SOLOMON HOXIE

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SOLOMON HOXIE

A BIOGRAPHY
BY HIS DAUGHTER
JANE L. HOXIE

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*"There is nothing but Life. And the
Spirit of Life is Love. And Love is
God."*

INTRODUCTION

Whenever I think back upon my association with Solomon Hoxie, some of the words that Tennyson wrote as he thought of his lost friend, Arthur Hallam, come fittingly to mind:

"How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affection bold
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead."

With most of us, affection can chiefly be spoken of as expressed for certain persons only, or at most for the comparatively small circle that we best know and that we suppose best know us. Anything beyond this, like the people outside ancient Palestine, we are apt to look upon as mere Gentiles, with whom we need have only necessary dealing.

But with Solomon Hoxie the case was different. All during the nearly forty years that I knew him, he was a constant inspiration to greater breadth of sympathy and deeper interest in universal welfare, such as I have felt from scarcely any other person. Not alone his family and friends and business acquaintance; not alone the church or political party with which he might be acting; not alone the country that gave him birth and home and opportunity, filled the measure of his affection for mankind. The whole world, rich and poor alike, fortunate and outcast, honest men and rogues, fellow partisans and opponents, righteous men and women and wallowers in sin and wreakers of vengeance—all had a place not only in his hope that they would eventually fulfill their true mission on earth, but in an affectionate regard that prompted always to his doing what he could to help them to their eternal realization, as well. How long ago, at first—how often since—I have heard him read or quote from the Gospel and letters of St. John the definition of God as love, and the injunctions to love our fellows as the prerequisites to heavenly companionship. How often, too, have I heard him mellow his voice as he tried to express the softening of his heart toward those who had wronged him—

self, or were wronging others. "God is love," was no mere theological definition, one among many others, with him; it was a breath from the divine All-Father himself, a living force, a compensatory joy, an enticing and invigorating hope, a resurrection before death—it was the very Life of Life to Solomon Hoxie, to be thought upon, expressed in every prayer, taken by the hand at every crisis, leaned upon through every trial and radiated everywhere unto the ends of the earth. When, during the time that he was trying to rid his neighborhood of a pestiferous saloon, someone attacked him maliciously to his bodily hurt, he was heard to say of his assailant: "He was crazed—he didn't mean to hurt me." And it was not very long after, that he might be found on the street corner any evening fellowshipping with the Salvation Army in loving endeavor to save those who were under the sway of intemperance and kindred vices.

* * * *

Solomon Hoxie's soul simply could not hate even those that hurt him, much less attempt to hurt them in return. He could explain away, excuse and forgive everything, even while his heart was sinking and tears would appear. In all his relations he was a magnificent exemplar of the doctrine that "He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him."

Sturdily through all his declining years did Solomon Hoxie continue to live in generous answer to the revelation, "Whoso hath this world's good at heart and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" Whether cultivating vacant lots in Chicago and dispensing their produce to whomsoever needed it, or bending his back to weed the gardens of helpless neighbors in Edmeston; whether preaching in the church near his ancestral home or laying the foundations of the recently organized one in Yorkville; whether buying or selling, or advising or working or visiting, you could always be sure of his right feeling heart, his sound judgment, his instructed conscience and his unswerving devotion to the right as he might see it at the time. Neighbor might misunderstand and laugh at or revile him, Prohibition-

Respectfully yours

Solomon Hasic

ist or Abolitionist might differ seriously with him as to aim or method, orthodox church people might condemn his liberalism, or familiar friend might criticise or turn from him; he would hold on to his aims and course until the moment when he could really see clearly and then, if advisable, act accordingly. Much as he loved his friends and much as he "loved approbation," as he once said to me, clear as some altruistic course might appear and hopeful as he might be of the triumphant outcome of any cause in which he might be interested; yet he could never be cribbed within limits that could not be extended whenever the "light" should indicate that expansion or variation should be entered boldly upon. Politically, socially, religiously, he was thus ever growing into the universality that is the disgust of narrow partisans and the perplexity and confounding of shallow conservatives everywhere.

Mr. Hoxie never trusted in his own intuitions alone, or to instruction that he had once received as authoritative. He always sought further light, read new discoveries and discussions, and latterly turned to Royce and James and Bergson, as he had formerly turned to Bushnell and Parker and Martineau and Beecher, and read and reflected and prayed until whatever of light such expositors had appeared to his hospitable soul and helped him on his developmental way. A favorite book, one by Henry M. Alden, entitled "God in His World," he read to the wearing out of at least three copies, every one of which is written all over with his questions and comments and acquiescences. Solomon Hoxie did not stop growing at some premature stage, as is the case with so many of us. His soul and heart were ever responsive to the spirit within. With him God was always in his world, in humanity not alone, but in the cattle upon a thousand hills, in all the operations of nature, in the flowers he loved to cultivate and generously give away, in the yearnings of his own soul, in all genuine poetry from Bryant to Browning as well as in all the strifes and commotions and horrors that so perplexed and depressed him. As a child of God he would give his all—to friends, to neighbors, to missions of every sort, to sufferers over seas, to unfortunates at home, in order that his Father's love might be made manifest as fully as possible unto men.

The greatest of all Christian virtues, charity, came at last to possess his mind and heart even to its fullest capability.

And there is no wonder that, as the days of his pilgrimage grew less in number, his soul already had arisen so that it lived complacently in touch with the Divine Source of his great love for humanity. "God bless you all," and soon after, "I love you all," were almost his last words. His only abiding sorrow seemed fully expressed in, "I am so tired of war," and again in, "Cry out against this war, O my people!" And as he seemingly looked over into his land of promise, how expressive of his whole life—its ambitions, its endeavors, its hopes and now its nearby realizations—was this: "Open the window, I want to see Jesus and Lincoln, when they pass by." Yes; Jesus, the ideal Son of God, and Abraham Lincoln, the ideal son of his own kind, these two constituted the embodiment of the creed and polity that had commended themselves unreservedly to the mind and heart of Solomon Hoxie. And as I looked upon his face, reposeful in death, there came to mind what I would put on his monument in the gold that could never tarnish: **HERE LIES GOD'S GOOD MAN!**

SMITH BAKER.

PART I.
BEGINNINGS.

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD

"To be human; to give, not take; to serve, not rule; to nourish, not destroy; to help, not crush, if need be to die, not live." This motto of Charles Kingsley, written in many of Solomon Hoxie's books, seemed to him to express the ideal of useful living, and well did he exemplify it in his life. To give, to serve, to nourish, to help, these were the purposes of his life, the key to his every thought and act. It was this spirit of service that so endeared him to all who knew him best and any interest that may attach to the story of his long life is due, not to varied or unusual incident, but to this actuating motive of unselfish love.

In Central New York, in the little town of Brookfield, on July 29, 1829, was born Solomon Hoxie. He was of English descent and his earliest paternal progenitor, Lodowick Hoxie, settled in New England about the year 1650. "This first known ancestor," says Solomon, "established himself in Sandwich, Colony of Plymouth, along the shores of Cape Cod Harbor. His motives in coming to this country were undoubtedly the same as those of other settlers of that locality at that time, a desire for freedom of religious thought and worship. From the form of the birth records of his children, he was thought to have held to the Quaker faith and the fact that many of his descendants were Quakers strengthens this belief. Such being the case, he must have passed through that period of severe trial, the persecution of the Quakers which began in the colony in 1655, and which resulted in the death of several of those deeply conscientious and harmless religionists."

The descendants of Lodowick Hoxie and of his wife, Mary Presbury, are now to be found in every State in the Union, and engaged in nearly every vocation in life. But, wherever they are located or whatever their occupations or professions, these descendants seem to have inherited and maintained the

honesty, courage, independence and conscientiousness which appear to have characterised their first mother and father amidst those troublesome times in the early settlements of New England.

Stephen Hoxie, the paternal great-grandfather of the subject of this sketch and the forebear whom he is said to have most strongly resembled, moved from Rhode Island, about 1792, by means of ox teams, to a spot in central New York on the banks of the picturesque Unadilla, now known as Leonardsville. At that period few settlements had been made in the central or western part of the state. The location chosen by Stephen was then almost an unbroken wilderness, but he was a man of force and ability, well able to cope with the exigencies of a pioneer life.

"Stephen," says Solomon, "never sought office or political preferment of any kind but he was chosen a member of the state convention that was held in Albany in October, 1801, pursuant to an act of the Legislature, to settle the controversy which had arisen regarding the relative powers of the Governor and Council of Appointments respecting nominations for office, and to consider the expediency of altering the Constitution of the State. The president of that convention was Aaron Burr. It was composed of 107 members, among whom were DeWitt Clinton and Daniel Tompkins, both of whom were afterwards governors of the state. He was also chosen a member of the Assembly of New York State for two terms, in 1803 and 1804. He was an influential and consistent adherent of the Society of Friends or Quakers. His home was not only a home for himself and his children, but it was a home for his friends as well and a refuge for all who were worthy and who needed his help. He lived on the spot first chosen for that home to celebrate his one hundred and first birthday." Solomon Hoxie remembered his great-grandfather, Stephen, vividly, and many were his reminiscences of the old gentleman.

Elizabeth Tift, the wife of Stephen, was no less able and forceful than her husband. She was conceded to be a woman of unusual character and attainments, long known in the country districts around about her home, as an earnest ex-

pounder of the Quaker faith, a Quaker preacher of no mean ability.

Stephen Hoxie's fourth son, Solomon, in honor of whom the subject of this sketch received his name, which had been handed down from generation to generation for many years, married Lois Brown. Neither he nor his wife was distinguished for aggressiveness or force of character, but rather for mildness and sweetness of disposition.

Nathan Brown, the eldest of the nine children of Solomon and Lois, and the father of the Solomon of our story, inherited the qualities of his parents, rather than of his grandparents. A prominent characteristic was his keen sense of humor. Apropos of this trait of his father's, Solomon was wont to say in later years: "I can remember numerous instances when it flooded over all barriers and made the poor environment of our lives glow with brightness." He was liked and respected by all with whom he came in contact and was known through life as a kindly neighbor, an unselfish friend, a devoted husband and a gentle and unexacting parent. He was an industrious man, by trade a farmer, but he was a versatile man also, much skilled in the handling of tools and doing the work of shoemaker and carpenter with the ease of a trained craftsman, but he had little worldly wisdom and barely succeeded in gaining a meagre competency for the maintenance of his family.

On the maternal side, Solomon Hoxie was scarcely less fortunate than he was in the forebears of his father. Andrew and Rachel Hubbard Langworthy were the founders of his mother's family in America. They, too, possessed the sturdy virtues of the successful pioneer. They, too, migrated from England about the middle of the seventeenth century and they also made their first home in the new world in New England. The surname, Langworthy, was originally spelled Longworthy in the mother country, where it had been bestowed upon a remote member of the family by some English ruler in recognition of his long and faithful service to king and country.

Solomon Hoxie's maternal grandmother, Abigail Langworthy, loomed large in his memories of childhood. He

often referred to her, even in old age, as a potent influence for good in his early life and as a character possessed in no small degree of the virtues of patience, strength and gentleness.

Solomon's mother, Eliza Langworthy, was an aspiring, temperamental creature, with a highly developed nervous organization, not well equipped physically or mentally for the rugged life of privation which was the portion of most members of large families inhabiting the country districts of the newly settled sections of New York State. Her early marriage, the birth of her three children and the untimely death of the eldest, the responsibilities, hardships and duties incident to her husband's poverty and to their endeavor to wrest a subsistence from the soil, together with the lack of a naturally hopeful and elastic disposition, conspired to undermine her sensitive organization and she gradually sank into a state of chronic nervous invalidism from which she never recuperated during her long life.

Brookfield, the earliest home of this pair and the birth-place of Solomon, was the typical country village of nearly a century ago. It had been largely settled by New England colonists and most of its inhabitants preserved the sturdy qualities and the intellectual and religious traditions of their forefathers. The community was made up largely of self-respecting tillers of the soil who lived independently upon their own land. The village church and school formed the center round which revolved the social life, while the town meetings, or company training days, as they were called, made the village a political as well as a social center.

But this desirable and wholesome atmosphere was not destined long to be the environment of the little Solomon. When he was only four years old, his parents moved and established the family upon a small tract of land in a partially cleared wilderness, in the Unadilla Valley, not far distant from the then recently settled town of Edmeston Center. Here conditions were primitive in the extreme, and privation became the rule and not the exception of everyday living. Here the scream of the "panther," or "painter," as this animal was locally called, was no novelty to the childish ears of Solomon, and he sometimes heard and caught glimpses of less formidable wild beasts in the surrounding forests. The

physical features of this section are strikingly picturesque, and it is probable that Solomon Hoxie owed his intense love and admiration for all that is beautiful in nature and his feeling of fellowship with nature to the influence of his early life among the hills and dales of the romantic Unadilla.

Two incidents haunted the boy's early childhood, remained vivid memories throughout his life and materially influenced his career. One, his earliest memory, was of the tears of his mother, as she bent above his crib, when he was only two years old, mourning the death of her little daughter. This occurrence was probably many times repeated for it made such an indelible imprint and stirred such pity in his heart, that, from that time to the day of his mother's death, after he himself had reached middle life, his chief care was to make his mother happy—a task in which he never succeeded because of her temperamental disabilities. But to this end he bent his energies and sacrificed almost every early personal ambition. Thus he gave up, at its very beginning, college training, although it had been the goal of his ambition and the prize toward which he had striven through all his early life of hard work and privation, because his mother feared for the effect upon his health, and consequently the reaction upon herself, of the double task of earning the money and of doing at the same time the intellectual work. His early business ambitions were also frustrated by the same deep regard for his mother's feelings and desires. He wished to make his home in the West but this desire also yielded to her opposition.

The other circumstance which so affected his early life and which helped to shape his mature convictions, resulted from the death of a little playmate. This is the story in his own words, as related to a young grand-nephew, in Solomon's eighty-third year:

"There was one playmate of whom I was very fond, little Andrew Abbott, who was a little older than myself. At this time I was about five years of age. He was suddenly taken sick. Then I was told that he was dead. Really, I doubt if I had ever thought of such a thing as dying. My father took me by the hand and led me to the couch upon which little Andrew lay. He lifted me up so that I could look into the face of my little playmate and said to me, 'He is not here. His body is

here but he himself is with God. He is happy now. We must all die, but, if we are good, we, too, shall go to the place where little Andrew is and there we shall live always. God is our Heavenly Father. He loves us and knows all about us.' Then I learned to trust God. Then I learned to pray. From that day to this I have been trying to live so that I may meet little Andrew Abbott in a better life than this."

Solomon Hoxie's first ideal was his uncle Cyrus, an ambitious and studious youth who died at the age of eighteen, when the former was only a young boy. In a letter written to a cousin in Solomon's eightieth year, he refers to this uncle as follows:

"I was old enough to appreciate his character. He was my ideal man. I not only honored him but I loved as a child loves. I wanted to grow up to be like him. He talked with me about school—even about going to school with him. To do so was my highest ambition before he died. From the time of his death forward for years I wanted to be like my uncle Cyrus Richmond Hoxie. I did not care to be like any of my other uncles, but to be like him seemed to me to be perfect in character."

When Solomon was three years old, a brother, Samuel, was born. To this child he became passionately devoted, protecting and caring for him and sacrificing his own preferences, comforts and possessions to the other's will and pleasure. This spirit was stimulated and fostered by his mother and it grew and strengthened with his growing years, ceasing only with the death of his brother in old age.

As soon as the younger child was able to walk about, he attached himself to his brother and they became inseparable. Whatever the elder did the younger must do also. Together they ate and slept and worked and played, the elder always shielding the younger brother, always bearing the brunt of any work or burden that became their portion and making his path smooth and straight before him. Together they performed the duties that were assigned, in those early days, even to small members of a household—the collecting of fuel for the fire, the weeding and watering of garden vegetables, the gathering of those in the field, the herding of the cattle, the folding of the sheep and lambs, the husking and shelling of corn, the paring and drying of apples, the gathering of wild fruits and berries to serve as a relish to the family's rude fare, the collecting of herbs and plants for family medicines and the hundred-and-one tasks which made the child an indispensable member of the family of that day.

Together they roamed the fields and hillsides to watch small furry creatures in their native haunts, to listen to the song of birds, the buzz and hum of insects, to note the tracer-ies upon rocks and stones and to pluck wild flowers. They dabbled and waded and splashed and played at fishing and boat-sailing in the tiny brook that babbled at their door. They watched the clouds sail overhead by daylight and together they wondered at the starry dome at night. Each morning they trudged the two-mile footpath leading to their rude schoolhouse, the elder sometimes carrying his weary small brother pick-a-back. Each evening they perused their lesson books by the flickering light of a pine-knot fire, while the elder brother untangled the problems of the small one's tasks. At night they climbed the unrailed stairway leading to the rude unplastered loft where they slept, often with the snowflakes drifting or the raindrops falling upon their up-turned faces. Solomon occasionally walked in his sleep and, sometimes, in those unconscious night wanderings he would fall down the unrailed stairway to the kitchen floor below. But even in such adventures as these he was not alone. Samuel was always a close second and so determinedly did he follow his brother's example that, although he himself was wide awake at the time, he invariably fell down after his brother, replying to his mother's query, "Why did you fall, too, Samuel?" with "How could I stop, when I was already half way down?" In the winter time, so great were the rigors of the climate and so rude their surroundings, that they were forced to perform their morning ablutions in water upon which the ice had congealed during the night time, breaking through its surface for that purpose. Together they donned their rough homespun garments and ate their primitive breakfast, consisting of johnnycake made from corn meal and cold water and baked in the ashes of the wood fire.

The amusements and recreations of the two brothers were simple and few indeed. Their chief joy was in their two household pets, little Pompey, a dog, belonging to the elder and a large, striped, partially tamed wild-cat, the property of the younger brother. Solomon was intensely fond of ani-

imals and his attachment to Pompey was second only to his love for his brother. In after life, he delighted to sound Pompey's praises and to relate the small dog's adventures to his children and his grandchildren. Indeed, so fondly was Pompey remembered that this pet of Solomon's early childhood days haunted even the imaginings of his death bed.

Once a year the brothers attended a function called General Training, where they listened to the music of a crude band and consumed much gingerbread. For months previous to this celebration the boys anticipated its pleasures, magnifying the joys of previous General Trainings in the exuberance of their recollections. This function, together with an occasional visit to an indulgent grandmother, their rambles about the field, their plays in the brook and the companionship of their two pets, made up the sum total of their amusements.

Solomon was but a tiny boy when he first ventured forth into the untried world of a district school. Even thus early the character of his mentality was beginning to manifest itself. He had commenced to think and to grope dimly for reasons. He must understand the meaning of a group of words before he could memorize them and repeat them to his teacher. Parroting a lesson was an impossibility with him. In after years he often laughed with relish of the humor of the childish tragedy of his first lesson at school, the difficulties he encountered in trying to commit to memory the first assignment of his teacher. This consisted of the rote learning of a high sounding, elaborate definition of language. For several days he labored untiringly, trying to remember the sequence of the long words, but in vain. At length his teacher threatened him with physical chastisement unless the task was accomplished, but even this did not avail. Finally, in desperation, the child confided in his mother and, with her co-operation, the desired result was at last attained.

This tendency to try to understand, to get at the meaning of things, to think out and reason over his problems, grew with his years and became the most prominent characteristic of his student days. He early excelled in mathematics and, after reasoning out a problem and reaching a given conclusion, he was very tenacious of his result. He used to

relate an experience in connection with an arithmetic lesson, when he was still quite a young lad. He had reached a certain conclusion in reasoning out a problem. The teacher questioned his result. The problem was finally discussed by Solomon's family, friends and neighbors, all of whom took the same stand that had been taken by the teacher; but, in spite of all this opposition, the boy held firmly to his first conclusion. At length, his father threatened him with the rod because of his stubbornness and put his threat into execution, but still Solomon held on with bulldog tenacity to what he believed to be correct. Finally, wider publicity was given to the discussion; higher learning took a hand, and Solomon was vindicated.

His thirst for learning and the keenness of his ambition to secure an education were equaled only by his devotion to study and his never flagging pursuit of facts. So earnest was he that often in his sleep he prosecuted his studies, dreaming out solutions of problems that had eluded him in his waking hours. As he grew from childhood to youth he spent every spare moment in study. Hours snatched from sleep were used for this purpose. Books were perused far into the night by the light of only a dying wood fire and the hours of early dawn saw the boy again at his self-appointed tasks.

CHAPTER II

YOUTH AND EARLY MANHOOD

Solomon attended district school for several years in Edmeston, and later he studied for brief periods in New Berlin and DeRuyter Academies. Finally he became a special student at Madison University, now known as Colgate University. He was prevented from continuing his studies here by the insistent demands of his mother and the feeling of the necessity that he contribute to the support of his parents.

As Solomon grew in years and stature, he early became the head of the household, the self-reliant and independent leader. This was inevitable. The easy-going character of his father and the physical weakness and nervous terrors of his mother naturally shifted the family burdens and decisions upon his immature shoulders.

He early learned to put aside his own fears, such, for instance, as his natural timidity in the face of the sterner manifestations of nature. He used to say, apropos of an electric storm: "When I was a little boy I had to be brave. For instance, I had to overcome my fear of thunder and lightning. My parents were timid in the face of these. My little brother was terrified. There was no one left to be brave but me, so I just had to put my own fears aside." It is interesting to note that, later in life, Solomon seemed actually to delight in a thunder shower and appeared never to tire of its manifestations. So also with his natural fear of wild beasts. Such creatures were not uncommon visitants of the forests surrounding his early home and often they came forth at night to prowl and to give utterance to their protests against man, in the vicinity of the dwelling. At such times it seemed to rest upon the boy to calm the apprehensions of the other members of the family.

By nature, Solomon was deeply religious. He was reared in the Quaker faith, and early absorbed much of the strength and gentleness of that religion. When about eleven years

SOLOMON HOXIE AT EIGHTEEN

old, he became especially sensitive to religious influences and particularly concerned in the welfare of his own spiritual life. At this time, he took part in a series of "protracted meetings," then being held in his neighborhood. When he was seventeen years of age he was one day approached by his brother on the subject of uniting with a church. The brother wished to join the Free-will Baptist Church, this denomination being the only one owning an edifice or holding meetings in their vicinity. To this request of his brother, Solomon consented, and together they were immersed and received into that church. Solomon, however, held tenaciously to Quaker theology. He now began to feel a calling to preach. "But where and to whom," he writes, "I knew not. My father's family were Quakers. I must wait to be moved by the Divine Spirit. I wanted to go to McGrawville College, N. Y., to study for such a career, but instead I went to Madison University for a short time. The impression was still upon me that I ought to preach the Gospel in the manner of the Friends. Then I was visited by an able layman of the Universalist Church, and my religious views became somewhat modified." His boyish journals are filled with thoughts on religion and the religious character and show how truly profound was his tendency toward a life devoted wholly to the service of his Master and his fellow men.

"In the spring of 1846, in my seventeenth year," wrote Solomon, "I entered the only kind of dairy school then in existence in America. In other words I was engaged to work for a dairy farmer for six months for which my father was to receive forty-eight dollars. For this magnificent sum I was to be cow boy, milker and general utility man on the farm, working every day from early morning, often far into the night." For several years thereafter Solomon worked out upon neighboring farms during the summer season and taught district school in the winter time. In this way he materially increased the family income, although the wages of a farm hand and the salary of a teacher were very meagre at that period. But living expenses were comparatively small also, and, in the winter, his stipend was eked out by "boarding round" in the homes of his pupils. This gave him an opportunity to increase largely his value as a teacher, for his

evenings were gladly devoted to helping and tutoring those pupils who were either backward or ambitious.

As a teacher, Solomon was earnest and efficient, endeavoring with all his might to arouse worthy ambitions in those who came under his tutelage and to stir them to greater intellectual efforts. He was ever ready to sacrifice his own time and comfort to their interests. In after years, many men and women were eager to testify to the efficiency of his work and to give him the credit for arousing their dormant ambitions and for giving the initial impetus to their subsequent careers of success and usefulness.

After definitely relinquishing his hopes of a college training, Solomon began seriously to take stock of his intellectual and physical resources and to consider what course he could best pursue in order to increase his efficiency and earning powers and to be of most value to those with whom he came in contact. His lack of a higher education closed to him his heart's desire, the ministerial field, as well as deterred him from the hope of entering any of the other professions. The fact that about this time he began seriously to study stenography leads us to infer that he had thoughts of entering an office in the capacity of a clerk. Finally it appears he concluded that school teaching was the most useful and desirable work offered by his limited choice. But he longed for change of scene and a new field for the exercise of this vocation. His thoughts turned ever toward the West, the goal of his early ambitions. He would go West and teach. But how to secure the necessary funds for such a journey was a question. Finally he hit upon the plan of canvassing for books as a means of defraying his expenses. Well fortified with the materials for trafficking in this trade, and accompanied by a young friend, similarly equipped, he set forth with high hopes.

He made his way slowly through what had appealed to his boyish imaginings as the promised land. Although only moderately successful in the sale of his wares, he was everywhere met with friendliness from the settlers of the new country, who were all eager to hear about the "folks back home." In many instances he was received and treated as

an honored guest and he never forgot the kindly encouragement of the western people. The country, too, appealed to him. He liked the wide, bare stretches of the prairies and he appreciated the opportunities for material growth and advancement which the West offered; he longed to take up land and to become a settler, but home ties and responsibilities weighed too heavily upon his sensitive spirit for him to carry this longing into effect. At length, came the favorable opening for which he had hoped. In Nebraska he found a desirable school without a master. But his young friend and companion was also seeking a like opportunity, and Solomon, true to the ruling motive of his life, surrendered his own hopes and desires and retired in favor of his friend. No other worthy opening presented itself in the course of his travels and, at length, after visiting some western relatives, Solomon made his way slowly back home, defraying the expenses of his return trip by plying his book trade as before.

About this period the young man indulged in some phrenological experiments, hoping for light and guidance thereby in modeling his character and career. He was told by the phrenologist, who took stock of his mental and physical equipment, that he especially needed to cultivate the virtues of hope and cheerfulness. Solomon took this advice to heart and thereafter held doggedly to a certain course of thought and action until it had become a fixed habit. He read cheerful books, sought cheerful society, recounted humorous stories and anecdotes, endeavored strenuously and persistently to see the happy side of life, the bright lining to the cloud, and so, from a naturally hopeless and despondent temperament he built a character whose distinguishing feature seemed to all, but his nearest and dearest, to be its trustful optimism. They alone knew what a fight he put up daily to sustain the attitude which he ever kept before him as an ideal, never owning, even to himself, that he was other than, by nature, joyfully sanguine. Not only was his own character enriched thereby but he became known among friends and acquaintances as a man who inspired all with whom he came in contact with this spirit of trust and hope. Many a discouraged and disillusioned brother sought his help and counsel, never in vain. Such always went out from his presence with renewed pur-

pose and strength and the determination to fight on cheerfully in the face of all difficulties.

"Trust in God and ever stand ready to offer up yourself as a sacrifice to humanity," Solomon writes in 1852, showing his attitude toward the then unpopular anti-slavery movement. His youthful journals bristle with allusions to slavery and his detestation of that institution. For years he waged uncompromising war against this great blot upon the fair fame of his country. By means of public speeches and debates, by contributions to the press and in social intercourse with his friends and neighbors, he did all within his power to arouse and stimulate public sentiment in favor of anti-slavery. This was at a period when even the churches of the North were defending slavery and the ministers of the Gospel were referring to it, in their sermons, as a "divine institution," proved to be such by Scriptural teaching. Solomon stood almost alone in his vicinity in his convictions and the fearless expression of them turned friend into foe, and neighbor into enemy. Even members of his own family, who should have loved and admired him more dearly than ever before for his fearless championship of the downtrodden and oppressed, came to dread and dislike him because of his untiring propaganda for this cause. But he went steadily on in the face of all opposition, battling for what he believed to be righteousness and justice.

In 1852 Solomon was old enough to cast his first vote for President, which he gave to John P. Hale, Free-soil candidate. He helped to organize the Republican party in Edmeston, and his second vote was cast for John C. Fremont, the first Republican candidate for President. Solomon never sought office or prominence in the political field, but, when he was called upon to do what he believed to be his duty, he never shrank from undertaking any task or assuming any responsibility, however great. During early middle life he was quite active in political circles and held various minor offices, among them that of town supervisor, in which capacity he acted for five years continuously.

When at length the Civil War broke out, he was deterred from enlisting by the cares and responsibilities of a family, but he was active in every other way possible that could con-

tribute to the triumph of the cause he loved. As the chief figure in his vicinity who had for years vigorously opposed and denounced slavery and worked in opposition to all political measures favoring it so, now, at this crisis, people naturally looked to him for advice and assurance and he soon found himself the center of a small whirlpool of hysterical friends and neighbors. Men and women went wild with terror. The end of the world seemed imminent to them. Fathers and mothers pleaded with Solomon to secure immunity from the draft for their sons. Wives appealed to him to prevent their husbands from being sent into the conflict. Relatives besought him to act as a substitute for those nearer and dearer to their hearts. Amidst all this disquiet and turmoil he stood unmoved, a tower of strength, assuring and calming the disorganized community. As the conflict between the North and South waxed stronger, he became recruiting agent for his town, by the appointment of Governor Horatio Seymour, and spent much time and energy in this capacity.

Solomon Hoxie was an ardent admirer of Lincoln and mourned his untimely end, not only as an irreparable loss to the country, but as a personal bereavement as well. His second child, born amidst those troublous times of the Civil War, although a girl, bore the name of the martyred President and, throughout his life, Solomon cherished the memory of Abraham Lincoln as an ideal character for emulation. Even upon his death bed, in the wanderings of his enfeebled mind, he coupled the name of this savior of the colored race with his highest ideal, the Savior of mankind.

In the autumn of 1859 Solomon was married to Lucy P. Stickney of Edmeston and, after teaching for a year a school in which his young wife assisted him, he purchased a farm adjoining the old homestead in the Unadilla Valley and, in 1860, he began to erect a house that should be his future home. The lumber for this purpose was cut and drawn from a woodland patch upon his own farm. The main part of the work of erecting the house, as well as of planning it, was accomplished by Solomon, with the assistance of his father. Here his three children were born, two boys and a girl, and here what was probably the happiest period of his

life was passed, for he now entered upon an era of great usefulness to his fellows.

He began to take a somewhat unique position among his townspeople, who acknowledged his integrity of character, respected his judgment and his superior intellectual endowments, recognized his sane, vigorous, optimistic point of view and his unselfishness. All knew and trusted him, many loved him. All referred to him with a somewhat proprietary air as "Sol." If any question requiring unusual knowledge and research arose among them, it was invariably referred to "Sol" for solution, and his conclusions were taken as final and quoted as authority. If "Sol" said thus and so, that seemed definitely to settle the case in hand. Matters of right and honesty in business were likewise referred to him, as were also many questions of legality. If it seemed desirable to give publicity to neighborhood plans or happenings, "Sol" wrote them up. If mathematical calculations were necessary in the business affairs of individual or town, "Sol" was appealed to to do the figuring. Matters of church and school and local politics were his especial care.

He became the champion of the poverty stricken and oppressed. If some shrewd, prosperous and respected citizen had driven a sharp bargain with a simple-hearted trusting neighbor Solomon always ranged himself on the side of the wronged, and many a wrong was righted by his efforts. The self-righteous old deacon who beat an impecunious resident in a horse-trade was persuaded to make restitution. The miserly church member who had secured the services at half price of an able but unfortunate laborer was induced to do justice to his hireling. The supposedly honorable farmer who had taken advantage of the dire needs of a ne'er-do-well and purchased his adjoining acreage at greatly reduced valuation was incited to make good the loss he had occasioned. He was the community peacemaker, smoothing disagreements and misunderstandings, reconciling neighbor with neighbor and turning enemies into friends.

Ambitious but impecunious young men, struggling to get a foothold and recognition in the business and social world, found in Solomon a helper and counselor. He gathered the poor and the forlorn about him, providing or securing em-

ployment for some, helping others to make a start by means of loans, inspiring still others to give up undesirable habits and companions and to become good citizens. He gathered them into the church, the Sunday School, the literary society and the temperance lodge. No effort was too strenuous, no act too insignificant, no abasement too humble for Solomon if, by such means, he could help or reclaim a fallen brother. One instance, which occurred in connection with "Good Templars Lodge," as an organization of total abstainers from spirituous liquors was called in those days, will suffice to illustrate. A weak brother member had succumbed to temptation and indulged in a drunken debauch. He must confess his downfall in public assembly and pledge himself anew to abstinence, if he were to be "re-obligated" or reinstated. Knowing the improbability of the deposed member taking such a step alone, Solomon offered himself as a candidate for "re-obligation" in the company of the other, confessing to having imbibed a potion of spirituous liquor in time of sickness.

Solomon was extremely democratic both in theory and practice. He not only believed that all men are created free and equal but he lived this belief. He kept open house not only to the prosperous citizen and honored friend, but to the colporter, the superannuated minister, the peddler, the book agent, the student out of a job, the slightly deranged but harmless denizen of the town bereft of all shelter save that of the poorhouse. A bed, an easy chair beside his hearth and a place at his board were always open even to the most humble and the least of these, and he was ever ready to listen with a sympathetic ear to tales of misfortune and frustrated ambition.

In those days there were two disqualified aged ministers, endeavoring to eke out a livelihood by the sale of Biblical literature, who made constant demands upon his hospitality. One, known as Elder Rice, was a somewhat ridiculous figure in rusty clerical garb who drove about the country in an ancient turnout, his old horse accompanied by a clumsy, shaggy colt as large as herself. One winter this reverend elder occupied an easy chair beside Solomon's living room.

fire so persistently that, before taking his final departure, he had worn a hole completely through the carpet beneath his feet and his old horse and her offspring had grown sleek and fat and even frisky with riotous living. The other poor creature, Elder Webb, had a mild mania directed against the folly and wickedness of those frivolous and misguided human beings who insisted upon bedecking themselves with wedding rings, time pieces, brooches and similar "trappings of the Devil." He also traveled in the capacity of a colporter, but having small success with his wares, lingered at the homes of long suffering brethren. His sojourns at Solomon's fireside were no less lengthy than those of his impecunious colleague, although not so tranquil, being attended with many incidents of a somewhat disconcerting nature owing to his strenuous endeavor to inoculate all whom he met with his own ideas. During one of his visits he taxed a carpenter, engaged in repairing Solomon's house, with unpardonable wickedness. The man wore a ring. The decrepit Elder painfully mounted a ladder leading to the top of the house, and harangued the offender and barely escaped being thrown from the roof by the irate workman, who was blessed with a temper but not with much sense of humor.

Then there was the Second Adventist, the brother who came crying in the wilderness: "Repent for the day of judgment is at hand," who never failed to seek refreshment at Solomon's board. A peddler of tinware and collector of paper rags, called Bill Joles, rarely failed, upon his rounds, to occupy a bed at "Sol's." He was a rotund, rollicking, loud-voiced creature, simple both in heart and mind and overflowing with droll tales to which the children listened rapturously. Upon his appearance one season he found that tales of "Lilliput" were being read to the children by their father. At this time he proved to be an eminently appreciative member of "Sol's" audience. He laughed uproariously till the tears ran down his face and he even rolled over and over upon the floor in utter abandonment to his enjoyment of the predicaments of Gulliver among the dwarfs.

A dispenser of perfumes and essences, Ed Meeker, afflicted with shaking palsy and half blinded by a squinting vision, always counted upon a welcome at "Sol's" fireside.

Meyers, the pack-peddler, paused there for patronage and succor, and there Betsy Gray, the harmless lunatic, was provided with clean raiment, nourishing food and simple occupation during her periodic flights from the poor-farm. Billy, the half-wit, Ralph, the wornout pedagogue, each and all were received beneath Solomon's roof with smiling welcome and kindly courtesy.

Solomon Hoxie rendered much valiant and well nigh indispensable service throughout his neighborhood in times of sickness. The country district where he resided was sparsely settled. Physicians were few in number and the demands upon their time and attention were very great. Often one could not be secured immediately in cases of emergency. Trained nurses were unknown. Again and again Solomon hastened to the assistance of friends and neighbors in such periods of stress. He seemed to have a natural aptitude for caring for the sick and, regardless of the season or of the hour, he could always be depended upon to respond to any call for help. He knew intuitively what to do. His courage in the face of danger was indomitable, his judgment sound. He gave unstintingly of his time and strength. He not only supplemented the efforts of family and physician in times of illness but he was often forced to act upon his own initiative in emergencies, saving lives as well as inspiring all with whom he came in contact with renewed strength and courage. When a little child had fallen and cut a frightful gash in its forehead and no physician was available, Solomon stopped the flow of blood and dexterously sewed up the wound. A lad suffering from fever found his family unprepared in the emergency when the fever "turned." No pulse was discoverable and it seemed that the patient must die, as no stimulants could be obtained in time to save him. Solomon administered a strong brew of tea. The boy rallied and eventually recovered. An entire family, dangerously ill from scarlet fever and avoided by nearly everyone else, was nursed back to health by Solomon's ministrations. He quieted hysterical subjects who were beyond the control of members of their own family. At one time he restored order and calmness to almost the entire community, distraught by the violent death of one of its members. And so instances might be

multiplied almost indefinitely. Wherever he went anxiety and terror fled away and peace and order reigned in their stead.

One of Solomon's own little sons was very delicate and, during the early years of his life, suffered from almost chronic invalidism. The father was untiring in his attention to this child, repeatedly nursing him through periods of well nigh hopeless illness. In fact the preservation of this child's life was due almost alone to Solomon's genius for nursing and to his ever watchful care and tireless devotion.

