

Famous American Authors

FAMOUS LIVES SERIES

SARAH KNOWLES BOLTON

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Sarah Knowles Bolton

Libraries of Hope

Famous American Authors
Famous Lives Series

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Libraries of Hope, Inc.
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Website www.librariesofhope.com
Email: librariesofhope@gmail.com

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By Sarah Knowles Bolton

Preface

The limits of this book make it impossible to use sketches of several authors of whom I had intended to write. A sketch of John G. Whittier appears in my book, "How Success is Won"; Bayard Taylor, in "Poor Boys Who Became Famous"; Harriet Beecher Stowe, Helen Hunt Jackson, and Louisa M. Alcott, in "Girls Who Became Famous." I desired to include Mary Mapes Dodge, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Rose Terry Cooke, and some other women, whose work I greatly admire, but these must be left for the future. Of course the names of many gifted authors will suggest themselves to each reader, but only a few could be selected for this volume, from the many who have given honor to America by their genius.

I gratefully acknowledge the courtesy of the authors herein represented, and also that of their publishers, in granting permission to make extracts from their books.

S. K. B.

CHAPTER I
Ralph Waldo Emerson

When Frederika Bremer visited Boston, and Emerson called upon her, she wrote, "He came with a sunbeam on his countenance. He is a born gentleman." George William Curtis said, "A smile broke over his face like day over the sky," and, "At Emerson's house it is always morning."

How could it have been otherwise with a man who loved humanity; whose whole life was spent in making the world happier and better; whose every sentence was full of hope and sweetness and courage.

Who wrote, "To help the young soul, add energy, inspire hope, and blow the coals into a useful flame; to redeem defeat by new thought, by firm action, that is not easy; that is the work of divine men." And he was one of the divine men whose work in life it was to do this.

"Don't hang a dismal picture on the wall," he said, "and do not daub with sables and glooms in your conversation. Don't be a cynic and disconsolate preacher. Don't bewail and bemoan. Don't waste yourself in rejection, nor bark against the bad, but chant the beauty of the good. Never worry people with your contritions, nor with dismal views of politics or society. Never name sickness…. Set down nothing that will not help somebody." "Help somebody!" That was the keynote of his life and his teaching.

"He who digs a well, constructs a stone fountain, plants a grove of trees by the roadside, plants an orchard, builds a durable house, reclaims a swamp, or so much as puts a stone seat by the wayside, makes the land so far lovely and desirable, makes a fortune which he cannot carry away with him, but

which is useful to his country long afterwards…. A man is a man only as he makes life and nature happier to us."

He preached a gospel of cheerfulness. "Good-nature is stronger than tomahawks," he said…. "How often it seems the chief good to be born with a cheerful temper, and well adjusted to the tone of the human race…. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year…. The scholar must be a bringer of hope."

How often he said to the young, "They can conquer who believe they can…. He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear…. Hitch your wagon to a star. No god will help. We should find all their teams going the other way — Charles's Wain, Great Bear, Orion, Leo, Hercules: every god will leave you….

"Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string…. The man that stands by himself the universe will stand by him also…. Nature suffers nothing to remain in her kingdoms which cannot help itself…. The basis of good manners is self-reliance…. Self-trust is the first secret of success, the belief that, if you are here, the authorities of the universe put you here, and for cause, or with some task strictly appointed you in your constitution…. Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man. For him all doors are flung wide, him all tongues greet, all honors crown, all eyes follow with desire. Our love goes out to him, and embraces him because he did not need it."

I once heard Edward Everett Hale say, "You can never lead unless you lift," and Emerson always lifted. "When a man lives with God, his voice shall be sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn…. Do not rely on heavenly favor, or on compassion to folly, or on prudence, on common-sense, the old usage and main chance of men: nothing can keep you—not fate, nor health, nor admirable intellect; none can keep you, but rectitude only, rectitude for ever and ever! … Civilization depends on morality…. I am of the opinion of

the poet Wordsworth, 'that there is no real happiness in this life, but in intellect and virtue.' I am of the opinion of Pliny, 'that, whilst we are musing on these things, we are adding to the length of our lives.' … I much prefer that my life should be of a lower strain so it be genuine and equal, than that it should be glittering and unsteady. I wish it to be sound and sweet."

No wonder Professor Tyndall said, "If any one can be said to have given the impulse to my mind, it is Emerson. Whatever I have done, the world owes to him." And Herman Grimm: "I can indeed say that no author with whose writings I have lately become acquainted has had such an influence upon me as Emerson. The manner of writing of this man, whom I hold to be the greatest of all living authors, has revealed to me a new way of expressing thought."

Emerson wrote what the world needed, not for his time alone, but for all time, and therefore it must last. The world needs encouragement, and he encouraged; it needs ideals, and he gave ideals, beautified by his own beautiful spirit, for he said, "With the great one's thoughts and manners easily become great…. The earth waits for exalted manhood. What this country longs for is personalities, grand persons, to counteract its materialities."

And what of the history of this brother of the race? Did he have trials and sorrows like other mortals? Was character perfected, as it usually is, in a furnace?

Ralph Waldo Emerson, born in Boston, May 25, 1803, was descended from eight generations of ministers, true, sturdy men, who filled their places in the world nobly. His father, Rev. William Emerson, born in the Old Manse at Concord, Mass., immortalized by Hawthorne, was the pastor of the First Church in Boston, a man of great refinement and tolerance; the mother, Ruth Haskins, a woman "whose mind and character were of a superior order, and they set their stamp upon manners of peculiar softness, natural grace, and

quiet dignity." One of her sons said that when she came from her room in the morning it seemed to him as if she always came from communion with God, so sincere was her nature and so even her temper.

Ralph Waldo was the second of five sons, an amiable and obedient boy to his mother, who was left a widow when he was eight years old. So conscientious was he that once when reproved by his aunt for spending six cents in taking a novel from the circulating library, because his mother's means were so limited, he carried back the book unread, and for many years could not be prevailed upon to read it.

Rufus Dawes, who knew Emerson when a boy, thus describes him at school: "It is eight o'clock A.M., and the thin gentleman in black, with a small jointed cane under his arm, his eyes deeply sunken in his head, has asked that spiritual-looking boy in blue nankeen, who seems to be about ten years old, to touch the bell; — it was a privilege to do this; — and there he stands, that boy, whose image more than any other is still deeply stamped upon my mind, as I then saw him and loved him, I knew not why, and thought him so angelic and remarkable; — feeling towards him more than a boy's emotion, as if a new spring of brotherly affection had suddenly broken loose in my heart. There is no indication of turbulence and disquiet about him; but, with a happy combination of energy and gentleness, how truly is he the father of the man! He has touched the bell, and, while he takes his seat among his fellows, he little dreams that in after times he will strike a different note."

In the Boston Latin School he early showed poetical ability, translating at eleven a portion from the fifth Eclogue of Virgil into smooth verse, to please a lady. Like many others who have come to greatness, the boy was fortunate in having for friends good women of superior intellect. His aunt, Mary Moody Emerson, to whom he was much attached, was a great reader of Plato, Aristotle, Plotinus, Milton, Locke, Coleridge,

and Byron. He said, in later years, that she had done more for him than Greece and Rome.

Sarah Bradford, her intimate friend, whom F. B. Sanborn declares to have been "the most learned woman ever seen in New England," asked Waldo to correspond with her in Latin and Greek, saying, "Tell me what most interests you in Rollin, and write me with what stories in Virgil you are delighted." Such friends would be a stimulus to any mind.

He was extremely fond of history as well as Greek, but said later, "The regular course of studies, the years of academical and professional education, have not yielded me better facts than some idle books under the bench at the Latin School. What we do not call education is more precious than that which we do call so."

At fourteen, Waldo entered Harvard College, a slender, delicate youth, becoming "president's freshman," running on errands for him. Mrs. Emerson removed to Cambridge, taking some students into her home to board, while her son William opened a school in her house, and was assisted in teaching by Waldo. Evidently, there was little time for sports had the boy been so inclined; for when one combines teaching with studying, the labor is not easy. Thus did the Emersons build on economy, even poverty, their splendid future of honor and renown.

Waldo had little love for or success in mathematics, and not much more in philosophy. He read carefully the old English poets, especially Shakspeare. Montaigne's essays he found delightful. He said in his lecture years after on Montaigne: "It seemed to me as if I had myself written the book in some former life, so sincerely it spoke to my thought and experience."

Edward Everett was his Greek professor, for whom he had the greatest admiration, following him from Sabbath to Sabbath as he preached in the different Boston churches, that he might not miss his eloquent sermons.

While in college, young Emerson wrote two poems as exercises, one to be given at a public exhibition. Taking it to one of his professors, Edward Channing, the only criticism was, "You had better write another poem." "What a useless remark was that," said Emerson, later; "he might at least have pointed out to me some things in my verses that were better than others, for all could not have been equally bad."

In his junior year he took the Bowdoin prize for a composition on the character of Socrates, and was Class Day Poet; though, as the honor was declined by seven others before he was asked, he was evidently not considered greatly superior to his fellows.

His college course ended, he went to Boston to assist his brother, who had opened a school for young ladies, not that teaching was to his taste, but he desired to help his younger brothers through college.

At twenty he began to study for the ministry. Perhaps he was led to do this somewhat from the fact that his older brother had intended to become a preacher, but his doubts as to matters of belief induced him to take up the law, at which his mother was disappointed. Waldo still taught in various schools, winning the love of his pupils, his usual mode of punishment when the boys did wrong being, says Dr. Holmes, a sorrowful look, with the words, "Oh, sad!" But this brought the desired repentance and reformation, because the scholars could not bear to pain him.

All this time he was frail in body, so that when ready for preaching, at twenty-three, he was obliged to go to Florida and South Carolina for the winter. His eyes also troubled him so that he could not take notes in the lecture-room. With poverty and poor health, the way did not look very bright, and yet the young man kept his cheerful face and nature.

On his return, he was called to the Second Church in Boston, as the assistant of Rev. Henry Ware; who soon resigning, all the labor came on Mr. Emerson. His sermons were

clear and eloquent. He was liked not only for these, but because he took an active part in public work, being a member of the School Board and the chaplain of the State Senate.

The year of his ordination, when he was twenty-six, he married Ellen Louisa Tucker, and life seemed full of promise. To her he had written that lovely poem "Ellen, at the South," where he tells her the flowers summon her to come: —

"O'er ten thousand, thousand acres,
Goes light the nimble zephyr;
The Flowers — tiny sect of Shakers —
Worship him ever.

"Hark to the winning sound!
They summon thee, dearest —
Saying, 'We have dressed for thee the ground,
Nor yet thou appearest.

• • • • •

"'O pride of thy race!
Sad, in sooth, it were to ours,
If our brief tribe miss thy face.
We poor New England flowers.

"'Fairest, choose the fairest members
Of our lithe society;
June's glories and September's
Show our love and piety.

• • • • •

"'O come, then, quickly come!
We are budding, we are blowing;
And the wind that we perfume
Sings a tune that's worth the knowing.'"

But she did not stay with him long after her coming, for in three years consumption had taken his treasure, and another chasm lay athwart his life for him to bridge with the sunbeams of hope and faith.

There were other troubles close at hand. His views having changed with regard to church ordinances, especially the

administration of the Lord's Supper, he decided to resign his pastorate. Many hearts were touched when the young thinker, standing alone in his sorrow, gave up his prospects of honor and success in the ministry, because he could not preach what he did not believe. With never a harsh word for any in the tumult of discussion that followed this step, he kept the even tenor of his way, but his health broke under it, and in the following spring he sailed for Europe.

He first visited Sicily and Italy, and then France and England. He modestly says in his "English Traits": "My narrow and desultory reading had inspired the wish to see the faces of three or four writers — Coleridge, Wordsworth, Land or De Quincey, and the latest and strongest contributor to the critical journals, Carlyle. If Goethe had been still living, I might have wandered into Germany also."

In Florence he met Horatio Greenough, the artist, and afterward Landor, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. Best of all for both, he met Thomas Carlyle, as rugged as the Scotch hills, but covered with tenderness like their purple heather, if you only came near enough to his heart to feel it. "He was," says Emerson, "tall and gaunt, with a cliff-like brow, self-possessed, and holding his extraordinary powers of conversation in easy command…. We talked of books. Plato he does not read, and he disparaged Socrates. Gibbon he called the splendid bridge from the old world to the new. His own reading had been multifarious."

From this time began the friendship which helped to make each known more widely in the country of the other, and which is one of the most beautiful illustrations of enduring and helpful friendship that literature affords.

Jane Welch Carlyle spoke of the visit of Emerson as that of an angel, and mourned that it was only for a day.

In Edinburgh, Mr. Emerson preached in the Unitarian Chapel, and, says his friend, Mr. Ireland, after speaking of the originality of his discourse and the beauty of his language,

"His voice was the sweetest, the most winning and penetrating of any I ever heard."

On his return from Europe, he looked about him to see where he should make his home. Probably, no place seemed more attractive than the Concord of his ancestors, so thither he went, to the Old Manse, where lived his grandfather, Dr. Ripley. "I am a poet by nature," he said, "and therefore must live in the country." He was like the city boy whom he describes as going for the first time into the woods in October: "He is the king he dreamed he was; he walks through tents of gold, through bowers of crimson, porphyry, and topaz, pavilion on pavilion, garlanded with vines, flowers, and sunbeams, with incense and music."

He loved every change in nature. "The man who has seen the rising moon break out of the clouds at midnight has been present like an archangel at the creation of light and of the world," he used to say. What now should be his life-work? He loved study, but he must earn his living. He would try the lecture platform, and to that end he chose two subjects, "Water," and "The Relation of Man to the Globe." After this he gave three lectures upon his European experiences.

These were followed by a course in Boston, upon Luther, Milton, Burke, Michael Angelo, and George Fox. These were liked, and won for him many friends. Then came an address before the American Institute of Instruction, on "The Means of Inspiring a Taste for English Literature," and a historical address in Concord.

