
SOME MEMORIES

JAMES DOWDELL STANLEY



For my sons

Some Memories



James Dowdell Stanley

I HAVE, during the passing years, often wished that my good father had thought to put in writing some of his memories, of his boyhood and young manhood, in particular. I do not recall that he ever dwelt much even in conversation upon the happenings and experiences of those early days.

He did tell me that he had no recollection of his father, who died suddenly in church, at a Methodist love-feast, when he himself was but three years of age. The wish had been expressed that the end might come in just this way, even naming this feast of brotherhood as the place. His age was only in the thirties, thirty-three, I think.

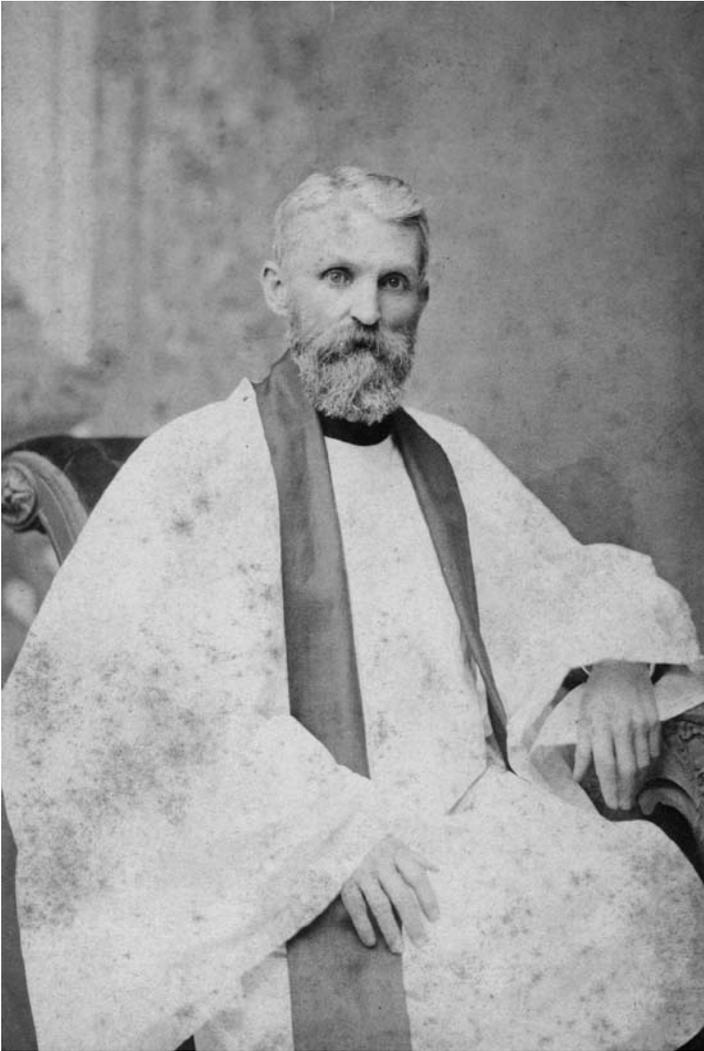
But my father had vivid memories of his mother, who died when he was sixteen years old. With teaching she reared her not small family, being a woman of fine, and cultivated, mind, devoted to classical history and literature especially, naming her sons, with one exception, after Roman rulers.

I am not sure the sons were gratified to be so distinguished. In a letter to my father, at the time of my birth, my uncle Thomas, who had escaped the Roman nomenclature, being named for his father, urged that the custom be dropped, and that I should be called Tom, Dick or Harry. His suggestion was heeded to the extent that I was named after my maternal grandfather.

It was my father's contention that a younger son of the House of Derby came over from England to better his financial situation, and became the progenitor of the North Carolina branch of the Stanley family. This conviction has been corroborated by others of the name, or connection, from that state with whom I have discussed the matter. So at least it was a tradition, though I have seen no documentary evidence to that effect, despite a declared family tree which is said to be in existence. This might, or might not be, conclusive on this point. American family trees sometimes are given to romance. It is a matter of no deep concern, though of reasonable interest.

[Here let me interrupt this narrative to interpolate something of interest. Our dad had been planning a trip to Europe for some time and so it was that on June 29, 1912, Dad and Mother, Howard and I embarked from Philadelphia on the steamship "Graf Valdersee." It was while we were in England that my father took me to the doorstep of Lord Stanley, Earl of Derby and told me that I was directly related to the occupant. Many years later when Sara and I and our three children lived in Richmond, Virginia, at "Boulder Brook" Murray Bayliss told me I was the "spittin' image" of the Earl of Derby. One day while I was sitting in the waiting room of radio station WRVA someone asked if I were not Governor Richard Stanley, who hailed from southwest Virginia. James S. Stanley]

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Augustus Olin Stanley, James Dowdell Stanley's father

My grandfather Stanley was a Methodist minister, two of his sons following in his steps. One of these, however, later took orders in the Episcopal Church. My father himself for some years was a licensed Methodist local preacher, never joining the Conference and holding a pastorate, however. His birthplace was Athens, Georgia, where his father ministered to a congregation.

His thoughts turned to medicine as a profession, being a graduate from Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in 1856, having married, the



Rebecca Dowdell Stanley, James Dowdell Stanley's mother

year before, Rebecca Lily Dowdell. As my own birthday fell on May 27, 1856, it would seem I came near having the Quaker City as the place of my nativity.

My father, never being robust, and finding that the physician's life of that day meant often long journeys on horseback, in all weathers and at all hours, and finding that it told unfavorably on his health, abandoned active practice and became a planter, looking after a plantation in Harris County, Georgia, a legacy to my mother from her father.

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About ten years before his death, which took place when he was less than forty-nine years old, on January 2, 1881, his thoughts turned to the ministry of the Episcopal Church, in which eventually he was ordained, holding charges in LaGrange, Georgia, Pulaski and Nashville, Tennessee, and Evansville, Indiana.

This change of religious affiliation came about in part through the influence of his older brother Thomas. I had not known that such a step was contemplated, but one Sunday morning I was surprised by him with the declaration that he would accompany me to Sunday School. Reaching a certain corner, he said, "We turn this way."

I was eager in a contest for best attendance at the Methodist Sunday School so I demurred for a moment, but when he said "We go to the Episcopal Church hereafter," I acquiesced, as I ever felt that his course was right in all things, such was my confidence and reverence. Doubtless this step decided my own church career in later years. Being a boy soprano, I was drafted into the church choir at once, and a few weeks of study familiarized me with the service of the prayer book, which appealed to me from the first.

As I have referred to my father's descent, let me set down a bit of the history of my mother's father, James Dowdell. While the Stanleys were of English blood, the Dowdells, though originally from England, had lived for a number of centuries in Ireland. From Dublin, or its vicinity, came the father of James Dowdell, before the American Revolution, for it is recorded that he enlisted in that conflict as a cadet.

Some notes, written by my mother's father, tell of his leaving Alexandria, Virginia, to go by boat to Kentucky to seek his fortune. An uncle was living there, and he went to join him. Having ridden a horse to the boat, young James sold it and secured an assortment of hats, which were later disposed of at a good profit, doubtless, as he was ever of a thrifty turn.

The details of his movements I have forgotten, but eventually he found himself in Georgia. With a brother there were acquired many acres of land. It seemed his passion to add acre unto acre.

I am informed that, having bought a piece of land, he never parted with it, declaring that if it was worth so much to another it was equally valuable to him.

At the time of his death, in the autumn of 1856, there came by will to his several children a plantation each, with a sufficient quota of slaves. Some of these acres were in Alabama, I believe.

I imagine he must have been considered a man of means for his day or region.

It was in the house he built in Harris County that my mother was born, and it was the plantation on which it was located that came to her later as her possession.

James Dowdell was quite in his forties when he married and his bride of several years less than twenty, whether sixteen or eighteen I cannot state accurately, though I think it sixteen. To them were born eight children, my mother being one of the younger.

With other well-to-do planters, James Dowdell had as residence towards the last a large house in Oak Bowery, then Chambers County, Alabama, a small community of planters only, I have been informed. Thither my mother repaired at the time of my birth, and so it is that while my parents were citizens of Georgia, I actually opened my eyes in the adjoining commonwealth.

I recall as a small lad seeing the house in which I was born. In the fall of 1919, in company with my wife, I visited this community by the request of my mother just before her death on February 9, in the same year, when she was in her eighty-sixth year. She wished us to see the graves of her parents, who were buried on the premises. She hoped they were undisturbed and in order. My vague recollections were made definite by this visit. The burial plot was in the midst of a field of corn, but surrounded by a strong iron fence, which had withstood the ravages of time, and the monuments, though stained, stood intact, the inscriptions being easily decipherable. We did not gain access to the house as the tenants were away; but I learned that the property was owned by General Bullard, who had distinguished himself in the World War.

Now I turn to my boyhood's home in LaGrange, Georgia, where I lived my first fifteen years. My mother has told me that before she was engaged, riding with my father, she looked through a vista of trees and espied the low colonial house, a third of a mile away, and was so pleased with the prospect that she exclaimed, "That is the house in which I should like to live." This remark probably decided my childhood habitat, and it was there she was destined to abide for a number of years, and her four younger children to be born. A son, just younger than myself, was born in Harris County and died in early infancy. Olin, Caro, Ellen and Elizabeth came to the home in LaGrange.

LaGrange, in those days, was a small community, claiming a population of three thousand souls, though now it is a prosperous town of many thousand, with many cotton mills and operatives. In the old days many families of the better class resided there. There were stately homes, surrounded by many acres of wooded groves. Stress was laid on education.

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Rebecca Dowdell Stanley, James Dowdell Stanley's mother

There were two colleges for women and a high school, so called, though it included even primary grades, also several small private schools.

The social atmosphere of the town was altogether delightful. As a county seat there was the usual public square, with the court house in the center. The business of the town was conducted on the four sides of the square.

This spot was the Mecca for boys. It was the one region where interesting things might be doing. Business was not so urgent that even merchants did not sit out at times in front of their shops, some to whittle, and all to talk with assembled cronies discussing all conceivable subjects. If the question were interesting, customers might be asked to go into the shop and select the article wished.

There was not much passing of cash, for the credit system was the rule. If it proved to be a cash purchase, then pay could be taken outside by the proprietor. In front of one hotel, men of age were accustomed to sit under the trees and play checkers, or watch others play.

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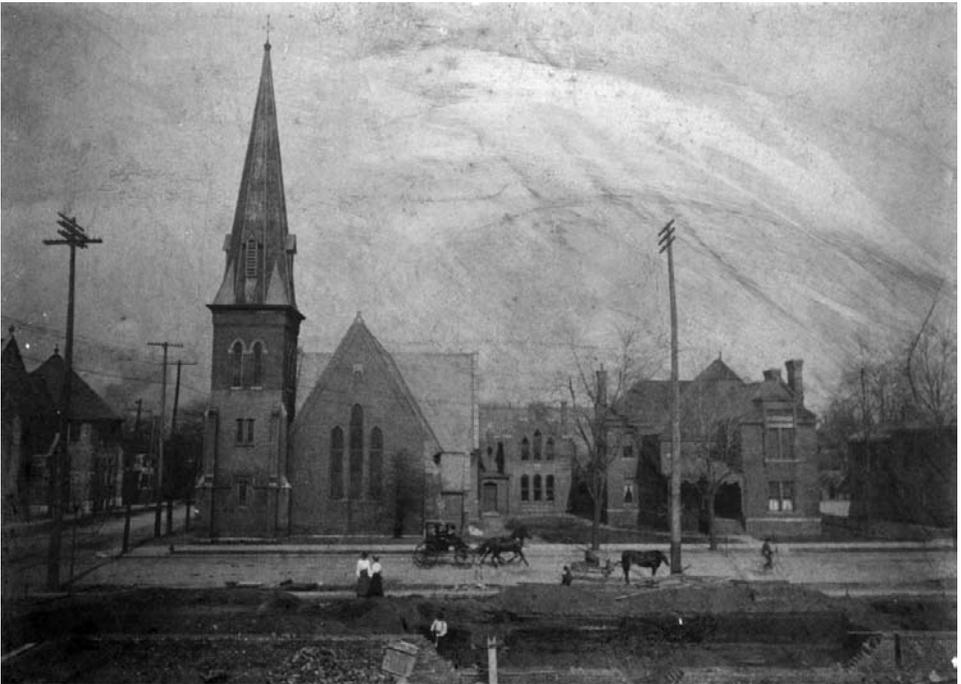
I accounted it a privilege to be allowed to go downtown. I enjoyed listening to the discussions of men, and was reluctant to go home for meals. Also there was a fascination about watching a game of checkers.

