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Albert Gallatin Don

1808 - 1908



Charles M. Dow

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Albert Gallatin Dow

1808 - 1908

JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK

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EARLY the present year, in anticipation of the celebration, on August 16, 1908, of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of my father, Albert Gallatin Dow, I requested him to write out some recollections of his long and busy life for presentation in suitable form to his guests at that time. He complied with this suggestion a few weeks before his death, and it seems appropriate that his story form the introduction to what others said of him and that it be presented to his friends on his anniversary day.

—CHARLES M. DOW





TO MY SON, CHARLES M. DOW

At your request I give you some reminiscences of my life. Now that we are well within the year of my one hundredth anniversary, I will confine myself particularly to those incidents that I think have some bearing on my longevity, only deviating to add interest for the younger members of our family.—A. G. D.

MY first recollection of anything, is of the ferry-boat crossing the Connecticut River when my father moved his family from Plainfield, N. H., to Hartland, Vt. I was born August 16, 1808, and we moved in May before I was three years old.

I recollect many things of our home in Hartland—the large meadow running down to the Connecticut River; the house, a large white colonial building; the great room upstairs with its fireplace, and my sisters spinning by the light of pine knots while some one of the family read; the Masonic Lodge meeting in that room, where my father was the master. I remember of his going off to Indiana to look for a new home, and of his return; that on that trip he rode a very fine black mare of ours; she would not let any boy on her back, but my mother used to ride her. I remember my father's saddle and saddlebags and my mother's side-saddle; the large table around which

the ten children sat; the brick bake oven; and that at Thanksgiving time when we children got up we found pumpkin pies around on the wood-piles and fences. One day some slaves passed our house; I think there were seven of them chained together with two white men attending them. We thought they were runaway slaves being taken back to their masters.

I heard of the failure of Mr. Pulcifer, a merchant of Plainfield, and that at the time of his failure he owed my father \$1,600.00, which was an entire loss.

My brother Richard enlisted in the War of 1812 and I remember my father going to the army at Sackett's Harbor with a sleigh-load of provisions, gotten together by the friends of the boys who were serving from our neighborhood, and that later one morning the mail coach carried a flag and we knew the war was over. Richard came home soon after that.

As I look back to that Vermont home, it seems to me that we were a very thrifty, healthy, happy family and its fireside recollections are very vivid in my memory.

In September, 1816, when I was eight years old, we left Hartland for our western home. We had two horses, a yoke of oxen and two cows. One horse was hitched before the yoke of oxen drawing the wagon that carried our effects. In a covered carriage drawn by one horse were my mother and the children. The

morning we started, as we passed through the village of Hartland, my teacher came out and kissed me good by. I remember going through the village of Windsor three or four miles from our home, but recollect none of the other towns through which we passed except Utica and Rochester. On our way through Utica, which was a small place, we heard music from a house and we stopped to enjoy it. I also remember walking across the Cayuga Bridge and that it was one mile and eight rods long. My only recollection of Rochester was of some sawmills, a great many logs and piles of lumber. During our journey we had all the comforts that were possible at that time. We stopped nights at hotels and I remember well the bread and milk we had at our noon meal. It was baker's bread and sometimes now when I eat baker's bread with milk it tastes just as that did. We had thirty days of travel, no sickness and all stood the journey well.

When we got to Genesee County, New York, where father had friends and among them some old Vermont families who had settled there just before, we concluded to stop for the winter and then go on the next spring to Indiana. My father leased a log house south of the Buffalo Road and made some board additions to it. It was comfortable enough, but as I think of it, life there was a stern reality. The country at that time was

all woods with but few clearings except on the main road. Small game was in abundance and some deer were killed.

The next spring, instead of going to Indiana, father bought a cleared farm on the Buffalo Road nine miles and a half from Batavia. He built a log house on a slightly elevated plateau overlooking a broad stretch of fine country to the west. The house was large, had a brick chimney, which was an exception, the logs were hewn inside, and the house was better than any other around there. As soon as he had his house finished, he went about a project to build a schoolhouse and it was completed without delay. I remember among the children in that school Mr. Mason's little daughters, Nancy and Lydia Ann. Nancy's toes touched the floor when she sat on the benches but Lydia Ann's did not. A Sunday School was a new institution and one was opened in a private house near our home. We recited verses selected by our parents, had some singing and the teacher, Mr. Stewart, talked to us.

About that time we heard that a circus was to pass through at night and we children built a line of fires along the road and scattered potatoes for the elephant, so he would stop and eat them and we get a good look at him.

I went to Batavia for my first Fourth of July celebration. They had an address, and

martial music was made by some of the Revolutionary soldiers while others of the veterans were seated on the platform.

The old Buffalo Road was the main New York State thoroughfare between the east and the west. Two stages passed every day and there was a constant stream of emigrants on their way to the Holland Purchase and Western Reserve which were then being rapidly filled up, and eastern people and foreigners in their private carriages passed on their way to and from Niagara Falls, then as great a wonder as now, so we saw much of the activities of life.

Father had a large family to provide for; was also active in the building of roads and bridges and all those things that go to help establish social order. Axes were swinging on all sides and the country was being rapidly settled, the forests giving way to farms. On our farm we produced almost everything that necessity or rude comfort would demand. Our cellar from which we lived in winter was well filled. We raised flax and my sisters made our shirts and handkerchiefs, and made "homespun" for the boys of the family. We kept a hired man, a Vermonter, to whom we paid \$8.00 a month and board.

Our first summer there was very cold, but I think we never felt any anxiety for the ordinary necessities. My father had some ready

money and I recall that he loaned \$100.00 to one of the Vermont families who were near neighbors. I was the one to go to mill. We went to Pembroke although it was farther away than the mill toward Batavia. We went there as our old friends had settled in that direction.

Soon after we settled in Genesee County, a man who was a cooper came along on horse-back. He had no money to continue his journey and wanted to stay and go to work at his trade. Father bought a set of cooper's tools, fixed up a place for him and he went to cooping, and after that father conducted a cooper business until about the time of his death, making pork barrels, firkins, sap-buckets, etc.

From the time we came West until our family broke up, I attended school near home and helped about the farm as boys generally do.

My sisters and brothers were Sarah, Mary, Richard, Eliza, Caroline, Nancy, Hannah, Amos and Phoebe. I was next younger than Hannah.

Genesee County at that time was an unhealthy section. My father had the ague and died in 1822 at fifty-six years of age. As I recollect him, he was a tall and large man, I should think weighing upwards of one hundred eighty pounds; was austere in manner, a man of strong common sense, and a leader among men in a way; not in politics, however;

was high in Masonry and was, I think, a member of Batavia Lodge. He was not a church member but was a Universalist in belief, prized education and virtue, and was a great lover of books. He governed his household well, was a true friend, and honest in all of his transactions. As I think of him, it seems as though he was serious minded, particularly after we came west; the problems of life confronting a man with a large family in a new country would naturally make him so.

My mother was rather small of stature. I remember her light blue eyes, light complexion, her expression of goodness, and her interest in everything that tended toward our happiness and prosperity. There was an air of refinement about our home. My sisters were all women of culture, had prepared themselves for teaching and all at one time or another taught school. In the winter we had spelling schools and straw rides from one district to another and good times all together. Our family stayed together on the farm until mother married the Rev. Mr. Gross something over a year after father's death. That winter I went to school at Attica, and Amos, who was three years younger than I, went with my sister Mary. My mother went to Clarence to Mr. Gross's home where she died in the autumn of 1826 when fifty-four years of age. Mr. Gross was a Universalist preacher and an

excellent man. He was then the editor of a religious paper in Buffalo, also conducted a school for lads at his home and prepared young men for college.

The summer I was sixteen I earned the first money for myself, working for Mr. Huntington on his farm. My first work was chopping a great pile of wood and it was pretty hard business. The Huntingtons were newly married people and Mrs. Huntington flattered me somewhat by commending me for not sending my plate back for more food. It worked out as a matter of economy for the Huntingtons and left me sometimes pretty hungry, but I was probably just as well off for it afterward. I worked there six months at \$6.00 a month; used \$18.00 of my wages and at the end of the time took his note for the remaining \$18.00.

The day before commencing work I made my first trip to Buffalo. It was then a small city and there were no buildings except shanties below the present Mansion House. I went down to see the old "Superior," the great lake steamboat of that time.