Next in intensity to Solomon's love for humanity was his fellowship with nature. The undulations of his meadows, the stretches of his timber land, the river which skirted them, fields, hills and woods and streams all held for him a nameless charm. He used to say that he loved every stick and stone upon his acreage. A picturesque little canyon with its straggling stream was one feature of his farm. Solomon delighted endlessly in this and he expended much time and thought in adding to its beauty. Its channel and waterfall were cleared of rubbish. Its crags and ledges were planted with trees and ferns and wild flowers. Rustic tables and seats were erected wherever space afforded. Birds and squirrels were fed and encouraged to haunt its neighborhood and it became a veritable pleasure resort to the entire family. The children, in particular, delighted in this gorge, tracing its stream to the source, damming the flow of its waters to turn their crude toy millwheels, angling for minnows and cray fish and caddis worms in its depth, wading and splashing and listening to its bubbling murmurs and its dashing falls.

Solomon entered with zest into all the activities incident to life on the farm. He reveled in seed time and harvest, in the winter tasks of logging and icing and the early spring occupation of sugar making. He had a real attachment for the farm animals and the young of his flocks and herds received his most devoted care. Stray lambs were invariably sought and brought back to the fold. Baby calves, benumbed by inclement weather of the early spring, were revived and fed by the kitchen fire. Young chicks and turkeys, drabbed by the too early far-a-field adventuring of their mothers, were rescued and warmed and sheltered by his hands. He was

interested in ornamental trees and filled the ample grounds around his dwelling with fine specimens of these, while he never tired of planting, pruning and tending fruit trees in his two large orchards. He loved bee culture and went about his apiary at all times unprotected, the bees seeming to recognize his friendly intent.

His recreations were few and simple, gathering wild flowers, ferns and mosses, watching and listening to the birds, in which he took great delight, roaming over the hills, stone-hammer in hand, trailing a small son or daughter in his wake, in search of fossils in which the native rocks abounded. Fishing, in which he delighted, was a rare treat, for he had little leisure except during some of the winter months when he angled for pickerel through holes cut in the ice of the river. Family gatherings and sleigh rides were not infrequent amusements incident to the winter season.

Solomon Hoxie was a devoted parent, though he seemed at times to his children to be a stern and exacting one. He was untiring in his efforts to develop early in them the virtues of courage, truth and unselfishness. Their intellectual growth was one of his chief cares. When they were very young he proved himself to be the most fascinating of story tellers, especially during the hours just before bedtime. Later, as his children grew older, he read aloud to them from the best books at all available times. He was unflagging in his efforts to secure the best for them, both in material and method. Having himself failed of the most desirable educational advantages, he was determined to do all within his power to give his children what his early life had lacked. He was always vitally interested in school matters and assumed the responsibility and work of a near-by school for several terms, after two of his children were old enough to attend its sessions, hoping there-by not only to help his neighbors but also to stimulate and guide his own children in their studies.

In the late sixties an incident occurred which gave Solomon Hoxie the opportunity which he had always desired, namely, to preach. One day the little church to which he belonged found itself without a pastor. At first Solomon was asked to read sermons to the congregation on a Sunday morning. Then he began to write and deliver his own sermons.

As time wore on his hearers were so impressed with his ability and success, for the church flourished and grew apace under his leadership, that they urged him to secure a preacher's license. This he finally did and he then became the regular pastor of that little Free-will Baptist Church, giving his services, without money and without price, for five years, believing that a preacher of the good news, as long as he was able to support himself otherwise, should do so. During these years he still carried on the duties of his farm and dairy as well as other activities, preparing his sermons largely during the night-time in hours snatched from sleep. At this period he helped to establish and build a church at South Edmeston, where he frequently preached on Sunday afternoons. Occasionally he also occupied the pulpit at Unadilla Forks and other near-by villages.

In a few years changed circumstances and new activities crowded out this work of his heart's desire and he was forced to give up preaching, but he always deeply regretted this and, even to the day of his death, he did not quite lose the hope that some time he might be given an opportunity to renew this activity which, more nearly than anything else, satisfied his intense longing and ambition to benefit and uplift.

All through these years of his early manhood, Solomon was an efficient dairy farmer and took an active interest in native breeds of cattle. In the early seventies his attention was called to the Friesian breed of cattle, known at that time in this country as the Holstein. Then that period of his life opened and those activities were begun which led to his business and professional success and which made the name of Solomon Hoxie known throughout this country and the dairy sections of Europe.

PART II.

A. CATTLE INTERESTS.

SOLOMON HOXIE AT FORTY-FIVE

CHAPTER I

THE UNADILLA VALLEY DUTCH STOCK BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION

The story of Mr. Hoxie's life during the thirty-one years, from 1874 to 1905, runs parallel with the history of the inception and growth of the black-and-white cattle movement in this country. Solomon Hoxie's genius and early efforts, and his alone, were the means which have brought this movement to its present successful issue in the United States. At the very beginning of his interest in Dutch cattle, he had a far-seeing vision of what it would mean to the farmers and dairy interests of America, if this splendid breed could be introduced and maintained here in its purity, and, during long and arduous years, he never for a moment lost sight of this vision. He bent every energy to the fulfillment of this dream. He cared little for his own interest or his own credit or position in this, his chosen work. His care was for the interest of the breed. He fought the spirit and tendency that would introduce an inferior grade of animals through greed and gain. He fought misrepresentation which came through the early misnaming of these cattle, and which he saw would inevitably lead to confusion, degeneration and the ruin of the best interests of the breed. He fought every form of error, injustice, mismanagement and misunderstanding in the handling of these cattle, regardless of the fact that he made many personal enemies and detractors by the course he was pursuing. He inspired others with his own high ideals. He allowed others to take the credit for his own work and ideas, if only it advanced the cause so dear to his heart. At great personal sacrifice, he did the work of ten men, writing, lecturing, traveling, buying, selling, testing, examining and exhibiting cattle, all for a mere pittance, in order that his ideals might be realized.

In 1870, when his attention was first called to this breed of cattle, a group of young farmers of Central New York, located in the Unadilla Valley, had begun to investigate Dutch breeds with a view to the improvement of their own native herds. Mr. Hoxie united with this group, and, in 1874, a company was formed, known as the Unadilla Valley Dutch Stock Breeders' Association. Their first purchase of pure-bred stock was made from Thomas E. Whiting, of Massachusetts, one of the earliest importers and breeders of these cattle in America. More cattle were purchased of Whiting in 1876; and this association then moved its headquarters from the Unadilla Valley to Whitestown, or more correctly speaking to Yorkville, a suburb of Utica, N. Y. Mr. Hoxie bought a small farm in that village and became the chief agent of this company and its intellectual leader and moving spirit.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

At the time when the members of this association made their first purchase, they found Whiting engaged in a controversy with Winthrop M. Chenery on the name, origin and characteristics of Dutch cattle. Chenery, the earliest importer in this country, had at first correctly designated the cattle as Dutch; but later, in an article on this breed written for the United States Agricultural report of 1864, he referred to them as "Holstein" cattle. Holstein being a province of Denmark rather than of Holland, this name was grossly incorrect and misleading; but it caught the popular fancy. Whiting took up the cudgel for the Holland breeders against the misrepresentation and injustice, and this disagreement led finally to a bitter controversy among American breeders.

At the present day, looked at in perspective, the question of name may seem to have been a small matter to quarrel about, but in reality it was not. The designation, Holstein, opened the whole of Northern Europe, with its variety of breeds, as a source of supply for Dutch cattle. It credited the origin of these cattle to Denmark instead of to North Holland. It took the honor for their development and perfection away from the Dutch breeders, who had labored unceasingly for hundreds of years to improve this breed and to preserve it in its purity. It tricked unwary American pur-

chasers into buying, as pure-bred Dutch or Fresian, the cattle of other breeds and other localities and led to endless confusion. It is of interest to note in this connection that in 1918, at a meeting of breeders of Holstein-Friesian cattle in England, it was voted to drop the word Holstein from the title of their organization, this body to be known in the future as "The British Friesian Cattle Society." A similar action has been taken by the breeders of black and white Holland cattle in New Zealand and South Africa. Thus are the Dutch cattle and their breeders coming into their own again. Thus it has taken more than fifty years to overcome Chenery's casual misnaming of this breed of cattle.

In December, 1877, Mr. Hoxie's company purchased the balance of Mr. Whiting's herd, together with papers and letters of importance from Mr. Whiting's executors, he having died a short time previously. "The correspondence which came into their hands at that time," says Mr. Hoxie, "showed that Mr. G. J. Hengerveld, of the Royal Veterinary Institute of Utrecht and head examiner of the Herd Book of the Netherlands, assisted by eminent breeders and judges had selected these cattle of Mr. Whiting's from the best pure-bred herds of North Holland with great care and at much expense, the understanding being that these animals were to become a nucleus of an American Herd Book of Dutch or North Holland cattle." Mr. Hengerveld had already prepared an introduction for this proposed book and it was hoped that this Herd Book would set matters right in America by definitely fixing the correct name and locality of the pure-bred Dutch cattle imported from North Holland and would counteract the misconception originated by Mr. Chenery and promulgated by the Holstein Herd Book already being published in America. But Mr. Whiting died before these plans could be consummated.

At this time the Unadilla Valley Dutch Stock Breeders' Association was in its infancy. It was inexperienced and possessed little wealth. It was concerned mainly with the development of its own herds. It believed Mr. Whiting's stand as to name and origin of these cattle to be the correct one and, while it did not wish to quarrel with American

breeders, it decided, largely at Mr. Hoxie's instigation, to stand firmly by the name North Holland or Dutch-Friesian cattle.

A STATEMENT OF POLICY

At a meeting of this association, held at about the time the last of Mr. Whiting's cattle were taken over by them, Mr. Hoxie outlined what he regarded as the best policy for his association to pursue. He said in part:

"In regard to our attitude toward the public, we have placed ourselves under the sharp eye of the public gaze. We have by our acts challenged public attention. We have made claims, and these claims must be submitted to the severest scrutiny. Our business is not confined to a neighborhood. It is as broad as our country. If we attempt to conceal any misfortune or imperfection, we cannot succeed in doing it. We shall never be able to stand upon anything but merit. I would rather not keep the cattle, as much as it may be for my pleasure and my interest, than to attempt to conceal any bad or to magnify any good qualities. Another thing we must be careful not to run down the cattle of other breeders. Let us simply point out those things that make up a pure-bred animal and let the men to whom we are talking draw their own conclusions in regard to other men's cattle. The true policy, I believe, is not to allow ourselves to be disturbed by what others may say against our cattle but, in return, to speak as well of their animals as our consciences will allow us to do. There is room for all the breeders in this country and there is no need of jealousy or envy. By and by the public will find where there is true merit.

"I see no reason to enter into combination with other breeders. I think we ought to cling to the name, Imported North Holland Cattle or North Hollanders. Time may lead me to alter some of my views and perhaps all of them. I sometimes think that we have entered upon a business that we shall not be able to carry through successfully. It is a large undertaking requiring more thought and more skill and more money and more time than I had ever anticipated. The public is slow to admit superiority and then slow to reward it. We must make up our minds that our rewards are not coming immediately and suddenly. If we have cherished the hopes of wonderful success and great profits immediately, we are doomed to disappointment. Our success will be the growth of years. We shall make mistakes in the future as in the past. Misfortunes will come and we must make up our minds to this. But, if we persevere, it seems to me we may be the means of giving our country the best family of cattle of the best breed that has ever yet been known. If we persevere, I think our generation is not to see the end of this matter. Our children may take up the business where we lay it down and carry it on to a far greater success and reap a greater reward than we possibly can. But the honor will rest upon our names, that a company of

common farmers had the capacity and the intelligence and the perseverance to originate and carry forward to success an undertaking the importance of which the distant future can alone estimate and appreciate."

Mr. Hoxie now entered upon a most strenuous period of activity. For not only had he the care of a considerable number of valuable cattle but prospective buyers were flocking to his farm and much of his time was perforce spent in the exhibition of animals with a view to making sales as his company's agent. Then, too, he was beginning to make milk and butter records from individual members of the herd. He was also engaged in a propaganda for the benefit of his association, which consisted in the writing of numerous articles for the dairy press of the country, setting forth the advantages and desirabilities of this breed of cattle. Added to this, he wrote and delivered papers and addresses before the American and State Dairymen's Associations and various other cattle organizations in which he was interested or of which he had become a member. Numerous letters of inquiry were constantly coming to him and considerable time and energy were consumed in correspondence.

As a recompense for all these activities, Mr. Hoxie received the modest stipend of three hundred dollars a year from the Unadilla Valley Dutch Stock Breeders' Association. But he was not working for money alone, although comparatively a poor man at this time. His main thought in this, as in every other enterprise in which he engaged, was the benefit that might come to others through his efforts. Here was a worthy undertaking which might become far reaching in its effects. In some branches of his work he was assisted by his eldest son, Charles DeForest, then a versatile and talented youth of sixteen. It was this son who, during the late seventies and early eighties, made many of the original drawings for seals, letter-heads, catalogues and herd books used by the Unadilla Valley and Dutch-Friesian Breeders' Associations.

In 1877, the Unadilla Valley Dutch Stock Breeders' Association was incorporated under the laws of New York State. It had already begun to exhibit at fairs and its members, largely through Mr. Hoxie's efforts, had taken their places

among the prominent breeders of black and white cattle in the United States. In the following year there appeared the first catalogue of Dutch-Friesian cattle owned by this association. Mr. Hoxie had prepared the copy for this and had supervised its publication. This catalogue contained the introduction, originally written by Mr. G. J. Hengerveld for the proposed American Herd Book of Dutch Cattle previously referred to. It also contained a statement to the effect that the association wished to pursue a peaceable policy and to act in harmony with other breeders, "in bringing before the public the oldest and best race of cattle in the world."

CHAPTER II

FIRST VISIT TO HOLLAND

The catalogue of the Unadilla Valley Dutch Stock Breeders' Association recorded forty-nine animals, the importations of Mr. Whiting, together with their offspring. These animals included representatives from the then famous Hartog, Beets, Bleeker, Korndyke, Hengerveld and Twisk families. So careful was this association, under Mr. Hoxie's leadership, to handle only the finest specimens of North Holland cattle, those of whose pure breeding they were fully assured, that they soon established an enviable reputation among prospective buyers in this country and shortly they were unable to supply the demand for these cattle without importation. Consequently Mr. Hoxie left for Holland in the fall of 1879 to purchase cattle.

He went alone and brought back fifty pure-bred Dutch calves, selected with great care and with the help of native experts. His stay in Holland at this time was brief and was attended with many difficulties. The climate was trying and he suffered severely from malaria. He was unacquainted with the language and customs of the people and had everything to learn regarding their business methods; but he had himself, ere this, become an expert judge of the qualities of pure-bred cattle, and this fact was of great assistance to him.

In a letter written home at this time, he says:

"I think this journey will result in good to us all. I am not homesick and have not been and do not expect to be. But you know my tendency to excessive labor and anxiety, when I have anything before me. I wish I could ease up a little but it is not in me or of me to do so. I cannot let go when my hands are once put to the plow."

One very valuable asset in Mr. Hoxie's favor was a friendship which he formed at this time with Mr. K. N. Kuperus of Marssum, Friesland, a Dutch breeder of culture and education. This gentleman received Mr. Hoxie into his home and family as an honored guest during the greater part of his

sojourn in Holland and gave him many suggestions and much counsel of value. This friendship was confirmed during Mr. Hoxie's return trips to Holland and by means of a correspondence extending over a long period. It grew and strengthened with time and ceased only with the death of Mr. Kuperus, nearly forty years after their first meeting.

The return voyage across the ocean with the cattle he had purchased was an anxious and troubled one. The freight boat he had chartered proved to be almost unseaworthy and the captain not too friendly to his interests. In fact, after sailing, he learned positively that a plot was on foot to run the steamer ashore for the purpose of securing insurance for her owners. This, together with the storms at this season attendant upon the northern route by which they were bound, and the fact that they spent several days in perilous proximity to icebergs, rendered this voyage memorable as one of the most exciting and trying, though brief, experiences of Mr. Hoxie's life. In after years he was wont to dilate upon the incidents of this voyage, the memory of which still seemed to hold a fearsome fascination, and when, amidst other perplexities and anxieties of his later career, he was rendered sleepless, he lived this experience among the icebergs over and over again, during wakeful night hours. The little craft, which in spite of all difficulties and hazards finally landed him and all his precious cargo safely in New York Harbor, was never seen after she sailed again, outward bound. It is probable that she went to the bottom with all hands on board as neither captain nor crew were ever heard from afterwards.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF HOLLAND

Some impressions of this trip to Holland were set down by Mr. Hoxie in a paper read at the New York State Dairy-men's Association near the close of the year 1879. In this "Glimpse of Dairy Husbandry in West Friesland," he says:

"In the northern part of the Kingdom of the Netherlands, in extent of territory not much exceeding Herkimer County of this state, is the province of West Friesland, for ages the head center of dairy production on the continent of Europe. It is bounded upon nearly three sides by the sea, from which the larger portion of it has been won through incredible labor, by a system of dykes and canals. The whole country was once a series of shallow bogs, lagoons, swamps and islands, formed

by the sediment of the river Rhine meeting the sandy deposits washed shoreward by the currents of the North Sea. Surrounding all these has been built an immense sea-wall, and, by the constant operation of pumps, formerly worked by huge windmills which in modern times are giving place to steam engines, the country is kept sufficiently drained for cultivation.

"Within so small a district one is surprised to meet with such a variety of soils, ranging from light sand up through the mucks and loams to the heavy clays. All of these soils are productive of the grasses. Lying so low, the larger portion of the country being from nine to twenty-nine feet below the level of the sea and covered with a complete network of ditches, the moisture of the soil is almost absolutely under human control. The only exceptions are the more depressed portions during an exceedingly wet season. Hence, its pastures are always green and luxuriant, like the pastures of Central New York in early June.

"A person is impressed at first sight with the unity of all the agricultural operations. The whole system has but one object; the handling of cattle for purposes of beef, butter and cheese production. Scarcely any grain is raised, only a few potatoes for home use and almost no fruit. It is really pitiable to see the few dwarfed, half-dead fruit trees that here and there a more enterprising farmer has gathered about his dwelling. But the whole country is a paradise of grass, and every farm, including the dwelling and its inmates, is simply a great machine for converting this grass into butter and cheese. The farmer, his wife, his servants and his cattle, are simply so many wheels and levers in this machine.

"There is but one building of any importance upon the farm. The roof of that building covers everything that requires protection. It is always a huge structure of brick and tile constructed in a square or slightly rectangular form, varying from forty to eighty feet in length and breadth according to the requirements of the farm. In every other respect, excepting in size, this building upon one farm is the almost exact counterpart of that upon every other farm.

"One distinguishes the farmhouse built during the present season from one built two hundred years ago only by the fresher appearance of the materials. The outside wall rises about seven feet perpendicularly from the surface of the ground, then a very steep roof inclines upward from thirty to fifty feet to the ridge pole. The walls are invariably built of brick, the roof of tiles made of the same material, the flooring of the butter and cheese rooms of stone, the flooring of the stables of brick, and of the family rooms, wood.

"The rest of the flooring is usually of firmly pounded clay or brick. The center of this building is generally occupied by the hay-mow built upward from the floor in a cubic form, upon one or two sides are the stables, upon a third side is space for carriages and tools, and upon the fourth side are the butter and cheese rooms and the family apartments.

"A Friesian farm is kept permanently in grass as much as possible. Rotation of crops is but little practiced. We saw pastures and meadows that had not been broken within the remembrance of man, yet the sod was exceedingly dense and luxuriant. Manures are usually applied as top dressing. In many cases these are composted with refuse from the ditches or earth from some portions of the fields, then rotted and disintegrated by being repeatedly shoveled and piled. We think commercial manures are but very little used.

ORIGIN OF FAMILY DIFFERENCES

"At least ninety per cent of the cattle are of the piebald black and white race called in Europe 'Dutch' or 'Friesian' cattle, but incorrectly known in America as 'Holsteins.' There are numerous local families of these cattle which have originated on different varieties of soil and from different local uses. At first it is difficult for an American farmer to understand how these families have been produced, varying as they do so much in size, build, quality and general appearance. The explanation is not difficult. Every distinct and separate polder (drained lake) or series of polders has a soil peculiar to itself. Upon one polder or series, the soil will be a heavy clay, upon another it will be a deep black muck, upon a third a light or heavy sand or loam, the quality of the natural grasses varying with the quality of the soil. Farmers residing in different localities and hence upon different soils rarely exchange cattle. Dutch self-esteem makes the farmers in a given locality believe that their cattle are the best in the world, and Dutch persistence keeps father and son for generations breeding in the same line and for the same purpose. Indeed, this system prevails in the human family. The true Friesian never marries a foreigner. The farmer rarely ever sells cattle except on the public markets. These markets are held upon some particular day of each week during the months of September and October. At this time the farmer looks over his herd, selects out his finest cattle, those best adapted to his own particular use, drives the balance to the public market place, sells them for what he can get, and returns to his farm to repeat the same process from year to year and from generation to generation. Two principles thus operate to build up distinct families of cattle: First, constant selection with view to particular use. If that is butter-making exclusively, it results in a butter-making family; if that is cheese-making, in a cheese-making family; if that is beef production, in a family superior for that purpose; or if his process of farming has the three objects in view it results in a family with these three qualities quite evenly balanced. Second, the soils upon which they are fed for generations produce varieties in size and general development. Upon the sands these cattle are of comparatively small size and of close build; upon the mucks, loam and lighter clays, of larger size but of finer bone; and upon the heavy clay, the richest land perhaps in the world, they are of large size, of heavy build, of coarser bone and sometimes ungainly proportions.

MARKETING THE SURPLUS ANIMALS

"Over the larger portions of West Friesland, butter and cheese-making are combined. A few localities make butter only, while other localities unite the three objects, beef, butter and cheese production. Especially is this the case around the city of Leeuwarden, the central and largest city in the province. Here are held the largest cattle markets (London excepted) in the world. Frequently fifteen hundred to two thousand head of cattle are brought here and disposed of in a single day. Some of these cattle go to France, some to Belgium, others to England and still others to America. Germany, until quite recently, has been a large purchaser, but importations to that country are now prohibited on account of the lung plague. Here are found on every market day, fresh cows with enormous udders, fat cows, heifers that have never been bred, cows lean from excess of milk production and calves of all ages. The cattle that the farmers regard as their best are invariably kept at home. These are as precious stones in their sight. They will almost as quickly part with their wives and children as from them.

"In localities where butter and cheese-making are combined, the farmers rely upon the butter for their chief income. The milk is generally set from twelve to thirty-six hours in shallow earthen pans, and the butter made on what is called the old Friesian system. From two and one-half to four pounds of butter are taken from a hundred pounds of milk, according to the season and other circumstances. Then the skim milk is made into cheese and the whey fed to the calves. The butter is not washed in the process of manufacture, the buttermilk being worked out. The result of this process is a light colored salvey-textured butter. This is packed in firkins holding from twenty to one hundred pounds. The style of these packages, even to the number of hoops, is prescribed by the government. A government officer weighs the tubs before filling and afterward, and determines the grade of quality of butter. The butter is also sold on public markets. We were present on two of those market days and saw many packages opened and tested. The butter appeared much more even in quality than American butter, but none of it of so high a grade as the best American. At the time we visited the market, the farmers were rejoicing over the fact of the Friesland butter, made by this Friesian process, taking the sweepstakes prize over all other foreign butter at the recent international dairy fair held in London. We wondered if any gilt-edged American was in competition. We have since learned that large quantities of Friesian butter are sent to other portions of Holland, where the water is good, re-churned, washed and re-salted before being sent to London and Liverpool markets. The probable reason why the butter is not washed under the old Friesian process, is the unfitness of the water for that purpose, it being universally impregnated with the soil to such an extent that it cannot be used for even ordinary drinking and cooking purposes. Rain water is used instead. There is, no doubt, more butter produced

in West Friesland than in any other territory of equal extent in the world. And what is more, this enormous production has been going on for ages. Before America was discovered West Friesland was a dairy country, and we judge that the cattle and the soil have been slowly but constantly improving from its earliest history to the present time. The cattle were originally of a pure white color. This has been changed by the process of selection and by the introduction of foreign blood in past ages, to the present piebald race. The natural tendency, even now, is to breed back to the original white.

DAIRY HUSBANDRY IN HOLLAND

"One element in Friesian dairy husbandry, and one undoubtedly of great importance, is the early cutting of their hay. This crop is harvested before the grass heads show to any extent. A second crop and sometimes a third is gathered before the winter sets in. In fact their hay is similar in quality and appearance to our well-cut rowen. One can readily imagine the effect of this forage upon milk, butter and cheese production. Very little grain is ever fed to their cows. Limited quantities of oil cake are used in the winter, but their cows feast and give milk and grow fat during the cold months upon what we Americans would call rowen. Soiling is not practiced, except after the time the cows are put upon the stables, which is during the latter part of October or the earlier part of November, the date depending upon the severity of the weather. Then the third crop, if not cut before, is mown and fed to the cows uncured.

"After the cows are put upon the stables they are never removed until spring. The stables are usually arranged so that the cows' heads are toward and close to the outer wall. The flooring upon which they stand is elevated above the other floors from eighteen to thirty inches. This platform is just wide enough for the cows to stand upon crosswise and feed, without manger or any other contrivance for holding their hay. Low partitions usually separate them into divisions of two, a chain for each cow, with an attachment to go around the neck resembling a common horse-fetter bow but much longer, is brought back and fastened to a hook driven into the floor at the end of the partition near the flank of the cow. This prevents her from pressing forward upon her hay thrown upon the level floor in front of her. The length of this chain is easily adapted to the length of the animal to just keep her in a position for the droppings to fall to the trench or the lower floor. She is thus kept in remarkable neatness. A small rope around her horns and fastened at the side of her head to the partition completes the arrangement. This manner of fastening gives considerable freedom, but there is no chance for the filthiness of American stables. Here the cow is watered, fed and milked without being removed from her place until she is turned to pasture in the spring. In some of the stables the watering is done at a trough immediately in front of the cows, through which water is passed at the proper hours for drinking; in others, by the much slower process of carrying water to them in pails.

All of their water is pumped from wells or cisterns within the barns.

"The cattle are put upon these elevated stables and removed by use of a cleated movable bridge, closely resembling the bridge used in this country in moving an animal to and from a common horse-power. The tails of the cows are suspended by small cords that permit them to nearly touch the floor when the animals are lying down. The temperature of these stables must be more comfortable and the air much purer than in the average American stable.

"After the cows are turned to the fields in the spring, there they remain under all circumstances of weather until winter comes again. The climate of Holland at certain times is exceedingly trying to cattle in the fields. The latitude is about as high as Labrador in America. Cold, drizzling storms of wind and rain from the North Sea are of frequent occurrence. To protect their cows from these storms coarse cotton or linen blankets are provided, covering the back from just forward of the shoulders to within about four inches of the rump. These blankets cover the sides to about the middle of the body. These are removed when the storm is over.

"The Frieslanders are exceedingly slow in adopting new customs, opinions and modes of farming. The hay crop is almost universally cut and cured by hand. Mowing machines, tedders and horse rakes are just beginning to be introduced. Their tools are all heavy, seeming to have been made with view to lasting forever. Their farm wagons are without neaps, being turned about by the action of the foot of the driver upon a beak attached to the forward axle.

"At their ordinary meals they often sit with their hats on their heads, seeming to disdain the graces of modern civilization. They are quite hospitable and regard it a mark of disrespect to refuse to enter their homes to smoke and drink with them. In fact they smoke and drink immensely. They keep everything about their farms in order, but the marvelous neatness of their households, of which we had read, we did not find. The women of that country are industrious, intelligent and fine-looking. They are not addicted to the degrading dissipations so universal with their lords. The Friesian farmer thinks much of his word and, when he gives it, usually fulfills it to the letter. He meets his appointments to the minute. He socially belongs to the third class, in which merchants and professional men do not mix. He is generally tall and muscular, with a bearing proud and independent, and, if he could be instilled with a little Yankee uneasiness and versatility, would soon bring about a social revolution that would place him in the foremost rank among the people of Europe.

"The question has often occurred to us, could the American dairyman adopt any of the Friesland system with success and profit? We have invariably answered, Yes! In our humble judgment there is much that he might adopt with increased comfort to himself and cattle and increased accumulations to his income. But we confess to only a glimpse of that peculiar country and its husbandry. We looked little into the details; a closer inspection might impress us less favorably, and we

might come to regard our American system of dairy farming, as we regard our government and social system, preferable in all respects."

As the result of actual contact with the Dutch breeder, Mr. Hoxie became more and more assured of the truth and honesty of the stand taken by Mr. Whiting, and more and more in sympathy with the desire of the North Holland breeders to maintain the integrity of their cattle by insisting upon the correct designation incident to the section where they were bred. Consequently, upon Mr. Hoxie's return to America, after this first visit to Holland, a meeting of the Unadilla Valley Dutch Stock Breeders' Association was called on December 8, 1879, to consider the advisability of continuing the keeping of the Dutch Herd Book commenced by Mr. Whiting. After some discussion, the members agreed to form an organization to be called the "Dutch-Friesian Association of America," the object of which should be the preservation of the purity of Dutch-Friesian cattle in America and the advancement of the interests of the breeders and importers of the same. On motion the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That the Herd Book of Dutch Cattle, kept by Mr. T. E. Whiting of Massachusetts (deceased), with the introduction to the same, written by Prof. G. J. Hengerveld of the Royal Veterinary Institute of Utrecht, Kingdom of the Netherlands, be and is hereby made the nucleus of the Dutch-Friesian Herd Book of America."

Soon after the formation of the Unadilla Valley Dutch Stock Breeders' Association another breeders' organization sprang into being in the nearby county of Madison, at Hamilton, N. Y. The members of this company rallied to the standard of the Dutch-Friesian Association, as did a few other farmers and breeders in various sections of the country. The secretary's book shortly showed eighteen life members. But it was not until two years later that the first volume of the Herd Book actually appeared in print.

CHAPTER III

ANOTHER VISIT TO HOLLAND AND THE NEW HERD BOOK

In the spring of 1880 Mr. Hoxie again visited Holland to purchase more cattle, his association having been successful beyond all hopes in disposing of its first importation. This time he did not go alone; Mr. Irwin Langworthy, a young cousin and a member of the Unadilla Valley Dutch Stock Breeders' Association, accompanied him. On board the steamship *Hecla*, about four hundred miles out from Queens-town, Solomon writes to his wife on April 2, of this year:

"In two days more we expect to see land. The steamer will first stop at Queenstown in Ireland. Then we shall go to Liverpool in the northern part of England. From Liverpool we expect to go by rail to London and then to Hartwick. From Hartwick we shall take another steamship to cross the English Channel to Rotterdam. There is nothing to write about. On shipboard every day is alike. The only changes are in degrees of roughness or cold. We have had a remarkably pleasant voyage for this season of the year. We hope good fortune may smile upon us for the rest of the journey. I suspect that you know I think of you almost every hour in the day. If love were sent by the cargo I would spend my money and send you a ship-load. But love goes like the light and I feel that I am in an atmosphere of it from you and the children."

On the seventeenth of April, after about two weeks' sojourn in Holland, Solomon writes to his mother:

"I am pretty well tired out. No one can appreciate the difficulties we have met in our business and the weariness and anxiety we often feel. But hoping and believing that you are all well at home keeps up our spirits. I get along much better than last year. Cattle are much higher in price and we are spending much money in looking for the best.

"This is a very strange country. They bore holes in the ground about eighteen inches apart with a tool something like an auger. That lifts out a plug of dirt, or rather clay, about six inches long and two and one-half inches thick. Into these holes they drop their seed potatoes and cover them a little with the hand. Then they harrow the ground. They hoe their wheat. I have seen men and women together hoeing

wheat many times. They **always** tie the cows' legs when milking them and they keep their cows without a speck of dirt on their sides or hips. The stable floors are so high that they have to have a bridge over which the cows walk when removing them from the barn. Few men will remove a cow without being paid for it. Day before yesterday we paid a man a dollar just to take a bull from his stable and show him to us. A fine horse was shown at another time but the servant must have a half-guilder. I think I pay sometimes from ten to twenty men a day for doing such things as these. There are no hitching posts and nobody ever hitches a horse; so a man holds your horse and must be paid, and so it goes from day to day. I do not write this because I object to this system but it seems so odd and so different than with us at home. If I had ten cents for every time I have shown our old bull, Burgomaster, I should have quite a little pile.

"Then another peculiarity is the wonderful quietness and slowness with which everything goes along. One may drive all day upon a paved public road and not meet a single team. He will meet men and women on foot and carts drawn by dogs and carts pushed by men, but, except upon market days which come once a week, it is very rare to meet a horse and wagon. The country is so quiet one might think every day was Sunday. I think a majority of the people are quite poor. The largest share of the wealth is in the hands of the few. Rich men are large land holders and rent their land to the farmers, who are a sort of middle class, and then they hire the laborers who work very slowly but make exceedingly long days."

Later Mr. Hoxie writes to his children:

"I think people in fair circumstances are quite happy here, for they make a great deal of home and of their friends and relatives. The children are healthy and robust and have very red cheeks. They dress quite warmly and some of them look like little old men and women. You would laugh to see the little wooden shoes. You ought to see how pleasant the children seem to be to one another. I hope each day you will cultivate forbearance and love for one another. The more of love we put into our lives, the richer our lives are. This great truth is often learned when much of our time in this world is passed. I hope it may not be so with my children."

The cattle purchased, Mr. Hoxie and his companion were forced to tarry some days before their steamer set sail on the return voyage. During this time he had leisure for a daily letter to his family. Some of these have been preserved and extracts from them follow:

"We expect to start from Antwerp the tenth of May, on the *Helvetia* of the White Cross Line. Her usual passage is fifteen or sixteen days. So you may expect our arrival in New York on the twenty-sixth, not before. The owners of the boat say we must take hay for twenty days. So you need not be alarmed if you do not hear from us before the

thirtieth of May. We have bought one hundred head of cattle, twenty-four of them being over two years of age, sixty-six yearlings and ten calves. We have had to pay very much more than last fall, three, four and five times as much, but we have bought cattle that are superior; the best that we could possibly find; and on this account reasonably expect, if American prices keep where they were last winter, we may realize as great a profit per animal as on the others. We have bought the first prize cow of this country and many others that are regarded as very valuable; and now, if we can only get home safely, we shall be thankful.

"The spring in this country comes on very slowly. Flowers were blossoming when we came and they seem but little farther advanced now. I never knew what purple violets signified before. The wild violet here is purple instead of blue, and often a whole half acre will appear as one mass of deep purple. I saw a robin and a catbird in a cage at Antwerp. They looked wonderfully home-like and I almost wanted to get hold of them and kiss them. The catbird was singing his odd song as naturally as though he were dodging among the bushes of America. The babies here all coo in English and laugh and cry in English; and it is a wonder how they ever learn to talk Dutch. Every word in Dutch sounds as if it had its tail bitten off. I have got so I can say the 'Yaw, yaw' with short, quick jerks of the lower jaw."

To his wife he says:

"I think I have not written you anything about North Holland. This country is so curious. It seems so strange that there should be different customs and different styles of dress comparatively only a few miles apart. In some sections the dames (ladies) wear the gold head dress of which I have told you. In North Holland they wear a gold band across the forehead and, rising from this on each side of the head, will be a little arch from which are hung pendants, usually earrings. . . . I leave you to imagine a Dutch beauty, for I don't think I have fairly represented her in this drawing. Her cheeks are as red as two roses and she has eyes that, like our ladies in America, are wonderfully inquisitive. She loves to peek at the 'Amerikans' (accent on the last syllable) and then giggle the tiniest kind of a giggle in plain English. The women of North Holland are very fond of high colors, red and yellow and blue and green. The houses are painted the same variety of colors and the rooms also and then highly polished. They scrub everlastingly but do not, after all, keep as neat as American women. But for fresh, clear, bright complexions they excel. There are probably no women in the world with such fair complexions. They are the picture of health. No doubt one cause of this is so much out-of-door life. They know but little of the indoor confinement of American women. They walk as much as the men and often we see them in the fields at work with the men. If it were not for their style of head dress they would be quite beautiful as a class. Why they will adhere to a head dress that makes them look perfectly bald I

cannot see. Some of the city women, who have discarded the Friesian costume, have very beautiful hair.

"Kindje are one of the national institutions. They marry young and, oh, such piles of kindje, kinderen! These kinderen are as neat as wax. Though the vaders and moeders are poor the kinderen have to be dressed neatly and are indeed pretty. You would laugh to see the young vader and moeder walking out together on Sunday drawing a little wagon containing two, one a little larger than the other, and then perhaps two or three little toddlers, hold of hands, ahead or behind. Maybe the oldest being not more than six or seven, but acting as nurse and guard over the others. Families of from half a dozen to ten kinderen are not uncommon. But the women do not have the house work or the demands upon their nervous systems in other respects that American women do. Society is more simple, the care of rooms not an iota the labor, the meals more simple. The women do not pickle and preserve and bake and wash dishes as American women do. And then, oh, the everlasting labor of the toilet, to which many of the American women are almost slaves! Of this they know but little. But they are still beautiful in the eyes of the heeven (gentlemen). I confess that I admire the style and independence of the Friesian ladies. There is none of that pretension to extreme gentility that is sometimes seen in America. I have been so fortunate as to be invited into the houses of some of the best families in this country but this same simplicity I have always found. I have never found that pretension that is sometimes seen in America. Nor have I found bashfulness. The women have always appeared unpretentious, innocent and frank.

. . . As I wrote you last year, the men smoke and drink immoderately. But I can say that there is far, far less of this among the higher than among the middle and lower classes. . . .

