

REMINISCENCES OF DR. JOHN PARK.

BY EDWARD H. HALL.

IN the Report of the Council of this Society, at the meeting held April 28, 1852, is a brief notice of Dr. John Park, member of the Society from 1831 to his death in 1852, and member of the Council from 1832 to 1843. The singular beauty and dignity of Dr. Park's character, together with his noteworthy services in the cause of early female education, have been thought by some who remember him, to demand a fuller notice of his life, before the last of his many pupils, or of his immediate family, should have passed from the stage. It is from the reminiscences of these friends, and from a diary of Dr. Park's, kept punctiliously for many years, written with a clearness and elegance which put most of our modern penmanship to the blush, that the present paper is drawn.

John Park, son of Andrew and Mary (Cochran) Park, was born, January 7, 1775, in the little town of Windham, N. H. He came of Scotch-Irish ancestry, who settled in Londonderry, N. H., bringing with them vivid recollections of the great siege of Londonderry in 1689, which were often recounted to eager listeners in the farmhouses of New Hampshire. When Macaulay's History appeared, with its detailed and stirring accounts of this historic siege, the sufferings of the brave inhabitants, the attempts to relieve them, the breaking of the mighty boom which had been stretched across the river, and the arrival of vessels with food for the half-starved citizens, his narrative seemed but a repetition of the traditions so often heard from aged lips by the little children of the Windham homestead.

John Park, the oldest of seven children, was so small and feeble in his childhood that he was considered of little use on the farm, and was, consequently, allowed to follow his bent and prepare for college. He had already taught himself to write with a whittled stick upon birch-bark; and fortunately for him the clergyman of his native town, Rev. Simon Williams, living two miles away, was an enthusiastic classical scholar, and delighted to find in those secluded places so apt a scholar. Under his instruction young Park prepared for Dartmouth College, and at fourteen was admitted to the Junior class. On entering, his father went with him to Hanover on horseback, the son, resplendent in a crimson waistcoat made from his father's wedding-coat, riding the colt at his side. The only incidents of his college career which have come down to posterity were his exile to a pest-house on a neighboring mountain, to recover from small-pox, and his appearing on the college stage in Addison's play of Cato, in which he took the part of Marcia so successfully that one of his rustic hearers fell in love with the charming maiden on the spot.

He graduated at sixteen, in the class of 1791, and betook himself at once to teaching, being employed in this capacity, first in Charlestown, Mass., then in Middleton, and finally in Framingham; where he acted as preceptor of the Academy in 1793 and 1794. At this time he was desirous of entering the Ministry, but finding that he could not conscientiously teach the Calvinistic doctrines in which he had been reared, he began the study of medicine. In the meantime, however, having become engaged to the daughter of a neighboring clergyman, the Rev. Moses Adams of Acton, and being eager for an early settlement, he was persuaded to engage in a business venture in Norfolk, Va., which promised speedier success than his chosen profession. But his new occupation proved absolutely distasteful to him, and he turned to his books and studies again, finding a friend in a kind physician who encouraged him to persevere

in his chosen pursuit and gave him counsel and aid. He sought relief, too, in the companionship of a circle of French officers then in Norfolk, three large ships having been sent by the Republic to obtain provisions in Virginia, and being then blockaded by the English in the harbor. Having already begun the study of French while in Charlestown with a royalist emigrant, M. Nancrede, then tutor at Harvard College, Mr. Park availed himself eagerly of this fresh opportunity to improve himself in conversation, and seems to have taken great delight in singing republican songs with the gay and spirited Frenchmen. After a few months in Norfolk, he seized an opportunity to visit the West Indies, then the scene of active warfare, took passage with a Quaker captain, John Earle, of Newport, R. I.; and landed in Dominique, in April, 1795, just as those little islands were in a fever of excitement over the action of the French Republic, granting to people of color the rights of French citizens. "I met here," says Mr. Park in his diary, "emigrants who had fled from an insurrection of the blacks in Guadeloupe, poor wretches who had been reduced in one night from the affluence of rich planters and merchants to absolute penury. As in these revolutionary times they had no direct communication with France, they beset me for news from the mother country. I could sustain a tolerably ready conversation with them in French; but once and again was checked by these proud royalists, when I inadvertently addressed them with a '*Oui citoyen,*' the term I had been accustomed to use among my republican friends at Norfolk. They shrugged their shoulders, and retorted, '*Monsieur, je ne suis pas citoyen,*' as indignantly as if I had said, you rascal."