At the Old Manse, when he was thirty-three, he wrote his first book, "Nature," of less than one hundred pages, of which only five hundred copies were sold in twelve years. Evidently, book-writing would not buy bread, with such sales.

Three years and a half after the death of his first wife, he married Lydia Jackson, of Plymouth, Mass., a cultivated and sensible woman, and, fortunately, with moderate means. A roomy, cheery home was purchased, with great horse-

chestnut trees in front, and garden and brook in the rear, and thither the two went to begin a life of peace and happiness.

He gave this year, 1835, a course of ten lectures in Boston on English literature, taking Chaucer, Bacon, Shakespeare, Byron, Scott, Coleridge, and others; the next year, twelve on the Philosophy of History; the next, ten on Human Culture. Besides this, he was preaching twice each Sunday at East Lexington.

On April 19, 1836, at the completion of the Battle Monument, his immortal Concord Hymn was sung, to the tune of Old Hundred: —

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

"The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

"On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

"Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee."

In the midst of this happiness and work, death had come twice into the Emerson circle, first taking a brilliant brother, Edward, who, studying law with Daniel Webster, broke down in health, and died in Porto Rico; and then Charles, a young lawyer, a man ardently beloved by everybody.

To Carlyle Emerson wrote, "I have lost out of this world my brother Charles, the friend and companion of many years,

the inmate of my house, a man of beautiful genius, born to speak well, and whose conversation for these last years has treated every grave question of humanity, and has been my daily bread…. He was to have been married in this month; and at the time of his sickness and sudden death I was adding apartments to my house for his permanent accommodation. At twenty-seven years the best life is only preparation."

And life as well as death had come into the Emerson home, in the birth of their little son Waldo. No man or woman seems fitted for his greatest work till life and death and love have played on the strings of this human harp.

Mr. Emerson wrote to Moncure D. Conway, "Life is all preface until we have children; then it is deep and solid." At five months old the baby was "a loving wonder, that made the universe look friendlier," and when a little older, Emerson wrote Carlyle that his boy was a "piece of love and sunshine, well worth my watching from morning to night."

Alas! that four years later he must write to Carlyle, "A few weeks ago I accounted myself a very rich man, and now the poorest of all. What would it avail to tell you anecdotes of a sweet and wonderful boy, such as we solace and sadden ourselves with at home, every morning and evening. From a perfect health, and as happy a life and as happy influences as ever child enjoyed, he was hurried out of my arms in three short days, by scarlatina. How often I have pleased myself that one day I should send to you this Morning Star of mine, and stay at home so gladly behind such a representative."

It was for this five-year-old boy he wrote his exquisite "Threnody," of which Holmes says, "It has the dignity of 'Lycidas' without its refrigerating classicism," and Stedman, "It is the most spontaneous, the most elevating of lyrical elegies. What grace! What Æolian music, what yearning!"

> "The South-wind brings
> Life, sunshine, and desire,

And on every mount and meadow
Breathes aromatic fire;
But over the dead he has no power,
The lost, the lost, he cannot restore;
And, looking over the hills, I mourn
The darling who shall not return.

"I see my empty house,
I see my trees repair their boughs;
And he, the wondrous child,
Whose silver warble wild
Outvalued every pulsing sound
Within the air's cerulean round, —
The hyacinthine boy, for whom
Morn well might break and April bloom, —
The gracious boy who did adorn
The world whereinto he was born,
And by his countenance repay
The favor of the loving Day, —
Has disappeared from the Day's eye;
Far and wide she cannot find him;
My hopes pursue, they cannot bind him.

• • • • • •

"O child of paradise,
Boy who made dear his father's home,
In whose deep eyes
Men read the welfare of the times to come,
I am too much bereft.
The world dishonored thou has left.
O truth's and nature's costly lie!
O trusted broken prophecy!
O richest fortune sourly crossed!
Born for the future, to the future lost!"

Thoreau wrote, "He died as the mist rises from the brook. I was not startled to hear that he was dead; it seemed the most natural event that could happen. His fine organization demanded it, and nature yielded its request."

These were very busy and earnest years for Mr. Emerson. August 31, 1837, he spoke before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Cambridge on "The American Scholar." The delivery of this, says Mr. Lowell, "was an event without any former parallel in our literary annals, a scene to be always treasured in the memory for its picturesqueness and its inspiration. What crowded and breathless aisles, what windows clustering with eager heads, what enthusiasm of approval, what grim silence of foregone dissent."

For a little time, after Margaret Fuller, he edited the *Dial*, a magazine devoted to literature, philosophy, and religion. Then, at his own risk, he brought out "Sartor Resartus" from the essays in *Fraser's Magazine*, writing a preface for it, and realized seven hundred dollars for his friend Carlyle before the sketches had appeared in book form in England; — a noble act to a brother-author.

Mr. Emerson's first volume of essays was published in 1841, when he was thirty-eight years old, and his second volume in 1844, upon such subjects as History, Self-Reliance, Intellect, Love, etc. The people could read and understand his terse sentences, which became way-marks in thought for a lifetime: — "Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not."

"Love and you shall be loved … all mankind loves a lover."

Who that has loved, and who has not, but can see his own face in this mirror. "No man ever forgot the visitations of that power to his heart and brain, which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light; the morning and the night varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart bound; … when he became all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone."

"In the noon and the afternoon of life we still throb at the

recollection of days when happiness was not happy enough, but must be drugged with the relish of pain and fear; when the day was not long enough, but the night too must be consumed in keen recollections; when the moonlight was a pleasing fever, and the stars were letters, and the flowers ciphers, and the air was coined into song."

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

"The secret of success in society is a certain heartiness and sympathy…. Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy…. Self-command is the main elegance. 'Keep cool, and you command everybody,' said St. Just."

"Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous."

"No man can be a master in conversation who has not learned much from women; their presence and inspiration are essential to its success."

In 1847 Mr. Emerson sailed again for Europe, to give a series of lectures at the request of several prominent persons.

At Manchester, he lectured on Plato, Swedenborg, Shakespeare, Goethe, and others, to crowded audiences. In London, where his lectures drew large audiences, he met, socially, Hallam, Barry Cornwall, Matthew Arnold, Clough, Faraday, Mrs. Somerville, Dickens, Thackeray, and Tennyson. Of the latter he used to say, "When nature wants an artist, she makes Tennyson." Of course, he visited his friend Carlyle.

In 1850 these lectures were published in a volume called "Representative Men," which was well received. Three children had come into his home: Edith, now married; Ellen, who cheered his declining years; and Edward, now a physician in Concord.

Mr. Emerson was a student of books, and therefore necessarily much of the time in solitude. He said, "The conditions of literary success are almost destructive of the best social

power, as they do not leave that frolic liberty which only can encounter a companion on the best terms…. A self-denial, no less austere than the saint's, is demanded of the scholar…. He must embrace solitude as a bride…. Solitude, the safeguard of mediocrity, is to genius the stern friend, the cold, obscure shelter where moult the wings which will bear it farther than sun and stars…. The scholar must be a university of languages." And yet, while he had little time for social life, he made time to discuss all the great questions in which America's future was concerned. He always had a voice in the anti-slavery movement, and early advocated buying the slaves — a plan which would have been the saving of many hearts and fortunes.

He believed in suffrage for woman, and said, "It is very cheap wit that finds it so droll that a woman should vote."

In war times he spoke in Washington, and Lincoln came with his cabinet to see and listen to the great thinker. When, January 1, 1863, the Emancipation Proclamation was carried into effect, Emerson read, in his native city, his famous "Boston Hymn": —

"The word of the Lord by night
To the watching Pilgrims came,
As they watched by the seaside,
And filled their hearts with flame.

"God said: 'I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

• • • • • •

"'My angel, — his name is Freedom, —
Choose him to be your king.
He shall cut pathways east and west.
And fend you with his wing.

"'Lo! I uncover the land

Which I hid of old time in the west.
As the sculptor uncovers the statue
When he has wrought his best;

"'I show Columbia, of the rocks
Which dip their foot in the seas
And soar to the air-borne flocks
Of clouds and the boreal fleece.

"'I will divide my goods;
Call in the wretch and slave:
None shall rule but the humble,
And none but toil shall have.

• • • • • •

"'I cause from every creature
His proper good to flow:
As much as he is and doeth,
So much he shall bestow.

"'But laying hands on another
To coin his labor and sweat,
He goes in pawn to his victim
For eternal years in debt.

"'To-day unbind the captive,
So only are ye unbound;
Lift up a people from the dust,
Trump of their rescue, sound!

"'Pay ransom to the owner
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him.'"

Two years later he spoke on Lincoln's death terse, tender, golden words, which will be remembered as long as Abraham Lincoln is remembered, and that will be through eternity.

Already his "Conduct of Life" had been published, and twenty-five hundred copies, says George Willis Cooke, had been disposed of in two days. His words, "Make yourself

necessary to the world and mankind will give you bread," had proved true.

When he was sixty-three, Harvard College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws, and made him one of her Governing Board. During three successive years he delivered before his Alma Mater courses of lectures on the "Natural History of the Intellect," and spoke in other places. He used to say of his lecturing East and West that it was "a base necessity," but it was a blessing to the country, for it brought tens of thousands into personal contact with him.

In 1870 he brought out "Society and Solitude."

The next year he visited California; and the next, Egypt and England. During his absence, his house, which had been nearly consumed by fire, was rebuilt by generous friends, at a cost of eleven thousand dollars; and upon his returning, May, 1873, a large procession met him with music, and escorted him, under triumphal arches, to his renovated home. His heart was greatly moved. It had paid to study all literature and life to help others, and then be helped in turn.

When he was seventy-one, he published "Parnassus," a collection of favorite poems. In 1874, he received the nomination of Lord Rector of Glasgow University, and had five hundred votes, against seven hundred for Disraeli; an amazing number to be received by an American.

As late as 1880, when he was seventy-seven, he delivered his one-hundredth lecture before the Concord Lyceum, on "New England Life and Letters"; but his memory was failing, and only as his faithful daughter Ellen was near and aided him could the tired mind do its work.

"Letters and Social Aims" was now published. Societies asked in vain for more lectures; the day was drawing to its close.

I shall never forget a visit made to him a little before this time. The mind had lost something of the power I used to feel when I heard him lecture, but the voice had the same sweet-

ness, the deep blue eyes were as blue as ever, and the ineffable smile one could never forget. As we talked of education for a boy, my own beloved son in mind, he giving advice, he said, modestly, "After all, I do not feel competent to judge." Who not, if not he, who had stood before the students of nearly every college, and knew their aims and methods by heart? He showed me a picture of Carlyle, and spoke of their abiding friendship.

The library was a place of special interest. Of course, one found there his favorite books — Homer, Plato, Plutarch, of whom he had said, "He cannot be spared from the smallest library; first, because he is so readably, which is much; then, that he is medicinal and invigorating"; Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Montaigne, Scott, Goethe, and others, a generous number, on high, plain shelves. His habits of work were simple: work in the morning; walk and thought in the afternoon, jotting down in his little note-books, which he always carried with him, any thought or quotation which pleased him. He once wrote Carlyle: "I dot evermore in my endless journal a line on every knowable in nature; but the arrangement loiters long, and I get a brick-kiln instead of a house."

His mind failed more and more. At Longfellow's funeral, Mr. Conway says Emerson remarked, after looking in the coffin, "That gentleman was a sweet, beautiful soul, but I have entirely forgotten his name."

A little later, he took a severe cold, and the end came shortly. "When the evening star was near its setting," says Mr. Conway, "for a moment his mind wandered, and he asked to be taken home. Then he beheld his grandchildren, blessed them with his smile, and his words — 'Good boy!' 'Good little girl!'"

He passed away quietly, April 27, 1882, lacking only a few days of eighty years of age. A child again, he had been taken to the other home, to learn to walk the streets of the celestial city, and be taught the alphabet of angels.

At the funeral, at the house, the only flowers were in three vases on the mantel, lilies-of-the valley, red and white roses, and arbutus. At the church, in front of the pulpit, were boughs of pine, and in the centre a harp of yellow jonquils, sent by Louisa M. Alcott. On either side of the pulpit were white and scarlet geraniums, with a laurel-wreath upon the wall, while on the coffin-lid was a cluster of richly colored pansies and a small bouquet of roses.

After impressive services, the procession took its way to the cemetery, the houses along the way being heavily draped with black. The grave was made beneath a tall pine tree, not far from the graves of Hawthorne and Thoreau, and completely lined with hemlock boughs. And there they laid him to rest.

Mr. Emerson's unpublished work is as great, probably, as his published. He pruned carefully for the press, and retained much which mankind would like to possess. To the world who loved him he will always be a great prose-poet, but not the singer. Most of us must have melody, or the song is not for us. Miss Peabody says, "He once said to me, 'I am not a great poet — but whatever is of me is a poet'"; and yet, of him and Longfellow Edmund Clarence Stedman well says, "They are of the very few whom we now recognize as the true founders of an American literature…. He is not the minstrel for those who would study men in action and suffering, rather than as heirs to knowledge and the raptured mind. He is not a warrior, lover, raconteur, dramatist, but an evangelist and seer. The greatest poet must be all in one."

Emerson himself said, "The world still wants its poet-priest, a reconciler, who shall not trifle with Shakespeare the player, nor shall grope in graves with Swedenborg the mourner; but who shall see, speak, and act with equal inspiration."

Best of all, back of the noble writing was a noble life; beautiful in domestic relations, magnanimous to those who opposed him, strong under most trying circumstances, unselfish,

of whom Higginson says, "Beyond almost all literary men on record, his life has been worthy of his words."

Carlyle called his "the cleanest mind now living," and said that "amid all the smoke and mist of this world," a letter from Emerson was always "as a window flung open to the azure."

He never forgot to be genuinely courteous. Toward the last, when some one apologized for having taken possession of his study for a little time, he answered, "It will be all the brighter that you have thought it worth coming to." To have left an unblemished reputation is the best fame.

CHAPTER II
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Charles Kingsley said, "I do not think I ever saw a finer human face."

