







*Charles Woodberry*

# CHARLES WOODBERRY

Past Master, Liberty Lodge, F.&A.M., Beverly, Massachusetts

---

## A MEMORIAL ADDRESS

E. J. V. HUIGINN

Chaplain of Liberty Lodge



DEDICATED TO LIBERTY LODGE



## INTRODUCTION

This memorial of Charles Woodberry was read in Liberty Lodge at a Regular Communication, on the evening of September 28, 1914. On that evening the Lodge assembled to unveil the fine and striking portrait of our late Brother, painted by the distinguished artist, Mr. Arthur M. Hazard, at the request of the Lodge. Mr. Hazard was present at the unveiling.

This paper, prepared by me at the request of the Worshipful Master, and the Lodge, is an attempt to portray the life and spirit of our Brother.

It is dedicated to the Lodge and all worthy Brothers everywhere, and consecrated to the memory of one we loved, and whose memory we delight to cherish.

E. J. V. HUIGINN,

*Chaplain, Liberty Lodge.*



## CHARLES WOODBERRY

Born, 8th August, 1847.

Died, 2nd May, 1914.

“Who seeks for Heaven alone to save his soul,  
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal;  
While he who walks in Love, may wander far,  
But God will bring him where the blessed are.”

Charles Woodberry was the son of Henry Elliott Woodberry and his wife Sarah Dane Tuck. The Woodberry, Elliott, Dane, and Tuck families were among the most representative of the best New England stock. It is not necessary to dwell upon this point, for one can urge the claims of an ancestry to such an extent as almost to leave no room for the play of individual freedom, and thus rob men of all credit for their own achievements and reduce human efforts within the limits of a prenatal fatalism.

Henry Elliott Woodberry was a sea-captain of the old school, and at forty-five years of age, owing to the Civil War, retired from the sea. After his retirement Captain Woodberry took a large and intelligent interest in the welfare of the town, being a school committeeman for over a quarter of a century. He was



one of the three noted citizens who urged the need of a High School in the face of much opposition, and he had the satisfaction of seeing his eldest son graduate from the first class in the new High School. The Captain was a man of high standards of life, one who felt that the best was none too good for his own and his neighbors' families. On one of his foreign trips he was made a Mason in the Lodge at Gibraltar.

The mother of Charles Woodberry was, as said, Sarah Dane Tuck. She was a sister of the well-known Squire Tuck of a generation ago, a man of great force of character, and as honorable and honest as the sun. For many years he kept a book-store; then he was employed in the bank; and for a long time he acted as the unpaid Librarian of the recently started public library, and many Beverly boys and girls were largely influenced for life by the reading matter placed in their hands by the discriminating Librarian. Mrs. Woodberry was a grand-niece of the distinguished lawyer, Nathan Dane, who was a member of the first Constitutional Convention and the congressional father of the North Western Ordinance.

It was in the old Dane homestead, 36 Essex St., that Charles Woodberry was born on the 8th August, 1847, being the third son and child of his parents. He was a rather delicate, sensitive child. His surroundings

were those of a strong, self-respecting, intelligent, public-spirited, religious family.

It is not my purpose to dwell upon his childhood and boyhood. Like the older brothers he started in business when he was quite young, and before he was of age he was established as a druggist by the kindness of some of his friends, men who judged him capable of making a success. At first he received but the salary of a clerk, until all the money advanced on the store and stock was paid, and after that his business greatly prospered and continued to prosper for years.

Some, especially those who only knew him in his later years, would scarcely believe, that the dreamy sensitive little man was at one time a very successful business man, and, as we say, made money. But even in his days of business prosperity, he was always deeply distressed by the poverty, degradation, and sin of men. However, it did not stop at distress of mind and spirit, he strove to help the unfortunate and the needy in every way he could. He was sensitive to a fault, aye supersensitive, romantic, dreamy, artistic, looking to the days gone, and to the days to come, and he was eagerly desirous to mend things in the present that the future might be all the nobler.