Leaving Dominique in search of larger opportunities of practice, he spent a year in the French island of Martinique, where he obtained permission to attend the general hospital in St. Pierre. Here the successful treatment of a severe case of yellow fever brought his professional services into

instant demand, while he had occasion at the hospital, as he declares, "to see more surgical cases in one week than would be possible in Massachusetts in a whole year." During an attack by the English fleet upon the neighboring island of Santa Lucia, the wounded were brought in schooners to the hospital of St. Pierre. The memory of these charming days in Martinique haunted his dreams even in his old age, so greatly did the climate and scenery fascinate him, while the society of a few French and English families made the time pass most agreeably. Duelling was frequent there, and as his journal shows, was resorted to on the most trivial and often quizzical occasions. Slavery was of course a familiar sight everywhere, and at one of his boarding-places he was daily distressed by the cries of poor wretches, owned by a woman in a neighboring house, who were suffering under the lash. Once as he was watching a negro woman passing under his balcony with a board fastened around her neck as punishment for some offence, his indignation was aroused at seeing a white boy throw a handful of pepper into her face, and laugh at her screams of helpless agony. These cases, however, he considered exceptional, and speaks often in his diary of the jolly lives led by the West India negroes, whom he thought better off, for the most part, than in their own country. The moral aspects of slavery had not then, of course, attracted serious attention.

The most interesting incident given in his diary in connection with Martinique, is the following: "The British government, I believe, never rewarded the treachery of Benedict Arnold by any honorable appointment; but he was in Martinique at this time, employed by contract as purveyor to the English troops stationed in this island. Here, as in America, he was selfish, avaricious, and in his commercial dealings required looking after. I never heard his name mentioned with respect. Whatever he might have been in early life, he was now soured in temper, and gen-

erally quarrelled with every person with whom he had any business transactions. He had purchased a quantity of flour from a Capt. Art of Philadelphia. As this gentleman was standing by Blakeley's store, and I by his side, the General rode up. He performs his movements on horseback, having lost a leg in the battle near Ticonderoga. A disagreement soon followed, as usual in his bargains; loud words followed, when a group of English, French and Americans gathered to listen. At length the General shook his gold-headed cane at Capt. Art, and with an oath called him a rascal. Art quietly replied, 'General, you may call me by any name you please, except traitor.' Arnold instantly wheeled his horse and rode off, while the bystanders, English as well as Americans, burst into a loud laugh."

But Martinique, in spite of its attractions, proved too healthy a place to detain the young physician long; and on Aug. 21, 1796, he set off with a friend who was starting on a pleasure-trip among the West India islands, to seek a more favorable settlement. After touching at the Danish colonies of Santa Cruz, and St. Thomas, he finally established himself, Nov. 18, 1796, at Port au Prince in San Domingo. Here his excellent letters of introduction secured him a cordial reception from the English officers of the place, who surprised him, so soon after a long and bitter war, not only by their hospitality, but also by their interest in his country, and by their high praise of Washington. At this place he received the appointment of assistant surgeon at the hospitals, and in May, 1797, was put in charge of a ward by himself. His superior officer, though very formal, "not only giving his prescriptions in Latin, but generally making his remarks on the state of the patients in the same language," showed the most gratifying confidence in his young assistant; but as an order had just been issued "that no officer belonging to the medical staff should have anything to do with private practice," Mr. Park resigned his position, to devote himself to the

much more lucrative service which offered itself in the harbor. Here he was kept busy for many months by the yellow-fever cases which broke out in the English transports, many of which arrived in the harbor in filthy condition and without surgeons. In 1798, as the fever declined, small-pox broke out violently in Port au Prince, its spread and fatality being chiefly due, as he thought, to unskilful treatment. The common people were prejudiced against vaccination, but the patients whom he inoculated showed mild symptoms, and all recovered.

The year 1798 was a very eventful one in San Domingo, and Mr. Park remained there just long enough to witness some of its most exciting scenes. The negro leader, Toussaint Louverture, little known as yet to fame, had lately been appointed by the French Directory commander-in-chief of the army of San Domingo, and was at that time engaged in maintaining his position against the British forces who held the harbor and adjoining country of Port au Prince. "Our belligerent forces here," wrote Mr. Park to a friend, "are in a somewhat extraordinary position; we are hemmed in by the brigands (thus the negroes are called who surround us); I can every day see their tri-colored flags on two forts. The English are not desirous to extend their jurisdiction beyond what they now possess and can defend." "Port au Prince," he wrote, March 1, 1798, "is situated on a tract of rather flat ground rising gently, however, from the water. East of the town the land rises abruptly into mountains; on top of one of these ridges, about eight miles distant, the English have a post called Fourmier, and not far from it the brigands have another. There are frequent skirmishes of late between the English convoys going up to supply their post with provisions, and the negroes who conceal themselves in the woods and ravines along the road; as the whole route up the steep is in full view from Port au Prince, I have frequently seen the smoke and heard the report of the mus-

kets; have seen the red-coats hastening up and down, and the glitter of their bright gun-barrels. General Simcoe arrives today, succeeding Gen. Forbes, owing to whose supineness the French have lately appeared more active than ever." On the 12th of August still another change of commanders was made, General Maitland succeeding Gen. Simcoe, and showing himself apparently still more energetic and active. "He is incessantly on horsback," says Dr. Park's diary, "reconnoitering the positions about Port au Prince. The people are delighted with his spirited administration, the merchants in particular. English, French and Americans consider it a pledge of security, and of a permanent occupation of the place, at least until peace." These expectations, however, were at once strangely dispelled. From this point Dr. Park's diary becomes extremely interesting; but the limits of my paper forbid my giving more than the briefest extracts:—