"I will write you now our mode of living. In the morning, whether we rise early or late, it is always the same. We go down to the dining room where a salver, about twice the size of this sheet of paper, is set with a teapot, a sugar bowl, a milk cup and a slop jar, two cups and saucers and a chest of tea. Beside the salver will be two small plates and knives. At the right hand, on the floor close to your chair, stands a teakettle of boiling water. You make your own tea and sit down and help yourself to bread, butter, cheese, radishes and a peculiar kind of little cracker kept in a little round black box. I have really fallen in love with the Friesian style of breakfasting. You have no other regular meal until five p. m., the dinner hour. Then we have soup and a small slice of bread and about four courses of meats. Let me give you one menu as a sample. Friesch soup, cold roast beef and small string beans, beef steak and potatoes, roast veal and greens, beef tongue and lettuce, brandy pudding. At the side of my plate stands a bottle of wine in grave solemnity at each meal. The cork is the glass head of a Dutchman, trying to look facetious. Dinner over, then if our business is over, we walk out. When we return in about an hour we

miss our tea so badly that we usually call for a pot of it. Then the morning salver, with its accompaniments, makes its appearance. We sit gravely and sup our tea as a Dutchman sups his wine or beer or gin. . . .

"Our cattle are now all purchased and our arrangements for return are being rapidly made. We hope Old Ocean will be propitious and that, sometime about the twenty-sixth of May, we shall land safely in New York. And we hope to come home and to live enough better to make up for lost time. A voyage to Europe in a pleasant season of the year, upon one of the staunchest of steamships, in the company of friends and acquaintances and, especially with the wife of one's heart and with plenty of money, would no doubt be a very pleasant thing. Then to journey over Europe in the same company, without a care, visiting the noted places, would be a rich treat. But to come here on business among sharpers of the sharpest sort—Yankee sharpness cannot begin with Dutch sharpness. You know there is a homely expression, 'That beats the Dutch.' I never appreciated its meaning until I had experience with them. I think I can solemnly witness to the truth of the remainder of the expression, 'and the Dutch beat the Devil'—is another thing."

On May 5, he writes to his son:

"We are having a few days of waiting before we can ship our cattle, so I improve the time in writing to my loved ones across the Atlantic. I have written almost every day to your mother, so now I will write to you. In some respects a young man has superior advantages in this country, if he is born wealthy; but Heaven help the poor! A young man of wealthy parents is immediately put to learning the various European languages, English, French and German. I think such a young man spends less time than he would in our country in mathematics and the sciences. By constant contact with people of adjoining nations he very soon learns to speak their languages with tolerable accuracy. It is surprising how many farmers' sons even are learning English. After the proper age, say about eighteen, his business or profession is chosen and then his education is specialized with a view to his future calling. He may go into the army, one-third of the young men being drafted for that service every year. I think their army life is not irksome. If talented, promotion awaits him and, in that case, it may be a life calling. You would be surprised to see the number of young men here in the various uniforms of the different branches of the army service. These uniforms are blue and gaily trimmed, some with red, some with yellow, some have epaulets, and some gold or silver stars on their collars. With their highly polished buttons, belts and shining scabbards and their white gloves they really make a very fine appearance. Other young men enter the civil service, post offices, telegraph offices, dyke offices, etc., where they are also generally uniformed. Besides this the railroads take another class of young men, all of them in uniform. Even the common porters wear uniforms.

"Young ladies are more secluded, I think, than in America, although much the greater number of retail shops are kept by them. They also learn the different European languages to some extent. They are very fine looking and fully as intelligent as the men. They are generally tall and quite commanding in appearance. I have seen scarcely any of that silly, smirking pretension to extreme childishness and simplicity that is sometimes seen in America. They are not bashful, neither are they forward. All classes and ages of men, from the youth to the grandsire, smoke—I think I have only met with two exceptions—and drink. They smoke almost constantly. At the close of dinner cigars are always passed at the hotels. Wine always accompanies the meal. A bottle sits beside each man's plate. One thing seems very curious to me. At not a single dinner at a public house have I seen a lady. I think they take their meals separately. The Dutch men as a class are not refined in manner, nor do I think in sentiment. I sometimes think they pride themselves upon their animal qualities. It is a wonder to me that the ladies preserve the purity and delicacy of which they seem to be possessed, considering their male associates.

"There is but little chance for a young person to rise above his surroundings in this country. He is born into a certain class and always remains there. I think wealth is honored more than in our country. To put it emphatically, the poor in this country are the slaves of the rich. The people, I think, are quite fond of dress but extremely careful of their clothing. Fashions do not change as often as in our country, so that a fine suit of attire may last for years. The influence of surrounding countries is seen in the dress of the inhabitants of the large towns. I presume half of the ladies of Leeuwarden dress in the French style. But outside the cities nearly all dress in the old Friesian way. The people show much self-esteem. They have been educated for generations to regard themselves as a superior race. Their eyes are beginning to be opened especially among the better educated and more intelligent. I have no doubt that fifty years hence great changes will be effected. Communications with the rest of the world will do away with many prejudices and awaken them to their imperfections. One great promise of this is found in the fact that the upper classes, who travel to other countries, drink and smoke less and show much greater delicacy and refinement. Naturally the Friesians are a splendid race. In perseverance and courage they probably have no superiors."

In preparation for the transit of his cattle from Leeuwarden to Antwerp, previous to loading them upon the *Helvetia* for shipment to America, Mr. Hoxie was accidentally separated from his companion and his purchases and was stranded alone in Leeuwarden with all the baggage but without money. His assistant had gone on to Antwerp with the cattle and there was not time to get the necessary funds from

him for the release of the baggage, the hotel bill and Mr. Hoxie's railroad fare, before the vessel sailed. Mr. Hoxie was greatly perturbed. Not knowing enough of the Dutch language to make the situation clear to a native and being absolutely without friends or acquaintances in Leeuwarden, what could he do? How extricate himself from the difficulty? He strode up and down the railroad tracks in front of the station, audibly voicing his distress. A stranger, a Hollander who understood English and who observed Mr. Hoxie's discomposure and listened to his involuntary self-communings, approached him and said, "I have heard what you were saying. I like your face and I am going to venture to loan you the money with which to reach Antwerp." Upon Mr. Hoxie's third visit to Holland, the first person he met upon leaving the train at Leeuwarden was this same man, this friend in need who had helped a foreigner, a perfect stranger in a strange land, out of what seemed an insurmountable difficulty because he "liked his face."

THE DUTCH-FRIESIAN HERD BOOK AND THE BEGINNINGS OF ADVANCED REGISTRATION

On landing in America this second importation of cattle was taken directly to Mr. Hoxie's farm in Yorkville, as had also been the fifty head of calves previously brought over, for the necessary period of quarantine. Thus increased duties and responsibilities were added to Mr. Hoxie's already multitudinous burdens.

All his interrupted activities in America were now resumed, speaking and writing in the interest of Dutch cattle, supervising his farm and dairy and exhibiting and making sales of his new purchases. Added to these numerous labors a wholly new task was now required of him—the editing and publishing of the first volume of the Dutch-Friesian Herd Book of America. This book was brought out in the fall of 1880 by the Dutch-Friesian Association, Mr. Hoxie having performed all of the work of compiling and editing it unassisted. Also, he had personally examined most of the animals recorded therein. On account of the meagre numbers composing the association and their lack of funds, Mr. Hoxie's remuneration for his first year's work as editor of the herd

book, examiner of cattle and secretary of the organization was the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars. His duties were now so manifold that he was forced to resign as chief sales agent of the Unadilla Valley Dutch Stock Breeders' Association, although many of its cattle were still kept upon his farm, under his care, and he still continued to edit and publish its annual catalogues and to carry on his propaganda for its benefit through correspondence, writing and speaking.

With this first volume of the Dutch-Friesian Herd Book a new era in the breeding of black and white cattle in America was ushered in. Mr. Hoxie set forth in its pages a system¹ of registry based upon the development of the escutcheon and milk records. Two forms of registry were adopted, viz: The Pedigree form, in which all cattle of pure blood must first enter, and the Main or Advanced form, to which the animal advances by special merit. The idea of this latter form was original with Solomon Hoxie and, in this book are to be found the small beginnings of that system of Advanced Registry around which the significant history of this breed in America almost entirely centers. In this volume was published the introduction by G. J. Hengerveld, originally written for the proposed Herd Book of Dutch cattle which was to have been issued by Thomas Whiting. It also contained this statement regarding the name Dutch-Friesian, which had been adopted by this association:

"In the Netherlands Herd Book every animal is described from the province in which it was bred, thus: 'Noord Hollandsch veeslag,' 'Friesche veeslag', literally North Holland kind, Friesian kind. In the certificates of breeding required to entitle imported animals to registry in America, these two kinds are regarded as identical and are described as pure 'North Holland or Friesian black and white piebald cattle.' Upon arriving in America, however, they are popularly given the name 'Holstein.' This name is a peculiarly unfortunate one, from the fact that there is a breed in the province of Holstein (Denmark) differing widely from this breed to which the Europeans have very properly attached the name Holstein. Hence it is very likely to lead to misunderstanding and confusion as intercourse increases between American and European breeders; besides it robs the true originators of the breed of the honor justly due them. The Dutch-Friesian Association has discarded this name (Holstein) and adopted one 'that was

¹ This system, in the next volume of the Dutch-Friesian Herd Book, was materially changed.

applied to the breed as early as 1825 by the European author Sturm, in a work entitled 'Races, Crossing and Improvement of Indigenous Domestic Animals.' This name (Dutch-Friesian) is comprehensive, including the black and white dairy cattle of both North Holland and West Friesland; it designates the origin of the breed and is in harmony with the importer's certificates. We think all disinterested men, lovers of exact statements, will approve of this name."

This volume contains the pedigree of sixty-three bulls and two hundred and four cows. Upon its pages there is no manifestation of unfriendliness to the Holstein Association.

At about this time Mr. Hoxie wrote a series of articles for the "American Live Stock Journal," the leading cattle journal in this country, since named the "Breeders' Gazette." These articles gave a comprehensive account of the origin of the Dutch breed, its history in Europe, its valuable qualities, its products and their markets and the treatment of the breed in North Holland and Friesland. These articles called forth the following statement from a prominent Holland breeder:

"I constantly read the 'Live Stock Journal' with great interest, especially the articles you are publishing about the Friesian or Dutch-Friesian cattle. It astonishes me from whence you get the knowledge as to their origin and so many particulars concerning our cattle."

Mr. Hoxie had intended to use these articles later as a basis of a truthful history of these cattle both in Europe and America, but they were largely culled from by Mr. F. L. Houghton in the construction of his book on Holstein-Friesian cattle.

CHAPTER IV

THIRD VISIT TO HOLLAND—INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF BREEDERS OF DUTCH CATTLE

The Unadilla Valley Dutch Stock Breeders' Association soon became so widely known for the quality of its cattle that it could not begin to supply the demands made upon it by American purchasers, consequently Mr. Hoxie again set sail for Holland in the spring of 1882, to buy more cattle. He planned that this trip should be a somewhat leisurely one; that he should take more time than ever before to study the Dutch cattle in their native environment and to get into closer touch with North Holland breeders. He also designed to visit the Island of Guernsey and to investigate its breed of cattle, largely in the interests of his brother, Samuel, who wished to own some Guernseys for experimental purposes. Upon this, his third journey to foreign shores, he was accompanied by his genial and well beloved friend, Sylvester Burchard, a prominent breeder of Holland cattle and a member of the Chenango Valley Stock Breeders' Association.

One of the most interesting events during his stay in Holland at this time was an International Conference of Breeders of Dutch cattle which was held at Amsterdam, on the thirtieth of May, 1882. Mr. Hoxie writes thus to his wife regarding it:

"Last evening I received a formal invitation to the International Conference of the Herd Book Associations of Europe and America, from the Secretary of the Netherlands Association, and shall, with Mr. Burchard, take a seat in this body to represent the Dutch-Friesian Association of America. Mr. P., who is here buying cattle, says he would rather be a member of this conference than to be a member of Congress in America. I am not particularly proud of the honor but I see, from the conference, great results that will grow in importance long after I am gone, and perhaps my children and their children may regard it as an honor to them."

At this conference the Netherlands Association of Holland was officially represented by Prof. G. J. Hengerveld, Vice-President S. J. Huisman, Director C. J. Vd Oudermeulen and Secretary P. F. L. Waldeck. The Friesian Association of Holland, by President C. Van Eijsinga and Director K. N. Kuperus. This was an epoch making conference, the first of its kind in the history of the breed, and, although it convened forty years ago it is worthy of some record here, as it helped to lay the foundations for unity of policy in the future breeding of Dutch cattle.

Mr. Hoxie's account of this conference published in the second volume of the Dutch-Friesian Herd Book, says in part:

"An International Conference of Breeders of Dutch or Friesian cattle was held at Amsterdam, May thirtieth, 1882. Official delegates were present from the Netherlands, the Friesian and the Dutch-Friesian Associations.

"Among the delegates was the venerable Prof. Hengerveld. This gentleman has retired from the active duties of his professorship in the Royal Veterinary Institute, but still is able to perform the duties of inspector of the Netherlands Herd Book.

"The character of this conference was simply advisory, yet there is little doubt of the early adoption of the measures it has recommended. Upon the subject of a common and appropriate name for this breed of cattle, Prof. Hengerveld said: 'Their history can be traced two thousand years; to the Friesian and Batavian people we owe their origin and improvement. It is simply nonsensical to call them Holstein cattle.' The conference recommended that the Friesian Association retain the name Friesian for their pure-bred black-and-white variegated cattle, that the Netherlands Association prefix the word 'Hollandische' or Dutch, to this name, to distinguish this class, which are bred in North Holland, and that the American Association be at liberty to use the names Friesian and Dutch-Friesian interchangeably.

"The conference recommended the separate registry, numbering and breeding of this class of cattle, free from admixture with other colors. Mr. Van Eijsinga, President of the Friesian Association, informed the conference that this measure had already been adopted by his association. The Netherlands Association will no doubt adopt it as soon as proper action can be taken.

"The use of family names for cattle bred in a direct line, the use of numerals to designate animals of the same family, and that no two animals take the same designation was recommended. This is a measure of much greater importance than it would at first appear. In the volume of the Netherlands Herd Book for 1880 the name Marie is given to six different cows, between which there is no discoverable relation-

ship. The confusion of such naming will probably be avoided by this measure.

"The type of the breed was briefly discussed. At the present time three types are designated in the herd books of this country. They are described as 'beef and milk form,' 'milk and beef form,' and 'milk form.' Under the first only large animals are recorded, which take the outline of a parallelogram viewed from the side, being deep in the brisket and heavy in the chest and shoulders. Under the second type, animals of less size can be registered. Very large cattle, having the proper form, are recorded in this type, but they have comparatively less weight in the chest and shoulders, being in consequence moderately wedged shaped. Under the 'milk form' type, still smaller cattle may be registered. Extremely large cattle are also registered under this form. All in this class have the wedge shape in great perfection. The delegates from the American Association advocated the registry of only cattle of the second and third types. It was decided to leave this subject to future consultation between the Friesian and the Netherlands Associations. The 'milk and flesh form' is the ideal type of this breed. In this type it has a position which no other breed can so successfully occupy. The breeders in this country claim for their cattle an equal rank in the beef type, hence their hesitancy to adopt the suggestions of the American delegates.

"The publishing of milk records in connection with the descriptions in the herd books was also referred to. The delegates from both European associations were unfavorable to such a measure on account of their want of confidence in records as they are ordinarily kept.

"The question of closing the herd books against the admission of foundation stock at some future fixed date was discussed briefly. The Friesian delegates were favorably inclined toward such a measure, but the Netherlands delegates conceived that it would not be for the interests of their association. The time is not distant when this measure will be adopted. The experience of all other associations points unmistakably to such action. The sooner the pure-bred cattle of this country are registered and the herd books closed against foundation stock the sooner the breeding will become reliable, the more rapidly will improvement be made and the sooner the breeders of superior cattle will be rewarded for their labors.

"This conference closed its work by recommending the calling of such conferences at least triennially."

PROGRESS OF FRIESIAN BREEDERS

During May and June of the year 1882, Mr. Hoxie wrote frequent letters from Holland to the "National Live Stock Journal." Some extracts from these letters are of interest in showing conditions among breeders in North Holland forty years ago and also in showing Mr. Hoxie's ideas re-

garding the policy which American breeders would do well to follow as a means of future success:

"Since my visit to this country in 1879 a noticeable improvement has been made in its cattle. Fewer animals of the mongrel type are seen. Long, heavy limbs, coarse hair and steep rumps are rapidly going out of date. Without doubt this improvement is due to the educational influence exerted by the Herd Book Associations.¹

"The Friesian Association held its annual meeting on the twentieth of May. Upwards of fifty members were present and much interest was manifested. It was held with open doors. Upon the subject of raising the standard of requirements for registry there was great unanimity favoring a constant advancement. A proposition for a separate register for the different families or breeds of Friesian cattle, that is, a separate register for the black-and-white variegated, a second register for the red-and-white variegated and a third for the other colors, was adopted—38 votes in the affirmative and 13 in the negative. If I am correctly informed, the Netherlands Association has adopted a similar rule. Henceforth, no one in America can justly criticize the European Associations at this point. The standard of requirements for registry here, is much higher than the standard generally adopted by American importers; and the time is not distant when American breeders will demand that only registered cattle shall be brought to our country.

"According to the rules of the Friesian Association, a bull must be at least fourteen months of age before admission to full registry, and a cow two and one-half years of age, even though their sires and dams were herd book animals. In the past there has been no competent authority to pronounce upon the purity and worthiness of younger animals.² The burgomaster's signature and seal to the certificate of breeding have been simply and only an attestation that the signatures of the breeders and sellers were genuine. Aside from this, it has been no evidence of purity or excellence, and American purchasers have generally had erroneous impressions in regard to its value. The whole certificate might be a palpable fraud and the signatures of breeders and sellers genuine. An arrangement is now made for the examination of young animals by the inspector of the Friesian Association, and the giving by him of a certificate of the purity, worthiness and markings of each animal, in addition to the certificates bearing the burgomaster's signature and seal. These certificates of the inspector amount to nearly the same as actual registry in the Friesian Herd Book and are the best that can be done until the American associations adopt rules refusing to register imported cattle not previously registered in the Netherlands or Friesian Herd Book.

"It would be a work of much difficulty to forecast the future of Friesian, or Dutch-Friesian, cattle. I will not attempt it, but I will

¹ The oldest of these Associations, the Netherlands, was chartered in 1875.

² The writer is speaking here of animals purchased for exportation to America.

mention some things that must materially affect that future.

"My observations in this country lead me to attach much importance to the extreme conservatism of Friesian farmers. It is difficult for the people of other countries to fully appreciate the strength and influence of this conservatism. The Friesian farmer admits of little, if any, innovation upon the manners, customs or dress of his ancestors. He does not intermarry with the people of other countries or even with the inhabitants of his own towns and cities. He still uses the old Friesian dialect, although his books and newspapers for many years have been mainly printed in Dutch. This extreme conservatism has produced the Friesian breed of cattle, by the aid of soil and climate, and the uninterrupted following of the dairy pursuits for ages by the same families; and this conservatism will continue to guard the purity of this breed with a greater degree of vigilance than statute law could possibly enforce.

PROSPECTS FOR THE BREED IN AMERICA

"From Friesland as a center, this breed has been disseminated to a greater or less extent, over all the lowlands of Northern Europe. It has become extensively mixed with the cattle of Belgium and with the cattle of large portions of France and Germany. It is everywhere gaining ground, and to-day upon the continent of Europe, it is what the Short-horn breed is to English-speaking countries—the most noted and the most valuable breed.

"In regard to the future of this breed in America I hope to be able to speak plainly at this point, yet without partisan bias. Everyone must see that it is unfortunate that a name was not given to this breed in America that would harmonize with the names by which it is known in Europe and that its territorial bounds, whence pure-bred cattle are allowed to be imported, were so widely extended. It is never too late to correct manifest errors. As long as these errors are maintained by the American breeders, they will be a bar to harmony with the European associations. Americans may affect to despise the European organizations, yet their herd books are the only basis upon which an aristocracy of breeding in the future, either in Europe or America, can be founded. Neglect these herd books, and importation to America will be governed almost entirely by laws of commerce and not of breeding. A few extraordinary cattle will give reputation to the breed. Upon this reputation thousands of cattle will be imported. These will consist mainly of calves and yearlings—animals untested, without registry or known pedigree. They will be of the orthodox color and markings; but, beyond this, little can positively be said. Some of these cattle will be purchased in South Holland, others in Groningen and still others from North Holland and Friesland. Some will be pure-bred, others will be of impure breeding. There will be some exceptionally good importations in cases where breeders make selections for their own personal breeding purposes, but the mass of cattle thus imported will be such as would naturally be selected under the sole influence of the laws of

trade and will not build up the reputation of the breed. The supply of such cattle is unlimited. All the lowlands of Northern Europe swarm with them; and, if the demand in America continues to increase, as it seems likely to do, for some time to come, the result is not difficult to foresee. The reputation of the breed, built upon the few selected cattle that would be acceptable to registry in European herd books, will be swamped under the great mass that would under no circumstances be received.

"The only remedy against such a result that I can see is to base the American herd books upon the European herd books and thus refuse to accept of any more cattle that cannot trace their ancestry to, or prove their records in, these herd books. There can no longer be any objection to such a measure.

"If this measure could be adopted, it would stimulate the breeders of Europe to breed and register a class of cattle that would be up to the highest standard of American demand. One such animal brought to our country would be worth to our people more than a hundred animals of the other class of which I have spoken. The experiences of American breeders of other foreign breeds point unmistakably toward the adoption of such a measure. There are greater reasons for its adoption in the case of this breed than could have been found in the case of either Jerseys or Guernseys. There was no possible danger of impure blood from the Channel Islands, but there is more or less danger of getting impure blood in the importation of these cattle.

"I state these things because I am a great admirer of this breed. I have faith in its future. Every person who understands the situation will confess, to himself at least, that we have too many ordinary cattle already in our herd books. The quality should be raised by every new importation. If some such action is not taken in America, I think I can see in the future 'a going up like a rocket and a coming down like a stick.' After that I shall expect a change in policy that will finally result in success. In the natural order of events, if this breed has a permanent success in America, there will be great attention paid at some future day to purity of blood. To be able to trace a strain of blood to the herd books of the Netherlands will add value to it, especially if the same family should become noted in Europe. Americans ought to build on a sound basis, though the edifice should go up more slowly."

On May 23, Mr. Hoxie writes to his wife from Leeuwarden:

"Saturday we attended the Friesian Herd Book meeting. We were received with much cordiality and respect. The president employed an interpreter to receive communications from us. I have had an interview with Prof. Hengerveld and Mr. Bultman, president of the Netherlands Association, and was received with much cordiality. One of the pleasantest things connected with my trip was the reception by Amersfort. He is probably one of the first agriculturists of Europe and kings have been honored by his society. He is an aged man, very fine looking and

dignified. His wife, one of the finest appearing ladies I ever saw, entered into our conversation with great interest. Both speak English quite fluently. Amersfort showed me two books of original drawings, no doubt made by his wife, illustrative of the escutcheon. These drawings were of all sorts of animals, except carnivorous ones, even birds, fishes and insects. They were very true to nature and colored naturally.

"Friday there was a Friesian wedding here at Wiedema Hotel. Of course we did not go in to see the ceremony. There were about fifty guests, and from noon, Friday, to seven o'clock Saturday morning, it was a jolly craze. The men were so full of wine that I do not believe they could tell one person from another. You would have laughed and scolded and scolded and laughed to hear the Dutch songs and the hurrahs at the close of the verses. They just went in for a glorious time. I have written so many times before of the habits and customs here that you will not care to have me dilate further upon this topic. I wish I could bring some larks to America and domesticate them around our home. I send my love to all, even to R.'s scratching chickens. Oh, you ought to see the house cleaning in Holland, but I will wait till I come home to tell you about it.

"Tell G. that he would enjoy a visit to this country wonderfully. One can form no conception without seeing them of the tools, carriages, the trotting buggies and so on. They are huge, from five to ten times as heavy as ours, and yet they are quite elegant. Tell him I have been to a bull show and a horse trot combined. The horses are all ridden by heavy men, each man riding his own horse on a saddle without stirrups. The race track was about eighty rods long in a straight line. The horses were immense, one of them at least seventeen and a half hands high. It is jolly to see a big-bellied Dutchman ride such a horse, the horse's tail switching with a vengeance at every step and the ground jarred for rods around as they pass. Then, would you believe it, we were invited to a dinner at the Agricultural Society, and had to click a glass of wine and offer a toast to the Dutch cows and their breeders. Well, among Romans, I have to do a little as the Romans do."

The next day Mr. Hoxie writes to his little daughter:

"You can have no conception of the class system as it affects the women of this country. The members of the lowest class are simply drudges and beasts of burden. Farmers' wives and daughters belong to the third class. I do not think they have a very hard time. They always have the drudging class under them. No equality is recognized between the two classes. Then come the wives and daughters of the second class, of business men in the cities and villages, and lastly the wives and daughters of the first class, or of the landlords, barons, etc. The members of each class are educated and trained for the places and positions they occupy.

"The women never bake their own bread in this country. The baking is all done at the bakeries. You will see old women and young

women traveling with baskets of bread to sell, and then you will sometimes see a man or a woman with a bread cart drawn by dogs, two, three or four dogs. Sometimes the peddler will ride and the dogs will trot quite lively together. Then, when they stop, the dogs will lie down to rest. It is surprising how much such a dog team will draw. Then again you will see women peddling milk with a dog cart. Washing is one of the principal things done by women. Traveling through the country one would almost get the impression that they wash and scrub all the time here. But they wash in such dirty water and in such a primitive way. Around each dwelling is a great ditch, often ten or twenty feet wide and often very deep. It is quite a distance down to the surface of the water in these ditches. Upon the water there is a thick, green scum. When the wind blows this scum is driven about from one part of the ditch to another. Upon examining it you will find it is made up of a minute plant with little roots that grow in the water just as plants usually do in the soil. Underneath this scum the water is quite black. It is very rare that you can see the bottom of a ditch. In these ditches the washing is done. A little path is usually paved from the door of the house to the ditch, then steps are built, leading down to the water, and then a little platform is made. The washer kneels on the platform and washes in the ditch, wringing her clothes with the hands. How they get such clean clothes from washing in such dirty water is a marvel. I presume some of the washing is done indoors with rain water.

"The farmers' wives dress in the old Friesian style; the women in the villages and cities, largely in the French style. I think by and by the women of farmers will assert their independence and dress like their sisters in the villages. But Madam Grundy has much more influence here than in America.

"I am well, yet I am weary and there is a sense of lassitude of body and mind that is quite overpowering. I must try to rest some to-day. I shall never be able to come here again, and I think there will be no need of it. It seemed quite important that I come this time, but when my work is over I shall be very, very glad. I know my own country is much pleasanter to travel in even for pleasure. There is little that is worth seeing in Europe if one's eyes and heart must be constantly pained with the degradation of the lower classes. What should we care for towers and cathedrals and works of beauty when every stone and brick is only a measure of so much wrung from the lower classes to their suffering and degradation. Our slaves were sold and families separated but in other respects slavery was no worse than the European class system. It is terrible, and why it should be is a problem that I cannot fathom. May you be kept from having your heart pained by such scenes of oppression."

A letter home, bearing the date of May 29, contains some further account of the people and their customs:

"The children are very pretty, and on a Sunday or a holiday they are so clean and sweet that I want to kiss almost every little boy or

girl I meet. They have light blue eyes, flaxen hair and the skin on their cheeks seems to be so transparent that you would almost feel that one more scrubbing would rub it all off. Some of the women are quite handsome but, as a rule, I think American women are far ahead in beauty. Clothes cost much less here and for this reason almost everybody, especially almost every woman that we meet in the city, is finely dressed. Of course there are exceptions here as everywhere else. The country women all dress in the old style, wearing the gold head-dress and cap and full skirts."

Concerning the customs of the country Mr. Hoxie writes:

"It is curious to notice how strongly the class system is adhered to. A farmer is rated as third class; hence, when he rides out he sits upon the left side to drive, but a gentleman or first class man sits on the right side to drive. A gentleman or first class man may wear a white shirt and collar and cuffs, but a farmer or laborer must not put on a white collar, as he would not be able to withstand the laughter of his acquaintances so attired. There are separate hotels for farmers and third class men and these men, however wealthy or worthy, are not expected to step out of the class customs. There are no statutes upon the subject. I think it all results from the inexorable laws of custom and fashion.

"One of the serious objections to this country is the ownership of the land by a few proprietors. These proprietors have the people under their rule almost as absolutely as the slave masters of our country used to have the slaves. They exact almost all the profits as rent and thus leave the farmers and laborers with comparatively a mere pittance. The landlords live in ease, entail their estates to their children and grandchildren and thus one class lives in idleness and luxury, another class in toil and poverty. I sometimes feel like rebellion against all their customs and views and against all their government. I do not wonder at the prevalence of Nihilism in Russia when, in a country as free as Holland, we find such slavery.

"Almost every fifth man one meets is a soldier. Five have just passed the window of the room where I am writing. What can be the object in supporting such an army? A standing army for Holland is as useless as the second tail would be to a cat. Then there is so much drinking here. Dinner hour here is at five o'clock. Yet five men are still sitting at the table at half-past seven, all of them about as full of wine as they can hold. Every man and every boy above the age of ten years smokes. They smoke until the mouth is dry and then they must drink. They actually smoke at their meals, taking a few whiffs between sips of tea at their breakfasts. Why can it be necessary for the men thus to dissipate while the women do not smoke and, I think, generally do not drink?

"To-day laborers are going into the country to mow just as hop-pickers in our country go out to pick hops. I have seen several boat loads start from the canal in front of this hotel, nearly all were pretty

nearly drunk. But, for all their drinking and smoking, I never saw such a sensitive people. One grand thing in their favor, I think; they are men who generally adhere to the truth in their statements. You can trust their word. This is a very great and redeeming feature of their characters."

Early in July the Dutch cattle that Mr. Hoxie had purchased during his third stay in Holland, numbering two hundred and seventeen head, were shipped to America. Mr. Burchard accompanied them. They were quarantined upon Mr. Hoxie's farm in Yorkville and afterwards sold at auction. Mr. Hoxie was left to make his way alone into Guernsey for the purpose of investigating and perhaps purchasing some Guernsey cattle. From London on July 4, he writes:

"Yesterday Mr. Burchard left Antwerp with the cattle. We had a dreadfully hard week's work previous to his sailing, but he got off about half-past one o'clock in pretty good spirits. I started for London at the same time and the boat I was on passed his in the river at Antwerp. Mr. Burchard waved his handkerchief as long as it could be seen, and, of course, I returned the salutation. I got here about half-past seven this morning, and after I ate my breakfast I actually fell asleep in my chair. On awaking I lay down and slept until half-past eleven. I feel rather sad at being left alone, but as long as I have plenty of business I shall keep in good spirits. You need have no anxiety about me. I am pretty well considering the burden that has been and is still upon my hands. I am trying to recuperate for the Guernsey business and have got to rest a few days.

"London is a world in itself. There are probably as many inhabitants in what is called the City of London as in New York State. There is every grade and kind of people here that the world produces. Yet there is not the noise and crash of business that one hears in New York City. There is a system of underground railroads under the whole city. I have been on them several times. You ride in the dark from station to station, excepting the light from the lamp in the car. It seems quite gloomy, yet perhaps much less than one would imagine. The stations are probably not more than a half-mile apart, and at each one there is a large open space which lets the light down. Then you go up to the level of the street by a stairway generally broad and easy. It keeps the city much quieter and neater than in New York City with its elevated railways. The buildings are not as many stories in height as in American cities as there is probably plenty of room here on all sides to build. The great Thames, the wonderful river Thames that has played such an important part in the history of the world, is a sluggish, muddy stream of very small dimensions. I should say it is not nearly as wide as the Hudson at Albany, not so rapid nor so beautiful. I have been out from London in two directions, to Hartwick, the seaport, and to Windsor.

"Windsor Castle is a wonderful work, and from its tower some of the most noted places in England are to be seen. The spot where the Magna Charta was signed by King John and the place where William Penn was born and many others. The park at Windsor contains six thousand deer. We did not look for these but went and looked at the queen's cattle and dairy. We saw the queen (Victoria) in her carriage, thirty or forty rods distant. The carriage was an old one, quite plain and not in half the style I have often seen driving past our house. A single horseman rode ahead, some five or six rods distant. I think the English people are not ordinarily much inclined to show. The country is highly cultivated, yet the natural scenery does not compare with the scenery along the Mohawk."

After several days of resting in London Mr. Hoxie crossed over to St. Peter's Port in Guernsey.

CHAPTER V

IN GUERNSEY

Unfortunately only three letters have been preserved telling of Mr. Hoxie's six weeks' sojourn in Guernsey and of his impressions of the island and its people.

"St. Peter's Port, Guernsey,

"July 9, 1882.

"DEAR L.,

"The Island of Guernsey is a little larger than the town of Edmes-ton. Yet this small territory is dignified by a governor appointed by the crown of England with all the attending offices. It seems to me more like playing at governing than anything else. Everything else is on the same scale. St. Peter's Port, the capital, is a city of about fifteen thousand inhabitants. The town is situated upon several steep hills separated by gorges, the whole rising abruptly from the water's edge. Much of it is terraced. The place where I am staying is at least one hundred and fifty feet from the gorge below. Along the sides of the hill high walls are built and the earth leveled between, and on this elevation a row of houses is built on each side of a narrow street, then there are stairways of stone leading up to a still higher terrace where there are more houses and so on. The house at which I am staying is on the pinnacle of one of these abrupt hills. Another peculiarity of the island is the height of the hedges and the solid stone fences laid in mortar. In the city and out these high stone fences or walls prevail. One cannot reach to their tops often. On going along the narrow road often a person cannot see out on either side. In the country it is very thickly settled and the smallness of the farms seem like playing at farming. High walls and hedges also prevail in the country. When one can get in a position to see out the scenery is very beautiful and if in a position to take in the sea it is very grand.

"While I am writing I am sitting upon an elevated platform resting on one side of a high stone wall. The people are gathered at the churches. Two places of worship are right below me and I can see another place that I think is a meeting of the Salvation Army. I can hear the loud singing at the latter place very clearly. There is a great deal of ringing of bells at the two churches. Over the hill on the opposite side of the gorge, I see the flag of Fort George. This work has cost the government a million of dollars. I was in this fort yesterday. It rises, terrace after terrace, from the high rocky shore and on every side are all the grim implements of war and multitudes of soldiers. In the harbor, about a quarter of a mile away, is Castle Comet. This is

a fort that has been built a long time, probably several hundred years. Beyond, probably about two miles distant, are several small islands. One of these has been, until quite recently, owned by one man who has farmed the whole of it himself. I am told it has recently been purchased by one of the religious orders of France, who propose to build a monastery upon it, a refuge from persecution, as the religious orders, Jesuits, Franciscans and others, are now being driven out of that country.

"The climate of Guernsey is peculiar; now, in the middle of summer, I am not uncomfortable with heavy underclothing, but in winter ice is rarely formed. Very little frost even is known. A great many pigs are produced here. The farmers are digging their potatoes and sending them to market. The people live very simply. A little bread and butter and perhaps milk I think constitutes the living of the well-to-do farmers. I do not think there is near the drinking there is in Holland. The country people are mainly of French extraction and speak a peculiar dialect of the French language and all that I have met also speak the English language. They are rather fine looking. The women and children are quite pretty. Land is very high. Rent is from thirty to forty American dollars per acre and the selling price is about two hundred pounds English money, or about one thousand dollars American money per acre.

"I was never made for a traveler. I am a home man and there is always lingering about me a sense of homesickness, a sort of hysterical faintness at the thought of the vast distance that separates me from my family. But reason comes in and says it can only be for a short period. But the time lags. The anxiety connected with my business makes everything seem like mountains that I grow faint-hearted in climbing. But I hope to be able to overcome everything and to come home early. I have fairly decided that I will never go away again. If a sacrifice must be made for Herd Book or anything else connected with the cattle business, someone else must make it. I have done enough and a thousand times more than probably will ever be appreciated. It may be, after I am dead and gone, someone may rise up that can understand the work that I have done and may appreciate its importance, not only for the members of the Dutch-Friesian Association but for the members of the Holstein Association also. I have laid the foundation upon which this breed of cattle can be successfully built and upon which the two associations may unite and prosper, but if such a union is effected and the way of success is entered upon, which I have opened, I have no idea of being recognized or rewarded.

"But I must stop. The time will rapidly roll away and I hope to be at home early in September. I am glad to have the days hasten on when I can return. Good-bye and love to all.

"From your wandering, loving husband,

"SOLOMON."

"St. Peter's Port, Guernsey,

"July 26, 1882.

"DEAR L.,

"I regret the delay that keeps me here ten or twelve days longer than I anticipated. But I must take the matter as one of the inevitable incidents of business. I have had a great deal on my mind since I left home and it has been telling on me somewhat. But to-day, at least nearly all day, I have been resting. I feel better for it this evening. I have really had no Sunday rest. But to-day seems like a Sabbath to me. I have taken a short walk into the country and gathered some leaves and flowers for J. and tried to feel a release from excitement. This evening I feel the better for it.

"You can scarcely understand the peculiarities of this little island. It is so small to be out, as it were, in the great ocean. A piece of land in Whitestown, exactly five miles each way, would contain the same number of acres as Guernsey. It is very picturesque in its way. The farms are so small, the roads are so crooked, the walls and hedges so high, the farm houses so strong and the customs and methods of house-keeping so ancient.

"There are three military roads that wind their way around and across the island. These military roads are about thirty feet wide and are solid and hard as a rock. The roadbed occupies the whole space clear to the side walls and hedges. Not a blade of grass is seen in them. Frequently the side walls or hedges, what we would call road fences, are ten or even more than ten feet high. The walls are always laid up in mortar and made of large granite fragments. Over these walls and hedges the English ivy creeps and spreads with wonderful luxuriance. When one is walking on such a road he seems at times to be entirely shut in. He cannot see over the walls nor can he see far ahead or behind for the crookedness of the roads. There is a great variety of height and form to the hedges and walls, and every once in a few rods a farm house and its surrounding buildings appear. After the military roads, there is a perfect labyrinth of narrow roads and lanes, curving and crossing in every direction. All of these are fenced in in the same way. Some are so narrow that a man has to back up as close as possible to the hedges to let a team pass.

