

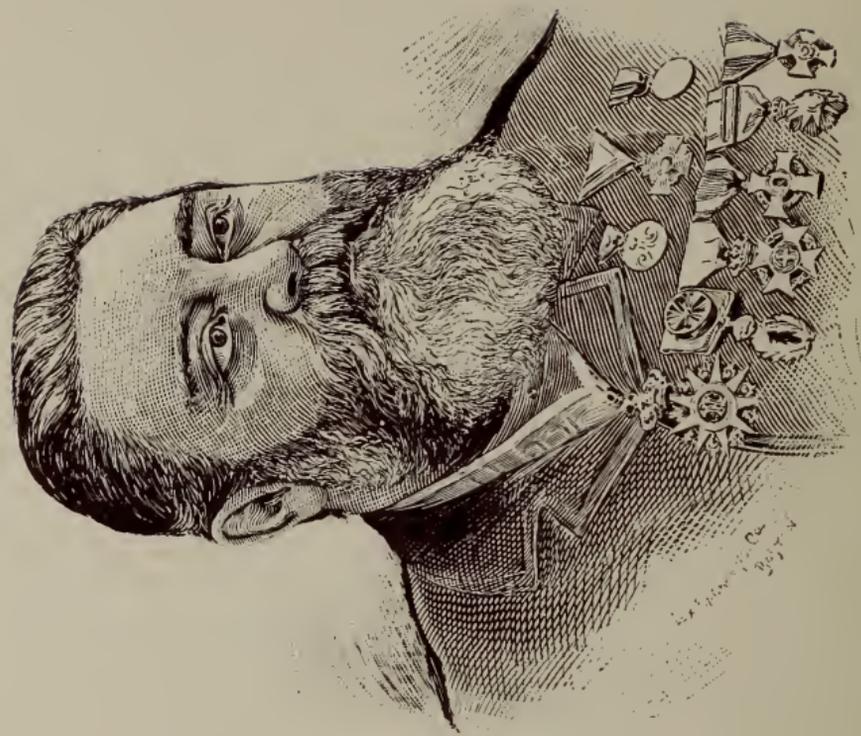
1832.



CHRISTMAS

1892.





A Brief Sketch . . . . .

OF THE  
LIFE AND LABOURS  
OF  
**Alexander Milton Ross**

PHILANTHROPIST AND SCIENTIST.

BY

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# A MODERN KNIGHT ERRANT.

BY J. NEWMAN SMITH, M.A.. NEW YORK.

THE age of chivalry has long since passed away ; the long perspective of succeeding centuries has softened the rugged features of that period, barbarous and mercenary in its prosaic reality, and we are apt to behold it dimly, enshrouded in the romantic mists of legend and tradition, the age of graceful gallantry and knightly devotion. Our own age is one governed by underlying motives, that while not less base, are the more flagrant that we can boast of a moral revelation and an intellectual cultivation wholly withheld from the former. The motto of the times is "*Sauve qui peut.*"

Hence it is a pleasant task to record the deeds of one whose life comes nearer to the chivalrous standard of ideal chivalry than ever plumed knight, occupied, as it has been, in a

long championship of the enslaved, whether by temporal power, by human passions, or by the hands of ignorance or prejudice. Such an one is Dr. Alexander Milton Ross, to whom the philanthropic and scientific worlds will need no introduction, but for that reason, will read with added interest of his early struggles of which the golden fruits of his strong and noble life are the outcome.

## ANCESTRY.

Dr. Ross was born in Belleville, Ont., December 13th, 1832. He is descended on his father's side from the Highland Scotch. His father, William Ross, was a grandson of Captain Alexander Ross, who fought with General Wolfe at Minden and Louisburg, and took part in the battle on the Plains of Abraham, which resulted in the defeat of the French and

the conquest of all Canada. When the American revolutionary war broke out he was attached to the King's Royal Regiment and took part in several engagements. He subsequently received a grant of lands from the Crown and settled in Prince Edward County, Upper Canada where he lived until his death, which occurred in 1805. Captain Ross was a grandson of Alexander Ross, Laird of Balnagown, Ross-shire, Scotland, who descended in a direct line from Hugh Ross of Rariches, second son of Hugh, the sixth and last Earl of Ross. Dr. Ross' grandmother, on his father's side, was Hannah Prudence Williams a granddaughter of Rodger Williams (1599 1683) the famous liberal preacher, and apostle of freedom, of Rhode Island. His mother, Frederika Jenks Grant, came of the Jenks family of Massachusetts and Connecticut, which name is honorably inscribed on the pages of early American history. A man of large and fertile intellect was Joseph Jenks, first deputy governor ; and later from 1686 to 1740, governor of Rhode Island. He and his brother, a judge, are recorded as worthy men, honorably fulfilling their public functions, eager for the welfare and advancement of the

colony, and every way fitted to represent a people so profoundly imbued with religious principles and rigid morality.

Dr. Ross' mother was a granddaughter of Joseph Jenks. The mention of her name brings back to her son tender memories of a mother of gentle disposition, but a love of such a quality as makes her eyes but the more clear to see the undeviating path in which his early steps must be led. This mother would indeed have gloried in the results of her teachings had she been spared to see their fruits ; while her own character cannot be more greatly glorified than in the light of her son's brave career.

Into the keeping of such a spirit was the early life of Dr. Ross committed, nor has it yet, as he reverently asserts, loosed its hold upon his actions. From her he imbibed a gentle, pitying and self sacrificing spirit, tempering a nature ardent, brave and venture- some, qualities which we may presume to trace back to his worthy and noble ancestry.

From 1839 until 1842 the time was spent in the acquirement of such knowledge as the common country school afforded. Though our young friend entered eagerly on the pur-

suit of its curriculum, limited, to say the least, his favorite study—indeed, his most delightful pastime was the contemplation of animated nature. The birds especially offered him a whole world of fascinating wonders, and never was a child so happy as he, listening to the stories of bird life, or, better yet and oftener, resting in some leafy covert, gathering, with a degree of intelligent observation far above his years, an intimate and extraordinary knowledge of the feathered tribe, their habits and their peculiarities.

The local road to learning, short as it was, was cut off abruptly for this young naturalist. The master of the school was a typical old-time country pedagogue, a firm believer in counter irritation as a stimulant of the faculties. The monotonous drone of the classroom was too often enlivened by the whistle of the birchen rod descending on some poor unoffending scholar.

Such a punishment the pedagogue attempted one day to inflict upon this little fellow's sister—a child of five years. With all the indignation of a generous nature instantly aroused, he rushed to her defence, and exerting on the schoolmaster's body all the strength

vouchsafed to his little frame, his schooldays terminated then and there, and his struggle against oppression began.

#### LEAVING THE NEST.

The sudden death of the father occurring shortly after, 1844, set a still heavier seal upon the boy's educational advantages, and changed the whole course of his life. No more the careless school-boy life, the sweet communings with nature. In their place he was confronted with the great *ultimatum* of life. Accepting it, he went bravely and cheerfully forth to comply with its conditions, taking upon his shoulders the burden of his own support.