April 21st. This evening a few of us were walking out of town, when our attention was arrested by a bright fire on the top of the mountain to the east. We agreed it must be the block house on that eminence, occupied as an outpost by the English. While we were wondering how it happened and apprehending some accident, a tremendous explosion announced the destruction of the building. On entering the city we found many had witnessed the catastrophe, but no one knew any particulars. *April 22nd.* Astounding news! the block house was blown up by order, and the garrison has come down. The whole place is in commotion. To the utter amazement and confusion of the town, a patrol with a drum is parading the streets, and at every corner a proclamation is read in French and English that in precisely fifteen days Port au Prince will be evacuated by the English. An earthquake could not produce greater excitement; consternation in every face. One week ago all was confidence, all felt sure of the protection of government. Now, in a moment, as it were, all is dismay. *23d and 24th.* Proclamations issued repeatedly, enjoining good order; promising every possible assistance without distinction of nation to all who should wish to leave the

place. *April 25th.* A flag of truce was despatched to the black general, Toussaint, at Genaives, offering to surrender the place to *him* (he has a rival at the south, a mulatto chief, Rigaud,) on condition of a cessation of hostilities until all who chose could emigrate, and requiring an official solemn promise of protection to the lives and property of those who, from any motive, might think proper to stay. *April 26th.* Bustle, bustle! hurrying to and fro in every direction. Many of the French, white, yellow, and some of the blacks, are selecting what they will take with them, and hastening to the wharves. The sable republican but a few miles distant has returned his answer. Toussaint accedes to General Maitland's propositions on condition that all the forts in and about Port au Prince are left in their present order.

April 27th. Another proclamation. The commander-in-chief, who has hitherto been cautious of pledging himself for the conduct of Toussaint, now publishes the assurances he has received, and his own firm belief that Toussaint will honorably fulfil his engagements. This alters the face of things. Many who a few days ago were desiring to leave the town and abandon everything, anticipating nothing but plunder and murder, are now deciding to stay and risk the event of a change of government. *28th.* Embarcation, however, goes on briskly. Every vessel in port has been put in requisition by the Government, and vessels are hourly arriving for the purpose of transporting inhabitants and their effects. *April 29th.* Proclamations are continually sounding through the streets, giving instructions. Cavalry patrol the town; noted aristocrats are anxious to get off; merchants are downcast on account of the sacrifices they must make; everybody in motion. I fall in with the Marquis de Rouverie, who fled from France in the early horrors of the Revolution. I have been acquainted with him ever since my arrival. He was with La Fayette in our War of Independence, and has interested me with accounts of his campaigns. He wears his cross and rapier in the style of the "*ancienne noblesse*," but is very poor; he once borrowed a few dollars of me and has never been able to return them, but he is welcome to them, as he helped to fight our battles. The great mystery is, what has been the cause of this unexpected and seemingly inconsistent change of policy. Gen. Maitland appeared to be taking every measure with

great zeal for maintaining possession. Why all at once abandon? The most plausible conjecture is that the British government have found the expense of maintaining Port au Prince, with a large circle of defences, too disproportioned to any advantages derived from holding it; that in order to conceal their purposes from France, they had given Maitland sealed orders, as is sometimes the case, not to be opened till a certain day; that this date occurred about the 20th, when he found his directions were to negotiate with Toussaint and evacuate. *April 30th.* Notwithstanding the tumult of the day, regulated, however, by a wonderful degree of system, the nights are perfectly quiet; stillness reigns, only broken by the changing of the guard, and occasional passing of the mounted patrol.

May 3rd. Things are verging to a close. A French Commissary has arrived. At the first panic, it seemed as if the whole population wished to fly. The reliance expressed by the Commander-in-chief on the fidelity of Toussaint, confirmed by the French Commissary, has so tranquillized the popular feeling that it is now supposed half at least will remain; among others two wealthy American houses.

To-day I receive my passport.

May 7th. One proclamation more. This enjoins upon those who remain to shut every door, and not open one at their peril till after sunrise to-morrow morning. I take leave of the many friends from whom I am probably separating forever. The happy moment for my departure has arrived, and I go on board the Merlin. *May 8th.* At two o'clock this morning Port Royal and all the military outposts were abandoned by the British troops, except a company sent to Fort Bisseton. The sun is up, the day is pleasant, but all the fleet remains quietly at anchor. A gentle breeze has touched Port Royal, and as the flag unfolds, we behold the blue, white and red, the Republican colors, seeming to exult in their new, proud elevation. Then we hear drums, and distinctly see the Republican troops, pouring down the streets, black as a thunder cloud; we observe them placing guards in different parts of the town. Some American boats went to the wharf this forenoon for water, and a few gentlemen who had remained reported that everything was conducted with the strictest order. We are under command of the guns of Port Royal,

but Toussaint keeps his word like "*a preux chevalier.*" *May 9th.* Soon after sunrise the signal gun is fired, the sails are spread, and with a moderate land breeze, the whole fleet, consisting of 136 sail, moves to the westward, not a mast as large as a broomstick left in the harbor.