I remember having much the same feeling when I saw for the first time the famous poet, in his home at Cambridge. His thick, fine hair was snowy white, his eyes blue and kindly, his voice melodious, and his whole bearing gentle and refined.

The study where he sat was well filled with books, one case having his own manuscripts in substantial bindings; the table where he wrote was covered with letters; the quaint inkstand which he used once belonged to Coleridge, when he wrote the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner"; on the wall hung portraits of three noble friends, Emerson, Hawthorne, and Sumner. Out of the windows we looked upon the lilacs in blossom, the green meadows, and, beyond, the River Charles.

> "River! that in silence windest
> Through the meadows, bright and free,
> Till at length thy rest thou findest
> In the bosom of the sea! …
>
> "Oft in sadness and in illness,
> I have watched thy current glide.
> Till the beauty of its stillness
> Overflowed me, like a tide.
>
> "And in better hours and brighter,
> When I saw thy waters gleam,
> I have felt my heart beat lighter.
> And leap onward with thy stream."

The "fine human face" was but an index of the fine

human heart; an index of a bright mind, pure character, and generous nature. Nobody was ever turned away from that home with a heavy heart. A young Pole came, wanting to lecture on the Italian Revolution. The great poet tried to dissuade him, knowing that it would lead to disappointment, but he "kept him to dinner and comforted him so that he departed in better spirits."

A school-girl, a stranger, wrote for an original poem! "I could not write it," said Mr. Longfellow, "but I tried to say no so softly that she would think it better than yes." Beautiful spirit!

In the height of his fame, when the great of Europe and America came to "Craigie House" — Froude, Trollope, Kingsley, Dean Stanley, Dickens, Emperor Dom Pedro, Agassiz, Jenny Lind, and Mrs. Stowe (who, he said, "at one step has reached the top of the staircase up which the rest of us climb on our knees year after year") — he could take time to go to the Police Court to get the fines of a poor German woman remitted for stealing some apples.

So busy with work that he rose at five o'clock in the morning, he could take time to send off seventy-five autographs in one day, because somebody in this wide world would be made happier thereby.

A young and unknown poet asked for five minutes, and Mr. Longfellow, helpful toward all human things, gave him two hours, to hear his poems, and advise with him about his future. When he saw a shoe-dealer giving new shoes to a little beggar-girl, he asked to share in the gift.

Did he have time for all this? No man is ever too great to help humanity.

Where did this beautiful human flower take root? Under what skies, and under what influences did it come to its fragrant bloom?

The second in a family of eight children, Henry W. Longfellow came into the old-fashioned Portland home February

27, 1807. The mother, a descendant of John Alden of the Mayflower, was the daughter of General Peleg Wadsworth, Adjutant-General of Massachusetts in the Revolutionary War; the father, Stephen Longfellow, a graduate from Harvard University, was an honored lawyer, noted for purity of character not less than for his scholarship.

From the mother must have come the boy's poetic nature. She was an ardent lover of sunshine, flowers, music, and poetry, always cheerful and the sharer of every secret joy or sorrow of her children. Fortunate is that child who can tell to its mother all its heartaches, its longings, and its shortcomings, and feel that there will be no blame, only helpfulness and cheer. So few of us learn how to win confidence till the time is past for moulding character, and then we wonder we had not learned before it was too late.

The child Henry grew into boyhood affectionate, eager, sensitive, and noble. He was "remarkably solicitous to do right," said his mother. "Injustice in any shape he could not brook," wrote his sister. Once when he had shot a robin, he came home with his eyes full of tears, so grieved that he never tried shooting again. Blessed tenderness! toward which humanity is coming year by year. Long after this, he said, in "Hyperion": "Men of genius are always in advance of their age; not only of their own age, but of every age." And when the age is great enough, we shall find no pleasure in killing man, or beast, or bird.

The boy never liked rude sports. When he was five years old, he was sent to the public school, but the companionship of some of the rough boys was so distasteful to him that he stayed only a week.

He was early fond of reading. "Every reader," he said years afterward, "has his first book; I mean to say, one book among all others which first fascinates his imagination, and at once excites and satisfies the desires of his mind. To me, this first book was the *Sketch Book* of Washington Irving.... How many

delightful books the same author has given us…. Yet still the charm of the *Sketch Book* remains unbroken; the old fascination remains about it; and whenever I open its pages, I open also that mysterious door which leads back into the haunted chambers of youth." Of Cowper's poetry, Moore's *Lalla Kookh*, *Don Quixote*, and *Ossian*, the lad was very fond.

In the summer vacations he used to go to his grandfather Wadsworth's estate of seven thousand acres, just out of Portland, and listen with delight to the stirring tales of '76. The story of a fight with the Indians made a deep impression upon him, and at thirteen he wrote his first poem, "The Battle of Lovell's Pond."

"Cold, cold is the north wind and rude is the blast
That sweeps like a hurricane loudly and fast,
As it moans through the tall waving pines lone and drear,
Sighs a requiem sad o'er the warrior's bier.

"The war-whoop is still, and the savage's yell
Has sunk into silence along the wild dell;
The din of the battle, the tumult, is o'er.
And the war-clarion's voice is now heard no more.

"The warriors that fought for their country — and bled
Have sunk to their rest; the damp earth is their bed,
No stone tells the place where their ashes repose,
Nor points out the spot from the graves of their foes.

"They died in their glory, surrounded by fame,
And Victory's loud trump their death did proclaim;
They are dead; but they live in each Patriot's breast.
And their names are engraven on honor's bright crest."

Henry.

He cautiously slipped the manuscript into the letter-box, telling no one but his sister, and waited anxiously to see if the important production appeared in the columns of the "Portland Gazette." Scarcely able to wait, he soothed his mind by going to the newspaper office, and walking in front of the

building, shivering in a cold November morning, and fancying, as the types were set, that his poem was going into immortal print.

The next day it appeared, and Henry read and re-read it, while each time it seemed more beautiful. In the evening, going to the house of a friend, Judge Mellen, the host said, "Did you see the piece of poetry in to-day's paper? Very stiff, remarkably stiff; moreover, it is all borrowed, every word of it."

The boy's heart sunk within him, and he hurried home to sob himself to sleep. No wonder that he wrote, years later, in "Kavanagh": "I feel a kind of reverence for the first books of young authors. There is so much aspiration in them, so much audacious hope and trembling fear, so much of the heart's history, that all errors and shortcomings are for a while lost sight of." … Long afterward he said, "The ill-will of anybody hurts me. If a critic cannot speak well of a book, why speak of it at all? The best criticism of an unworthy book … is silence."

These were all precious years, leaving their impress for a great work in the future. "My Lost Youth" exquisitely tells of these.

"Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

"I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school-boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

When Henry was fourteen, he entered Bowdoin College, his father being one of the Trustees. Here he was an earnest student, especially fond of Horace, but not skilled in mathematics. He had, says Professor Packard, "unblemished character as a pupil, and was a true gentleman in all his relations with the college and its teachers."

To his mother he wrote his ideas of Johnson, Gray, and other authors; and she in turn wrote back her opinions, thus showing the stimulus and help of an educated woman. During his college course he wrote several poems, only five of which he cared to publish in book form afterward. Of these, the "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem," and "Burial of the Minnisink," written before he was nineteen, were much liked. For most of these he was promised pay at the rate of two dollars a column, but received finally, instead of money, Chatterton's works, in three volumes, which gave great pleasure as they were the first earnings of his pen.

As the time drew near for him to leave college, he wrote his father, "I want to spend one year at Cambridge for the purpose of reading history and of becoming familiar with the best authors in polite literature…. The fact is, I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it….

"Whatever I do study ought to be engaged in with all my soul — for I *will be eminent* in something…. I have a most voracious appetite for knowledge. To its acquisition I will sacrifice everything."

His father wrote back: "A literary life, to one who has the means of support, must be very pleasant…. As you have not had the fortune (I will not say whether good or ill) to be born

rich, you must adopt a profession which will afford you subsistence as well as reputation."

Young Longfellow graduated fourth in a class of thirty-eight, which comprised such men as Hawthorne and J. S. C. Abbott, and reluctantly turned toward the law.

Fortunately, there was something more congenial in store for him. One of the Trustees had been especially pleased with his translation of an ode from Horace, and proposed his name for the Professorship of Modern Languages, just created at Bowdoin, suggesting that he spend three years in study in Europe to make himself ready for the position. This was joyous news indeed.

At nineteen the young man started for the Old World, and after a thirty-day voyage in a sailing packet, ocean steamers being unknown, reached the beautiful city of Paris. His first letter from his mother read, "May you hold fast your integrity, and retain that purity of heart which is so endearing to your friends. I feel as if you were going into a thousand perils." And a cheerful letter came back: "I feel as happy as possible; am in the best health in the world, and am delighted with Paris, where a person, if he pleases, can keep out of vice as well as elsewhere."

He lived economically, worked hard at his studies, and was as conscientious as when a child. He wrote to his father, "The truth is that the heavy responsibility which I have taken upon myself … and the fear that you will be displeased about my expenses are hanging with a terrible weight upon me."

The first autumn, in October, which to the end of his life was the most beautiful month of the year to him — he used to say, "Autumn has written his rubric on the illuminated leaves. The wind turns them over arid chants like a friar" — he took a long journey on foot, and then spent eight months in Spain. Washington Irving was at Madrid, preparing his "Life of Columbus." "He seemed to be always at work," said Mr. Longfellow. "One summer morning, passing his house at

the early hour of six, I saw his study window already wide open. On my mentioning it to him afterwards, he said, 'Yes, I am always at my work as early as six.'"

He visited Italy for a year, enjoying the sculptures of Florence, the lovely Bay of Naples, Rome, Venice ("the most wonderful city I ever beheld"), Vienna, and Prague, and then went to Germany. He wrote to his sisters, urging them to study the languages, saying that he was "completely enchanted" with them; that he spoke the French and Spanish as easily as English, read Portuguese without difficulty, and at the hotels was taken for an Italian from his excellent pronunciation of their language.

At Dresden, letters from Irving opened to him all literary and social advantages, and at Gottingen letters from Bancroft and Ticknor did the same. All this time the correspondence with his mother was an especial comfort. "For me," he wrote her, "a line from my mother is more efficacious than all the homilies preached in Lent, and I find more incitement to virtue in merely looking at your handwriting than in a whole volume of ethics and moral discourses. Indeed, there is no book in which I read with so much interest and profit as one of your letters."

At twenty-two he returned to America, and began his work at Bowdoin College with zest and hope. This year, 1829, he translated for his scholars a French grammar, and edited a collection of French proverbs and a small Spanish reader, for he said, "The young mind must be interested in order to be instructed."

Though not expected to do more than teach the languages, his interest in his work led him to prepare written lectures upon French, Spanish, and Italian literatures.

The new professor became deeply loved for his sympathy and aid. Besides, he was young, and has youth not a special charm of its own? His manner of dealing with students was very happy and efficacious as well. He was requested to

admonish one of them, and the next day, meeting the person on the street, after an earnest talk about French literature, Longfellow said, "Ah! I was near forgetting. The Faculty voted last night that I should admonish you, and you will consider yourself admonished." At another time, when one of his pupils was audibly helped by another, he remarked, "Your recitation reminds me of the Spanish theatre, where the prompter performs a more important part than the actor."

Two years later Mr. Longfellow married Mary Storer Potter, the second daughter of Judge Potter, of Portland, a lovely person, especially skilled in mathematics and languages. The marriage seemed to bring the young couple complete happiness. He began to write articles for the *North American Review,* on "The French Language," "The Poetry of Spain," "The Italian Language," and the like.

His first book, a translation from the Spanish, of ninety pages, was published in 1833, two years after marriage, and "Outre-Mer" in 1834, sketches of travel, which Richard Henry Stoddard thinks "more scholarly than the Sketch Book, and the style sweeter and mellower than obtains in that famous collection of papers." He wrote to a friend in Europe, "You see I am pushing on with vigor. There is nothing like writing when one is in the vein. The moment you stop, you grow cool; and then it is all over with you."

But Mr. Longfellow desired a broader sphere, and one soon opened through the interest in him of Ticknor, who was about to resign the Professorship of Modern Languages at Harvard University. It was offered to Longfellow, who, after five and a half years at Bowdoin, accepted, and decided to spend eighteen months in Europe in study before entering upon his duties.

Taking his wife with him, they spent some months in Stockholm, where he studied Swedish, then Danish and Finnish, and later, in Holland, the Dutch language and literature.

With all this happiness and prospective honor, a deep shadow was close at hand. Mrs. Longfellow died at Rotterdam, November 29, 1835, saying with her latest breath, "I will be with you and watch over you."

That his grief was almost insupportable, we learn from "Hyperion," published four years later — a book so beautiful that Barry Cornwall used to say he read it once a year, for its style. "The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dim reflection — itself a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night. The soul withdraws into itself. Then stars arise, and the night is holy." Of Paul Flemming he says, "Death cut down the sweet blue flower that bloomed beside him, and wounded him with that sharp sickle, so that he bowed his head, and would fain have been bound up in the same sheaf with the sweet blue flower."

To his father he wrote, "Every day makes me more conscious of the loss I have suffered in Mary's death; and when I think how gentle and affectionate and good she was every moment of her life, even to the last, and that she will be no more with me in this world — the sense of my bereavement is deep and unutterable."

Of her he wrote, three years later, his exquisite "Footsteps of Angels."

"When the hours of Day are numbered.
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered.
To a holy, calm delight;

"Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor wall;

"Then the forms of the departed

Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more;

• • • • • •

"And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given.
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

"With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

"And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

"Uttered not, yet comprehended.
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

"O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside.
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!"

After his wife's death, Mr. Longfellow visited Heidelberg, Switzerland, and the Tyrol — where he said, "Every hour my heart aches … and the world seems so lonely" — returning to America in December, 1836, and entering upon his work at Harvard. He soon drew around him a circle of devoted friends, among whom were Sumner, Prescott, Hawthorne, and Emerson. He began lecturing on the Languages of the South of Europe, Anglo-Saxon Literature, German Literature, and kindred topics.