There was, in particular, an old man who enchained my attention as he played. His hand was somewhat palsied, and his right forefinger bent. My eyes were glued on this deformity. He played with great deliberation, his head shaking from side to side, and he would hold a piece poised in his trembling fingers it seemed minutes before his decision came. But his moves generally told to his advantage.

In my earlier days it required parental permission to go to the square. But when at the age of eleven or twelve, I sought this permission from my father one day, his rejoinder impressed me profoundly and left an indelible mark.

“I think,” he said in effect, “you have reached the age when you should guide your own movements. If you have no studies to prepare, and your mother does not need you, and you have the purpose to behave as you should, there is no reason why you should not go downtown whenever you wish, without asking consent. So do not ask it in the future. Only bear in mind that you are a gentleman and the son of a gentleman. Should I hear of your misbehaving, then I must withdraw the privilege of freedom of determination in this matter.”

Church, exact location unknown



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*James Dowdell Stanley
This picture is probably from Trinity College.*

I do not recall ever acting otherwise than seemly on these excursions to the square, after such expressed confidence and such a wise attitude on the part of my father.

When not listening to men talk, or watching the game of checkers, I would go into the courthouse to hear trials, and particularly to the summing up of counsel. I never failed to do this when Benjamin Hill, afterwards United States Senator, was to argue. His eloquence enthralled me.

There were some rather barbarous punishments in those days. Once I recalled seeing a young negro strung up by his thumbs in the courthouse yard, for probably some minor offense. It must have been a prolonged agony. Yet it did not impress me very painfully. So on another occasion I witnessed, at the edge of town, the flogging of the bare backs of offenders.

Great bleeding welts stood out as the culprits groaningly received their punishment. I did not feel greatly concerned. I was much like one of



*Carolyn Stanley Bishop, Elizabeth Stanley and Ellen Stanley,
sisters of James Dowdell Stanley*

the Roman populace beholding martyrdom in the Colosseum.

Later on, the sight of physical pain brought a shudder, and it has ever done so. So that it may be true that in growing up one passes through the history of the race, and at the time I mention I was imbued with the callousness of the savage era.

In those days, and I think the custom yet prevails in the South, Christmas was the time for fireworks. Many is the time I witnessed fierce battles on the square on Christmas Eve, the weapons being Roman Candles.

Young men, and sometimes older men as well, who felt the spirit of youth, arrayed in their oldest clothes, with collars of coats turned up about the neck, were arranged in companies and engaged in sending the flaming candle bullets into the enemy's ranks or, when engaging in individual warfare, or single combat, anyone near was for the time the enemy.

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When the desperate encounter was raging, onlookers would rush near to behold the better. On one occasion, I remember there was a wire stretched across the street in mischief, precipitating this mass in angry confusion.

As boys enjoy today exploding firecrackers, so the boys of the early sixties took delight in the same noise. Even Santa Claus did not hesitate to place a pack in the Christmas stocking.

LaGrange was too small to have much in the way of public amusements. Of course, the circus came at intervals, and the boys watched proceedings from start to finish, accounting themselves lucky if called on to help in any fashion, thereby gaining free admission. The parade drew its thousands from far and near as spectators, and we always followed it to the grounds.

To the boyish palate, there was nothing so solacing as circus gingerbread and lemonade. I can remember even now the thrill that ran up and down my spine when the band began to play, and the show was on, and soon would come the grand entry into the ring. A circus was always a one-ring affair, and I suppose much the same program was followed then as now on a smaller scale.

We each had his favorite troupe, but I was confident none put on such a show as old John Robinson. We thought it something of a fraud, however, that everything on the advertising posters was not in the show.

But there was enough to satisfy “the most discriminating,” as the handbill proclaimed. One clown furnished the fun, though the trick mule was a close second.

I think I never stayed for the concert given after the regular performance, though it was “all for the small sum of fifteen cents,” its announcer proclaimed. This because parental generosity did not extend this far. It was not a period of weekly allowance to children, lavish or modest.

My admiration and envy was the small boy at the very top, as men stood on shoulders of others, and the horse cantered slowly around. I am afraid if I had thought I could perform the feat, and the opportunity had been offered, I should have forsaken the parental roof and run away with the circus.

The straight-laced were glad when a menagerie was an adjunct, for then they could go to see the performance in the ring, where they peeped through fingers to behold girls so “shamefully unclad,” as they cavorted on the horses. They probably had dispensation from their pastors and deacons, who were strict guardians in those days, to see the lions and feed the monkeys.

For ours was a supervised community under Methodist rigidity, and sisterly espionage. Personally, my own father was very liberal in his attitude towards all amusements. His children were not forbidden cards and the like. But these “instruments of the devil” were cards of admission to infernal regions, and were therefore “taboo” and played only in secrecy.

Being caught with others playing “seven up” behind a tree, on the school premises, by a teacher appearing suddenly, we tried to conceal the tools of our offending, and were filled with consternation. Our detective disclaimed any personal objection to our playing, but for the sake of disapproving parents and public opinion, he must positively forbid cards within the school’s area. I think it was the end of such offending by those who knew why he objected to amusement, when under his jurisdiction.

A splendid Methodist minister gained the disfavor of his congregation because he wore a mustache, when it was the custom of his brethren of the cloth to be fully shaven. His hardihood betokened worldliness. His wife was waited on by women of the flock because she appeared at church with a bow on her bonnet, betokening vanity, and when the pastor declared in a sermon that he would rather have his daughter dance than mope, the time had come when he should end his tenure with the next meeting of the conference, for it would not be asked that he be returned to the charge.

Any kind of dancing was frowned upon, but round dancing was considered a sin before God, and was a scandal in the sight of men.

I do not know how I happened to be at a dance given in the dining room of the hotel for soldiers during the Civil War. The dancers were in a measure condoned, but when a young lady of the town took a whirl in a waltz with a soldier, her reputation suffered total collapse, and she was pronounced “fast.” Surely times change, and most persons change with them.

The two professional shows I recall, given in the town hall, were LaRue’s Minstrels, in which Stevie Rogers sang and danced “Shoo Fly Don’t You Bodder Me”, while arrayed as a negro wench, which seemed wonderful, and a light opera, “The Daughter of the Regiment.”

Alice Oates, Prima Donna, seemed heavenly to my young ears, and Alice herself was most bewitching. This came under a financial guarantee. My impression of the leading singer was not changed when I saw her in more ambitious roles, when I was a college student.

After the minstrel performance every small boy wanted to play black face, and corks were purloined from bottles to be burned for the facial make-up. I took part in a private show of the kind at the home of an aunt with a brother and young cousin, the two being end men, and I taking the part of interlocutor.

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Camilla Rebecca Hutton, who married James Dowdell Stanley

The audience was composed of our immediate families. I seemed to be a hit in a specialty I put on, and “got the hand and the laugh,” to later find it was amusement, not at my “turn” but at my corked face and exceedingly blond hair in combination.

Once a year came “Fantastics.” It may have been in imitation of Mardi Gras, and held on Shrove Tuesday, and it drew the populace.

Young men arrayed themselves in all kinds of fancy costumes, and attempted to disguise their faces. The youngsters followed on the heels of the procession all through the town, trying to discover identities under the masques, and when they thought they were successful crying out the names, always inordinately amused by Billy Robinson, the town’s jester, who was sure to put on a comic stunt, riding on a mule backwards, perhaps, and always arrayed in an outlandish costume.

He established himself with the small boys as quite a hero, and I remember being most interested in making the acquaintance at the high

school later of a younger Robinson, because he was Billie's elder brother, and some of the glory of the elder brother seemed to envelope him. Of course, we small boys imitated the parade, riding sticks for horses.

The tin whistle was our favorite musical instrument. An orchestra of these, each player blowing his lungs out, and following his own fancy, made no doubt a hideous conglomeration of sound. But we thought it music.

It is heresy to even breath it, but once in a symphony concert, when a modern composition was played by wind instruments only, the sensation seemed reminiscent, and there came like a flash to mind those whistle orchestral offerings of this boyhood band.

Those were the days of the planchette, that heart-shaped contrivance of wood, working on wheels, which responded most readily to the pressure of fingers, supposedly answering from another world any questions asked by the spirits.

On one occasion, in a bumptious mood, I solemnly proclaimed my power to receive messages. When put to the test and asked if there were a spirit present, my responding instrument wrote a faint yes. Whose spirit? I declared it to be that of an old lady I knew had been an invalid in this home for months and had died. My father abruptly told me to quit any nonsense and the planchette.

On the way home he rather sternly berated me, though an innocent offender, declaring that it would be thought he had told me of a supposed tragedy in the case, suppressed to avoid the tongue of scandal.

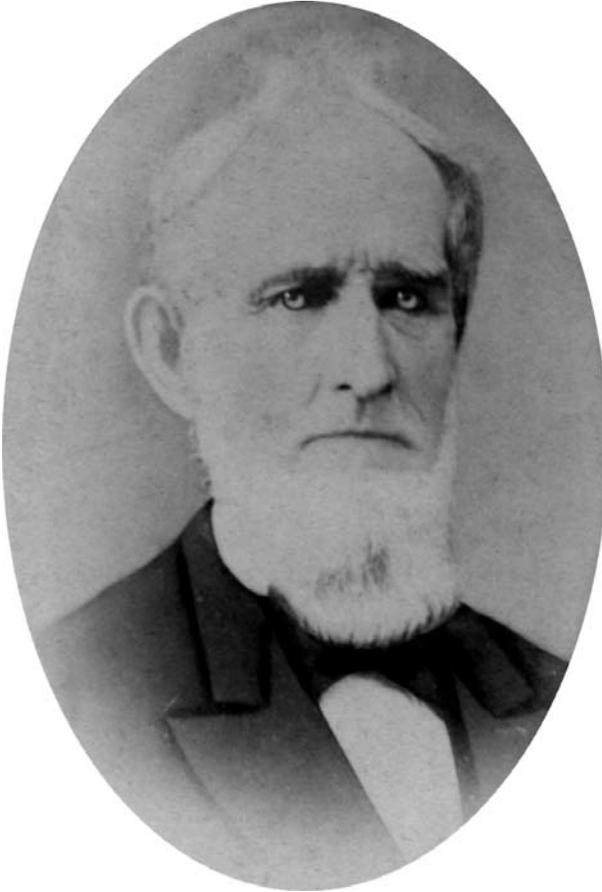
I recall the awe inspired in my heart by reading on a poster, pasted on a telegraph pole, that the Ku Klux Klan would visit that community on a certain day. The negroes were greatly concerned, and told us of the almost supernatural things the "Ku Kluxers" did.

I did not have the doubtful felicity of seeing one, though curiosity would have been gratified to have done so. But they were represented in the next circus performance, with elongated bodies at least twelve feet high. And hideous faces. These bodies were twisted into every conceivable grotesque attitude.

When we moved to Tennessee later, making our home at Pulaski, I learned of the organization. Indeed it was fully detailed by one of our townsmen in one of the national magazines. It seems it started in the vicinity of Pulaski and began as a joke.

In order to frighten a negro, a man had thrown a sheet over his head. This gave the idea. It had worked so effectively that an organization was formed to keep the negro in order during the trying times of reconstruction, when his new freedom had gone to his head, and the powers in the saddle gave him very free rein. The original organization was quite unlike the modern one that has assumed its name.