"The houses are all built from the same rough, irregular fragments of granite and laid up in a very hard mortar. They are generally a story and a half high and almost always sheltered by some little hill or clump of trees from a view of the sea. You enter one and you are immediately reminded of old-fashioned ways and styles. Perhaps on one side the door will open to a kitchen, at one end a fireplace upon which the kettles hang to boil and very likely you will see the woman of the house reaching over these kettles with a great spoon in one hand, and with the other hand keeping back her skirts from the fire. Then in another room, also with its fireplace, in which a modern range of small size is set, you will find an old-fashioned long table, and on each side of it a long bench upon which they sit when eating. Then in

another room the nice fixings of an old-fashioned spare room (parlor). I had forgotten the tall clock that is always seen in the dining-room or parlor, an exact image of the one that used to go 'tick, tack; tick, tack,' in Grandmother Langworthy's spare room. A few books and papers, mostly of a religious character, lie in the deep niches in the walls occupied by the windows.

"The farms and fields are so small that it almost seems like playing at farming. The fields are almost always irregular in shape and of almost every fantastic form you can imagine. Every field is surrounded with high walls or hedges although there seems to be no need of them as the cattle and horses are all tethered. A tethering pin about twelve or fourteen inches long is driven into the ground. This holds a rope or chain ten to fifteen feet long fastened around the animal's horns or neck. Once or twice a day the tethering pin is moved so that the animal may get fresh grass.

"The custom of dividing up farms and building houses for the children in different parts makes the settlement of the country seem very irregular. You stand upon some elevated place and look way down upon the fields and see houses fronting in every direction, little lanes running to them and then branching off to run in some peculiar form to the main road. Little clumps of trees and bushes in the wildest tangle of ivy and the slanting windows of a greenhouse or grocery at almost any place give a peculiar picturesqueness to the country.

"I am asked many times and in many places, 'How do you like Guernsey?' and finally I have settled down upon a uniform reply. 'I wouldn't live here even if I possibly could. It is so delightful I never should be willing to die and go to Heaven.' This always brings a cheerful response from the questioner.

"Almost everyone here has a large family. Such lots of little boys and girls. They look like bees around their nests. The children question is one which has two sides. I well understand the idea of Americans. On the other side, I see the healthiest, freshest and finest looking women here with a train of little children that would perfectly craze an American woman. The landlady of the house at which I am staying is a young, fresh looking woman. I cannot think she is over thirty. She is a perfect busy bee in work, in the kitchen, in the dining-room, 'upstairs, downstairs and in the lady's chamber,' yet she has five little children the oldest of which is of the ripe age of seven. They are in fact all babies. This is only a moderate example. I have found ten in one family and the woman hearty, fresh and rosy, a young woman, at least in appearance.

"As in Holland I find the men are not equal to the women, they drink too much, they look too much of the animal, too sensual. I speak of them as a class. There are many noble and refined men among the farmers. As a rule, throughout the portions of Europe I have been in the hard part of life seems to rest upon the woman. The man is often an exaggerated brute, overbearing and sensual. I do not believe there

is any country in the world where the women are honored and respected as in America. From my present point of observation it seems to me American women must be envied by their sisters in other nations all over the earth. I wish they could all combine to live a more happy life. If they would only combine to strive less for show and more for simplicity of life their burdens would be much lighter. Our mode of living in America is more complex and therefore more trying to body and mind than that of other nations. I am glad you are resolved to take life a little easier. If I am blessed with a safe return I hope to live a little easier than in the past. I hope D. and J. and R. will be able to live more close to nature than we have done and be therefore more happy. I grow more tender and therefore sadder in heart every day. I cannot bear to see or read of the suffering of my fellow creatures that I cannot relieve. One man is such an infinitesimal thing. What can one man do to relieve the wants and woes of humanity? Yet I mean to continue to try to live bravely not for myself but for my family and the world. I am pained everywhere I go at what I see. I try to find relief in thinking of what life is and of its future destiny. If it is only for the present it is not worth the living. If there is a future then the world may groan and travail in pain, but life is a glorious thing. I hope a higher and more hopeful philosophy may fill all of our hearts. The past cannot be recalled. Its mistakes cannot be corrected by mourning over them. But every day we have opportunity for beginning anew. If I am so happy as to return we will try to begin anew together. But, whatever the future may be, I hope to be able to take its bitter and its sweet alike without being a burden or a sorrow to my family. God bless you all and grant to me a speedy return to you.

"My love to you all, good-bye,

"SOLOMON."

"Highlands, St. Peter's Port, Guernsey,
July 30, 1882.

"DEAR L.,

"It seemed quite strange and sad to spend yesterday, my birthday, so far away from home and friends. I will tell you how I spent the day. The man I have hired to come with the cattle has two children, two little boys, one seven and the other nine. He is a widower. A few evenings ago I had occasion to go to his house. I found it very poorly furnished. The man has a family in it that takes care of his children. When I went in the eldest was sobbing as if his heart was broken. I asked what was the matter and was told that the house-keeper had punished him, she said, for telling a falsehood. He tried to speak, to explain, but she stopped him repeatedly. The father said nothing except that the boys must be good and mind. I felt so much pity for them that I went the next day and asked if the children might go out with me on the island in the country. They were not in school, as it was Saturday, and I was told that they could go. I accordingly took them out. They gave me some trouble. They did not seem to

understand how to mind by simple request. I presume they had been used to a good many blows. I took them to a little bay, setting in from the sea, called Firman's Bay. It is a very beautiful place. The rocks around the bay are two hundred and fifty feet high, the shore for several rods is a border of smooth pebbles. It was about all I could do to keep the boys from going in swimming. They got to throwing stones into the water which made a large dog bark and run up to them. This scared them and they ran behind me and raised stones to defend themselves. This only made the dog bark the louder as he expected the stones to be thrown that he might run after them. I had all that I could do to settle matters, get the boys to put down the stones and quiet the dog.

"You can scarcely realize how anxious I am to come home. I was never fit to go away from home. I can do the business all right enough but the longing for home is a burning pain constantly in my heart. I expect all my family are doing their part with the best aims and purposes. I do not anticipate much in regard to the future. D. and J. have been brought up to good principles and now I expect to have to resign the work of very much guiding of them. I can only show my continued ever increasing love for them by trusting to their own plans and hopes. But sometimes, even here in the Old World, I build castles and people them with my loved ones, too bright to ever be realized. Then I think of going back to the old home¹, and spending the remainder of my life and so I dream and plan and hope.

"I have been writing a little poetry in the visitor's album here. You can tell G. he may look out for competition in wooing the muses when I return. He may have to divide honors with me. Tell R. I shall expect him to have things pretty slick in the yard and the garden and among the chickens and the kittens when I get home.

"Love to all and to everything,

"SOLOMON."

Early in August Mr. Hoxie returned to Leeuwarden, preparatory to taking ship for America. Shortly before setting sail he wrote:

"Leeuwarden, West Friesland,

"August 13, 1882.

"DEAR WIFE AND CHILDREN,

"I intend to try to start for home on the nineteenth of August, next Sunday. I have written to Rotterdam to see if I can get a passage on the *S. S. Maas*. I shall then be probably about fourteen days on the water. I might possibly get passage on a faster steamship from Liverpool, but it would cost considerable to get to Liverpool, and, on the whole, I think I shall try to come on the Rotterdam and American Line. So, if you do not hear from me again, you may expect me

¹ The place in Edmeston where Mr. Hoxie and his wife started life together and for which he always had a deep affection and longing.

on that boat about the third of September. It seems a good while to wait, but everything considered, it is for the best.

"The letters that I got on my arrival here were quite disheartening. The death of C. H. seemed so sad. Then Mr. Burchard wrote of his hard and long voyage, and finally D.'s rather discouraging letter. I am keeping up good spirits, however, as far as possible, and hope to get home in good health.

"I was never made or educated for such business and the long stay from home seems like a dismal banishment. I hope you will try to 'keep the best foot forward.' Keep cheerful and happy as far as possible. Do not take mistakes to heart but simply try to correct them when they occur. I long for a more quiet life and less responsibility. In the transactions here I hope I have made no serious mistakes. On the whole, I have the consciousness of having striven faithfully to perform the duties imposed upon me. I have 'left no stone unturned' that would make my mission a success and, if through a long and rough voyage anything should go wrong, it is no fault of mine or anything I could foresee. In the matter of Herd Book and of our relations to the European Associations I do not know how anyone could have done better, and I do not think anyone could have done better in selecting cattle. The hot weather, the storms and delays no one could foresee.

"I hope you will all be trying to look upon the bright side of life when I return; that you will not be fretted and worried over those things that are of little consequence. To be of kind, generous character, to have patient, loving hearts and to be cheerful and hopeful amidst the pains and trials of life is, after all has been done and said, the only thing pertaining to this life worth one's attention. I feel that the future is not to be doubted. The same power that has made us and kept us can and will provide for us in the future of this life and of the life to come. Oh, the bright hereafter! I look to that as the healer of all wounds, the curer of all sorrows. There must be such a future, though dimly we see it or fail to see it. There must be a place for the development, activity and enjoyment of our intellectual and moral powers. A place where love will reign supreme. I will come as soon as possible. I feel as if I could fly to you but I must be patient and so must you. Brave, cheerful, patient and, if I am spared, I trust we shall not be separated again.

"Good-bye, from your ever loving husband and father,

"SOLOMON."

CHAPTER VI

HOME AGAIN—THE ADVANCED REGISTRY

Upon Mr. Hoxie's return home, after this third business trip to Holland, his first imperative duty was the preparation and publication of the second volume of the Dutch-Friesian Herd Book.

As secretary of the Dutch-Friesian Association, his duties, which included, not only the compiling and editing of its herd books and the testing and examining of many of the animals recorded therein, but also a voluminous correspondence, lecturing, traveling and writing for agricultural journals and periodicals, rendered it impossible for Mr. Hoxie to carry on all the burdens and activities that had previously been his as a leading member of the Unadilla Valley Dutch Stock Breeders' Association. While he had resigned his position as agent and general manager of this company he still acted in the capacity of adviser, compiler of its catalogues, author of numerous articles setting forth the value of its importations and exhibitor of many of its animals.

From the time of the organization of the Dutch-Friesian Association up to 1880 the relations between it and the Holstein Association had been one of mutual friendliness. Everything seemed to indicate a revision of principles and ultimate union of all breeders of Dutch cattle in America in one organization. In that year such a union was attempted but failed. In the autumn of 1881 a bitter controversy broke out, which originated in a protest against the exhibition at fairs of cattle recorded in the Dutch-Friesian Herd Book in the same classes with cattle recorded in the Holstein Herd Book, but fortunately the effort to shut out the Dutch-Friesians was defeated. Thereafter a state of chronic warfare continued to exist for some time between the two associations. It is not the purpose or desire of the writer of this sketch to enter into the reasons or the arguments of this controversy. The facts in the case are a matter of public record and may

be found in a pamphlet, published in 1882 by Mr. Hoxie, called "Some Information Concerning North Holland or Friesian Breed of Black and White Piebald Cattle"; also in the second volume of the Dutch-Friesian Herd Book, published as before stated, in the fall of 1882. Besides a report of the controversy this second volume of the Dutch-Friesian Herd Book contains a review of the origin and history of Dutch-Friesian cattle, written by Prof. G. J. Hengerveld, which was originally published in the Agricultural Report of Massachusetts for 1873. Also it contains a statement of the positions of the two associations in America at the time that the second volume of the Herd Book was issued. An account of the International Conference, held at Amsterdam on May 3, 1882, may likewise be found in its pages, as well as a statement of the situation in Europe at that time regarding Dutch cattle.

In this volume Mr. Hoxie states that the progress made by the Dutch-Friesian Association during the past two years has been due to a "Disposition to accept of whatever is true of Dutch-Friesian cattle and to reject whatever is false, regardless of former views or predilections." He continues to say:

"At the same time the association has been governed by a wise conservatism. The fundamental principles of its origin, a pure register and a correct name, have been firmly maintained. The principle of Advanced Registry has also been maintained. The rules for admission to registry have been somewhat changed to make them more comprehensive and practical. All animals are now required to enter the first form, which has been re-named Pedigree Register. Cows are admitted to the advanced form or Main Register only upon actual milk records, but such records are now accepted for less periods. A few days' or a few weeks' trial establishes the milking capacity of an animal and thus avoids the laborious and often questionable practice of milking valuable breeding animals the full year. The association prefers records that have been produced without forcing. Every record has to be established by the appearance of the cow as well as by the sworn statement of its owner. The scale of points has also been revised to make it conform to more recent observations."

For some time previous to the publication of the first volume of the Dutch-Friesian Herd Book, in 1880, Mr. Hoxie had been thinking and working out a plan designed to advance the interests of cattle breeding and, in this volume are to be

found the first results of his thought in what he there calls the Main Registry.

Early in his business career Mr. Hoxie saw that there were two opposite tendencies in the handling of every improved breed of cattle. "One toward degeneration, the other toward further improvement; the former brought about by illiberal feeding and unskillful selection and breeding, the latter by wiser management and better methods." This system of Main or Advanced Registry, originated by him, "Is designed," he says, "to encourage especially the work of improvement by increasing and maintaining public interest in the breed." He also believed that the observations made and recorded in the carrying out of his method, would provide the means upon which a science of cattle culture might be built. How great were his wisdom and foresight in this respect the results have long testified.

Like many great ideas this one of Advanced Registration is a simple one. It is merely this, that while in pedigree registry purity of blood alone is required, in Advanced Registry an animal must also show especial individual merit as well as pure breeding in order to be promoted and entered in the Main or Advanced Registry. In other words animals advance to it from a pedigree registry by special excellence and by such means only are eligible to enter it.

Thus began a system which has made possible a science of cattle breeding. At first, Mr. Hoxie placed great faith in what was known as the escutcheon theory and much attention was given to the escutcheon, udder and milk veins, as well as to the milk and butter records, in accepting or rejecting animals for Advanced Registry. Later, after more study and more observation, he modified his system, abandoning to some extent the escutcheon theory and substituting descriptions and a system of measurements devised by himself. Especially made instruments planned by Mr. Hoxie were required in securing these measurements. After a time these also were given up much to his regret, animals being accepted on records alone.

In a recent work,¹ containing a history of Holstein-Friesian cattle, we find these words:

¹ Encyclopedia of Agriculture, by Bailey.

"The significant history of this breed in America centers almost entirely about the establishment and maintenance of a system of Advanced Registration. The Advanced Registry was originated by Solomon Hoxie while secretary of the Dutch-Friesian Association. The necessity for it was suggested to him by the fact that many cattle of doubtful merit and unknown breeding were being entered in the Holstein Herd Book. There was need of recognized intrinsic standards of merit to serve as guides in breeding and selection. Accordingly he induced the Dutch-Friesian Association to maintain an Advanced Register in which cattle should be entered only in case of special merit, determined for bulls by means of an official scale of points, and in the case of cows by an additional scale of productiveness. While there was much early opposition to the Advanced Register, it has abundantly demonstrated its value. Since about 1894 it has been recognized as the chief means for the advancement of the interests of the association and its members, and its essential principles have been adopted by other breeders' organizations, both in Europe and America."

During recent years there has been a tendency to discount the credit due Mr. Hoxie for the invention and establishment of this system of registration. Mr. Hoxie was the most modest and retiring of men. He was slow to make claims for himself. With him it was always first the advancement of the cause for which he was working, then the unselfish thought of other people and their interests. Only last of all came the thought of self. The result of this attitude very often was that his own efforts and ideas were kept decidedly in the background. He pushed others forward, and again and again others rather than himself received the credit for his own creative ideas and actual work as well as the pecuniary gains. His claim, however, to the full credit for the invention and establishment of this system of registration is beyond question, as an honest and thorough investigation of the history of cattle breeding proves beyond the shadow of a doubt.

In the early years of his struggle against overwhelming odds to establish and maintain this system he was often heard to say in the bosom of his family: "I care nothing for the credit of this work for myself, but I do care for the sake of my children. Some day, perhaps, they may come to be as proud of the fact that their father originated and established this system of registration as they would have been had he been President."

Four volumes of Herd Books containing the advanced as well as the pedigree registry were compiled and edited by Mr. Hoxie, without assistance, during the six years in which he acted as secretary of the Dutch-Friesian Association. Throughout this period the rules of the Advanced Registry remained, with slight alterations, the same as when they were first formulated by him. These were years of increasing struggle and tremendous effort. Lack of the necessary funds for the carrying forward of this work was only one of the many deterrents. His idea met with great opposition. He stood practically alone, with little encouragement or sympathy and he was obliged to carry on all the details of his system unaided and unsustained. He did most of the examining and testing of animals which were entered in this register, himself. He spent lavishly of his time and energy, while receiving the most meagre of monetary compensation. But he was sure that he had a great idea, one that would benefit mankind, and his purpose never faltered. He marched breast forward in face of all discouragement and opposition. Nearly thirty years afterwards Mr. Hoxie says, in a letter to a friend, apropos of the early opposition and lack of support and the later lack of reward and appreciation which were his portion:

"Nevertheless, in spite of all this, I do not and will not complain. I am happy in the consciousness of my great work for the world. Everywhere that dairy cattle breeds are appreciated the principles of the system I invented are prevailing."

Mr. Hoxie's work received more immediate recognition abroad than it did in his own country. In May, 1885, he was elected an honorary member of the Friesian Herd Book Association of The Netherlands. From this time to the day of his death his name headed the list of Honorary Leaders of this "Friesch Rundvee-Stamboek." He was the only American thus honored.

A union of the two associations was at last effected in 1885, under the name Holstein-Friesian Association. The former Holstein breeders agreed to adopt Mr. Hoxie's original conception, the Advanced Registry, as a part of their registration system, Mr. Hoxie to be superintendent of this department of the new organization.

It might seem that at last a sort of haven had been reached and that Mr. Hoxie might now somewhat slacken his labors.

SOLOMON HOXIE SCALING CATTLE AT THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Not so, however. Not even a brief respite was his, for the battle for Advanced Registry was not yet won. In face of the fact that the ten years previous to this union had been years of intense struggle and activity, he must now work with renewed energy. He must redouble his efforts to establish his system upon such a firm basis that it would become a permanent institution, impossible to annihilate under any circumstances. He felt that he must work and write and lecture and argue and demonstrate until every member of this new association saw the vision that he himself saw—Holstein-Friesian cattle, because of Advanced Registry, making fabulous milk and butter records; Holstein-Friesian cattle, because of Advanced Registry, brought to the highest degree of perfection and efficiency that was possible with any breed; Holstein-Friesian cattle of America, as a result of Advanced Registry, imported back into North Holland by breeders there because of their superiority over those bred in that country; Holstein-Friesian cattle, because of Advanced Registry, leading the pure breeds of the whole world!

Thus he, through his superintendency, carried on a constant propaganda. His correspondence was large. He lectured and wrote voluminously, endeavoring to put his vision before the Holstein-Friesian public, in the face of much active opposition from many of its members and indifference on the part of the great majority of them. As early as June, 1886, an effort was made, at a meeting of the board of officers of the Holstein-Friesian Association, to cripple and discourage the development of Advanced Registry by changing its name. This proposition, however, was voted down. About a year after the union of the two associations, and before the second meeting of the new organization, and before the first volume of the Advanced Register of the Holstein-Friesian Association had been published, a movement was set on foot by two prominent members of the old Holstein Association to overthrow the Advanced Register, without giving it a trial, as the new organization had faithfully promised to do. These two members issued a pamphlet and a circular letter attacking the Advanced Registry system and soliciting proxies for its defeat at the second annual meeting of the Holstein-Friesian Association. A friend to Mr. Hoxie and his system

sent him copies of these documents, about a month previous to the annual meeting, which called forth the following circular letter from his pen:

"To Members of the Holstein-Friesian Association of America:

"DEAR SIRs:

"As I am busily engaged on the closing pages of the first volume of this Registry, a friend sends me a copy of a pamphlet recently issued by Mr. ———, and also a circular letter from Mr. ———, both attacking the system of Advanced Registry of this Association, and both soliciting proxies for its overthrow at the next annual meeting.

"Presuming that these documents have been generally sent to members of the Association, it becomes my duty to issue this circular letter, briefly reviewing the position taken by these gentlemen, and kindly asking, as an act of justice, that you reserve your verdict until you have an opportunity of seeing the first volume, which I hope to send you early in March.

"I am astonished that two prominent officers of the Association should have attacked the work before they had an opportunity of judging of its merits and before the first volume was commenced, after agreeing to give it a fair trial. And one of them, at least, was with others, instrumental in formulating rules for its government.

"The principal points attempted to be made by both these gentlemen are:

"1. The Advanced Registry tends to create a monopoly of wealthy breeders.

"This is not only untrue, but the opposite is true. Large breeders, having a large amount of money invested in this breed, find it to their interest to advertise liberally, and in consequence, have facilities for bringing their herds and their records to the notice of the public that small breeders do not have. Journals in all parts of the country are glad to publish descriptions of their beautiful cattle, their noted milk and butter strains, and their wonderful performances. They can afford to do so for the liberal advertising patronage they receive from these breeders. Thus the herds of large breeders become known through the length and breadth of the land and their wonderful production is upon every man's tongue. Not so with the small breeders. They have, perhaps, just as worthy or superior animals, but, not being patrons of the public press, they can expect no favors of this kind. In this respect large breeders have a monopoly, as large interests always have in all kinds of business. But in this work is present *a medium, tending in a great measure, to counteract this monopoly* and to bring to public notice the marvelous performances of this breed, where every breeder's animals meet on a common level. Extended pedigree, beauty of form, condition, aristocracy without merit, have no influence here, but every cow rests on her own individual performances, without regard to family connections. Here the merits of the small breeder's cattle are as impartially set forth as those of the large breeder's, and he not only has

the advantage of the records made by his own animals but all the records contained in the work enhance the value of the breed directly, and of his own cattle indirectly. The expense of registration is not beyond the means of any one who can afford to invest in this breed of cattle and, no matter how small his investment, he can well afford to register his animals for the enhanced value it gives them. It is worth what it costs for his own satisfaction in testing the comparative merits of his animals. A fee of three dollars, the extra time and trouble to make a seven days' butter test, or two ten days' milk tests, eight months apart, the inspector's traveling expenses, surely, who cannot afford this who has any interest whatever in the Holstein-Friesian breed?

"2. The next point is that it creates an aristocracy that is prejudicial to the general interests of the breed.

"This would be the case if it attempted to build up strains or families of cattle on a fictitious basis, without actual performance as a foundation upon which to rear an aristocracy (if you choose to call it so); but this is a true aristocracy, not ruled by the power of lineage, where all, by actual superiority, constitute an aristocracy that will lift the entire breed upon a higher plane of usefulness and popularity. Advanced Registry establishes no aristocracy but that based on actual merit.

"I will glance briefly at the secondary points advanced by these gentlemen:

"First, that Advanced Registry is not within the province of our Association.

"Let the Charter answer, it reads: 'For the purpose of improving the breed and for ascertaining, preserving and disseminating all useful information and facts as to their pedigrees and desirable qualities and the distinguishing characteristics of the best specimens.'

"Second, that it is a mass of undigested facts.

"These are just the facts wanted; facts that those seeking information concerning the breed can assimilate and digest, free from any extraneous matter to prejudice or influence them. And as this work progresses these facts will become so thoroughly digested that all interested in dairy cattle will have to acknowledge that, for general dairy purposes, combining more perfectly than any others size, form, milk, butter, cheese and beef qualities, the Holstein-Friesians are without an equal.

"Third, that it is designed to create a boom.

"Breeders need never fear the creation of booms on the basis of merit. Such booms are permanent and will never injure the interests of the breed. Booms on a fictitious basis alone operate disastrously.

"Fourth, that it disregards physical form and appearance.

"This statement will have no weight with you after you have seen this work. It really brings *vigor of constitution* into special prominence; on almost every page the fact will be impressed upon you that

this is the basis of successful breeding.

"Fifth, that the records are based upon third or fourth handed statements.

"If you will examine the rules which govern this work you will see that this is a misrepresentation.

"Everyone in any way connected with making a record is required to make an affidavit to it, including the owner in every case. The evidence required to authenticate these records is considered competent in all business and judicial transactions. Can more be asked to establish the authenticity of records made by the intelligent and reputable breeders of Holstein-Friesian cattle than is required of the world at large in the transaction of all kinds of business, involving claims for large amounts, as well as affecting the honor and happiness of every citizen? Besides this the Examiner must be convinced, from the appearance of the animal, that she is capable of making the record, and in case of any doubt, the Superintendent is required to order an actual test, under the personal charge of the Inspector, for any length of time he may deem necessary. The largest records received for the first volume have thus been substantiated by one of the Inspectors.

"Sixth, that Mr. Hoxie has repeatedly said that only one in ten were fit for registry in this system.

"I have no recollection of making such a statement. I have repeatedly said 'that not one in ten of the cattle of the Netherlands was fit for registry in any herd book.' This is probably the statement that Mr. ——— refers to; and I stand by it, and I think that every candid man who has studied the cattle of the country will agree with me.

"Mr. ———, [referring to the author of the pamphlet], is a natural foe of Advanced Registry, but I am bound to exercise the same charity toward him that he bestows upon me. He doubtless has the true interests of the breed at heart, as he sees them.

"Mr. ———, [referring to the author of the circular letter], was one of the committee who signed the compact that resulted in the formation of the Holstein-Friesian Association, and is doubly bound to allow Advanced Registry a fair trial before attempting its overthrow.

"I quote briefly from his language in private session of the Holstein Association when it met to consider the question of union with the Dutch-Friesian Association. (See Vol. 9, page 121, H. H. B.).

"The secretary reads: 'That the new Association establish a thorough system of Advanced Registration.'

"(A member said): 'If that does not commit us I don't understand the English language.'

"Mr. ———: 'As to that recommendation of the conference committee, I think the position might as well be stated plainly. Unless the Association sees fit to adopt the resolution recommended by the joint committee to try the Advanced Registry system, we might as well adjourn now and have no more words about it. The Dutch-Friesian Association will not come in unless we agree to try the Advanced Registry.'

"How has he and a combination, of which he is one of the leaders, fulfilled the terms of the compact that he so plainly acknowledges? From the first they have sought to weaken Advanced Registry by changing its name and character, and have done all they could to defer its publication, and now, before the breeders have a chance to see the first volume, are soliciting proxies for its overthrow! Is this keeping good faith?

"Whatever arguments these gentlemen [of the pamphlet and circular letter] present, neither of them does or can refute the all important fact that the tendency of Advanced Registry will be to encourage careful and accurate tests, without which the true merits or value of animal or breed can never be definitely known or duly appreciated. Without these tests, where would the breed have been to-day, and where will it be in a few years, if the Holstein-Friesian Association, through its officers, persists in discouraging such tests and in throwing discredit on them? Every breeder who has a Holstein-Friesian animal has been benefited and the value of his stock greatly increased by these records. Every attempt made to discourage such records tends to depreciate the value of all animals of the breed. The object and tendency of this work is to encourage such tests on a systematic, uniform plan, and authenticate the same by evidence which would establish the accuracy of the same in any court of justice. Had it not been for the records (particularly butter records) that have actually been made, and the prizes won by Holstein-Friesian butter, in competition with Jersey and that of other breeds, what conception would the public have of the possibilities of the breed? What else has brought the advocates of all other dairy breeds to admit freely that our cattle surpass all other breeds for milk production? What but our butter records, carefully made and well authenticated, could have opened the eyes of Jersey breeders so that they could see in Holstein-Friesian milk something besides water with a little casein?

"Is there a man on this continent who owns Holstein-Friesians to-day and wishes to sell animals that are in any way connected with those of breeders who have made records, who will not take advantage of those records every time he recommends an animal to a purchaser? Examine the catalogues of any breeder in America or the catalogues of those who have had auction sales, and if you can find an animal in those catalogues that has one per cent of the blood of any animal in any breeder's herd that has made a record, that record will be given. These men are not willing that the Association should encourage the making of records by authenticating and preserving them, but they will, upon every opportunity, sell their cattle upon these records, thus taking advantage of the records made by others, that they, upon all occasions, try to depreciate and render valueless.

"The friends of Advanced Registry have no selfish interests to consider, but they are in earnest for they believe that the principle is vital to the future interest of the breed, and they will use all honorable means to foster and continue it in operation, until it is shown not to

be for the best interests of the breed, when they will be the first ones to advocate its discontinuance. Until then I ask you to consider the matter and weigh all the facts, pro and con, and not be influenced by appeals to prejudice and individual self-interest, but place above that the interests of all, which are mutual, to further develop this unrivalled breed of cattle.

"By all means try to attend the meeting. I enclose a blank proxy. In case you are unable to attend, decide the case upon its actual merits and send your proxy to some one who you are sure will carry out your views.

Superintendent of Advanced Registry.

"S. HOXIE,

"WHITESBORO, N. Y., Feb. 24, 1887."

Shortly after this letter, issued by Mr. Hoxie, and just previous to the second meeting of the new association, another letter was issued by four prominent members of the old Holstein Association, condemning the attack on Advanced Registry. This letter said in part:

"We, the undersigned, all members of the committee appointed by the former Holstein Association of America, to confer with a like committee from the former Dutch-Friesian Association, to recommend terms and conditions of the union which formed the present Holstein-Friesian Association, feel impelled by a sense of honor to appeal to our fellow members to fulfill and carry out in good faith and honorably all the conditions of that union.

"The Dutch-Friesian Association was smaller and, in point of members, the weaker of the two bodies. In the consolidation it was evident to all that the weaker element must throw itself entirely upon the honor, fairness and sense of justice, of the stronger.

"The one condition which the Dutch-Friesian Association insisted on, and without which there could be no union, was the establishment of an Advanced Registry.

"This was thoroughly discussed and fully understood and agreed to by every member of the committee of both associations. The report of the committee was thoroughly and fully discussed, pro and con, by the Holstein Association. It was plainly stated and fully understood by every member present that a union could be effected only on the agreement that an Advanced Registry should be established and given a fair trial. Some members opposed the by-law which provided such a registry, but after full discussion, the by-laws as a whole, including the one which provided for such a registry, were adopted without a dissenting vote. The same by-laws were again unanimously adopted by the consolidated Association.

"It was fully understood by all members present that this system was to be given a fair trial—a thorough test. Has this been done? Have we in good faith fulfilled this part of our solemn obligation? At

the first annual meeting of the united Association, only a few months after the adoption of the necessary rules governing those who had this work in charge, and when the books had hardly been opened for registry, a movement was made in the board of officers, intended to cripple and destroy the efficiency of this work and thus evade the original agreement and understanding. Failing in this first attempt, a second was made at a special meeting of the board, called for what—if not for the express purpose of destroying this work?

"A third and more determined effort is now being made to abolish this work before the first volume has been published, before anyone has had an opportunity to judge of its merits or value, before anyone will pretend to say that it has had a fair trial. Circulars and letters have been freely distributed, belittling this work, condemning it before it has been seen, without knowing the number of animals recorded therein, without any consideration of the obligation the Association is under to the forty different members, both small and large breeders who have paid their money under the rules to have their animals recorded in this work. These circulars actually misrepresent the facts; they appeal to the prejudice, the passions and not to the judgment, reason or honor of the members. They attempt to array one class of breeders against another and thus create discord and strife in the Association which is detrimental to its best interests, impairs its usefulness, lowers its standard and weakens its influence among kindred associations and in the estimate of the public.

"The interests of all members and of breeders are mutual, the success of each contributes to the prosperity of the whole. Every good record made by any cow of the breed adds to the value of every animal of the breed. Our interests are mutual and cannot be separated. To create a division in our association, to destroy confidence and prevent hearty cooperation among its members, is to check the growth and prosperity of the breed, to shake the confidence of the public, to reduce the value of our cattle and depreciate in the estimation of the public the best breed of cattle the world has produced.

"Our association, as such, has done but little—very little—to encourage the development of the breed. What has been done to raise the standard of excellence, to elevate the breed to its present high standard, in public estimation, has been accomplished by individual enterprise. But for these individual efforts where would the breed have been to-day? What would be the present value of our cows, and where will we look for a demand for these cattle in the near future, if every attempt at the development of the breed is to be throttled in its incipency, if discredit is to be thrown upon the best efforts of those who have made the breed what it is, as is the object, effort and design of those who are distributing these misleading circulars?

"The Advanced Registry, although the first volume is not yet given to the public has, in our judgment, done more to develop the better qualities of the breed than the parent association has done during the

whole period of its existence. Consider that over one hundred and fifty cows, nearly half the number recorded therein, have been admitted to this first volume on their butter records, the standard being higher than that established by any other breed. Shall we, through prejudice, abolish or cripple such a work without seeing it—without studying its effect upon the future of the breed?

“We are not surprised—in fact, it is to be expected—that such shrewd and designing circulars would naturally put into the hands of their authors the proxies of those who have not given this subject full and careful consideration in all its bearings, those who did not understand the pledges made at the time of the union of the two associations and the obligation which we were in honor bound to fulfill. We do not—we cannot—believe that there is any large number of our association who will knowingly, willingly, use their influence, or allow their proxies to be used, to enforce a breach of faith on the part of our honored and honorable association.

“As members of the committee who labored faithfully to bring about the union of the two associations, having personally assured our new friends that they could depend upon the conditions of the union being faithfully fulfilled, we feel deeply on this subject.

“Therefore we feel justified in appealing to each and every member of the Holstein-Friesian Association, in the name of justice, of harmony, of honor, in behalf of the rights of those who in good faith placed themselves in our hands, in behalf of the good name and honor of our old association, to see to it that our obligations and agreements as members of our organization—as men—are faithfully and honorably fulfilled.”

It is needless to say that at the annual meeting convened soon after the appearance of these two letters, the movement to overthrow the system of Advanced Registry was defeated.

The first volume of the Advanced Registry of the Holstein-Friesian Association was brought out on January first, 1887. This book contained entries of three hundred and fifty cows and thirty-one bulls, besides the Rules and Regulations, the revised Scale of Points, and a chapter entitled Plan of This Volume. In its preface, Mr. Hoxie says:

“What will be its effect upon the general interests of the breed? This naturally will be the first question in regard to this work. The answer as naturally follows. If the production of milk and butter records in fugitive ways, in the past, has given a worthy reputation to the breed, how much more should the substantiating and gathering together of such records add to that reputation. The records of our grand cows are a common heritage, and no friend of the breed can doubt the utility of gathering and preserving them in some unquestioned form. In this work large and small owners have equal opportunities.

In public journals large advertisers take precedence. It would seem that on the ground of common justice some work of this kind is needed to awaken in all breeders equal incentives to improvement, and especially to inspire smaller owners to join in further building up a reputation for the breed in which all shall continue to feel a common pride. The fine showing made in this volume of the butter capacities of the breed must also have a stimulating effect upon all classes. The expenses of making butter records are within every breeder's means, and yet such records are among the most valuable. The information gathered in this work in regard to the structure and style of our noted cows must be of value to all who are interested in improving the breed. The means are here afforded of determining models and of intelligently seeking such combinations of breeding as will produce our ideals in form and structure. The measurements have been taken with much care, and the descriptions have been made as correctly as fallible judgment and condensed language have permitted. Years will add special value to this part of the work. The time is coming when it will be regarded quite as important to trace peculiarities of structure and peculiarities of qualities in the lines of ancestry as to trace pedigrees.

"This work is also a slight offering to science. There is yet to be a science of cattle selection and cattle breeding. But such a science can never be established without a multitude of observations such as this work affords. Finally, it may be said that it is a step in the direction in which all progressive breeders and thinkers upon cattle subjects are looking. It destroys no institution to take its place. It is simply a step forward into an unoccupied field. The same kind of ingenuity will be required to maintain that it injures any Holstein-Friesian breeder as it did in 1492 to prove that the setting out of the little fleet of Columbus injured his patroness, the Queen of Spain. No one can be more conscious of the defects of this volume than the editor—defects resulting from inexperience and want of precedents. But he believes they are no more inherent in the system than were the early defects of the steam engine inherent in the principal of propelling machinery by steam."

In an article on Holstein-Friesian Advanced Registry, written by Mr. Hoxie, and published in 1897 in F. L. Houghton's book entitled "Holstein-Friesian Cattle," is a statement of the manner in which this first volume was received. We quote Mr. Hoxie's words:

"The result both in general makeup of this volume and the number of entries, was a surprise, even to the friends of the new system. An immediate wave of interest was created, not only in this country, but in Europe. Breeders in England and Scotland wrote for information in regard to it and discussed the subject before their cattle associations; and in Germany several publications reviewed the system at great length. It was evident that, whatever the fate of this system in Amer-

ica, the fundamental idea had taken a firm hold on the minds of breeders of improved cattle.

"The permanence of the new registry was not, however, yet assured. It continued to some extent to be an object of disapproval, on grounds outside of its purposes or its principles. Gradually it won its way as it was seen that it was a distinct benefit to every breeder, whether he had cattle in it or not, by its service in sustaining and advancing the interests of the breed as a whole. Between 1886 and 1891, three other volumes were published, bringing the total registration to ninety-six bulls and one thousand and fifty-one cows."

These five years were years of tremendous struggle and great discouragement to Mr. Hoxie because of the scant backing his work received from the great mass of the Holstein-Friesian Association, but he never gave up. He held fast to his vision and battled on in the face of almost overwhelming odds. The labors of his office and his superintendentship were enormous, and he performed all these practically alone. His salary was very meagre and he was obliged to supplement it by much labor in other directions. At length, however, backed by a few of the members of the association, Mr. Hoxie's system began to gain in favor and soon he was inspired to redouble his efforts in its behalf by expressions of approval which began to come to him from officers and prominent fellow members, who declared that his work was the leading feature in the progress of the breed, that it was beginning to be recognized, that full success could only be attained through the Advanced Registry and that the association was proud to give him the necessary opportunities and basis for his great work.