At the age of twelve he took his seat before the composing case in a printer's office. For two years he deftly picked the types and imbibed, imperceptibly and unconsciously, the education that makes the type-setter the most intelligent of artisans. During these two years he worked merely for his board and two plain suits of clothes. But that was not all he gained. Like the soil in preparation for the sowing, his mind was tilled and furrowed, strengthened and formed for higher studies.

In 1847 the young typographer left his case and entered the store of a country merchant. Under this master the hours were long and the work uncongenial to our young friend's taste. But the merchant was a kindly man and of refined tastes widened by his possessing a well-selected library. Noticing his young clerk's ardor for knowledge, he gave the latter the freedom of his bookshelves. With gratitude and eagerness the favor was accepted, and, happy day ! our friend found himself face to face with old friends—the birds, in the form of the ponderous volumes of Audubon and Wilson. Every night after closing the store at nine o'clock the perusal of these books filled the hours until one. And every morning on opening the store a new zest was added to the day's work as he rehearsed the fascinating studies of the previous night and anticipated the delight of their renewal.

These two years developed the naturalist at heart ; but who could say when, if ever, he could be one in fact. The outlook from behind the counter of a country store was not encouraging. The stern *ultimatum* still confronted him. There was a hard battle to be

fought before he could abandon himself to the luxury of his favorite pursuit.

What more natural that he should long for a wider field, and pant to strike the first hard blows that would be but the beginning of victory. The desire soon changed to purpose ; he sought the counsels of his good mother who had been all this while a constant refuge in his hours of doubt. At first demurring, but recognizing the earnestness of his purpose, she at last gave him her blessing and sent him on his way.

#### A YOUNG ADVENTURER.

Buoyed up with the hopes of seventeen years and comforted by the knowledge of his mother's prayers, the young adventurer entered the great city of New York in the spring of 1849. The few dollars he retained on his arrival were gone when, after weeks of disappointing search he at last procured a situation in a wholesale mercantile house.

But the old distaste for commercial pursuits still weighed upon him, and made him long the more for higher things ; his nights were his own and he could still pursue his studies as of old.

The profession of medicine seemed a promising field for his ambition, and it was congenial to his tastes besides. The idea soon took root and he decided to appeal for counsel to Dr. Valentine Mott, whose fame was world-wide at that time. As his only claim to recognition he relied on that sympathy a self-made man always has for an ardent and sincere aspirant. Nor was this reliance misplaced. He called upon the great surgeon. Dr. Ross' impressions during that, to him, momentous interview are valuable as a reminiscence of one of the greatest men the medical profession has ever boasted of :

“ Dr. Valentine Mott appeared to me a kind, philanthropic man, quite simple in his manners, and unconscious of his professional distinction. He was about sixty years of age at that time ; his general appearance was that of a gentleman of the old school ; his head was large, his face long, full, and expressive of refinement and culture ; his chin and mouth were large and strong, his nose prominent ; his eyes expressive of wisdom, kindness and benevolence, his eyebrows projecting and shaggy, his manner frank but self-possessed. His perceptive powers were keen, penetrating and accurate.

Dr. Ross was received in a most courteous manner, and, as he told his story simply and briefly, but earnestly, the great surgeon listened with encouraging attention. When the recital was ended, he said : “ Well, as you appear determined to study medicine, it would be useless for me to try and dissuade you, which I certainly would if I thought I could.”

He then gave his visitor some excellent advice, outlined the proper course of study to pursue and generously offered the use of such books in his collection as the student would require.

As Dr. Ross rose to retire the great surgeon added the finishing touch to his remarkable exhibit of kind heartedness, as he said :

“ Call again whenever you think I can be of any service to you.”

The student did call again on many occasions, and was always received with the same kindness and courtesy, and was sent away with much of practical benefit. The outcome of this venture was an attendance at the evening lectures of the celebrated hydropathist, Dr. Trall, who was then in the midst of his experiments in the line of his hydropathic and hygienic theories that have placed him at the

head of his medical system. A great and good man whose life was a constant devotion to the calls of humanity, he gave to Dr. Ross a warm friendship, that lasted to the day of his death, and secured to his pupil many advantages that were denied to the general body of students. From Dr. Trall's institution Dr. Ross was subsequently graduated.

This period so casually mentioned here had an influence on Dr. Ross' future life and work that cannot be overrated, that, indeed, has given the inspiration of his most momentous efforts of future years, as we will see later on.

To return, however ; Dr. Ross had not been long in New York when he remembered that an old friend of his mother was residing in the city, in the person of Marshall S. Bidwell. This gentleman, being at one time at the front of Canadian politics, was forced to leave his country by reason of his opposition to the Tory Government, which, during the time previous to the rebellion of 1837, ruled Canada with a despotic hand. Settling in New York his talents soon elevated him to the leading rank at the bar, and, what with his character of a gentleman of high culture and intellectual endowments, he drew about him a circle of

friends composed of the most brilliant men of that time and place.

#### MEN AND AFFAIRS.

He received the son of his old friend with distinguished cordiality and hastened to introduce him into the midst of the brilliant circle mentioned. Thanks to his favor, Dr. Ross was enabled to cultivate the friendship of many of the distinguished characters of the day, but especially of two—Horace Greeley and William Cullen Bryant—with whom acquaintance ripened into warm friendship, from which Dr. Ross derived great pleasure and no small advantage. These men, quick to appreciate sincere ambition and to discover undeveloped abilities, took a keen interest in their host's friend ; and, as Dr. Ross about this time succumbed to his distaste for commercial life and decided on falling back on type-setting for his livelihood, Mr. Greeley and Mr. Bryant joined in advising him to go to Washington where, at the focus of American affairs, his opportunities would be unequalled and the conditions most favorable for the development and broadening of the observer's ideas. And moreover, that the objects of their advice,

when Dr. Ross decided to follow it, might be the more certainly within his grasp, Mr. Greeley provided him with letters to Joshua K. Giddings of the House of Representatives, to General Sam Houston of Texas and Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, editor of the *National Era*, who gave him a good position in the office of the *National Era*, where the duties were light and the opportunities for observation correspondingly great. Thus Dr. Ross, while gaining enough for a comfortable subsistence, was enabled to devote his evenings and other spare moments to the study of the important affairs that were simmering then ; but the fateful brew was destined to overflow, and in the tremendous events that were to follow, the modest auditor in the visitor's gallery was destined to perform an important share in precipitating them.

Not to anticipate, however, Dr. Ross observed with untiring interest the thrilling scenes that were being enacted in the American Congress, the burden of which was born by such men as Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Houston, Davis and Mason in the Senate, and Giddings, Chase, Thaddeus and Alexander Stevens, Wilmot

and Andrew Johnson in the House of Representatives.