As the proprietor of the well-known Apothecary Shop of the town, he came in contact with all the classes, and was made the safe



deposit vault for many a family or individual secret, whether of physical, mental, moral or spiritual distress. You know what a centre of life such a store as his was in the old days. The physicians all were known there, and in more intimate ways than nowadays. Whoever was of any consequence in town would drop in from time to time to make purchases, hear the news, meet others, ask for information, and for other reasons which will suggest themselves. The sick, the friends of the sick, and especially the sick-poor and their friends, came there for medicine, advice, relief. The sorrows of the poor became his, and the sorrows of the rich too, for Mr. Woodberry's store was a calling place not only for the men and women and children of Beverly, but for the wealthy summer residents all along the shore. The telegraph office was in his store. This too, brought him into contact with people and, not once but many times, men prominent in national and world affairs confided their business to the little apothecary who seemed so willing to help to carry them. We could name many well-known persons of the past who loved a chat in the friendly drug-store, while waiting to hear from a telegram, or to send one, or waiting for some special package. From these visits and chats came confidences and friendships, and not a few of the prominent men and women who came along the coast in the summer season

were glad to count the little Druggist as a personal friend. He was especially well acquainted with Wendell Phillips, and with Marshall Field. And so too with the unfortunate, as we count them in this life; he was a friend to all.

Knowing the needs of others, and being in daily contact with sorrow and pain in one form or another, he learned how to help and heal, and growing broader in his sympathies, he seemed at last to lose almost all thought of his own needs and success, and gave himself unsparingly by sympathy, service, and material aid, for the welfare of others. Simple as a child in some things he seemed to feel that the All-Merciful-Father would take care of him and his, if he only gave himself for others. You, most of you, know something about this great feature of his life. One of the most distressing things in his latter days was to hear him almost ask God, why, when he had devoted himself and his means to help others, he himself was suffered to fall into what he called distress. But, my Brothers, you all have an understanding of such a trial to a soul. The hard-hearted, worldly man scoffs at it, but the man of kindly deep humanity understands and pities and sympathizes.

Yet when all is said, we confidently assert that there is, there has been, no business man in Beverly, however successful he may have been, who has done so much for the nobler



things in life as little Brother Woodberry. He sowed the higher things of the spirit — the things that grow and bless through the ages. What other Beverly man of his day can you recall who did so much? Without money, without political power, without what we call the influence of social and family prestige, without the support of a strong party, — indeed seemingly without all the elements the cold-blooded, so-called wise man thinks necessary for success, he achieved in several directions most notable ends, and that is why we are here tonight, to give him, even if late, his meed, to gather inspiration, and to hearten those who long to do fine things, but think themselves incapable because they have not what the world calls the means of successful achievement. The Great Architect still can use the humble persistent dreamers to bless all.

Worshipful Brother Woodberry was initiated in Liberty Lodge on the 26th April, 1869, passed, the 24th May of the same year, and raised to his Master's degree on the 21st June following. Later he was Master of the Lodge.

From the fact that he was only a little over the required age when he became a Mason one may judge that even in his youth the ideals and purposes of Masonry had taken deep hold on his spiritual imagination. All through his life from his first entry into the

great Order he was loyal to the heart's core and never lost an opportunity to recall to his fellow members the deep significance of the "Mystic Tie," and the solemn obligations and great privileges of the Brothers. He made himself acquainted with the history of the Order and of The Fraternity in Beverly, calling attention to the simple worth and dignity of the men of the former days and holding them up as examples for our encouragement. No one was better versed, indeed no one was so well versed, in the history of the Beverly men who sat in Lodge with Washington and his officers, and who in all the strife of the early days reflected credit not only on Beverly and the Order, but on America and the world.

The close union of sturdy men of high thinking and simple lives, found in the Order, was a wonderful help to Washington in his hours of tribulation, and Woodberry was proud to know and to make known that Beverly Masons associated in Brotherhood with the Greatest Mason of historic times, "meeting on the level and parting on the square." You know, all of you, how our Brother tried to inform us of the history of Amity Lodge, Beverly, of the days of persecution of Masonry, of the founding and growth of Liberty Lodge. You may recall the toast he once proposed,—in 1898,—to "The memory of the Founders, who laid the frame-



work and the flooring of this Freemason's Lodge, all heart of oak, whose strong fibre was faith in God and love for man. May the true spirit of the craft be revived among us, and the Brethren become increasingly worthy of their ancient heritage!"

That toast expresses his spirit. You men who have known him in Masonry, know that no matter what you might call his limitations, there was no limit to his longing to further Masonry as Masonry, not as simply a social or a business club. The social side was dear to him, very dear, and no man in the history of this Lodge ever did one quarter as much as he to foster the spirit of sociability among the Brethren, enlarge the scope of it, and make it a matter of pride to each one of us that in Liberty Lodge we met as men of high beliefs and aims, and withal as equals and brothers. And this spirit fostered here in this Sanctuary he wished us to carry into daily life. Not one of us had less respect for the social or religious Pharisee than he. You younger men, who met him, remember the enthusiasm he had for the Order, and how he tried to infuse into you a great enthusiasm for it too. Not all understood him, but he gave in the hope that he who hath ears to hear would hear.