But now a period of reaction set in against Holstein-Friesians, such a period as "inevitably overtakes every new breed introduced in this country." This reaction period against Holstein-Friesians, from 1891 to 1895, was a critical one for Advanced Registry. We find Mr. Hoxie writing:

"When the annual meeting of the association assembled in March, 1894, it was passing through the darkest period of its history, which had now reached its climax. The active membership of the organization was at its lowest ebb. Many of its wealthiest members had sold out their herds and others were preparing to do so. The treasury of the association had only a very small balance to its credit. It had been largely depleted a few years before by paying bounties on slaughtered bull calves. The reputation of the breed was in a seriously depressed condition in consequence of its failure to enter the contest

of dairy cattle breeds held at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago the previous summer. Public sentiment had not only pronounced its verdict against the claims of the breed but also against its Advanced Registry that it was said 'had been foisted upon the association by the Dutch-Friesian cranks.' And there also was, within its loyal membership, a lack of heart, of confidence in the dairy characteristics of at least a thousand head of imported cattle and their offspring that had been imported merely for commercial purposes, which the association had been obliged to take over at the time of its origin, notwithstanding one of the principal objects at its origin was to wholly prevent further importations of this undesirable class.

"Then suddenly a glimmer of hope appeared. At this meeting, to stimulate the making of butter records, a thousand dollars was placed in the hands of the board of officers to be offered at their discretion, as prizes, for largest officially authenticated records. . . . In accordance with such action a contest was inaugurated, open to breeders of the association, with a list of twenty-seven prizes, to be awarded the best seven day tests conducted under the supervision of the superintendent or some inspector designated by him or by the officer of some experiment station or other state institution. The effect of this competition was exceedingly gratifying. The showing of butter production exceeded all unquestioned official records of any breed previously made in America. It reanimated the breeders, stimulated again wide-spread public interest in the breed and went far toward establishing its pre-eminence as butter producers. Apparently all opposition to Advanced Registry ceased with this showing."

Since that time the value of Advanced Registry has become thoroughly recognized, "not only by Holstein-Friesian breeders, but by all breeders of improved cattle." Other associations and those handling other breeds of cattle have established similar registries and its principles will undoubtedly "continue as long as the breeding of improved dairy cattle continues."

CHAPTER VII

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN PROPAGANDA

No record was kept of Mr. Hoxie's publications during all the long period, covering nearly thirty years, of his active connection with cattle interests, but his pen was never idle. His powers of application were the wonder and admiration of his friends. During certain periods he worked uninterruptedly at his writing, every day and all day, often far into the night, for weeks and months together, without rest or respite. When he could no longer endure sitting at his desk he would take his work to the top of some article of furniture of convenient height and stand as he wrote. An old organ was utilized for this purpose for several years as was also a specially constructed shelf placed against the wall in one corner of his study. These, both allowing of an upright position, gave the much needed rest to a back that was always troublesome. The possession of a great idea, coupled with an iron constitution and an iron will, alone made possible this habit of unceasing application without utter shipwreck to both mind and body.

As has been said before, he was the most modest and self-effacing of men. He had no vanity. He did not preserve copies of his articles and speeches in any form. Hence the matter in hand is very fragmentary; indeed, consisting only of an occasional lecture or essay that, by accident, has escaped destruction. Mr. Hoxie never had an eye to his reputation with posterity. His eye was always single with a view to the cause which he was serving and, after his thoughts were once conscientiously and painstakingly put upon paper and placed before the public, they were of no further moment to himself. Could his writings be collected they would doubtless fill many volumes and be a permanently valuable contribution to dairy interests.

It is indeed to be deeply regretted that only a very few of his many efforts may be mentioned. Nothing has been pre-

served previous to the union of the Dutch-Friesian and Holstein Associations except the four volumes of the Dutch-Friesian Herd Book; a pamphlet, entitled "Some Information Concerning the North Holland or Friesian Breed of Black and White Piebald Cattle"; the series of articles on Friesian or Dutch-Friesian cattle previously mentioned, published by the old Live Stock Journal of Chicago, about 1883, and a few addresses. In 1888 his article, "Holstein-Friesian Cattle," was published in Harper's Magazine—a fact which also indicates the wide spread general interest in the new breed at this time.

Fifteen volumes of Advanced Registry were edited by Mr. Hoxie after the union of the two associations and he prepared the bulk of the copy for the sixteenth volume, turning it over to his successor in office in 1905. He assisted Mr. F. L. Houghton largely in the preparation of material for the "Blue Book," from its inception up to the time of his retirement, practically all the detailed and valuable matter contained therein being prepared by him¹. In the preface to the second volume of the "Blue Book" are found these words:

"All of these records, [contained in the 'Blue Book,'] are from the office of the Superintendent of Advanced Registry, Mr. S. Hoxie, and were originally compiled by him. . . . Acknowledgment of the invaluable services of Mr. Hoxie in making such a work as the Year Book [Blue Book] possible and for actual compilation of parts of this work are most heartily made, and to this gentleman are due the thanks and appreciation of all breeders."

Mr. Hoxie also assisted Mr. Houghton in the preparation of his book, called "Holstein-Friesian Cattle," first published in 1897. In the preface grateful acknowledgments are made "of the very valuable assistance of that profound dairy student and originator of the Advanced Registry system, Mr. Solomon Hoxie."

His "Twelve Years' Butter Tests at American Fairs," is an illustration of the immense amount of painstaking labor expended by Mr. Hoxie upon much of the original work which he put before the public. A prominent member of the Hol-

¹ In a letter, bearing the signature of Mr. D. H. Burrell, dated August 24, 1903, referring to the "Blue Book," this statement is made "All the detailed work is prepared by our able Superintendent, Mr. Hoxie."

stein-Friesian Association writes to Mr. Hoxie, apropos of this article, under date of August 29, 1898:

"I am just in receipt of your article on twelve years' butter tests at fairs. I wish to compliment you on the successful manner in which you have brought out the superiority of the Holstein-Friesians over Jerseys as butter producers. If this article can be widely disseminated among breeders, it should have a very helpful and healthful influence in favor of our breed. Even if the summary, given on the last two pages, could be put into the hands of every farmer in America, it would have a very salutary effect in my opinion. I am glad that you have had the wisdom and foresight to publish this article."

In 1900, Mr. Hoxie's report at the annual meeting of the Holstein-Friesian Association says in part: "The steady growth of this system of Advanced Registry in public esteem and the absence of criticism seem to show that its principles are settled." But, while Mr. Hoxie seems to have felt that the battle for the establishment of this system was now fairly won, within his own association, he did not feel that he could yet slacken his labors for there were many detractors of Holstein-Friesian cattle among the admirers and breeders of Jerseys, Guernseys, Ayrshires, Devons, Brown Swiss, Dutch Belted, Red Polled and Short Horn cattle. The superiority of North-Holland cattle over all these various breeds as butter, milk and beef producers and as cattle best adapted to the needs and conditions of the American dairy farmer must be fully demonstrated once and for all. Hence, as chairman of the Literary Committee, of the Holstein-Friesian Association (a position which he held for years), whose function it was to write, collect, edit and publish data favorable to this breed; as contributor to nearly all prominent agricultural papers; as lecturer before dairymen's associations and as demonstrator of the Advanced Registry system in various colleges and experiment stations, he carried on a vigorous and vigilant campaign of public education in the behalf of the "Black and Whites." During this year (1900) fortunately, Mr. Hoxie's salary was increased in such measure that he was now enabled to employ a clerk regularly and was thus relieved from much of the drudgery of office routine.

In 1901, Mr. Hoxie prepared a pamphlet entitled, "Holstein-Friesian Breed of Cattle," giving salient points of their history and characteristics and of their development and reg-

istration. This was published by the Holstein-Friesian Association. It filled a need, which the association had felt, for a brief and accurate account of its breed of cattle for busy farmer and dairyman. This pamphlet, which was christened the "Yellow Book," met the popular demand, by giving all the important facts and characteristics of these animals in small compass. It was widely read and circulated over a period of several years and it was one of the most valuable and useful publications of the association. On the appearance of a revised edition of the "Yellow Book," in 1904, Mr. E. A. Powell, a prominent breeder of Holstein-Friesian cattle, said in a letter to Mr. Hoxie, bearing date of February seventeenth, 1904;

"I have spent the evening in reading this work and wish to congratulate you most heartily on this able and valuable production. It is, to my mind, the most complete, able and convincing document yet published in the interests of the breed and must be of great value."

CHAPTER VIII

RETIREMENT

In the spring of 1903 a vital question regarding the policy of calculating its records began to agitate the Holstein-Friesian Association. In 1894 the association had adopted the use of 80 per cent of a pound of butter fat for an equivalent of a pound of butter in computing its records. This was done "with a view to conforming to the usages of the World's Fair at Chicago the previous year. The records of heifers there tested were all calculated on 80 per cent fat as shown in the milk for a pound of butter; and the records of the cows on 80 per cent of fat as shown in the churned butter." Previous to this date (1894) the per cent required in calculating the records of the association had been $83\frac{1}{3}$. The 80 per cent standard had recently been shown to be false beyond a doubt, all the facts going to prove that $85\frac{7}{10}$ per cent was the correct basis for computation. The Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations recommended this latter ratio as a common basis for calculation in connection with all breeds. The American Jersey Cattle Club had also adopted it.

Mr. Hoxie was most anxious that his association should drop the incorrect and misleading basis of computation, adopted in 1894, and thus place itself on record as standing for truth, honesty and justice and beyond reproach or criticism. He therefore put forth every effort to induce the association to abandon the computation of its records by what had been discovered to be a dishonest ratio. Many members were of an equal mind with Mr. Hoxie in this matter, but others were opposed to any change of policy, fearing that it might result in monetary loss to themselves. The question came up in the form of an amendment, to drop the 80 per cent factor, at the annual meeting in June, 1903, and at this time, the amendment was adopted by a majority vote. This action of the association lead to a bitter controversy among its mem-

bers in which eventually Mr. Hoxie and his supporters "went down to defeat," and the former act of the association in adopting the amendment was repudiated.¹

It is not the desire or the purpose of the writer of this life record to enter into the details of this controversy. In years to come, other history will be written and those who stood firmly for the right will be fully vindicated.

This failure of the association to hold by its former action to banish the false standard disheartened and discouraged Mr. Hoxie, who felt that, first and foremost and above all else, the association should try to lead the dairy world in those things which are of truth and justice and of good report. He felt that the step it had now taken was a backward step and a disastrous one. He writes to a fellow member at this time:

"When a man says, 'I have made a mistake,' yet continues to use his mistake (because he imagines that to do so is for his financial interest) he cannot avoid loss of reputation. I fear it will be so with our association. I am utterly disheartened. Must I abandon all hopes that our association will be true to itself, to its own best interests, to truth and right? I am at a loss as to my duty under the circumstances. What ought I to do?"

This friend replied:

"If we fail in the perfection of our rules this year we will make a stronger fight next year."

Another associate writes:

"I sympathize with you fully in your desire to do good during the closing years of your life and anything that I can do for your peace and comfort I wish to do. God bless you, my dear Mr. Hoxie, for all you have done to maintain the honor and credit of our association. You may rest assured that in the years to come the highest encomiums will be paid to you for the position which you have taken."

Thus encouraged Mr. Hoxie forged bravely ahead in the continuance of the duties of his office as Superintendent of Advanced Registry and in his efforts to cause the association to recognize the mistake it had made in its decision to maintain the 80 per cent standard, although he knew that such efforts would not redound to his own advantage and might jeopardize his position as superintendent. But he hoped that in another year or two the association would see this matter

¹ This action of the association was severely condemned in Friesland where the bases of computation were from 88½ to 91½ lbs. fat for 100 lbs. butter.

in its true light and reverse its decision. But this hope was doomed to disappointment.

Its failure to take what Mr. Hoxie regarded as the only just and true measure for it to take so preyed upon his mind that it was one of the causes which undermined his health and lead to his voluntary retirement from office in June, 1905.

When it became known that Mr. Hoxie contemplated retirement scores of letters of protest began to pour in from all sections of the country. Prominent members of the association expressed themselves as positively refusing to even consider his resignation. They would do anything before they would give him up. They would hire someone else to do the actual work while he supervised it only. He was told that no one else could fill his place acceptably to the great mass of the association; that not only was he loved and trusted by all its members but he was trusted and admired as well by all breeders of every class and kind outside the association.

When at length it became apparent that Mr. Hoxie's health would not permit him to retain his position, even with a competent secretary's help, a movement was set on foot to appoint him Superintendent Emeritus. Many letters were received by Mr. Hoxie assuring him that the association would be glad and proud to place him in such a position. One prominent Eastern breeder writes:

"I view with the greatest satisfaction your willingness to devote yourself to our work in an emeritus capacity. I am certain that the idea will be heartily commended by everyone, for I have already heard the suggestion so discussed in many places. . . . The strong friendship of those who have been in contact with you will never permit you to be separated from them and the association."

A Western member says:

"To the best of my knowledge it is the general opinion throughout the West that the Holstein-Friesian Association owes a very large debt of gratitude to you for the prosperity it has met with and the idea is that you should have this position with a year's entire vacation to start with, and no obligation thereafter to exert yourself any farther in the interests of the association than may be agreeable to you. The thought is to make the position truly emeritus."

And so on through a score or more of similar communications.

Mr. Hoxie was pleased with the proposal to honor him thus, but feared that his acceptance of it might be detrimental to his successor and he wrote to an officer of the association saying that if in his opinion the new Superintendent of Advanced Registry would in the slightest degree be hampered by his acceptance of such a position he would not consider it for a moment. But he was assured that no such result would follow. When, however, the motion to thus honor him came before the annual meeting it was tabled.

The following extract is quoted from the address of the President of the Holstein-Friesian Association in June, 1905, at the time of Mr. Hoxie's retirement.

"Since the adoption of our Advanced Registry system, Mr. Hoxie has served as its most efficient superintendent, giving to this work, to this association and to our beautiful breed of cattle, his time, his best thought and undivided attention. Though weary at times in both mind and body, he has never tired. We have all profited by his good word and work, cheerfully given on every occasion. We have all learned to honor and respect him, not only because of the great results he has been able to accomplish in his line of work, but also because of his wise and valuable counsel, his sincerity, his strong personality, and his true manly character. . . .

"Certainly there is not a member of this association who does not feel a most profound sense of regret that Mr. Hoxie no longer finds his strength adequate to the task of discharging the duties involved in the office of Superintendent of Advanced Registry. . . .

"Mr. Hoxie is a man whose every impulse has been guided by his convictions of right and justice and his administration of the affairs of his office has been such as justly to merit the standing and confidence it now enjoys.

"His retirement from office is of his own predilection and we can assure him that he has with him in his retirement the kindest wishes of every member of this association.

"Being a recognized authority on all that Advanced Registry implies, we trust we may for many years hear his voice in the councils of this association and profit thereby as we have in the past."

PART II.

B. OTHER INTERESTS AND ACTIVITIES

CHAPTER I

THE VILLAGE OF MR. HOXIE'S ADOPTION

During all the years, from 1876 to 1905, business alone did not absorb Mr. Hoxie's attention. A man of such virility, such insight, such broad sympathies, such ambition to benefit humanity could not be content to confine his activities within the limits, however extensive, of cattle breeding and the development of dairy affairs. His interests were far too wide and the motive power of his existence, his ambition to help and succor and inspire his fellow beings, was far too insistent. Other channels for the expression of this desire must be found.

During the first few years of his residence in Yorkville, Mr. Hoxie continued to occupy the pulpit of his home church at Columbus Quarter, going there for that purpose on alternate Sundays. This required a sixty-mile drive, which eventually proved too great a strain, and the congenial activity was therefore regretfully abandoned.

A fertile field, however, for the fulfillment of Mr. Hoxie's heart's desire to benefit his fellow men, lay ready to hand in the community of which he had recently become a part. The little village of his adoption lay close between the city of Utica and the manufacturing town of New York Mills. It was unincorporated, unofficered, unprotected by any league of authority. It had no church, no club nor organization of the better class. It occupied just the right position to render it a resort for the dregs of humanity from both the larger places, and such a resort it became. Here saloons were opened of a character that would not be tolerated in either the Mills or Utica, and here the rough and disreputable element of both places congregated to carouse and to break all rules of decency and law and order. The few respectable residents of the village were almost helpless in face of this element. It was a great change for Mr. Hoxie, coming as he did from the clean, decent, self-respecting atmosphere of the

farming community, where he had lived almost from birth, into this haunt of the vicious and corrupt. Almost immediately he began to work for the betterment of the town, but he found himself practically alone in his efforts. Other decent citizens were either too indifferent or stood too much in fear of possible injury to life and property from the lawless class to join with him in a campaign to make the village a safe and desirable place of habitation. So for years he labored almost single handed, fighting against drunkenness, debauchery and lawlessness of every sort. At one time he acted as night watchman, helping to police the village against marauders who had attempted a series of house-breakings and robbery.

Previous to his residence in Yorkville Mr. Hoxie had been a temperance man, but he now became a Prohibitionist. The drink evil, showing its results so conspicuously here, could not fail to make him one. He now began a long and systematic fight against the saloon, which brought him the bitterest enmity and endangered both his life and his possessions. He was once assaulted upon his own premises by a drunken brute and barely escaped alive. A thoroughbred collie dog, to which he was devotedly attached was lured away and poisoned. He was reviled and persecuted and annoyed in all manner of petty ways by the vicious element that he tried to combat, but he was absolutely fearless and slackened his efforts not one iota in consequence. He not only voted the Prohibition ticket but he took the stump for the party. He labored in season and out of season to disseminate its ideas and to show the evils resulting from the liquor traffic. He acted as chairman of the county committee for years. He ran for Representative to Congress on the Prohibition ticket and for various minor offices. He organized, edited and published a Prohibition paper, "The New York Central News," himself doing most of the writing for its columns until, when it had become firmly established and had begun to pay financially, he gave it away, although he still continued to contribute largely to its pages.

He entered into personal relations with the drunken and debauched, encouraging and inspiring them to fight against

their evil tendencies; inviting some to his home, instructing some in the elements of an education, supplying all who desired with good reading matter and good counsel, giving financial aid to the most promising—those who showed a persistent wish to reform and to become desirable citizens.

Poverty was rife in this little town as well as drunkenness. The readiness with which Mr. Hoxie always responded to any appeal for help is typified by a little incident which for a long time was a source of much amusement and good-natured chaffing on the part of his family. An unkempt, ragged fellow, quite evidently a knight of the road, one day appeared at the door. Mr. Hoxie responded to his knock and to his request for boots, gave the tramp his only pair, saying: "Here, take them, they are the only ones I have." The fellow, nothing daunted, received this offering with avidity and went on his way rejoicing.

His proximity to the city and his activity in public affairs revealed to Mr. Hoxie a hitherto undreamed of debased condition in the politics of Oneida County, and he now not only began to oppose the saloons and the liquor interests, but he also began to fight political corruption. Letters written to his son, in the fall of 1888, show something of his attitude in these matters.

"Yorkville, N. Y., October 27, 1888.

"DEAR R.,

"We have plenty of politics and a great deal of excitement on the subject in the neighborhood. The canvass between the Republicans and the Democrats of the county is being conducted on the lowest possible plane. I went into the office of the—— yesterday [referring to one of Utica's daily papers] and one of the editors said to me, 'You know enough of the management of the old parties in the county to make you disgusted, but, if you knew as much as I do, it would make you sick!' On election day there will probably be more money spent in buying votes than ever before spent on such a day. The men who sell their votes, the men who buy them and the men who knowingly furnish money for that purpose are all alike violators of our laws, destroyers of republican institutions and criminals. If justice should prevail they would find themselves shortly in the penitentiary. What a comment on the character of our people, our public officers and our wealthy men. What transparent sham in all their pretended political virtue! Republicans in the county have more money and will therefore probably buy more votes than Democrats. But both will buy all they can and 'pot cannot call kettle black.' What young man, living in

Oneida County, of really noble character can feel like joining either of these parties? The endorsement of such methods is and must be a greater evil to our country than the adoption of any of the measures of a public nature advocated by either party can counteract. The evil of liquor selling and drinking, enormous as it is, cannot be greater than such a wholesale corruption of the suffrage. Of course we Prohibitionists can do nothing but abhor and denounce such things and stand up and be counted. The canvass will soon be over and whichever party wins will make but little if any difference to me personally. Yet I confess I feel saddened over the inevitable triumph of the evil elements of society.

"In our present condition of political affairs the saloon and its hangers-on hold the balance of power. Its men will be elected in state and nation. I have not the least idea that any material change will be inaugurated in the present policy of the government whichever party prevails. On general principles public welfare demands a reduction of taxation. Both parties admit this but neither party will dare to offend the various monopolies that have arisen under the policy of the last twenty years, by doing anything practical for the relief of the masses of the people. It does not follow that we should be disheartened by these things. Our country is advancing, through other means, at wonderful strides. Higher views of moral obligations and of intellectual attainments are being rapidly diffused. An army of young men and of young women is being raised up that will have the necessary strength of character and the necessary exaltation of character to meet and overcome political corruption at no distant day. I do not expect to live to see that 'good time coming.' But that does not matter. I expect my children to see it and I expect they will help to bring it about. I hope they will be careful to maintain the balance of judgment and the charity toward all that will be so important in this work.

"I look forward to the time when both you and D. will be men of influence. I believe you will always stand up for the right. It is of little matter whether you become rich or poor but it is of great matter that you become truly men of honor, integrity and moral courage, that you keep your eyes clear, that you may recognize the nature of the sham honor, sham integrity, sham patriotism and sham morality with which you will probably find yourselves surrounded. Do not be caught by shams of any kind. Real wealth is of the character. That is the kind which goes with us beyond the grave. If you are tempted by show, remember such coin is spurious. It will not pass beyond this world. We all send love.

FATHER."

"Yorkville, N. Y., November 13, 1888.

"DEAR R.,

"You have requested me to keep you posted on the gymnasium. The young men have decided to run it again. I am president, further-

"You inquire the cause of the falling off of the Prohibition vote in the state. Every possible pressure was brought to bear. Some who work in our mills were indirectly threatened with the loss of employment. The tariff question was magnified out of all proportion. All sorts of falsehoods were published. Prejudices were appealed to. In this county stories were industriously circulated that the leading Prohibitionists were going to vote with either the Democrats or the Republicans. The falling off of our vote, while it is not a pleasant thing to contemplate, need not discourage us and I think will not discourage the party. Our party is a pure one. I should be ashamed, knowing what I do of their corruption, to belong to either of the old parties.

"There were probably fifteen hundred corrupted votes in ——— alone. I have no doubt more than two thousand men took part in the work of corruption and, were the laws to be executed, would find themselves in the penitentiary. Many of these men call themselves respectable and some of them are dubbed honorable. A man that has any degree of virtue cannot help feeling hostility and indignation toward a crime so loathsome. Why! I would rather stand alone and be a party of one single voter than to stand by either of the old parties and assent to such a foul crime. I hope you may ever feel as I do in such matters. A man who surrenders his moral sense to such deeds is not worthy the name. Success is a grand thing in a good cause and through worthy means but success, won by such means, is simply shameful; we have moral natures and the only true success is the triumph of the right. I want my children to always stand for the right under all circumstances. I would rather have them enthused with this idea than to have them become rich or renowned. . . ."

Affectionately,

FATHER."

Together with his younger son, before the latter departed for college, Mr. Hoxie organized and helped to maintain The Yorkville Athletic Club for the young men of the town, putting up a small building for that purpose. Previously the street corners and saloons had been the only meeting places available for friendly intercourse and such an institution was sorely needed. Here all were welcome to come for a social hour, to participate in games and plays and gymnastic exercises, to read good books and papers and to listen to an occasional lecture or entertainment.

After Mr. Hoxie's son left home for college and could no longer give his attention to its concerns, the club languished and was finally temporarily abandoned. But it was reorganized again and at this time Mr. Hoxie writes to his son regarding it:

more I am a deputy sheriff of the County of Oneida. After the boys decided to start up again I thought that someone must have authority to protect the property and to insure good behavior. So I have quietly obtained the appointment. . . .

"The boys have organized with a short constitution and a long set of by-laws. The constitution provides for five officers elected semi-annually. These officers constitute a board for the government of the club. The name of the association is Yorkville Athletic Club. . . .

"The by-laws forbid all gambling, forbid the bringing of intoxicating drinks into the gymnasium and the taking part in any of the amusements or exercises of anyone who shows any sign of intoxication. Such, however, may come and sit still and sober up but may take no part. They forbid spitting upon the floor, stove or furniture, and also forbid injury to anything in the room. In general they provide that no ungentlemanly conduct shall be tolerated.

"The first night after the adoption of the by-laws, one young man held a pipe in his mouth pretending to smoke, while the club was convened for the transaction of business. He no doubt did it to try the board of officers. One of the board got up and called attention to this act and asked if it should be considered orderly and gentlemanly. I put it to the decision of the house and an almost unanimous vote declared that it should not be so considered. I called the board to come to the table and asked what should be done with the offender. They imposed a fine of five cents. The young man declared he would not pay it. I then asked what should be done and the board voted to expel him at once. I then said to the young man that he would have to leave. He got up and took his hat. About two minutes after the adjournment of the business meeting he came back and wanted to be reinstated. I called the board together. They decided in a half minute that if he would pay his fine, he might come back. He did so, and as far as I can observe behaves himself as well as anyone. No one spits upon the floor (the most difficult thing to observe, probably), and I have heard but one word of profanity. There is a membership of forty-one. Card-playing is allowed. The gymnasium is open every night and also on Sundays. It was a question with me whether I should allow card-playing on Sundays. After weighing the matter as conscientiously as I knew how I decided that it might be allowed. 'The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath.' If the weight of probable benefit to these boys was for card-playing, rather than against it, I said to myself, as a Christian man I have no right to refuse it.

"So far there has been no offense given that I have heard of. As the saying goes, 'we are not out of the woods,' but the prospect is encouraging. It looks as if good might result. I think it takes off at least half of the attendance on the saloons, both on Sundays and the evenings of other days of the week. A committee is making arrangements to have debates one evening each week. . . . The boys are now talking of trimming the rooms with evergreens to conceal the

seats that have to be put overhead when not in use for lectures. I usually go over to the gymnasium a few minutes every evening and during the afternoons on Sundays. Up to the present time everything, so far as I know, has been conducted in strict accordance with the by-laws. Of course nearly all use tobacco, but they go way across the room to expectorate in a cuspidor, thus the stove and the floors are kept tolerably decent. I am hopeful for them. I shall try, if possible, to arrange matters so that the children can come in the afternoon—those who cannot pay the fees. I will write as further developments may occur. Next Monday evening is the time for paying dues for November. The board hopes to be out of debt then."

It is impossible to estimate the amount of good resulting from this club or to know definitely the number of young men, employed in the cotton factories of New York Mills, who were given a permanent impetus to better living through its efforts. In later years there were some, at least, of its frequenters, who gladly bore testimony to its value as an inspiration in the development of their characters.

At length the Salvation Army established a post at Yorkville. Mr. Hoxie welcomed this innovation and gladly identified himself with its workers. His motto was, "Deed, not Creed." He cared not what beliefs his fellow laborers entertained nor what means they employed, if they were worthy ones. He looked but to the fruits of their toil. Thus he entered heartily into the work of the Army, conforming to its methods, praying, speaking and singing with its members on the street corners, laboring with its half-reluctant converts, encouraging its back-sliders, opening his heart and his home to all who wished to enter, giving lavishly of his strength and his time and his material substance. No labor was too great for him, no means too humble, if thus he could render service to those unfortunate fellow mortals whom the Army sought to reclaim. In a letter to his son in September, 1895, apropos of the work, methods and belief of the Army, Mr. Hoxie writes:

"Sunday I attended the Salvation Army meeting at eleven A. M. The meetings held at that hour are called holiness meetings. The services consist of prayers, readings from Scripture and exhortations to practical, every day uprightness of conduct and purity of heart. I have never heard from any pulpit such simple, straightforward advocacy of truth telling, honest dealing, careful speaking and of cleanly habits and cleanly thinking as I have listened to in these meetings. In the afternoon your mother and I both attended their services. This

afternoon meeting is called a Christian praise meeting. They have a jolly time of it."

The following year the Army did little in Yorkville except to protect and preserve its old converts from backsliding. Changes of officers and rivalry between the two factions, the Salvation Army and the Volunteers of America, being the cause of its slackened efforts there. At length the Army ceased to maintain a post in the village, and Mr. Hoxie sought other means through which to work for the uplifting of the community life about him.

About this time a group of young men, working in the factories of New York Mills, appealed to him for help. These young people had begun to realize that there was little opportunity in their present employment and with the meager educational groundwork they possessed for them to advance, to get better jobs, to go into business for themselves or to become independent. They were all ambitious and at length, knowing Mr. Hoxie's kindness of heart and desire to help and benefit all his fellows, they ventured to ask him to instruct them in the elements of a business education. Although already overburdened with the work of his office and with other duties connected with his farm and business, he gladly responded to this appeal. He gave his time and energy, evening after evening, until his pupils were proficient enough to enable them to secure and hold such positions as they desired to occupy in the business world. Many years later, after Mr. Hoxie had become a resident of Chicago, he received a letter from one of these young men who, after telling of the business success of all Mr. Hoxie's former pupils in this group, says:

"You cannot realize how many times I have thought of you and of your kindness when you, in your generous spirit, braved the cold and stormy weather and came evening after evening to our little school room to impart to us the knowledge which we had neglected to acquire in our younger days. All this you did without any compensation, except the knowledge that you were doing what your heart prompted you to do for the welfare of the young men of your home town. I think, if there were more Mr. Hoxies in the world who would take some interest in the young men there would be a great improvement in the coming generation. It is my sincere wish that you may be spared for many years yet to enjoy a noble and a useful life."

In the late nineties a series of cottage prayer meetings were inaugurated in Yorkville, in which Mr. Hoxie was vitally interested, but these meetings did not reach a large number of the people. A place for public religious services was needed. Fortunately Yorkville had outgrown its little schoolhouse and a new one was necessary. Mr. Hoxie induced the specially interested citizens to move the little old schoolhouse back a few yards, instead of tearing it down as had been proposed, and to attach it to the large new building. Thus was provided something which Yorkville had never possessed before, a commodious room available for any public meeting. Through Mr. Hoxie's efforts this room was furnished with chairs, benches, tables and an organ, and he now began to agitate a subject which had long occupied his mind. He visited his neighbors and placed before them his ideas regarding the formation of some sort of an organization for public worship in the town. He felt that, if nothing more than a Sunday school for the little children could be established it would be a great step forward for Yorkville. A place of meeting was now available and all that was needed was the energy and enthusiasm and push of a few earnest workers to make a success of such an undertaking. Many of his townsmen were uninterested and even pessimistic regarding the matter but others were sympathetic. Finally, through his persistent effort and earnestness and his enthusiasm, he inspired a very few of his neighbors with the desire to help in such a project and, with the co-operation of two young women, fellow citizens, the Yorkville Society for Christian Work was organized. A Sunday school was convened for the children and young people every Sunday afternoon and this was followed by a preaching service for the older people.

All through the early years of its struggle, Mr. Hoxie never gave way to discouragement, never for a moment doubted of its eventual prosperity and success. When, in the face of many disheartening difficulties, all other workers were ready to abandon the enterprise, he not only went ahead doggedly and determinedly with his own part of the work but he inspired the faint hearted, the hopeless and the depressed with his own undaunted courage and his own unflagging energy.

This society finally took root in the hearts of the townspeople and all came to have a personal interest in what was affectionately spoken of by everyone, young and old alike, as "Our Little Church of Yorkville." Mr. Hoxie lived to see "Our Little Church" firmly established, after fifteen years of varying vicissitudes—years of hopes and fears, years of elation and depression, years of promise and fulfillment. He lived to see it housed in a new and commodious structure, but he died before this edifice could be dedicated, a function in which he had fondly hoped to participate in spite of his eighty-seven years and his residence at a distance.

In "Our Little Church of Yorkville" is a bronze tablet to the memory of Solomon Hoxie. "A memory," as one of his co-workers there has said, "of unusual strength and sweetness; a memory of one ever ready to assist in every good enterprise; a memory calling forth only tender, loving thoughts of him."

Largely through Mr. Hoxie's efforts Yorkville became finally an incorporated village where order and decency prevail.

SOLOMON HOXIE IN 1937

CHAPTER II

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

Family letters written at this period show not only Mr. Hoxie's outlook on life, but also his insistent wish to encourage and sustain others by the expression of a hopeful, optimistic philosophy. Many of these years, near the close of the last century, were years of great discouragement in matters pertaining to his business affairs and of great anxiety because of the serious illness of his two sons. He must have been both anxious and depressed much of the time, yet he allowed not a glimmer of such feeling to appear in his letters. To his mother, who was not of a sanguine temperament, he writes at this time:

"Do not look backward but forward. You have no idea how bright everything is when we look ahead. I realize this more and more every day. What matters it if everything in this world has not been just to our minds or our own lives just what we would have been glad to have had them? Our Father rules. He brings good out of everything for us and to us, if we will only receive it. . . . What a happy world this would be if we would all look to the compensations that we are all the time receiving. . . . How blind we are not to see the good things that always come to offset the bad!

" . . . It is a beautiful, pleasant morning and I realize that our Father is everywhere present. I can almost see Him with my eyes of flesh, and I feel His presence as really as I do the presence of my earthly friends. What a good Father He is and how restful we can be in His care!

" . . . It is not best for me to say much about the sympathy I feel for all who are in trouble. It can do them no good and can only make you feel sadder. I have an abiding faith in the future life and expect to meet all of our friends in a better world. I do not believe in those terrible torments that preachers seem to think necessary to advocate constantly. God is good. He knoweth our frame and He pitieth His creatures. The love of Christ constraineth me and it is strong enough, rightly seen, to constrain others. Why should my loving mother be thinking always upon the dark side rather than upon the bright side? Is it not sufficient to know that God is good?

"This will not make you sad, I know. The future world is no dream but a plain reality quite as much as this world. We should not

be constantly tormenting ourselves by saying we are not good enough for it. God knows better than we do. We will not mourn over His gifts to us. It is His will and that is enough. Let us accept of His goodness with thankfulness and cheerfulness. I believe He loves a cheerful receiver as well as a cheerful giver.

" . . . I think I am growing happier as I grow older. It seems to me I was never more content with the events of life. I have largely given up my ambitions. I just simply rest my interests, my life, my family, my all in the hands of a kind Providence. I think I have seen the folly of struggling to be rich or great. I think the only ambition worth our attention is that of generosity, kindness and love.

" . . . We are all having a pleasant time, notwithstanding the troubles little and big that come to us. Such things come to everybody. They really need make none of us unhappy. Nobody need expect to go through life without more or less trouble. It depends a great deal on ourselves whether or not it makes us unhappy. I have things that I might be unhappy over but I think that I can say truthfully that I feel more at rest and happier than at any other period of my life. It seems to me I can see the Heavenly Father's care and love in all things. 'My times are in His hands.' My life, my friends, my all I leave to His care. I hope you feel that way. Your children and your friends and your life—all are in His care. Why should we try to carry burdens, to borrow trouble? I hope you will lay down all your troubles and pains, if you have not done so already. It is so foolish to live unhappily! What a good thing it is to rest, free from all anxiety, to just rest!

" . . . I am not lonely for I see God in the clouds and hear Him in the winds and see Him in the flowers and hear Him in the songs of birds and in everything that I have to do with.

" 'I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.'

" . . . Perhaps I ought not to write it but it seems to me that this world, leaving out the people, is a perfect world. The bad in it comes from the ignorance and willfulness of the people and not from anything in nature. The unhappiness comes mostly through the cruelty and selfishness of the people that are constantly striving with each other to get the biggest share of the good things that God is showering upon the world almost without limit. When we get down to the real facts we almost always find that those we call the fortunate people are the most unhappy people. There is probably more unhappiness caused by greed than by anything else. When we give up our greed how quickly we find ourselves at rest! Why should we not be content? Our Saviour says even the hairs of our heads are numbered; nothing can injure us, for our Father in heaven (a heaven not away off in the skies but right here near us and around us) careth for us.

" . . . It makes me laugh when I realize what a Father we have and what a beautiful world He has given us for our present home and what a glorious home is prepared for us. . . . You must think of nothing but being happy, being at rest. How good it is to be at rest! To give up the fighting and battling and scratching and pulling and hauling of this poor miserable world of greedy, greedy, greedy people! (Not God's world). I am trying to keep out of its whirlpool of strife as much as I can and to live in God's beautiful, restful world as much as in me lies."

Referring to the death of an infant child of an acquaintance, he says:

"The loss of such little ones is, we know, very painful and so is the loss of all our dear ones that go, one by one, but we must bear in mind that they only fall asleep to awaken in a better life. It is the way of the Infinite Love in whose hands we are, whether we wake or whether we sleep, whether we are in the flesh or out of it, whether we are in our clay houses or in our spiritual houses. It seems to me that the Infinite Love is around us and with us everywhere and under all circumstances. Why should we be sorrowful? Why need we be, even in what we may call our trials; or why need we mourn or why should we mourn? He worketh all things for our ultimate good. It is good to come into this world and good to live and good to fall asleep and good to awaken. It is all good, nothing but good. I do not know as you will think it is good for me to thus write. Nevertheless, I believe what I write; and, it seems to me, there would not be so much struggling to get our share, or more than our share, so much mourning over our losses and crosses, if all who claimed to believe in Infinite Love tried to realize what they believe in. I ought not to have written that word, claimed. I ought to have written the word do, in its place. We all do believe in it. How can we help believing in it? We are surrounded by love, love, love at every step and at every moment. Why may we not rest in its sweetness and goodness? I laugh because of love. Oh, I do dislike long faces and old-fashioned preaching and groans and sighs."