During the period spent amidst these scenes of world-wide importance, Dr. Ross' keen powers of observation, born far back in childhood days, were in full activity ; the rare good judgment, the result of a self-reliant career, promptly discriminated between principle and policy, between what was of fundamental importance to humanity and to human institutions, as arrayed against narrow, sectional and debased interest ; an ardent, sympathetic temperament quickly assimilated the great humanitarian truths as they were expounded, to create a deep rooted conviction and a fervid, aggressive impulse for the liberation of the slave.

Indeed, who could see, as did Dr. Ross, the daily, hourly spectacle of slave coffles drag their sorrowful way in chains toward the public mart, their fate the sport of the auctioneer's hammer—who could witness such a shame with normal pulse ? Enough, that such things were ! Thank Heaven, they no longer are.

During this sojourn in Washington, Dr. Ross was enabled to form an intimate friend-

ship with Joshua R. Giddings, General Sam Houston, and many other noble men and women. His views on the slavery question were confirmed and strengthened on the frequent occasions when he was permitted to share their hours of retirement and relaxation from the harrassment of public affairs.

Just here it is well to note a telling fact in the elucidation of Dr. Ross' character. During his lifetime he has been enabled to form the acquaintance of many prominent, worthy and illustrious men—litterateurs, scientists, statesmen, philanthropists; men who had every reason to ignore the many trivial acquaintanceships that were forced upon them, except so far as common politeness or matters of interest were concerned. But in the case of Dr. Ross a self-moved visit or letter of introduction meant much more than a passing recognition. In every case it meant that a special interest was inspired, a permanent friendship was established. This is easily accounted for. It is to be attributed to one thing especially, namely the manifest earnestness of the man—the clear evidence of a purpose in his life.

Here was a life that realized that existence meant something; that to live, was to learn,

to progress; here was a life sustained by a principle—that secret sign by which good men are mutually known and recognized, which, between such, commands always and at once ready and disinterested aid.

Dr. Ross sought no trivial friendships. For him, at his age and with his inspiration, there was no such thing as friendship but that suitable bond which was to link him to a higher education, a broader knowledge, ennobling sentiments; for these benefits he was to give a recompense, deemed fully adequate, in the fruitful utilization of them.

Tracing this purpose to its formation, we find it springing from the source whence originated all the nobler qualities of the man. "My mother," says Dr. Ross, speaking of the time when he set out upon his pilgrimage to New York, "my mother charged me to be very discreet in forming acquaintances, and never to seek the intimate friendship of any man who would not be helpful to me in a moral and intellectual sense. On this principle I have acted all my life?"

The climate of Washington, proverbially unhealthy, affected Dr. Ross' naturally robust health to such a degree that he was compelled

to part, for the time, with the friends he had made at the Capital, and return to New York. There he at once resumed his occupation of compositor and continued to enjoy the friendship of Mr. Greeley and Mr. Bryant together with the valuable intercourse with the brilliant minds of their circle which a friendship with the former insured. As ever, he worked sedulously during business hours and devoted the nights to study.

He took humble lodgings with an Italian family on Staten Island, where he met many republican refugees from European despotism, among them being none less than General Garibaldi, at that time occasionally employed in making candles.

In this illustrious man, the incarnation of Liberty, the "Liberator," as his compatriots love to style him, Dr. Ross found an associate thoroughly congenial. The regard was mutual, and their intercourse during the time they were thrown together, was of the closest, so much so, that on parting, Garibaldi said, "If you are ever blest with a son, do me the favor of giving him my name, and may it be a good augury for him," which request was in due course of time granted; and on each suc-

cessive birthday of his little god-son, the General sent him an affectionate letter or other token of his love.

When, in after years, the news of Garibaldi's poverty reached Dr. Ross, he hastened to relieve his old friend's necessities, not only with money, but such valuable influence as resulted in obtaining for the old veteran a life pension from the Italian Government.

Dr. Ross during this period, was thrown into the society of many other refugees of different nations. Their all-absorbing theme was "liberty;" with their sentiments on this topic, Dr. Ross was fully in accord, and in their frequent discussions his views were strengthened and enlarged.

He had in the meantime been graduated as a physician, and to the practice of medicine he now turned for support.

#### A TURNING POINT.

At this point in his career he met with a great affliction; news reached him of the serious illness of his mother. Hastening to Canada, he found that a cholera epidemic had been raging and that an outcast woman, stricken down before his mother's door, des-

pired and shunned by every passer-by and left to die in the gutter where she had fallen, had been lifted up by Mrs. Ross, borne in her own arms within the shelter of her own home, cleanly clothed and placed in bed. Mrs. Ross nursed the outcast through many days and nights with all the care and assiduity she would have bestowed upon her own son; in spite of the *dictum* of the village doctor that the patient could not survive and his consequent withdrawal, the devoted woman succeeded in bringing the patient out of the Valley of Shadow—at the price of her own life! The over exertion and exposure incident to the ordeal so weakened her that pneumonia found a ready lodgment. Mrs. Ross lingered for some time, but finally died a martyr to her guiding principle—the Golden Rule.

The simple act of the unnamed man of the parable has come down to us through the centuries as the type of all philanthropy. The fatal self-sacrifice of this devoted woman has earned for her a title no less exalted—the modern Samaritan.

In this great affliction Dr. Ross lost the greatest treasure of his life. He owed to his mother his life, his inspiration. His ambition

was the outgrowth of her teachings; his perseverance had been nourished by her counsels, his kindly instincts were an inheritance from her.

The memory of her virtues and her sympathies were revived at that couch of death. The noblest career, in her eyes, was that which is given up to others' wants; the successful, was that which was worn out in conflict with wrong; the only ambition worth following, was the ambition to alleviate human misery, and leave the world some better than you found it.

She who, years before, had said, "My son, remember me; in spirit I shall be with you wherever you are," had spoken truly and prophetically. The potent influence of her example and her teachings had ever been to him a companion and a support. That spirit, which could bridge space, survived her death; and now, strong upon him, concentrated by this overpowering calamity, it moved him to a mighty vow—to perpetuate her influence in a blameless and self-denying life, to be, not passively but aggressively worthy, to live to the Golden Rule.

A vow?—a mere breath upon a glass! Under the spell of an overwhelming grief,

wrought up by a profound spiritual agitation, we can understand the upheaving of a soul, the outburst of the better feelings and their vent in one mighty resolve; in the light of our own impotent resolves, faded, mostly, from the time-stained pages of our memories, you and I, reader, could understand the passing away of the spell and the unfulfilment of that vow. But no! it was fulfilled, is being fulfilled to this day, else this faint tribute were never penned.

Prompt, energetic and thorough in all things, Dr. Ross immediately set about effectuating what was now his life-purpose. It needed no search to find a channel.

The voice of Wendell Phillips was ringing through the land, the pen of Whittier was stirring the conscience of the people; a handful of philanthropists were making the most heroic crusade of history. They were stoned, despised, hated with the intensity that human hate alone can concentrate. But their words rankled, deep, deep down into the hardened conscience of the people. No wonder they were hated, for the devil and all his legions make their stronghold before a man's conscience.

