

If people would use their leisure to study how to live in this world, it would be much better than filling up the vacuum of their heads with superstitions.

Paul Dudley was a great reader. But the best literary and scientific works have nearly all been written since his time. He was a friend and patron of learning, as several schools, besides Harvard, bear witness. He was generous, hospitable and charitable.

Judge Dudley's powers of mind were undimmed by age, though he labored under many indispositions of body in his last years. He was patriotic, and proud of all the great beginnings of his fathers, and wished to see every one of them successful:—the college, its religious liberty, and the social freedom and prosperity of all the people. It was reported, to his discredit, that he wrote to a kinsman in England in his early days, that this country was not yet fit for the home of a gentleman. There was probably much point and accuracy in the statement. It was a dangerous place in his early days for any free-thinking man of the world. There was much illiberality and superstition here; while in England literature had a golden age, and science began to flourish and bear glorious fruit. But his father's enemies took Paul's saying to mean that England was better because of her royalty, aristocracy and church establishment, which they disliked.

My grandfather heard anecdotes of Judge Paul Dudley from his father Judge John Dudley of New Hampshire, and other aged men, who had known Paul some time during the thirty-two years in which he flourished in the Massachusetts courts. They reported that he was very industrious and attentive to the despatch of business, so that parties, witnesses and jurors might not be unnecessarily detained by lawyers needlessly taking up the time of the Court. He was apt to be a little antiquated and out of fashion in his dress; and also, when he was deeply interested in any matter of consequence, he would be so intent upon it, that he would sometimes forget to put on his cloak and wig, and leave them in the court-room, and not notice his mistake until reminded of it by the cold or other circumstance. At other times he would fail to recognize his own horse, and go about inquiring for him, although the animal had been driven by him for years. When off the bench, he would often be seen conversing familiarly with the commonest people, having his hands upon their shoulders. When Chief Justice, he once reprimanded the Sheriff, Col. Pollard,