He felt that Masonry, if too limited in its knowledge of the past and hopes and ambitions for the future, might degenerate.

He did not think the spirit of Universal Brotherhood was best conserved by the principle, "Each for himself." He had seen enough of life to understand that institutions as well as individuals acting on that selfish basis have by decay approached the grave. So he would broaden the Brethren and follow out the great ideas of Brotherhood and Liberty. Brotherhood to him was a reality; Liberty was equally so, and he realized that Liberty always dies unless there is eternal progress which is the enemy of stagnation. We, as Masons, had, in his mind, a world-task, and we should be about our business. It was a great vision. You cannot find fault with him for seeking to express in actual life the principles so dear to him, and so essential to forward the design of the Great Artificer. A Dreamer? Yes. A Visionary? Yes, always yes, for the Dreamer and Visionary is the hopeful man, who faces the future with a fine trust, and by the very fire and force of his spirit enkindles others and draws them on.

Believing thus, and earnestly believing, he looked around to find means of enlarging the Brethren's lives, and found, or made, an opportunity to bring the Lodge into touch with the home Lodge of Washington in this country, and having the historic values in view, with the Lodge nearest to the home of Washington's ancestors in England. A Mason is a Patriot, A Patriot tries to knit his fellow-



citizens together in love and in work. A new America, hardly dreamed of by the Fathers, was coming into being. A population, foreign in thought, — if not in blood, — to the historic America of the bygone days was in our midst. It was necessary to keep the fundamentals of Liberty, Brotherhood, Progress, in sight, and to teach the new-comers how it was that America had achieved her greatness and how we could preserve that greatness. Many of the new-comers cared not for the ideals of the old days, indeed were antagonistic to them. Woodberry saw with the vision of a seer, of a wise and far-seeing student of history, that the strength of a nation depends on the intelligence, virtue, and unity, of her sons. So he would unite all and spur to the excellent things that make men and nations great. Broaden and deepen the lives of men, and they will be real men. So he worked until he had us in close brotherly unity with the one Lodge in America he deemed most worthy of Liberty's love and fellowship, the Alexandria-Washington, and then with Constitutional Lodge of old Beverley, England. He started with Liberty, and soon he had *Washington* and the *Constitution* — if I may say so — on our lips, and in our thoughts and hearts. We might like it or dislike it, but he stood like a pillar of adamant for his ideals, and we know he would have stood so, had he been obliged to stand

alone. Fortunately, the Brethren were appreciative. One of our Brothers has told me a story of Woodberry's father. It is characteristic. In the old days of 1840 the Beverly voters were to a man for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." Woodberry's father was not carried away by the popular wave. In those days there was a pole on the common with a liberty cap on it, and one day the astonished citizens read written on a paper fastened to the pole the words: —

"We'll go for Tip and Tyler therefore,  
And without a why or wherefore."

But it was Captain Woodberry who thus ventured to expostulate with what he considered ill-considered partisanship. You may be sure the Captain stuck to his guns. We know the son, Charles, would have stuck to his belief that he was on the right road to success, when he was leading Beverly Masons out to the larger light, and the, as yet to them, unexplored regions of Masonry, to wider fields of thought and action. The affiliation with Washington's Lodge was dear to him as a Mason. The best companions were none too good for dear old Liberty. And Washington's Lodge, where the great American had ruled as Master, was the one most fit for the loved Lodge of his home and people. Next to that came Constitutional of the name-town in England. Fortunately Constitutional, as said, was the nearest Lodge to the home of



Washington's ancestors, and it was located in Beverley—in Yorkshire, the banner county of English Masonry and forever associated with the York Rite.

You see it was not chance, it was a thought out plan, and brought to fulness of fruit by his simple, devoted, enthusiastic personality. Some did not think it was worth while to foster the friendly spirit between the North, the South, and the Mother country. But the Lodge judged, and its judgment has been more than vindicated. Liberty is not an isolated, unknown Lodge. It has a fame in Masonry that has widened year by year, until it is now one of the best known Lodges in America, and the envy of almost all.