The spectacle of passing slave convoys in Washington had graven a deep and ineffaceable mark on the mind of the young printer. The burning thoughts of this moral atrocity had continually occupied his mind when struggling, powerless for the cause, in the fight for an education and an independence. In the solemn hour of his mother's death these thoughts were concentrated and developed into a resolve to join the little army of devoted crusaders, to make himself one of the champions of the despised race. The decision was not the spontaneous outburst of a poignant grief and an overwrought mind. The grievous event was but the snapping of the cord that had held him to the material things of this world. From that instant he rose into a higher life, guided only by the breath of duty. A full appreciation of the fatal consequences of this step to reputation and professional preferment, the possibility even of death, was not wanting; but the fiat of conscience had gone forth; there was but to obey.

“ Before the monstrous wrong he sets him down—  
One man against a stone-walled city of sin.  
For centuries those walls have been a building;  
Smooth porphyry, they slope and coldly glass  
The flying storm and wheeling sun. No chink,

No crevice lets the thinnest arrow in.  
He fights alone, and from the cloudy ramparts  
A thousand evil faces jibe and jeer him.  
Let him lie down and die : What is the right,  
And where is justice, in a world like this ?”

#### A KNIGHT ERRANT.

Already the “underground railway” was in operation ; scores of escaped slaves walked the streets of Canadian towns free men. Dr. Ross opened a correspondence with the celebrated abolitionist of New York, Gerrit Smith. During this interchange he spoke to many of the colored refugees, learned the particulars of their former life, and inspected the marks of lash and branding iron upon their bodies. He also collected much valuable information as to secret routes from the slave states, and learned of many of the tried and true friends to the cause.

He left Canada on the invitation of Gerrit Smith to visit him at his home in Peterborough, N. Y. The Rev. O. B. Frothingham, in his life of Gerrit Smith, says : “ Alexander M. Ross, of Canada, whose remarkable exploits in running off slaves caused such consternation in the Southern States, was in communication with Gerrit Smith from first to

last, was aided by him in his preparation with information and counsel, and had a close understanding with him in regard to his course of procedure. Both these men made the rescue of slaves a personal matter.”

The noble host welcomed the new ally cordially. He escorted Dr. Ross to Boston, New York, Philadelphia ; to Longwood, the home of Hannah Cox, who risked everything in the cause, by sheltering, caring for and aiding the dusky fugitives ; to Ohio and to Indiana where trusty agents were waiting the refugees, to send them on the last stage of their difficult journey to Canada and to freedom.

In these journeys Dr. Ross was introduced to many of the noble-hearted men and women who, hazarding their very lives in this crusade, have gained a name more worthy than that of a conqueror of empires ; he was initiated into all the secrets of the system--routes, willing friends, transportation and methods of procedure.

Returning to Philadelphia, Dr. Ross completed his preparations for a crusade unattended, into the very heart of the slave country, with the purpose of circulating information among the bondmen as to how they could

escape to Canada, and to supply the means to those who were possessed of sufficient courage and intelligence to make the hazardous attempt.

With the aid and comfort furnished by his friend Gerrit Smith, Dr. Ross entered the State of Virginia and began his labors at Richmond, gradually extending his field of operation to North Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky, and finally to the Gulf States. Dr. Ross made repeated incursions into these States, distributing information and aid to such of the slaves as possessed sufficient intelligence and courage to enable them to endure the perils which beset their long, dangerous and weary road to Canada. Scores of slaves were thus helped to liberty by this brave and undaunted man, and several were conveyed by him personally at great risk from Tennessee to Canada. Anybody familiar with the temper of the southern people just previous to the war will understand what the fate of Dr. Ross would have been had he been detected.

From GERRIT SMITH :

“No one knows better than I, how deeply devoted you were to the cause of freedom, or

with what heroic courage and intrepidity you laboured to bring the slaves out of bondage. The descendants of those for whom you perilled your life will rise up and call you blessed.”

From LUCRETIA MOTT :

“Thou hast made the world better, Alexander, by thy life and labor.”

From HARRIET BEECHER STOWE :

“What a comfort to you must be the reflection that you have saved so many from the horrors of slavery.”

From RALPH WALDO EMERSON :

“My brave Canadian knight is not only the deliverer of the slaves, but a lover of flowers, birds and old English poetry.” (*Letter of introduction to Longfellow*).

From WENDELL PHILLIPS :

“No higher exhibition of heroism or chivalry was ever displayed, than by you in your humane and daring raids into the slave states, to let the oppressed go free.”

From GEN. GARIBALDI :

“I am proud to number among my dearest friends, one who has done so much for human freedom as you have done.”

From WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON :

“It must be a source of unalloyed pleasure to you to call to mind the active and zealous part you took in our great struggle, particularly in reference to enabling slaves to escape from their southern house of bondage, and procuring for them aid and succour on their way to Canada, and after their arrival on that side of the line. That you did not fall a victim to your humanity, in view of the perils which, everywhere at the South, beset your pathway, but were permitted to see the four millions of slaves set free from their bonds, and raised from chattelhood to the rights of American citizenship, is indeed cause for equal wonder and congratulation. Neither you nor I, nor any other abolitionist, expected to live to see this unparalleled transformation.

From VICTOR HUGO :

“Accept, Sir, the homage of my respect and sympathy, for your brave and successful labors in the cause of human freedom. \* \* \* \*”

From THE RIGHT HON. EARL RUSSELL,  
Prime Minister of England.

“I would be obliged to you for any suggestions you can make for the abolition of slavery.

There are still great numbers of slaves in Egypt, and I am told that they go from Alexandria in British merchant ships to Constantinople, where they are sold as slaves. Any information that your experience enables you to give I shall be obliged to you for.”

From THE IRISH CANADIAN, Toronto :

“We know Dr. Ross to be the devoted friend of the slave. His sympathy for the oppressed of all climes and colors is as boundless as the impulses of his noble heart, and the exact color of a man’s skin, or the particular race to which he may belong, is no barrier in his estimation to the right to freedom which God intended from the beginning should be the birthright of all the human family.”

From THE NEW YORK EVENING POST :

“Dr. A. M. Ross, the author and abolitionist, devoted himself for the five or six years that preceded the war to the work of assisting slaves to escape. Anybody familiar with the temper of the Southern people just before the war, will easily guess the fate of a man who should have been detected in what Dr. Ross proposed to do, and did.”

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, in a complimentary letter to Dr. Ross after his anti-slavery crusade was over, says: "No one can deny the skill, forethought and tenacity which you exhibited in that pursuit, or withhold his admiration for the signal courage, disinterestedness, and humanity which formed the basis of your whole proceedings."

The poet Whittier beautifully says, in reference to Dr. Ross' anti-slavery labor: "Braver act was never done than thine, in thy *raids* of humanity. How very satisfactory it must be to thee to know that the poor people, whom, like another Moses, thee led'st out of bondage, have proved so well worthy of their freedom. God bless thee and thine."

DR. ROSS.