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Jesse Milhouse Hutton, Camilla's father

Of course, as one looks back over many years there are only a few personalities that stand out vividly. Three of these were friends and playmates, our friendships starting either in the neighborhood or at school.

Bud Turner lived just adjoining our premises. The intimacy with him started very early, for I have no recollection of the time when I did not know him and look upon him as my dearest play-fellow.

We were together every day at most of the hours we were free, fishing, hunting, gathering chestnuts, and doing the things in which boys commonly engage.

Early in the morning either Bud or I would whistle, and the call must be obeyed, even if we left our meal to do so. Ours was a complete understanding and congeniality.



Rebecca Shaw Hutton, Camilla's mother

But once did we come to blows. We each claimed as our particular girl a little lass of six years of age. To settle the matter, we went behind his barn for a set-to. I came out of the fray vanquished, with ears smarting from the blows received. He was a year or two older than I, and larger, and the contest was unequal, but I had fought for my lady love, and that was what knights did!

This encounter made no breach in our friendship. When he was about fifteen, he clerked in his uncle's bookshop. I thought him most highly favored. Whenever, after his appointment to this honorable post, I went to the Square, it was to spend some time with him at his counter.

After that he moved to Atlanta, which was beginning to draw the young men of Georgia from the smaller communities, for it was growing rapidly, and there he was employed in a wholesale grocery. Surely he was

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growing in importance, I thought! The last word concerning him was that he had reached the State Legislature.

Then there was Bob C., a bright and genial lad, whose physical deformity of a hare-lip rather fascinated me. Later he became a specialist in ear and throat troubles, practicing in Atlanta. Frank R., though not a neighbor, was an intimate and cherished friend; a fine fellow in every way be it said, who lost his moral grip after a splendid career in medicine, becoming a victim of drugs.

These I have mentioned stand out conspicuously as the companions of my boyhood.

While I recall many names of school-fellows, their personalities have grown indistinct.

Later, in Tennessee, I grew into intimacy for a year or two with Rivers C., a most interesting lad, tall, deliberate in movement and speech, but with active brain. I never knew him to be excited. He had a dry sense of humor at all times. When a teacher at the school told him that his mother had inquired concerning his progress, and queried "What do you suppose I told her?" he answered with a drawl, "I suppose you told her the truth."

Charles R. was a close friend of mine, despite the fact that we were rather rivals in love. When he received the appointment to Annapolis and had entered, his letters from the Santee made me envious of his lot. I lost track of him later, but learned he had reached the position of Admiral before retiring.

It is a pleasure to recall such splendid characters, and a satisfaction to have accounted them friends in my youth.

The three other personalities that stand out vividly were not Caucasians, but in my first knowledge of them were slaves, Mammie, Sophie, Rob, two or three years older than I, and Henry the coachman.

Mammie nursed my mother, and later all of her children. My head in infancy had been pillowed on her bosom. To me she was the embodiment of all that was fine, and the possessor of almost ultimate wisdom. My earliest religious impressions I gained from her holy injunctions. She was very religious, and her religion was not merely emotional.

She it was who told me in an inimitable way Uncle Remus stories, and I could hear over and over of the slyness of Brer Fox, the agility of Brer Rabbit, and the adventures of Brer Bear.

And then what songs she sang me! I can hear even now the refrain, "Let's drive Old Satan away!" Some of the lines were "Old Satan is a liar and conjur (congerer) too, Let's drive Old Satan away! We'll drive him to the grog shop, hallelujah! etc."

She fasted rigidly on Fridays, taking not even water until the sun went down, but putting each meal aside, “to select from when she broke her fast.” Usually she was indisposed on Saturday.

She was greatly disturbed lest her religion be not genuine for, as she said, when consulting my father for her soul’s peace, she never felt like shouting, and she would not play the hypocrite and do it; that she had had no trance with a revelation to announce when she came out of it to tell the meeting. This, too, was a source of great disquietude.

“I will trust your religion before that of those who shout and go into trances,” my father assured her; “I trust all the keys of the house to you in absolute confidence.”

Some years later, when I was visiting in the South, I asked her how it was with her religion then. “Law, chile,” she said, “I can stomp and shout with the best of ’em.”

But how was it about relating a spiritual experience? “I have a religious experience,” she declared, “and what I say come to me by rebelation.”

Asking her to tell it to me, she continued, “Now the white folks say I heard you chillun saying your catechism. I never did, and wondered why your pa didn’t teach it to you. It come to me by rebelation. Who made you? God. What He make you fer? To lub and to serve Him. Which are they? The Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the ’lick Church, the nunion of our sins, the direction of our bodies, for Christ’s sake. Amen.”

These were remembered sounds, without meaning to her, carried in her subconsciousness for years, to suddenly leap into her consciousness.

When my father left Georgia, he gave her a good home in which to live. I continued my interrogation.

“Mammie,” I said “How has a likely woman like you remained a widow so long?”

“There’s plenty of cullud geminen cut their eyes at me,” she declared with a laugh, “but I’m afeared they’s jest thinking of my property.”

Mammie was indeed ignorant in many ways, but she was wise in what was best, and really mattered, for hers was a white soul. She nursed later in the family of a cousin, making three generations who were nurtured by her. She lived to a great age, as such long service will attest.

Rob, the boy, was deputed to go about with me, and in a way protect me. He was my hero in all that was brave and strong. It was a painful disappointment to me when he was once vanquished in a fight, and howled as the other boy struck him with an awl.

My devotion to Rob got me into a predicament one Sunday afternoon. He told me my father was to preach to a colored congregation, and he was

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*Camilla Rebecca Hutton
Her wedding picture*

to hold his horse. This did not fit in with my plans, and meant a weary wait for him to return.

Determined not to lose my hours of play with him, I concealed myself under the ample buggy seat, thinking to get out when the destination was reached and have my fun with him. I did not count on my father changing his mind, for, when the journey ended, Rob was not there, and I was making up my mind to walk home, possibly a mile and a half, when my father lifted up the flap, thinking there might be something that could be stolen.

He was surprised beyond measure, but as the horse was restless, said he was glad I was there to hold it. The time seemed interminable before he came back from his preaching.

Again my love for, and loyalty to, Rob got me into serious moral and physical trouble. My father had petted a choice watermelon, waiting until it was ripe to a turn before severing it from the vine, thumping it carefully each morning to test its ripeness.

But his pet disappeared between days. Under the tutelage of Rob, who, if not the culprit, knew who the culprit was, to my father's impatient query I declared I was the guilty perpetrator of this foul deed.

But even a son was not to be let off from punishment. When it was imminent, my heroism waned, and I blurted out the truth about the matter.

I did not escape chastisement thereby, because "a lie was worse than theft from a father's melon patch." The verdict is possibly ethically debatable, inasmuch as I was lying to save a friend, and so the attempted deception was in a different category from ordinary lying. I suppose there was a double penalty and that my hero did not escape his deserts.

Henry the coachman was a superb specimen of physical manhood. He was not black but of a rich brown color. My father declared him to be the handsomest man he had ever seen. His character was as fine as his physique. He it was who taught me to shoot a gun, allowing me at first to rest it on his shoulder to steady my aim. He was everything that was splendid in my eyes.

I am glad to pay this tribute to these three souls. They were among others who served with manifested faithfulness and affection. During the Civil War they were loyal to the families of the soldiers and acted as real protectors for women and children, otherwise defenseless.

Like all Southern boys, and probably those in the North, I had my favorites among the girls. The fascination for any one of them must not have been abiding, for I can remember at least four attractions before I was seventeen.

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At ten came Ella, who seemed to me the embodiment of all loveliness. For a year I lived next door to the entrancing young creature, and it seemed bliss to be next to her in any place, but one soared heavenward in all senses when she sat in the same swing.

One painful episode marred my bliss, however, and filled me with shame. I gathered a beautiful bouquet one morning, tore a fly-leaf from a book, inscribed a sentiment thereon, and directed it to the innamorata. All was left at her front door. When later I found I had spelt her surname with a C, instead of a K, my mortification was boundless, for I felt sure she knew who had sent the floral offering.

After this affair came Anna and Rosa, but these attractions were not profound. The grand passion waited for the age of fourteen, and overwhelming drawing to Leila of seventeen, who had been most gracious to me at a party. To her was penned and sent a glowing and poetical declaration of undying affection. But the ardor was quickly cooled, for pride was sadly wounded, when I learned she had read the note in glee to some cousins, and they, to my wrath, twitted me with it.

In '70 or '71, my father moved to Pulaski, Tennessee and there I felt that I had indeed met my fate, and the admiration seemed mutual. Could there ever be greater thrills than the sight and sweet voice of golden haired little M. aroused! She often wore a spray mignonette, and the color of that dainty flower always bring her to mind, even today. But soon I left for college, and the passion died a natural death through separation. This ended my infatuations for many years.

At one time, soon after the war, my father was seized with a fever to go to California, possibly to practice medicine there. As I heard him discuss the move my excitement was intense. Adventure appeals to youth, and change has a certain fascination.

I traced on the map the course of our journey, picturing the weeks on the sea and rounding the horn, for there were, of course, no transcontinental railways. The thought of land travel was not considered. I read all I could find concerning that distant land. The plan fell through, to my great disappointment.

In memory I am having my first smoke of tobacco. Up to this time, sections of dry grapevine had furnished my materials for a smoke, probably biting the tongue mercilessly. Yet boys puffed with apparent satisfaction.

A ten-pound package of tobacco, in an attic drawer, furnished my temptation. It had been a gift to my father, who did not care for the brand, and put it aside.

Some Memories

My bedroom was on this floor. One night, taking a piece of writing paper, I fashioned some kind of cigarette, going to the window to blow the smoke out. There soon came my father's voice from below asking if I were smoking.

On impulse I answered in the negative, and was soon in bed, but not to sleep for a long time, for my conscience was troubling, since I tried always to be truthful with my father.

I made a full confession next morning, to be told that my word had been accepted the night before, but there was gratification that I had made a full breast of my deception.

"I smoke," said this kindly parent, "and shall not forbid your smoking. I prefer that you should wait until you grow up to indulge this habit, if you expect to do so. But if you are determined to smoke now, I will provide you with tobacco. Smoke with me, not surreptitiously."

It was some years before I indulged in the weed again.

57 Hollister Street, Cincinnati, where James Selwyn Stanley was born.



Some Memories



James Selwyn Stanley and Howard Hutton Stanley

My father's ambition for my education he told me when I was quite young. It was, briefly, to pass through an American college and later finish in an English university, Oxford or Cambridge. He spoke of law as my possible profession.

When at about seventeen I announce to him that I was to study theology, he expressed his gratification, but I felt that in his heart he was disappointed at my choice. He had always liked me to make my own decisions, and in all our relations, even as I revered him, he respected me as a personality. Such correction as I received was never in anger, but in calmness, being the performance of an unwelcome and painful duty.

Going back to an earlier period, had it not been for some intuition on my part as to what to do in an emergency, and the quick response of a young kinsman, my career would have ended at a very early period from drowning.

Accompanying a youthful uncle of seventeen on a fishing excursion to a deep stream, miles away, naturally when he decided to take a swim. I wished to get into the water also. As it was before I had learned the art of swimming, I was permitted to wade near the shore only. Venturing a bit too

far out, an unexpected step-off sent me to the bottom. As I rose the first time I extended my hands above my head to attract attention and the sight of the finger tips brought rescue.

Very early in life came certain marrings of the body, which few healthy lads escape. A broken arm, a disfigured finger, a crescent scar on the forehead sum up my mishaps. Two of these would serve today as marks of identification were such needed.

Many pleasant hours of my youth are associated with the wood fire in the open fireplace around which we gathered. The glowing embers furnished many pictures to my eyes, and probably gave wings to imaginings.

My father was something of an epicure, and we joined him in certain little feasts at the family hearth, roasted corn on the cob, eggs roasted in the ashes, oysters and sometimes yams—these were some of the viands he shared with us, after his own preparing.