In April, 1889, twenty-four Brethren of Liberty by agreement celebrated the one-hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of Washington as President of the United States. At that celebration Brother Edward L. Giddings was to present to the Lodge a bust of Washington, an exact replica of Hubon's famous bust, and it entered into Worshipful Brother Woodberry's mind to seek for some personal memento of the great Virginian for the Lodge. He wrote to Worshipful Master Kosciusko Kemper of the Alexandria-Washington Lodge and asked for a piece of wood from the home of Washington to make into a gavel for Liberty Lodge. Worshipful Brother Kemper appealed to the Supervisor of the

Washington Estate at Mt. Vernon. They sent us, not any of the wood from the mansion,—for they could not do that,—but they sent us a piece of a Magnolia tree, the last tree planted by Washington himself on his estate, and a piece of the wood from old Christ Church, Alexandria, of which Church Washington was a parishioner, a communicant, and a vestryman. It was to the Venerable Kosciusko Kemper he wrote, and the records tell us how the beloved Master of Alexandria-Washington, busied himself to gratify his northern brother. A tender friendship sprang up between these two men, and all of us who were here at the time knew that their affection for each other was unexcelled, passing even that of brothers. One of the heaviest blows that fell on Woodberry in his more recent days was the loss of his southern warm-hearted brother.

Need I dwell upon the growth of the friendship between these two Lodges year after year? It was a visible, tangible proof of the real greatness of Masons, who can, in the spirit of Brotherhood, forget all causes of separation in the past, even though blood-stained be the causes, and come together as members of one family, fitting type of the one family of the Great Father of all.

Year by year, greetings and tokens of affection have passed between these two Lodges. Visitors have come, and visitors



have gone, north and south, and the great feast day of Liberty and Alexandria-Washington, is the birth-day of him whom the nations honor as History's most eminent patriot. Alexandria-Washington has sent us part of the chair in which Washington sat as Worshipful Master, also the historic gavel already mentioned. On page 232, of "The Lodge of Washington," by Alfred G. Uhler, is this paragraph.

"February 13th, 1889, the Lodge presented to Liberty Lodge of Beverly, Mass., a gavel made from a piece of a Magnolia tree, said to have been the last tree planted by George Washington at Mt. Vernon. The gavel was patterned after the one used by Washington at the laying of the Corner-Stone of the U. S. Capitol."

We have also several other valued relics and souvenirs sent to us from our brethren in Virginia.

In return, Liberty sent to Alexandria-Washington a gavel made from the wood of the Cambridge elm tree under which Washington stood when by the direction of his country he assumed the office of commander-in-chief of the Patriots' armies.

Brother Woodberry also sent a piece of Plymouth Rock to Alexandria, and the

Virginians record it in their history. Besides a "firing glass" was sent, being one of those received from Constitutional, England. Members of Liberty also sent "a Continental hat," a fine Massachusetts Flag, and other symbols of their affection.

Where there is so much that might be said about the relations between Alexandria-Washington and Liberty, we have time to mention only a little and hint at others that might be said. But I feel like recalling to mind the visit to Liberty Lodge of Worshipful Brother Charles H. Callahan a few years ago. When he was with us, some of us freely spoke to him about the great need of having a thoroughly fire-proof building for their Lodge in Alexandria, that the very valuable paintings and personal and historical relics of the Lodge might be safe-guarded for the Brethren and the nation. Is it too much to say that from Brother Callahan's visit came, if not the inspiration to build the grand temple in contemplation in Alexandria, at least the acceleration of the work itself? This in itself would have been a sufficiently noble justification of the friendship between the Lodges, and it naturally follows as a result from the patient loving work of Brother Woodberry.

The growth of the friendship between the Beverly and Alexandria Lodges has been healthy and continuous. It appeals to both



with its charm in the present and its hopes for the future. The many meetings of mutual interest, the brotherly expressions of both Lodges testify to the sincerity of the distinguished friendship.

And as in Alexandria, so was it in Yorkshire Beverley. Their records, their letters, their gifts, make full testimony to the value they put on the friendship between the Brethren of Liberty and of Constitutional, No. 294. The moosehead, the loving cup, the beaver and other witnesses of Liberty's affection, have crossed the Atlantic to bring them your goodwill and your love. In turn, they have sent you the very handsome banner of the Lodge, the Rough Ashler from their historic Minster, a valuable engraving and photographs of the famous Minster, the "fireing glasses," not forgetting the Union Jack to decorate in union with our own Stars and Stripes, the bust of Washington. And speaking of Washington's bust, reminds me that Most Worshipful Brother Kemper, the late Grand Master of Virginia, wrote the men of Liberty in the days gone, when he was invited to visit us, that he was sorry he could not help to decorate Washington's bust and honor his memory with us, but that he did hope that Washington's bust would be the only "bust" on that happy occasion.

Men from both Lodges have visited our Lodge. Men from our Lodge have visited

both Lodges. We have honorary members in both lodges. Both Lodges have honorary members in Liberty. Woodberry, was as you know, an honorary member of Constitutional as he was of Alexandria-Washington. The friendship is now consolidated, and as they all say, so say we, may the Friendship continue while Masonry lasts, even to the end of all things!