For his steadfast strength and courage

In a dark and evil time,  
When the Golden Rule was treason,  
And to feed the hungry, crime ;

For the poor slave's hope and refuge,  
When the hound was on his track,  
And saint and sinner, state and church,  
Joined hands to send him back.

Blessings upon him !—What he did  
For each sad, suffering one,  
Chained, hunted, scourged and bleeding,  
Unto our Lord was done.

#### LABORS DURING THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.

After many years of bitter verbal strife, the great struggle between Freedom and Slavery reached a climax in the election of President Lincoln, and the contest was then transferred from the forum to the field.

Lincoln had been inaugurated but a few months ; hard as he had tried to avert the catastrophe of a war, his keen penetration and true judgment could not but recognize it as inevitable ; however unexpected may have been the first blow at the time it was struck, it was no secret that the South was actively engaged in digging her mines under every pillar of the State.

Just prior to the breaking out of the war, Dr. Ross received a summons to Washington from Charles Sumner. The day after his arrival he was introduced to President Lincoln, and at his request remained to dinner.

When the party rose from the table, the President took Dr. Ross into the seclusion of a far window and said :

" Mr. Sumner sent for you at my request. We need a friend in Canada to look after our interests there, and keep us posted as to the

schemes of the Confederates in that country. You have been strongly recommended to me for the position. Your mission shall be as confidential as you please. \* \* \* Think over it to-night and if you can accept the mission come up and see me at nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

The idea was not pleasing to Dr. Ross, but to accept was to serve the good cause, and to that he was pledged. Even without the earnest solicitations of the President, that would have been enough to decide the doctor in favor of the commission.

Among the many important services rendered to the national government by Dr. Ross during the rebellion should be mentioned his agency in Canada of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, which he took at President Lincoln's request.

His services in this capacity were rewarded by the most outrageous abuse from the Canadian sympathizers with the Secessionists; nor did this abuse stop short of the fiercest threats of personal violence and assassination. To such a pitch did this persecution arise, that a number of the most prominent citizens of Montreal interfered, and, headed by the

Mayor, published a testimonial of their respect and esteem for Dr. Ross.

Of the scores of services that Dr. Ross rendered to the cause of the Union Government of which, unhappily, space will not admit mention, it must not fail to be recorded here that he was not only the zealous and valuable agent of that Government, but he was its open champion, defending it with word of mouth and with pen, in the vain endeavor to secure in Canada a neutral attitude of press and public, if not a helpful hand.

Complimentary letters from President Lincoln, Charles Sumner and Governor Fenton of N. Y., in reference to Dr. Ross' services during the slaveholders' rebellion :

From ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States.

My Dear Sir—I tender you my warmest thanks for the effective and valuable services you have rendered me. Your fidelity and zeal merits and receives my sincere gratitude. Accept my best wishes for your prosperity and happiness.

Executive Mansion, Washington,  
February 9th, 1865.

From HONORABLE CHARLES SUMNER, United States Senator.

My Dear Friend—God bless you for your patriotic labors in our behalf; you have done a noble work, and deserve the thanks of every true American. \* \* \*

CHARLES SUMNER.

Senate Chamber, Washington,  
January 31st 1865.

From GOVERNOR FENTON, of New York State.

I thank you in behalf of the loyal people of this State, for your patriotic services in our behalf; your interest in our cause, I assure you, is highly appreciated.

Executive Department, State of N. Y.,  
Albany, April 11th, 1865.

#### WAR IN MEXICO.

It will be remembered that while the United States, the nation that had originated the Monroe doctrine and the only one powerful enough to enforce it, was engaged in a civil life and death struggle within its own borders, Napoleon III. had conceived it an excellent opportunity to grasp a portion of the continent

and had by force of arms planted Maximilian on the throne of Mexico.

Juarez, president by law and by the popular desire, was driven to the verge of his country and forced by circumstances almost to the level of a guerilla. Here, when the civil war was over, was another opportunity for disinterested services in the noble cause of Freedom, and Dr. Ross proffered his services to President Juarez as army surgeon.

"I am instructed by President Juarez," wrote the Mexican Minister at Washington, "to accept your services as army surgeon, and to convey to you his high appreciation of your patriotic offer in this the darkest hour in the history of Mexico."

This correspondence soon found its way into the newspapers and immediately letters of remonstrance and warning from the thinking men of Dr. Ross' acquaintance began to flow in urging him not to go to Mexico. We have seen Dr. Ross unintimidated by more imminent perils than those awaiting him in Mexico, and certain it is that these friendly warnings would never have dissuaded him from his purpose. But it was otherwise ordered.

Interference by the Government of the United States resulted in the withdrawal of the French troops from Mexico, and the overthrow of Maximilian following shortly, Juarez returned to his rightful place and Mexico was free.

#### SCIENTIFIC LABORS.

The great civil war being ended, Dr. Ross was not satisfied to retire and luxuriate among the honors that clothed his name or subsist upon the satisfaction of seeing the great aim of his life accomplished.

Having chronicled a slight portion of what the doctor accomplished it is now in order to notice the extraordinary way in which he entered upon the pursuit of pleasure.

There has been occasion, in this work, to note the early and intense fondness that the doctor developed in the matter of natural history. That inclination was not suffered to die out in all these busy years; it was but held in abeyance; and when, in the perilous undertakings of his underground railroading, opportunity offered to indulge it, the chance was eagerly seized to some purpose, as before mentioned.

In 1865 Dr. Ross began a labor of collection and classification of the Flora and Fauna of Canada. What he accomplished cannot be more briefly and fully stated than by referring the reader to a rough sketch of his labors as a naturalist that appeared in the *New York Phrenological Journal* of September, 1874:

Dr. Ross has presented valuable collections of Canadian Fauna and Flora to the museums of Paris, St. Petersburg, Milan, Rome, Athens, Cairo, Lisbon, Vienna, Teheran, Brussels and Dresden. He has received the honor of Knighthood from the Emperor of Russia, Kings of Italy, Greece, Portugal and Saxony, and the King of Bavaria offered to confer on him the title of Baron, which Dr. Ross declined. The Kings of Denmark and Belgium appointed him consul, and the French Government conferred upon him the distinguished honor of Officer of the Academy of France and the decoration of the Palm. As for the learned societies of the world that have testified their appreciation of his valuable labors, by gifts of honorary membership, their name is legion. Suffice it to say, the Chevalier Ross is known to every prominent scientist the world over.

#### A CRUSADE AGAINST VICE.

This formidable catalogue of labors extended over a period of ten years. But that is not all. During that time and the following eight years, Dr. Ross devoted himself to a crusade in behalf of Moral and Physical Reform and the suppression of that secret vice that has filled our asylums, to the extent of nearly one half, with pitiable and eternally blighted victims.

What ho, without ! ye pessimists and scoffers. Gather around and gloat over this morsel : a gentleman has said : "Strange to say (say you so, good friend?) he met with bitter opposition from many members of the medical profession ;" and again, advised another : "Don't touch the subject, unless you are prepared and content to be ostracized and hated by the medical profession, and slandered and persecuted by society at large." That was prophecy !