After finishing with Mr. Huntington I went to work for Mr. Carpenter and earned enough in the fall to get my clothes, still keeping the \$18.00 note. During the time I was at Mr. Carpenter's he bought the first stove that I had ever seen. It was a curiosity and a great

many people came to his house to see it. That winter I went to school at Clarence and the following summer I worked for Mr. Thomas on his farm at \$8.00 a month.

The first event attracting public attention that I attended was the hanging of the three Thayers. I went to Buffalo that day in June, 1825. There were a great many there, thousands of people from all through the country, many passing through Clarence several days before. The hanging took place in the large field opposite the Courthouse.

The next event that took me to Buffalo was the starting of the first boat on the Erie Canal. I got my colt up the night before and on the 25th of October, 1825, by the time the sun was up, I was over half way to Buffalo which was twelve or thirteen miles from Clarence. I hitched the colt in a shed somewhere near the present Genesee House and ran my best down to where the crowd was gathering around the boat. As it started, the first of the signal cannons was fired. There were several superintending the starting and at almost the first move the bowsprit struck a bridge abutment and flew in pieces. However there was little damage or delay. I think there were not over two or three hundred people there to see that great event.

My ambition was to become a merchant and I had secured a position in a store at Ran-

som's Grove but wanted to take further schooling before commencing, so I studied three months with Mr. Gross and after finishing went to take the position but found that the store had been closed by the sheriff the same day.

My sister Sarah had married Wheaton Mason of Batavia, and as there was no chance for me at Ransom's Grove, I continued on to Batavia hoping to find a position in a store there. A gentleman going through on horseback suggested that I ride his horse and save my stage fare and he would take the stage. I saved my fare but had a very cold night's ride.

I found Mr. Mason with a great many things on hand and quite a number of people about him. He had a shoeshop employing five or six hands, a brick yard, some farming and a grocery, aside from loaning money. They had a great many fires to build and I commenced by making myself useful. During the year and a little over that I was with them I worked some about the grocery, put in and harvested potatoes three miles away, and learned enough of the shoe trade so that I was able to start for myself the following year. During that summer it became general talk that a Mr. Morgan, living there, and whom I often saw, had written and proposed to publish an exposure of Free Masonry. In the autumn of that year, 1826, he disappeared.

Aside from the great interest all through that section, I was particularly interested in the subject as Morgan's disappearance created intense feeling against all members of the Batavia Lodge of which my father had been and my employer was then a member. This agitation resulted in the organization of a new political party, the Anti-Masonic. Since that time I have been an interested participant in the political movements of the day.

On February 2, 1827, Mr. Mason and I started for Panama, N. Y., to make our home there. As we passed through Silver Creek, I was particularly impressed with the beauty of its location, its business prospects, with a fine harbor on Lake Erie, and with the people we met. At Panama Mr. Mason bought a hotel at the top of the hill above the village. A short time after locating there, he sent me back to Batavia on business. Stopping at Silver Creek I made up my mind to make it my home and soon moved there; commenced a shoe and leather jobbing business which I conducted for thirteen years and until I formed a partnership with George Farnham, having bought a half interest in his hardware store.

When I was twenty years old I went to Westfield and worked in the Aaron Rumsey tannery to learn what I could, intending to start in that business for myself the following year. There were several young men working

in the tannery and we had the usual time that young fellows do. I recall that we attended the revival meetings held in the schoolhouse for the fun of seeing the girls have the "power." The practice of the converts and the people in the meeting was not unlike that I have recently seen among the southern negroes. Sunday afternoon we boys in the tannery used to play cards out under the trees by the creek. Through the influence of Mrs. Rumsey I became interested in the Sunday School and used to attend with her, where she was one of the teachers. This was my first real interest in the Sunday School, and when I became a member of the church several years later I became a Sunday School teacher and have been either a Bible class teacher or a superintendent nearly all the time since.

October 4, 1829, I married Freelove, the daughter of Wheaton Mason and Octavia Belden, when I was twenty-one years old. Mr. Mason, who had married my sister Sarah, was then keeping the hotel in Silver Creek where I boarded. The Mason family and our family had been intimate from the time we came to Genesee County, Mr. Mason keeping "The Brick Tavern," the most important house in that country. He was a man of genial temperament, maintained himself and his family in a generous way and was in excellent credit and commercial standing during his entire life.

He died in 1850 and was buried in Ellicottville. As soon as I was married, we commenced keeping house in my own house which was paid for and I have maintained my own home ever since. With this first home there were twenty-five acres of land and since that time I have never been without land of my own within easy access of my home.

During most of the years that I was in Silver Creek, before going into the hardware and stove business, I held town offices; was Collector, Constable or Justice of the Peace, and was more or less interested in politics. Those were Anti-Masonic times and I was a Democrat. While I was acting as Collector, Constable and Justice I had many practical lessons as to those things which make for success or failure and give credit or discredit in business. I also had the evil of intemperance impressed upon me through the misfortune of a dear friend, and I have remembered those lessons.

During my time as Constable, a large amount of the work was collecting debts and many debtors were taken to the county seat at Mayville up to 1831 when the imprisonment for debt was abolished. Debtors were not confined in the jail, but were on "the limits" and boarding houses were maintained for their accommodation. They could give bail and if they were found off the limits during week

days the bondsmen were obliged to pay the debt for which they were imprisoned. Sundays they could go home or wherever they chose.

Later when I was Justice of the Peace, Judge Ward had an office with me. He was an excellent judge of the common law and during that time I took a great interest in law study. The Judge wanted to admit me to the bar, but I felt that if I were admitted, I would do more or less pettifogging which would interfere with my business as a merchant.

Soon after I went to Silver Creek a miniature railroad train was exhibited in the hotel ballroom and created much interest. The first talk regarding the practical operation of railroads was that the railroads were to be public highways used by individuals who would operate their own vehicles under the same plan as canal boats were operated, pay tolls and be under state regulation, but that did not materialize. Private corporations built the roads, but their rates were fixed so as not to compete to the disadvantage of the canals.

My first railroad trip was taken in 1840 and to make better time I took the stage to Bushnell's Basin; from there a canal boat to Syracuse where I took the train. The track was of strap-iron laid on timbers. The train was off the track two or three times before we got to Albany and the passengers assisted in put-

ting it on. We were helped up and down the hill west of Albany by a stationary engine to which our train was attached by a rope. The station in Albany where we stopped was near the capitol on the left hand side of State Street looking down. From Albany we took a boat down the river to New York City.

That year, 1840, I became a partner of Mr. Farnham in the hardware business and succeeded to the business a year later. During the next few years I had established a dry goods store in Randolph, had a store one year in Sinclairville and had filled that country up with stoves, and in 1845 I moved my family to Randolph and established a hardware store there. I moved my dry goods store to East Randolph in 1848 and soon after sold it to my brother Amos who conducted it for many years.

The Erie Railroad had been abandoned in 1842, business was stagnant in Randolph and the principal merchants had been obliged to suspend, but they had a large and good tributary country. From the time we started the business in Silver Creek we sent peddling wagons through Cattaraugus and Chautauqua Counties, selling our tinware and stoves at wholesale or retail and often placing them on commission. I continued that business in Randolph, extending the territory farther and into Pennsylvania. Our teams often brought

home large amounts of furs and bales of buffalo skins, they having been carried on the backs of raftsmen returning from the Ohio River country. My business there was good from the start. I sold a large amount of goods and both bought and sold on long credit. Soon after moving to Randolph, I established a store in Ellicottville and started a nephew in one at Bradford, Pa.

My wife died at Randolph August 21, 1847. Our children were James, Warren, Sarah, Mary and Albert.

On April 25, 1850, I married Lydia Ann Mason at Schenectady, N. Y. She was the daughter of Wheaton and Octavia Belden Mason and was born June 9, 1814, at Pembroke, N. Y. Our only child was Charles Mason. My wife died at Randolph June 11, 1891.

In 1863, I discontinued merchandising, having established a banking business in Randolph three years before. I was active in the banking business until 1891. As in my merchandising, my field of operation was not confined to Randolph where the demand for money was limited. My discounts and paper covered quite a large territory. Lumber was being manufactured both above and below on the Allegheny River with the result that my banking operations extended from the headwaters and the upper tributaries of the Allegheny to Pittsburg and below.

Since 1891 I have held interests in several other banking institutions in western New York and have in a way kept in touch with that business. I have kept my Randolph office open daily when at home, have given my personal attention to my affairs and have retained control of my investments. Since coming to Randolph I have varied my activities somewhat, serving in several official positions locally and in the state assembly and senate, and have always been actively interested in political, educational and religious affairs.