He took pleasant rooms at Craigie House, a large, old-

fashioned, yellow-and-white building, where General Washington and his wife lived when he assumed the command of the American army. Here poetry, of which he had written scarcely a verse for several years, seemed to take possession of his heart anew. One bright summer morning, July 26, 1836, on the blank portion of a note of invitation, he wrote "The Psalm of Life." He said, "I kept it some time in manuscript, unwilling to show it to any one — it being a voice from my inmost heart, at a time when I was rallying from depression."

The things we write to give our own hearts courage and hope are just the things that give other hearts in the world courage and hope. It was not strange, then, that on the publication of the poem it was copied everywhere. The people at last had found a singer who could set to the music of rhythm their deepest thoughts and highest aspirations.

Thirty years after this, a man high in the community thanked his old professor in chemistry for having read that poem to his class. "I feel that I can never repay you for the good you did me that day. I grasped its spirit instantly, and made it the inspiration of my life." Sumner told of a classmate of his who was saved from suicide by reading it.

We may talk forever about writing novels and poetry for "art's sake." What the world needs and must have is something written for humanity's sake, and the world, after all, is true to her helpers, and gives to them alone immortality.

The years were full of work, but Mr. Longfellow was often restless. In 1838 he wrote in his journal: "I do not like this sedentary life. I want action. I want travel…. After all, I pray a benediction on drudgery. It occupies my thoughts and takes the fever out of my blood, and keeps me from moping too much. But the time speeds away almost too fast."

The latter part of 1838 he wrote, "with peace in my heart and not without tears in my eyes," "The Reaper and the Flowers," which was greatly liked. When it was read to the wife of his lifelong friend, Professor Felton, she wept like a

child. Longfellow said, "I want no more favorable criticism than this."

The next year the publication of "Hyperion" won hearty approval, though, unfortunately, the publisher failed, and half the edition of twelve hundred was seized by the creditors and locked up. "The name of the book indicates," said Mr. Longfellow, "that here is the life of one who in his feelings and purposes is a 'son of Heaven and Earth,' and who, though obscured by clouds, yet moves on high.'"

The following year, 1839, a small volume of poems, "Voices of the Night," was published, and in three weeks a thousand copies were sold.

This year also, December 30, the "Ballad of the Schooner Hesperus" was written. There had been a terrible storm along the coast, and many vessels had gone to pieces on the rocks, the Hesperus among them. At midnight the idea came into Longfellow's mind to write the ballad, as he sat before his fire, having just written a notice of Allston's poems for the press. He wrote it, and "went to bed, but could not sleep. New thoughts were running in my mind, and I got up to add them to the ballad. It was three by the clock," he wrote in his journal. For this poem he received twenty-five dollars — which must have seemed pleasant, after the very small pay of early years.

In 1840 the "Skeleton in Armor" was written, with which Halleck was delighted, who said, "There is nothing like it in the language; it will spread like wildfire over the country." This year also the "Spanish Student," a drama in five acts, was written; and "Excelsior" September 28, 1841, at half-past three o'clock in the morning, on the back of a note from Sumner. It is now to be seen in Harvard College Library.

One day, Mr. Longfellow's eye fell upon a piece of newspaper bearing the seal of the State of New York, a shield with a rising sun, and the motto in Latin, "Excelsior." At once he imagined the Alpine youth, and made him "a symbol of the

aspiration and sacrifice of a nobly ideal soul." This poem and "Maidenhood" the poet thought "as good as anything he had written." They appeared in "Ballads, and Other Poems," published in 1841: —

"Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

"Thou whose locks outshine the sun.
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet.
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

• • • • • •

"O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands, — Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

"Like the swell of some sweet tune.
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June."

Whatever Mr. Longfellow wrote was from his heart. When he translated the "Children of the Lord's Supper," from Bishop Tegner, tears often blinded his eyes. "The Bridge" was taken out of his own heart, and is beautiful.

Somewhat broken in health, in 1842 he went to Europe the third time, going to Bruges, where he "rose before five and climbed the high belfry."

At this time he wrote "Mezzo Cammin," first published in Rev. Samuel Longfellow's beautiful and sympathetic life of his brother: —

"Half of my life is gone, and I have let
The years slip from me and have not fulfilled
The aspiration of my youth, to build
Some tower of song with lofty parapet.

Not indolence, nor pleasure, nor the fret
Of restless passions that would not be stilled,
But sorrow, and a care that almost killed,
Kept me from what I may accomplish yet;
Though, half-way up the hill, I see the Past
Lying beneath me with its sounds and sights, —
A city in the twilight dim and vast.
With smoking roofs, soft bells, and gleaming lights,—
And hear above me on the autumnal blast
The cataract of Death far thundering from the heights."

There were always before him heights to be attained; a holy ambition.

During this visit he formed a lasting friendship with Ferdinand Freiligrath, the German poet. He said, "It is one of my weaknesses to become attached to people and places."

On the voyage home, though in his berth much of the passage, he wrote several poems on Slavery, and published them in a pamphlet on his return. Of course some persons were sorry that he had touched so unpopular a subject; but Sumner wrote him, "By those poems your name is fastened to an immortal truth."

For some years the poet's heart had been turning toward a lovely young woman, the daughter of Nathan Appleton, a prominent Boston merchant — whom he had met six years before in Switzerland; the Mary Ashburton of "Hyperion," whose, "voice so musical and full of soul, moved the soul of Flemming like a whisper from Heaven…. He who had a soul to comprehend hers must of necessity love her, and, having once loved her, could love no other woman forevermore."

She was then a beautiful girl of nineteen; now she was twenty-five, intellectual, and beautiful as well. He was married to Frances Elizabeth Appleton July 13, 1843, and again, at thirty-six, life opened to him anew in hopes and promise of success. Mr. Appleton purchased Craigie House for their home, with several acres of land across the street, that they

might keep an unobstructed view of the Charles River.

Their wedding journey was made to the wife's friends at Pittsfield, where stood the "old clock on the stairs" upon which the familiar poem was written. Passing through Springfield, they visited the Arsenal, and at the suggestion of the bride a peace poem was written, "The Arsenal at Springfield," a favorite with Mr. Longfellow and with Sumner.

A short time before his marriage, he had strained his eyes by using them in the twilight, and his wife gladly acted as his amanuensis. This autumn he edited, with her help and that of Professor Felton, "Poets and Poetry of Europe," four hundred pages in double column.

Then "Evangeline" was begun, the story being told to him by Hawthorne. Life went by now very happily, a quiet evening with his wife "being more musical than any opera." — Children were born into Craigie House: Charles, about whom he wrote his "Ode to a Child"; Ernest; Fanny, who died early, and for whom he wrote his world-beloved "Resignation": —

> "Not as a child shall we again behold her.
> For when with raptures wild
> In our embraces we again enfold her,
> She will not be a child."

And —

> "Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
> And Edith with golden hair."

Every evening the wife read aloud to him; now Shelley (whose poetry, he said, "meets and satisfies certain moods more than any other"), Milton, Heine, Ruskin, and a numberless list from Spanish, French, Danish, and German literatures. — "Books," he said, "are in fact the cheapest of all our pleasures."

With his poor eyes, he worked as much as he was able, and then frolicked with his children. Now, as he records in

his journal, he "dragged Charles on his new sled over snow and ice in the garden, to his great delight," or made snow houses in the front yard, or cast lead flat-irons for them, or wrote letters that they might find them under their pillows.

When "Evangeline" was published, in 1847, the musical hexameters met with the heartiest reception. Even deaf, dumb, and blind Laura Bridgman wrote, "I should love to meet her with my soul in heaven when I die on earth." Dr. Holmes says, "It is his masterpiece. I read it as I should have listened to some exquisite symphony."

Then followed the "Golden Legend," the central thread being the story of Prince Henry as told by Hartmann Von der Aue, a Minnesinger of the twelfth century.

College duties had become irksome to Mr. Longfellow — "not so much the labor, but the going round and round in the treadmill," and the poet resigned in 1854, after eighteen years of service, to be succeeded by James Russell Lowell.

"Hiawatha" was published the following year, and made a decided sensation. Bancroft and Motley gave it high praise. Some censured, but everybody read. In a month ten thousand copies had been sold, and in a year and a half fifty thousand copies.

In 1858 "The Courtship of Miles Standish" appeared, and twenty-five thousand were disposed of the first week. Truly fame had come. Nothing seemed wanting to make life complete, when, lo! like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, the tragedy of his life came.

On July 9, 1861, Mrs. Longfellow was sealing up some curls which she had just cut from the heads of her little daughters. Her thin dress caught fire from a lighted match, and, before her husband could rescue her, she was burned fatally, dying the next morning. She was buried on the anniversary of her wedding day, in Mount Auburn, the orange-blossoms on her "beautiful head, lovely and unmarred in death."

The world sympathized with the heart-broken man, but it could not give back the treasure. He wrote in his journal two months afterward, "How can I live any longer! … The glimmer of golden leaves in the sunshine … everything without, full of loveliness. But within me the hunger, the famine of the heart." To a friend he wrote, "To the eyes of others, outwardly, calm; but inwardly bleeding to death." Two years afterward he says, in his journal, "The burden seems too great for me to bear."

For twenty years he lived on and did his beautiful work, finding consolation in his children, but the sorrow was never healed. Two years before his death, he wrote, and put away in his portfolio, these touching lines: —

"THE CROSS OF SNOW

"In the long sleepless watches of the night,
A gentle face — the face of one long dead —
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.
Here in this room she died; and soul more white
Never through martyrdom of fire was led
To its repose; nor can in books be read
The legend of a life more benedight.
There is a mountain in the distant West
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
Displays a cross of snow upon its side;
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died."

During the Civil War, the poet's son Charles was an officer in the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, and nearly lost his life from wounds — this, of course, being an additional anxiety.

Seven years after his wife's death, in 1868, Longfellow made his last visit to Europe, taking his three daughters with

him. "Tales of a Wayside Inn," the "New England Tragedies" (for which he read over a hundred volumes), and "Dante's Divine Comedy," in translation, had been published, and he had earned a rest. Cambridge University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws, as his own Cambridge had done. Oxford University also gave him the degree of D.C.L. He breakfasted with Gladstone, the Duke of Argyle, and other leading men, and went to Windsor Castle at the request of Queen Victoria. He spent two days with Tennyson in the Isle of Wight, and saw Liszt in Rome, who set to music the introduction to the "Golden Legend." After eighteen months he returned to his home and to his work.

In 1874 "The Hanging of the Crane" was written, and handed by a friend to the "New York Ledger," and for this he received three thousand dollars; for "Keramos," one thousand dollars, from Harper's.

At the fiftieth anniversary of his class at Bowdoin College he read his "Morituri Salutamus," an allusion to the gladiators, who thus accosted a Roman Emperor when they were about to engage in combat before him — "We who are about to die salute you"; a beautiful poem, showing

> "How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow
> Into the arctic regions of our lives."

When he was seventy-two came a lovely present from the school children of Cambridge, an arm-chair made from wood of the horse-chestnut tree under which the Village Blacksmith stood. The poem written for them was given to every child who came to see and sit in the chair.

In 1880 "Ultima Thule" was published, and the world knew that the last things were being said before the final journey. Perhaps the most perfect of all the poems in this book was that on Bayard Taylor: —

> "Dead he lay among his books!

The peace of God was in his looks."

That year fifteen thousand school children of Cincinnati celebrated the poet's birthday with recitations from his poems and singing of his songs. He wrote them to "live up to the best that is in them, so that their monument may be that of Euripides: —

"'This monument does not make thee famous,
Euripides, but thou makest the monument famous.'"

Each summer he spent at his home at Nahant, by the ocean, a two-story light-brown house, with a broad piazza on all sides. In August of 1880, on the eve of a long stay abroad, I took my only child to see the noble man. Mr. Longfellow, with a tenderness natural to him, put both hands upon the boy's shoulders, told him what he must learn in Germany, and took him to see the yacht of his son Charles, lying at anchor at the foot of his grounds.

His last acts of kindness were to children. On March 18 four school-boys came from Boston to see him, and to ask for his autographs, which he cheerfully gave. Six days later, March 24, 1882, having taken a severe cold, with his dear ones all about him, he sank quietly to rest —

"Led by a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land."

The funeral was held early Sunday afternoon, a palm-branch and spray of passion-flowers resting on the coffin-lid.

The great man went out of life like his own exquisite "Nature," which Stedman well calls "one of the choicest sonnets in any language": —

"As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led.

And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know."

Mr. Longfellow was an untiring and careful worker, usually employing the mornings in composition, and taking his exercise in walking, sometimes ten miles, at sunrise or sunset, when he could enjoy the sublime beauties of nature. Conversant with many languages, a polished scholar, he yet wrote so simply that everybody could understand. He was the true singer, combining the art of rhythm with the heart of song. Nearly all of his works have been translated into German and French, and several into Swedish, Dutch, Danish, Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, Polish, and Russian. The "Psalm of Life" has been translated into Chinese, Marathi, Sanscrit, Latin, and Hebrew. Twenty years ago, nearly four hundred thousand of his different volumes had been sold, and in 1876 nearly a quarter of a million volumes of his collected poems in America.

His words on Charles Sumner well apply to him: —

"Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the sky.
Shine on our mortal sight.

"So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men."

His marble image stands in Westminster Abbey, in the Poet's Corner; but, better still, he lives in the hearts of the people of two hemispheres. The ambition of youth, "I will be eminent," was realized, though he was never satisfied with his labors. He said, "Authors and artists of every kind have one element of unhappiness in their lot, namely, the disproportion between their designs and their deeds. Even the greatest cannot execute one tenth part of what they conceive."

Of how few can be said what has been said of Longfellow, that "he not only wrote no line which, dying, he would wish to blot, but not one which, living, he had not a right to be proud of."

He helped to realize for humanity the last words which he ever penned: —

> "Out of the shadow of night
> The world moves into light;
> It is daybreak everywhere!"