Now, how did the little Pharmacist of Beverly accomplish all this? You must admit that he produced fine results. You must confess an adequacy between the cause and the results. He drew the affection of the warm-hearted Southerners, descendants of the old cavaliers, at whom our demagogic politicians sometimes hurl vituperation. How did he do it? You must confess he had winning qualities. He held their affection and their high respect. He was to them as their very own. We are not going to continue forever the truth of the complaint,—a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, and in his own house.

He no less drew the confidence, the respect and the affection of those we sometimes call the cold-blooded English. How did he charm the courtly friend and life-long companion of the late King of England? Londesborough, a man of the highest, most exclusive social position, was drawn to him as a man is rarely drawn to another. In his correspondence he



speaks in the most intimate way of his own concerns and troubles; he seemed to feel the simplicity, dignity, and worth of the little Beverly Brother, and to value him as he ought to have been valued. And as Woodberry charmed the Earl, so he charmed and drew to himself the friendship and love of other well-known Brothers across the water, and, by the silent friendships he formed, he prepared the way for the affectionate welcome of all the sons of Liberty in the homes and the Lodge of the Sons of Constitutional.

A tree is known by its fruit. A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit.

If Woodberry never did anything else than the formation and cementing of these distinguished friendships of the Lodge, he would have done enough to have gained the lasting remembrance and affection of all the members of Liberty Lodge. It is right and just that we should acquit ourselves of our debt to him as best we may, and place his portrait where it may look upon us with a look of peace, and joy, and benediction.

Some years ago he managed, as only he could have managed it, to collect money enough to have the portrait of the man he called, "Our St. John of Beverly," "Our own St. John," placed on the eastern wall of our Lodge Room. Little he dreamt, or expected at that time, that his own portrait would

occupy fully as prominent a position in the Lodge. Some of us know that if it had not been for Brother Woodberry, the highest honor of his Masonic life would not have come to "Our Saint John." Two of the most distinguished and influential New England members of the 33rd Degree wished to obtain the honor of the 33rd Degree for Woodberry himself. They urged him to accept, and solemnly promised him that there would be no difficulty about securing it for him. They were greatly disappointed by his declination of the proffered honor, and then Brother Woodberry told them he would like to have them secure the honor for John B. Hill of Liberty Lodge.

Was it not a fine thing for Woodberry to have effaced himself that the venerable friend of his life might obtain an honor, which received real lustre from Brother Hill's life? You recall the eulogiums spoken of Brother Hill when he and Liberty were so honored. The records of Liberty Lodge have in their pages no higher praise of any man than that expressed in the words of those, who, speaking from the heart, spoke the truth they felt about worshipful Brother Hill, and his life of simple rectitude. It is a grand testimony to the solid sense, justice, and judgment of Liberty Lodge that the two men whose portraits adorn our walls are Brothers of this Lodge, who gained the honor that is theirs and ours, not by a life



of financial, political or social success, but by the simple worth of their lives as men and Masons. Too often the honors of Masonry are bestowed on political, financial, or social heroes, who by influence or money seem able to defeat the noblest purposes of our Craft. Thank God! no one can say that of Hill or Woodberry. Brothers, you have honored your own manhood by honoring these two men. It is an inspiration to every one of us, the humblest Brother of us all, that Liberty Lodge at least will not be swerved by pretentious claims to distinction from a true judgment of the values of a man's life. Let the portraits of these two friends who, together or separately, wrought for the welfare of Liberty and Masonry, be as trumpet angels to all of us, calling us to loftier aims and a more devoted life. If their spirits know and see — and why should they not? — what we are about tonight in this temple of their love, we may well believe that they would like to speak to us and thank us, but above all urge us to loyalty to our obligations.

It would seem as if I had said enough. But how can I forget his work for the Hospital, for the Historical Society, for all the other benevolent and educational institutions of our city, not to speak of his interest in the churches to which he gave his allegiance?

