



With the deepest respect and esteem
Yours very truly
P. S. Hall

THE
LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES
OF
SALMON PORTLAND CHASE,

UNITED STATES SENATOR AND GOVERNOR OF OHIO ; SECRETARY OF THE
TREASURY, AND CHIEF-JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY
J. W. SCHUCKERS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED THE EULOGY ON MR. CHASE, DELIVERED
BY WILLIAM M. EVARTS, BEFORE THE ALUMNI OF
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CHAPTER III.

THE BISHOP'S SCHOOL AT WORTHINGTON—"SHAVING A PIG"—REMOVAL TO CINCINNATI—CINCINNATI COLLEGE—AN INCIDENT—RETURNS TO KEENE.

AT Worthington Mr. Chase entered upon his school-life, with characteristic earnestness and energy. Among his associates were several who afterward attained to distinction; the more prominent, perhaps, being Charles D. Drake, late a Senator in Congress from Missouri, and now Chief-Justice of the United States Court of Claims; and Brigadier Benjamin W. Brice, late Paymaster-General of the United States Army.

He here studied Greek, and with success. His first public exercise—on an exhibition occasion in 1821—was an original Greek oration. "My subject," writes Mr. Chase, "was Paul and John compared; Paul being the principal figure. What trouble I had," he continues, "to turn my English thoughts into Greek forms! The subject helped me, however, for it allowed me to take sentences from the Testament, and thus abridge my labors." But he was quite successful, and the good bishop was proud of his oration, and the orator was proud as the bishop.

Out of school he did "chores"—took grain to mill and brought back meal or flour; milked the cows; drove them to and from pasture; took wool to the carding-factory "over on the Scioto;" brought wood into the house in winter-time, and built fires; helped to make maple-sugar in the proper season; helped plant and sow; in short, did whatever a boy of his years could do on a farm, and earned his living by his labor.

A ludicrous incident of his Worthington life fastened itself strongly in his memory. One morning the bishop and all the older members of the family went away, leaving the boy at home, with directions to kill and dress *a pig* for the next day's dinner. "I had no great difficulty," he says, "in catching and slaughtering a fat young porker. A tub of hot water was in readiness for plunging him in, preparatory to taking off his bristles. Unfortunately, however, the water was too hot, or perhaps when I soured the pig into it I kept him in too long. At any rate, when I undertook to remove the bristles, expecting they would come off almost of themselves, I found to my dismay that I could not start one of them! In pig-killing phrase, the bristles were *set*. I pulled, and pulled in vain. What was I to do? The pig must be dressed; about that there must be no failure. I thought of my cousin's razors—a nice new pair—just suited to the use of a spruce young clergyman as he was. No sooner thought of than done. I got the razors, and *shaved* the pig from tail to snout! I think the shaving was a success. The razors were damaged by the operation, however, but they were carefully cleaned and restored to their place. My impression is, that on the whole, the killing was not satisfactory to the bishop, and that my cousin did not find his razors exactly in condition for use the next morning! But the operation had its moral, and showed that where there is a will there is a way.

"My uncle was a thoroughly practical, and at the same time a thoroughly religious man. He desired that I should become a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and took pains to make me read books which should convince me that it was the true Church. I read them and was convinced, and became a zealous champion of the Episcopacy. It was here, too, that under the instructions of the bishop, I was confirmed; and to me it seemed an awful and affecting act. The youth takes upon himself the promises made for him at baptism. Whatever may be the validity of promises made in behalf of an unconscious babe; whether or not such promises add any thing to the force of the moral obligations which rest upon every human soul from the first dawn of consciousness, there can be no doubt as to the import of the pledges the youth makes when he receives confir-

mation. I felt them deeply, and made earnest resolutions to keep them.

"I was at Worthington a little more than two years; from June, 1820, to November or December, 1822. But the school was broken up during most of the second year, and my scholarship—such as it was—grew rusty. The bishop made me read some Latin, and of my own accord I read some history and books on church government.