So appalled was the doctor at this terrible forecast, that he immediately began to circulate six hundred thousand documents of warning and counsel to mothers, fathers and children. The result is to be found in many closets of prayer where tearful thanksgiving is to-day being offered for the timely warning.

After many years of personal labor in this work Dr. Ross succeeded in organizing the "Canadian Society for the Diffusion of Physiological Knowledge," and enlisted the active sympathy and co-operation of three hundred clergymen of different denominations and two hundred and sixty school teachers, in circulating broadcast throughout Britain and Canada one million copies of his Tracts of "Warning and Advice to the Young."

#### WORDS OF SYMPATHY.

From HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

My Dear Dr. Ross :—I am very glad that you have taken up this matter. I have striven to combat this vice all my life, both publicly and privately, and I shall be most happy to distribute your tracts.

From DR. DANIEL CLARK, Medical Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum for the Insane.

I wish you all success in this MUCH NEEDED WORK.

From JOHN G. WHITTIER,

Boston, 11 mo. 22, 1882.

I thank thee for the enclosed report of a

much-needed labor in the cause of the moral and physical health and happiness of the community.

From WENDELL PHILLIPS,

Boston Sept, 1882.

Thank you for the gallant fight you are making in the good cause ; you expected obloquy and persecution. Persevere ! the idea and principles you are maintaining are richly worth the sacrifice. Cordially your brother.

From REV. PROF. SCRIMGER, of Montreal.

I have reason to know that the vice is much more common than most people suppose.

From REV. W. S. RAINSFORD, of St. James Cathedral, Toronto, Ont.

I wish you all success in your thankless task. Send me some of your tracts suitable for my confirmation classes.

From REV. CHARLES W. HOLDEN, Napier, Ont.

Through the labors of this great reformer many are being enlightened and saved for lives of usefulness.

From REV. C. E. MANNING, Toronto, Ont.

When there seemed no eye to pity, God in His love moved upon the heart of Dr. Ross

to originate and carry out the greatest moral reform of this age.

From REV. JOHN E. HOCKEY, Victoria University.

You may be persecuted by an ignorant and ungenerous generation, but a grand future awaits you amongst future generations of men, when your worth will be appreciated and your name enrolled with the noble and good of all ages.

From REV. A. INWOOD, Parma, Ont.

It is yours to battle for the TRUTH, to fight against WRONG in the face of oppression. I pray for your success in your noble crusade against vice.

SINGLE HANDED.

Dr. Ross merits the title of the Argus-Eyed, The special purposes to effect which he has instituted so many campaigns in his noble and brilliant career are dwarfed in comparison with that gigantic general aim to leave the world some better than he found it. No labor, no matter how severe and unremitting, has prevented him from turning the scrutiny of his keen eye into every crack and cranny of man's condition.

Hence it was that in March, 1885, he became convinced that smallpox was being hatched in some of the fouler parts of Montreal.

A recent writer has evolved the theory that smallpox is indigent, as it were, to Canada, just as yellow fever is to certain parts of the Southern United States.

However baseless this may be, it is a fact that Canada has seemed to be the favorite abiding place of the terrible scourge, familiarity with which has in no degree lessened its terrors.

Montreal has been in no wise a model city in respect to cleanliness, and Dr. Ross had made frequent utterance to protests and warnings on this subject. The alarming conviction that seized him at the time referred to impelled him to make his warnings louder, more positive and more frequent.

In vaccination he had never believed. The omnipotent defender of health was cleanliness. This great truth he reiterated again and again, to no purpose. The health authorities dreamed on, on the soft pillow of their dignity.

In April, six deaths from smallpox occurred ; in May thirteen. The scourge was upon

them ; on it marched until, in September, the victims averaged forty a day.

Then people and Government were thoroughly awakened. In heartrending terror, the health officials cried aloud, "Vaccinate, vaccinate."

On this Dr. Ross immediately sprang to arms, and presented his formidable front to—not to a section of a country measuring one square inch on the map of the world, not only to nine hundred and ninety-nine thousands of the profession of which he was an honorable and prominent member—but to all the world !

For seven months during the epidemic he withstood the authorities, with energy of voice and pen urging the necessity for cleanliness and isolation and offering every opposition in his power to the practice of vaccination. Finally the medical authorities obtained—extraordinary powers—from the Governor-in-Council, to enforce vaccination by fines and imprisonment. At this Dr. Ross called together his disciples and formed the "Canadian Anti-Compulsory Vaccination League," which, after a brief but bitter contest with the Provincial authorities, succeeded in preventing the

enforcement of vaccination against the wishes of the people.

“ This is, O truth, the deepest woe,  
Of him thou biddest to protest  
With men, no kinship may we know,  
Thy mission hems from worst to best.

The wolf that gauntly prowls the wood,  
From human kind more mercy got,  
Than he who warns men to be good,  
And stands alone, yet flinches not.

Thou grantest not one friendly hand,  
Or heart on which he can rely,  
Alone and dauntless he must stand,  
Alone must fight—alone must die.”

#### PERSECUTION.

The fervid character of the amount of Dr. Ross' work during this terrible time can best be measured by his suffering, and his suffering best told in his own words. In the foregoing account he but indicates the persecution he was made to undergo, but I am able to give from my private correspondence a more particular account of the indignities heaped upon this man in an enlightened age and by a people who can applaud Knight Errantry only when viewed through enchantment—lending mists of time :

“ From several pulpits in the city I was, directly, denounced as an incendiary. The physicians, in public meeting assembled, censured me and voted me outside the profession ! Old friends passed me without recognition, while others denounced me publicly as insane. The press of the city and province teemed with the most outrageous lies and abuse against me. I was held up before the public as an anarchist, incendiary, nigger thief, infidel and murderer. Some of my own relatives declared that I was insane. I was shunned as a plague spot. Packages of smallpox virus were sent to me through the post office. With the exception of the members of the Anti-Vaccination League, an organization I had effected, I stood alone. Indeed, it was a fiery furnace I had passed through, and my only consolation was the consciousness that I was right, and surely right. When the fight was carried from Montreal to Quebec before the Legislature, I personally interviewed every member of the Government, from the Governor to the next member of the Legislature. The result was the defeat of the vaccinators and freedom of choice for the people. The fight was over—then I broke down.”

The victim of this barbarous treatment was stricken with a severe illness. Slowly strength and power came back, so slowly that days and weeks seemed so many eternities to this man of action ever panting for work.

And during this prostration, when the body, though weak, supported a mind still active, what thoughts were coursing through his brain as he saw himself still the victim of those who had striven to restrain him from his good work. Thoughts of bitterness? of revenge? Nay, worthy of Bertuccio's dying malediction, or of Bryon's curse, are the words which his hand traced when but newly arisen from his bed:—"I can truly say that I love them best who pressed me hardest in the fight—they did it through ignorance."