On May 10, these tragic scenes end with a little comedy, which the diarist evidently enjoys recording in full. "*May 10.* Creeping along. The fastest sailers have to wait for the duller; notwithstanding which precaution, one poor clump of a Dutch-built brig lagged so far astern that a row-boat of negroes slipped out from St. Mark's and took possession. The structure of Dutch vessels is peculiar, the stem and stern rounded much alike, so that these ignorant fellows seemed not to know the one from the other. With a spy-glass I clearly saw them towing her into harbor stern foremost."

On June 19, 1798, after an absence of three years and eight months, the traveller arrived at Newburyport, and hastened to rejoin his parents, and enter fairly upon the profession for which his varied experiences had so eminently fitted him. Jan. 4, 1799, he presented himself for examination before the Censors of the Massachusetts Medical Society, in Concert Hall, Boston, and soon received from them his medical diploma. He established himself at once in the little town of Amesbury, Mass., and was married, June 25, 1799, to Miss Louisa Adams, daughter of the Rev. Moses Adams, of Acton, Mass. In October of the same year, he was offered a commission as surgeon on the U. S. Ship *Warren*, Capt. Newman, which was about to sail for the West Indies, to protect the American commerce from the depredations of French privateers. As he felt himself especially familiar with the duties of such an office, and as the physician's fees which he found customary in Amesbury (a shilling a mile) proved too small for the support of his family, Dr. Park (as he was now entitled to be styled) accepted the commission; and on Dec. 25, 1799,

just after the news of Washington's death reached New England, he sailed again for the West Indies. The American navy appears to have been in a very primitive condition at this time. The officers of the *Warren* proved ill-bred and quarrelsome, the captain himself was vulgar and profane, given to immoderate drinking, and far more interested in prize-money and private speculations than in the discharge of his special duties, and the fleet of American merchantmen who entrusted themselves to his protection seemed to the surgeon, accustomed to the more skilful handling of British convoys, to be little safer than they would have been by themselves. The only privateers which they actually encountered were from the English island of New Providence, vessels which, though nominally at peace with the United States, took it upon themselves to plunder American traders at will. One of them was caught in the act of boarding an American schooner; whereupon the captain was told that if he touched an American vessel again, he would be blown to pieces. The privateer responded by saying "we shall board every one we come across," and then, as if to show the utmost possible contempt for the Yankee officer, he sailed along after the *Warren* for a considerable distance, the drum and fife furiously playing *Yankee Doodle Dandy*. Tiring of this sort of work, and leaving American commerce to take care of itself, the Captain suddenly started off for the Gulf of Mexico, nominally under orders, but really on a speculation of his own. They reached Vera Cruz only to turn almost immediately back again; the vessel was visited by yellow fever in its most aggravated form; and the surgeon was obliged to fight night and day, not only against the disease itself, but against the "pernicious laxity of discipline and want of cleanliness in the whole economy of the ship." Out of one hundred and fifty officers and men, there were one hundred cases in six weeks, of which thirty-nine proved fatal. "It was no uncommon thing," says Dr. Park, "to see men

one hour doing duty on the yards, and the next hour raging in delirium, or in violent convulsions, or in an insensible stupor." The captain himself finally fell a victim to the disease, and the vessel returned to Boston, September, 1800, under the command of the first-lieutenant. It is characteristic of Dr. Park, that though profoundly distressed by the sufferings which he witnessed during this unfortunate voyage, and though the companionship of the ill-mannered officers was utterly distasteful to him, he yet made no complaint whatever, but found delightful occupation in water-color sketching, in the study of navigation, in making himself practically familiar with the structure and working of the ship, and in the daily comradeship of his favorite Horace, of Helvetius and Zimmerman, and of Addison, Dr. Johnson, and Pope, whom he pronounced "a very companionable set of gentlemen."

In a second trip of the *Warren* (begun Nov. 27, 1800), under a very different commander, Captain, afterwards Commodore, James Barron, "an experienced seaman, strict disciplinarian and very gentlemanly officer," Dr. Park visited once more the island of Martinique, and other scenes of his earlier West India experiences, and was absent until peace was arranged with France, arriving in Boston again June 30, 1801. The voyage was uneventful, his time being chiefly spent in reading, in visiting the various islands, and in playing duets with the captain, Captain Barron, on the violin, the surgeon on the flute. Captain Barron was dangerously ill on the voyage, and was obliged to resign, being succeeded by Captain Talbot, son of Commodore Talbot of the *Constitution*.