In spite of his long residence in Yorkville and his efforts for its betterment, Mr. Hoxie never felt fully reconciled to living within its precincts. He longed for the scenes of his childhood and early manhood. The old place in the Unadilla Valley was really home to him. He always spoke of it in the tenderest manner as "down home." About this he writes:

"I am convinced that it was wise for me to move here, yet, when I am not well, I feel somewhat homesick for the woods and the hills, the wild flowers and the wild birds, where I used to live. I should not be surprised if, sometime, I came back. . . . I am quite full of work and feel so tired at times. But I say 'courage up' and I

suppose that is the way for us all to do. I feel sure that everything is for the best. . . . The older I grow the more I dread strife. I think it might be one of the happiest places in the world in the neighborhood where I used to live, if it were not for so much strife there. I wonder when I think of this strife. Yet I do not wonder when I think of poor human ambition.

" . . . Long ago I came to the conclusion that happiness does not depend upon the things we possess, or the people we know or what they say or think. Happiness is in loving, not our children alone, or our friends alone, but in loving others' children and other people as we love our own and as we love ourselves. Our good Father in heaven has made it so and we may try to find happiness otherwise as long as we have a mind to, but it will not be found by us. The selfish heart will be an unhappy heart, though it has all that it can grasp. And the unselfish heart will be the happy heart, though it has nowhere on earth to lay its head. We are all happy in just the degree of our unselfishness."

Mr. Hoxie's religious views and inclinations at this time are set forth in letters written to his younger son, who was then, in the early nineties, an undergraduate student at Cornell University:

"I see no reason why you may not unite with the Unitarian society of Ithaca. It is a matter that you must decide largely for yourself. Christianity is not a matter of creeds and not mainly of emotions. It is spiritual life, vitality, divine indwelling of the Holy Spirit. The pure in heart see God because they live. He is to them, 'Our Father.' He reveals himself to them in nature, in history, and, above all, in the character of Christ. The only objections that I have had against the Unitarians is that they seem to me to presume to take the dimensions of God and to measure the divine in Christ. The same objections lie against them that lie against other denominations that have been contending for a single idea. The Christian contends for vital life. His striving is to 'abide in the vine,' to be in union with Christ. 'He that loveth is born of God and knoweth God.' If you decide to unite with them, try to live a Christian life and leave contention, for its forms and doctrines, to others. I would give the same counsel were you to join any other denomination. It is indeed a great thing to be a true Christian. It involves denying one's self and the taking up of the cross daily. It is to be meek and lowly of heart. Among its fruits are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. It is a great thing to be a Christian!

" . . . Let me quote a few of the sayings in George MacDonald's 'Elect Lady,' that have been a great comfort to me personally. 'Good, endless good, was on the way to them all.' Let me change this a little and make it read: Good, endless good, *is* on the way to *us* all. 'I do not make schemes of life, I live.' Again, 'If God did not care for His creature He would be no true God.'

“ . . . I often go to sleep with these lines from Whittier:

‘And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.’

“ . . . It is a very sweet experience to look back over the day and inquire, Have I been obedient to His will to-day? And then to just rest oneself in the arms of Him who pervades and controls all things.

“ . . . I am glad you write to me without reserve. I think you have the right plan of education in your mind but do not neglect your studies in the course. I admire your aspirations and ambitions. But do not open your mind much to others on these matters. . . . You refer to religious matters. I think it may be that you would like to know more fully your father’s views. I will therefore inclose an essay recently read before the club in Utica. You will see that it is a brief review of two of Horace Bushnell’s works. It is also a pretty fair statement of my religious views. . . . One thing in it I want to call your especial attention to. . . . I refer to a peculiar sensibility. The New Testament calls this the Holy Spirit. When you have time read First Epistle of John in which it is called an unction from the Holy One. This sensibility leads one to see a glory in the character of Christ such as is not seen in so great a degree in any other character. It makes us love Christ’s character and the possession of such a sensibility is the chief glory of a true Christian. In illustration of this I quote a few sentences from Bushnell:

“ ‘What is loftiest and most transcendent in the character of God, His purity, goodness, beauty and gentleness can never be sufficiently appreciated by mere intellect, or by any other power than a heart configured to these divine qualities. And the whole gospel of Christ is subject in a great degree to the same conditions. It requires a heart, a good, right feeling heart, to receive so much of heart as God here opens to us. Indeed the Gospel is, in one view, a magnificent work of art, a magnification of God which is to find the world, and move it, and change it, through the medium of expression. Hence it requires for an inlet, not reason or logic, or scientific power, so much as a *right sensibility*. The true and only sufficient interpreter of it is an aesthetic talent, viz., the talent of love, or a sensibility exalted and purified by love. It is not my design to discard opinion, science, systematic theology or even dogma in the best sense of the term. I would only set the judgments of the natural life in their proper place—or rather in a place that is not most improper; for in proper truth all the thinkings, judgments, analyzings, opinions and the faculties by which they are wrought, should themselves be filled with the same quickening spirit, and exalted by the same faith that animates the heart; with that, also bathed in the radiance and indwelling light of God, so as to be themselves organs and vehicles of essential truth and life.’

“ . . . If you want to recognize the reality of a Higher Power, who does listen to your earnest appeal for knowledge of the truth and

strength to live according to it, as you say,—learn to see God immanent in all things. He is the life of your life. He has a thousand times more to do with you than you have to do with yourself. Trust Him. Love Him. When you get so you want to read ‘God in His World’ you will find some things in it that will make you recognize Him more and more.

“I am glad that you are having such opportunities and that you have high ideals. We are here in this world to do the work that is at hand, not to dream of what may be in the future. In doing such work, the work that is at hand, development follows. Our Creator has designed that life should be intensely practical. The lives of all who have achieved anything worthy have been practical. Jesus said ‘He that doeth the will shall know of the doctrine.’ The way of development is in doing, doing each day, hour and moment the duty at hand. And, in this doing, our own selves are forgotten. He that saveth his life shall lose it. That is, he that is thinking of himself, his own growth, his development—but he that loseth his life in doing, doing, doing, shall save it. To him the growth, the development shall come. The habit of introspection, especially if it becomes morbid, is not a good habit. You are in school to do, to study, to acquire, with view to ability to do more. We do not add to our stature by taking thought but we develop in stature by the life that is given us. It is from a higher source than self. It is ours to use—to do with. Do not spend your time in thinking of yourself, your growth, your development, but think of your present duties—things that lie at your hand. The less you think about yourself, beyond the necessary daily care that you must have for your health of body, mind and spirit, the better. Work, play, think, study—in all these things *do*, but avoid introspection. Confine your aspirations and ideals to loving and serving your fellow-creatures, your brothers and sisters and your Father which is in heaven, forgetful of yourself.

“. . . If we could only live and love as God designed us to, what a happy world this would be. Nature and Christ are in harmony. Take no anxious thought for the morrow. Behold the lilies how they grow. Love one another. He that loveth is born of God and knoweth God. The meek inherit the earth. How all these things would be practical, if we were in harmony with nature and Christ. But things are out of joint and always will be out of joint until we become like little children, knowing no such thing as selfish strife for mastery and money.

“. . . It is a question with me whether I ought to ‘preach’ to you. Perhaps I have done too much in former letters. I will only say a word now. Be careful to look at things as they are. Not that I want you to imbibe the spirit of the present pushing, hauling, competing world. But you must recognize that this spirit rules. To be Christ-like in this age, one must have the prudence of Christ as well as his love.”

This advice, regarding a hopeful attitude of mind as necessary to accomplishment, appears in one of Mr. Hoxie's letters, written to his son in 1893:

"Do not fret or worry or have any anxiety about us or about J. It is always unwise to raise fears in the minds of our friends. If J. should begin to doubt her ability to go through it would be one of the worst things that could come upon her. There is nothing so bad for health of body and mind as fear and hopelessness. And there is nothing so good as courage and hopefulness. The mind dominates the body. We are all greatly affected by the atmosphere of our friends, the physical atmosphere. Somehow such atmospheres go in letters, though the words may not seem to convey anything of the kind. We should all strive to fill our surroundings and our letters with the atmosphere of health."

To his daughter, just beginning her work as a teacher, Mr. Hoxie writes in June, 1894:

"I have come to think that this world is, after all, the best possible world for us, notwithstanding the seemingly unfavorable things that come to us. The assurance of this is a wonderfully uplifting influence. The more I have it the more calmly I can work and wait, and bear and wait, see others in trouble beyond my help and still wait. It has been a slow process for me to attain such an assurance. I think you can attain it, if you have not already, without struggling with darkness for so many years.

"This world is the best possible world. Good is on its way to all; that way is through the complexities of our existence but from a Father that loves all. He is taking the only possible way to build up divineness in us. The only way that could be taken with beings that have freedom of choice. I never was so happy in my life as I am at this period, and I hope and trust and expect to grow happier and happier until I begin to die, as it is possible for everyone to do in his intelligence. Even then the darkness will be only for a little time. The light and joy are sure to come when the natural body is laid aside. If I could only give you the assurance that I have, but it must come to my children as it has come to me, simply by turning my eyes toward the sun.

"... While eating dinner mother and I discussed your worrying propensities. We both agreed that worrying is foolish and perhaps sometimes wicked; but how can we reach the highest enjoyment without having a little taste of it as a contrast? I do not know how soon I may get to worrying again, but this much I know. I have set up my Ebenezer that I will not worry. When the blues come I will fight. Now, do not say your father will weaken. He is not going to do any such thing, not if he knows himself.

"I have been reading 'John Ward, Preacher,' aloud to your mother. Z. listens pretty well considering the doctrines. Last evening she was

away so did not have to suffer having hell questioned. That word looks harsh put in a letter to you, but pardon your father for his irreverential use of it. No! It is not irreverential. That wickedness is and must be punished in all worlds, must be true; but God builds no hell for victims of a vengeance He never feels. Read the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. In such love there can be no worry. Love, love, love, must be the atmosphere into which you will finally come. Work hurts no one, if it is happy work. I hope you will not get hold of any other kind."

In 1894 Mr. Hoxie writes to his son, then at the University of Chicago:

"You are made up very much on the pattern of your 'daddy.' You never will be able to have three or four things on your mind at one and the same time. 'This one thing I do.' I can do this one thing well. But I cannot do two things at the same time well. It no doubt results from extreme continuity in our mental habits. I cannot do my cattle business and write upon my essay to be read before the club during the same day, or week. I have got to drop one for the time being. Yet in my continuity is my strength. I think it is the same with you. You have not learned this fact. If you learn the lesson, do you not see that the experience you have passed through shows you where your strength lies? If you do not learn it from this experience you will probably have other similar ones. I fancy I have said enough. Take the language of St. Paul for your motto. 'This one thing I do.' One thing at a time until it is finished. . . .

"I am glad that you are through with your article and that it is coming out in due time. You must lift your thoughts from adverse criticism and remember that we all have to creep before we can walk. I realize that you have taken up a difficult study, that it must necessarily involve endless variety of opinions. I doubt if there can be established any sure or unquestioned principles in it, for many years to come. I think the deeper you go into it the less sure you will feel in regard to the doctrines of any School of Political Economy. While I say these things I do not underrate the importance of the study. In giving one of my children up to it, I feel, no doubt, somewhat like one who gives up a child to become a missionary—a missionary without a denomination back of him. Nevertheless, it is a high calling—one that may well be cherished and loved because of its promised service to the world.

". . . I want to counsel you to study style as well as matter. Take good care of yourself. Keep hopeful and trustful in that Power, beyond ourselves, that works for righteousness. You no doubt need the discipline that you are receiving and will be the better and stronger for it. . . .

"I am more and more impressed as the years go by with the wonderful provisions in this world for our happiness—the air, the earth,

the sky, society, home, friendship, love and the greatest thing of all the drawing and impelling force or power upward we call God."

Referring to the ignorance and illiteracy of the mass of the common people, Mr. Hoxie says:

"It is saddening. And yet it will not do to be discouraged. The evolution upward in the past has been exceedingly slow, but it has been sure. So now, there is progress undoubtedly, and in this fact we must rest and be satisfied. These reflections lead, or may lead, to an examination of our personal part in the work of advancement. Of course the 'bread and butter' question must not be lost sight of. We must eat and be clothed or we cannot live and be of service to the world. At my age personal ambition is mainly of the past. My love of approbation is pretty well put down. I have little, if any, love of wealth. But I have a strong desire to be of noble service within my narrow field. I want to help in the progress of the world and I feel that here is my responsibility. I have only a few more years left. I look to my children, not to help me personally, but rather to help in the progress of the world, to help forward the great desire of my heart. I doubt not you may have a work to do in this. It may be an unrecognized work so far as public attention is concerned, nevertheless, it is just as important as though it drew the attention of all the world. It is the calm, persistent but often unrecognized effort that tells and really brings genuine reward. It is my constant prayer that you and J. and D. may be of great service in the upward progress of the world. Of course you must have food and raiment and be comfortably housed. While I would have you have a reasonable care for these things, I would have you live to help in the upward progress of your fellow creatures—your friends, your enemies, your associates and companions in all the positions that you may occupy.

". . . I think back sometimes regretfully over the past at the little I have done for good to anyone. Perhaps, had I had other opportunities it might have been different. Still I think I am as happy as the most of men. I believe opportunities may be opened in another life. I have no complaint to make. Could I understand the whys and wherefores I have no doubt that I should see that all had been for the best. I rest assured that this world is the best possible to accomplish the end for which it exists. I will await a fuller revelation."

On September 12, 1896, to his son, then in Germany, he writes:

"This morning as I lay in my bed and looked out of the south window of my room and saw the apple and maple leaves lighted up by the morning sunlight and the reflection of colors, you can have little idea of the joyfulness of the sight to me. What a wonderful world our Father has given us! What overflowing riches, ever new and ever glorious! A word of counsel—an earthly as well as a heavenly paradise is near that man or woman who courts nature and is indifferent to the artificial that lays its claims on everybody.

"The birds are beginning to leave us; in a few days more they will all be gone. This is not a sad thought. Something new comes in their place just as fruitful of joy as they have been. Your father hopes you are enough of a child to find happiness in all the changes of nature."

Of his changing political views at this period he says:

"I am slowly developing into a Socialist to the extent of hoping and believing that the time is surely coming when the means of production will be in the hands of the producing classes. . . ."

On the death of a relative he writes:

". . . If what we call death is simply a part of life, the reverse throwing of the shuttle in the weaving of life, of existence, it matters but little when or where or how it comes and it should not depress our friends. Notwithstanding, sadness results. I will not write a homily—only I wish all my children and all my friends could feel as I do, i.e., that death is like night to a coming day or like winter to a coming springtime. The positive side of all things is overflowing, abundant life. Life must have its downs as well as its ups or it would not be life. The shuttle is thrown back and forth to weave the woof, even of the finest material. To have life in the world there must be death in the world. There must be successes and reverses and the latter are fully as important as the former. The future is always bright to genuine nobility of character.

". . . We all have to acquire through experience. If one could learn, really learn, from others' experiences, I should write you much about coming into harmony with our environment. I will say but little. I have learned to be happy by coming to see that the things that come to us, come through eternal wisdom. You will not see the truth of this now but you will sometime. So do not worry over plans for the future.

". . . We are looking forward to seeing you in America, glorious America, in a few weeks. It does us good to learn that you look forward with pleasure to the thought of teaching as your life profession. There is no profession in which you can be of more service to humanity. After all, service to the world is the noblest of all ends. I am proud of my children because they are all engaged in such service. They are not living the lives of drones in the great world-hive. We have visions of the brightest kind, a little farther on, for you. Your father is not going to preach but he will quote just this, 'We are perfected through suffering.'"

Three years later he writes to his son:

"I am going to write to you about 'blueness.' I think this word even, should be tabooed by each and every member of my family, beginning with myself. The feeling should most positively be tabooed. We are not rich nor are we famous, but I do not know of a family, father, mother, daughter and both sons, that have less reason to use

that word or to have that feeling. We ought, each one of us, to praise God every hour of our lives for the wonderful means of happiness constantly at our hands. And we ought to be golden, not blue. I sincerely hope you will not darken your life by such words and feelings. I have just passed my seventieth birthday and I am not going to cherish any such words or feelings; and, if I do not, why should you?

“ . . . The Father of all is working out His good purposes in all things. Praise be to the immanent and transcendent God, the Father and Lover of us all! Rest and be contented. We cannot help being at rest when we realize that the Father is caring for us a thousand times more than we are caring for ourselves.”

In the same year he writes to his daughter:

“Your mother has read to me a letter from you this evening, in which she reads between the lines that you are unhappy. She has now gone over to Z’s, and I venture to write to you with a loving heart, although, you may think, with a muddled head. I cannot bring myself to believe that you are unhappy. You have your hopes and fears, your encouragements and discouragements; and so does every person, whatever may be his surroundings or talents. These things are the warp and woof of every life. They are the threads that make up the cloth with which the garments of our souls are made. If there were no discouragements we should never know the joy of encouragement. If there was no night we should never know the freshness and the beauty of the morning. And thus I might go on contrasting things evil with the things we call good. In every step upward our feet are lifted to fall downward. These motions are in all progress—the putting forth and the reaction. Our Father has so ordained, and, I most assuredly believe it is the ordination of perfect wisdom and perfect love. The time will surely come when you will see as I do. You may trust my experience of many years (more than seventy of life’s struggle), with comparatively few friends and little means. Success is seen to crown endeavors such as you are putting forth. It may not be just the kind that you think you would like, but it will be the kind that wisdom and love know is best for you.”

In another letter to his daughter, written in 1902, he says:

“ . . . Now let me write a few things I have learned. There is always more joy in giving than in receiving. I do not mean giving money or presents, but the giving of one’s self. You are giving yourself to the little ones under your care. If you were deprived of so doing, you would look back and remember the happiness of it. The most unhappy persons I ever knew were those who gave of themselves the least.

“No man should ever long be unhappy for any failure he has made, except the failure to do righteously. You may not like that word. righteously, but it is the best and most inclusive word I can think of.

As I now look back on more than seventy years of ups and downs, nothing brings any unhappiness to me except such failures. There are one or two things of this kind that, once in a while, come up to my memory, that make me unhappy. But they cannot be changed. I was made subject to 'vanity' and, if I had not failed, how would I be able to sympathize with others that fail? Hearts are bound together by failures and hearts are bound to the Father in heaven by failures.

" . . . I am drudging away as usual, but am happier in so doing than I could probably be in any other way. I would like to do some things for the neighborhood, but I have little chance to work except by a patient, silent influence. I want my children to be happy and nothing would hurt me any more than to have any one of them unhappy."

In still another letter to his daughter, written in 1902, he says:

"I well remember the letter received from D. when his physician in New York announced to him that he had a fatal disease and would probably not live to exceed six months longer. He said: 'Everything has its compensations.' He was coming home to stay those months that were left to him on earth, with father and mother.

"You, my dear girl, have a tremendous will. It is a good thing to have such a will. Now let me counsel you to let the storm have its way. God has not forsaken the world.

'Evil is only the slave of Good;
Sorrow the servant of Joy.'

" . . . Do not worry a single worry. The worry unfits you for just what you want to do. Of course you must not overdo. But turn your back to the storm instead of pushing against it.

" . . . I have little doubt that I shall be elected to fill my present place another year, and possibly with an increased salary. Six months ago the times looked dark as to any such thing. The storm that pelted upon me was a heavy one. I said: 'I will be content whatever may come from it.' I scarcely lost a minute's sleep. I just yielded myself to rest; to that great Being who is immanent in each one of us. Not by force of will but by simple trust. I said: 'I must do my part'; that is, I must yield myself to rest, and I trusted that all would finally be for the best. . . . Think up hill! Look only on the hopeful side of life. Read hopeful books and love 'daddy' and 'mammy' and, above all, that good Being in whom you live. What a blessing life is, even amidst all kinds of discouragements!

"With more love than words can express, a love that I am sure will survive the wreck of time.

FATHER."

CHAPTER III

RECREATIONS AND INTELLECTUAL INTERESTS

Although the middle years were filled full to the brim and overflowing with hard work there was yet a fragment of time left within their bounds for recreation and the cultivation of personal tastes.

Flowers, birds, animals and children were a constant source of interest and enjoyment with Mr. Hoxie. He took keen pleasure in his flower garden in which he worked almost every day during the summer season. One of his chief delights was to make excursions to the nearby woods, from whence he returned laden with the plants of wild flowers and ferns which he set out about his grounds and garden. He was especially fond of pansies and always had a splendid big bed of these flowers, showing every imaginable variety of color in their companionable faces. These, as well as all the rest of his flowers, he appeared to cultivate largely for the pleasure he experienced in giving away their blossoms.

He passed hours in watching the birds, listening to their music and making little houses and boxes for their nests, which he fastened to trees and buildings. The blue birds and wrens always took kindly to these places of refuge and they were scarcely ever untenanted. He constructed a fish pond near the house and stocked it with young fish. These creatures were never angled for and became quite tame, always rising to the surface of the water in search of crumbs or other food at the sound of an approaching step. His dog, Tobe, a thoroughbred collie of unusual intelligence, was almost a human companion to him, seeming to recognize a special sympathy between himself and his master, to whom he always fled for protection and defense, if reproved or punished by any other member of the household, or if frightened by any unusual or inexplicable sight or sound. Tame cats abounded on the premises. His poultry followed him about like caded lambs and every animal on the farm seemed to recognize in

him a special friend and protector.

Mr. Hoxie made friends with all little children and rarely did one of these go out from his presence empty handed. A bouquet of his cherished blossoms, a specially fine apple, pear or melon, or some other equally desirable treasure, generally terminated a friendly visit or chance encounter with one of them. His heart was big enough to enfold every ragged and dirty street urchin.

He retained his early interest in trees. The grounds about his Yorkville residence, when first occupied by him, were singularly bare of these natural beautifiers. But this lack was soon supplied, and ere long the place was the admiration of all his neighbors. Mr. Hoxie always felt that to plant a tree was really to confer a blessing upon posterity. His kitchen garden, as well as his posy bed, was an object of great interest and enjoyment. The fine vegetables he raised therein were as generously bestowed upon friends and neighbors as were his flowers.

At the age of seventy years, Mr. Hoxie learned to ride a bicycle in order that he might accompany his children upon some of their wheel trips throughout the surrounding region. He also took a hand at tennis, for the first time, at about this age, so that he might join in other sports that interested them.

But his intellectual interests took precedence of all his other recreations. To read and study his favorite books was not only pure joy to him but it was also the most complete diversion from the atmosphere of strenuous effort and anxiety which filled his working hours. Of all his books, the Bible and "God in His World," by Henry M. Alden, were preferred. With these two books he held daily and almost hourly converse. The writings of Horace Bushnell and of George MacDonald were prime favorites at this period of his life. Of the poets, Whittier, Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning lay nearest to his heart. "Hypatia" and "Ivanhoe" were favorite stories, read and reread, over and over again, during these middle years.

Fortunately, during the early years of his residence in Yorkville, he found congenial companionship in his intellectual interests, in a study club, made up largely of professional

men in nearby Whitesboro. The personnel of this club was described, during the winter of 1917, by its only surviving member, Dr. Smith Baker, who says in an issue of the Utica Daily Press:

"Then followed on the club's list the modest but stable Solomon Hoxie. Mr. Hoxie had pondered deep upon the practical aspects of religion and had sought guidance in the books of Henry Ward Beecher and Horace Bushnell and Theodore Munger and their like, with prayerful devotion. Never fluent in expression when at the club, yet he would occasionally flash upon the discussions beams of vitalizing light that would stir all the good that was in the heads and hearts of others to renewal of growth for many days. From Bushnell especially would he bring gifts of genuine inspiration; and some of his quotations from his beloved St. John were as pertinent as they were dynamic."

Later, Mr. Hoxie became a member of the "Twenty Club," which held its meetings in Utica. This organization was composed almost entirely of Baptist ministers from Oneida and Madison Counties, the late Dr. William Newton Clark of Colgate University, being among its members. Here all matters of religion and theology were openly discussed. Nothing could have been more congenial to Mr. Hoxie than to meet and talk freely with such men as these. A paper called "Christian Realism," written by Mr. Hoxie for this club, in 1896, sets forth his own views and aspirations so comprehensively during this period of his life that it is here given in full.

Of this essay Mr. Hoxie says, in a letter to his son, written November twenty-seventh, 1897:

"Yesterday your mother hunted up 'Rabbi Ben Ezra' and read it, then I read it and then Aunt Z. took the book home to read it. Your mother and I agree that it expresses the very best religion, real genuine Christian realism. By-the-by, you know that 'Christian Realism' was the subject of my last paper for the 'Twenty Club.' I think of having it printed for my children. It has no special literary merit and is really a personal apology or confession of faith."

CHRISTIAN REALISM

By SOLOMON HOXIE

My subject easily lends itself to a dogmatic style. I have tried to avoid this. I assure the Club, that as far as I know myself, I have none of the dogmatic spirit. My essay is really an apology.

Christian realism is defined in that deeply thoughtful book, "God in His World," as "the submission of all our conscious activities to the control and determination of the divine life." This seems to me to be a

very full and correct definition. The author adds that "the divine life is chiefly manifested in Christ," and that "it is also manifest in nature and in man." That it is manifest in man, seems to me, to accord with the teachings of the Bible. Paul writes in the first chapter of Romans, "The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness because that which may be known of God is manifest in them." From this I draw the inference that the altruistic beatings of the human heart, in every age and in every clime and in every man, are manifestations of the divine life. That the divine life is manifest in nature seems to me to also accord with the teachings of the Bible. "But I say unto you," said Jesus, "love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good unto them that despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust." Thus God acts in nature. Thus is shown the divine life in nature. Nature sometimes appears to us dark and cruel, yet I trust and believe that behind all its manifestations there is the everflowing tide of divine life,—the divine love. Therefore I find myself unable to continue to hold the dogma of nature's depravity or that of man's total depravity. And with these dogmas go all their corollaries, imbibed in my earlier days from God-fearing teachers of Calvinism.

WHAT DOES CHRISTIAN REALISM INVOLVE?

1. It does not involve pietism. Professor John Bascom defines pietism as piety vigorously expressed but in circumscribed form deemed distinctly religious. Pietism grows out of what seems to me a fallacious idea, that there is a service to God in no way connected with service to God's creatures. Allow me to illustrate, by an anecdote. The Quarterly Meetings of the Free Baptist Church, as a rule are held on three successive days, four times a year. The sessions are usually three in a day, and are devoted to sermons, essays, discussions of moral and religious topics, prayer meetings and business conferences. Early on the opening day of one of these meetings, at which I was in attendance, the pastor of one of the churches rose with much solemnity, and addressing the chair said:—"Brother Moderator, I move that two days of our Quarterly Meetings be devoted to the service of God." A brother with perhaps too much of the humorous in his make-up, sprang to his feet, and with a twinkle in his eye, addressing the chair said, "I will second the brother's motion if he will include the other day,—we do not want to serve the devil on any day." It is needless to add that the motion was dropped,—but oh! what a whipping for impiety that humorous brother received, and what an appeal to God in his behalf was made in the opening prayer of the next session from the lips of that solemn brother. Evidently in his conception, the service of God was limited to praying, preaching, and devotional singing and perhaps fasting and alms-giving. This conception is a largely prevailing one. We listen to it in the exhortations of the Salvation Army, and in the prayer meetings of many

of our Protestant churches. It prevails largely in the Roman Catholic Church, and probably in the Greek Church. It enters largely into our conceptions of Sabbath-keeping. A large class of intelligent Christians manifestly hold, that God has given us six days out of the week for services that are in no sense His, and has reserved one day for services exclusively His. Back of these conceptions lies the impression that God seeks His own glory, separate and distinct from any and all other beings, and that there is a service of ours that administers to that glory. This impression is more or less fostered from the pulpit and through the religious press,—perhaps not often intentionally. It is manifest in all forms of asceticism; it is seen in all forms of dependence on rites and ceremonies; it is manifest in cultivating and magnifying religious emotions disconnected from love to God's creatures. Evidently it was a pietist who came running and kneeling to Jesus to whom he replied, "Go sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor, . . . and take up thy cross and follow me." The sect of Pharisees, the most upright and devoted members of the church in the time of Christ, largely trusted in pietism. And their intense opposition, and even hatred of Christ, mainly grew out of their pietistic views of purification, of Sabbath-keeping, of almsgiving, of fasting and of prayer. Christ rarely prayed in public. This doubtless was one of their strong points against him. He seems to have recognized this in his vocal prayer at the grave of Lazarus, "Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me; and I knew that thou hearest me always, but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me." It seems to me that the picture of the divine judgment which he drew, found in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, had, at least, for one of its objects the uprooting of pietistic conceptions. How graphically and how emphatically he enforces the great principle that service to men, even to the very least, is service, and really the only service that humanity can render to the Judge of all nations.

But are we not commanded to worship God, and is not worship service to God? Jesus worshiped God and taught his disciples to worship God. He said to the woman of Samaria, "The hour cometh and now is when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship Him," but in such worship the Father really serves us, not we Him. There is a transforming influence in true worship, but it cannot be that it transforms God. He is all-wise and all-good and needs no change of knowledge, of purpose, of character, nor of conduct. He knoweth what things we have need of before that we ask Him. The transforming influence is alone upon us. I quote again from "God in His World": "Wherefore then do we pray? If the divine life, waiting only our acceptance, taketh such mastery of us, wherefore do we pray? It is that we have hunger and thirst for this life—and these are prayer. It is that we do not simply submit our wills to His will but co-operate with Him—aspiring for the coming of His kingdom. It is our articulate response to the gracious articulation for us of the divine Word. It is an outspoken loving recognition of an

outspoken love. It is the color and fragrance of the flower, the joy of the fruit which answers unto His quickening—the festival song of the vintage to the Lord of the Vineyard. We pray as our Lord prayeth and as He teacheth us to pray. God giveth and forgiveth without the asking; but the children ask. The heavenly Father knoweth whereof they have need before they ask Him. But their asking is the crying out of this need—especially for His gift of eternal life. They do not make petitions as to One who waiteth therefor, and is moved thereby; their asking is as spontaneous as His giving. They ask in Christ's name. It is not a condition imposed upon them, but their recognition of what unto them is a reality—that He is the way to life."

I have not assumed and neither do I assume that pietism has had no use or place in the Providence of God. Says Professor Bascom, "It is hardly necessary to say that an effort to correct a method does not necessarily involve an oversight of the gains that have accompanied it, or of its unavoidable character as a transitional phase in development. . . . Asceticism has played an important part in the spiritual improvement of the world. It offers another illustration of the familiar fact that the road to truth is always one of error. . . . Ritualism arises in accommodation to a sensuous temper. It gives an artificial approach to God, when the soul is failing of ready access to Him. . . . This relation of rites to religion implies a disparagement of them and yet it involves their immense value in the history of the world." The pietism of wrought-up emotionalism is doubtless now, to-day, doing much good in the world in arousing certain classes to a sense of their sins and to hopes of recovery through Christ. Nevertheless none of these forms of pietism are Christian realism and their assumption to its place has been and still is of immense loss and injury to mankind. How strongly Paul declares himself against this assumption in his letter to the Galatians. "But now," said he, "after that ye have known God, or rather are known of God, how turn ye again to the weak and beggarly elements whereunto ye desire to be again in bondage? Ye observe days and months and years; I am afraid of you lest I have bestowed upon you labor in vain." And how earnestly he calls his brethren back from such pietism. "Stand fast," said he, "in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage. . . . Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to the flesh (to the sensuous) shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

2. Christian realism involves the holding of no special system or type of theology; but whatever the system or type that may be held it vitalizes it with love for mankind. When a theology is thus vitalized it easily throws off effete conceptions that cease to minister to this love, and easily takes on new conceptions that energizes the soul anew for the work of love. On a certain occasion Jesus rejoiced in spirit and said, "I thank thee, O! Father, Lord of heaven and earth because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto

babes; even so Father; for it seemed good in Thy sight." The babes were receptive to divine love. Whatever theology they may have had it was thus vitalized. They probably had no fixed systems; while the *prudent* scribes and Pharisees and the *philosophic* Saducees had such systems all logically grooved and tongued, morticed and tenoned, so that every part fitted every other part to a nicety; but unfortunately there was little or no vitality of love in them. They failed to throw off old conceptions and to take on new ones though pressed to their very hearts by incarnate love. It seems to me that a child's theology to be thus vital must be such as conforms to a child's development and reason; that an uneducated man's theology to be thus vital must conform to an uneducated man's development and reason; that a philosopher's theology to be vital in him, must conform to his development and his reason; but to limit the philosopher's theology to that of the uneducated man or to that of the child, or to require the uneducated man, or the child to expand his theology to that of the philosopher, is to do violence to the hearts and souls of men. It is doubtful if any two persons can vitally hold exactly the same theological convictions. Why then should Christians of the same neighborhood separate one from another and refuse to work and worship with one another because of differences in theology in the face of that prayer of Jesus at the hour of his betrayal, that they all might be one as he and the Father were one? and as Saint Paul says, "With all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace . . . till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

Some writer has said, "It is a strange anomaly that Christianity has brought freedom of thought and inquiry to the State, and still denies it to the Church." It seems to me that it is not only proper but commendable for members of the same church to hold different opinions on points of theology, at least until *they all do reach* the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ,—a time probably far distant. And it seems to me that no covenant of faith or creed should be imposed as a condition of membership, except the covenant of common love and Christian living: for the reason that all such impositions inevitably restrain thought and inquiry; and turn the activities of the mind into the more or less narrow channels of such covenants. This is not objecting to the right use of theology or of creeds; it is only objecting to their *wrong* use. Says Lyman Abbott, "Those of us who are accounted as objecting to creeds, object to them not because they involve a clear conception of religion. We are as far as possible from the agnostic who says all talk about God is sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. We hold that men ought to wrestle with the great problems of life. But they ought not to be satisfied to take anything that men thought in the sixteenth century or in the fourth century as final and conclusive. They are themselves to think. This thinking is vital and essential. Men

are made by their thoughts; the thoughts are the foundations on which the whole fabric is built."

It seems to me a great weakness, in and to our churches, that the laity have so generally accepted creeds and systems of theology ready made for them. I believe this is why so many Christian men and women are today trembling in confusion and sorrow at the presence of theories of evolution and of the higher criticism. Having accepted without much thought the dogma that every book, chapter, and verse of the Bible are the words of God himself, hence infallible; and that Christianity depends on the maintenance of this view, they tremble for the stability of their cherished hopes of heaven. And I think that many of our educated young men and women are being pushed, through the influence of these dogmas, to the brink of agnosticism. In view of these facts, I think that our leaders should specially study the theories of evolution and of the higher criticism without prejudice and conform their teachings to whatever appears to be the truth, regardless of former creeds. Are they not thus called, in this evidently great transitional period, that they may save the young and comfort the old? Can it be that true Christianity stands any danger from investigations in philosophy, or natural science? And is it wisdom to refuse to listen to suggestions of changes in our theologies? It was unchanging theology that rejected Christ as he came to his own, the long-cherished church of God.

On the relations of science to Christianity I trust you will pardon me as I quote at some length from a writer who is widely recognized both as a scientist and a Christian. I refer to Professor LeConte, of the University of California. "We hear," says he, "much of the traditional conflict between the Church and science. From every branch of such conflict science seems to come out victorious, and yet from every apparent defeat the Church has come out purer and stronger. The method of science is the method of reason and must be applicable to the whole domain of thought. It is already being applied and will continue more and more to be applied to the traditional beliefs of the Church. The effect will undoubtedly be revolutionary, but also, I am convinced in the highest degree beneficent. Like all else human Christian beliefs were at first narrow, local, provincial. They have all along been slowly expanding. But the final effect must be, what it has ever been, only beneficent. The mission of science toward the Church is to elevate the plane of religious thought and test the validity of religious beliefs; to purify by driving out the false and low, to strengthen by verifying the true and noble. Let us consider very briefly an example of these effects.

"The Conception of God. This, the most fundamental of all religious conceptions, has gradually changed from a gross anthropomorphism to a true Christian theism, and the change is largely due to science. There are three main stages in the evolution of the idea of God. First, a low anthropomorphism. He is altogether such a one as ourselves but larger and stronger. His action on nature, like our own, is direct. His will is wholly man-like—capricious and *without law*. The second stage is still anthropomorphism, but of a nobler sort. He is man-like but also

king-like. He is not present *in* nature, but sits enthroned above nature, in solitary majesty. He acts on nature, not directly in person, but *indirectly* by physical forces and natural law. He interferes personally and by direct action only occasionally to initiate something new or rectify something going wrong. This idea culminated in the eighteenth century, and was in full accord with the scientific ideas then prevalent—*pre-established eternal stability* of cosmic order and *fixedness of organic types*. God was the great *artificer*, the supreme *architect* working as it were on foreign material and conditioned by its nature. He established all things as they were in the beginning, and they have continued substantially the same ever since. This conception still lingers in the religious mind, and is, perhaps, the prevailing one now. It is a great advance on the preceding one, but alas! it removes Him beyond the reach of our love. We are His *creatures* but not His *children*. The last stage of the evolution of the conception of God is true spiritual theism. God is immanent, resident in nature. Nature is the house of many mansions in which He dwells. The forces of nature are the different forms of His energy, acting *directly* at all times and in all places, and determining all its phenomena. The laws of nature are the modes of operation of the omnipresent divine energy, invariable because He is perfect. He is again brought very near to us and restored to our love. In Him we live and move and have our being. This view has been held by noble men in all ages, especially in early Christian ages, but is now at last *verified*, and well-nigh demonstrated by the theory of evolution. No other view is any longer tenable.

"In our view of the nature of God," continues Professor LeConte, "the choice is not between personality and something lower than personality, namely, a blind, unconscious force operating by necessity, as a pantheist and materialist would have us believe; but between our personality and something immeasurably *higher* than personality as we know it. Our language is so poor that we have to represent even *our* mental phenomena by physical images; how much more then, the divine nature by its human image. *Self-conscious personality* is the *highest* thing we know or *can conceive*. We offer God the best we have when we call Him a *person*, and we know this falls far short of the infinite reality."

We have in this extract three forms of conceiving God,—his character and method of operation. I believe Christian realism refuses not to associate with either of them. This is not saying that I believe that they are equally exalted or equally true. Nor is it saying that we should be content to hold the first or the second or even the last. I believe that Christian realism stimulates us to constantly seek to know more and more of and about God and of our relations to Him.