From "The London Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination."

London, Eng., Jan. 5, 1886.

Dear Dr. Ross—I am desired to forward to you, the subjoined copy of a Resolution moved by our President William Tebb, seconded by W. S. Beaurle, Esq., and carried

unanimously at the meeting of the Executive Committee, held on Wednesday, Jan. 2nd.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM YOUNG,

Secretary.

"Having heard with deep regret of the illness of Dr. Alexander M. Ross of Montreal, brought on by his arduous and self-sacrificing labors in resisting the vaccination tyranny:—RESOLVED, that the sympathy of the Executive Committee of this society be and hereby is tendered to Dr. Ross, with the hope of his speedy restoration to health, coupled with an expression of their high appreciation of his successful efforts for the promotion of rational and scientific methods of preventing disease."

From HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS DE NOAILLES.

Dear Dr. Ross—I must thank you most heartily for the great work you are doing in Montreal. You have many warm friends and admirers in England who have watched your brave contest with deep interest.

From the RIGHT HON. LORD CLIFTON,  
M.P.

Dumpton Park, Ramsgate, England, Dec. 19,  
1885.

My Dear Dr. Ross—I deeply sympathize with you in the gallant fight you have been making in Montreal, against a despotic profession and a prostitute press. No words can be too strong to express my abhorrence at the attitude taken by the Montreal press, to say nothing of English and American journals.

The despotic and cruel tone of these hired quill-drivers would lead one to suppose that one was living in the darkest ages of superstition and tyranny. I am very glad that we, anti-vaccinationists, who are denounced by a sordid and lying press as men of only *one single idea*, can yet number in our ranks such a well-known and tried slavery abolitionist as yourself.

From J. J. GARTH WILKINSON, M.D.  
St. John's Wood, London, Eng., Nov. 14,  
1885.

My Dear Dr. Ross—I hope I need not tell you how deeply I sympathize with you, a lone rider and horse of battle in the midst of the

vast pack of vaccinating wolves. The treatment you have experienced is unspeakably infamous. The profession which has inflicted it, has cast the last remains of conscience out of its heart.

From ALFRED MILNES, ESQ., M.A., Fellow  
of the Statistical Society.

London, Eng., January 3rd, 1886.

My Dear Dr. Ross—I am not so presumptuous as to suppose that anything can be said by the raw recruit to cheer you, the veteran of a hundred fights. Men and women have breathed the air of liberty, who but for you had died in thralldom. And, now, the fight is won for the parents of an oppressed race, it has to be fought out for the children of all races. Nor is the struggle quite so unequal as it seems. Your purpose is single and your aims are weapons of precision. Toil on, then, undaunted; you are sowing seed that our little ones may reap, nor fail to bless the sower.

From DR. OIDTMAN, Staff Surgeon of the  
Imperial German Army.

Rurich Castle, Prussia, Nov. 9, 1885.

My Dear Friend and Colleague.—The

Count Hompesch wishes you all success from his heart, and I do also. Our congratulations on your success! Your brethren in Germany are having success. Chancellor Bismarck has taken our side. With all wishes for your success.

From LADY E. DE MORGAN.

Chelsea, England, January 16th, 1886.

Dear Dr. Ross—You are waging a noble warfare, against prejudice and ignorance. Be of good courage. *“Blessed are ye when men shall hate you and when they shall separate you from their company and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil.”* May God bless your labors.

On finding himself fully recovered at last Dr. Ross approached with determination the subject of a needful reform on which he had but occasionally made himself heard.

#### CRUSADE FOR MEDICAL FREEDOM.

His crusade for medical freedom continues and will continue till he is crowned with the laurels of victory or until the hand of death remove him. He has no false hopes, no lack of appreciation of the possible protraction of the struggle; but he carries it on with that

Napoleonic fixity of purpose which shows the thing to his mind's eye accomplished when once decided on. He writes: “I am engaged in a struggle with the profession, who are fortified by Acts of Parliament, by wealth and position and by the apathy of the people. But I shall succeed. It may take years to accomplish my purpose, but *I shall succeed!*”

#### CRUSADE FOR MEDICAL REFORM.

In 1887 Dr. Ross succeeded in shaping his long cherished plans for the practical diffusion of his hygienic and sanitary theories; and as a result, with the aid of friends obtained an Act of incorporation for the St. Louis Hygienic College of Physicians and Surgeons, the first and most flourishing of several of such which have successfully sprung into existence under his creative hand in the United States and Canada. Of this institution Dr. Ross figures as Professor Emeritus of Physiology, Hygiene and Sanitation, and the report just published at this writing shows it entering in its fifth year of a useful and reformatory career in the most flourishing condition.

These institutions are the culminating results of the principles that for years have actuated Dr. Ross in his medical practice; the diffusion of these themes has been his ultimate aim through all those various occupations which he has pursued at different times as special circumstances suggested.

Thirty-five years of medical practice he has devoted to this mission; the incense of the midnight oil has from year to year been offered at the altar of this consecrated object, while the mind has dictated and the pen transcribed, for the press to reproduce in tracts scattered far and wide in hundreds of thousands.

And what are these principles to which he has devoted so much of his time, thought, power, patience and long-suffering? They are simple enough, logical enough, and certainly philanthropic in character. And yet, it is these that have made his life one great battle with legalized wrongs, one great heroic struggle against slander, vituperation and persecution in its worst and most wearing forms.

But let us see :—Health is ease—our normal condition.

Disease is derangement of the functions and is *dis-ease*. And why should the functions

become deranged? It is not in the scheme of nature that these beautifully fashioned, delicately balanced and perfectly fitted machines, our bodies, should run other than evenly, smoothly and rhythmically.

As all action is friction and friction is waste, whether in mechanics or physics, creative and re-creative Nature has supplied the elements and materials to make up for this constant drain. And these are air, food, water, light. As consumed and converted in their *pure and natural* state, they contrive to perpetuate the material part of us and keep up a just balance between vital and mental action, so, taken into the system impure as to condition, as water and air, or unnatural as to character, as food and drink, the system revolts; and like the mighty engine between whose wheels a grain of sand has fallen, it strains and grinds and struggles to rid itself of the impediments to normal action.

And this—this *struggle* to reject impurities or to counter-act the results of wrong living, this *effort* to restore normal action—this is sickness, dis-ease. And what a heroic struggle it is! Those who have watched long days and weary nights by beds of suffering know full well.

But why at this stage, when the already weakened forces of Nature are concentrated in the effort to purge the system of a rank impurity or a poison, why call in a doctor who makes it his office to administer an unnatural medicine or a poisonous drug, to which the system must turn as to a new foe, and in the effort to rid itself of this find its work doubled?

Turn to that life in which "science" forms no part—to the brute creation or the savage races; we find that in the one, Nature, unimpeded, accomplishes its therapeutic work with Nature's own specifics—rest, natura food, right conditions, *but no drugs*; and in the other, succeeds as well, in spite only of a mystic incantation or a hideous dance by the "medicine man" of the tribe.