On resigning his commission as surgeon, Dr. Park would seem to have had a successful career open before him, as few young physicians of twenty-six have gained a more useful or varied experience. Yet he was by no means at ease in his calling. While carrying Capt. Barron through his serious illness in the West Indies, Dr. Park wrote in

his journal, under date of Feb. 27: "Pondering on the miserable anxiety I have always felt when in charge of a patient dangerously ill, and on what I am now suffering, it seems to me that if I cannot conquer this useless sympathy (and I see no prospect of that) it will be most for my comfort, as soon as I can quit the navy, to relinquish the profession, and try some other method of supporting myself and family. Many persons can discharge the medical duties without excited feelings; I cannot." Acting on this impulse, and being also deeply interested in the political discussions of the hour, and profoundly disturbed by the triumphs of the Jeffersonian party, he was persuaded to establish a semi-weekly paper in Newburyport, to which he gave the name of the *New England Repertory*. The first number was issued July 6, 1803. In his Prospectus, the editor announces that his paper is to be devoted to "important subjects of Literature, Politics and Morality." As to Politics he says: "The editor will be governed by such feelings and opinions as are to be supposed natural to a native American who never knew any government as his own but that of the Federal Constitution." The paper was published on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at "\$3.50 per annum, exclusive of postage—first half-year payable in advance." The paper had from the first the support of many of the leading Federalists of eastern Massachusetts, and very soon Dr. Park found it for his interest to remove his business to Boston. The 58th number was published in Boston, Feb. 3, 1804. It was issued from 71 State street, on Tuesdays and Fridays, at \$4 per annum, six months payable in advance. The office was in the east end of the Old State House, with a balcony looking down State street. In looking through the columns of *The Repertory* one finds himself in the densest Federalist atmosphere of that tumultuous epoch. He reads of "the tyrannical policy of Lord Jefferson." He is informed, with some display of italics, that "Mr. Jefferson went to Washington to attend Congress,

on Sunday, left Washington for Monticello on Sunday, returned from Monticello to Washington on Sunday." He finds a table showing how "John Adams was chosen President at the previous election over Jefferson by the Freemen of the United States,"—Jefferson owing his election to slave representation. He reads that "universal suffrage has doomed every country to destruction which has ever adopted it." He comes upon a little squib, just before Commencement Day, in which a certain *Honestus* is advised "not to attend Commencement, unless his nerves are better strung than usual, as the name of Washington might be mentioned, and it would be difficult to get out through the crowd." He will find, also, long and elaborate political essays by Fisher Ames, and other of the well-known writers of the day; will find many articles on moral and literary themes, and many poems of the sentimental character of the times, printed with lavish use of capitals.

But this political episode of Dr. Park's career was brief. While engaged in the work, he threw his whole heart into it, as before into his medical practice; but with very much the same result. The eagerness of his early zeal soon gave way to disgust at the heat and rancor of political controversy, and he was easily induced at last to listen to proposals of quite another kind. In 1811, after seven years of prosperous existence as a semi-weekly, the *Repertory* was sold to W. W. Clapp, and became in 1813, as the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, the first daily paper ever published in Boston. In 1814, Nathan Hale purchased the whole establishment and became both editor and publisher.

The new field into which Dr. Park entered when 36 years of age, and which became from that time his life-pursuit, was that of education. It is quite proper to call it his life-pursuit. When a boy, his eagerness for information and study had surprised the learned pastor who had drifted into the pastoral regions of New Hampshire; during his adventurous voyages he had found constant consolation in his

English and Latin classics; while editor, the literary columns of his paper had been quite as near to his heart as the political; and now that an opportunity offered itself for becoming a teacher, he soon recognized this as his real vocation.

The high position which Boston has always held in all matters of culture is well known. Eighty years ago, however, the education of girls had received very little serious attention in Boston or elsewhere. Young Ladies' Schools already existed; the first "Female Academy" known to fame was established in Medford in 1789, and was soon followed by others of the same kind; but the teaching of accomplishments was the sole purpose, and had not generally, if at all, given way to carefully-appointed courses of study. Dr. Park's school seems to have been among the first efforts, if not the very first, in this direction. According to his own words, written in 1837: "Several gentlemen of Boston thought the time had come when it was but just to offer to young ladies the means of pursuing more diversified and elevated studies than had hitherto been embraced in their literary education." Upon this scheme he entered with enthusiasm. Beginning with a few scholars whose parents had suggested the experiment, his school, known at first as the "Boston Lyceum for Young Ladies," was soon filled to overflowing, and so continued throughout the twenty years of its existence. Nearly all the names by which the commercial or literary Boston of those days was known to the world were represented sooner or later in this little school-room. The school was kept in his own house, during the first year on Bowdoin street, afterwards on Mount Vernon street.

Dr. Park's changes of residence, though not connected directly with his school affairs, are interesting as indicating the flow of population in Boston at that time. Living first on Williams Court (off Washington street), he moved afterwards to the then attractive region of Fort Hill, from which

he was driven by northeast winds to the rustic seclusion of Chambers street, and the almost equally retired fields of Bowdoin and Mount Vernon (then Olive)¹ streets. When on Bowdoin street, the children watched the sailors from the Navy Yard as they pulled down the brick monument surmounted by an eagle which crowned the top of Beacon Hill; from the windows of Mount Vernon street they looked across a cow-pasture and over the ruins of "Cotton's Folly," to see the cows wandering on the Common, and to tell the way of the wind by the Hollis-street vane. On one occasion, as their curious eyes were ranging the horizon with a telescope, they were horrified by seeing a ghastly row of pirates, in white caps and heads on one side, hanging from a gallows on Boston Neck.