CHAPTER III
Washington Irving

"Ever since I have been old enough to distinguish good from evil in literary composition, your writings have been my familiar study. And, if I have done anything that deserves half the commendation you bestow on me, it is in a great measure from the study I have made of you and two or three others of the great masters of our language."

Thus wrote the delightful historian, William H. Prescott, to Washington Irving.

The youngest of eleven children, Irving was born in the city of New York, April 3, 1783. The father, a merchant, was a Scotchman by birth, a strict Presbyterian, who lived up to the letter of the law; the mother, an English woman, the granddaughter of a clergyman, was sweet-tempered, more lenient with the children, holding their devotion through life.

This child, born at the close of the Revolutionary War, was named for the man to whom all eyes were turned — Washington. A young Scotch maid in the family determined that the great man should see his namesake, and followed him into a shop, saying, "Please, your honor, here's a bairn was named after you."

The President put his hand upon the boy's head and gave his blessing, little thinking that in the years to come the child would give to the world, as his last and greatest work, the "Life of Washington."

The Irving household was a merry one, though Washington used to say that, when he was young, "he was led to think, somehow or other, that everything which was pleasant was wicked." He early had a passion for books. "Robinson

Crusoe," "Sindbad the Sailor," and "The World Displayed" (a collection of twenty small volumes of voyages and travels) were his especial delight. The latter he used to read under his desk at school, and, when found out by the teacher, though kindly reprimanded, was praised for his good taste in selection.

He had no love for mathematics, and frequently exchanged work with his school-fellows, they performing his examples, while he wrote their compositions. His great longing was to see the world. In his preface to the Sketch-Book he wrote, "How wistfully would I wander about the pier-heads in fine weather, and watch the parting ships bound to distant climes; with what longing eyes would I gaze after their lessening sails, and waft myself in imagination to the ends of the earth."

While his brothers, Peter and John, were sent to Columbia College, his education at the schools was completed before he was sixteen, a matter which he always regretted. At this age he entered a law office, and, later, that of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, a prominent lawyer, whose house became a second home to the young student.

At seventeen he made his first voyage up the Hudson River. "What a time of intense delight was that first sail through the Highlands. I sat on the deck as we slowly tided along at the foot of those stern mountains, and gazed with wonder and admiration at cliffs impending far above me, crowned with forests, with eagles sailing and screaming around them; or listened to the unseen stream dashing down precipices; or beheld rock, and tree, and cloud, and sky reflected in the glassy stream of the river."

The days were gliding by happily, but young Irving was in frail health. He coughed so badly that his best friends said, "He is not long for this world." And yet, at nineteen, scarcely able to go on with his studies, we find him writing witty articles to the "Morning Chronicle," of which his brother Peter

was the editor, signing himself "Jonathan Oldstyle." These were copied in other papers, which greatly encouraged the youth.

At twenty he made a journey with the Hoffmans to Montreal, Quebec, and Saratoga; but, his health becoming no better, at twenty-one he went to Europe, his brothers furnishing the means, "glad to add to the comfort and enjoyment of one so very near to us all."

The young man's heart turned lovingly back to his friends, for he wrote from Bordeaux, "I passed a melancholy, lonesome day, turned into my berth at night sick at heart, and lay for hours thinking of the friends I had left behind." But the sea-air proved a skilful physician.

He visited Marseilles, Genoa, Sicily, where he saw the great naval officer, Kelson, ascended Vesuvius, met Washington Allston, the painter, in Rome, enjoyed Milan, studied French for four months in Paris, and, after two years, returned to America in good health and spirits.

His love for writing drew him constantly away from the law. He soon started, with two or three friends, the humorous journal "Salmagundi," which was sustained for a year, with a large circle of interested readers. After this he began, Peter assisting him, a "History of New York," purporting to be written by Diedrich Knickerbocker, full of quaint humor and originality.

He was now twenty-five, a favorite in social life, with a growing literary reputation, and engaged to be married to Matilda Hoffman, daughter of the gentleman with whom he was studying. While naturally somewhat anxious about his future, life had a richness and zest before unknown to him. And then came the shadow, which was never completely lifted till his death.

Matilda died April 26, 1809, only seventeen years old. He could never hear her name mentioned. Thirty years afterward, when her father, in taking some music from a drawer,

found a piece of faded embroidery, and said, "Washington, this is a piece of poor Matilda's workmanship," Irving, who had been very joyous, sunk into utter silence, and soon left the house.

After Mr. Irving's death, in a repository of which he always kept the key, a package was found marked "Private Mems." The ink was faded, and the beginning and the end of the manuscript were missing, but it was learned afterward that it had been addressed to Mrs. Foster, a warm friend, whom he had known in Berlin, as an answer to her inquiry why he had not been married. It was shown to her, with a sacred promise that no eye should see it but hers, and no copy should be taken of it.

With the faded paper was a beautiful miniature in a case, a braid of fair hair, and a slip of paper on which he had written "Matilda Hoffman." He kept through life her Bible and prayer-book, under his pillow in the first days of his sorrow, and in all after years, through all his journeyings, they were his inseparable companions. Constancy does not belong alone to either sex, and love is the same blessed and beautiful thing the wide world over.

And here is a portion of the tender heart-history: — "We saw each other every day, and I became excessively attached to her. Her shyness wore off by degrees. The more I saw of her the more I had reason to admire her. Her mind seemed to unfold leaf by leaf, and every time to discover new sweetness. Nobody knew her so well as I, for she was generally timid and silent; but I in a manner studied her excellence. Never did I meet with more intuitive rectitude of mind, more native delicacy, more exquisite propriety in word, thought, and action, than in this young creature. I am not exaggerating; what I say was acknowledged by all who knew her. Her brilliant little sister used to say that people began by admiring her, but ended by loving Matilda. For my part, I idolized her. I felt at times rebuked by her superior delicacy and purity, and as if I

was a coarse, unworthy being in comparison…. In the midst of this struggle and anxiety, Matilda was taken ill with a cold. Nothing was thought of it at first; but she rapidly grew worse, and fell into a consumption. I cannot tell you what I suffered. The ills that I have undergone in this life have been dealt out to me drop by drop, and I have tasted all their bitterness. I saw her fade rapidly away; beautiful, and more beautiful, and more angelical to the last. I was often by her bedside; and in her wandering state of mind she would talk to me with a sweet, natural, and affecting eloquence, that was overpowering. I saw more of the beauty of her mind in that delirious state than I had ever known before. Her malady was rapid in its career, and hurried her off in two months. Her dying struggles were painful and protracted. For three days and nights I did not leave the house, and scarcely slept. I was by her when she died; all the family were assembled round her, some praying, others weeping, for she was adored by them all. I was the last one she looked upon.

"I cannot tell you what a horrid state of mind I was in for a long time. I seemed to care for nothing; the world was a blank to me. I abandoned all thoughts of the law. I went into the country, but could not bear solitude, yet could not endure society. There was a dismal horror continually in my mind, that made me fear to be alone. I had often to get up in the night, and seek the bedroom of my brother, as if the having a human being by me would relieve me from the frightful gloom of my own thoughts.

"Months elapsed before my mind would resume any tone…. I seemed to drift about without aim or object, at the mercy of every breeze; my heart wanted anchorage. I was naturally susceptible, and tried to form other attachments, but my heart would not hold on; it would continually recur to what it had lost; and whenever there was a pause in the hurry of novelty and excitement, I would sink into dismal dejection. For years I could not talk on the subject of this hopeless

regret; I could not even mention her name; but her image was continually before me, and I dreamt of her incessantly."

Years afterward, he said, half playfully, to one of his nieces, "You know I was never intended for a bachelor," and handed her to read a piece of poetry from the poet Campbell, entitled, "What's hallowed ground?"

"That's hallowed ground, where, mourned and miss'd.
The lips repose our lips have kiss'd: —
But Where's their memory's mansion? Is't
    Yon churchyard bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist,
    A part of ours.

"A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound;
The spot where love's first links were wound,
    That ne'er are riven.
Is hallowed down to earth's profound,
    And up to heaven.

"For time makes all but true love old;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould,
    And will not cool
Until the heart itself be cold
    In Lethe's pool."

Who does not recall the "Rural Funerals" of the Sketch-Book, where "the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul"; or "St. Mark's Eve," in "Bracebridge Hall," where Irving said, "There are departed beings that I have loved as I never shall love again in this world — that have loved me as I never again shall be loved."

Finally, the broken thread of life was tied again, and the "History of New York" was finished, but ever after the writings were to have a deeper note, a more tender and exquisite touch and grace.

For this book, which, Charles Dudley Warner says, "in spontaneity, freshness, breadth of conception, and joyous vigor, belongs to the springtime of literature," Irving received three thousand dollars. After spending some time in Washington to look after the business interests of his brother Peter, he undertook in 1812 the editorship of the "Analectic Magazine," at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars; but periodical labor was irksome to him, and criticism of books especially distasteful, for he wished to be just and yet could not bear to be severe, and therefore withdrew from the enterprise.

After serving for a time upon the staff of the Governor of New York, he decided to visit Europe and assist Peter, who was in business in Liverpool. Financial troubles came to many in consequence of the War of 1812, and to the Irving brothers among the rest. After many months of care — "I would not again experience the anxious days and sleepless nights which have been my lot since I have taken hold of business to possess the wealth of Crœsus," said Mr. Irving — the brothers failed, and went into bankruptcy. It was a humiliating ordeal for two proud-spirited men, and for some time Washington shut himself out from society and studied German night and day to keep out uncomfortable thoughts. This disaster was perhaps the one thing necessary to force him to his pen for his support; nevertheless, the losses and debts were well nigh killing to a man of honor.

The death of his mother at this time rendered it unnecessary for him to return to America, as he had expected, and he went up to London, determined to earn his living by writing. He could scarcely force himself to work, so depressed was he. Truly, the way is not usually bordered with roses for those who finally succeed in life.

Soon after this there came a gleam of sunshine in the clouds. From his brother William, who was in Congress, he received the intelligence that a clerkship in the Navy Department was open to him, at a salary of twenty-four hundred

dollars; but he had decided, once and for all, to try literature, and he declined the offer, much to the surprise and disappointment of his brothers.

So disturbed was Washington by the certainty of their displeasure, and the uncertainty of remuneration from writing, that for two months he could scarcely pen a line.

He was now thirty-six. Under such leaden skies, the "Sketch-Book" had been written and sent to America to find a publisher. The first volume contained "The Voyage," "Roscoe," "The Wife," and "Rip Van Winkle"; the second, "English Writers on America," "Rural Life in England," "The Broken Heart," and the "Art of Book-Making."

Both little volumes met with a hearty reception. Twenty years later, Chambers' "Cyclopedia of English Literature," said: "'Rip Van Winkle' and 'Sleepy Hollow' are perhaps the finest pieces of original fictitious writing that this century has produced, next to the works of Scott."

"The Broken Heart," the lady mentioned being the daughter of the noted Irish barrister, Curran, was especially liked. Byron said, "That is one of the finest things ever written on earth. Irving is a genius; and he has something better than genius — a heart. He never wrote that without weeping; nor can I hear it without tears. I have not wept much in this world, for trouble never brings tears to my eyes; but I always have tears for 'The Broken Heart.'"

When the words of praise came back from New York, Irving wrote his friends, "I feel almost appalled by such success, and fearful that it cannot be real, or that it is not fully merited, or that I shall not act up to the expectations that may be formed…. I have felt cast down, blighted, and broken-spirited, and these sudden rays of sunshine agitate even more than they revive me."

As it was rumored that some person was about to publish the "Sketch-Book" in London, Irving thought it best to send the work to Murray, a prominent publisher, and it was

"declined with thanks," a quotation well known to unknown authors.

What should be done? He bethought himself of Walter Scott, who had in prosperous days invited him to Abbotsford, and of whom Irving said, "Everything that comes within his influence seems to catch a beam of that sunshine that plays round his heart."

At once Scott wrote asking if he would become editor of a magazine, at twenty-five hundred dollars a year, which he declined, and offering any aid possible. Meantime, Irving had brought out the book at his own risk, his publisher had failed, and now the noble-hearted Scott helped him "out of the mire," as he said, by prevailing upon Murray to publish the book, and pay one thousand dollars for the copyright. He never ceased to be grateful for this kindness, and for that of Lockhart, Scott's son-in-law, who kindly reviewed the book in "Blackwood's Magazine."

Irving now went more into society, meeting, in Murray's drawing-room, Hallam, of whom he said, "Like all other men of real talent and unquestionable merit, he is affable and unpretending," Southey, Milman, Scott, Jeffrey of the "Edinburgh Review," and others.

Life was growing brighter. So well had the "Sketch-Book" succeeded that Murray had sent him an extra thousand dollars, and written him, "I am convinced I did not half know you, and, esteeming you highly as I did, certainly my esteem is doubled by my better knowledge of you." Publishers are human, and success influences them as it does other mortals.

In 1820, when he was thirty-seven, he visited Paris again, meeting Canning, Sir Sydney Smith, Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, and Bancroft, who had been two years at Gottingen. Here he wrote industriously on "Bracebridge Hall."

On his return to London he brought with him, for publication, some plays of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," whose debts, by unfortunate business matters,

prevented his remaining in England. To the end of his life, Irving was always helping writers as Walter Scott had helped him.

Visiting his sister in Birmingham, he became ill for four months, from lack of exercise and confining himself too closely within-doors. When restored to health, he sent "Bracebridge Hall" to America for publication, stipulating that it be given to a certain publisher, who, though he had failed, "is one who showed a disposition to serve me, and who did serve me in the time of my necessity, and I should despise myself could I for a moment forget it." Thus true at heart was Washington Irving.

The book was published May 21, 1822, in America, and two days later in London, Murray giving him five thousand dollars for the copyright. This showed plainly that he had not been unwise in declining the clerkship in the Navy.

Needing rest and change, he went to Germany; ascended the Rhine to Wiesbaden, thence to Mayence, beginning his "Tales of a Traveller"; then to Munich and Salzburg, "one of the most romantic places, as to its situation and scenery, he had ever beheld" — who that has ever been there can forget it? — spending a month in Vienna, and then several months with the Fosters, in Dresden, studying French, Italian, and German.