The point is this: Nature gives us health and ease as long as we receive her bountiful sustenance pure and perfect as she supplies it, and as long as we remain under the proper conditions for which we are designed to receive it. But, her ordinances violated, and sickness come upon us, that power that gave us life and sustained it in health, is potent to defend it and renew health; and those elements which contributed to health when

received in their integrity are still the elements to sustain the vital forces in the struggle to cast out the dis-easing invader. Not drugs to outrage, but the natural specifics to sustain.

The epitome of this doctrine is—HYGIENE; and around this star—like term revolve many satellites; pure air, natural food, untainted water, heaven's own light, cleanliness, moderation, self-control, regularity, exercise of mind and body—and all these are included in "right living."

The motto of this school is "Prevention is better than cure." Strive to perpetuate health by supplying the right conditions and curing will be unnecessary; but failing in this and sickness resulting, strive to re-establish right conditions with Nature's own fortifiers and the cure is effected.

The deduction is plain, namely, that the doctor's office is not to lie in wait like the spider, until the victim, worn out with struggle, is an easy prey, but rather, to defend us against surprises by disease—which is, to prescribe our regiment, inspect our sanitation, direct our mode of life, seek to restrain our indulgences and advise us as to the application of the principles of right living; or when,

for any reason, his counsels have proved unavailing, not to step in with his drams and scruples, his incantations in abbreviated dog latin, his drugs and his poisons, but rather, to act as Nature's interpreter and lieutenant, to aid the cure by providing the conditionals.

Dr. Ross, member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario and Quebec, and for thirty-five years devoted to the healing art, is not alone among eminent men of kindred pursuit in believing the medical practice of to-day blind, groping, full of fallacious reasoning and death-dealing experiment. He brings to his aid quotations from such men, startling in their outspoken frankness, corroborating his views in a manner calculated to open wide the eyes of laymen. They agree with Dr. Ross that, "Evidence can be multiplied indefinitely, proving from the writings of the most renowned physicians of the world, that *medicine* is not a *science*—that our predominant system of healing is productive of vastly more evil than good."

Instances of the evolution of the fallacious science of to-day from a mass of fallacies and delusions of the past, more revolting but not more dangerous than those of to-day, are not

wanting to his hand, and they constitute indeed a curious exhibit :

"The great progress made during the past fifty years in the arts, sciences and industries of the world has wrought no marked change in the practice of medicine. It is to-day what it always has been, a colossal system of deception, in obedience to which abominations have been thrust down the throats of credulous and long-suffering human beings who, from some fault of diet, organization or vital stimulation, have invited disease."

#### DR. ROSS' REMINISCENCES.

As has been seen in the course of this little sketch, Dr. Ross's prominence in connection with the stirring questions and events of a remarkable epoch has brought him into connection, more or less close, with many other extraordinary men of the time.

Keeness of observation and accuracy of judgment, especially in the province of human character, are necessarily characteristics of a man who could support a career such as his; these, added to an unusual faculty for faithful, vivid pen portraiture, make his reminiscences of these great men peculiarly valuable.

#### THE MAN.

Dr. Ross' stout, powerful frame ; earnest, keen blue eyes ; firmly closed lips ; measured, firm and steady step, prominent and broad brow, mark the man of earnest purpose and iron will ; self-contained and self-secure. To those who know him best, and those who know him least, he is ever the Knight Errant, ready to undertake some thankless task in behalf of Liberty, Health or Humanity.

Dr. Ross has no fondness for social, religious or political gatherings ; from these he holds himself aloof and apart ; he is not a church member, but he is an earnest, practical Christian. He remembers "those in bonds as bound with them." His sympathy for the oppressed of all climes and conditions is as boundless as the impulses of his generous heart. His love for freedom and justice extends all along the line and touches all subjects and conditions. He is so thoroughly sincere, honest, consistent, conscientious and unselfish that most men cannot understand him—hence he is often misunderstood and misrepresented.

When Dr. Ross had attained his fiftieth birthday, he was the recipient of many tokens

of regard and congratulations from his friends and co-workers. From the poet Whittier the following :

Dear Friend.—Thy fifty years have not been idle ones, but filled with good works ; I hope another half century may be added to them.

From WENDELL PHILLIPS :

My Dear Ross.—Measured by the good you have done in your fifty years, you have already lived a century.

From HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Dear Dr. Ross.—As you look back over your fifty years, what a comfort to you must be the reflection that you have saved so many from the horrors of slavery.

From LUCRETIA JENKS :

No, friend Ross ! thou art not old ;  
A heart so true, so kind, so bold,  
As in thy bosom throbs to-day,  
Never ! Never ! will decay.

Some I know, but half thy years,  
Are quite deaf to all that cheers ;  
They are dumb when they should speak,  
And blind to all the poor and weak.

There are none I know, in sooth,  
Who part so slowly with their youth,  
As men like thee, who take delight  
In helping others to live right.

It was at this period he conceived the beautiful idea of presenting his children with a lasting testimonial of his love in the form of a brief narrative of his struggles.

It has been the author's fortune to see that little work. At the end he found a striking passage. It was a sort of self-communion transcribed as revelation of the inward man, the father, to the children—a retrospect. The liberty is taken of transcribing it here as a fitting ending to the record of the life of a true knight errant of the modern, the true chivalry :

“In looking back over the fifty years of my life now past, I rejoice that my lot was cast in a full period of mighty events and the fulfilment of great reforms, that have proved a blessing to mankind. To have lived during this eventful period, and to have aided in the least degree in the accomplishment of these great reforms is indeed cause for rejoicing and congratulation.

“It has always been my lot to be on the radical side of medicine, politics and religion.

In consequence of which I have suffered outwardly and pecuniarily, but I have preserved my independence and acted according to the dictates of my own conscience. In-tead of servilely accepting and obeying conventionalities, I have questioned them and judged them, from my own standpoint. I never could and never would look at things, with other men's eyes, but through my own. I never could and never would accept formalities, either social or religious, as a substitute for a pure life. From my earliest boyhood I have hated oppression. I have renounced every friendship, I have withdrawn from every church and society where infringement of conscience or personal right was attempted.

“If I know my own heart, I am conscious that my sincere desire has ever been to do some good in this world, to promote the welfare and true happiness of my fellow-men. If my motives have been misconstrued and my actions misrepresented I cannot help it—those who traduce me do not know me. I am quite conscious that my life has been marked by many errors and faults which I have amended as far as I could. I am also quite conscious of the purity of my motives, and that has sus-

tained me, as has the conviction that my life, labors and pursuits have in some measure conduced to the freedom, happiness and welfare of others.

“The sincere appreciation, affectionate regard and devoted friendship of a few good men and women have been a great comfort to me when grieved and pained by

the injustice of those who judged me wrongly.

“My life, thus far, has been busy and anxious, but not joyless. Whether it shall be prolonged few or more years, I am grateful that it has endured so long, and that it has abounded in opportunities for good not wholly unimproved.”