To return to the school. It is interesting to see how vivid was the impression, both of his instruction and of his personality, upon the minds of his pupils, and how affectionate was the remembrance which they retained of him, in their later years. Out of many tributes of this kind, I quote the following passage from a letter written by one of his scholars to another at the time of his death. After speaking of "the days we passed together under the benignant influence of this most paternal of teachers, for he was truly a school-father," the writer says: "Few persons have established such a wide circle of the purest and most interesting

¹ Olive street was laid out from Belknap street to Charles street about the year 1803, receiving a name to correspond with Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce and Cedar streets, in the same neighborhood. The Boston Directory of 1813 gives the name of Dr. Park, with the addition "Ladies' Academy, 5 Olive street." In the Directories of 1818 and 1823, his residence is given as at "5 Mt. Vernon," and in the list of streets we find: "Mt. Vernon: buildings on the north side of Olive street." About the year 1800, Sumner street was laid out from the corner of Park and Beacon streets, "round the New State House S. W. by Beacon Hill." Sumner street and Olive street met, end to end, at Belknap street. In 1825, according to Drake, the name of Olive street was changed to Sumner street. In 1830, Dr. Park's residence is given as on Sumner street, but the row of buildings in which he lived was still called "Mount Vernon"; and in 1833, after he had removed to Worcester, the entire street received its present name of Mount Vernon street.

relations as Dr. Park. He was eminently fitted for the office of pioneer in the improved, enlarged and refined system of education he conducted so long among us. But it was our intercourse with him, more than the books, which formed all whose minds were not by nature unsusceptible to his general influence. With his taste for learning we had perhaps little sympathy in the earlier school-days. He was a great reservoir of all the grammars and histories of the world; and being the one having authority to exact stated efforts from girls whose propensity to 'giggle and make giggle' was equal to Cowpér's, we were sometimes placed in an antagonistic position. But when he indulged us in listening to the story of La Roche, he placed himself on our platform, and we enjoyed and wept together. This it was which sanctified arithmetic and the Latin Grammar." In the "Sequel to the Three Experiments of Living," published in 1837, the author, Mrs. George Lee, two of whose daughters were in Dr. Park's school, writes: "About twenty years ago, the first seminary in Boston was opened for instructing young ladies in the higher branches of education. It was an experiment, and succeeded, because it was founded on the wants of the time. A taste for literature was cultivated, and a knowledge of languages taught. This seminary prepared the way for others; and though the founder of it has retired from his arduous labors to enjoy, in the bosom of his family, the honorable competency he has won, many a blessing goes with him."

Dr. Park's characteristics as a teacher, as described by his pupils, were thoroughness, and a very contagious enthusiasm. Deeply interested himself in the French, Italian and English literatures, he imparted the same passion to his scholars; while with abundance of maps, charts and instruments, he gave great reality and vividness to studies which had before that time been taught almost entirely by rote. Not encouraging *memoriter* recitations, nor believing much in verbal memory, he yet insisted upon the

greatest exactness. The course of study seems to have covered the Latin, French and Italian languages, ancient and modern history, arithmetic, geometry, trigonometry, several branches of natural history, experimentally taught, and geography taught almost exclusively by maps and by imaginary voyages around the world. More important than all these, however, to his own mind, were the weekly themes in English composition, which were also exercises in handwriting, and with which was connected incidentally the study of Blair's *Rhetoric* and Alison on *Taste*. There were also parsing exercises with the whole school once a week. The only printed document which still bears witness to Dr. Park's system of instruction, is a pamphlet entitled "Outlines of Ancient History and Chronology," covering the main historic and mythologic events of classic times in compact and useful form for constant consultation. In teaching Latin, into which he introduced the continental pronunciation of the letter *a*, he paid little attention at first to Prosody; but after meeting a certain Dr. Fisher, who brought from England advanced ideas of classical instruction, Dr. Park insisted upon the careful scanning of Virgil and Horace, placing his young girls, for the time, quite ahead of their brothers in Harvard College in this important detail.

The books studied in Latin were Cæsar, *Viri Romæ*, Virgil, Sallust, Horace, Cicero's *Officiis*, *Senectute* and *Amicitia*, with some of the Catiline orations; in French, Fénelon's *Telemaque*, and Florian's *Tales* (until these were found quite too stupid), Voltaire, Racine and one comedy of Molière (*Tartuffe*); in Italian, *Notti Romani*, Metastasio, and afterwards Alfieri, with a little of Tasso. Dante was never reached. German language or literature had no place in Dr. Park's curriculum, as he shared in the prejudice of the day against the German writers, whom he considered far inferior to the Italian. His daughters, though otherwise encouraged in the widest literary pursuit, were

