived at manhood, I now look back with sorrow upon many times that I must have caused her pain. I asked her now to pardon all those acts, look upon them as the excrescent of a willful disposition, rather than coming from a heart naturally vicious. In your old age, mother, it will be a comfort to you to know that the children you became a mother to have the same affection for you that they would have had for their sainted mother if she were alive.

Father and mother, you should indeed be happy, although living alone in your old age. You have love and contentment at home; you have the affection of your children; you are looked up to in this community, where you have lived so long; you are honored and respected by all that know you; and when the final summons comes you will have the satis-

faction in knowing that you have done your duty in this world and have lived a life above reproach.

Miss Emma Hoyt and Miss Jessie Hoyt received congratulations for the delightful music with which, at intervals during the proceedings, they enlivened the entertainment.

Large-hearted Frank Hoyt, ever ready to do an act of kindness, with a smile on his pleasant face, was here, there, and everywhere—where he could anticipate the wishes of others—doing his part towards making the reunion a joyous one.

When the guests left the table, the shadows had begun to fall, indicating the approach of night. In the evening, the trees around the old home were beautified with the light from many Chinese lanterns. The members of the family seated either on the verandah or in the house were gathered in groups, relating some little incident that had been recalled from the memories of long ago, and each congratulated

the other on the success that had crowned their efforts.

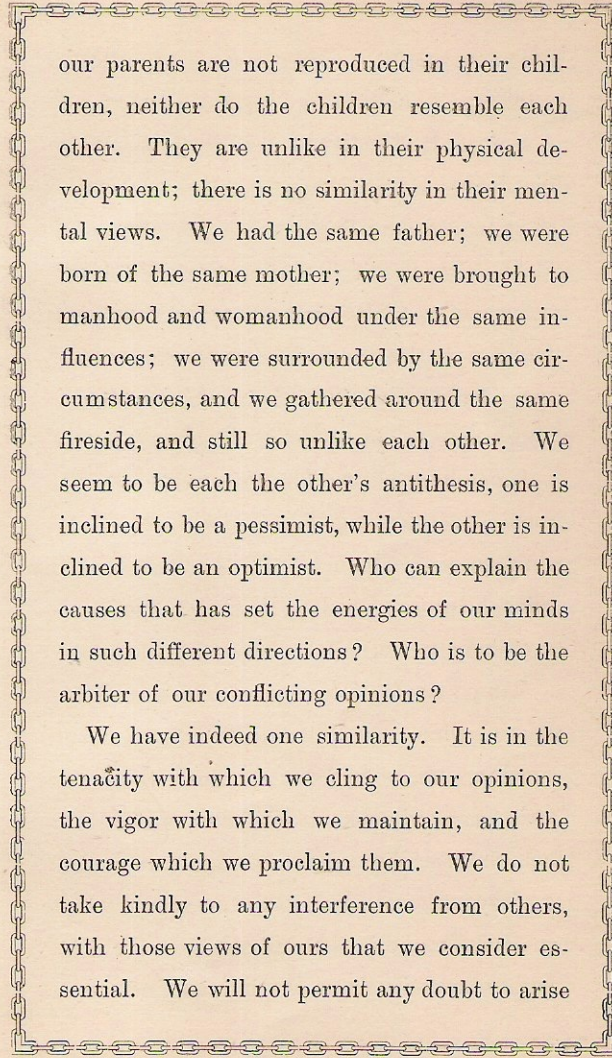
It must not be supposed that because the Hoyts pushed themselves to the front and had more to say in the family discourses than the adopted members, that for this reason they were entitled to claim all the credit in happily conceiving and bringing to a successful conclusion the auspicious event in the lives of this branch of the Hoyt family. Far be it. I do not propose to take from the laurel wreath willingly placed on their brows one leaf that might detract from their splendid victory. To the successful accomplishment of such an undertaking there must be a division of labor; they voluntarily took upon themselves the much harder task of aiding in preparing the feast, and assisting in the general supervision of the affair. By doing this, and doing it well, they materially increased the pleasures of those around them.

No member of the family would grudgingly award praise to Mrs. C. W. Hoyt, and I may

include without egotism Mrs. H. H. Hoyt— although only Hoyts by adoption, the love they bore their husbands and their husbands' families made their pleasures equal to our own at the successful conclusion of this reunion.