BUT WHAT IS CHRISTIAN REALISM?

If it is neither pietism nor any special system or type of theology, what is it? Let us go to the New Testament for its definition. It is what Jesus and Paul, and John declare to us in such passages as the following:—I am come that they may have *life*¹ and have it more

abundantly." "I am the resurrection and the *life*, . . . whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." "If thy hand or thy foot offend thee cut them off and cast them from thee; it is better for thee to enter into *life* halt or maimed, rather than having two hands, or two feet, to be cast into everlasting fire." "In him was *life* and the *life* was the light of men." "I am crucified with Christ," said Paul, "nevertheless I *live*; yet not I, but *Christ liveth* in me." It is very much more than what we ordinarily mean by character. As that old book, *Ecce Homo* puts it, it is "the enthusiasm of humanity,"—the enthusiasm of unselfish love to our fellow beings,—the *life* of God. "It is *Christ within you*," said Paul, "the hope of glory." "It is the *love of God*," love such as God has, "*shed abroad in the heart*,"—that love which is "*the supreme law of existence and the ultimate principle of being*."² It comes not to destroy the law and the prophets of any past age; but to fulfill by going beyond. The law and the prophets require justice, but Incarnated Love goes beyond. Where justice demands the coat *love* gives the cloak also. The law and the prophets may require a certain standard of morality; but *the realism of love* lifts soul and body above lust. The law and the prophets reverence God, they shudder at the taking of His sacred name in vain; but Christian realism sees God in the heavens above and the earth beneath, in the mind and heart of man, and in man's wonderful works under divine leadership, and shudders to treat with irreverence *any* manifestation of Jehovah. The law and prophets demand tithes of all we possess; but Christian realism gives *all it has* and lowly whispers,

"I can but give the gifts He gave
And plead His love for love."

Let us go beyond even these definitions. Christian realism either is, or it results in divine inspiration. "If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine," said Jesus, "whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself." What is divine inspiration if it is not the normal faculties of the soul under the control and determination of the divine life—under the control of that love "which is the supreme law of existence and the ultimate principle of being?" I believe, every true Christian is possessed of inspiration, the same in kind,³ as the inspiration of Moses,

¹ A thoroughgoing Christian in a man with a stronger reason, kinder heart, firmer will, and richer imagination than his fellows—one who has attained to his height in Christ. A bigot, or a prig, or a weakling is a half-developed Christian, one not yet arrived at full age. What ought a Christian to read? Every book which feeds the intellect. Where ought he to go? Every place where the moral atmosphere is pure and bracing. What ought he to do? Everything that will make nobility of character. Religion is not negative, a giving up this or that but positive, a getting and a possessing. If a man will be content with nothing but the best thought, best work, best friends, best environment, he need not trouble about avoiding the worst. The good drives out the bad. Christianity is not a drill; it is life, full, radiant and rejoicing.—Ian Maclaren.

² The central point of the Calvinistic theology is the sovereignty of God. In place of this Jonathan Edwards (America's greatest theologian) put the love of God. Both in his earliest and his latest writings appears the idea that the supreme law of existence and ultimate principle of being is love.—James W. Whiton in *The Outlook*.

³ Manifestly, far from the same in degree—H.

of Isaiah and Paul; that it is a divine insight that comes by giving the reason, the conscience and the attention up to the control and determination of the divine life. It seems to me that the New Testament is full of teachings that warrant these conclusions. "If ye love me," said Jesus, "keep my commandments; and I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, *that He may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of truth*; whom the world cannot conceive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; but ye know Him; for *He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.*" "But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." "So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God," said Paul, "But ye,"—the ordinary Christians in the Church of Rome—"are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His. And if Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the Spirit is *life because of righteousness.*" Said the author of the First Epistle of John, "But ye,"—ordinary Christians of his day—"have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things." And again, "But the anointing which ye have received of Him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you; but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in Him." I do not infer from such language that divine inspiration is infallible or mystical, or that it was ever super-imposed from without on any being. God is unchangeable, and His laws are unchangeable, because they are perfect. It seems to me, *God immanent in the human soul, and God immanent in all nature, and the fullness of God in Christ*, recognized by the ordinary faculties of the human soul, received to govern and determine all the conscious activities of our being is a sufficient source and explanation of divine inspiration. I believe the most potent means to this inspiration, at least since the days of the apostles, are the records of the life of Christ and of his teachings, *stripped of all additions, and of all traditions and of all scholasticism.* Thus I magnify the value of the Bible far above the teachings of mystics or the teachings of Papal or Protestant Churches as our greatest means of divine inspiration, and therefore I welcome the Higher Criticism and rejoice in that undefined movement called the New Theology. But I am far from believing that any or all instrumentalities will be the means of building up an unchanging system of theology or of establishing unchanging forms of worship. Life, at least in this world, will always overgrow and bring to ruin again, theologies and methods of worship, just as living vines overgrow and bring to ruin trellises on which for a season they may be supported. But Christian realism will always remain the same.

I sincerely believe that Christian realism has its disciples in all churches and outside of all churches; that it is manifest in the origin and work of all our beneficent institutions, and in all movements toward the recognition of the common brotherhood of man, though not always

recognizing the common Fatherhood of God. It is laying strong hands on the art and literature and science of our day. It is struggling in politics, business and industry,—though it does not seem to be gaining much control in these departments of life. It has unlimited faith and is pressing on to bring *all things* into the heavenly kingdom. It is asking and receiving, seeking and finding, and knocking and being opened unto in all the vocations of life,—slowly indeed to our impatient vision, but perhaps as rapidly as possible in this world of ours—still in the process of creation by divine Wisdom and divine Love.

PART III.
CLOSING YEARS

CHAPTER I

THE FORMATION OF NATIVE AMERICAN BREEDS OF CATTLE

The year 1905 not only saw the close of Mr. Hoxie's business career as Superintendent of Advanced Registry, but it also saw the termination of his connection with the little village which had been his abiding place for twenty-nine years. For he now, at the age of seventy-six years, gave up his home in Yorkville and removed to Ithaca, New York, to be with his younger son, Robert, who was a teacher in Cornell University.

Here he not only found congenial diversion and companionship in the atmosphere of Cornell University but he experienced great refreshment and delight in the natural beauty of his new surroundings. His health began to improve, and, almost at once, he found new interests and new fields of activity.

In the very beginning of his career as a cattle breeder and importer he had manifested a lively interest in cross-breeding and in the formation of new breeds of cattle. As early as 1879 he began to study, write and speak on this subject and, had it not been for his devotion to the advancement of pure bred Dutch cattle in this country, he would early have become an enthusiast on the formation of native American breeds.

At the seventeenth annual convention of the American Dairymen's Association, in 1882, he delivered an address on this subject. He also spoke on several occasions before the Central New York Farmers' Club upon this topic. Throughout the twenty-five years of his connection with the Dutch-Friesian and the Holstein-Friesian Associations, he had pondered the subject and now, that he had leisure and was no longer bound to give his energies wholly to the advancement of the "black and whites," his attention began to center upon this theme of his early interests. In his endeavor to awaken

enthusiasm for this work he wrote as follows to the New York Central Farmers' Club:

"At one of your meetings in the winter of 1903 you will recall that great interest was manifested by the members present in the possibilities of scientific breeding on the basis of native and grade stock and that resolutions were adopted, urging the formation of an American breed of dairy cattle. The present time is, I believe, a propitious one for action in the spirit of those resolutions. I therefore write this letter. I do not regard the project to form such a breed of dairy cattle a costly or hazardous one. With me it has long been a matter of earnest concern. Nearly a quarter of a century ago, in an attempt to arouse our dairymen to practical interest in it, I set forth the general reasons for such an undertaking and the strong probabilities, based on experience, of its success. The probabilities of success are now much greater than at that time, and the reasons then advanced are still more cogent. Allow me to set forth these probabilities and reasons very briefly, substantially as they were then presented:

"It is a fact little known that many of our most prominent breeds of cattle are of comparatively recent origin and are simply the results of careful selection and breeding on a small scale. The improved Shorthorn breed, for example, originated with the Colling Brothers, who were tenant farmers in England. They commenced work for this purpose about the year 1780. They made the bull, Hubback, the initial point. His dam was a street cow, and Robert Colling purchased him for forty-two dollars. This breeder closed his work in 1810, twenty-seven years from the purchase of Hubback. He then sold his herd, I think, at auction. It consisted of forty-eight animals and sold for \$35,580, an average of \$741 per head. The bull, Comet, sold for one thousand guineas, about five thousand dollars. This illustrates the rapidity with which a breed may be formed. From the bull, Hubback, purchased in 1783 for forty-two dollars, to the bull, Comet, sold in 1810 for five thousand dollars, was a mighty stride in twenty-seven years. The course pursued by the Colling Brothers appears to have been simple. They are reported to have been excellent judges of cattle and as having purchased the best cows that they could obtain that approached the type at which they aimed; as never parting with their best cattle as long as they continued breeding; and as constantly weeding out their least valuable animals, but as never giving any man a pedigree of any animal in their herd as long as they remained in the business. It is assumed that they inbred to some extent.

"The origin of the Hereford breed is largely, if not mainly, credited to Benjamin Tompkins of Hereford County, England. He commenced with two cows that possessed a remarkable tendency to take on flesh. From time to time he sold to other breeders, and, at his death his whole herd, consisting of fifty-two animals, including twenty-two steers, was sold at auction for \$22,670, an average per head of \$436. One bull sold for about \$3,000, and several cows were sold for

upwards of a thousand dollars each. Considering the number of castrated animals that necessarily brought only their value for beef, this sale was quite as remarkable as that of Robert Colling and illustrated again the rapidity with which a breed or herd and its reputation may be built up. In the formation of this breed, there appears to have been little attention given to color. In 1845, when a general herd book of this breed was established in England, it was regarded as expedient to group the animals admitted to it into four classes: Mottled-Faced, Light Grey, Dark Grey and Red White-Faced.

"The oldest family of the Ayrshire breed was produced by Theophilus Parton of Swinly farm, near Darley, Scotland, who took great pains to select a herd of superior cattle from the common cattle of his district. This foundation stock was of composite origin. Dutch, Alderney and Teeswater blood had been imported and bred indiscriminately, somewhat in our American style, with the original native cattle. This native breed is described by one who personally investigated the subject in Scotland as being 'of small size, ill-shapen, high-boned, coarse haired and of poor milking qualities.' The indiscriminate mixing had produced a class of cattle of 'larger size than the native breed and of better milking qualities, but possessing little uniformity.' If this description is correct, and I have no doubt about it, what advantage had the district of Ayr, at that time, over any dairy district of New York or New England, at the present time, to produce a valuable breed of cattle?

"With regard to other improved dairy breeds, for example, the Guernseys, Jerseys, Holstein-Friesian, Red Polled and Dutch Belted cattle, substantially the same may be said. They are all the product, within comparatively recent time, of careful selection from unimproved stock of the sections in which they originated.

"I have endeavored thus briefly to state the leading facts in the formation of breeds of cattle with which our farmers are more or less acquainted. They are all of foreign origin. Their introduction into this country has no doubt been of incalculable value. Other foreign breeds should be searched out and brought to this country, not, however, with view of having Americans contented with foreign breeds. Our climates, our soils, and our ways of handling cattle are peculiar. The proposition that America needs American breeds of cattle, more perfectly adapted to our wants than foreign breeds, requires no argument in proof. The impression that it requires ages to form a breed of cattle has hitherto operated to prevent any large effort towards the production of such breeds. Here and there an incipient germ of a breed has sometimes appeared but, not being carefully fostered, or from not being skilfully handled, in a short time it has generally disappeared in the common class we call native cattle.

"A number of years ago there appeared in Massachusetts two of these breeds, or one breed with two names. They were called James-town and Creampot breeds. I remember reading short sketches of them in the United States reports of the Commission of Agriculture. If

these sketches were accurate, they were undoubtedly beginnings of what might have been made very valuable American breeds. There existed in Madison County, New York, in the section around East Hamilton when I was a young lad a valuable family of cattle called the Ackley breed. If my recollection of them is correct they very closely resembled the Sussex breed that, not many years ago was brought out in England, but I should judge superior to the latter breed in symmetry of form. Had they been carefully preserved, I have little doubt they would have taken rank with Herefords and Shorthorns for beef, and, on account of their hardiness, withstood the climate of the Northwest equal to the Galloways and West Highlanders.

"From this very imperfect summary, we may draw some practical conclusions that may be applied to the formation of an American breed under your auspices, or, at least, give encouragement in this direction. The work of forming breeds is not one that requires ages upon ages. This idea has been fostered by various publications of parties interested in different foreign breeds, each of course, anxious to trace his particular breed in all its present qualities to the original one that came out of Noah's Ark. Breeds may be formed from composite materials. The universal contempt with which our agricultural societies and our agricultural journals treat our native, grade and cross-bred animals is not deserved. Similar classes of cattle are not so treated in Europe. Classes are there made for them and premiums offered, not only by local organizations, but by Royal Societies and International Exhibitions. From composite materials nearly all European breeds of horses, cattle, sheep and swine have originated.

"It may be asserted that we have breeds enough. With equal reason we might assert that America needs no more varieties of fruits, flowers, vegetables and grains, and it is sheer absurdity to attempt the formation of new and superior varieties. In the face of this we find men engaged in producing new varieties as a profession and they are meeting with marvelous success along this line. Reports of the success of the so-called wizzard, Burbank, and his work are typical of what is being done in a quiet way all over our country. Similar laws of reproduction and improvement prevail in the animal kingdom to those that prevail in the vegetable kingdom; and why may we not look for similar results?

"We need American breeds of cattle. Our foreign breeds are not so perfectly adapted to our soils and climates that we do not need better ones and a greater number of them. Northern New England needs a breed of cattle as hardy as the West Highlanders of Scotland, of the size of Devons, yielding a generous supply of milk of the richness of the Jerseys. Western New York, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois need a dairy breed of the size, constitution and flow of milk of the Holstein-Friesians with the quality of the Jerseys. Central New York and every locality supplying milk to our cities need a dairy breed giving large quantities of milk of the texture of Holstein-Friesian milk,

in other words, of small fat globules, and in quality closely surrounding four percentage of fat.

"I have little doubt that you have cattle now in your hands in Central New York that may be made the foundation of a breed like the last described. It will cost breeders very little to experiment in this direction. The attempt to form such a breed would not interfere with the interests of valuable foreign breeds. There is such a thing as generous competition good for all parties engaged in it. It is opposed to that contemptible spirit that would crush out all attempts toward improvement.

"There need be no fear of overdoing in such attempts. England with a territory not much larger than the State of New York, has more than a half-score of native breeds with herd books and other organized means of improving and disseminating them; and every few years a new one appears and is brought to the front by its progressive breeder. They find room enough for all and in most cases a very profitable foreign demand for them.

"The United States Department of Agriculture is an advocate of the formation of American breeds of domestic animals. The fifty-eighth Congress, at its second session, passed an act appropriating to that department \$25,000 for investigations in animal feeding and breeding, in co-operation with state agricultural experiment stations. In planning work under this act, Secretary Wilson selected Iowa Station to undertake the formation of an American breed of sheep, the Station in Maine to undertake the formation of a superior breed of hens, and the Colorado Station to develop an American breed of carriage horses. His attitude on this subject is shown by the paper read by George M. Rommel, who was selected by him to represent the United States Department of Agriculture at a meeting of herd book secretaries held at St. Louis, August 12, 1903. I quote extracts from that paper:

"'With a fertile soil and an invigorating climate, rich pastures and abundant grain, we have here in the United States the conditions that have made North America the greatest grazing and feeding ground in the world. Yet we must confess with shame that we have no animal types that are distinctly American, except the trotting horse and the saddle horse, the lard hog, a family of Shorthorn cattle that is gradually being lost, and various breeds of poultry. We underestimate the possibilities of our native animals when handled with system and perseverance. The word 'imported' still attracts us with an irresistible charm. For a hundred years we have been looking across the ocean for our breeding animals, while, if we but know it, all around us, like the fresh water in the story of the sailors in the mouth of the Amazon River, we have what we really need. We have imported thousands of animals to establish the improved breeds on our soil. Are we not rapidly approaching the time when we will mold and shape what we already have into products distinctly American? The Department of Agriculture stands ready to render all the assistance in its power to

the breeders of the United States in their work of perfecting American breeding stock for American stockmen.'

"The favorable attitude of the general government and the possibility of support from it in an attempt to establish an American breed of dairy cattle is not of itself the main reason which makes the present a propitious time for you to go ahead with this movement. There is a still more potent reason. At the present time you can secure the earnest co-operation of Cornell Agricultural Experiment Station and the wise leadership of Cornell's dairy professor, Mr. H. H. Wing. Such leadership will insure permanence to your work. As for me, I am still anxious to work for the advancement of the interest of American dairymen, and you may depend on me to help this matter forward to the best of my ability.

"I should advise you to place at the disposal of Professor Wing, for scientific breeding, at least one hundred cows. The machinery for the selection of these cows has already been created in connection with a dairy survey of Central New York, which will be undertaken by me, the coming season, under the direction of Cornell Station. These cattle can be kept at home and the expense and labor of breeding them to selected bulls will be small. Perhaps Congress, during the coming season, may be called upon for funds to continue the work in Iowa, Maine and Colorado. If your Representative in Congress is informed of this work that you propose to undertake, it seems quite probable that support might be secured by him for this effort. Let us join hands at this propitious time for furthering a noble and far-reaching end."

In October, 1905, Mr. Hoxie writes to a friend and former associate:

"I inclose copies of blank forms of an original movement— a dairy survey with a possible design of forming a new breed, producing milk ranging in quality between the Holstein-Friesian and the Channel Island breeds. I have felt for a long time that there was a place for such a breed. It is proposed that the work of forming such a breed be taken up by Cornell University Experiment Station, in connection with the New York Central Farmers' Club. Nearly two years ago this club passed resolutions to undertake such a project. I was urged by the members to take hold of the movement, but of course refused in view of the fact that my services were required for more firmly establishing the principle of Advanced Registration.

"It would surprise you to know how greatly my health is improved. I feel the return of the vigor of ten or fifteen years ago. I am working from five to eight hours a day. After quite a good deal of urging by Mr. B., editor of the Holstein-Friesian World, I have consented to write a series of articles for him. The subject chosen is 'Breeding, Selection and Management of Dairy Cattle.'

"Thus you will see that I am not going to rot with old age or rust out. You can have little idea of my ambition to work for the good of

my fellowmen—more especially for my fellows, the ordinary class of farmers and dairyman to whom my labors for many years have been consecrated.”

In a letter to his elder son, written the following spring, Mr. Hoxie says:

“R. has recently received a work on sociology for review. I have read it and, at his suggestion, very briefly reviewed it for the *Holstein-Friesian World*, for which I have been writing since last fall.

“I anticipate that I may be employed a part of the time next summer in making a dairy survey of Central New York for the Agricultural College here. The hope of doing so has been better than any ‘doctor’s stuff’ for my health.”

The dairy survey, referred to in these letters was, however, never undertaken by Mr. Hoxie, and his anticipations, regarding his own hoped-for part in serving the dairymen of the country in this connection were finally abandoned, although he continued for some time thereafter to publish articles on the formation of American breeds of cattle.

In the fall of 1906, Mr. Hoxie’s activities were diverted into new channels. His son was called to a position in the University of Chicago and thither his father accompanied him. At first Mr. Hoxie’s health suffered by this change, and temporarily he lost interest in some things which previously had engrossed his attention.

After this change of residence he writes back to a friend in Ithaca:

“The exceeding hot weather and the change of diet (we are in a boarding house) have nearly ‘floored’ me. We are waiting for the finishing of a house, which R. has rented, but we hope to get settled by the middle of next week. . . . I hope to recover soon, at least a part of the energy I have lost.

“Your poem was read to me by my son last Sunday. I think the time will come when you will take a more hopeful view of the future. As I have said to you, life is a farce to most of us if the future offers us no hope. Sometime when I feel better I will write more on this subject and return your poem.”

Again he writes to the same friend:

“I am happy at the thought of a garden next summer. You will probably be surprised that I have spaded up nearly or quite an eighth of an acre of the toughest kind of sod for such a garden. Besides I have trenched the house-yard, or rather a large portion of it, to nearly two feet in depth. My mind is constantly dwelling on what I shall plant, how I shall arrange the rows and how cultivate them; and above

all upon the crops that I expect. What do I care for money, except for the purchase of seed for my expected garden? What do I care for the world's approval, other than for my garden that I expect to have next summer? . . . If it were in my power to do good literary work for advancing the interests of my fellowmen, especially the common people, the class . . . that I love; if it was in my power to thus advance Christian Socialism, I think I would forget my garden or if I could thus advance the new ideas that are constantly living in me or with me (in my brain or outside of it) in relation to new American breeds of cattle, I think I would forget my garden. . . ."

SOLOMON HOXIE AT 82 AND HIS GRANDSON

CHAPTER II

IDEAS AND ACTIVITIES OF AN OCTOGENARIAN

With the energetic outdoor work of his garden, Mr. Hoxie's health began gradually to improve and with its improvement came back all his old-time vigor and all his interest in life and in his fellows was renewed and intensified. Scarcely had he become accustomed to his new surroundings, however, when the most grievous blow fate had thus far dealt out to him fell with crushing weight upon his heart and spirit. His eldest son, one in whose happiness and success his whole life was bound up, was suddenly stricken, in full vigor and at the beginning of his best success, with a fatal malady and survived but a few days.

Shortly before his death, Mr. Hoxie had said to him in a letter:

"There is one thing more that I want to write about but I do not want to 'preach.' I have great assurance of a life beyond the grave. My conception of it is exceedingly interesting and pleasant to me. I want my children to acquire similar conceptions. While, as a matter of animal instinct, we cling to this life just as we ought to, I want them to feel with me that the present is only a short probation period and that, when disease or old age come and our work is completed here, we shall enter on a higher stage of life there. I want them to cultivate this feeling. The separation from one another will be only for a short time. In the meanwhile, let those that remain be cheerful and even joyful, not gloomy or faint-hearted."

Little did he dream, at the time of this writing, that this dearly beloved one would precede him into the life of his "interesting and pleasant conception." But now he endeavored with all his might to maintain that cheerful attitude which he so firmly believed it is our duty and our privilege to maintain in the face of such separation. All his letters of this period show how, in spite of his own loss, he put the thought of self aside in his endeavor to comfort and assuage the anguish of the remaining members of his heartbroken family. To his daughter he writes on the day following her brother's death:

"Since receiving your telegram announcing that D. was at rest, many thoughts in regard to him and our relations to him have been on my mind. It may be a comfort to you for me to write a few of them. I sincerely believe in a life higher and better than this beyond the scenes of this world. If it is not so, what a farce is our existence! . . . The majority of our higher critics hold that the book of Corinthians (the first Epistle of Paul) was written only a very few years after the Crucifixion of Jesus. Really sufficient time had not elapsed to warrant the creation of a myth in regard to His resurrection. Paul wrote positively that He, Jesus, had appeared to many, including himself. I cannot think he was deceived or that he deceived others. One who suffered so much and labored so hard, without expectation of reward, to maintain that Jesus was raised from the dead must have been convinced beyond all possibility of doubt. His testimony alone would seem to establish the claim. In thus writing I am making no claim that he (Paul) was divinely inspired.

"It seems to me that nature is full of hints—I think I may say positive teachings—in regard to our resurrection. They are innumerable in every department. What is the butterfly but a resurrected caterpillar?

"I think the apostle, Paul, taught that the resurrection of Jesus was a spiritual resurrection, not such as the church creed generally claims. . . .

"D. is not dead but more alive than ever before. He is not away in some 'unearthly continent.' He is near us and does not wish us to mourn his translation. He has not lost anything—nothing of his noble, generous character, the education he acquired nor the love which filled his heart for us.

"Soon after he was taken sick, it seemed to me that he would not recover, and I said at our table one morning, 'D. believes in a future life,' and then I quoted from Browning's Epilogue to Asolando, language that seemed to apply to him.

"

What had I on earth to do

With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly,

Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel

— Being — who?

'One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,

Never dreamed, tho' right were worsted, wrong would triumph,

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,

Sleep to wake.'

"Are we not proud that he was such a brave, true man? Shall we refuse to look on the bright side of his death? The side that recognizes that he is more alive than ever before, that he still loves us and that he would gladly have us look forward with hope, if not with positive joy, to the change that must come, not long hence to each one of us.

"Let us comfort one another with the bright things in his life here, and in the bright hopes that we can certainly cherish of the life he now lives, invisible to our fleshly eyes."

Again, the next day, he writes:

"I have been lying down . . . and of course my children, especially one of them, D., has been uppermost in my mind. At first, in a suffering way—in pain at what seemed a great loss to me. Then came to me, after a while, this thought—perhaps I may say message: 'He wants my love, as much as ever—perhaps needs it.' It impressed me strongly. . . . You can have but little idea of the effect that this 'thought or message' had upon my heart. 'He wants my love as much as ever.' I really felt a great renewal of nearness to him. I was as conscious of his living in strong reality as when he was teaching in New York. It was a great uplift to me. I think I may truthfully say I rejoiced at his entrance on another field of existence. My consciousness of him ceased to be shadowy. It was as real and concrete as it has been at any time since he began his career in New York. As I have said, 'it is a great uplift to me.' 'He wants my love as much as ever,' and how happy I am and shall continue to be in giving him all the fullness of love of which I am capable. . . .

"I believe D. is in as real a world as this one we are in which he has just left. His environment is higher and better than it was here. He has entered there to 'strive and thrive' as Browning says. We must bid him 'speed' in his work there whatever it may be. I sincerely believe that his work there will be more important than ever his work was here. He needs your love and my love to encourage him. You will give it to him fully and thus you will come into a consciousness of him as really as when he was with you. And you will rejoice and be happy in this experience.

"Loving is the greatest thing that we can do for one another. It is the highest possible aid in helping to the attainment of supreme success—success in character building. . . .

"I cannot bear to contemplate the dark side of any event that occurs to us or to anybody, anyhow or anywhere. And it is a sad thing to me that I cannot make others see the bright things that I see. D. is not away from us in the sense of distance in space. He is probably near to us now. The new environment into which he has entered is a spiritual one. Although he has a spiritual body, probably formed to some extent here before he went away, without doubt that body moves with great rapidity. His elevation to the higher life affords opportunities for knowing our hopes and feelings so far as we are willing for him to know them. Our personality is undoubtedly protected against the knowledge of any other but our 'Father in Heaven,' in all environments of all worlds, so far as we wish to have it protected. Therefore I say he knows more about us now than ever before, so far as we are willing and glad for him to know. He cannot desire to have us mourn for him—to thus suffer pain. If there were

no other reason for us to stop mourning this would be enough. He desires to have us recognize the higher conditions on which he has now entered—to rejoice with him at the greater opportunities for development and happiness that he now has.

"I believe in a communion of all the good in all worlds and in a common employment. Perhaps this communion is rarely recognized by us on earth, but is more fully and frequently recognized by those in the spiritual body. You may ask what is this employment? As I conceive it, it is the advancement of life—that of ourselves and others in intelligence, love and happiness. I believe this was the chief aim of D., at heart, while in this earthly life. He loved his fellow creatures. . . . His love was unselfish. . . . He wanted everybody to have the opportunity of rising. . . . He took his stand for humanity and never 'turned his back' from trying to advance its interests. We ought to be proud that he thus bravely stood at his post. He strove for the common good of all who live in all worlds. . . . He has gone on in a higher school to be further educated and disciplined, to rise higher and higher in character and, I believe, in usefulness. . . . Really 'Death is the way to Life.' The death of D. is the way of his exaltation to the higher spiritual life and it is also the way of discovery of the noblest qualities of his life here. My dear child, you have not lost him. If you will only look on the bright side of the event you will realize that he has been exalted in your own heart. You can realize this by hope. 'We are saved by hope.'

"Do not presume to pity him. He does not want you to. He wants you to turn your back to everything that he may have suffered, every error that he may have made, and to think of his perfection through error and suffering, and then look ahead to the eternal life beyond where we may enjoy his companionship forever."

On the event of a family anniversary, soon after this, Mr. Hoxie again writes to his daughter:

"To-day is mother's birthday. R. presented her with a dwarf rambler rose bush having seventy-one buds and flowers more than half in full bloom. L. gave her a large box of letter paper and envelopes. B. gave her a jacket, knitted of woolen yarn, almost as white and fluffy as new fallen snow. I gave her a good kiss accompanied with a two-pound box of candy. . . . Your present came earlier. She prizes it more than all the others—the picture of D., and this brings me to the thought that he may have been present with us as she received these gifts and was thereby made happy. If so, he rejoiced with us. Is it not better to believe so? Whether actually present or not, he was and is of that great invisible association, reinforced by all the loving ones on earth or in heaven, the secret of whose life is their childlike faith in the Real Presence—the Divine Presence here and now shaping our ends 'rough hew them as we may.'

". . . I sometimes think I must stop preaching from the same old text, 'Look on the bright side.' But it is a great transformer of

life. It results, if thoroughly applied, in joy and health. It brightens the gloomiest experiences and makes them pass away like the passing of darkness before the rising sun."

The following fragment is from a letter to his daughter, written a few months later:

"You ought to see the flowers, such an abundance of them. The show of asters is wonderful and the morning glory vines are full of blossoms, some a deep golden, some orange and others a pale yellow. I came across some verses this morning that suited me 'to a T.' Here they are:

'O Earth! Thou hast not any wind that blows
That is not music. Every weed of thine,
Pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine;
And every little hedgerow flower that grows
And every little brown bird that doth sing
Has something greater than itself and bears
A living word to every living thing,
Albeit it holds the message unawares.'

"What a blessing it is to be in harmony with the message of the birds and flowers! . . . D. loved them all. I think he still loves them and, with a higher perception than we have, still sees the beautiful flowers in our world, and listens to the songs of innumerable birds that inhabit our lands."

In July, 1909, Mr. Hoxie passed his eightieth milestone. His general health continued to improve and the failure of his memory for words, which had been slightly noticeable, was now practically overcome. Most of his time was passed in working his large garden, a plot of waste land which he had cleared and fertilized, in reading his favorite books, in performing small tasks about the house and grounds and in corresponding with friends and relatives.

To cousins, bereft of an aged mother, he writes:

"When I was told that Aunt S. had 'fallen asleep,' the thought came rushing to my mind—'sorry for her children but glad for her.' . . . I know something of the great pain that must follow this event—for you, for weeks, months and perhaps years. I feel the loss of my father and mother even now as I near the completion of my eightieth year. . . .

"I have studied the relations we sustain to loved ones 'gone before' to some extent and have come to the conclusion that we may continue to commune with them through our prayers. Do not understand me that we are to pray to them, but that it is well-pleasing to 'Our Father who art in Heaven' for us to pray to Him for them. I have not ceased to thus pray to Him for my parents and D. I think thus we

may have three parties in Divine Communion. In such communion I am sometimes humbled in thinking that I often failed in just appreciation of them. At the same time I feel, as it were, their presence with me in a more deeply loving relation than when they were on earth with me. I am reminded often of the little things that I did at their requests as if they were replying to me.

"I am not thus writing to lead you into like experiences—only this, I would have you feel that you are not shut off by death from communing with your dear father and mother, though always in the presence of our 'Father who art in Heaven.'

"Of course you must know that I believe with the poet, Browning, that when we leave the shores of time it is not to be idle through all eternity, but that there is work for us beyond the grave. . . . The following, from Browning's writings, I think is published in every edition of his poems as the last one. It thus appears as a farewell to his friends left behind him.

'At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think imprisoned—
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so.
—Pity me?"

'Oh to love so, to be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What on earth had I to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel,
—Being—Who?"

'One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed tho' right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.'

'No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time,
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
'Strive and thrive!' cry 'Speed,—fight on, fare ever,
There as here!'

"How different are such views than St. Paul's that we are 'workers together with God'—not only in this life, but in that beyond the grave! Such a view removes, at least in my heart, the terror of death. I never wanted to be an idler, even in heaven, and I think your mother never wanted to be. Think of her, dear cousins, as more loving and more active, more beautiful and joyful than ever before. Also think of her as not far away from you."

In responding to the letter of an Eastern friend he says:

". . . True! 'About the only thing worthy of consideration is

the approval of one's conscience.' . . . No medicine is better than good heavy doses of conscience. But I have to take such medicine in an overflowing bowl of optimism. Yes! You may call me a boy at eighty—a cranky one, too. But I hesitate to recommend crankiness to you. . . .

"I have to go to the poets, such as Browning, Whittier, Lowell and Tennyson. Let me quote a few lines from the last named, the little poem entitled, 'The Higher Pantheism.'

'The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains,—
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?

'Is not the Vision He, tho' He be not that which He seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?

'Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him?

'Dark is the world to thee; thyself art the reason why,
For is he not all but thou, that has power to feel 'I am I'?

'Glory about thee, without thee; and thou fulfillest thy doom,
Making Him broken gleams and a stifled splendor and gloom.'

"I will not quote the next, the last verse. If you do not recall it and really want to know what it is, I will trust you to look it up. It is the medicine for my weakness and disease. I think the poets, many of them at least, are the prophets of the ages. They are possessed of what is sometimes called the divine afflatus. All men in their childhood and youth are more or less gifted with it as Wordsworth seems to have held.

" . . . A number of years ago I read the life of Huxley. As it was depicted by the author it seemed to be nearer the standard that Jesus of Nazareth set forth than I have succeeded in living. . . . Huxley stood for what he believed to be true. The truth, as one sees it, is one of the fundamental principles of Christianity. No man can maintain prejudice against truth and be a Christian in a full sense. I am now reading about the myths in the Bible. It may seem very strange to you, that, believing as I do that the Bible contains many myths and incorrect statements, I yet believe it the source of the highest aspirations that I have or know. It is because of these aspirations that I know and confess my frailty. As I wrote in a former letter to you, if there is no further life beyond the grave, the universe is irrational."

He writes to his son in October, 1910:

"Sunday, I took my October number of the 'Gospel of the Kingdom' and went to the Presbyterian church. Mr. ——— came and told me that there would be no teacher for our class before the next Sunday. 'Well, then,' I replied, 'I will go over to the Universalist church and see if they will not take up the study there.' You can hardly imagine my

surprise to find the Universalists singing the old evangelistic songs—a dozen or more of them, such as 'Tell Me the Old, Old Story.' Another surprise followed. The minister seemed to preach a sermon taken bodily from 'God in His World.' What could it mean? Later I was introduced to him, a Mr. Alden, and then I learned that he was a nephew of Henry M. Alden, the author of the book I so admire. We walked together to Sixty-third street and he told me about his uncle. I learned that he, himself, was a great admirer of this uncle. . . . and that he was also something of a Socialist. Of course I was strongly drawn to him and I let him have my October number of 'The Gospel of the Kingdom' to examine. . . . I have been reading 'Man and Superman' for the second time. It is not only an amusing but it is a wise play.

"I had a bit of talk recently with Mr.——— . . . I repeated these lines of Tennyson's to him:

'Speak to him, thou, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.'

'I don't know,' he replied. 'Of course,' said I, 'I cannot prove my existence, can you?' He seemed to admit that he could not. 'Therefore, shall we deny that we exist? Why demand absolute proof that God exists, or that we exist beyond the grave? Negativism. . . . allow me to coin that word . . . takes out of our lives the very soul of every laudable ambition. . . . The real man is spiritual. The body is his instrument, it may be his dwelling. Are we sure he was not, before the first evidence of life discovered by scientists? If we are not sure, how absurd is negativism. . . . Why cultivate it? . . . There has never been a particle of proof for negativism. Yet many have been ruined for this life by it. . . . Why talk of mysticism? Is there greater mysticism than in the belief that the grave ends all without a particle of proof? It is simply an assumption. . . .

"There is nothing the matter with me except trusting in the ongoing universe (scientists call it cosmos). I call it God, assuming that there is more righteousness in it, or in Him, than in me, or that He knows more than I do. And further, I live and move and have my being in it or in Him. Jesus of Nazareth, the best man I ever heard of, confidently rested in Him and why should not I?"

It was Mr. Hoxie's fate to identify himself, through life, with great, unpopular causes. In youth with the anti-slavery movement; later, with the Whig and Republican parties in their early struggles and the purity of their aims; then with the Good Templars, in their fight against the drink evil. He stood with the Prohibitionists through that period of their existence when it required much heroism to endure the ridicule and revilement which were early heaped upon adherents of that organization. So now, when more than eighty years

had passed over his head, he embraced the unpopular cause of Socialism and, from now on to the close of his life, his interest in this movement grew and developed. He became an enthusiast in what he called 'Christian Socialism.' He read all available books, papers and articles on Socialism. He contributed financially to the support of this movement and soon began to write articles upon this topic, for publication. His letters to friends were filled with allusions to socialistic theory and practice and with his own ideas regarding the movement.

In answer to the question, "What is Socialism?" he writes:

"Socialism as a spiritual movement is a burning, glowing, flaming passion for the welfare of mankind. As an economic movement, it is the culmination of the principles of democracy—the direction of economic forces for the welfare of mankind. It is also a political movement, developing in the enactment of laws and the establishment of institutions the sole object of which is the welfare of mankind. It is moreover a party movement. It is called the Social Democratic party. It is advocated by a greater number of educated, unselfish men, in comparison to its membership, than any other national party."

In writing to a favorite cousin he says:

"I have thought of sending you a book that has renewed my faith in Christ and in the Living God. . . . The book is entitled 'They Must, or God and the Social Democracy.' Allow me to quote a few words from it. Referring to the Social Democrats the author says: 'They dream of an all-embracing brotherhood and, at the same time, care for the immediate help of the poor. They are dreamers and fanatics in the eyes of men, and yet accomplish what none of the sane have done. They are ridiculed and insulted for their fanaticism, yet feared for their activity. They are irresistible. They alone are living, forceful, sound. They have the Living God. They do not pray to Him. . . . But they have Him in fact. Jesus acknowledged as his not those that say 'Lord, Lord!' but those who do the will of God. They do that will. They resist Mammon and preach a new world of love for all men. They halt at no impossibilities which men raise; they care not for limits. They know that the old order must fall. They believe all things, hope all things, endure all things. This is their divine mark and seal.'"