I liked doing things as a child, and there was allotted to me a considerable plot of ground in the kitchen garden to cultivate as my own, one of the products by which I laid store being peanuts or, as we called them, ground-peas. There was everything about the home place in the way of fruit and vegetables, enough in quantity to supply the wants of a small village.

On the fruits youngsters gorged, not wisely, it would seem, for I was brought up, so to speak, on calomel and castor oil. The last I swore in my disgust I should ever forego, when it came my privilege to determine, and I do not recall breaking over this promise to myself. Even now the thought of castor oil tempts to nausea.

My early academic training was far from systematic and satisfactory. I recall several small private schools, with a short attendance at each, but most of my studying was done at home under the tutelage of my mother, and it was a task to get me to apply myself. There was lacking the impetus given by student companions. I covered much ground, but probably in a superficial way.

But at fourteen I was enrolled at the high school. Capt. Parks, my teacher, enlisted my interest and aroused my ambition from the start, and I did faithful work. He placed much emphasis on spelling for one thing, and before I ended my course there I had practically mastered Webster's Abridged Dictionary.

At the close of each day there came a spelling match among the larger boys. At the beginning of the month places in the line were drawn, and it was the privilege to turn down those ahead when a word was missed. Whoever was at the head on the last day of the month gained the prize.

Some Memories



James Selwyn Stanley

I missed one word only during the whole series of contests, and that I did not recognize when given out, as I had pronounced it differently when studying.

And yet again for the noon contest sides were chosen for the month, the side winning out being allowed a half-holiday. When an individual missed a word, he dropped out of line, and the side on which the majority stood at the end was pronounced victor. It was all a splendid training in an important branch of education.

As in most Southern schools, stress was placed on oratory, and on every Friday afternoon every boy was expected to declaim. At intervals there was a public contest of selected speakers, generally in the assembly room of one of the colleges.

I was fortunate enough to be included in these selected lists. With a good natural voice for declaiming, my father trained me in each oration, standing before him in the parlor, having me go over and over the lines, until I could say, for example, "Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition" as a really forceful injunction.

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Once I failed to win the prize, an opponent reciting the Maniac. He tore his hair and raved, but he did it well.

My speech was taken from one of a Southern Admiral, of sober and dignified language, the only ringing phrase I recall being, "Rebellion, foul, dishonoring name."

My friends were indignant, they said, that mere histrionic ranting should have won the vote of the judges.

One of our amusements or sports was designated the persimmon fight. These battles royal required for weapon a slender, pliable sapling, somewhat thicker than the finger, with a sharpened point, the green persimmon being impaled thereon. A dextrous twist of the forearm and wrist propelled this missile with telling force, and administered a stinging blow to the unfortunate recipient. Small crabapples furnished equally effective ammunition.

This was but one of many sports. Shinny, town ball, hot ball, and when it was introduced, base ball, and other games enlisted our interest.

Sunday school at Christ Church, Indianapolis, Indiana about 1905



Some Memories



James Selwyn Stanley and Howard Hutton Stanley

At the proper season came tops and marbles, of course. In marbles the game of Knucks involved a physical penalty for the loser. Punishment was administered in this fashion.

The victim touched the ground with the fingers of the right hand held rigid, the back of it turned towards the firing squad. Each victor had the privilege of propelling a marble against it with his thumb and first finger. The blows received were not to be despised.

But of all the amusements, swimming made the strongest appeal. There were but few months it could not be indulged in. But there was no stream near at hand large enough to furnish an adequate swimming hole.

Fortunately on the estate of Senator Hill were two considerable fish ponds to which access was given. Though possibly a mile and a half from school, immediately after the noon dismissal for an hour's recess, many would run like hares, munching their lunch as they ran, for the cherished plunge. The journey consumed most of the time, but the few minutes of fun was worth the try. Towards the last a fish pond was built near at hand, and in our hearts we proclaimed the owner a public benefactor.

To have a good day's fishing meant a walk of eight miles each way, but on Saturdays some of us would take it, tramping the railway ties.

At picnics, where girls were in attendance, mumble-the-peg was indulged in. In this the girls joined. It was played with an open pocket knife, which was put through several movements.

The penalty for losing was to draw a small peg from the ground with the teeth after it had been driven home with blows from the back of the knife, each victor having a blow. Great was the hilarity as the victim put his lips to the ground.

When a girl lost, it was the courtesy for a male admirer to draw the peg in her stead. The tradition of knightly gallantry lingered under Southern skies.

My boyhood home had really the dimensions of a considerable estate, comprising one hundred and four acres, with the greater part in woods, through which played a stream. Adjoining it came miles of wooded tracts.

Small fish were to be caught in the brook, or branch, but the abundance of game furnished prime sport. Partridges, squirrels, rabbits and what not were plentiful. Game laws were things of the future, so no one was stopped from hunting. I often visited my figure four traps before breakfast sometimes to return with a dozen plump partridges.

Then, of course, horses were always at one's disposal. My own pony took me for immediate happy canters over hill and dale.

As I look back upon it I can but explain what a wholesome life was vouchsafed my boyhood!

I lived amid beautiful flowers in my mother's large garden, under wonderful trees, the pine, oak and chestnut, in our front and back groves, with the privilege of miles of woods to tramp, and hunt, under conditions indeed much like those of a farmer's lad, yet just on the edge of a considerable community. Forty acres of our place provided a pet farm for my father, and I was granted at times the privilege of following the plow.

At intervals my father would take me to the plantation with him for a stay of several days, and, for the fun of it, I would help pick cotton; and

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it was great glee to ride the mule as it made its circular trip, furnishing power for the gin.

And when the time came for killing the hogs, with the interesting procedure incident thereto, the grinding of sausage meat, the eating of rich crackling bread, or at other times quaffing the fresh cider as it trickled from the mill—it makes the mouth of even a septuagenarian water as he thinks of it.

Of course, the Georgia boy, so far south in the state, did not know the joys of the bob-sled, nor the fascination of skating on ice, though roller skating was introduced toward the last of my days there. Once there came a snow of several inches in depth, and we engaged in the novelty of battles with snowballs.

Henry, the coachman got busy, and attaching crude runners to a barn door, and providing necessary attachments, made it possible to have a glorious ride, only jingling bells being missing. But this experience was too good to last for long, under the direct rays of the Southern sun.

The custom in clothing for lads most of the year gave great freedom of body. Save for a few weeks in winter, a suit of thin linen, minus underwear, sufficed. Trousers were long but always rolled up to the knees. Shoes were an incumbence save on parade, and we were allowed to go barefoot.

What if it meant stubbed toes, stone bruises and walking on the side of a foot most of the time? What if it involved great discomfort when walking through scorching sand? What did these things matter to a wide-awake boy? There was freedom in it, and health.

Not only did I love all kinds of play, but was possessed of a mind filled with curiosity. I loved above everything to hear men talk. When my father was entertaining his cronies at dinner, and children must wait for second table, my ear would be glued to the key-hole of a communicating door, or I would lie prone listening under the door for the whole time of the meal.

On one occasion, my ingenuity to hear better brought me much chagrin. A round table, with cloth hanging almost to the floor, furnished a safe retreat for an eavesdropper, I thought. Hiding under the table before the diners entered, I was able to avoid feet as guests sat down, though space became more and more contracted.

At last sat down my father, his feet touching my body, and I was terrified to hear the order given the butler, "Henry, get the dog from under the table!"

I have always thought that such ingenuity and enterprise should have been rewarded by making place for a curious and eager boy at a feast.



Camilla Hutton Stanley and her sons James and Howard

My reading life must have begun very early, and the love of books been born in me. I was not surrounded by books. Our library was small, mostly comprising medical works. Yet even these I looked over time and again, studying the pictures and reading some of the text. I gained an early idea of surgery thereby, yet never felt the drawing to become a surgeon.

Two books in particular I read repeatedly, "Salad for the Social," and "Salad for the Solitary." The articles were short. I almost wept for the "Drunkard's Wife," or was it "The Gambler's Wife"? The pathos of her lot touched me keenly. In one of the articles, I got my first touch of poetic

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fancy, where lines were quoted to the effect “her feet like little mice went in and out,” the figure “little mice” striking me.

But it was in an attic room I found my richest literary treasures. A number of old volumes of *Harper's Monthly*, with a few illustrations, intrigued me. Much of them I knew almost by heart. There was another publication in which came a Dickens' story and Scott's “Peveril of the Peak,” and “Bride of Lammermour.”

Later I was given, or had loaned to me, “Robinson Crusoe,” “Swiss Family Robinson” and other much-read stories by the young. Yet later, when in college, I read stories voraciously, those of Thackeray, Bulwer, Collins, Elliot and the rest, Fielding, Sterne, Smollet, etc.

It seems to me every home should have a good library, if possible, for many of the young are eager to read, and to have books about them encourages perusal, creates an atmosphere, and forms tastes for life. Culture comes from association with books as much as from study.

Harking back, there come to me recollections of the Civil War, for I was about five years of age at its beginning. Faintly I recall, going just after it was declared to the public square one night with my father to witness a demonstration. All is blank save the ascent of lighted color balloons.

But my father's departure for the front is vivid. He was not a combatant, but at first a chaplain, later drafted as assistant surgeon, as the need became imperative.

A bachelor uncle came to our house once, wounded in the arm.

There came a time when I would go with my mother to see wounded soldiers, quartered in some building in the town.

A quota of such unfortunates was assigned to housewives to visit, and supply with food. Great trays were sent laden with nourishing viands and dainties. The day of days was when our company of small boys, wooden guns, and led by a whistle and a drum, marched through the streets; and our pride was unbounded when the weekly paper described the maneuver under the headlines, “LaGrange is Safe!”

Towards the end of the war my impressions are clear. Once the Square was turned into a fort, the entrances thereto being barricaded with bales of cotton, the old men having oiled up their rifles and shot guns to hold the fort. But no enemy appeared.

A little later, however, came the assault and capture of Fort Tyler, at West Point, Georgia, fourteen miles away. We could hear the booming of cannon. A train load of Confederate soldiers we saw leave for this point, but they could not pass over the Chattahoochie River, as the bridge had been burned.



James Dowdell Stanley at Rector, Christ Church, Indianapolis

Some Memories



Summertime theatrics at Higgins Lake, Michigan

As a fact, the fort was manned by men over sixty and young boys, who put up but a feeble resistance. Shortly thereafter I saw some of our townsmen scampering across the fields on horseback, as the “Yankees were coming.”

One day I sat on a gate post watching the Northern troops pass a third of a mile away. A deep railway cut intervened, and I felt secure. But suddenly around the corner of the yard came several Federal soldiers on horseback. My consternation was great, and I sat paralyzed. My conception had been that a Yankee had, probably, horns and hooks and a forked tail, a fiend incarnate.

One of the riders, in a not ungentle voice, asked me if there were men around. Being answered “no” in a wavering voice, he queried me as to horses, then asked the location of the barn. This I hastened to tell him, and ran into the house. Nothing but provender was molested.

Later, searching for a younger brother, who had disappeared, we found him hidden off the attic under the eaves. Seeing the soldiers coming he had seized a silver pitcher and rushed to this place of concealment.

One day on my way to an aunt’s, I saw a railway train standing at a spot where freight cars had been burned and the trackage was being restored. I rushed to the scene. Standing on the platform was a man who hailed me and said, “Bud, do you know that Abe Lincoln has been shot and is dead?”

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This was news indeed, and I hastened home to tell it. It was only too true, though at the time I did not regret it; but have wondered since if his taking was not a real tragedy for the South, considering subsequent events, which he might have controlled in a larger-hearted way.

We left Georgia about six years after the war, my father taking charge of a church in Pulaski, Tennessee. There I attended Giles College which, while chartered to bestow degrees, had been resolved into what was a graded school, the oldest boys taking some collegiate work, however.

As I was already prepared for college and intended going when I was somewhat older, I fear I did little strenuous work. And yet there were subjects, such as metaphysics, of which I got a smattering. This subject came again in my senior year at college. I was glad that I had something of the groundwork.

