



デフォレスト先生による  
タルカット先生史料集の表紙

Kyoto, Nov. 16, 1911

Dear Mr. Stanford,

I am very glad to write to you about Miss Talcott, and only wish I could tell you more about her early life of which I know only a few particulars. What I write is of course not for publication in this form, and you will use it with discretion.

Yours truly,

(D.W. Learned)

Miss Talcott was born May 22, 1836 in Hookville, a thriving little city ten miles or so east of Hartford, Connecticut. A cousin George was still living there at the last I knew, and the neighboring village of Talcottville preserves the name of this family, though not connected with her immediate branch of it. Her father was Ralph Talcott, and her mother a Miss Bull. They both died in her early life, and I know no more of them, but it is safe to infer from Miss Talcott and my mother (who is fully worthy to be her sister) that they were people of devout life. I think he was in some kind of business.

There were four children, all girls, of whom the oldest was Mrs. Fisher. Miss Talcott was second, my mother third, and the youngest was Miss Maria who was out here for 2 years (1861-2), afterwards married, and died some years ago.

Miss Talcott studied at Farmington in the school carried on by Miss Porter, sister of Pres. Noah Porter (where one of my sisters was teacher many years afterwards).

I first knew them just exactly fifty years ago this fall, when my father moved to Plymouth, Conn., a country village between Waterbury and Bristol, in the southeast corner of Litchfield County. The three unmarried sisters then made their home with their uncle William Bull who had a farm a mile or so out of the village, a typical farm of the old New England kind, with large square houses, ample barns across the road, cornfields, meadows, and rocky pastures where huckleberries grew plentifully. (Also, it is all taken up by "foreigners" now.) It differed however from most farmhouses in having connection with foreign countries through William Bull's brother James who was a prosperous merchant in the China trade, and (I think) had himself been

in China. The parlor was adorned with various things from that far off land which he had brought, and it may be that he helped his brother support the old place; at any rate it was a delightful home, and few more comfortable ones could have been found among New England farmhouses then; especially more so filled with the spirit of Christianity, for William Bull, though not one to talk in prayer meeting, was one who fully lived Christian life. (He removed afterwards into the village and spent his closing years in a large old house near the village church.)

All the four sisters were earnest Christians (Miss Maria long taught the infant class in Sunday School), but I have always thought that Miss Eliza and my mother were especially near to each other in character as they were in age. How it happened that one at the age of 22 married my father, and the other at the age of 37 came to Japan I do not know. My mother would have made as good a missionary if she had had more physical strength, and Miss Eliza would have made a capital wife for a minister if some one had known it. Neither can I tell why her mind was turned to Japan. I have wondered if the connection of the uncle Jesse with this part of the world may have turned her thoughts in this direction, but that may be only my fancy. At any rate when I heard that she was going out as a missionary I at once said to myself that she would be just the ideal person for that work. She herself however was not so sure about her fitness for it; in fact she wrote so modestly of her qualifications that the Secretary (I suppose Bro. Treat) replied that perhaps it would be better for her not to undertake it. Fortunately her pastor in Plymouth, Rev. E. B. Willard, heard of it, and he sent Sec. Treat a letter which removed all hesitation.

Her life here you know, but perhaps I may give the outline of it. She arrived March 30, 1875, was stationed in Kobe till Sept. 1880 when she was moved to Okayama, Miss Clarkson making the Kobe school an ungenial place for her. When Miss Clarkson had to go home in February 1882 Miss Talcott was called back to Kobe and filled the gap there till the end of 1883 when she took a furlough for two years. On her return she spent five years more in Okayama, and in that interval did much towards the opening of work in Tokyoo. From Sept. 1890 till Oct. 1894 she was in Kyoto, and then spent a year in work in the hospitals in Hiroshima. From Feb. 1896 till Dec. 1898 she was out of the country, and during a part of that time (I do not know just how long) she was working for the Japanese in Honolulu. The rest you know as well as I. On the face of the record it is plain that she had a greater variety of field and form of work than any other lady in our mission.

I think every one you ask will reply that the great outstanding characteristics of Miss Talcott was her utter unselfishness. I remember Dr. Davis telling me how much impressed he and Mrs. Davis were with it when she came out here, by some chance unannounced to the mission, and made her home with them for a time. They thought such complete forgetfulness of self must be the result of trying to make herself agreeable in a place to which she had come so unexpectedly, but day after day they saw no change in it, and learned that it was her real self. I have known people equally unselfish and perhaps equally unselfish, who yet in some way could not help making themselves prominent in all that they said; very different was Miss Talcott (and my mother is just like her.) She seemed not to know there was such a person as Miss Talcott. Next I should mention her unselfishness in work. "In labors more abundant," even in advanced age a hard person for any one to keep up with. I suppose it must be admitted that she was not especially endowed with executive ability such as to fit her to shine just as the head of Kobe College, say, but she certainly inspired her companions with zeal for activity, and in personal life it seems to me that there can hardly be her superior in all the roll of the missionaries of the A. O. C. M. for a hundred years.

\*Grace says two years and a half.

ラーネド博士によるタルカット先生追憶文

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