A few years ago I went back to my old home in Vermont and my birthplace in New Hampshire. I found the Hartland house well preserved and it has evidently been a prosperous and well kept place. The house is on the slope above the bottomlands and looks over the Connecticut Valley. This, the Cornish Artists' Colony section, is where the first eight years of my life were spent. I cannot but feel that the beauty of my surroundings during those years has had a marked influence on my life.

The scenery of all that country is picturesque rather than grand, but old Ascutney Mountain that my parents used to talk so much about when we were in our new home in Genesee County looked to me just as it did when a child. Along the road near the house is a row of handsome shade trees. The mead-

ow is not as large and the river not as wide as my memory had pictured. It is a section untouched by commerce and manufacturing. The farms on that road all look well cared for, the buildings are large and general thrift prevails. We crossed the ferry over to Plainfield, a little village now as then called "The Plain." The house where I was born is still standing and is said to be the oldest house in the village. It is a one and a half-story building with a veranda and pillars in front. The village now has a deserted appearance. The main street is broad and is lined with old elms, so much a part of New England beauty. At both places I found people who knew the young people of our family when we lived there. One very old lady told us that it is one of the traditions of her family that the first time she was taken to church when a baby, Captain Dow carried her in his arms from the carriage to the pew. Another remembered of my brother Richard going to the War of 1812 and coming back afterward. We drove back to Windsor through Cornish.

I afterwards spent an afternoon at Bow, N. H. I knew very little of Bow except my recollection of my father's and mother's talk of their early home. Mother once told us of the first time she saw father; that he came on horseback and hitched his horse on the green before their house, and that he was then a

tall lad. I went to her father's farm, saw the old house where she passed her childhood, the green, the old meeting house, the center of their social life, where my grandfather, James Buzzell, was a deacon, and all that section that was familiar to father and mother when they were young. Where they lived is a high plateau and extremely rocky and is about two miles back from the Merrimac River.

A matter of no small interest to me was what I learned of the part my grandfather took in the public affairs of his time; of his Revolutionary service, of his being Selectman of his town and Captain of the local militia.

I could clearly see the early surroundings of my father and mother, which added to the traits transmitted to them by their ancestors, gave them their sturdy character which I hope may carry through generations.

As to my personal habits and practices: In my early business life I ate and worked quite irregularly as I was pushing my business in every direction possible. Since soon after discontinuing merchandising and for something over forty years I have been regular in my meals and have not eaten rapidly. Early, my stomach would reject both liquid and solid food if taken too hastily. The habit I formed of deliberation in eating naturally led to moderation with little craving for rich sauces. My sense of taste is now and has been delicate and

definite. I have always humored it and eaten anything that I desired.

I never cultivated the desire for liquor and have been an abstainer from alcoholic drinks. I at one time enjoyed cigars but have not used tobacco during the last seventy-five years.

It has been my custom to rise early and take a sponge bath, sometimes in cold and at others in tepid water, but never in a cold room. After my bath I have read from books and studied until the family breakfast was served. I have learned much from reading and I think the desire to learn is as strong with me now as ever. After breakfast all members of the family united in the morning devotion before taking up the business of the day. I have never spared myself on account of inclement weather if business demanded. Except for some business or social engagement, I have retired early and have slept well.

I have had little use for medicine or medical attendance and do not recall that I ever used physic except possibly during the cholera times in 1832 when I was under the care of a physician and do not know what medicines were given me.

I am five feet, four inches tall. My weight has varied from 130 to 140 pounds and is now about 135 pounds and I am without a pimple, blemish or scar of any kind which, considering all my long continued activities, is quite remarkable.

I do not recall that I have ever taken any systematic exercise for the sake of exercise except possibly this winter and spring I have walked a little with that end in view, but I have never taken any of the exercises prescribed by the gymnasiums. In my early business life I did a great deal of horseback riding, being in the saddle as often as possible, and while the saddling was all done in the transaction of business, I found great pleasure and exhilaration in it. In later life, however, driving has taken the place of saddling.

I have enjoyed my home, my neighbors and my surroundings and have always been in touch with the spirit of the country. There has seemed in and about Randolph something of the serenity that in my mind has always been associated with my New England home.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN

From Jamestown Evening Journal,
May 25, 1908

FORMER State Senator Albert G. Dow died at the family home at Randolph shortly before 10 o'clock Saturday evening, and the tolling of the village church bell, which has called the people of that community to worship for the past half century, gave information to the neighbors and nearby friends that the end had come in the life of this remarkable man. As the clear notes of the bell continued until ninety-nine strokes had been heard it left no doubt in whose memory it spoke.

The end was symbolical of his entire life, calm and peaceful. It was hoped on Tuesday and Wednesday that the remarkable vigor which Mr. Dow displayed, considering his age, would be such as to carry him through this attack of sickness, but Wednesday evening he began sinking again and quickly passed into a quiet slumber from which he did not waken.

In many respects Mr. Dow was one of the most remarkable men of the present day. Intelligent and earnest in all that he did he took

a commanding position among those with whom his life was cast from early manhood and was a leader in all of the things that count toward the development of the community or the advancement of the best interests of the people with whom he was associated.

In business he was quiet and conservative, gaining a competence in his younger days he continued to engage in the activities of business life until he reached a very advanced age, and even up to the time of his last sickness, which began only a few days ago, he attended to his own business affairs in a capable and painstaking way, although he was nearly one hundred years of age. His one hundredth birthday would have been celebrated on the 16th of August this year, had he lived until that time.

He had always taken a deep interest in the Chautauqua movement and was a welcome guest at Chautauqua ever since that institution began holding its summer assemblies. Plans were being made by the Chautauqua management to have celebrated Mr. Dow's one hundredth birthday with a dinner in his honor.

Not alone on account of his great age, but because of the remarkable vigor of both mind and body which he displayed, he was among the noted centenarians of the world, and his birthday was to have been made the occasion of signal honors by other societies.

To say that he will be greatly missed by the people of Randolph where he has so long resided, and in almost equal manner by the people of Jamestown where he has been a frequent visitor, and in fact, throughout western New York, is to modestly speak the truth. It is doubtful if anyone in western New York has met more men or made more friends than Albert G. Dow. Actively interested in the church, in business, in social affairs and in politics he came in contact with all classes of people and among all he was regarded as a friend and advisor.

HIS LAST ACTIVE DAY

Mr. Dow was as active as usual last Monday, and that day was typical of those which he passed during the latter years of his life. He left his bed that morning at half-past five o'clock and read until breakfast time. After breakfast he gave the gardener instructions as to the work of the day, discussed with him the planting of certain seeds and the necessity of securing some seed which they did not have at hand. After that he went to his office and spent a couple of hours in the transaction of business matters that claimed his attention. He then went to the store and purchased the seeds required for his garden, took them home with him, had his favorite driving horse harnessed, got into the carriage and taking the

reins he drove to his farm to see the work that the hay pressers were doing. While there he observed the work that a fifteen-year old boy was performing which he thought was too heavy for one of his age. He remonstrated with the lad about the heavy work.

"The boy should save his strength," said he. "He'll need it more when he grows older."

From his own farm he drove to the farm of his son, Charles M. Dow, in which he had always taken a great interest, and also called on one or two friends. He then returned to his home for the mid-day luncheon, and later in the day he again went to his office, spending another two hours there in the afternoon. On returning home toward evening he stopped to call on his daughter, Mrs. Johnson, talking with her for some time regarding family matters.

On leaving Mrs. Johnson's home he called on a neighbor where he spent a few minutes in social chat, going thence to his home where he received a call from another neighbor who was entertained in a cordial way, light refreshments being served to the caller and to the host.

As usual he took dinner at home alone at 6 o'clock. His housekeeper came into the dining room as he finished his meal, sat down and talked over incidents of former days, in which he answered many questions that she asked.

In the evening after dinner Mrs. Johnson called at the house, visited with him for some time, read the daily papers to him and on her departure he retired at 9:30, his usual bedtime.

Tuesday morning he arose and dressed himself, and then calling his housekeeper, he asked her to send for the physician and for his daughter, Mrs. Johnson. He said he did not feel just well, that he found difficulty in breathing, something that had never troubled him before.