I had always been averse to asking anyone for money, even my father, a reluctance which followed me into my ministry. As a boy I had chopped the family wood one winter to secure a banjo and now, going with the young people and feeling the need of cash, I arranged to post books at a retail drug store, after school and on Saturdays, which made me financially independent. My father knew nothing of this until the last. And so, though my school work was to a degree neglected, I was far from idle and just indulging in pleasure.

Howard and Jim



Some Memories



I traveled East to college, as far as the metropolis, with a local merchant, as I had never gone but a few miles alone before, and with him I spent several days in New York City, staying at the old St. Nicholas Hotel.

We small boys were accustomed to think of this city as a far-off, unattainable paradise. My joy at being at last there may be well imagined.

And so began my academic training for the ministry. I do not know definitely what fully decided me to enter this calling, if there were a definite moment of decision, after debating the matter with myself.

My mind from the first turned naturally to religious thinking, and in the services of the church I found satisfaction. The meaning of hymns came to me as I sang them, and they bore a message for me.

So strongly did religious worship appeal that I needed no urging to attend. There came an uplift of spirit and a direction of purpose not gained elsewhere.

Was it in the blood? My grandfather and three of his sons heeded the call to holy orders, as did one of my mother's brothers. Of course, the atmosphere of a clergyman's home and the fact of being a member of a choir may have added a cumulative force, for in the last position there was a certain sense of leadership in the devotions.

At any rate, the conclusion seemed to have been arrived at as it were spontaneously, that needed and received no debate, a subconscious moving

from very early years. I have never felt called upon to regret the step then taken, even when matters seemed most difficult and perplexing, on the contrary there has ever been an abiding peace and joy.

I entered college at seventeen, already a postulant for orders, conscientious to a high degree, and desiring to abide by all rules and regulations. It was my lot to be assigned to room with a neutral senior, who dealt with me as a dictatorial grandfather would.

It was he who persuaded me not to go into class rush, as being against regulations, an escapade I learned later was winked at by the powers. This brought me into a certain disfavor temporarily with my fellows, though I had acted for conscience sake.

As I became more wise, I laid myself guilty of standing out above innocent college spirit. At the close of the fall term I broke with the dictatorial senior, and for the rest of my freshman year roomed with a classmate.

It was in the spring following that I was pledged to join the Beta Beta Society, which about 1878 became a chapter of the intercollegiate fraternity of Psi Upsilon, and of which I was a charter member, going back for the purpose of initiation.

My thoughts were turned to Trinity, because it was the leading institution of the Episcopal Church, and I felt that I should attend a church college. Doubtless I was much influenced by the fact that two sons of my



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rector in Georgia were Trinity graduates, and they had fired my imagination with their descriptions; and I had hoped to be chosen for membership in Beta Beta, because one or both hand belonged to that order.

I have never regretted either step, for the associations at a small college were congenial and intimate, and one came under the instruction of the professors themselves and not tutors, knowing them personally. One's individuality was not submerged as at the very large institutions. The very highest grade of young men in my day were enrolled.

My membership in Beta Beta I have always cherished, and the friendships formed there have enriched my whole life.

Being gifted with a tenor voice in singing, I was soon drafted for the Glee Club, taking solos, or solo parts, at concerts, and was also first tenor in my fraternity quartette, and member of the college quartette.

At the beginning of my sophomore year, as I remember it. I was fortunate to be one of the two of my class selected to compete in college "oratoricals," and even more fortunate later to win the silver medal. As another member of the fraternity secured the gold medal at the time, the rejoicing among the fraters was great.

Arrayed in student gowns, right hand thrust into the breast, we posed for a picture, and verily each seemed like Demosthenes and Cicero rolled into one!

I was not the recipient of signal class honors, though once I served as secretary, and it was my privilege to write the ode for class day and deliver



*Camilla, James S., James D., Howard and Cousin Mate
at Higgins Lake, Michigan, north of Bay City.*

the pipe oration. The great briar pipe, of which we all took a puff during the exercises, became my property. I have kept it during the years, and it now snuggles somewhere among my possessions.

I was not an athlete, though I did play right field on the class nine, and was in the sophomore boat, never rowing a race, however.

While I had an ambition to do creditable work, I was not a dig, but managed always to pass examinations, and got the degree of B.A. in courses, and later M.A. was bestowed.

I went much into the social life of the city of Hartford, being a member of the German Cotillion Club, and of the Hartford Dramatic Club. This side education I think has proved as valuable in life as the academic degree.

The study of English did make a strong appeal, and the love set going for good English by the splendid professors of that branch of learning has never forsaken me, having done much to create a taste for pure language and good literature. Professor J. had a positive genius for stimulating interest in his subject.

I had little disposition for college pranks, though I did not thereby escape the attention of the powers that be, and was numbered with transgressors. Though unaware of what coterie was impelled to paint the

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massive stuccoed pillars of the chapel like unto barber's poles, I and the rest of my class were fined five dollars each for repairing these pillars to their pristine dignity, if not beauty.

I had no passion for smashing street lamps but, as a fleeing band of culprits found their way precipitately into my section, and were soon to enter my room, I was haled into the august presence of the President to answer to the charge.

Yet my innocent countenance and emphatic disclaimer let me go free. Circumstances were against me for seeming to harbor culprits, and even though I was not one of them, but I could truthfully say that I knew nothing of the escapade and if, as in fact, I had sheltered felons, I was asleep in my alcove and was not aroused.

And as an upper classman, once again was I brought before the dignified head of the college, charged with misdemeanor in chapel. A professor, who acted as proctor for the class, and who had declared that anyone not actually in his seat when the bell stopped was to be accounted absent, was caught himself halfway to his place when the tocsin ceased its clanging, with the result of a half-smothered laugh greeting him, accompanied by a stamping of feet in our region.

When his highness had me before him as a supposed offender, I asked, "What are the charges, doctor?"

"You stamped your feet," he said.





“My feet were not in sight, and I deny the charge,” I declared.

“But you laughed,” he insisted.

“Not loudly,” I defended.

“Then you giggled,” he came back.

“Possibly so,” I rejoined.

“Do you know what is thought of those who giggle?” he inquired solemnly.

“Yes, one is considered silly who does it,” I meekly said.

“More than that,” he added, “a fool and a blockhead. You are excused, sir!”

While remaining in college my first Christmas holiday, it fell to my lot to act as one of the pall bearers for the President who died. First we stood as guard of honor in the chapel, and in relays we bore the heavy metal casket through the park to St. John’s Church, almost a half mile away, where the service was held and, when we came to the grave, I assisted in lowering the body into its resting place. To a freshman this seemed, while a sad duty, an honor to be remembered.

It was in my senior year I was asked by a classmate, William G. Mather, of Cleveland, to share with him a room in a small family hotel, not far from the campus. This brought me into close association with one who has had a most successful career financially, and become a leading citizen of his community; but what is more, to be noted for his deep interest in,

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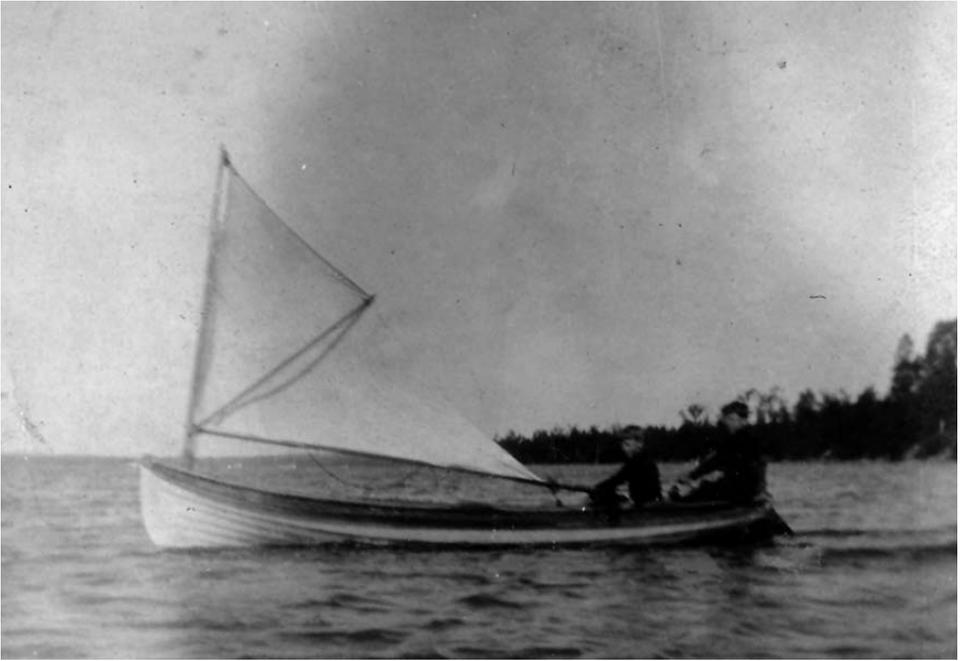
and liberality to, the Cathedral Church of his Diocese, his contributions to benevolences, and his rich gifts to his Alma Mater. His last generosity to his college is a superb chapel.

It was a pleasure to have him serve as best man at my marriage, and my congratulation was profound when, after seventy years of age, he forsook his bachelor state.

When nearing the end of my course it became necessary to select the seminars in which I would receive my theological training. Association with Bishop John Williams as lecturer at Trinity had flowered not only into admiration for this prelate, but into love as well. To be under him at Berkeley would be a privilege from an educational point of view. The General Seminary was chosen, nevertheless.

Both my Diocesan Bishop and my father favored it. My own mind was swayed by further considerations. Acquaintance with the churches of a great city and their work was equal to the instruction of several professors. Too, I felt my college course had been a financial drain on the family exchequer and, with my voice a position could be secured to meet my expenses.

As a fact, the opportunity for choir work developed at once at The Little Church Around the Corner, and the three years of association with the elder Dr. Houghton were most delightful in every way and are one of



my choice memories. He was gracious and hospitable, and to break bread with him, as I was often asked to do, was most interesting.

I knew intimately at the seminary men who have since become famous, Thomas Gailor, Bishop of Tennessee and, afterwards, the first selected Presiding Bishop of the Church, and Fred Graves Bishop of Shanghai for many years. Dr. Chas. C. Edmunds was my roommate, and retired in 1929, after a long professorship in the Seminary. To the two of us came the honor of delivering the orations at the exercises of graduation of the class of 1880.

It further came about that I was asked by the Dean to take into my room one summer, when I remained in New York, a young Tennessean, studying medicine, and preparing for a competitive examination for internship in Bellevue Hospital.

I found William C. Gorgas a charming fellow and a choice friend. He told me his ambition to become an Army surgeon. His later history was crowned with honors most worthily gained, for it was he who made possible the building of the Panama Canal, by eliminating the deadly, fever-bearing, mosquito. His name ranks with those of America's most distinguished.

I was ordained to the Deaconate in St. Paul's Church, Evansville, Indiana, my father then of Holy Innocents' Church, of the same city, presenting me and preaching the ordination sermon.

Some Memories



My first sermon was delivered in St. Paul's the same evening, both the Bishop and my father being present. It was something of an ordeal, but I did not permit it to embarrass me to any great extent.

As my father's health was failing, I preached for him in his church during the summer and early autumn.

There came a letter from Dr. Samuel B. of Cincinnati, asking me to serve as *locum tenens* at his church during October while he was attending the General Convention. The request, and my going to that city hinged on a small act of courtesy extended to one of his sons.

It came about in this way. John B. was on a visit to New York from college. Being a member of the same fraternity chapter, he called on me. As it was Saturday and no lectures to attend, I offered to pilot him about the metropolis.

During the day it transpired that I was to be ordained shortly. When his father wished a supply in the fall, he suggested me. I accepted the invitation sent me. A mission on Walnut Hills, the Epiphany, was giving services on Sunday afternoons by Dr. B. and this duty devolved upon me. At the end of October, I was asked to take charge of the work permanently. So began the active work of my ministry.

