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Letter to James Angell, 1891-02-21

Joseph Peace Hazard

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Recommended Citation

Hazard, Joseph Peace, "Letter to James Angell, 1891-02-21" (1891). *Joseph Peace Hazard Papers*. 3.
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In regard to the subject of religion, think for thyself, and fear not. In regard to thy conduct, let the spirit of prayer pervade in all thou doest.

Who most successfully strives to do no thing he thinks he ought not to do, will be likely to be a truly pious person, whatever his or her mode of religious faith may be.

Peace Dale, R. I., Dec. 12, 1889.

*This is only a paraphrase
made by Providence Angell
about Charles Kuhn's letter*

~~My~~ When I was a young man I usually passed my winter in the City of Philadelphia, and passed a large portion of the evenings at The Philadelphia Club, that is at the corner of Walnut & 13th Streets.

I was not a member of this Club, but I always had free admission thereto. And my friend "Henry Seybut" (whose very large fortune that he had given in his will to various benevolent purposes) (that the notorious Seybut-Cornipen devoted to ~~it~~ entirely to other purposes, it is said - and I doubt not, did) and myself very frequently passed our evening in one of the Billiard rooms of this Club amusing ourselves by trying to play Billiards, ~~a neither~~ and both of us being entire novices, we were well-matched in regard to this game.

The Billiards at that time were much larger
in size, than they are now, and were played
with ~~six~~ either five, or six Balls. Six, I think,

Having passed some five or six evenings
amusing ourselves at the game, and my turn
to make a shot having come, and the ball with
which I played, being within about an inch of
the ~~other~~ one I going to play at, I held my
Cue in a vertical position, and remarking
(in a spirit of laughter at myself, of course)
"Now, I am going to make Eleven, at this shot."
I struck my ball as hard as I could.

Soon enough, up jumped my ball, and
hitting the top of the Ball I aimed at, my ball
and pursued its way about the table and hitting
other balls (~~probably~~ ^{and} "porketing" some of them,
I did count Eleven,

This shot, caused a great sensation, and
~~from the day~~ ^{bolus} many persons called to see either my friend
Saybut or myself and ask if the report thereof
was true,

My friend Hartman Rubin (who was
considered as being best player of Billiards
in the City of Philadelphia) ~~called~~ and
numerous persons called to see either
Mr Saybut or myself to ask if the report
was correct. Mr. Rubin immediately
made enquiries in regard to this shot of
Eleven, of all persons whom he knew

Especially
who were interested in Belleard, and
could find no one who had made Elms
at one shot, in the City of Philadelphia
or at other points, ~~where~~^{any} but with the
same result as above mentioned.

I presume I presume that such was
the number of Chances against my making the
shot, that if a ^{square} plate were made ~~that was~~
~~that is a Thousand miles~~ the
each side of which ~~was~~ was a million
miles long, and should be entirely covered
with the figure nine that should be so small
they could ~~be~~ not be seen without the
use of a powerful microscope, the sum of this
the number, would not number the chances
that were against my making the shot.

~~I must further, I not only pronounced the~~
~~number I would make on this sheet, but I~~
That is equivalent to say I did not make
this sheet, at all.

And such is the fact, in my estimation,
I fully believe I not only did not make this
sketch, but I also believe it was made by the
deceitful spirit of a human being, and
whom this deceitful spirit may have been

Spoken of Hartman Ketcher reminds me
of his brother the late Charles Ketcher, who was
born in ^{London} ~~London~~ ^{Ketcher}
a dear friend of mine.

He was a bachelor and one of the most
 generous, thoughtful and pure of men and
 one of my dearest friends.

During my visit to Philadelphia, I usually
passed an evening at his house, even
last week, when, ^{I was very much} ~~the~~ ^{amusing} ~~after~~ ^{cheerful},
though he felt entirely sure there was no future life.

To

College Ann Arbor

Peacedale, R. I. Feby. 21st, 1891.

My dear Sir,

I beg leave to enclose a note concerning the subject of Religion, that I have lately ^{written} and printed, a copy of which I enclose herewith.

I hope the sentiments thereof may meet your approval,

Hoping I may hear from you upon this ere' long.

I remain your friend

Jos. P. Harard,

Resd. J. C. B. Angell.

Ann Arbor,

Michigan.

I hope you have not forgotten my shot at Billiards that I made at the Philadelphia Club, at corner of Walnut and 13th Streets, on the old fashioned Billiard Table, that was much larger in size, than are those of to day, and upon which, a count of thirteen might be made, may be made.