After the doctor came he explained the symptoms and soon after sank into a state of collapse from which he only temporarily rallied until the end. Death came very easily; it was what physicians term a physiological death, which rarely occurs; there was absolutely no disease, but a giving away of all of the organs of the body. The machinery of life had simply run down, and while the heart's action remained strong and the breathing natural and regular it all had to finally cease, although the physical conditions were so perfect that he lived hour after hour and the hours reached into days after the attending physicians said that death was due at any moment.

Mr. Dow's strong personality, sound judgment, purity of character, honesty of purpose and conscientiousness in the discharge of duty, has won the respect and admiration of a

large circle of acquaintances and the friendship of all classes in the community in which he lives.

Mr. Dow leaves three sons and one daughter: Warren Dow, Mrs. James G. Johnson and Albert G. Dow, Jr., of Randolph and Charles M. Dow of Jamestown. He also leaves six grandchildren: Mrs. George E. Allen of Passaic, N. J.; Mrs. Alan Falconer of Chloride, Ariz.; Supervisor Marc D. Johnson of the Randolph Register; Mrs. Carl Tompkins of Randolph; Mrs. Fletcher Goodwill and Howard Dow of Jamestown.

ALBERT GALLATIN DOW

Editorial
From Jamestown Morning Post
May 25, 1908

WHEN the bells of Randolph tolled for the death of its most distinguished citizen late on Saturday evening, notice was given to a much wider circle that the remarkable career of Albert G. Dow had ended as he stood almost on the threshold of a second century. The life of the venerable man had been ebbing away slowly for days, like the low tide, beating fainter and fainter upon the sands until at last no ripple breaks upon the surface of the sea. So the great calm came upon him and he slept.

It is given to few men to reach the great age attained by Mr. Dow, and to fewer yet to approach their hundredth birthday with faculties unimpaired and the memory of past events so marvelously retained. Professor Horace Fletcher, who visited Mr. Dow recently, pronounced his case to be unique in the annals of longevity, presenting a marked contrast to the sad pictures of infirmity usually presented by centenarians. Mr. Dow was old in years only, but young at heart. He took the same

active interest in public affairs that had always characterized him. His eye was bright, his taste keen, his mental vision clear. Within the past few weeks he had written at the request of his family his personal reminiscences, which give graphic pictures of his boyhood home in Vermont and later at Batavia in this state. These recollections abound in interesting incidents of the pioneer life of that early day. The personality of the man speaks through them. His interest in political movements, in the church, in business affairs, his pen pictures of old friends and relatives, with here and there a touch of humor, or a fine phrase descriptive of some beautiful spot hallowed to him by early association, all combine to make this autobiography a work of rare interest that should be preserved in some permanent form.

It is difficult to realize what it is to have lived so long and so well. Here was a man among us, walking and talking a week ago with his friends and neighbors, who was born the year before Abraham Lincoln's eyes opened in the Kentucky log-house, or William Ewart Gladstone saw the light of England's sun, or Charles Darwin gave his first feeble cry of babyhood. These men had done their great work and passed on, two of them dying in old age, yet this rugged New England oak had not fallen before the blasts of a hundred

winters. Had he lived until August 16th he would have rounded the full limit of a century. His own county of Cattaraugus is planning its centennial for that very month, at which he would have been a conspicuous figure. The Chautauqua management, whose guest he was at the luncheon to Governor Hughes last August, had tendered him a reception in honor of his birthday. What a tale of national expansion he could have told, who remembered the War of 1812, and all our later wars which have planted the Stars and Stripes from Mexico to Manila!

The essential facts of the active and useful life of Albert G. Dow are told elsewhere in this paper. It is a record of industry and perseverance, of business development by which the boy who worked with his hands at the bench became merchant, banker and capitalist. Honored by repeated elections to the Board of Supervisors, and to the Assembly and Senate of the state, he proved his fitness for public service. But his tastes did not lead him toward the political arena. He was content to live quietly in his home village, among his neighbors and kinsmen. He loved Randolph and was the friend of its educational institutions and of its public movements. He lived the blameless life of his New England ancestors without being austere. The kindly nature of the man had softened the rough places

in their philosophy. He was tempered by time and broadened by his reading and his observation of human life.

Always interested in the First Congregational Church of Randolph, of which he was a pillar of strength, he gave his last day of conscious life to plans for the improvement of its edifice. It was a fitting end to a life that was filled with work for humanity and for the world. He was a friend of freedom and of the Union in the days when it was assailed. His time, his talent and his purse were never withheld from any good cause. In extreme old age, but without the weakness that goes with it, he has fallen asleep. His work is all done, and well done. If he has fallen a little short of the coveted goal in his long race, he has surely left nothing unfinished, little to regret.

*Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release,
In the bells of the Holy City,
The Chimes of eternal peace.*

ALBERT GALLATIN DOW

Editorial
From Jamestown Evening Journal
May 25, 1908

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."—The Psalms.

THE death of Senator Albert G. Dow at the family home at Randolph shortly before 10 o'clock Saturday night removes one of the most remarkable men of this age. Mentally and physically Mr. Dow was one of the most perfectly balanced men of whom history gives record; no part of the brain or body had been developed at the expense of any other part; without being a genius or even a specialist he had the ability to quickly and firmly grasp any problem or subject in which he took an interest; a man of medium size his body was splendidly developed, every organ performing its required duty in an easy and normal way.

His mental poise was so perfect that no undue effort was required to meet the new and strenuous conditions that constantly presented themselves during the seventy-five years of

his active business career—a period that presented more new and unsolved business problems than any other equal period of time in the history of the world. His bodily vigor was such that he was enabled to perform the long hours of labor that at times were required in the development of his vast and varied interests, so that no perceptible physical strain was made upon his admirable constitution.

It was this perfect balance of mind and body which counted so much, not only toward the long life of Mr. Dow, but toward that which gave true pleasure to himself and friends during his one hundred years. He had no physical ills to contend with during all of these years, and he had no mental infirmities to try the souls of those with whom he came into contact during the declining days of his life. The decline from the prime of manhood to the end of life was as gradual and perfect in its way as the development from early childhood to the full strength of manhood.

Born of rugged New England stock, thrown upon his own resources in early life, he was compelled to trust himself in all things at an age when most boys have the advantage of home surroundings, home instruction and the counsel and advice which are so needful in the proper development of most young men. He was never afraid of hard work, but was always ready to do with his full energy that which

his hands found to do. In young manhood he learned the trade of a shoemaker, and while he never followed this in after life it was one of the things that counted for his success. It enabled him to know a good boot when he saw one and to know its value, and this gave him success in his first business venture, that of a boot and shoe merchant in the village of Silver Creek in Chautauqua County.

From this it was most natural that his business should grow rapidly; his easy grasp of the true principles of business, his manly courtesy toward all, his wonderful faculty of making friends and retaining them, all conspired to give him a place in the community second to none. Branching out from Silver Creek he established stores in Sinclairville, Ellicottville and Randolph, to all of which he gave his personal attention and with continued success. Still later he became engaged in banking enterprises, first establishing a private bank at Randolph nearly fifty years ago; later the Salamanca National Bank, and becoming a prominent stockholder and director in what is now the National Chautauqua County Bank of Jamestown. In the first two of these institutions his management was for many years the controlling influence in their success, and his advice was considered of special value in matters of moment in the affairs of the Jamestown banking institution until the very last.

In the passing of Senator Dow western New York loses one who loved its rugged hills and quiet valleys; one who passed from youth to old age among them; one who gained friends and made life happier for those he passed in his journey. He felt the responsibilities which he owed to himself and to the age in which he lived, and he never flinched in meeting them face to face. With him it might truly be said:

*Age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day.*

ALBERT GALLATIN DOW

Editorial
From Buffalo Evening News
Monday, May 25, 1908

IN the death of Albert Gallatin Dow, Western New York has lost its oldest and most representative citizen, a man with the live, active experience of one hundred years, for had he lived until the 16th of August of this year he would have celebrated the hundredth anniversary of his birth.

The most remarkable thing in connection with Mr. Dow was not that he had attained to such a great age, but that he had maintained the enthusiasm, the vitality, mental activity and the gladness of living, up to the very threshold of death. Nothing of feebleness, decrepitude, almost nothing of venerableness, touched his life. He was alert, active, up-to-date, a man of his time, a participant in all the interests and affairs of life, to the last immaculate in dress, keen and polished in manner, a gentleman of the old school, the new school, any school where genuine kindness of heart and broad sympathy unite with an observance of the forms of a somewhat formal etiquette.