Thus ended the first family reunion of the immediate relatives of this branch of the Hoyt family. It began in the anticipation of a pleasant meeting, it ended in entire satisfaction to all.

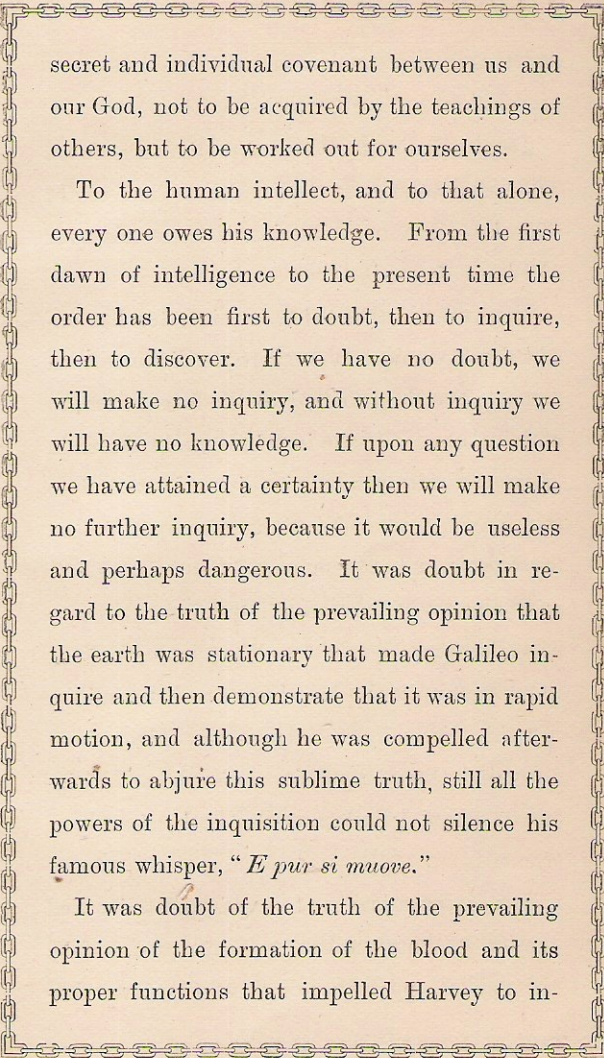
I may be permitted in conclusion to notice some of the striking characteristics of the elder children of this branch of the family. Who will solve the problem evolved in that wonderful and mysterious law of nature that impels the parents to stamp upon the faces of their offsprings a likeness of themselves? It is a very common occurrence, we often hear the remark, what a striking family resemblance this child has to his parent. But in our family, with perhaps the exception of my sister, who is said to resemble my mother, but little trace of this family resemblance can be found. The features of



our parents are not reproduced in their children, neither do the children resemble each other. They are unlike in their physical development; there is no similarity in their mental views. We had the same father; we were born of the same mother; we were brought to manhood and womanhood under the same influences; we were surrounded by the same circumstances, and we gathered around the same fireside, and still so unlike each other. We seem to be each the other's antithesis, one is inclined to be a pessimist, while the other is inclined to be an optimist. Who can explain the causes that has set the energies of our minds in such different directions? Who is to be the arbiter of our conflicting opinions?

We have indeed one similarity. It is in the tenacity with which we cling to our opinions, the vigor with which we maintain, and the courage which we proclaim them. We do not take kindly to any interference from others, with those views of ours that we consider essential. We will not permit any doubt to arise

in our own minds as to their correctness. We are inclined to be intolerant, and ostracize from our society all those that call them in question. This characteristic is one of the legacies inherited by us from our Puritan and Calvinistic ancestors. In all things that are susceptible of demonstration, little injury to any one but ourselves can in the end arise from such pugnacious dispositions. But it is in those opinions of ours, upon subjects about which nothing is known, or ever will be known on this side of the grave, the base and superstructure of which must necessarily rest upon faith and belief, and as to the truth or error of such opinions, one is as likely to be right as the other, because they are not susceptible of proof which are correct and which are false. It is of opinions formed on such subjects as these that we should learn toleration. We have no right to touch those sublime questions, that are to be solved by each according to the measure of his own soul, that lie in that unknown tract which separate the finite from the infinite, and are a



secret and individual covenant between us and our God, not to be acquired by the teachings of others, but to be worked out for ourselves.