It is not well-known enough that no man in Beverly did so much to secure the benefits

of a well-equipped Hospital for the people not only of this city, but of the neighboring towns, as Brother Woodberry. From the time when the present-day Nestor of our physicians and surgeons opened a Hospital on lower Cabot Street, there was no one more eager to help in all ways than our friend. He continued his interest to the last of his days. He gave of his substance when he had substance to give. He secured large sums of money in times of difficulty to enable the Hospital to continue its work. He thought of it, he prayed for it, he worked for it. He stirred up people about it, and some of us at least know, and we do not intend that it shall be forgotten, or that any one shall take his glory from him, — some of us, I say, know, — that he brought more real help to the Hospital and to all concerned in its welfare than any other individual ever connected with it. He visited over fifty other hospitals to study their systems; he consulted scores and scores of physicians, surgeons, nurses, superintendents, directors, and others familiar with hospital work, to get the fruits of their experience for the benefit of the Beverly Hospital. He interested wealthy people to become benefactors and active helpers; he visited the Hospital, hundreds, yes, I think, thousands of times, and his visits were to patients and nurses, as well as to the superintendent.



He smoothed things over; he made allowances for diversities of tempers and capabilities and persuaded others to do so. I know whereof I speak, for from my first acquaintance with him, now almost twenty years ago, he talked to me about his ambitions for the Hospital, and often in his perplexity came to relieve his mind by a confidential talk. He took it for granted that I was interested in all sick people, and he felt safe in asking for any assistance I might be able to give him.

I very distinctly remember the day he came to me and we spoke of the need of fire-proofing the old hospital building on Central street. He wished to embody in his annual report as President of the Board of Directors a request for \$8,000 to repair and fire-proof the old building. I advised him not to do so. I told him that instead of asking for \$8,000 to fire-proof that very inadequate building, he should forthwith request the Directors and all concerned to take steps to build an up-to-date hospital in some suitable place. He took this view of the matter and asked for a new hospital. His request, to his great pleasure and surprise, was acted upon almost immediately, and steps were taken to build and equip the slightly hospital which has been such a blessing to so many, and will be to many for all the days to come. We know it was not all plain

sailing for Brother Woodberry, but I feel confident that Justice in its fulness will be accorded to him, and that when men — if ever they think it worth while — speak the whole truth, Beverly will realize its debt to the quiet-mannered little member of Liberty Lodge. I could speak more fully on this matter.

The Historical Society and all its ramifications is peculiarly his own child. He secured the gift of the house and land of the Historical Society and a generous bequest towards carrying on the work. Remember the ancient things, for out of them comes wisdom. This is the value of History; the past is exhibited as the lamp of experience to guide our steps in the future. He had a natural reverence for great things, and History brought to mind vast multitudes of great things. He would foster History. The records of his native town were full of brave, pathetic, and interesting stories. He would tell them to all of us, and deepen our patriotism and enlarge our views and our virtue. He looked to beginnings, the rock whence we were hewn, and the pit out of which we were digged. His romantic, dreamy, poetic nature took him back to the days of the forefathers, their arduous tasks, their great longings. He loved to tell of Colonial days, and of Beverly's part in them. Whether he was telling tales of the Indian wars, the French



wars, the struggle for independence, or of the after days, he talked at times almost like one who lived in those days and saw with his eyes the things he was telling about and took an actual part in them. Who that ever heard him tell of Hannah Swarton; of Captain Lothrop and the Beverly men at Bloody Brook; of Fort Frederick where Beverly boys suffered and died; of Hubbardton where Colonel Francis and the four Beverly lads of Billy Porter's company were killed, and at whose distant graves he hoped to erect a suitable memorial; of the Beverly sailor, Noah Hartwell, imprisoned in Spain by the Inquisition, and dying shortly afterwards from the effects of his imprisonment and sufferings; of the founding of America's navy and the part Beverly and Beverly men had in the work, — not to mention Concord and Lexington and all the other historic places and men of whom he spoke, down to the last days of the Spanish War,— who, I say, hearing him tell of these things, could think, that here was a little Beverly business man, and not a bard like those of the olden times recounting the pathetic and heroic sufferings and deeds of his people that he might stir his hearers to sympathy, pride, and emulation? He would not have it that the past of his native town should be forgotten. Other places were boasting of a historic past; well Beverly had a past, too, and one to

stir the pride of her people, and he would sing it, paint it, carve it, enshrine it in visible forms, until all could understand and lift their voices in praise, and raise their city from the enslavement of low things.

When he sought out and marked the graves of the soldiers of the Colonial and Revolutionary times, and when year after year he placed the little flags in the standards at their graves, he was offering his tribute of gratitude to the memory of the men who offered their all that America might be a nation free and great. He recognized his debt to them, and he was, as it were, the high-priest of his city making for all of us the external sacrifice of praise and oblation, and calling upon us by the sacred emblem of our country to be ready to give our all for her. Yes, he loved patriotic displays and he was right. Talk of the glory of your country, of the wonder of her, and almost all will understand and throb in unison with your love. Tell of her greatness and men will exult; tell of her sorrows and they will weep. It was not for himself, for his own ease, that he worked. He gathered the names of the humblest men that ever went out from among us to battle for Liberty, or for Union, and caused them to be preserved in imperishable bronze, that the record of Beverly's manhood might be kept before the eyes of Beverly's children through the generations.