Life realized for him the fulfillment of all

that a reasonable man could lay claim to—a successful business career, political distinction, and unusual domestic happiness. He was a deeply religious man, believing in the efficiency of prayer and evolving for himself a philosophy by which he controlled his life and created an environment of harmony. His name has been eminent in the banking world of his day and he has performed many public services, among them representing his district successfully in the Senate.

What Mr. Dow himself witnessed, however, was the marvelous part of his existence as a contemporary of the progress, the achievements and the developments of one hundred years. He saw transportation completely revolutionized by steam and steel and electricity—the steam car take the place of the stage coach, the horse give way to the trolley and the automobile. The telegraph, the telephone, the motor power are all inventions of his day, in addition to hundreds of other devices by which hand labor has been replaced by machinery.

Mr. Dow lived through every expansion of our country and witnessed every territorial purchase but one. All of the abuses of slavery, the legislation for and against it, and the emancipation of the negro were events in his day. Buffalo has grown from a hamlet to a metropolis since he was a schoolboy. He had

entered upon middle age when the gold fever of '49 swept the country and without doubt outlived almost every man and woman who made that weary pilgrimage across the plains to California. He has witnessed the complete development of the oil industry from its infancy to its present gigantic power. He has lived through the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Civil War and the War with Spain. He has been a part of the educational and philanthropical movements of the whole century. He has lived with and outlived every President of the United States, from Washington's time down to today, with the exception of Cleveland and Roosevelt. Thomas Jefferson, Madison, John Quincy Adams, Monroe, Jackson, VanBuren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, Cleveland and McKinley have all come and gone in a mighty forceful pageant during his life and Roosevelt, our last President, has almost finished his second term under his keen, critical and approving eye.

A noble, wonderful life has gone out and the most wonderful feature and beautiful thing about it is, that from beginning to end, love of his fellow men was its dominating force and duty and consideration of others its ruling passion.

ALBERT GALLATIN DOW

Editorial
From The Randolph Register
May 29, 1908

EASILY the most prominent figure in this community passed from the stage of life when, just at the close of a week that had been full of anxiety for watchers, Hon. Albert Gallatin Dow sank softly to rest in that dreamless slumber which we call death. Full of years and rich in the love and reverence of a circle of admiring friends that extended far beyond the limits of county or state, he fell asleep; and Death seemingly loth to advance boldly to the attack, stole upon him so silently that "listening love could catch the rustle of a wing" as his spirit passed forward in its development.

Few men in the known history of the world have been so favored as Mr. Dow. To have lived a hundred years in the full possession of bodily strength and mental vigor; to have reached that summit from which one can review with broadened understanding the events of a century past and peer forward with prophetic vision into a century opening; to have mingled in the tide of current events during ten decades of the most progressive and event-

ful era in the history of mankind, and to have been able to interpret the tendencies of a world's development in the calm evening of an active and well spent life, is something to attract the wonder and admiration of the thinking world. But greater than all these was the triumph Mr. Dow achieved in early learning the great lesson of how so to live to get the most from life. Unerring instinct taught him that service is the key note of success and the broad highway to the truest happiness. He entered heartily into all the activities of life, regarding labor as a pleasant duty rather than drudgery and as the means by which the highest bodily and mental exaltation is to be attained. Taught in the great school of experience, his quick perception grasped the truth that anger and worry are the great foes of efficiency and that the simple life, so called, is the truest luxury. By encouraging a natural and kindly interest in his fellowmen he defeated personal worry and anger seldom found lodgment in a mind ever pondering the great problems of the universe. Good thoughts and a life ruled by the precepts laid down in the great book of nature for those who can interpret her work make for efficient longevity, and while advancing along the lines of higher development Mr. Dow unconsciously trod the path which tardy science now recognizes as the true way to the most

perfect physical and mental existence. Without for a moment losing his grasp of the complexities which make up the routine of life in community, state and nation, his mind through all the stress and storms of life retained its calm serenity, and in times of physical leisure was made the storehouse of the best that the literati of the world has produced. With the trust of his Puritan forbears he believed in the church of Jesus Christ and with a liberal hand gave to the support of His institution on earth. His faith was as boundless as the cosmos, as steadfast as the eternal law of the universe, and was marred by no narrow conceptions of the great plan of redemption which to him was comprehensive enough to embrace all mankind.

There is something awe-inspiring in the contemplation of a life that has been contemporaneous with the events of a hundred years—especially when that century embraces the larger part of the history and development of this greatest nation on earth. And when we remember that his was a mind that could grasp and grow with that development; that his heart was attuned to catch and feel the pulsing hopes and fears, the joys and aspirations in the great human tide of which he was a part, we can but feel that his rewards in life were far beyond those vouchsafed to most. Looking back through the vista of a hundred

years we can see him a child in arms ere the nation has ceased to mourn for its beloved Washington, first President and father of his country; we see him a sturdy lad of seven when the Battle of Waterloo changed the map of Europe; we see a life that has been contemporaneous with that of every President except Washington and John Adams; we see American genius unfolding under his eyes as expressed in the complex development of railroad and water transportation, electrical communication and the many-sided expansion of manufacture and commerce. Through it all he was in the forefront of the glorious struggle for advancement and his mind easily kept pace with the spirit of progress that animated the age. Mr. Dow's growth was symmetrical. His mind was not highly specialized in any particular but like the perfect flower unfolded equally in all directions and seemed to comprehend the splendid whole with a thankful and reverent appreciation.

Mr. Dow was thrown upon his own resources at an age when young men as a rule most need the advice and direction of parents in shaping their course, but this circumstance only served to bring to an earlier development those forces within him whose unfolding made him the marvel of his generation in many respects. His mind never seemed to grow old and his wonderful mental poise was

maintained to the last. Perhaps his most remarkable achievement was the penning, in a graceful style peculiarly his own a few months before death, of his personal memoirs covering incidents in his career from early childhood and showing that memory was still vigorously enthroned. His long life and well nigh perfect preservation had of late years attracted wide attention from the scientific world as elsewhere and Mr. Horace Fletcher, the eminent dietitian and psychologist who visited him a few months ago pronounced Mr. Dow the most perfect specimen of aged efficiency in existence. In a private letter to the writer following his visit Mr. Fletcher wrote: "I expect to see you again and I hope often during many years of Mr. Dow's life for as long as he lives his home will be to me a shrine—a Mecca of well-balanced and well-preserved longevity. It is perhaps more significant to a student of efficiency than to those who have not given attention to the subject, but lives become more valuable in geometrical ratio in proportion to their extension in all four dimensions, and Mr. Dow's life seems to be as nearly flawless as possible to imagine, and well rounded in all directions. It is like an hundred carat flawless diamond."

The Chautauqua Institution in which Mr. Dow always took a deep interest had planned an imposing celebration on his 100th birthday

in which he was to have been the guest of honor at dinner and the widespread interest in his life is further shown by the fact that other societies about the country had planned for special recognition of the occasion.

Mr. Dow was a man of uncompromising integrity and his comprehension and accurate judgment as displayed in business relations thrust him, though often against his will, into positions of prominence from the first. He was deeply interested in religious and educational matters and whether in church or school his voice was always for progress along conservative lines. He was active in the organization of the Randolph Academy, now the Chamberlain Military Institute, and was a trustee of that institution until two years ago when he retired in favor of his son, Charles M. Dow, of Jamestown. He served as Justice of the Peace and later as Supervisor of this township for many years and in 1863 and 1864 was a member of the State Assembly from this county. In 1872 he was elected to the State Senate and although not known as a prominent speaking member he was one of the workers of that body and so thoroughly mastered all subjects of legislation brought before the senate that his advice was sought on all important measures.

But while Mr. Dow's public record is one in which the people of this community take a

pardonable pride, it is as the kind and gracious neighbor, patriotic citizen, and generous friend that those who shared his acquaintance will best love to remember him. Though burdened with many business cares and responsibilities both public and private he kept in close touch with his home people to the very last and no man or woman was too old or child was too young to claim his attention. Kindly inquiring but never impertinently inquisitive, he kept track of the growth and development of families and rejoiced or sympathized with them as the wheel of fate brought joy or sorrow to the home. The greatest tribute that can be paid to the spirituality of any man is the love of a child and Mr. Dow's memory will be kept green in this village so long as a child of the present generation survives. He loved the children, knew more of them by name than perhaps any other man in this village and the affection was reciprocated by the little ones who will long cherish his expressions of kindness and advice.