It has been my contention that this courtesy to a young man shaped

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many of the later circumstances of my life. It was as a member of this mission, moving to Terre Haute, Indiana, who suggested later my name to the vestry of St. Stephen's Church of that city to fill the vacancy in the rectorship; and it was a parishioner at Terre Haute who took up his residence in Indianapolis, who had much to do with my becoming rector of Christ Church there some years later. It may be, further, that had I not gone to Terre Haute, I should not have met the dear soul who became my wife. On what small circumstances a whole chain of events will sometimes turn!

I took up my work at the Epiphany the first of December, 1880, but in a few weeks was called to the bedside of my father, who died after not many days. A desire was expressed that I remain and carry on his work. It was a



James Selwyn Stanley, Marine Air Corps, World War I

Some Memories



Howard Stanley, World War I

temptation to do so. The comfortable well-furnished rectory offered a good domicile for my mother and sisters, and the perquisites were larger than in the Cincinnati charge.

But I had started elsewhere and did not wish to upset the little coterie of enthusiastic folk who were ready to give me loyal support.

I did not debate the duty and privilege of making a home for my mother and young sisters. It seemed the natural and obvious thing to do. This responsibility meant great carefulness in expenditure, but was undoubtedly good training for after life.

My work at Epiphany was encouraging from the first. Our place of worship was over a grocery store, but it was fitted up after a churchly fashion.

In three years, we built a church, and without debt, giving contracts for different portions as the building grew, and giving no contract until the money was subscribed. And yet there was not a day when the work was stopped. Ours was a happy church family, and there was encouraging growth each year.

At the end of six years came a call to Terre Haute. I felt it should not be refused. It promised a splendid opportunity for greater usefulness, the parish being the largest in Indiana in point of numbers, and Terre Haute a thriving and growing city, with only the one parish. I was just thirty years of age. There I was destined to serve for ten years.

Signal church honors came to me during these ten years. Three times I was elected to the General Convention held at New York, Baltimore, and Minneapolis. Attendance on these brought into association with such notable clergymen as Henry C. Potter, Phillips Brooks, David Greer and William M. Huntington, as well as many others of scarcely lesser note.

When the Bishop of the Diocese died, I was placed in nomination as his successor, receiving a creditable vote, especially from the laity. There was no disappointment in my defeat, for I did not desire the office of a Bishop. In my heart I felt I was not fitted for some of the practical duties of the position, at least.

While the honor of the position is great, after a time it becomes commonplace, and duties become most irksome. In a parish, where there is harmony and mutual love one finds more contentment and peace of mind. After going to Cincinnati later, and Indiana was divided into two dioceses, I was again nominated for that portion afterwards known as Indianapolis.

While in Terre Haute I became a Mason, and was active in that organization. The degree was presented to me financially as a Christmas present Knights Templar in my congregation. A few weeks after I had reached Templarhood, I was elected prelate, and served in that capacity for a number of years.

The position was a grateful one, and I look back upon the pleasant evenings at the Asylum, with choice spirits, with happiest remembrance. At the time of my marriage, I was presented with a case of handsome silver by the Sir Knights, and upon leaving Terre Haute I was handed a most cordial resolution to the office of Grand Prelate of the Grand Jurisdiction of Indiana, being re-elected for a second term a year later.

When I moved to Terre Haute I had my membership in the Knights of Pythias transferred from Cincinnati, where I had served as prelate. I was placed in the same office in the new lodge, where I served for some years, later passing through the chairs. The fraters of this order also gave

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Camilla Rebecca Hutton

me silver at my marriage. I have not been actively connected with these organizations since living in Terre Haute, but took much interest in them when in active membership.

As my going to Cincinnati in 1880 had turned on a small thing, so my marriage hinged on a seeming chance.

The rector of St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Indiana, was to be wed, and asked me as a favor to be his best man, despite the fact that our acquaintance was slight and casual. I accepted the invitation. At the same time the bride-elect had to fill an unexpected vacancy among her maids, and had written to Miss Hutton, on a visit to Indianapolis, to return and favor her by taking a place in the group of her attendants. Her decision hung in the balance, but was finally favorable.

And so it was we met at the marriage rehearsal. By some subtle intuition we both realized that the goal of our quest for a life's companion had been reached, and it was at the end of a short acquaintance we became betrothed, and a year later were married. Thirty-seven years were vouchsafed us of loving comradeship, never marred by the slightest dissonance; instead there resounded a great major chord of harmony and joy.

My going to another parish in Cincinnati, that of the Church of our Saviour, 1896, was prompted by the thought that perhaps ten years was long enough to serve at St. Stephen's. I had declined a call to Dayton, Ohio, the year before, but it now seemed time for a change. A sister, then almost an invalid, lived in Cincinnati, and residing there were several dear friends of my wife. My recollections of my former sojourn in the city were of the pleasantest.

My associations during my second stay in this city were most agreeable in many ways. My brethren of the *clericus* were most congenial. I was elected president of that organization for a year, and was also elected Dean of the Cincinnati Convocation. The good Bishop was most gracious, a man to be esteemed and loved.

One of my great regrets when finally resigning my charge to go elsewhere was severing my connection with the Apollo Club, an aggregation of picked voices, numbering about seventy-five. I had become a member during the first stay in that city when the club was composed of men only. In the concerts I was often assigned solo parts. There were choice friends, too, with whom I was loathe to part.

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Christ Church Cathedral, Indianapolis

But a call from Christ Church, Indianapolis, was accepted. There I began my rectorship with the year 1901.

I cannot adequately describe the warm welcome given us in this historic parish, of which I was to be rector for nearly twenty-four years. The spirit at the beginning was maintained to the last. There was nothing to disturb the peace and harmony of our relationship.

Ever was it my thought that I should be content to end the active years of my ministry. It is a cherished experience to have ended so long an association with the consciousness that always was there peace in Israel, and that the severing of the tie was in mutual love and understanding, no words to rankle or be healed by time; nor had the parish begun to lose membership, nor income and interest to decrease, nor activity appreciably wane, a disaster that befalls some long rectorships.

Increasing years and consciousness of waning strength together with personal family considerations, made it seem the part of wisdom to retire from regular parish effort, on reaching the stipulated age. The step was taken after heart-searching consideration, and with poignant regret, for the roots of my life had gone very deep in a city I loved.



There are many memories of life in Indianapolis which are cherished, friendships in the church and city, association with fine minds in the Men's Literary Club and the generally genial atmosphere of this "no mean city." The only home I have ever owned was there, and in it grew up to young manhood the two sons.

Some Memories

At the General Convention in New York in 1913, occurred an incident that perhaps I may add. The Bishop of our Diocese one day called me aside. And walking with me to a secluded spot, gave me the wholly unexpected and regretted information that he had handed in his resignation of jurisdiction in the House of Bishops. I insisted he should recall it, but to no avail. I knew he was depressed by illness in his family, and doubtless discouraged temporarily with his work.

It is a wise counsel never to make an important decision under depression. As chairman of the clerical and lay deputies, I called them into counsel as to our procedure and, after the Bishop had been interviewed, a letter to the Bishops asking them not to accept the resignation was our conclusion, giving our reason why they should refuse, which was sent at once. I had also urged this upon several individual Bishops privately.

The House refused to consider the resolution favorably or else asked its withdrawal. It is probable that our solicitation saved the situation for the petitioner was yet in his prime.

A clergyman came to me and declared that with my standing in the Diocese it was a generous course I had pursued, intimating that in a vacancy I stood a good chance of being selected to fill it. This was far from a foregone conclusion. It was with no thought of such a possible contingency, however, I threw myself into the situation, nor with an emotion of magnanimity.

I should have striven even harder had I thought that any danger of such a conclusion portended, for I had no such bee in my bonnet. I simply felt that a good Bishop must be saved to his Diocese, and that the clouds of depression would ere long roll by. Subsequent developments justified my solicitude and confidence.

Three things have added greatly to the joy of my life, music, art and travel.

I suppose that music has an almost universal appeal. It certainly appealed to me when I was just passing out of my infancy, or consciously did so. The first concerted music I ever heard, other than hymns was at a concert given by the quartette at a church. They sang Jackson's *Te Deum*, for long a favorite in the smaller Episcopal churches, for it could be compassed by the small choirs. As the cadences on this occasion rang out I seemed lifted to heaven, so great was my rapture.

I recall when seven or eight years of age sitting at the piano playing the bass chords as my mother carried the air on the upper keys; and even at that age I made efforts at improvisation, at which through the years I have labored for my own delectation.



James Selwyn Stanley, 1923, at about the time he started Community Filling Stations.

My first musical instrument must have been a Jewsharp, if that may be so classified, followed by the harmonica, brought me by my father from Atlanta. I thought it a splendid gift, and set about learning to play it at once, making night hideous after going to bed in my semi-attic room and, before my father called up asking me to desist, I had mastered several simple tunes.

My next love was the banjo, on which I became to a degree proficient, besides playing jigs, accompanying myself as I sang some of the popular songs, Captain Jinks, and Shoo Fly and Big Sunflower among them.

Some Memories

The strange retentiveness of the human brain was illustrated during an attack of typhoid fever when I was quite in the forties. While the fever was at its height, there came flooding back all the orations I had spoken in boyhood, letter perfect, as well as the songs of the early years, which I found myself humming. Not only the tunes but the very words had been retained.

I had never heard any great music until I went to college. Then it was that Theodore Thomas was beginning the education of the American public, catering to the popular taste in the Blue Danube Waltzes, Traumierie, and the like, but always introducing some numbers of the great composers, even Wagner being slipped in.

To many, the compositions of this great master seemed fuss and fury, the populace clamoring for a tune. But even at that state of my cultivation there was in his majestic strains much that was strangely thrilling. I never let grand opera go without my appearance to bring it in, and whatever I learned of voice training came from absorbed listening to the great artists I was privileged to hear.

To my mind the back of Theodore Thomas was the most majestic possible, and it was a delight in itself to see him direct. It was my privilege to meet him years later at a May festival, I being a member of the chorus that year. The stoop of age had come, but it was a pleasure to talk with one who seemed so far removed in my youth.

To hear great music in those days was possible for a student of little means at his disposal, for twenty-five cents secured a place in the topmost gallery. An hour before the performance we would gather at the foot of the stairs, ready to rush at the signal of open doors up the great flights of steps, taking two at a stride, to procure a seat. It was possible for impecunious youth not only to hear Grand Opera, but to witness the finest dramas.

Later in New York, I saw Edwin Booth at his theater in all of his impersonations, as I recall, at the price of a quarter of a dollar for admittance to the second gallery. It was a liberal education in histrionics and music to see the great actors and hear the famous singers of the period, and they were surely great, many of them.

There were Booth, Barrett and Salvini in Shakesperian roles as well as Jaunescheck, Neilson, Mojeska and Pehan; and in the stock companies, Lester Wallack, Dion Boucicault and John Drew. It was in the heyday of the elder Southern. There was also the inimitable Joe Jefferson. At the Academy of Music in New York one could hear Gerster, Campanni and Del Puente, not to mention other splendid artists. I should not fail to mention the elder Damrosch, who gave me my introduction to the great symphonies.

If nothing else had proved the wisdom of my choice of seminaries these privileges of the great city did, for the opportunities aided my general education as well as enhanced the joy of life.

While in the city I was a member of several singing organizations, either as a constant attendant, or as participating in special concerts. Of the latter, I recall a performance of the Choral Union at Madison Square Garden, a testimonial to, and for the benefit of Pat Gilmore, the noted band leader, which he himself conducted. The music was of popular character, and, as the Anvil Chorus was sung, a score or more of anvils rang out.

The regular organization to which I belonged, the title of which I have forgotten, was conducted by Caryl Florio, an assumed professional name. We held our rehearsals in a building on the west side of Union Square, which was in the very center of things at that time, most of the theaters being in it, as well as the large department stores.

When after retiring and traveling as much as seemed prudent physically, we settled in New York City. It became imperative that something should be found to occupy my time, for there is nothing more deadly to the mind, and inimical to bodily health, than inertia.

Reading has ever been a delight, but even of that pleasant pastime one may grow weary. Many hours could be given to reading aloud books to my wife, and discussing them as I read. This had been my custom since the beginning of our marriage. But there would be even then so many vacant hours to cause ennui and stagnation of mind.