"The Church in Ohio was at this time weak and the Episcopal revenue scanty. Most of its members were farmers, and few of those who followed other pursuits had considerable incomes. Prices of all provisions were low: corn was ten and even six cents a bushel—the purchaser himself gathering it in the field. Twenty-five cents would buy a bushel of wheat, good and in good order. There were no good roads, no accessible markets, no revenue, and salaries were small. I have heard the bishop say that his whole money income, as bishop, did not pay his postage bills. It took a bushel of wheat to pay for the conveyance of a letter over one hundred and sixty miles.

"Under these circumstances, in 1822, Bishop Chase was offered the presidency of Cincinnati College, and in November of that year, I think removed thither with his family.

"I entered the college a Freshman, but soon conceived the idea that by extra study I could be advanced to the next higher class. It was not over-difficult to accomplish this object, for the requirements of scholarship were not exacting. In a short time I offered myself to be examined for advanced standing; was successful in the examination, and was promoted to the Sophomore class.

"It was not a study-loving set of boys who resorted to Cincinnati College at that time. We made no great progress in our studies; we began Homer in the Sophomore year, and were two weeks getting through the prolegomena of the first book. If ever we read any of the book itself, I have forgotten it.

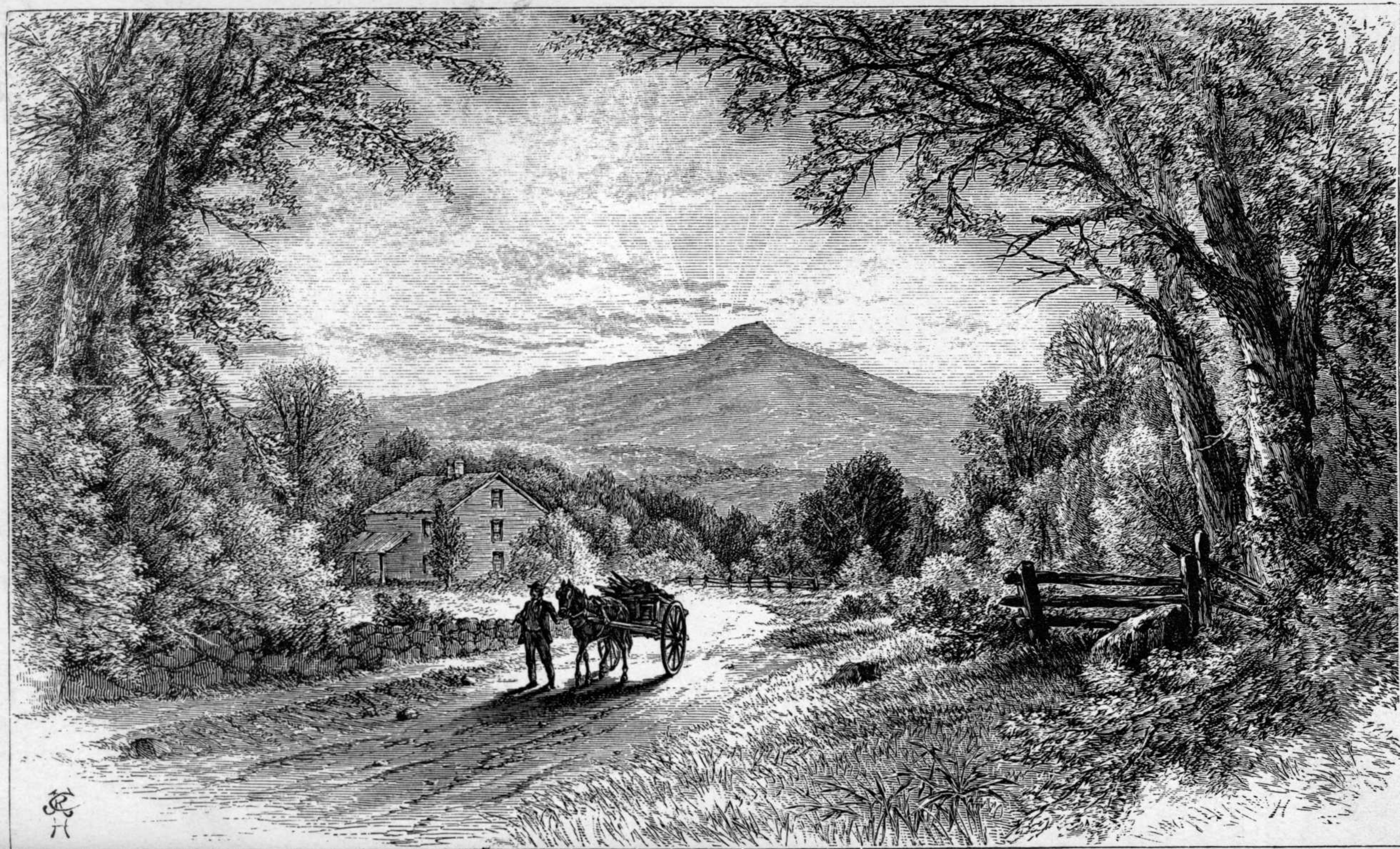
"To make amends for defects of study, however, there was a deal of fun and mischief. One morning Dr. Slack came into the chapel for morning prayers, and found himself anticipated in the pulpit by a stuffed owl, with a pair of spectacles like his own ingeniously fastened over its glazed eyes. Not in the least