To the human intellect, and to that alone, every one owes his knowledge. From the first dawn of intelligence to the present time the order has been first to doubt, then to inquire, then to discover. If we have no doubt, we will make no inquiry, and without inquiry we will have no knowledge. If upon any question we have attained a certainty then we will make no further inquiry, because it would be useless and perhaps dangerous. It was doubt in regard to the truth of the prevailing opinion that the earth was stationary that made Galileo inquire and then demonstrate that it was in rapid motion, and although he was compelled afterwards to abjure this sublime truth, still all the powers of the inquisition could not silence his famous whisper, "*E pur si muove.*"

It was doubt of the truth of the prevailing opinion of the formation of the blood and its proper functions that impelled Harvey to in-

quire and then to demonstrate the fact of its circulation.

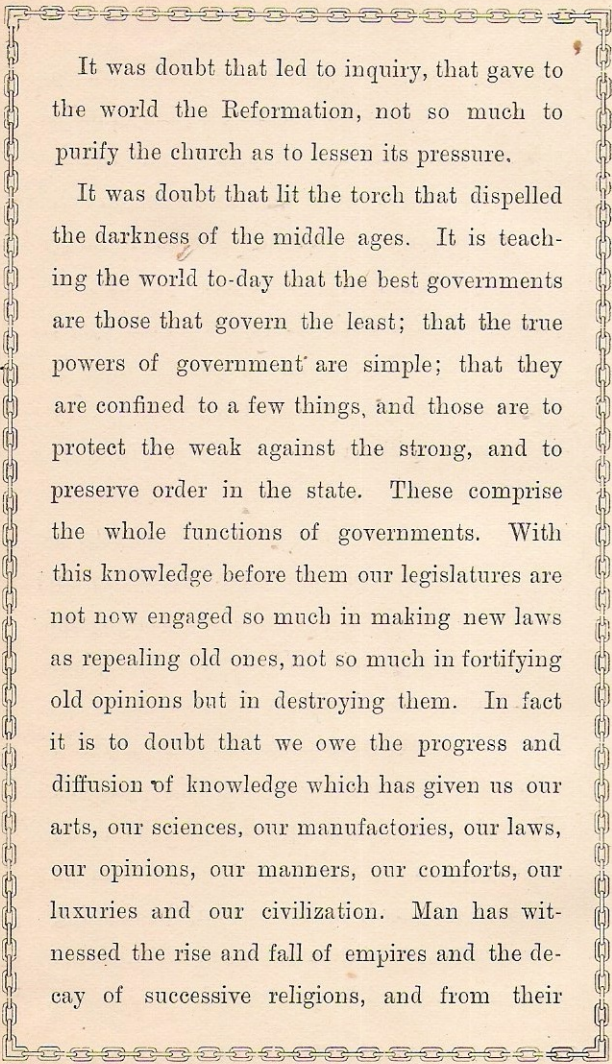
It was doubt as to whether the true cause was yet known why bodies fell to the earth, that led Newton to inquire, then to discover the laws of gravitation.

It was doubt that led to inquiry, that has enabled astronomers to measure the distance from the earth to the sun and to the fixed stars, to weigh them as it were in a balance, to ascertain their orbit, to give their dimensions and to speculate on their functions, and open to our view the grand mechanism of the universe.

It was doubt that led to inquiry and then to the discovery that it was the shadow of the earth cast upon the sun that caused the eclipse. By this discovery knowledge has driven from the mind those superstitious fears born of ignorance that followed on the heels of such an event.