After Mr. Irving's death one of the daughters of Mrs. Foster wrote of him, "He was thoroughly a gentleman, not merely externally in manners and look, but to the innermost fibres and core of his heart. Sweet-tempered, gentle, fastidious, sensitive, and gifted with the warmest affections, the most delightful and invariably interesting companion, gay and full of humor, even in spite of occasional fits of melancholy, which he was, however, seldom subject to when with those he liked — a gift of conversation that flowed like a full river in sunshine, bright, easy, and abundant."

Finally he returned to Paris, working fitfully on his "Tales

of a Traveller," sometimes "twenty-eight pages a day — clean and neat writing," sometimes tired, sleepless, and inactive. At last the book was ready, and Murray gave him seven thousand five hundred dollars for the two volumes.

With this prosperity there was a sense of unrest often in his heart. He wrote to a friend, "I think I was formed for an honest, domestic, uxorious man, and I cannot hear of my old cronies snugly nestled down with good wives and fine children round them, but I feel for the moment desolate and forlorn. What a haphazard, schemeless life mine has been, that here I should be, at this time of life, scribbling month after month, and year after year, far from home, without any means or prospect of entering into matrimony, which I absolutely believe indispensable to the happiness and even comfort of the after part of existence."

In 1826, when he was forty-three, Mr. A. H. Everett, our minister to Madrid, with whom he was acquainted, suggested to him that a translation of "Navarrete's Voyages of Columbus," soon to appear, would be an excellent and timely book for him to prepare. Accordingly, he went to Spain, and soon made up his mind that, with the rich material at hand, he could write a "Life of Columbus" which would be more interesting work than translating.

He at once began in earnest, sometimes writing all day and until twelve at night. After a year and a half, "the hardest application and toil of the pen" he had ever seen, yet the most satisfactory, the "Life" was finished, and the copyright sold to Murray for fifteen thousand dollars. The manuscript was also leased to a Philadelphia firm for seven years, for six hundred dollars each year, and for a second edition and an "abridgment" he received from America six thousand dollars. This abridgment he wrote in nineteen days, giving it to Murray without charge, who sold ten thousand copies of it for his "Family Library."

He had now, as he said, "a moderate hope as to the

future…. The literary success of the 'History of Columbus' has been greater than I anticipated, and gives me hopes that I have executed something which may have greater duration than I anticipate for my works of mere imagination."

Deeply interested now in all that pertained to the history of Spain, "The Conquest of Granada" began to shape itself in his mind. He repaired to Seville for a year, and worked earnestly. When the work was completed, it was sold in America for nearly five thousand dollars, and to Murray for ten thousand.

So delighted were the people of Spain that they gave him the diploma of the Royal Academy of History. He had come to fame now, and fortune. He wrote to Peter, "I feel anxious to make the most of my present sunshine; but the very anxiety agitates me, and I feel at times a little perplexed what to take hold of."

But he soon decided to work on the "Alhambra," the old exquisite Moorish palace becoming his home. "I take my breakfast in the saloon of the ambassadors or the court of the Lions," he wrote to his friends; "and in the evening, when I throw by my pen, I wander about the old palace until quite late, with nothing but bats and owls to keep me company…. I have nothing but the sound of water, the humming of bees, and the singing of nightingales to interrupt the profound silence of my abode."

The touching history of the Moors found response in Irving's heart, and the exquisite beauty of their workmanship found expression in the exquisite beauty of his words.

After being three years in Spain, to his great surprise he was appointed Secretary of Legation at London, which position he accepted, more to please his friends than himself, and bade goodbye to the Alhambra, where he had lived in a "kind of Oriental dream."

On his forty-seventh birthday, the Royal Society of Literature voted him one of their fifty-guinea gold medals, giving

the other to Hallam, author of the "Middle Ages." In less than a month, Oxford University gave him the degree of Doctor of Laws, an honor for which he felt grateful, but he never used the title. He had worked hard, and had been rewarded as he deserved to be. After two years he resigned his position, and arranged for the publication of the "Alhambra" for six thousand dollars in Europe, and three thousand in America.

He had long been eager to return to his native land, and on April 11, 1832, he set sail for New York, arriving after forty days. He had gone away scarcely more than a boy. Now, after seventeen years, he had come back at the flood-tide of fame and honor. He was overwhelmed with courtesies from his proud countrymen. A public dinner was given him in New York, presided over by the President of Columbia College. When Mr. Irving said in his address, "I am asked how long I mean to remain here. They know but little of my heart or my feelings who can ask me this question. I answer. As long as I live" — three cheers were given again and again, and handkerchiefs were waved on every side. He declined ovations in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and elsewhere, from his natural shyness.

Praise was heard on every side for the "Alhambra." Prescott called it the "beautiful Spanish 'Sketch-Book.' Many paragraphs, and even chapters, want but the voice to make them discourse most eloquent music." Edward Everett said the sketches "are among the most finished and elegant specimens of style to be found in the language"; and Campbell remarked to another, "Washington Irving has added clarity to the English tongue." It was soon translated into French, as the "Life of Columbus" had been into Spanish.

Late in the autumn, Mr. Irving made an extended tour through the West, finding Ohio "a perfect garden-spot," and spent some weeks among the Indian tribes. From this trip came the "Tour on the Prairies," for which he received about five thousand dollars.

Irving had always longed for a home. It was natural that he should seek it upon the Hudson, which he had so much loved in early youth, and at Tarrytown, in a portion now called Irvington, he purchased a stone cottage, with about fifteen acres of ground, and took thither his brothers John and Ebenezer, and the five daughters of the latter, to make his beloved "Sunnyside." "Old bachelor though I be," he used to say, "I cannot do without womankind about me," and the nieces were to him like daughters.

In 1836, in connection with his nephew, Pierre, he wrote, at the request of John Jacob Astor, the history of a colony founded at the mouth of the Columbia River, in Oregon, and this book, "Astoria," had a large sale.

Mr. Irving had now been at work for three months on the "History of the Conquest of Mexico," when he found that Prescott had already sent fifteen hundred dollars to Madrid for books and manuscripts on the same subject. Though it was a great sacrifice, he at once wrote to Prescott, saying, "In yielding up the theme to you, I feel that I am but doing my duty in leaving one of the most magnificent themes in American history to be treated by one who will build up from it an enduring monument in the literature of our country."

Having lost considerable in Western investments, Mr. Irving was still dependent upon his pen. Years before, he had been asked by a publisher to write the "Life of Washington," and he now set himself to this work, when, to his amazement, Daniel Webster, who was then Secretary of State, caused his appointment as Minister to Spain. He considered it the "crowning honor of his life," though he could not bear to leave his home.

He reached London in 1842, where he received every attention, and also at Madrid. Here for three years he lived, and served his government faithfully. Webster used to say that he always laid aside all other correspondence to read a diplomatic despatch from Mr. Irving.

When he was sixty-two he wrote to friends in America, "My heart yearns for home; and as I have now probably turned the last corner in life, and my remaining years are growing scanty in number, I begrudge every one that I am obliged to pass separated from my cottage and my kindred…. I think, of late years, living at home, with those around to love and cherish me, my heart has become accustomed to look around for others to lean upon."

He came back to Sunnyside in the autumn of 1846, with great delight, and soon began work again on his "Life of Washington." An arrangement was now made with Mr. Putnam, the publisher, to bring out Mr. Irving's complete works, on which the author obtained a royalty of nine thousand dollars yearly for about eight years. At this time he also received over ten thousand dollars as one of the executors of the Astor estate.

Two other books now came from his pen — a charming "Life of Goldsmith," written in two months, and two volumes of "Mahomet and His Successors," for which he had obtained the materials in Spain.

And then, at sixty-seven, he went eagerly to his "Life of Washington." "If I can only live to finish it," he said, "I would be willing to die the next moment. If I only had ten years more of life! I never felt more able to write. I might not conceive as I did in earlier days, when I had more romance of feeling; but I could execute with more rapidity and freedom."

The first volume was published the following year (1855); this year also he gathered some of his miscellaneous writings into a volume called "Wolfert's Roost," which had a large sale. The fourth volume was published when he was seventy-four. The fifth and last volume was written with much physical suffering. From a habit of reading and writing late at night, sleeplessness had come, with its consequent prostration of the nervous system. He had always been somewhat subject to moods and caprices in writing. "These periods of the heat

and glow of composition," he said, "have been the happiest hours of my life. I have never found in anything outside of the four walls of my study any enjoyment equal to sitting at my writing-desk, with a clean page, a new theme, and a mind wide-awake." And I suppose this is the experience of almost all writers.

When the fifth book was finished, he said to his nephew, "I am getting ready to go; I am shutting up my doors and windows."

These volumes, illustrated, the last work of this gifted man, lie beside me as I write, and have a tender personal interest. When the one dearest of all others to me earned his first money in writing, he was told to spend it in books of his own choice, and brought home and laid before me this "Life of Washington."

On the 28th of November, 1859, upon retiring for the night, Mr. Irving said to his niece, "Well, I must arrange my pillows for another weary night! If this could only end!" when, suddenly, he pressed his hand to his left side, and fell lifeless upon the floor. The end had come.

When the news of his death reached New York, flags were hung at half-mast, and when he was buried, at sunset, December 1, in the little cemetery near "Sleepy Hollow" — next to his mother, as he requested to be — the bells of his native city tolled for their honored dead.

I have often stood beside that plain white slab and read:—

"WASHINGTON IRVING.
Born April 3, 1783.
Died November 28, 1859."

Twenty-eight other slabs bearing the Irving name are close beside his, enclosed by a green hedge; no flowers nor ornamentation; only three stately oaks, a beech-tree, and a walnut wave over the spot which Americans hold sacred.

Thousands upon thousands have stood by the gable-

roofed white cottage, overgrown with ivy from Abbotsford, and looked out upon the Hudson, as he often looked, and remembered how he used to say to his friends, "Come to 'Sunnyside' and I will give you a book and a tree." What more could one ask?

That Mr. Irving has had a deep influence upon American literature, no one will deny. And, besides, "There was a man behind the books"; genial, pure, kind, helpful; a man who overcame poverty, much ill-health, crushing sorrow, and, with a steadfast purpose, won the victory at last.

His love for children and for animals was a marked feature of his character. Every creature at Sunnyside loved him. Once, when returning from Saratoga, an anxious mother sat in front of him in the car, with three little children; one an infant, who was constantly wakened by the attempts of the other two to clamber over her and look out of the window. Mr. Irving at once lifted them over to his lap, and, taking out his watch, said, "Now, three minutes for each to look out of my window," and began lifting them over till they were tired of it, though greatly pleased.

The poor mother said, gratefully, "Any one can see that you are a kind father of a big family." And he did not undeceive her. To be considerate in little things is one of the greatest attributes of greatness.

Eleven years before Mr. Irving died, he joined the Episcopal Church. Matilda Hoffman's Bible and prayer-book had done their silent but effective work through all the years.

CHAPTER IV
William Hickling Prescott

Emerson thought the one great need of America was "high ideals." Our literary history certainly does not furnish a higher one than William Hickling Prescott. Struggling all his life with a darkness that was akin to blindness, with disease in many forms, working for ten years on a single book, yet keeping such cheer and hope that his presence was constant sunshine — such a life may well be held up as an ideal.

Bancroft said, "All who knew him will say that he was greater and better than his writings. Standing, as it were, by his grave, we cannot recall anything in his manner, his character, his endowments, or his conduct, we could wish changed." Beautiful testimony from one great historian to another great historian!

Prescott was born in Salem, Mass., May 4, 1796, the second of seven children, four of whom died in infancy. The father was a prominent and wealthy lawyer, proud of his handsome boy, between whom and himself there grew a companionship and confidence that death itself could not break.

The mother was a woman of great energy, benevolence, and unfailing spirits, who loved her son ardently, and was never afraid lest she show her fondness to others.

Poor advice is that which cautions families about loving too deeply. I have never seen a human being loved too fondly, but have seen many hearts shrivel and grow cold for lack of affection. When Mrs. Prescott died, at eighty-five, the famous son wept bitterly, saying that he owed everything to his mother's love and energy, and could not be too grateful for it.

He was a bright, merry boy, with quick perceptions, eager

to read, delighting in romances and adventures, but not overfond of study. At fifteen he entered the Sophomore class at Harvard College — feeling "twenty pounds lighter," he wrote his father, after he had passed a successful examination.

He had no love for mathematics, and though he could and did commit to memory the whole work for the day without understanding a word of it, he was finally excused from reciting, as it seemed a waste of time and strength. For metaphysical discussion he had scarcely any more liking. His English, Greek, and Latin studies were a delight to him, and in these he made proficiency.

"With social position, wealth, fine address, and noble qualities, there seemed no barriers before him in the profession of the law, to which he looked forward, with his father. Life seemed full of joyousness, and not a single cloud was in the horizon. All, however, was to be changed by a most unlooked-for calamity.

In his Junior year, as he was passing out of the Commons Hall, where the students dined, in a rude frolic, in which he was not joining, a classmate threw a hard piece of bread, undoubtedly at random, and it struck the open eye. Prescott fell to the floor, and was carried at once to his father's home in Boston. For some weeks his system did not rally from the shock, and when it did, and he went back to college work, though the eye had not changed to outward appearance, the sight had gone forever.

He stood well in his studies, and at Commencement was awarded a Latin poem as his part. After this he entered the law office of his father. But a new disappointment awaited him. In four or five months the right eye began to be inflamed from acute rheumatism, and he was threatened with total blindness, which, indeed, did come twice in three months, during which time he was unable to walk a step. Though a dreadful blow to all his ambitions, he bore it courageously and cheerfully.

It was decided, finally, that he should visit his mother's father, Thomas Hickling, who was Consul at St. Michaels, in the Azores. After a twenty-day passage, most of the time spent in a darkened cabin, he reached the islands, where everything was done for his comfort. For a few days he enjoyed the vegetation and new life, and then for six weeks he was in total darkness, living in a large room, where he took exercise by walking from corner to corner, thrusting out his elbows that he might not come in contact with the wall. Most of this time he sang aloud in the darkness, thus keeping hope in his heart.