Later, in response to a sermon, advocating some liberal doctrine sent to him by this cousin, he writes:

". . . I am now urging Christian Socialism—that which Jesus taught, just as forty years ago I fought in my own soul for the teachings that your Dr. M. now so ably advocated. I am going to ask you

to read the sixty-fifth chapter of Isaiah. I quote a few words: 'I am required of by them that asked not for me. I am found of them that sought me not. . . . For behold I create a new heavens and a new earth. . . . And they shall build houses and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat. . . . They shall not labor in vain, nor bring forth for calamity'. Have these divine prophecies been fulfilled? Have we a right to look forward to a time when they will be fulfilled? The fulfillment of these prophecies is just what the great International Social Democrat party are laboring for. The members of this party, very few of them, know that such prophecies are in the Bible, but God has written them in their hearts.

"Fifty years ago, the Bible taught the principles that your Dr. M. now advocates. Yet it was a very small number that accepted these principles and generally these few were condemned at that time. Everybody else either held to the literal words or condemned them as absolutely false. Fifty years hence some Dr. M. may discover that God in the Old Testament and in the New Testament announces the great principles of Socialism.

"You may recall the following lines from Lowell. I quote from memory:

'Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own!'

"You remember Jesus referred to the tombs of the prophets as being built by the children of those who slew them. Conservatism in all past ages has been regarded as a chief virtue. Dr. M. would not have been tolerated in the Seventh Day Baptist Church nor in the church of which I am a member twenty-five years ago, had such views as his been acknowledged."

Again he writes to the same cousin, evidently referring to some question called up by previous correspondence:

"Christian Socialism in America is organized in two societies, 'The Christian Socialist League and The Christian Socialist Fellowship. The latter receives members who belong to the churches, i.e. its membership is limited to professors of religion, while the former receives all persons who willingly contribute to its object as stated in its constitution as follows: 'Its object shall be to carry to churches and other religious organizations the message of Socialism; to show the necessity of Socialism to a complete realization of the teachings of Jesus; to end the class struggle by establishing industrial and political democracy and to hasten the reign of justice and brotherhood on earth.' Any person who maintains this ground (professor or non-professor) may become a member, if he subscribes to this object and lives up to the other requirements of the League as expressed in the remaining arti-

cles of its constitution. I am a member of this League and I have contributed money from time to time to the other organization, The Christian Socialist Fellowship, to help sustain its organ, 'The Christian Socialist'. . . .

"On the first of this month. . . the League commenced publishing a monthly journal called 'The Socialist Crusader.' I have a copy of it lying before me as I am writing. Its articles are short and telling. It contains the testimony of Frances E. Willard, given at the W. C. T. U. convention at Buffalo, N. Y., in 1897. She says: 'I am a Socialist. . . . Oh, that I were young again and it should have my life! It is God's way out of the wilderness and into the promised land. It is the very marrow and fatness of Christ's Gospel. It is Christianity applied.' I fully agree with her statements. It is the voice of the Holy Spirit in my heart. I know you believe in the New Testament and that there is a Holy Spirit that regenerates the human heart if allowed to do so. It is the spirit of Jesus. . . . 'And he, when he is come, will convict the world in respect of sin, and of righteousness and of judgment.' It is not the letter of the Bible but the Holy Spirit, especially manifested in the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John and the Epistles of Paul and John, that we must receive and manifest to the world, that entitles us in the sight of God, to the name Christian. It is the spirit of unselfish love. Let me ask you a question. Does it not seem to you that professed Christians have largely lost this spirit? To-day selfishness is almost universal. Our business and politics, in the main, are systems of organized selfishness. . . . Socialism is Christianity applied. And Christianity pure and simple is unselfish love for every sentient being."

In a letter written to a friend shortly after the preceding he says:

"My zeal for the principles of Socialism is still increasing. Of course they must come gradually, one by one. The first, perhaps, an eight-hour law for women who work in mills and factories and better conditions for work. Then, perhaps, an employer's liability law for injuries due to neglect of employers. Then perhaps a law requiring municipalities to furnish work to all unemployed men and women and so on. Of course common ownership of land and factories will be among much later acquisitions. . . . You and I may depart before the dawn of a better day but our children, I trust, will see that better day. For one, I join with Whittier in his song:

'Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.
'The airs of heaven blow o'er me;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be,—
Pure, generous, brave and free.

'Ring bells in unrequited steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples!
Sound, trumpets far off blown,
Thy triumph is my own!

'Parcel and part of all,
I keep the festival,
Fore-reach the good to be,
And share the victory.'

"Sometimes I seem to myself to be immeasurably happy. . . . The happiest man of any of whom I have knowledge.

'I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.'"

At this time he also writes:

"I am living a strenuous life, although not a hard one. I get a few minutes, a half hour generally, to walk out for exercise. . . . I enjoy everything, unless too tired. And then I gather up something to keep the optimistic spirit going. I enjoy living."

The family now moved to a residence nearer the University, and Mr. Hoxie was forced to abandon the plot of ground he had so assiduously cultivated, and to begin his gardening anew upon unimproved soil. Nothing daunted, he earnestly renewed his outdoor labors. His garden plot was now sufficiently extensive, covering as it did about one-fourth of an acre, to enable him not only to supply his own family with nearly all kinds of vegetables which would grow and ripen in that locality but to contribute also to the support of others. And, as his one aim in life was still to be helpful and useful to others, he joyfully gave of his produce, not alone to friends and neighbors, but he sought out the needy in the vicinity and bestowed upon them also the fruits of his labors. To a friend he writes at this time:

"Thus far, this season, I have had a very remarkable amount of produce from my garden. Bushels and bushels of corn, full three-fourths of which I have given away. Beans, beets, lettuce and so forth in great abundance I have distributed with the corn. I completed planting over again nearly the whole ground for new crops last week."

In spite of his increased manual work, he still continued to read widely and to write occasional articles for publication. Much of his leisure was devoted to a blind and helpless

neighbor. To whom he read and talked upon social, political and religious topics in an effort to encourage and cheer this unfortunate fellow creature.

In 1911 Mr. Hoxie's life was brightened by the advent of a grandson to whom he became devotedly attached and as the baby developed they became almost inseparable companions. He writes to a friend at this time:

"The boy is remarkaby bright and active both in mind and body. I think I never saw a more beautiful baby. . . . Every day I roll him out in his baby carriage in the street about the parks of the city. You can scarcely imagine how strongly he is held in our affection."

It was about this time that Mr. Hoxie united with the Hyde Park church of the "Disciples of Christ," while still retaining by permission his membership in the little Free-will Baptist church of his youth, the church which he served as pastor for many of the years of his early manhood. Now, once more, he had a church home and was happy in the companionship of congenial, broad-minded fellow workers. Describing this Church of the Disciples in a letter he says in part:

"It is a great satisfaction to me to be allowed to be a member of two churches at the same time. . . . Two churches that differ in many respects from each other. The members of the Church of the Disciples are largely students and teachers in the University of Chicago. Its pastor, Dr. Edward Scribner Ames, is one of the teachers in that institution. His church is emphatically a working organization. It sustains a missionary in China and a home missionary in the city. Yet I doubt if there is a Baptist church within my knowledge that has fewer members who would generally be regarded as 'well off' in money or property of any kind. Entering the church building one passes through a small room containing, among other things, a box for contributions of money that alms may be given in secret, as Jesus commanded. During the hour of worship no collection is taken up. No one ever need know what is individually given."

Early in his eighty-third year Mr. Hoxie again took up his pen in the interest of Holstein-Friesian cattle and their breeders. He began to write regularly articles for the "Holstein-Friesian Register." His contributions to this periodical, dealing with a variety of topics, which his ripe experience and years of study rendered him surpassingly able to expound, extended over a period of about four years. Regarding this activity he writes to a former business associate:

"I am interested to the extent of what ability I have left to do all that I can to advance the interests of our association. In so doing I feel that I thus advance the interests of the country."

At about this time, Mr. Hoxie was also invited to write for the "Breeders' Gazette." The editor of this periodical said to him in a letter of May 18, 1912:

"Will it not be possible for you to supply us from time to time with articles of especial interest to the breeders of Holstein cattle? I have no particular line to suggest, but you are full of the matter and would have no difficulty in supplying us once every two or three weeks with an article of about twelve or fifteen hundred words on some topic of especial interest to breeders of the 'black and whites.'"

In the same year, Mr. Hoxie writes to his old friend, Mr. K. N. Kuperus of Holland:

"I am still working for the breed with my pen, writing for the 'Holstein-Friesian Register,' and I have promised to write for the 'Breeders' Gazette,' the largest journal on breeding in the world. . . . I am eighty-three years old. . . . My mind seems to hold out better than my body. . . . I have worked for the Friesian breed, not for money but for the good of our dairymen and others. . . . As I look back I feel that I have 'fought a good fight.'"

Later, in 1915 and 1916, Mr. Hoxie's pen was also solicited by the editors of the "Holstein-Friesian World" and the "Black and White Record."

In the spring of 1913, Mr. Hoxie returned East to live in the vicinity of his old home. Though it wrung his heart to leave his son and his grandson and the companionship of many friends, possessing something of his broad outlook upon life, it seemed the expedient thing to do, and he tried to console himself for the privation that this change would bring to him by planning fresh activities for the betterment of his fellows in the changed surroundings. He had never quite given up the hope of sometime preaching again, and, just before he moved, he wrote in his journal:

"In case I go to Edmeston, I will try to organize neighborhood circles of Disciples of Christ, using the monthly rituals of the Sunday School of Hyde Park Church, Chicago. Perhaps at the church at South Edmeston, Babcock's Mills, Columbus Quarter and other places, private houses, school-houses, etc. I could thus awaken religious interest, undenominational, making it contributory to the churches already organized, Baptist, Methodist, or others."

Mr. Hoxie was an enthusiastic advocate of church union and writes to a friend at this time:

"I have become thoroughly impressed with the idea that our earth can never be Christianized until all churches are united simply in living the spiritual life. How earnestly Paul set forth this view in First Corinthians! The spiritual view involves all righteousness—an active righteousness. Let every individual believe as he can believe. 'Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ. But, if any man buildeth on the foundation gold, silver, costly stones, wood, hay, stubble; each man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it is revealed in fire; and the fire itself shall prove each man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work shall abide which he built thereon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved; yet so as through fire. . . . Therefore let no one glory in men, for all things are yours; whether Paul or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's.' It almost seems that the words of Paul that I have quoted are especially written for us in this present century. Our philosophers and scientists have been led of God in the discovery of great truths unknown to Paul or any other man of his day. Let every individual believe, one or more of them as he can; but he, himself, shall suffer loss if the fire of truth destroys one or more of them; yet he, himself, shall be saved. This I believe of all of us who are trying to bless the world.

"To stand still, doing nothing, like those Christians who refuse to work together with God is an awful thing. Knowing the truth we shall receive many stripes, either in the present or in the future, if we do not work for it. Old and decrepit as I am, I am impressed that I must work, preach, if I can obtain the opportunity to do so. Jesus wisely awaited opportunity. Last evening I was invited to speak before a farmers' club that holds its meetings in this village. Knowing that I would not be able to gain access to either of our church buildings here, in connection with my topic, I opened with earnestly urging the spiritual life upon the attention of those present as the sole device for Christianizing our world. They listened, apparently with interest, while I interlarded agriculture with spiritual life for nearly two hours.

"I am doing all I can, as it seems to me, to induce less selfishness in the community. . . . Among the books that I am trying to get into the hands of the people is the 'Twentieth Century New Testament.' . . . It is in our common vernacular. After you get used to reading the New Testament in the words in which we now write and talk, I am sure its revelations will be delightful to you. . . . I hope this letter will find you at your life work of doing good to your associates, thus living as Jesus lived. It is the way of real life. Life for ever and ever. The one life of every true Christian, whatever his or her intellectual views. All who are living this life on earth or in heaven are comrades of one great community.' . . . I believe in a 'Beloved Community' of similar souls. I hope I may yet be one among them. You will agree with me that qualification for it is not in dogmas but

in ends for which we labor and live. . . . I am trying to live in love. . . . God is in his world. The gospel of Christ is a gospel of release, release from fear and anxiety, release 'from the lien upon the soul of material possessions, from the strife of ambition, from the bonds of sin and from the power of death.' . . .

"There is no good in life but love—but love,
What else looks good is some shade flung from love,
Love gilds it, gives it worth.'

. . . O, my brother, hold fast to the love of Christ! Do not imagine that doctrines can impart that love. . . . Live in love. Trust in love. The newest translation of the New Testament has this summing up of what makes a man a real follower of Christ: 'He who lives in love lives in God, and God in him.' 'Seek love, give love and leave the rest,' says the poet Robert Browning."

In the year 1915 a great burden of anxiety fell upon the shoulders of one who was already bowed beneath the weight of many years of struggle, care and sorrow. Mr. Hoxie's daughter was stricken with a well-nigh fatal disease and was obliged to relinquish the companionship of her aged parents and the care of their home and to enter a far-distant hospital. In spite of his intense solicitude for her welfare and the loneliness to which her exile condemned him, Mr. Hoxie did not seek sympathy for himself but he buckled on anew the armor of his hope and courage and still went about the chief business of his life, his Father's business, the endeavor to help and inspire others.

At this time he writes:

"The great business of life is service to our fellow creatures. This I have held as paramount nearly all my life. . . . The love of mankind seems to have been born in me. . . . Very likely you may wonder how I can be cheerful. . . . I will tell you in as few words as I can. . . . I have lost a son who was as precious to me as my own life. But I think of him as taken from foreseen evil and the best that is in me responds to the thought 'God is love.' I believe that all the universe is full of life, that the Being we call God is the soul of the universe, the mind of it just as our minds are souls of our bodies. And may I not draw upon my imagination? Here I go! There is no such thing as annihilation to matter or to mind. We shall live hereafter and love our friends. The variety of life in the hereafter will be infinitely greater than it is upon this little, insignificant home here. Why not? Really all things are made for good. As Browning says:

'The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;

What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more.'

"At least I find myself happy amidst the unpleasant things of time here in thinking so. . . ."

To his daughter, at a western sanitarium, he writes on June sixteenth, 1916:

"There is nothing like hopefulness and courage to keep up our days in this world. No medicines are equal to peace, gentleness, patience and goodness in keeping us alive. . . . But I feel sometimes that it is selfish to cling to this world. Why should I cling to it? I feel great assurance of a better, nobler, sweeter, fairer and purer life where D. is and I almost wish that I could be with him. Yet it is natural to love to live here. All the universe is mind. It is the only real existence."

A few days after the above writing, while he was still doubtful of the ultimate recovery of his daughter and while he was nearing his eighty-seventh birthday, Mr. Hoxie was destined to experience the supreme sorrow of his life. His remaining son, the one most like himself in thought and aspiration, the one in whom his hopes and ambitions and desires culminated, met with a tragic death. Yet, in the face of this crushing calamity, he rallied and once more and almost for the last time he put aside the thought of self and, in spite of his own anguish of soul, strove to comfort the remaining members of his family. He had said, previous to this event, that he could not endure another death in the home circle, that he, himself, must be the next to go, but now, in this supreme crisis, he rallied to the standard of his life's ideal, to help and succor others. He said, "I can bear anything now," and, on the very evening of the day of this tragedy he writes to the wife of his son:

"Your telegram is received. . . . I am comforted by the thought that R. is in a better world and is really nearer to us than he was in Chicago. I cannot come to you, yet I wish you could come to us. We want you and both the children near us. . . . I know God will bless you and them. I fear that J. will not be as brave as you. But she, as well as you, is blessed in having a Heavenly Father who cares for all the great universe. He is the Cosmic Father and loves every creature that is from Him. Nothing is lost and all things are alive. Not a particle of the universe is beyond His control. He is love. He is law. He is life. He is the Eternal Goodness. Browning wrote:

"Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name?

Builder and maker, thou, of houses not made with hands!

What, have fear of change from Thee who art ever the same?

Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands?

There shall never be one lost good! What was shall live as before;

The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;

What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On earth the broken arcs; in heaven a perfect round.

'All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;

Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,

The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;

Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by-and-by.'

"Read Browning's poem on his own death. It is always the last in all his publications. Read it and be comforted. Oh, how my heart goes out to you!"

The next day, to his daughter, he writes:

"About three o'clock, your telegram came. We knew you must have already received ours saying, 'We are all right; do not worry about us.' We both of us believe and feel that R. is in a better state of existence than the one in which we now live. I have had experience that it seems ought to be convincing. Step by step, I have been driven, against my will, into Monism, i.e. the belief that the whole Cosmic Universe is a living thing. Even Haeckel is driven to this position. The Universe has all kinds of life. Scientists generally conclude that there are many kinds of life. The trees and flowers have life. The human consciousness is alive with a grade of life above the lower plane. It is intelligent life. R. was one of the noblest of men. I am so sure of his eternal welfare that I can scarcely conceive how any reasonable person can doubt after such a man as Haeckel is obliged to admit what he does. 'That all things are alive, even the dust at our feet.'

"I, personally, find that my life is really prolonged by the belief in Monism. Although I know that my arteries are hardening and that it may be truly said that I have heart disease, I may possibly live to be as old as my great grandfather was, who died at the age of one hundred and one. If I can only be useful and not have the trouble that I have referred to extended. The Cosmic Father has taken R. from the evil to come just as he took D. from the evil to come. The Cosmic Father loves all. Every grade of life is tending upward. Evolution is evidence of this fact.

"'There is a tide,' at least 'in the affairs of (some) men.' I believe this was true of R.'s departure. . . . Rejoice, my dear child, that he was chosen through the will of the living universe. There was no way of hope for him. Our Father designed it all. . . . You will get over your illness and come home. Then we can talk of the wonderful character of R., the good that he has ever sought to do for the welfare of the oppressed and downtrodden. The University of Chicago will be a different one from its past because of the life and death that R. has given."

A little later, Mr. Hoxie says in a letter to a friend:

"R. was the most unselfish man I ever knew. He was a great lover of mankind and extremely tender toward all creatures that are liable to suffer pain. . . . I am a great believer in unselfish love. You may possibly recall this fact. He, my son, was the most persistently unselfish lover with whom I ever became acquainted. He not only loved father, mother, wife and children, unselfishly, but extended his love, I sincerely believe, to all mankind. . . . He possessed the soul of religion. At the time of his death my daughter was in Rochester, Minn., recovering from an operation. . . . It seemed to her father and mother very doubtful if she ever returned to us in this world, but she is with us now. How can I avoid being happy? My two sons, I trust and believe, are in a not far off heaven—a heaven of usefulness and happiness."

To a dear cousin he says:

"Jesus died to win us from selfishness. I cannot help believing R. has given up his life for the same purpose. Not that I presume to exalt him to the infinite importance of Jesus, but as a humble worker with Jesus. I am now past my eighty-seventh birthday and I am 'going on,' as little children often say, 'to be older.' I am greatly broken but I am remarkably well and strong for a person of my age. . . .

"Gone they tell me is youth,
Gone is the strength of my life;
Nothing remains but decline;
Nothing but age and decay.
Not so: I am God's little child,
Only beginning to live,
Coming the days of my prime,
Coming the strength of my life,
Coming the vision of God,
Coming my bloom and my power.'"

Mr. Hoxie survived the death of his son less than a year but these last months were marked by the same spirit of indomitable courage, hope and unselfishness that had characterized his entire life. His mind retained most of its original vigor and clarity to the very end and his vital interest in problems of the day abated not one whit in its intensity. His bodily weakness debarred him from much physical exercise; but he read almost continuously books on philosophy, religion, psychology, biography and history. Early in the year, he sent a much marked copy of Josiah Royce's "Problems of Christianity" to his daughter-in-law, with these penciled words: "Read and grow strong in the spirit of Christ, Loyalty to God and the Beloved Community." One of the last

books in which he took an especial interest was the life of William Newton Clarke, a man whom he had known personally and whom he intensely admired. He was reading, almost at the last, the last volume of Woodrow Wilson's "History of the United States," when the book grew too heavy for his hands to hold and it was laid aside and never finished.

Books had always been his solace and his best companions. When no longer able to read from them, he would ask for one to be brought to his bedside and it seemed to make him happy just to hold a dearly loved volume in his hand. The day previous to his death, when his mind became so weakened that he failed to recall the name of Whittier, who was one of his favorite poets, he called for his "Quaker Book" and listened eagerly to the reading of several poems which he selected.

His thought for the comfort and good of others, his sweetness and gentleness of character persisted to the very end. He manifested an anxiety to give as little discomfort to those who nursed him as possible and he endeavored to ease the burden, which he foresaw for his family when he should be gone, by trying to plan out something of the future with his daughter. He deplored the inevitable separation but he begged his daughter to let him go willingly so that he might go in peace, for he longed intensely to put away the flesh, to be released and to go to meet his beloved sons. During the last days he repeated over and over these words from "God in His World," a book that had been his solace and almost his daily companion for nearly thirty years: "In every way our Lord's Gospel is that of Release—release from weariness, from care, from all solitudes, from all questionings, from conflict, from all the maxims and traditions and commandments of men, from all outward authority, from the lien upon the soul of material possessions, from the strife of ambition, from the bonds of sin and from the power of death." And, with this thought in his soul, "God's Good Man" went home to meet his loved ones.

The life of Solomon Hoxie "was a magnificent achievement, long, good and useful." He was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of service which made him defend the weak and helpless, inspire the ambitions, give hope to the de-

pressed, encourage the downtrodden and strengthen the erring. All who knew him loved him. It was a privilege to call him friend and a real benediction to come into his presence. He looked on life from a mountain top. No one had higher, sweeter views of God and man and the ultimate destiny of humanity, but he labored with his fellows in the valley. At eighty-seven he was younger in spirit than any other person I have ever known and he kept his interests and enthusiasms to the very close of his life. He was unselfish to a fault. He cared nothing for material possessions, for things, but everything for people and ideas. "Why should I call anything mine," he often said. "It was the father's bounty that the prodigal spent."

Sometimes it might have seemed to strangers that he wished to proselyte. When he experienced an inspiring thought, or discovered a new idea or theory which delighted his soul or appealed to his intellect; or when he found a new author or a new book that soothed or uplifted his spirit, his great, glowing heart and his unselfish love made him so eager to share this idea, or thought or pleasure with others, that they too might know the joy of its possession, that he may at times have appeared to those who knew him least, to be trying to force his point of view upon others. But this was not true.

After Mr. Hoxie's death a friend, Mr. William P. F. Ferguson, in writing to the former's daughter, said:

"For a thoughtful man to know Solomon Hoxie was to respect him. For any man who thinks and feels for his fellow men and dreams of the Better To-morrow, to come to know him well was to love him.

"As I think back to the days when I much walked and talked with him, there are two things which strike me with special force:

"First, his splendid, kindly tolerance.

"Always, I realize, he was thinking on a plane higher and broader than that on which most of us with whom he talked were thinking—often far higher than we were able to think—but he never held himself above us; never jarred the conversation with an exposure of the ignorance or pettiness of another. If he tried to lift your thinking, it was never with any patronizing air. You seldom went away from him without a distinct sense of uplift, but so kindly was the hand that lifted that you probably never suspected that he had revised or corrected your thinking—never that he had discovered the paltry standards of your thoughts or your dim ideals.

"The other, his utter lack of what you may call the spirit of the 'propagandist.'

"He was indeed a propagandist of the highest, noblest order. He sowed seeds of truth, constantly; and few sowed with a better harvest.

"When a new truth dawned upon him it was sheer desire to give others the joy that it brought him that sent him to tell somebody else. The attitude of forcing you to believe as he believed, of drafting you to the support of some theory in theology or some policy in politics was wholly absent.

"He was a good soldier of the Better To-morrow, with all a soldier's courage in standing for what he saw as right; no pressure could force his assent to an error or his consent to a wrong, but he was no 'antagonist,' no 'disputant.' His approach to every man to whom he had anything to tell was that of a joyful messenger bringing good news.

"First and last he handed me many a book to read, some of them revolutionary as regards the world's common way of thinking; but I never felt that he was trying to 'convert' me. He gave me the chance to read the book, just as he set the chair for me by the fire on a cold day, or invited me to a seat at his table or to rest in the shade of his trees—upon the motion of a heart that loved to do kind things.

"On his book-shelf, yonder, I see four worn copies of a book he found great joy in, 'God in His World.' He loaned that book constantly, not to shake faith in orthodoxy, not to win adherents to any sect or company, but because it had opened to him a field of glorious thinking and splendid discoveries, and he wanted to share the delight of it with others.

"Solomon Hoxie walked a high path with God; he abode under the shadow of the Almighty in 'the secret of His tabernacle,' but no man with whom he went a mile or sat a moment ever felt a 'holier-than-thou' chill. When in his converse with others there was, as indeed there was sure to be, aught of intimation of the higher realm of things he knew, it was always in the tone and spirit of one who says, almost diffidently, 'I know where there is something beautiful; would you like to see it?'

"In that Higher Life, beyond the divide, in which he so firmly and so joyously believed, I some way feel I would joy to have him take me around and point out the beauty spots and the glory heights and introduce me to the tall souls with whom he must now be 'walking in white.' And it will be like him, like him as we knew him here, to be coming down, day and night—no, there is no night there; to be coming down in those everlasting mornings to the gates of pearl, to meet the earth souls as they come in and say: 'Come and see what nice things I have found here.'"

Solomon Hoxie was one of those great, rare souls to be met with once in a lifetime. Deeply religious, living his religion, the key note of which was love for his fellow men. Indeed the joy of loving and giving was his in prodigal de-

gree. These words of the poet, which he often repeated, seemed written especially for him:

“O, might I, in my exaltion,
To all the world this joy impart;
Would I might clasp the whole creation;
Friends or strangers; foes or brothers;
With ardent rapture to my heart.”

CHAPTER III

A MODERN PATRIARCH

"Without looking in the dictionary for a precise definition of the term, I judge it will apply properly to Mr. Solomon Hoxie, because I think of a patriarch as a man of prophetic vision combining the wisdom of the sage with the kindliness of one who loves his fellow men, all of which is true of Mr. Hoxie. He has always been more interested in others than in himself. Entirely foreign to his nature is the careful, calculating spirit that provides first for the welfare of 'number one.' His support of a cause has ever been prompted by regard for the cause, which, I suppose, is true of the world's best workers in every field."

"Until I met him to-day in his own home, I had not seen Mr. Hoxie in nearly a decade. The last time was at the annual meeting of the Holstein-Friesian Association in Syracuse, near the close of his long term of service as superintendent of Advanced Registry. Then he seemed in a troubled mood. The duties of his office, which he had always taken very seriously, were evidently becoming too great a burden for one of his age to bear. Accordingly I was agreeably surprised in the Mr. Hoxie of to-day with whom I have just been spending a very pleasant hour. Though somewhat bowed in figure—but no more so than a dozen years ago—he walks with a quick firm step; his eye is bright and his brow is untroubled. When he came to the door to meet me, and gave me a welcoming hand-clasp, I was wondering if he had actually grown younger during the years since I saw him before. His heavy gray beard is still dark in places and his long shaggy eyebrows are black. 'Except for my sight and hearing,' he remarked, 'I'm in pretty good shape. I can read fairly well, with the aid of glasses, but at a little distance I see several images where I ought to see only one. For instance, when I look at the moon, I seem to see parts of three moons.' His hearing, I found, was good enough so that we had not the slightest difficulty in visiting together, but though keenly interested in the topics suggested and perfectly willing to give me the information I asked for, he was evidently less ready of expression than in the past, and the little time allowed me between trains for our interview was regrettably short. His thoughts do not come as rapidly as when he was younger, but they are worth waiting for; and he looks back with clear vision over such a long span of years that his observations are valuable as well as interesting."

"He is nearing the close of his eighty-sixth year and has, therefore, been a contemporary of all but four of the twenty-seven men who have

filled the office of president of the United States. He was born July 29th, 1829, at Brookfield, Madison County, N. Y., on his grandfather's farm which his father occupied as a tenant—an arrangement that was continued when the family removed, three and a-half years later to a farm acquired by the grandfather near Edmeston. Here Solomon and his brother Samuel grew up together and both, as we know, later became closely identified with early Holstein history in this country, the one eventually fulfilling a mission for the improvement of the dairy industry that will perpetuate his influence through the centuries. However, today I was mainly interested in learning some of the things that only Mr. Hoxie could tell me, and that are not already matters of record."

"His school advantages, I gathered, were those of the average country boy of his time. He attended district school for a time, and at eleven years old spent two terms in a select school at Leonardsville. 'I learned easily,' said Mr. Hoxie, 'and in the Leonardsville school (though perhaps I ought not to say it) had no trouble in doing the same classwork with the young men and women who were several years older than I was.' Solomon's desire for an education evidently led him to put forth every effort to make the most of the opportunities within his reach, for he spent one term at New Berlin Academy, attended, for a term, what was then known as the McGrawville College, and later spent three months in Madison (now Colgate) University.

"Meanwhile, at seventeen, he had commenced teaching school during the winter-time and outside of teaching and attending school did farm work. For his first winter's teaching he was paid at the rate of eight dollars a month and 'boarded around.' The next year his salary was increased to eleven dollars a month, these amounts being equivalent to the wages paid farm help at that time. He continued to teach, mainly in winter schools until after his marriage, filling positions, among others, in West Edmeston, Brookfield and Leonardsville. At twenty-nine he married Lucy P. Stickney, who was also a teacher. At this point in our interview Mr. Hoxie remarked, 'My wife is still living; she is here now, and I want you to meet her.' Whereupon he summoned the lady who for nearly three score years has been the partner of his joys and sorrows. She is now eighty years old, of remarkably attractive face; slight of figure but forceful, and still young in spirit. Mr. Hoxie explained that when they were married, each was the possessor of a small amount of property—Some sixteen or seventeen hundred dollars, which it was agreed they should continue to hold independently, a fortunate arrangement whereby Mrs. Hoxie is now able to provide the home where they live, Mr. Hoxie's money having been spent (as his friends well know) for various benevolent purposes. Like others of the world's most successful men, he has always been interested in more important things than making money.

"The aged pair are fortunate in having a daughter, Jane Lincoln Hoxie, who is making it her special mission to care for her parents. For a dozen years this daughter was a teacher in the Felix Adler School

of Ethical Culture in New York city. Some six or seven years ago, upon the death of her brother, who was a teacher in a school in New York, she gave up teaching, and established the family home in Edmeston. For a time Mr. and Mrs. Hoxie lived with their son, Robert F., who is a professor of Economics in the University of Chicago, but Mr. Hoxie told me that he prefers Edmeston to Chicago. The air is better in the quiet country village. 'Winter and summer,' he said, 'I sleep with my windows wide open.' The daughter is absent on a visit to Chicago now, but I saw her photograph, and also the pictures of her two brothers, a bright-looking trio, all three accomplished teachers and well up in their profession when the family circle was broken into. The death of the son must have been a severe blow to his parents, but in their mention of him now is no note of complaint at their bereavement. Mr. Hoxie's frame of mind was indicated in his answer to my question as to the number of children. 'I have three,' he said, 'that is to say, I have three children but one of them, a son, has died,' which reminded me of Wordsworth's 'We Are Seven.'

"One cannot talk with Mr. Hoxie for very long without discovering that his is a religious temperament. At the age of seventeen he was impressed with the belief that he had a mission to perform in the social work of his community, and commencing as a lay preacher while still in his teens, he served for eight years as pastor of the little country church in his home neighborhood. This church was of the Free Baptist persuasion, and Mr. Hoxie is still one of its members, but his religious views are too broad to be circumscribed by the creed of any one organization. 'When I went to Chicago,' he said, 'I joined a church there, with the understanding that I could at the same time retain my membership in my home church. Also, when I was in Yorksville, I became a member, in the same way, of a church there, in which I am still interested, so that properly, at the present time, I belong to three churches,' and, he added, with engaging simplicity and seriousness, 'I would join them all if I could. By natural inclination I am a Quaker, and would have joined the Society of Friends if one of their churches had been within reach, but I united with the Free Baptists because theirs was the only church in my community. I am interested in every means of social welfare. I have even worked in the streets with the Salvation Army.' Personally, I have only admiration for those who, like Mr. Hoxie, are interested in every means of social welfare, and I am little concerned under what name such means are exerted, but Mr. Hoxie without knowing how broad or how narrow my own opinions might be, wanted me to understand his point of view, so he added, 'Doubtless you are surprised at my statement of religious views. Perhaps they are best shown in some of the poems of J. G. Whittier, such as "Our Master" and "The Eternal Goodness."' Since it happens that the latter has long been one of my favorite poems, I was glad to discover in Mr. Hoxie a disciple of the Quaker Poet, whose creed is so well expressed in the verses named; and certain of whose lines must now appeal to our aged friend with special force:

I long for household voices gone.
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel and surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

"The success of Mr. Hoxie's efforts as a preacher is shown by the fact that under his pastorate the membership of the little church was increased from fifty-six to more than one hundred and fifty, and in the four Sunday schools that were maintained under his direction he stimulated an interest in good reading by building up a community library consisting of books of the profitable kind—literature of accepted excellence and, in particular, scientific works, of which Mr. Hoxie has always been an interested student. He wished me to understand that he did not receive, nor would he accept, pay for his preaching during the first five years of his Columbus Quarter pastorate. Accordingly, while performing the duties of a home missionary, he continued to teach during the school year, and did farm work outside of school. So we may think of Mr. Hoxie as a leader in the important departments of activity in his neighborhood, not barring politics, for we find that for several years he held the office of Supervisor in his town.

"It was his desire to help in a worthy cause that led to his first connection with the Holstein interests. A meeting had been called for the purpose of forming an organization that later became known as the Unadilla Valley Dutch Stock Breeders' Association, and Mr. Hoxie was invited to be present for the purpose of assisting and carrying out the purpose of the meeting. Always ready to help in any effort for progress he decided to attend and was made secretary of the organization, an office which he filled for many years with growing credit to himself and the society that came to assume a foremost place among the early organizations in this country devoted to the improvement of the dairy breeds. Eventually (in 1880) the interests represented in this society organized, with Mr. Hoxie as secretary and his brother, Samuel L., as president, the first Friesian herd book association in America. This was known as the American Association of Breeders of Thoroughbred Dutch or Friesian

Cattle and its herd book was designated the Dutch-Friesian Herd Book. It thus appears that to Mr. Hoxie belongs a large share of the credit for the pioneer work that led to the organization of our present Holstein-Friesian Association of America. In this work Mr. Hoxie took the greatest interest from the very beginning and thereafter devoted his most earnest efforts during the best years of his life to the upbuilding of the wonderful breed represented by this organization. It is also worthy of special mention that it was largely due to Mr. Hoxie's influence that the breeders of Friesland organized a herd book association—the 'Friesch Rundvee Stamboek,' at the head of whose list of 'Eereleden' I see, by the latest volume of this publication, stands the name of S. Hoxie, the only American that has been accorded this honor.

"Prior to the organization of the Dutch-Friesian Association Mr. Hoxie purchased a farm in Yorkville (in 1876) where for some years he maintained a herd of pure bred Holsteins owned by the Unadilla Valley Stock Breeders' Association. In the fall of 1879 he visited Holland and brought over an importation of fifty calves and the following spring made a second importation consisting of more than a hundred head which were purchased for the Unadilla Valley Stock Breeders' Association and a company of breeders in Michigan. The next year, with Mr. Burchard of Hamilton, N. Y., and Mr. Paine of Ohio, he made another journey to Europe spending two months in Holland, six weeks in Guernsey and two weeks in England. On this trip he bought about fifteen Guernseys for his brother whose farm was located at Leonardsville. Referring to this transaction Mr. Hoxie remarks that he later asked his brother which of the two breeds he preferred, Holsteins or Guernseys, and his brother answered, 'Personally I like the Guernseys the better, but the Holsteins are a good deal more profitable,' a point which probably explains the phenomenal growth of the Black-and-White breed in this country.

"While maintaining the herd of which he had charge on his farm at Yorkville, Mr. Hoxie from the start kept a continuous record of the milk production of the cows under his charge, a plan which later culminated in the record system that has made our breed famous. It is well known that our Advanced Registry system owes its origin to the genius and perseverance of Mr. Hoxie. It was a flash of inspiration (for Mr. Hoxie tells me that the idea came to him like a flash) which suggested the plan of an Advanced Register in which to record animals of special merit. Concerning the development of this idea and its far-reaching influence, it is not the purpose of this article to attempt to record but it is worthy of note that at the outset Mr. Hoxie's plan was violently opposed by many breeders of prominence and others high in authority in the Holstein-Friesian Association. * * * * * In a sketch concerning him written many years ago Mr. Hoxie is quoted as saying, * * * * * 'After the Advanced Register was given form it would have failed for a time had it not received the support of such men as T. G. Yeomans and W. Brown Smith.' It is now close to three

decades since the adoption by the Holstein-Friesian association of our present Advanced Register system. Mr. Hoxie, the originator, and for more than two-thirds of that time the man at the head of this system, has lived to see it develop into the most potent factor that has ever been devised for the improvement of the breed, and in addition has witnessed its adoption in modified forms by the other great dairy breed organizations.

"Mr. Hoxie's library and his favorite books, and the cottage in which he dwells, with its shrubbery and flowers, and the great maples that shade the village street—these are the pictures that come before me as I look back to my brief interview with the 'Grand Old Man' of the Holstein-Friesian Association. He walked with me to the corner by the postoffice—his step as firm and quick as my own—and as I turned to leave he gave me a message of appreciation and gratitude to the members of the association for remembering him with the annuity which was voted him three years ago, and which has proved most acceptable. It was characteristic that he should thank the association, but we all know that the obligation is the other way, and that the account cannot be squared, for the world is always indebted to its benefactors."

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