I proffered my services for occasional church duty to several bishops in the vicinity, and had my name listed with the Church Personnel Bureau at the Missions House, and have responded to calls that came, serving most frequently at Christ Church and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York. That helped to bring occupation on certain Sundays.

But what of the many days of the week? My first thought was to take up the semi-literary duty of giving the final proof-reading of books, correcting spelling, and infelicitous use of words, and the like. But the opportunity could not be found. My thought then turned to plastic art.

Art had made a strong appeal to me from childhood, though it was not my privilege for long to see any really fine examples of it. From the first I had never had a pencil in hand that I had not attempted to draw, faces especially being my forte, as I remember, though building were attempted. The inevitable flags on them showed the wind blowing from different quarters.

The two pictures I recall in my home, which were hung in the parlor, and on which I gazed often and long and lovingly, were an engraving of

Some Memories

Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, and a colored print of the Court of Death, I have never seen the original of the latter, but imagine my delight when some years ago I discovered the former in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The Art Gallery at the Centennial in 1876 proved a revelation to me, and more especially was I fascinated by the sculptures. I think I had never seen a marble statue before. I bought two dozen photographs of the pieces, and with these I adorned my college room, and later my room in the Seminary. A novelty on exhibition in one of the exposition buildings was a woman's face modeled in butter. I could almost feel my fingers forming the several features.

While my preference for sculpture seemed evident, it did not occur to me that I could model. The knowledge that I could do so fairly well I discovered accidentally many years later and, after experimenting and watching a sculptress make a bust of myself, I was thoroughly inoculated with the passion.

But this art takes time and patience, and while patience was mine, time belonged to others. Yet I resolved when opportunity should serve I should give much time to modeling. This gave me a leading in selecting occupation in my retirement. I took out a membership in the Art Students League, and have great delight up to the present in trying to fashion the human frame in various postures.

There is something thrilling to me in beautiful form of every description and, had I taken up architecture as a profession, it would have proved most congenial. The architecture of great buildings in New York arrests my eye when I walk more than aught else.

As to traveling, it has come about, without having the purpose of being a globe-trotter, I have seen considerable of our own country and of Europe. I have been in every city of importance, practically, in the United States, even knowing in a way a part of Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands. Two visits in Europe have given me the most outstanding features of England, Germany, Switzerland, Italy and France. Every section of our own land I have touched on briefly or for a stay.

I have come to the conclusion that we have been placed in a very beautiful world, for there is natural attraction everywhere, and splendid people are to be found in every region. The pictures imprinted on my brain I can look at in imagination time and time again. Life has been greatly enlarged and enriched by my journeys.

Mine has been far from a meager life, and while the present is yet absorbing, memories crowd thick and fast. There is no university like the world in its educative opportunities. Books make their impressions, and



James Selwyn Stanley

inform and train the mind but one easily forgets, to have seen with the eye as well as the understanding, leaves an indelible impression.

I can lay no claim to an intimate acquaintance with those who have stood out conspicuously in the national life, and report what they said to me on any particular occasion. Of course, I have met a number of our bishops, and several of them I have known well.

Yet I have had the privilege of coming in personal touch casually with some outstanding personalities, shaking hands with President Roosevelt and Cleveland, and sitting by William Jennings Bryan at a banquet and chatting with him during the meal.

When he was a judge in Cincinnati, I knew William Howard Taft slightly. Senator Voorhees of Indiana, known as the tall sycamore of

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the Wabash, and perhaps one of the nation's great orators, I was well acquainted with, as a fellow citizen in Terre Haute and as connected in a way with my parish.

But with many hundreds of others of less note, some of them of humble life, I have been brought into close association, and have found in many of them the true distinction of great nobility of soul.

The honors that came to me during my rectorship were not a few. I was elected to eight General Conventions, six of which I attended, being kept from two—once by the fact that I had been for such a brief time in the parish, and it did not seem wise to break in on first enthusiasms even by absence for a few weeks; and again by the serious illness of a brother, who required my attention.

For a number of years I was a member of the Standing Committee of the Diocese, and, except at the beginning, its President. For a year, while the Bishop was serving as Chaplain in the World War, as such President it devolved upon me to look after such needs of the Diocese as it was given me to manage in his stead.

For a year I took a certain part in Masonic affairs, being appointed Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of the State.

My charge of Christ Church ceased on June 1, 1924.

After nine months of travel in California and the Hawaiian Islands, and a sojourn in the Pocono Mountains in Pennsylvania for the Summer, we came to New York City for residence. Some weeks later, however, we sailed for Europe, spending six months abroad.

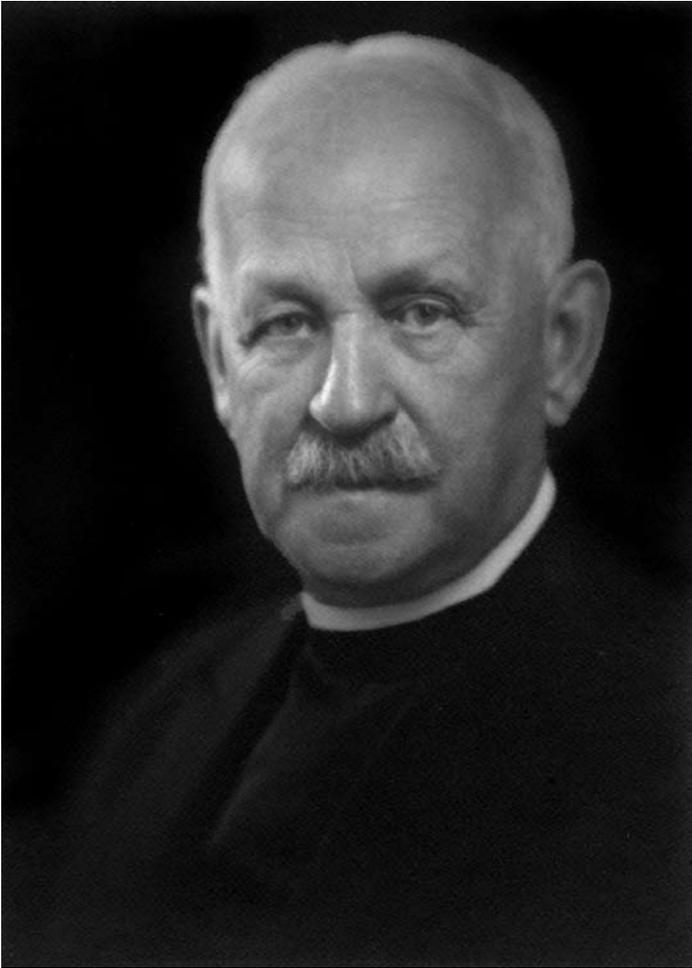
[*Note. While in Rome they had an audience with the Pope and watched with great fascination the movements of Mussolini's Black Shirts. James S. Stanley*]

It then became a constant seeking of health for the dear wife, who ended her struggles on November 19, 1928. And so I bring my memories to a close, even as what was sweetest and most satisfying in life ended with her going.

Yet I should not close in a minor key. With good friends, comfortable livelihood, loving sons, good health and aptitudes which engross thought and time, life even in my aloneness is not all barren.

As I look back upon my life, taking a bird's eye view, I realize that many blessings have been vouchsafed me. I have been blessed with many friends and have not been aware of enemies. I have loved my fellowmen, and have tried to act my life without dishonor.

I have doubtless fallen far short of developing to the full the faculties bestowed upon me, and in seizing opportunities for greater usefulness.



James Dowdell Stanley

But I hope I have contributed at least something to my generation in helpfulness.

Life has not disappointed me, but in much has proved rich and satisfying. Success has never unduly exalted me, nor has defeat depressed. I have sought the best, but when the worst was met, I have tried to take the blow without too much regret.

And now, as I rest upon my oars, taking a stroke only when the spirit listeth, the active duties of my calling neither actually nor, I trust, morally insistent, and in a measure I watch the world go by, equanimity comes with the sentiment I have tried to express in the following lines:

Some Memories

A truce we've reached, this dear old life and I,
Not of each other too much to demand;
If I fall short, as I can not deny,
Somehow I feel that life will understand.

And so, if life seems sometimes to offend,
And would by others be most roundly blamed,
Can I not say, "Look to yourself, good friend?"
To question it I'm heartily ashamed.

For life gives more than I myself return,
In recognition of its bountiest hand;
My lips are sealed, I disappointments spurn;
With deepest gratitude my thoughts expand.

Since neither asks too much at other's hand,
And prize I life with royal gifts so free,
And to our truce we both most gladly stand,
We two jog on quite understandingly.

James Dowdell Stanley
Class of 1877

James Dowdell Stanley was born in Chambers County, Alabama, May 27, 1856, a son of the Rev. Augustus Olin Stanley, whose wife was Rebecca Lily Dowdell.

He was prepared for college in Giles College, Pulaski, Tennessee, and entered Trinity College in September 1873 with the Class of 1877. He was a member of the Beta Beta chapter of Psi Upsilon, and was active in student affairs. He was a member of the Glee Club, Class Secretary, and Pipe Orator on Class Day. He received the Silver Oratorical Medal in 1876. He was graduated with the degree of B.A. in 1877, and in 1880 received the M.A. degree.

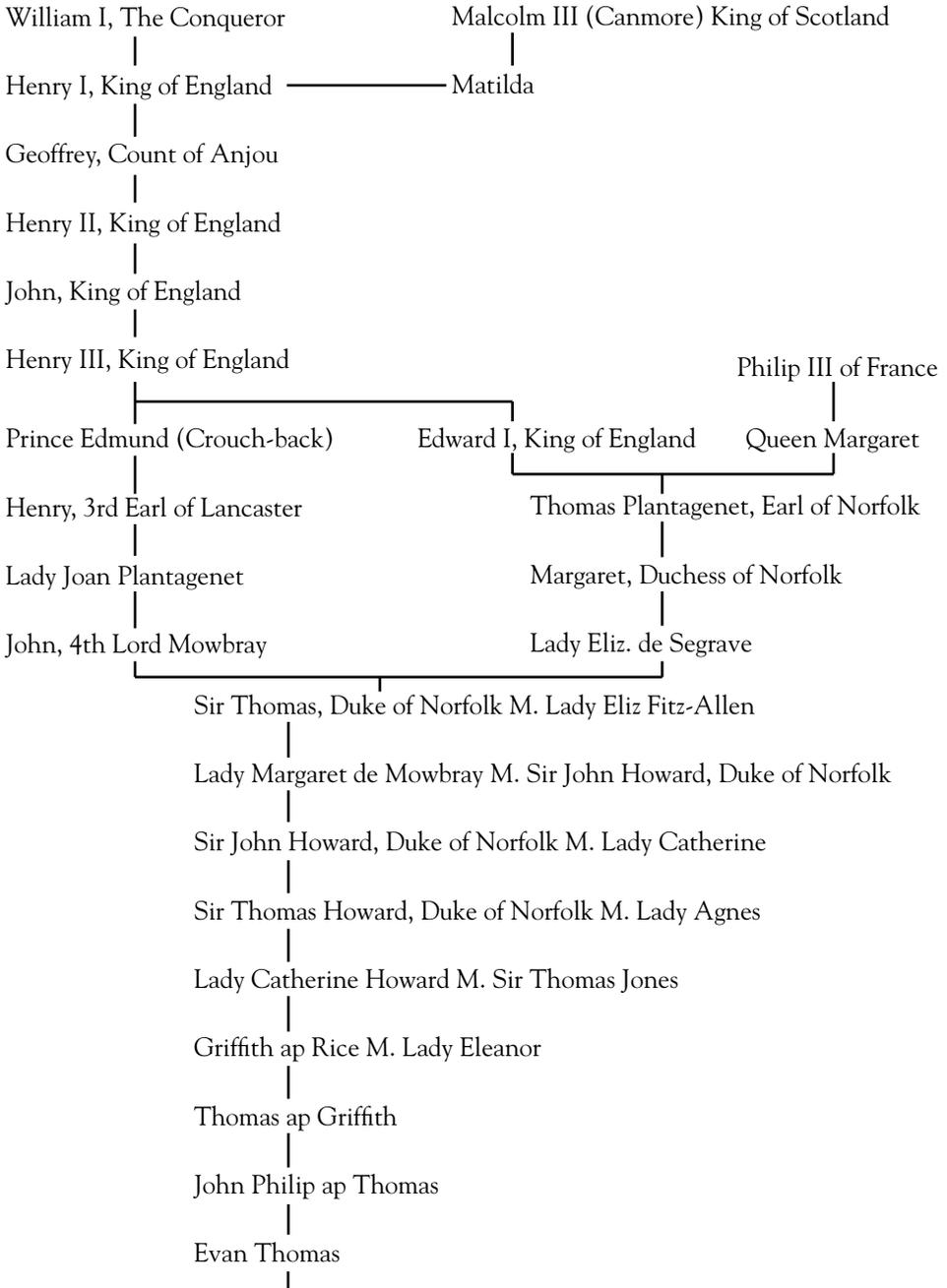
He was graduated from the General Theological Seminary in 1880. He was ordained Deacon in 1880 by Bishop J. C. Talbot and Priest in 1881 by Bishop Jaggar. He was Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Cincinnati, 1880-1886; Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Terre Haute, Indiana, 1886-1896; Rector of the Church of Our Saviour, Cincinnati, 1896-1901; and Rector of Christ Church, Indianapolis, Indiana, 1901-1924. For many years he was President of the Standing Committee of the Deacons of Indianapolis. He was a Delegate to the General Convention of 1889, 1892, 1904, 1910, 1913, 1917, and 1922. After his retirement from the active work of the Ministry, he spent much of his time in travel. He died November 16, 1937. He was a member of the Free Masons.