We know that he met with scoffers who ridiculed his efforts, but we know, too, that it took more than a scoff or a sneer to beat down the steady, persistent mind and heart and will of the little Puritan gentleman. His catholicity of spirit was wonderful, when we think of how he attracted men and their support and carried out his purposes. The Historical Society and its fine collection of books manuscripts, paintings, memorial panels, and other objects of art or use, — are all the result of his single effort. It is his own child — the child of his patriotic love, and no one can rob him of his paternity.

What would man be without the memory that brings to him the things of the past, that he may be wise in all things? History is the record of man's advance from small beginnings to great things. History reaches all efforts, all life. It begins with God, it ends in God. The man who best knows History, other things being equal, is the greatest man. Was he not wise in building as he did?

Few men of his day were better versed than he in the knowledge of the past. His knowledge of the navy of the United States from its first beginnings in Beverly, down to recent times was almost without parallel on the continent. Certainly, his knowledge of the Continental Navy established by order of Congress was beyond that of any

other living man, and the Navy Department officials in Washington who knew of his researches in this department considered them unique, and were glad to use his knowledge on more than one occasion. He has left some thousands of pages of original manuscripts, dealing with the Navy, the history of Beverly and New England, and all periods of our national history, especially the Colonial and the Revolutionary periods. Let us hope that in the future those who use his valuable manuscripts will be honorable enough to give the modest little student the credit due to him.

He did not take his history from hearsay or tradition, or even the printed books that crowd our libraries; he went to the original sources, the letters, the manuscripts, the public and private documents hidden away in various places, and for the most part neglected except by the very few discriminating minds who know that they and they alone are the real history. Woodberry was an original-source man. Some one said, "Let me make the songs of a people and I care not who make the laws." History, as we know it in books, is for the most part but the private interpretation of facts, real or imaginary, by the men we call historians. Woodberry said, "Let me put the original documents in the hands of the people, then the people will know."



When we were celebrating Old Home Week in Beverly several years ago, and when it fell to me to give a brief address on the history of Beverly, it was Woodberry who prepared me for the task by placing at my disposal all his hard-earned wealth of learning, and perhaps some of you recall the impression made by the recital of a little of Beverly's glorious past.

When, some time ago, his brother, the distinguished poet and man of letters, gave a historical address in North Beverly, you will remember that he modestly disclaimed all credit for the substance of his worth, acknowledging that for the substance he was indebted to his brother Charles, while he merely supplied the accidents. And others were under like obligations. He never withheld his treasures when they could be used for their fitting purposes. Indeed I recall that Brother Stopford once made a great impression by an address on the early days of the United States Navy, and again it was Woodberry speaking through Stopford. And so it went.

His part in having the historic cannon placed near the High School, was part of his plan to keep American History and Patriotism before the growing generations. His interest in the schools was down-right American. All spots of our city associated with its honorable history he would make into daily

teachers of Patriotism, as Independence Park. Why that name? Because there Beverly first heard read the immortal Declaration.

Our Brother's work for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was a work of love. You see he found time for many things. Many a child he saved, and many a home he kept together.

He was also a volunteer worker in behalf of dumb animals, and one who knew him well has told me with a wondering admiration of the self-possessed, quiet, but determined manner in which he expostulated with the drivers of over-fatigued horses, and in spite of eager and rather warm remonstrances from the drivers compelled them to take the poor exhausted animals to the nearest stable and attend to their well-being. It may be truly said of him that his spirit carried him into sympathy with all the universe in its sufferings.

For years as you know he was a Director of the New England Home for Deaf Mutes, and his interest in the children was intense and fatherly. The good Miss Swett, the founder of the school, often found in his sturdy personality the help she much needed to carry on her arduous, but often thankless task.

I might speak of his more intimate and sacred relations with the Church of Christ. The Dane Street Congregational Church was the church of his boyhood and early man-



hood. He loved it, not only for its spiritual power, but for the sake of family associations. His artistic nature tried to reconcile itself to the cold formality of those days, and feeling that the House of the Lord needed something of cheer and beauty to offset the unadorned aspect of the interior he ventured to break all precedents and on one solemn Sabbath he placed flowers in the church, to the surprise of all, the no small delight of many, and the consternation, if not indignation, of not a few. No one objects to flowers in a church to-day. In his later life he became a Communicant of St. Peter's Church, and I must say to his praise, that I do not recall anyone who more regularly attended both morning and evening service than he, and he often told me that he loved to take part in the service, and always missed it when he had to be absent. He modestly sat in the most retired seat of the church. For years he was a vestryman and senior warden, and I am glad of the opportunity of acknowledging my own debt to him for wise counsel and inspiration in trying circumstances to which no pastor's life is altogether a stranger.