How little the careless youth who threw the bread thought of the misery he was to cause to a heroic soul through life! Fortunately, our college students are now feeling that rough sports are no mark of a gentleman, and that they are detrimental to all the higher and finer feelings!

After a stay of six months, he embarked for London to obtain the best medical treatment abroad. For more than three weeks he lived in his stateroom, on meagre diet. When he reached the great metropolis, he found a kind friend in John Quincy Adams, our Minister at the Court of St. James, who took him to Slough (where he saw Herschel's telescopes), Eton, Windsor, and Hampton Court. Nothing in art pleased him so much as the Elgin Marbles and the Cartoons of Raphael. "There are few living beings," he said, "in whose society I have experienced so much real pleasure."

Later he visited Paris, Florence, and Rome. Horace and Livy were constantly by him for his reading. Forty years afterward he said, "Rome is the place that lingers longest, I suppose, in everybody's recollection; at least, it is the brightest of all I saw in Europe."

During the winter of 1817, after his return home, rheumatism again set in, and he was confined to the house for months. His sister, three years younger than himself, read to him for six or eight hours continuously each day, history,

poetry, all kinds of literature, sometimes far into the night; and if she became sleepy, her eager listener never seemed to be.

He was now twenty-two, and had decided to make his first venture in literature, which fact he confided to his sister. The manuscript was sent anonymously to the "North American Review," and while they waited eagerly, not hearing for some time, they fondly hoped that it had been accepted. But the manuscript came back, and, taking it to his devoted sister, he said, "There! it is good for nothing. They refuse it. I was a fool to send it." Unless one can bear with equanimity such refusals for a dozen years at least, he should never attempt authorship.

This home seclusion for a year brought no improvement in his sight, and, fond as he was of society, it was judged wiser to let nature take her own course. His friends eagerly welcomed him, and, in the company of those who loved him, he forgot in part the bitterness that had come into his young life.

A new and delightful experience had come into his heart. He had become engaged to Miss Susan Amory, the daughter of a successful merchant, and this affection to the end of life was singularly beautiful and helpful.

They were married May 4, 1820, and went to live at the Prescott home. At this time, says his life-long friend, and biographer, George Ticknor, "he was tall, well formed, manly in his bearing but gentle, with light-brown hair that was hardly changed or diminished by years, with a clear complexion and a ruddy flush on his cheek that kept for him to the last an appearance of comparative youth, but, above all, with a smile that was the most absolutely contagious I ever looked upon…. Even in the last months of his life, when he was in some other respects not a little changed, he appeared at least ten years younger than he really was. And as for the gracious, sunny smile, that seemed to grow sweeter as he grew older, it was not entirely obliterated even by the touch of death."

The grandfathers of Mr. Prescott and Miss Amory were on opposite sides in the Revolutionary War. Colonel Prescott commanded at Bunker Hill, while Captain Linsee, of the sloop-of-war Falcon, cannonaded him from the Charles River. The swords worn on that day came down as heirlooms in the family, and were crossed over the books in the young husband's library.

Prescott could not, of course, enter the law. What should he choose for his life-work? He did not wish to live an idle life. He considered the matter carefully, and at last decided in favor of literature. A less brave heart would not have dared in so broad a field. It was not enough for him that he had been through college. He would begin at the very beginning, and perfect himself in style and in general culture.

He at once began the study of Blair's Rhetoric, Lindley Murray's grammar, and the prefatory matter in Johnson's Dictionary; then, good English writers, such as Roger Ascham, Bacon, Browne, Raleigh, Milton, the great preachers, Taylor and Barrow, and critics like Jeffrey and Gifford. He studied the Latin classics for an hour each day, especially Tacitus, Livy, and Cicero.

After a year in this general reading, he turned to French literature, and gave a full year to this. He enjoyed Montaigne and Pascal, Lafontaine and Moliere. He also read the old English drama from Heywood to Dryden, with portions of August Wilhelm Schlegel's Lectures. He and Ticknor read together the Northern Antiquities, and many of the old national romances. The next year he began Italian, making himself familiar with the language, and then the literature, especially poetry, from Dante to Alfieri. So deeply interested did he become that he wrote two valuable articles for the "North American Review," on Italian Narrative Poetry and Italian Poetry and Romance. He said, "By the time I am thirty, God willing, I purpose, with what stock I have already on hand, to be a very well read English scholar; to be acquainted

with the classical and useful authors, prose and poetry, in Latin, French, and Italian, and especially in history."

Mr. Ticknor had been giving a course of lectures on Spanish Literary History before Harvard University, and, upon reading them to Mr. Prescott, he became so much interested that he decided to make Spanish a part of his study. After reading carefully for some time, he wrote in his journal: "I have been hesitating between two topics for historical investigation — Spanish history from the invasion of the Arabs to the consolidation of the monarchy under Charles V., or a history of the revolution of ancient Rome which converted the republic into a monarchy. A third subject which invites me is a biographical sketch of eminent geniuses." He thought also of writing a history of Italian literature. He said, "The subject would admit of contraction or expansion ad libitum; and I should be spared — what I detest — hunting up latent, barren antiquities." How well he conquered what was distasteful to him in "hunting up barren antiquities," his marvellous labors in after years well show.

He hesitated for a long time, but decided January 19, 1826, at thirty years of age, to take up the "Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella." Twenty years later, he wrote in pencil against this decision in his journal: "A fortunate choice." And so it was.

He began in earnest to collect books for his subject. He wrote Mr. Alexander H. Everett, our Minister at Madrid, telling his plans, and asking his assistance in procuring the needed books and manuscripts. He wrote, "Johnson says, in his Life of Milton, that no man can compile a history who is blind. But, although I should lose the use of my vision altogether, by the blessing of God, if my ears are spared me, I will disprove the assertion, and my chronicle, whatever other demerit it may have, shall not be wanting in accuracy and research."

The writing of this very letter produced a strain of the

nerve of the eye, from which he never fully recovered. For four long months he was again in a dark room. "When the books and manuscripts arrived from Madrid, he said, "In my disabled condition, with my transatlantic treasures lying around me, I was like one pining from hunger in the midst of abundance."

After making a list of several hundred volumes to be read or consulted, his great need was for a reader of Spanish. Such a person was not to be had. But Prescott was not a man to be overcome by obstacles.

He employed a secretary, and then, he says, "I taught him to pronounce the Castilian in a manner suited, I suspect, much more to my ear than to that of a Spaniard; and we began our wearisome journey through Mariana's noble history. I cannot even now call to mind without a smile the tedious hours in which, seated under some old trees in my country residence, we pursued our slow and melancholy way, over pages which afforded no glimmering of light to him; and from which the light came dimly struggling to me through a half intelligible vocabulary. But in a few weeks the light became stronger, and I was cheered by the consciousness of my own improvement; and when we had toiled our way through seven quartos I found I could understand the book when read about two-thirds as fast as ordinary English."

After some months, a young man came from Harvard University, skilled in the Spanish and other languages, and then the work became easier. Mr. Prescott now listened to Montesquieu's "Spirit of Laws," Enfield's "History of Philosophy," Smith's "Wealth of Nations," Hallam's "Middle Ages," Blackstone's "Commentaries," Millar's "English Government," the last four volumes of Gibbon, parts of Turner's "History of England," parts of Mosheim's "Ecclesiastical History" and of Müller's "Universal History," Mill's "History of Chivalry," Robertson's "Charles the Fifth," translations of Plato's "Phaedo," of the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius,"

Ferrero's "General History of Spain," and such authors as Gaillard, Abbe Mignot, Bourgoing, Townsend, and many, many more.

As the secretary read, Mr. Prescott would say, "Mark that," by two parallel lines along the margin. He constantly made notes by his noctograph, a machine which he found in London for blind people. This consisted of several brass wires across a page, between which the person could write with an ivory pencil, the impression being made on paper underneath the brass rods. No one could make out the writing except with much skill and patience.

Mr. Prescott and his secretary sat in a darkened room, the former usually with a green shade over his eyes, listening from ten o'clock till two, and again from six to eight, and carrying much from day to day in his wonderful memory.

After reading for a whole year, he was ready then, he said, "to begin to read for his first chapter"; and after three years and a half of preparation he began to write! He was three months taking notes for his first chapter, which he wrote out three times and printed twice before it was put in stereotype. In sixteen months, so slowly and carefully did he work, his secretary copying, that only three hundred pages had been written. Still, he was happy in his work, saying, "On the whole, there is no happiness so great as that of a permanent and lively interest in some intellectual labor. I, at least, could never be tolerably contented without it."

During this work a severe sorrow came upon him. The elder of his two children died, a lovely girl of four and a half years. Mr. Prescott wrote, twenty years later, "I never can suffer again as I then did. It was my first heavy sorrow, and I suppose we cannot feel twice so bitterly."

He was unable to go on with his book, stopped all composition, and began, with his secretary, to read evidences of the Christian religion — Paley, Butler, and others; and with his father carefully read the Four Gospels, comparing the

miracles as related by each of the Evangelists. After some months, he went back to his "Ferdinand and Isabella."

Seven years and a half went by, ten years from the time he began to read for his work, before the book was ready for the press. What patient labor, what fulness of knowledge, what cheerful, heroic devotion to an idea! And yet, when the work was done, he so distrusted its success that he thought he would not publish it. He consulted with several friends, all of whom encouraged him. Finally, his father said, "The man who writes a book which he is afraid to publish is a coward." This settled the matter, and it was at once put to press, the author paying for the stereotype plates, while the publishers furnished paper and other materials, giving him one thousand dollars. If Mr. Prescott had been a poor man, one hundred dollars a year for ten years of labor would have been small recompense indeed.

Five hundred copies were struck off. What was the astonishment of all parties to find that three-fifths of the whole number were at once disposed of in Boston, and the printers could not supply the demand! Like Byron, Prescott had awakened to find himself famous. Daniel Webster spoke of him as a "comet which had suddenly blazed out upon the world in full splendor." Ticknor says, "A success so brilliant had never before been reached in so short a time by any work of equal size and gravity on this side of the Atlantic."

When the volumes were offered to Murray in London for reproduction, he declined, as he had Irving's "Sketch-Book," showing that publishers are not infallible beings in judgment, but Bently wisely took up the matter. Soon reviews appeared in the "North American" and in the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly" reviews. To Prescott, all this was cause for thanksgiving; and to the father, of great happiness. It had been dedicated to him, "The guide of my youth, my best friend in riper years."

Fame had come at forty-two; had come by the most systematic, unremitting labor. That he might preserve what little

sight he had left, he took great pains to keep his bodily health good. He rode on horseback four miles daily, always seeing the sun rise at Jamaica Plain, walked two miles about one o'clock, dined at three, and usually walked again at sunset. He used his eye about thirty-five minutes each day, rarely over five minutes at one time. If too rainy to be out-of-doors, he would walk vigorously in a cold room, or saw and chop firewood, under cover, being read to all the while. When told by his physician that he would have better sight if he would discontinue literary labors, he could not consent to the sacrifice of the dearest work of life.

Exceedingly fond of society; "one who could be happy in more ways, and more happy in every one of them, than any other person I have ever known," said one of his friends; "sweet in temper, and welcome everywhere as the sunshine," — yet he conscientiously saved his time for work. "To the end of my life," he said, "I trust, I shall be more avaricious of time, and never put up with a smaller average than seven hours of intellectual occupation per diem. Less than that cannot discharge my duties to mankind, satisfy my own feelings, or give me a rank in the community of letters." How few persons, almost blind, with wealth at their command, would have felt that they must "discharge their duties to mankind" by seven hours of daily labor.

And yet he did not love work. He dreaded to begin every new book and every new chapter. "I find it as hard to get under way," he said, "as a crazy hulk that has been hauled up for repairs." When he found his industry flagging, he forced himself by fines, or encouraged himself by reading some biography like that of Alfieri.

He gave a bond to his secretary to pay him a thousand dollars within one year if he had not written two hundred and fifty pages of his history, "the object being to prevent further vacillation until he had written so much as would secure his interest in going through with it." If he had given up to his

feelings, he would have left no books for posterity, no immortal fame.

And now he must begin some other work. He thought seriously of a "Life of Moliere," and for this purpose Mr. Ticknor procured him fifty volumes, but his mind turned finally to the "Conquest of Mexico." — "A beautiful prose epic," he said, "for which rich virgin materials teem in Simancas and Madrid, and probably in Mexico." He sent fifteen hundred dollars to Madrid for choice books and manuscripts, and then began to prepare himself by reading some of the great masters of historical narrative, all that Humboldt had written on this subject, the vast documentary collections of Lord Kingsborough, the manuscript accounts of Ixtlilxochitl, Camargo, Toribio, comparing whatever he found with the oldest records of other countries, Herodotus, Marco Polo, Sir John Mandeville, Gallatin, Heckewelder, and travellers in Mexico from early times till now.

When Washington Irving found that Prescott was engaged on this topic, dear to him also, he immediately gave up to his noble rival.

After a year spent in preparatory reading, he used one year and a half in writing the 'Introduction' alone, only two hundred and fifty pages. Three months before he put pen to paper his notes filled four hundred pages. And yet some persons expect to win literary fame without work!

In five years from the time he began to investigate, the "Conquest of Mexico" was finished. The stereotype plates were furnished by himself to the Harpers, they to have five thousand copies for seven thousand five hundred dollars cash. "A different contract from that which ushered 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' into the world," said Mr. Prescott. Bentley, in London, paid nearly four thousand for copyright. In less than a month, one hundred and thirty newspapers had been sent the author with the heartiest praise of his work. The style was considered, "richer, freer, more animated and graceful" than

even the "Ferdinand, and Isabella." Hallam wrote, "Your style appears to me to be nearly perfect." Dean Milman wrote most heartily concerning the book. In four months over five thousand copies had been sold.