never allowed to study German. At first he had two scholars in Greek ; but as this crowded the other studies too much, his ideas of thoroughness would not allow him to proceed with it. He gave all instruction himself, except that towards the close of his twenty years, a few classes recited to his older daughter. The school had a costly equipment not only of foreign books, but also of instruments, such as electrical machines, orreries, galvanic batteries, air-pumps, telescopes and microscopes, procured at great trouble from England, France and Germany. The hours of the school were from 9 o'clock to 1. According to a pleasant anecdote which has survived, throwing some light upon the spirit which prevailed in the school, Dr. Channing once remonstrated with Dr. Park for his use of medals, as fostering jealousies and ill-feeling. "Yes," said Dr. Park, "I do use medals, and I find, also, that my finest scholars are most intimate with each other." During this same period, though music was never taught in the school, Dr. Park gave much time to the flute and guitar, accompanying himself upon the latter in French and Italian songs, which he sang with great feeling, and with an extremely sweet though not powerful voice. Those who remember him in Boston society, recall his singing of "Does the Harp of Rosa slumber?" "The Death of Sir Ralph Abercrombie," and other familiar after-dinner melodies. He was fond of society, whether in New England or the West Indies ; fond, too, of dancing, and even of waltzing, which he had learned in the Indies, but which he refused to practise except with his daughters. His home was always a delightful one, not only for its charming hospitalities, but for the variety of strangers to be encountered there. The French and Italian consuls (De Valnais and Manzoni) were in the habit of bringing their fellow-countrymen, refugees often from foreign tyranny, to this pleasant and cultivated abode. Such German exiles as Lieber and Follen are also remembered as intimate guests.

In 1831, after exactly twenty years of teaching, his uninterrupted labors, first as editor, then as teacher, began to tell upon his constitution, producing frequent vertigo and other alarming symptoms, and warning him that his active days were over. His doctor advised an entire change, not only of occupation but also of scene, and urged him to seek some country home where he might have a garden and out-of-door life to interest him. The result was that, after visiting various country towns, he finally found himself attracted by the natural beauties and intelligent society of Worcester, and retired there with his family, April 1, 1831, spending in Worcester the remainder of his days. He lived at first in a house situated on the rising ground corresponding with that on which the building of the Antiquarian Society stands, which formerly gave picturesqueness to the south end of Main street, but which the necessities of trade, always scornful of beauty, have long ago obliterated. In 1842, when his family had become reduced to himself and his wife, he sold his estate and took board at the Worcester House, at the foot of Elm street. In 1814, he had been married for the second time (to Mrs. Agnes Major, an English lady), and on moving to Worcester, his family consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Park and two daughters. On his 62d birthday, January 7, 1837, Dr. Park resumed the daily journal, which had been suspended through the entire period of his Boston life; and from this time until his last sickness his occupations, his reading and his thoughts are portrayed in their minutest detail. It is an exquisite picture, revealing an old age of singular sweetness and dignity, of untiring intellectual activity and of the keenest domestic enjoyment. As compared with his previous experiences, his life in Worcester was absolutely uneventful; aside from a small class of young ladies who came to him for a short period, he undertook no regular occupation: but with his library and garden at his command, a small but congenial social circle about him, and the political and religious ques-

tions of the day to interest him, he was independent of the world, and never murmured at the fate which had driven him from more exciting surroundings to this quiet retreat.

Dr. Park was always a passionate collector of rare books. In his earlier days, when dollars were scarce, he could never pass a book-auction unscathed, and had to run the gauntlet of his family's raillery, as he smuggled into the house his guilty purchases. His shelves showed many different editions of his favorite Latin authors, especially of Horace; and his descendants to-day ornament their book-cases, even if they do not store their minds, with superb copies of Virgil, Xenophon, Livy, Tacitus, Ovid, Pindar, in vellum bindings, with Dr. Park's exquisite lettering, more beautiful than printers' type, upon the outside. His passion for Horace never failed him. Amid the distresses and discomforts of his West India voyages, Horace was constantly in his hand; and in later days, when growing infirmities brought restless nights, the *Odes* lay always at his bedside, to while away the wakeful hours. On leaving his own house in Worcester, his library of about 3,000 books was stored in Brinley Row; and it was one of the sorrows of his old age when an unfortunate fire in the block destroyed, or seriously damaged, many of his most valuable volumes. His books were for use, not show. Almost every page of his Worcester journal has a notice of some new work which he had read, and of which he often gives a thoughtful and critical analysis. His reading was singularly catholic, considering the prejudices of the age, extending even to translations of the German writers who were then coming into vogue; but while he frankly admires the brilliancy and originality of such authors as Jean Paul, he can never quite forgive German philosophy for dealing, as he expresses it, in "rhapsodical intimations rather than distinct sentiments."

In politics, Dr. Park remained a sturdy Federalist and Whig to the end of the chapter, deploring in no measured terms, in later years, what seemed to him the steady