Mr. Dow is dead but the record of his life and grace of his example will stand as never failing beacon lights to guide future generations in the way that leads to a realization of the highest happiness.

FUNERAL OF ALBERT GALLATIN DOW

From Jamestown Journal

May 27, 1908

NEAR the close of a perfect spring day and just as the rays of the setting sun silvered the clouds which hung in the western sky, the mortal remains of that venerable and venerated man, Albert G. Dow, were laid to rest in the village graveyard at Randolph. Surrounded by children and grandchildren, friends and neighbors, who came to pay a tribute of love and admiration, the body was lowered to its last resting place. After a hundred years of ceaseless activity he sleeps in peace beside many loved ones gone before.

The entire funeral service was a most impressive one; the Congregational Church in the village of Randolph, where Mr. Dow was a regular attendant and where his words of faith and cheer and comfort had inspired so many to a better life, where his prayers had come like a benediction to those with whom he prayed, where his voice had been so often heard in testimony of faith in God and humanity, and where his presence had always been so welcome and cheering from the very foundation of the church society, was filled

with relatives and friends, including neighbors and business associates, professional men, former pastors, school children, old and young, in whom he had taken an interest and who loved the gentle patriarch like a father.

The casket in which the body rested stood directly in front of the pulpit, and casket and pulpit and choir loft were banked with flowers. Roses predominated, although lilies and carnations and other beautiful blossoms were used in profusion among the many floral tributes. The immediate family of Mr. Dow occupied seats in the center pews, while friends and neighbors filled the seats at the sides and back part of the auditorium and the Sunday school room in the rear which had been thrown open for the accommodation of the large number in attendance.

The service was conducted by the pastor of the church, the Rev. Levi Rees, who was assisted by a former pastor, Rev. Newman Mathews of Kane, Pa., and two dear friends of Mr. Dow, Rev. Dr. George Murray Colville of Binghamton, N. Y., and Rev. Elliot C. Hall of Jamestown. The service began by the church choir softly singing that delightful hymn, Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me. The pastor then read appropriate Scripture texts, prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Hall and the choir sang, Wait, Meekly Wait. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Rees, who

paid a fitting tribute to the life and services of Mr. Dow and drew lessons from it as a hope and inspiration for others.

Following Dr. Colville's address the village choir sang in beautifully low tones that sweetest of hymns, Sweet Hour of Prayer, the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Colville and the congregation slowly left the church. The body was carried to the funeral car by the sons, Warren, Albert G., Jr., and Charles M. Dow, four grandsons, Howard Dow, Fletcher Goodwill, Marc D. Johnson and Dr. Carl Tompkins, and a nephew, Charles Dow.

As the casket was carried from the church the honorary bearers, consisting of the members of the boards of directors of the National Chautauqua County Bank of Jamestown and the Salamanca Trust Company, formed lines beside the walk through which the body was carried.

A company of more than fifty cadets from the Chamberlain Military Institute, in full uniform and carrying rifles, acted as special escort to the funeral car in the journey from the church to the village cemetery, the youthful appearance of the cadets calling vividly to mind the changes that have come and gone since he in whose honor they were marching was as young and active as they are today.

Most of the friends who attended the church service went also to the cemetery for the com-

mittal service which was as simple and impressive as the life of him whose body was laid to rest. The grave was lined with evergreens and flowers and many flowers were used in banking the monument upon the family lot and the graves beside the newly made one.

A special train was run from Jamestown to Randolph for the accommodation of those from this city and vicinity who wished to attend the service, and this returned again immediately following the burial.

Among the floral tributes were ninety-nine yellow roses entwined among the greenery about the casket, a tribute from the family; a wreath of galax and bride roses from the National Chautauqua County Bank of Jamestown; a wreath of roses and lilies from the First National Bank of Salamanca, and a wealth of white carnations from the grandchildren, besides many rarely beautiful cut flowers from hundreds of friends.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL OF
ALBERT GALLATIN DOW AT RAN-
DOLPH ON MAY 26, 1908, BY
REV. LEVI REES.

“**N**EVER shall I forget,” said Max Müller, in the preface to his book, “The Roman and the Teuton,” “the moment when for the last time I gazed upon the manly features of Charles Kingsley—features which death had rendered calm, grand, sublime. The constant struggle that in life seemed to allow no rest to his expression, the spirit, like a caged lion shaking the bars of his prison, the mind striving for utterance, the soul wearying for loving response—all that was over. There remained only the satisfied expression of triumph and peace, as of a soldier who had fought a good fight, and who, while sinking into the stillness of the slumber of death, listens to the distant sounds of music and the shouts of victory. One saw the ideal man, as nature had meant him to be, and one felt that there is no greater sculptor than death.”

Much in that eloquent passage came into my mind as I gazed for the last time upon the beautifully fine, finely beautiful face of our dear friend, Albert Gallatin Dow. I, too, saw the

ideal man as God—I prefer that term to the impersonal one of “Nature”—meant him to be—a combination of the ancient Hebrew Psalmist’s ideality, “beauty and strength,” and that of the modern English poet’s—Mathew Arnold—“sweetness and light”; and it seemed to me that the great sculptor, Death, had only chiselled into sublime relief and clearness the lines that the soul had been forming upon those fine features for almost one hundred years. For, after all, Death does not create, it only fixes the expression which the soul has been developing during the years of its tenure of the physical tabernacle. It is Life that is the great master-artist. And so, much as we who have looked upon the dead face of our dear and honored friend, in the glory of its tender strength and the beauty of its ineffable peacefulness, have been impressed by the rare combination of moral and spiritual excellencies stamped upon it, our admiration goes back for its abiding rest, to the life which wrought the loveliness that death so indelibly fixed upon that noble face.

And what was the character of that life? I care not so much about the record of its outward activities only as they reveal the inward spirit. I must confess that I have not been favorably impressed by the custom in vogue in this part of the country of reading what is called an “obituary” at funeral services—an

“obituary” consisting mostly of dates and the common events of any human life. What inspiration is there in listening to such a recital as “the deceased was born on such and such a date—married on such and such a date—had so many children, and the name of each and all given, of course—and finally died at the age of so many years, months, weeks and even days”? What interests me is not the duration of the period a man has spent between the cradle and the grave, neither is it the mere surface episodes of that period; but the tone and temper of the life that was lived—the atmosphere in which it dwelt—the spirit which animated its actions—the influence it exerted—the spiritual touch it imparted.

In the case before us today, the very length of the life, coupled with the vigor which it maintained to the end, is worthy of comment. It is a rare thing for a man to come within three short months of the century mark, especially with the faculties of mind and body not only unimpaired, but in fullness and keenness of action and with all the signs of senility conspicuous by their absence. But it is not the vigor of body, nor yet the alertness of mind that appeals to me most strongly. These are but the outer courts of the temple of life, and impressive though they be in this case especially, we will not linger there, but pass into the inner sanctuary—into the holy of

holies, and gaze for a while upon the glory of the Lord as revealed in one of the choicest spirits that ever incarnated itself in human form. I have said, "the glory of the Lord revealed in the spirit of our dear friend," for we who accept the great truth of theology which is so strongly and widely emphasized today, the immanence of God, regard all excellencies of character as expressions of the inherent divinity of man.

What do we behold in that inner sanctuary of the life whose close we mark today by these services? I have time only to barely mention the graces and nobilities that are shining there with a radiance soft and tender.

First of all, there was an integrity that never lowered its high standard of strict justice in all his dealings with his fellowmen. Honesty was not a mere policy—an expediency, with him. It was a principle rooted in his character. Then, there was a benevolence that loved to help individuals in distress, and public causes that needed support. There was no ostentatious parade of philanthropy on his part. The greatest amount of the good he did was done by stealth. Many a subscription list of religious and benevolent organizations will henceforth miss the name of A. G. Dow. The last active day of his life was spent in connection with the expenditure of a goodly sum of money in the interests of the church he loved

so well—a sum he had undertaken to pay himself.