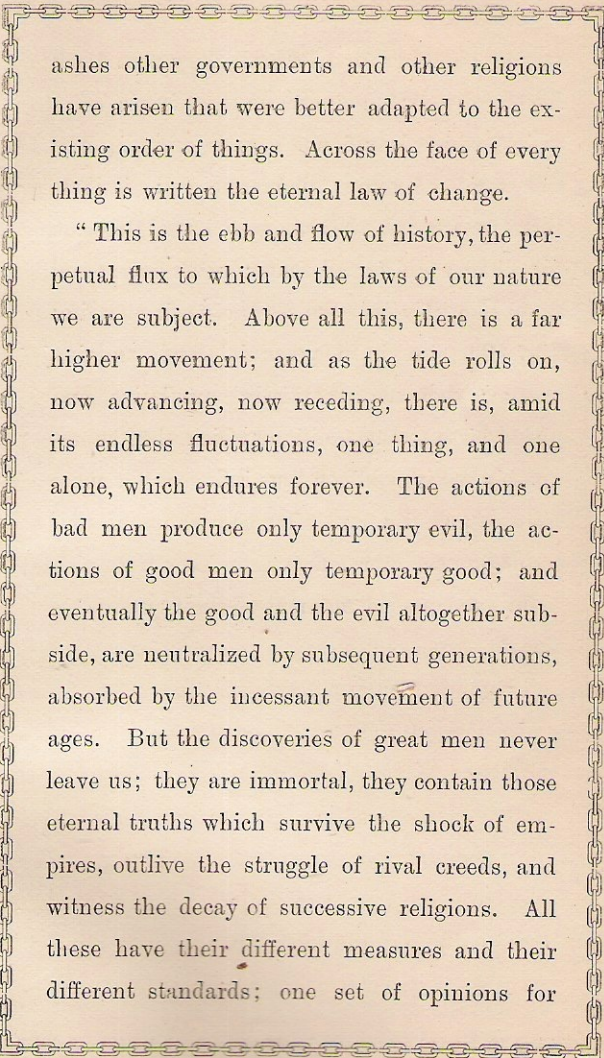
It was doubt leading to inquiry that dispelled the terrors from the human mind, produced by the sudden appearance of those erratic wander-

ers—the comets, as in their magnetic sweep they moved with such amazing rapidity in the side real heaven. They appear to our vision, and while we gaze at them, they grow dim and finally disappear from our view, continuing their rapid flight, until years have passed they reappear again, having completed their cycle, governed by a law so exact that the date of their return may be predicted long before they arrive with mathematical certainty. In their wanderings what worlds have they discovered, what wonders have they seen, what intelligent beings in other planets have beheld them. Even the imagination stands amazed at the immensity of space. When we contemplate these things how insignificant does man appear. And yet notwithstanding these facts, with what boldness he asserts his opinions. With what certainty he predicts the home he will occupy in the hereafter—even the form he will then assume is known to him, the clothing he will wear, and the material out of which his dwelling place will be constructed.



It was doubt that led to inquiry, that gave to the world the Reformation, not so much to purify the church as to lessen its pressure.

It was doubt that lit the torch that dispelled the darkness of the middle ages. It is teaching the world to-day that the best governments are those that govern the least; that the true powers of government are simple; that they are confined to a few things, and those are to protect the weak against the strong, and to preserve order in the state. These comprise the whole functions of governments. With this knowledge before them our legislatures are not now engaged so much in making new laws as repealing old ones, not so much in fortifying old opinions but in destroying them. In fact it is to doubt that we owe the progress and diffusion of knowledge which has given us our arts, our sciences, our manufactories, our laws, our opinions, our manners, our comforts, our luxuries and our civilization. Man has witnessed the rise and fall of empires and the decay of successive religions, and from their



ashes other governments and other religions have arisen that were better adapted to the existing order of things. Across the face of every thing is written the eternal law of change.

“ This is the ebb and flow of history, the perpetual flux to which by the laws of our nature we are subject. Above all this, there is a far higher movement; and as the tide rolls on, now advancing, now receding, there is, amid its endless fluctuations, one thing, and one alone, which endures forever. The actions of bad men produce only temporary evil, the actions of good men only temporary good; and eventually the good and the evil altogether subside, are neutralized by subsequent generations, absorbed by the incessant movement of future ages. But the discoveries of great men never leave us; they are immortal, they contain those eternal truths which survive the shock of empires, outlive the struggle of rival creeds, and witness the decay of successive religions. All these have their different measures and their different standards; one set of opinions for

one age, another for another. They pass away like a dream; they are as the fabric of a vision, which leaves not a rack behind. The discoveries of genius alone remains; it is to them we owe all that we now have, they are for all ages and for all times; never young and never old, they bear the seeds of their own life; they flow on in a perennial and undying stream; they are essentially cumulative, and giving birth to the additions which they subsequently receive. They thus influence the most distant posterity, and after the elapse of centuries produce more effect than they were able to do even at the moment of their promulgation."