growth of demagogueism. In his entry of November 8, 1845, he says: "Worcester has been and is yet thronged with political conventions preparatory to next Monday's election. Whigs, Democrats, Natives and Abolitionists, all have their turn. I go to none of them, but stay at home and mourn over the distracted state of the popular mind, and the low ebb of disinterested patriotism. The selfish demagogue is seen everywhere, the politician who wants nothing but his country's prosperity, — nowhere." His earlier political zeal changed by slow degrees into that strong distaste for participancy in national or municipal affairs, even at the polls, whose prevalence among our cultivated classes is so ominous a symptom in American politics. As early as April 3, 1837, he writes: "I never take any part in our municipal concerns, except occasionally to vote on an election day. I have no taste for such action, and that, in such a government, as ours, is probably a defect in character." A letter from his son, Hon. John C. Park, written just after the exciting fall campaign of 1840 (the Harrison campaign), which Dr. Park transcribes in full, is interesting for its allusion to an evil which has since gained such stupendous dimensions, but which even then, in its slighter forms, was filling generous minds with gloomy forebodings. "Has the spoils system," writes Mr. Park, "become a part of our system of government; and will it not eventually destroy all honorable ambition; lessen the desire of honest and high-minded men (I should say the *willingness*, not the desire) to become holders of office? Will it not eventually throw all office into the hands of the needy, vicious, irresponsible and wicked, and finally work out the destruction of true liberty? In honest truth, the power I myself have been wielding (in the campaign) and wonderfully to my own astonishment, has led me to dread the worst. The insane thirst for office has broken out within three days like a mania; and they regard poor me as a deceiver or a flat, because I am not in an office fever." Notwithstanding all

this, however, Dr. Park follows his country's varying destinies with the liveliest and most intelligent interest, deprecates the Mexican War as wicked and aggressive, and the general democratic policy of the day as favoring the further extension of slave-territory, shares to the full the prevailing Whig hostility towards the Abolitionists, and denounces heartily the first Free-Soil agitations which were making such mournful headway, and whose final outcome he did not live to see.

In religious matters, Dr. Park held a consistent attitude throughout his life. From his youthful days, when he abandoned the Orthodox ministry because he could not accept the prevailing dogmas, he retained a thoughtful interest in theological enquiries to the end. In Boston, he worshipped first at Church Green, under the successive ministrations of Dr. Kirkland, Mr. Thatcher, Mr. Greenwood, and Mr. Young; and afterwards followed Mr. Greenwood to King's Chapel, though continuing to attend communion at Church Green. He was always fond of the liturgical service of the Chapel, and never became reconciled to the Congregational habit of public extemporaneous prayer. In Worcester, he connected himself with the Second Parish, was a constant attendant at the Sunday services, took vigorous part in occasional Sunday evening gatherings for religious discussions, and established the most friendly personal intercourse with Dr. Bancroft and Dr. Hill. In his entry of October 31, 1841, he records the fact: "this is the first day I have not attended church for more than ten and a half years." On being once requested to serve as deacon, he unequivocally refused, saying: "I am becoming tolerably grave to be sure, yet not quite enough so to wear the name of deacon." His interest in religion was largely a theological one. Its profounder themes had constant attraction for him, and he was quite as familiar with the Biblical researches of the day as his clergymen themselves. On the appearance of Norton's "Gen-

uineness of the Gospels" in 1844, he accepted Norton's revolutionary views of the Jewish Scriptures as essentially what he had himself reached on reading the Old Testament carefully fifteen years before. In 1847, when 72 years of age, we find him studying Matthew's Gospel, with a view to critically comparing it with Luke's. While a pronounced Humanitarian in his belief, and as independent in his interpretations of the New Testament as of the Old, he had little patience with the religious mysticism which was creeping into Unitarian pulpits fifty years ago, imported straight, as he thought, from the German mystic philosophers whom he detested. "Spare me transcendentalism," he says, "give me something which can be distinctly comprehended, and I am willing to study hard." He speaks, in 1838, of "Mr. Emerson's infidel sermon," alludes, in 1845, to "the Illuminati who scoff at the authority of the Gospels"; praises Theodore Parker for his eloquence, but complains that his splendid visions offer no basis for the earnest thinker, but leave him, where Socrates and Cicero left him, afloat, "upon the same dark sea of speculation." Parker's preaching he epitomizes as asserting: "I have no higher authority than myself; every man was made to be his own Christ." But while disavowing these pernicious tendencies, and declaring that it was time for a line to be drawn between those who "believed the Gospels to be a revelation and those who did not," he kept always an open mind, and was led beyond his denunciations into renewed investigations into the evidences of Christianity. Writing in 1845, he declares theological studies, notwithstanding his "good old classics," to be his "greatest pleasure."

Thus he passed his declining years. His home continued to be the centre of his sweetest and purest delight, satisfying all the claims of a deeply affectionate nature; his books kept the intellectual world continually open to him; his passion for music lent glow and color to his daily life; his capacity for intense emotion gave vividness to his enjoy-

ment of the present and his recollections of the past. This last-named quality, which perhaps gives a truer key to the inner man than any other single trait, is best illustrated by a chance remark of his own towards the end of his life; with which I will close this inadequate sketch. His son-in-law, in an afternoon call, had questioned him as to his early life, and thus drawn out an account lasting two hours and a half, of his entire career. "The narrative was so exciting to myself," he writes, "that before I was half through, my cheeks were burning as if in a paroxysm of fever. This, however, is always the case with me, when in conversation my feelings are much engaged."

His last days passed calmly and happily, notwithstanding the discomforts and sufferings of advancing years. Within a week of his death, he said to one of his family: "My life was never happier than now." Up to his 75th year, his health was good, and his out-of-door habits undisturbed; but from that time a series of troubles, beginning with what seemed to be neuralgia of the feet, brought increasing infirmities, borne with beautiful patience; until, March 4, 1852, his life came to a peaceful close.

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