Then, there was a strength of purpose and a force of conviction that could not be easily moved. He was not a reed shaken with the wind—not a lath painted to look like iron. What he undertook to do, he did whatever the toil or sacrifice it involved. What he conceived to be right he clung to with a tenacity that would not relax. Dr. Lyman Abbott, in the "Outlook" a few months ago, described a certain prominent statesman who has been twice defeated in his efforts to secure the highest and most exalted office in the land, and who for the third time is a candidate for the same office, as possessing the "Un-American virtue of perseverance." As a new comer in this country, I would hesitate to use that phrase. I have quoted it only to say that Mr. Dow was pre-eminent in the virtue commended. It is no secret that he was not born with the proverbial silver-spoon in his mouth. He told me himself that he was thrown on his own resources when a lad of about fifteen years of age. What he achieved we all know; and we know, too, that the position he attained to, and the influence he commanded, could not have been acquired by a weakling, a shilly-shally, backboneless kind of being.

But combined with this strength of purpose—this firmness of principle—this force of

conviction, was a meekness, a gentleness, an innate courtesy of manner which reminded one of the simile of the "strong hand in the velvet glove." You have heard the phrase, "a fine old English gentleman"—I know one well. I was associated with him in philanthropic work in Devonshire, England, for several years. We sat together on the Hospital Board, and the Board of Guardians of the Poor, and I observed how he never failed to infuse into the routine of the business of those Boards his fine spirit of courtliness. He was of noble lineage—the owner of a large estate—the squire of the parish, most of which he owned, and yet he was as humble and approachable as the poorest in the land. He doffed his hat to a shop-girl, and bared his head in the presence of a washerwoman. Mr. Dow always reminded me of that fine old English gentleman—so kind, so courteous, so considerate was he, invariably, in demeanor and in action. May the type increase. Let us not think that self-assertion is evidence of power. Personal aggressiveness is not winsome—ostentation disgusts. Let us cherish the idea that meekness is not weakness, but the sheen and luster of strength. So, evidently, did our departed friend; and he translated into living action the old Roman ideal of manhood—"fortiter in re, suaviter in modo."

Finally, in this inner sanctuary of his life,

we see how all the virtues and excellencies of his character were crowned with a piety sincere and deep-seated. I never inquired about the specific articles of his religious creed. I never was curious to learn whether his theological views were orthodox or not. I only know that a broad-minded and fearless presentation of the truth was not objectionable to him, and that he did not resent the efforts of his minister to express the old religious ideas in terms of modern light and knowledge. But what interested me was the theology of the heart, not of the head; the spirit of the life, not the letter of the creed; the prayers that ascended from the soul, not any dogmas the lips might utter; the holy influence which emanated from his presence, like the fragrance of the flowers, not any protestations of orthodoxy he might make. He lived so much in the atmosphere of the divine that he carried with him wherever he went, some of its spiritual ozone, and those who came in contact with him were bound to feel its invigorating effect. I would sum up the life, whose inner springs and external values I have been trying to unfold, as the embodiment of the apostolic standard: "Whatsoever things are just—whatsoever things are pure—whatsoever things are lovely—whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." And as it was so frequently

said of the grand old man of England, William Ewart Gladstone, so will I say of the grand old man of Randolph, "He wore the white flower of a blameless life."

To you, the children and grandchildren of our dear old friend, I would venture to say, by way of loving reminder, that you have been privileged above the ordinary run of mortals. I know not—and it does not concern me or anybody else outside your family circle to know—what the amount of material substance he has left for your comfort and enjoyment may be. But I do know you have entered upon an inheritance infinitely more precious than the greatest material fortune—an inheritance of a lofty example—of a name that stands for everything true and noble—of a reputation unsullied. The memory of him who at last has departed from your midst will be a rich spiritual possession to you. You will long as most of us do for "the touch of the vanished hand, for the sound of the voice that is still," but the touch of his spirit will be yours still if so be that you keep yourselves susceptible to it. Yes, the memory of the old home-life will steady you in an hour when you will waver under the shock of temptation. The thought of father and grandfather will throw a spell over you and drive you up the nobler path. In the days when your faith shall be low and your courage oozing away, memories of other

days in the old home will crowd behind you like strengthening angels of God.

You, members of the church, have lost a wise leader and a generous supporter. His prayers and counsels will not be forgotten, and I trust his example will prove to you a shining beacon to higher things.

A familiar figure has passed from your midst, inhabitants of Randolph, a gracious presence has been withdrawn from amongst you. But his character and conduct, his pure and upright life is your heritage, too. Prize it by conforming to the ideals presented in your midst for so many years in the life of your leading citizen. We cannot hope perhaps, all of us, to attain to the same ripe old age. But let us remember that the measure of life is not its duration but its quality. As Philip James Bailey has said in his "Festus":

*"We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths,
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."*

We shall soon leave what is mortal of our dear friend in the cold and silent tomb, but this one luminous thought, this precious truth I would leave with you: He will not be there. He is with God. In what realm, and in what form, I cannot say. I have never presumed to locate the abode of the blessed dead, nor

to be dogmatic upon the future life of the redeemed.

*"I know not where His islands lie,
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."*

*"If faith in God remaineth and dieth not,
If love abiding ever is ne'er forgot,
If kindness is eternal as Heaven o'erhead,
O friend of mine that sleeps thou are not dead."*

*"Yea, wrapt close within my own heart's glow
I hold thy life and will not let it go.
While God is love, and love is not a lie,
O friend of mine that sleepest, thou can'st not die."*

REMARKS AT THE FUNERAL SERVICE BY
REV. NEWMAN MATTHEWS.

AFTER the beautiful and eloquent tribute to our dear and honored friend to which we have listened with rapt attention, it hardly seems needful that anything further be said. Nevertheless, this is a remarkable and memorable occasion and it is proper that we allow ourselves more time than is usually given to such services as these. This is a profoundly impressive occasion. As the moments of the hour have been slipping away, it has occurred to me that perhaps we could not now fully realize its significance. In days to come we will realize it more than we do now. In years to come this day will stand out in our memory. We shall never be able to forget it, nor would we wish to. It marks a crisis in the history of this community. This remark is justified because of the large place which our noble friend held in the life of the community and that for so long a time.

I am reminded of what Phillips Brooks said at the time of the death of his friend Mr. Richardson. Mr. Richardson was the architect of the Trinity Church in Boston, which was built during the ministry of Mr. Brooks. Both of the men were geniuses, each in his own line,

and for many years they had labored together to complete that noble structure. The great preacher was stirred to the depths of his heart and upon the intelligence of his friend's death remarked that it was "as if one should awake to find the mountain which one's window had always faced, and upon which one's eyes had always looked, suddenly and forever gone." So we feel today. The passing of Mr. Dow is as though a rugged hill like those of the state from which he came had been suddenly and forever removed.

I am glad that Mr. Rees in what he has said about Mr. Dow has emphasized the things that most count. Those of you who have known Mr. Dow for a long period of years may perhaps be thinking, as you look back over his long career, of different phases of his business and public life. I cannot do that for it is only during these more recent years of his life that I have known him. These are the years that seem to me must have been the richest and most beautiful of his life. During these years it is not too much to say that I have been closely associated with him and I am deeply impressed that there has been something much greater about his life than his success in business or public life, notable as these have been. I am bold to think that I have read the secret of his life and that the secret of his life was his godliness, his piety. He was

a man of God. He walked with God day by day. I used often to think and often to say that it was worth while to come to the prayer meeting, where he was always to be found when at home, just to hear hĭm pray. It helped to lift the burden of care resting on our minds. It seemed to lift us into heavenly places. It may not be known to you all that in private life he was a man of prayer. After breakfast it has been his custom for many years to read a chapter from the Bible and to pray. During the years since my pastorate here closed, I have been entertained in his home a number of times and I shall never forget the seasons of prayer we have had together.

I have a deep sense of loss with you all today, but there is a stronger feeling in my heart than that of loss. It is the feeling of gratitude that God spared his life for so many years to be so great a blessing to us all. I count it one of the greatest privileges and blessings of my ministry to have known him. What a blessing he has been in this community! His greetings as he passed along the street, his gracious handshake, in fact, his very presence was a benediction. I thank God for such a gift.

The tender and beautiful poem of Dr. Chadwick in remembrance of the dead has come to my mind. With this I should like to close.

*It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it, each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call ;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more !*

*'Tis hard to take the burden up.
When these have laid it down ;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown ;
But oh, 'tis good to think of them,
When we are troubled sore !
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Though they are here no more.*

*More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there ;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare ;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore ;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God for evermore !*

REMARKS AT THE FUNERAL SERVICE BY
REV. GEORGE MURRAY COLVILLE, D. D.