But over and above all, who can recount his works of mercy and love to the many, many people who came to him for advice and assistance? Multitudes of Beverly people and others, many of them total strangers to him, have had good reason to call him blessed.

The men, the women, the boys, the girls, the babies, he helped — who can count them? The bills he let go unpaid or cancelled, because he felt the debtors were too poor to pay; the quantities and quantities of medicines he gave away and would not even let his clerks enter on his books; the food, the clothing, the coal and wood, he quietly sent to homes where there was need; the moneys he actually paid out to help needy people; who shall tell the sum of them? The places he secured for people out of work, who could of their own efforts find no work. We must stop. I think we can listen, and as his spirit left its tabernacle, we can hear a voice sympathetic beyond all voices saying, "Inasmuch as you have done it to the least of these my brethren, you have done it unto Me. Enter into the joy of thy Lord."

His personal friendships were most dear to him. He gave his all, himself, to his friends, and when he found that some, who called themselves his friends, avoided, or seemed to avoid him, in his days of distress and weakness it almost — as he says in one of his letters — broke his heart.

It was a rare life, marked by strong characteristics, and by strong attachments. Who never made a friend, hath never made a foe. He did have friends, true, high-minded, loyal, who thought they understood him, but found that the veil of this life had to be



taken away before they saw him in his fulness. The scaffolding has to be removed before the house can be seen in all its beauty. Some of those who once were proud to call him friend,—yes, some of those, whom he helped and whose families and friends he helped, were found wanting in later days. It grieved him, and sorely grieved him. But we all know of the fair-weather and the utilitarian friend.

His family relations were of the most tender and exalted kind. No breath of scandal ever touched him.

Do you know him now as he lived his life and as death has revealed him? Sensitive, artistic, poetic, dreamy, visionary, and withal the one man in Beverly who planned and carried out even to success more big things for all of us than any other son of Beverly.

Before I close I am tempted to make known to you some lines he wrote to one of his dearest friends, George A. Galloupe, late member of this Lodge. It is marked confidential, and he disclaims for it the title of poetry. It reveals him in his trials and his trusts, and I feel it will do us all good to hear the cry of his soul. He calls it

## LONELINESS

Reaching out in the darkness, peering into the night,  
To catch a glimpse of some star of hope to guide  
me to the light,  
Some friendly star with a radiance steady and clear,  
As that which guided the magi of old, in the dawn  
of the Christian year.

Sitting alone in the darkness while the wind blows  
up from the sea,  
Yearning to hear the voice of God borne on the  
wings of the storm to me;  
Speak to me out of the darkness, My God,  
Send the pillar of fire by night,  
Let the message be the living word  
To clothe my soul for the fight.  
Thou art the Word, O Christ! the Light, the Way,  
My leader Thou, though the darkness hide  
In faith I wait the dawn of a better day."



In his letter he says, "You may not think it good poetry, but it's my own, and out of my heart it came — the cry of a restless soul."

He had a refined mind of a high order, and had he had the advantage of a University education, I have no doubt he would have been heard of in some distinguished career. But he was left in Beverly, for Beverly needed such as he, and he did a son's full duty by her.

He was very fond of the best literature, and took especial delight in it, reading much in many departments, but he was especially fond of poetry. The poetic streak must be in the family somewhere. You see it breaking out in those challenging lines of his father, about "Tip and Tyler." Many and many an hour I had to satisfy his soul by reading aloud, sometimes for two or three hours at a stretch, from the poets he loved. There is one simple and touching poem by John Burroughs which he called upon me to read many times. It gave him peace. Before I close I will read it to you. It is called

## WAITING

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;  
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,  
For lo! My own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
No wind can drive my bark astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years;  
My heart shall reap where it has sown,  
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw  
The brook that springs in yonder height;  
So flows the good with equal law  
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;  
The tidal wave unto the sea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
Can keep my own away from me.



To-night, my Brothers, we bring him  
some of his own. His shortcomings lie  
buried in the love of his Brothers of Liberty  
and in the love of our great Father.

Worshipful Master, let his face look out  
on the Lodge of his love.