disconcerted, the doctor removed the creature, and proceeded with the service, to the discomfiture of the boys, who expected an explosion. At another time a cow was taken up into the second story—was entered, and graduated!

“I had little or nothing to do with these sports. When I had time I spent it in reading, either under the bishop’s direction or at my own will. I used to meditate a good deal on religious topics; for my sentiments of religious obligation and reverence and responsibility, were profound.”

It was this strong and deep religious sense that sometimes made the lad run some risks rather than swerve from the truth. “One day,” continues Mr. Chase, “a frolicsome and mischievous boy of the Sophomore class, just before the tutor came in, set fire to one of the desks. I tried to prevent it, but was unable to do so. It was burning when the tutor entered. He put the fire out, and at once directed us to take our seats. Mine was at the upper end of the class. He began with the one at the foot. ‘Sophomore —, did you set fire to the desk?’ ‘No, sir.’ ‘Do you know who did?’ ‘No, sir.’ He reached the culprit: ‘Did you set fire to the desk?’ Nothing abashed, his answer was, ‘No, sir.’ ‘Do you know who did?’ ‘No, sir.’ I saw I had to pass the ordeal, and determined to tell the truth, but not to give the name of my class-mate, which I thought would be about as mean as to tell a lie would be wrong. The question came: ‘Sophomore Chase, did you set fire to the desk?’ ‘No, sir.’ ‘Do you know who did?’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘Who was it?’ ‘I shall not tell you, sir.’ He said no more. The case went before the faculty, and I heard was the subject of some discussion; but it was not thought worth while to prosecute the inquiry.

“The sojourn at Cincinnati was not long; not quite a year. The bishop grieved over the poverty and destitution of the diocese. He wanted, above all things, a theological seminary for the education of young men for the ministry; and he wanted a college, too, if he could establish one. He determined to go to England, and ask for help to the obtainment of these objects. He resigned the presidency of the college, and the family was broken up. I accompanied the bishop and his wife and their little children on their journey eastward, my own destination being my mother’s house.”



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MONADNOCK.

At Kingston, on the Hudson, he separated from the bishop, who gave the lad his blessing and three or four dollars in money. "I was taken down to the river," says Mr. Chase, "and was put on board the boat for Albany. From Albany I went to Troy, and there learning the way to Bennington and Brattleboro, started to make across the mountains homeward. My scanty purse did not contain enough to pay stage-fare, and I walked; getting an occasional ride from some farmer going my way. It was a great delight when I came within view of Monadnock—some thirty or forty miles off; to see the grand old mountain lift his peaceful head heavenward, and seeming to look toward me with a sort of welcome. I reached at last the door of the yellow house, and hurried in, where my mother and sisters, surprised and glad, gave me a most affectionate welcome. How long the three years of absence now seemed!"