IN the tragedy of Hamlet the immortal bard puts into the mouth of the gentle Ophelia these words: "Here's rosemary; that's for remembrance. And here's pansies; that's for thoughts." So I come today with a twig of rosemary and a sprig of pansy and twining them together, I lay it as my tribute of respect and love upon the grave of the noble dead.

"Here's rosemary; that's for remembrance." Years have passed away but it seems like yesterday, when at the close of a Sabbath service I was presented to Mr. Albert G. Dow. There was a pardonable pride in the tone of the son in that introduction. No wonder, for that father was no ordinary man, and I felt the quiet influence of reserved power and perfect self-control. Since then it has been my lot to be frequently in his company, and the gentle dignity and poise of the man ever grew in my conception of his character, until I fully learned the pure and lofty nature of our brother beloved.

It is a great thing to have lived one hundred years in this world and to have thoroughly earned one's grave. To leave a record without

a blot, a name without a stain and a character and a career that make the whole countryside a debtor to the dead. This is literally true of Albert G. Dow. We are all in debt to him.

The remarkable thing, the striking characteristic in our departed friend was the well balanced head he carried above his shoulders. He had no eccentricities. He had no pet virtue, no little hobby or special excellence which he always aired and rung the changes on. He was a broad-minded man; he had many windows to his mind; he took in light from every quarter and thus could speak profitably on all questions that engaged the interest or concerned the conduct of human life.

There was nothing weak or compromising in his nature or in his treatment of great questions or fundamental principles. When a principle was at stake he set his face like a flint, and like Athanasius would stand against the world. We have lost one of the best and wisest and most loyal champions of righteousness in western New York. It is a personal affliction, it is a calamity to this community. Alas! a great man and leader has fallen in the land.

Now, let me add a sprig of pansy for thoughts. I thank God for his noble life, for his long career, pure character, deep piety and fertile brain, and his great influence in the widening lives of others whose steps he direct-

ed by his counsels and whose hearts he strengthened by his unwavering faith in God.

The simple deeds of Washington do not account for the place which he holds now in the hearts of his countrymen, but something finer in the man, that latent force, character, did it. This is specially true of him to whose memory we now pay tribute. He was gifted as a financier, careful and conservative in his actions, and he knew the value of weighing carefully evidence. He was a modest man, unostentatious, thoughtful, self-poised and calm.

He lived always in helpful relations with others. For long years he has been identified with the progressive life of western New York and always influenced it for good. This is the chiefest outward expression one can make, and it lives long after death. The best part of a man's life the grave cannot touch, nor hold. More enduring than porphyry or granite, which loving hands may rear above the sacred dust of the beloved dead, is the influence which one leaves behind in other lives and in institutions which he may have helped to foster and sustain. The true dignity of life is in duty, love and service. Albert G. Dow's life is an inheritance for us all and we are all the richer for that noble nature. He has fought a good fight, he has finished his course, and now rests with those who have gone before. Shall we resolve to accept the trust laid upon us now and be the better for the heritage of this sincere, honest, Christian man.

MR. LINCOLN'S TRIBUTE *

“NEARLY across the span of our Republic’s history, stretches the life of the venerable Albert G. Dow. He was born nine years after the death of the ‘father of his country’ and had lived during the administration of every President of the United States, with the exception of Washington and Adams. He had seen the marvelous development of our country and its resources. It was my privilege to converse briefly once with the noble centenarian, who is gone. I can not describe the thoughts and feelings, which rushed through my soul during those brief moments. Nearly a hundred years of history before my eyes! Before me a man, who had actually experienced and lived through the most stirring periods in our country, whose narratives had thrilled my heart many times! I bared my head and stood in silence and—listened.

* *At the conclusion of the services in the First Lutheran Church, Jamestown, Sunday morning, the Rev. Julius Lincoln mentioned the death of ex-Senator Dow, which occurred at Randolph on Saturday evening. At the evening service, which was largely attended by children and young people, the pastor drew lessons from the beautiful, long life, which has just closed.*

“There are fine lessons to be drawn from Mr. Dow’s long and useful life. Briefly, they can be condensed into one sentence: It pays to care for the body and it pays to care for the soul. It is an absolute impossibility to attain a good age, without paying attention to rules of health for both body and soul. To have reached an age of nearly one hundred years is proof of conscientious regard for the needs of our organism. From an immediate member of the family, of which our departed friend was the head, I have the information that a simple trust in God, which found its expression in daily family devotional services, characterized his home. Keeping faith with God and keeping the conscience clean makes for health and a good age.

“I wish to take exception to the statement made by many, that they do not want to live to be so old. Personally I have no higher desire so far as this life is concerned than to live to a good age, if I may keep my physical and mental faculties and not be a burden to anyone.

“Today I feel that we owe a debt of gratitude to the memory of the man, who has demonstrated that it is possible to live a long, a good and a useful life and who by his life has stimulated a new interest in right living.”

DR. HICKMAN'S REMARKS *

“**L**AST evening at 10 o'clock at his home in Randolph, Senator Albert G. Dow ended a long and distinguished life on earth to enter the rewards of just men made perfect. We all join in a feeling of sorrow with the friends; and we regret that this extraordinary man was taken before he had rounded up, next August, a century of years. He was one of the most interesting and unique men I ever knew. He had a beautifully chiseled, full orbed life, a quiet reserve, a modest bearing, and yet a courage and firmness that comes from self control, right purpose, and well established principles. I feel this loss personally, as I knew this gentleman, and cherished the wish of greeting him on his one hundredth anniversary. Blessed is that son or daughter who carries the name of such a father! Blessed is that son or daughter who goes out from such a home, made beautiful by such a life! Blessed is that son or daughter who cherishes in memory the gentle and affectionate government around the fireside and in the family circle of such a parent! A good name is more to be desired than riches and honor.”

* *At the First Congregational Church, Jamestown, Sunday morning, Rev. Dr. W. H. Hickman, the pastor, made this announcement before his sermon, concerning the death of Mr. Dow.*

ACTION OF STATE LEGISLATURE

Associated Press Dispatch

ALBANY, May 26.—The Senate and Assembly adjourned today out of respect for the late Senator Dow, whose funeral occurred at Randolph today.

Jamestown Evening Journal, May 27, 1908

That was a graceful and unusual tribute paid to the memory of former State Senator Albert G. Dow on the day of his burial—the adjournment of the New York State Senate. Mr. Dow was an honored member of that body a generation ago, and his services to the state as well as to the community in which he lived so long and so well, were entitled to this unusual mark of respect.

Jamestown Morning Post, May 27, 1908

A remarkable tribute to the memory of Albert G. Dow was paid yesterday by the large number of citizens who gathered at the beautiful village of Randolph for the last rites. The Senate at Albany, of which he was a member a full generation ago, adjourned in his honor. Men paid him all the respect due not only to his great age, but to his remarkable personality and achievements.

IN MEMORY OF A GOOD MAN

Mrs. Esther C. Davenport in Buffalo News

WESTERN New York has, within the past week, laid away its most distinguished citizen, Albert Gallatin Dow, and nothing could be more fitting, more perfect and beautiful than the manner of his burial and the ceremonies which attended it. All day on Tuesday his body lay in state in the little church in Randolph which he had built—above him the bell which the previous Saturday night tolled the 99 strokes that announced to the villagers that their best friend, their chief citizen, had passed on, just a few short weeks of his 100th birthday.

From far and near his friends gathered and at noon the school children, whom he loved, came with their teachers and in something of a holiday spirit marched in a half sad, half joyous procession past his bier and took a last look on the beautiful face, chiseled and perfected by his life and death, into the repose of exquisite white marble.

Old men and young followed him to the church yard, and women of every degree, and from the great mound of flowers heaped about his grave, one threw in a red rose, repeating

“Dust to dust,” another “rosemary for remembrance,” and another “pansies for thoughts,” and one cast in a white flower in memory of a White Life, and one broke off and brought away an ivory white rose with the blush of May in its heart. And over all was the late afternoon sun falling aslant his grave like a benediction.

And so we left him—“silently at rest in solemn salvatory”—a great and a good man, whose life and death set him apart from ordinary men. A man whose life and example will be cherished in long and loving remembrance.

The churchyard where he lies is on a verdant slope overlooking scenes beloved by him for many years. Loving hands day by day are making his resting place more beautiful, and “Life” indeed “doth make his grave her oratory,” and “the crown is still on his brow.”

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