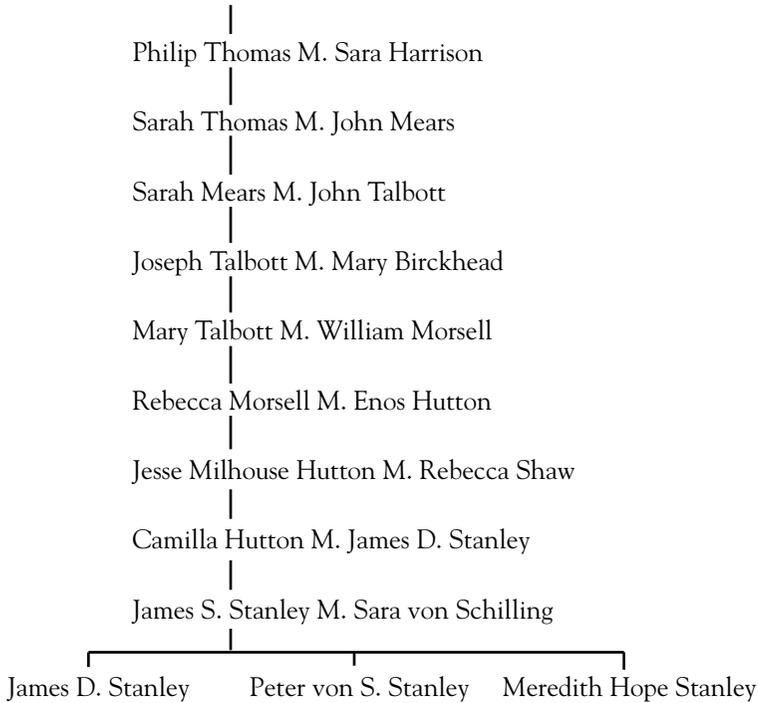
In St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Indiana, November 10, 1891, he married Camilla Rebecca Hutton, daughter of Jesse Milhouse Hutton, a manufacturer of Richmond, whose wife was Rebecca Shaw. The children were Howard Hutton, born August 18, 1892, and James Selwyn, born January 11, 1897.

From Trinity College Obituary Record.

Some Memories

None of us takes this seriously, of course, but if future generations would like something to puff themselves up about, here it is!





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Your Family Tree, by Jordan & Kimball, published by Genealogical Publishing Co., Baltimore 1968 edition.

Philip Thomas is the connecting link in these publications.

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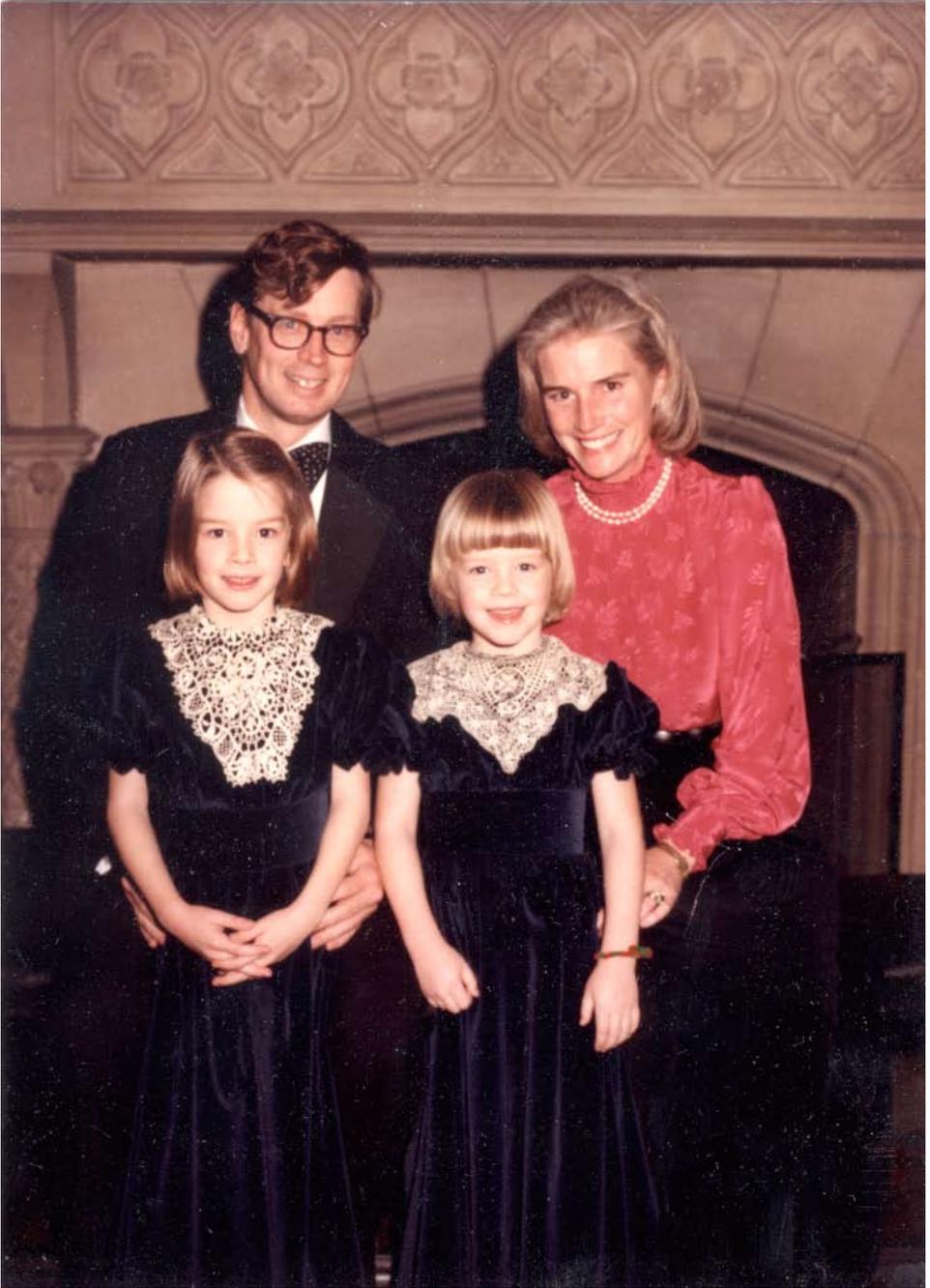
Some Memories



Elizabeth Liang Stanley, Richard Charles Stanley, James Dowdell Stanley II, Christine & Stanley



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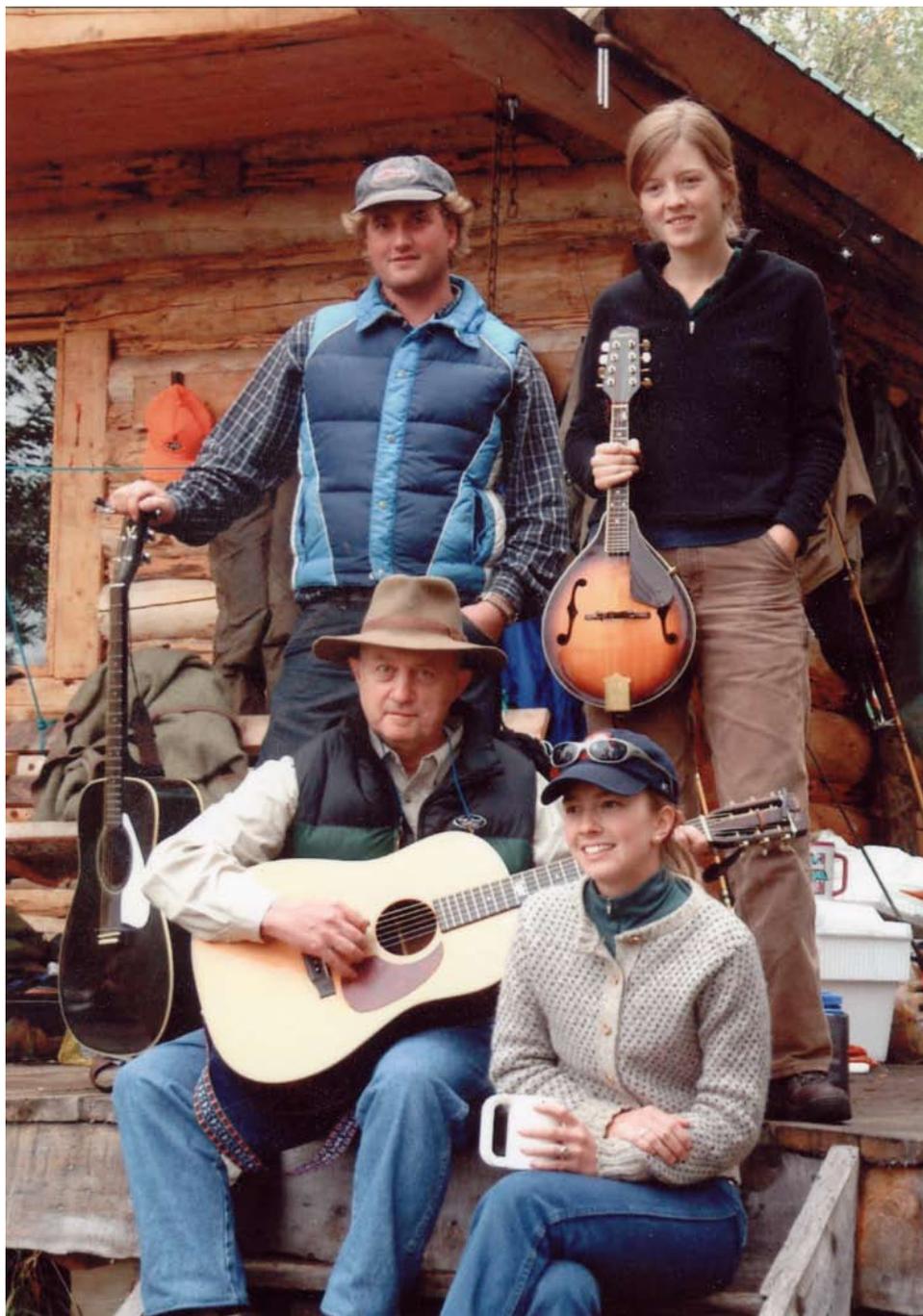
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