Before the "Conquest of Peru" was scarcely begun, Prescott's father died, December 8, 1844. It was a great loss to the community, but most of all to his devoted son. "He has always been a part of myself," said Prescott; "to whom I have confided every matter of any moment; on whose superior judgment I have relied in all affairs of the least consequence; and in whose breast I have been sure to find ready sympathy in every joy and sorrow. I have never read any book of merit without discussing it with him, and his noble example has been a light to my steps in all the chances and perplexities of life.... And, now that he is gone, it must be my duty and my pleasure to profit by this long intercourse, and to guide myself through the rest of my pilgrimage by the memory of his precepts and the light of his example. He still lives, and it must be my care so to live on earth as to be united with him again and forever."

When he went to his country home at Pepperell, he said, "Everything here whispers to me of *him;* the trees that he planted, the hawthorn hedges, the fields of grain as he planned them last year; every occupation — the rides, the rambles, the social after-dinner talks, the evening novel — all speak to me of the friend, the father, with whom I have enjoyed them from childhood. I have good bairns, as good as fall to the lot of most men; a wife, whom a quarter of a century of love has made my *better* half, but the sweet fountain of intellectual wisdom of which I have drunk from boyhood is sealed to me forever."

Early next year he was made a corresponding member of the Academy of Moral and Political Science in Paris, and of Philosophy and History in the Royal Society of Berlin. His great regret was that these honors came too late for his father

to enjoy them. Previously he had been appointed to membership in the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Rhode Island, New York, Georgia, New Hampshire, Kentucky, Maryland, and other states, the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, the Royal Academy of Sciences at Naples, and his Alma Mater had made him Doctor of Laws.

This year (1845) he collected his North American articles into a volume called "Miscellanies," which, like the histories, had a large sale. This year was the twenty-fifth since his marriage, and in his journal he recorded "that his life had been pretty much on the sunny side…. If what I have done shall be permitted to go down to after times, and my soul shall be permitted to mingle with those of the wise and good of future generations, I have not lived in vain. May the dear companion who has accompanied me thus far be permitted to go with me to the close, 'till we sleep together at the foot' as tranquilly as we have lived."

He was now at work on the "Peru," the first chapter "a perfectly painful task," he said. He had moved from Bedford Street to Beacon, to a house looking over the Common, a building to which thousands of eyes turn every day in passing, as they remember the great scholar who for thirteen years lived here and did his beautiful work.

In about three years the "Peru" was completed, and seven thousand five hundred copies sold to the Messrs. Harper for as many dollars, and the copyright to Bentley for four thousand dollars. To many, these volumes were more fascinating than the "Conquest of Mexico." I cannot remember the time when the story of the Incas, told as Prescott has told it, was not more charming to me than any novel.

Work on "Philip the Second" was soon begun. He caused eighteen hundred pages of manuscript to be copied in the British Museum and the State-Paper office in London; copied from the archives of Brussels, from the libraries of Tuscany, Austria, Prussia, and Gotha; obtained matter from Humboldt

and Ranke at Berlin and Ferdinand Wolf of Vienna, and almost unlimited material from Spain. In his library he gathered three hundred and seventy volumes relating to the times of "Philip the Second," and fifteen thick folios of manuscript.

John Lothrop Motley, just coming to fame, found himself in danger of covering much the same ground as Prescott, and frankly went to him and told him. Without a particle of rivalry, Mr. Prescott encouraged him to go forward, and offered him all possible help from his own collections. Not always is genius so generous.

Suffering much from dyspepsia, and his old trouble, rheumatism, the author was induced to take a journey South, and then go to Europe in 1850. Here he found himself the centre of attraction. He dined at Sir Robert Peel's, saw much of Macaulay, Gladstone, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke of Argyle, Sir Charles Lyell and his wife, and was presented at Court. At Oxford University he received the degree of LL. D. He travelled in Scotland, France, and Holland, and reached home in September, after an absence of four months, and went to work again in earnest. Two volumes were soon published; and "in six months," he says in his journal, that "he has received seventeen thousand dollars for the 'Philip' and the other works." In England four separate editions were brought out, it was twice reprinted in Germany, and a Spanish translation at once made at Madrid.

During this time he had also added much to Robertson's "Charles the Fifth," and this had sold as successfully as the others. When the third volume was nearly finished — he had intended to make five — just as he was returning from his usual walk, he was attacked by apoplexy. The first words he was able to utter were, "My poor wife! I am sorry for you that this has come upon you so soon."

He recovered from this stroke, and in the summer went, as usual, to his home at Lynn; he had removed from Nahant

because he desired more quiet, and in the autumn to his home in Pepperell. But he was waiting for increased strength before taking hold of the hard work on his fourth volume.

On the 27th of January, 1859, at half-past eleven in the morning, as he was walking about the room of his Boston home, he was again struck with apoplexy, and never recovered consciousness, dying at half-past two. His two expressed wishes were carried out; one that a principal vein be opened so that if by any chance he were buried alive, death would soon follow; the other, to be laid for a little time in the midst of his precious books where he had worked so long and happily. He was buried under St. Paul's Church, beside the father and mother who had idolized him. On both sides of the ocean there was sincere mourning, and public meetings were held in many cities.

His books, translated into Spanish, French, Italian, German, and Dutch, will be read, said Edward Everett, "so long as in ages far distant, and not only in countries now refined and polished but in those not yet brought into the domain of civilization, the remarkable epoch which he has described shall attract the attention of men."

And as long as American literature is read, we shall honor the brave and noble man, who could triumph over almost insurmountable difficulties, and win the love and admiration of the world.

CHAPTER V
Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Family

When Washington Irving had finished the "Scarlet Letter," he exclaimed, "Masterly! Masterly!"

Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote the author, "I think we have no romancer but yourself, nor have had any for this long time…. There is rich blood in Hester, and the flavor of the sweet fern and the bay berry are not truer to the soil than the native sweetness of our little Phoebe! The Yankee mind has, for the most part, budded and flowered in pots of English earth, but you have fairly raised yours as a seedling in the natural soil. My criticism has to stop here; the moment a fresh mind takes in the elements of the common life about us, and transfigures them, I am contented to enjoy and admire, and let others analyze. Otherwise I should be tempted to display my appreciating sagacity in pointing out a hundred touches, transcriptions of nature, of character, of sentiment, true as the daguerreotype, free as crayon sketching, which arrested me even in the midst of the palpitating story."

And yet, with all this praise, Richard Henry Stoddard well says: "I can recall no other American author who ever wrote under such persistent and continuous discouragement." But he became superior to circumstances, and has won the admiration and affection of posterity.

The only son of a sea-captain, one of a family of true-hearted New England Puritans, Nathaniel Hawthorne came into the world at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804. The father died when his boy was but four years old, leaving a young wife, who, crushed by this early sorrow, shut herself out from society, and lived for forty years, till her death, a lonely and

secluded life.

Mrs. Hawthorne, with her three children, Elizabeth, Nathaniel, and Maria Louisa, went to the home of her father, after her husband's death, and while there, her brother, Robert Manning, decided to educate her handsome and winsome boy. He was a lover of books, reading "Pilgrim's Progress" when he was six years old, and as soon as he could passably understand them, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, and Thomson. The "Castle of Indolence" was his especial delight.

When he was nine, he was struck on the foot by a ball, and, being lame for some time, he would lie on the floor and read from morning till night. With the first money he ever earned, he purchased Spenser's "Faerie Queene," and was entirely happy when absorbed in its pages.

And yet he liked fun, was especially fond of animals, and had a passion for the sea. He used to say, "I should like to sail on and on forever, and never touch the shore again."

At fourteen, his family moved to Sebago Lake, Maine, where, he says, "I lived like a bird of the air, so perfect was the freedom I enjoyed…. Ah, how well I recall the summer days; also when, with my gun, I roamed at will through the woods of Maine! … Everything is beautiful in youth, for all things are allowed to it then…. Though it was there I first got my cursed habits of solitude."

Here he continued to read everything he could find: the Waverley Novels, Rousseau, and the Newgate Calendar, which was, perhaps, suggestive to him, in later years, in his pictures of crime. "He used to invent long stories, wild and fanciful, and tell where he was going when he grew up, and of the wonderful adventures he was to meet with, always ending with, 'And I'm never coming back again,' in quite a solemn tone, that enjoined upon us the advice to value him the more while he stayed with us." He had little taste for music, and used to say he could never distinguish between "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia."

He was haunted with the idea that he should die before he reached the age of twenty-five, as he was in frail health, but kind care saved him for an efficient manhood.

At sixteen, the natural bias showed itself in the starting of a weekly paper, called "The Spectator," to which he seems to have been the only contributor, and well nigh the only subscriber, for, after six issues, he said, "We are sorry to be under the necessity of informing our readers that no deaths of any importance have taken place, except that of the publisher of this paper, who died of starvation, owing to the slenderness of his patronage."

A year later he entered Bowdoin College, with Longfellow, Cheever, J. S. C. Abbott, Franklin Pierce, and others. "He was" at this time, says Julian Hawthorne, his son, in his beautiful biography of "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife," "the handsomest young man of his day in that part of the world. Such is the report of those who knew him; and there is a miniature of him, taken some years later, which bears out the report. He was five feet ten and a half inches in height, broad-shouldered, but of a light, athletic build, not weighing more than one hundred and fifty pounds. His limbs were beautifully formed, and the moulding of his neck and throat was as fine as anything in antique sculpture. His hair, which had a long, curving wave in it, approached blackness in color; his head was large and grandly developed; his eyebrows were dark and heavy, with a superb arch and space beneath; his nose was straight, but the contour of his chin was Roman; his eyes were large, dark blue, brilliant, and full of varied expression. Bayard Taylor used to say that they were the only eyes he had ever known flash fire. Charles Reade declared that he had never before seen such eyes as Hawthorne's in a human head. While he was yet in college, an old gypsy woman, meeting him suddenly in a woodland path, gazed at him and asked, 'Are you a man or an angel?' His complexion was delicate and transparent, rather dark than light, with a ruddy

tinge in his cheeks…. There was an indolence in his nature, such as, by the mercy of Providence, is not seldom found to mark the early years of those who have some great mission to perform in the world, and who, but for this protecting laziness, would set about the work prematurely, and so bring both it and themselves to ruin."

In college young Hawthorne enjoyed especially his English studies, and excelled in Latin composition. All along he had dreams of authorship. He wrote to his mother, "I do not want to be a doctor and live by men's diseases; nor a minister, to live by their sins; nor a lawyer, and live by their quarrels. So I don't see that there is anything left for me but to be an author. How would you like some day to see a whole shelf full of books written by your son, with 'Hawthorne's Works' printed on their backs?"

During these years, he wrote several poems and many sketches. George Parsons Lathrop, in his very interesting "Study of Hawthorne," tells how he gathered some of these sketches together with the title, "Seven Tales of my Native Land," and offered them first to one publisher and then to another, always with the same disheartening refusal. Finally a young printer of Salem promised to publish the book, but kept the manuscript so long that Hawthorne insisted upon its return, and at once burned it. "What pain this must have cost him is only too well known by thousands of authors.

About this time he had written and published anonymously, at his own expense, one hundred dollars, a small novel, entitled "Fanshawe." It had little sale, and he never openly acknowledged it as his work.

College days over, the outlook for literary pursuits was not inviting. His classmate, Pierce, went into the law, and Longfellow into a professorship, but Hawthorne went to his quiet home in Salem, to dream over his brilliant stories, and find no audience, save his own retiring family. For nearly twelve years he lived this secluded life, rarely going upon the Salem streets

by daylight, and writing for the very few journals in which he could find an opening. No wonder he wrote long afterwards, "I sat down by the wayside of life like a man under enchantment, and a shrubbery sprang up around me, and the bushes grew to be saplings, and the saplings became trees until no exit appeared possible through the entangling depths of my obscurity…. I am disposed to thank God for the gloom and chill of my early life, in the hope that my share of adversity came then, when I bore it alone."

All these years he was reading intently. Lives of Mohammed, Pitt, Goldsmith, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats; books of travel, natural history, poetry, fiction, especially Scott and De Quincey, and encyclopaedias; four hundred books in seven years, besides piles of magazines. Nothing seemed to escape his absorbent mind. Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" he had read and re-read, till it was nearly worn out.

Finally he was asked to edit the "American Magazine of Useful Knowledge," published in Boston, for which he received little fame and less pay, and did an enormous amount of hard work.

His friends, meantime, especially his classmate, Horace Bridge, did all they could to keep hope alive in Hawthorne's heart. "It is no use for you to feel blue," Bridge wrote. "I tell you that you will be in a good situation next winter, instead of under a sod."

In 1837, Hawthorne, having collected a few of his stories, published them under the title, "Twice-told Tales," Bridge, without his knowledge, assuming the pecuniary risk. In the pathetic preface, he said, "The author of 'Twice-Told Tales' has a claim to one distinction, which, as none of his literary brethren will care about disputing it with him, he need not be afraid to mention. He was for a good many years the obscurest man of letters in America."

If authorship, with its hard, vexatious work, had not brought the means of support, one joy, at least, had come to

the non-expectant life. He had said, "Even a young man's bliss has not been mine. With a thousand vagrant fantasies, I have never truly loved, and perhaps shall be doomed to loneliness throughout the eternal future, because, here on earth, my soul has never married itself to the soul of woman."

But he was not doomed to eternal loneliness. In Salem lived Doctor Peabody, with his wife and three gifted daughters, Elizabeth, the well-known author and teacher; Mary, who married Horace Mann; and Sophia. One evening — an unusual occurrence — the Hawthornes called upon the Peabody family. Elizabeth ran upstairs to the chamber of Sophia, who was an invalid, saying, "Sophia, you must get up and dress and come down! The Hawthornes are here, and you never saw anything so splendid as he is — he is handsomer than Lord Byron!"

She laughed and refused to go down, saying that, since he had called once, he would call again. He did call again, and Sophia came down in her simple white wrapper to see him. Elizabeth noticed that every time Sophia spoke, Hawthorne looked at her intently, "with the same piercing, indrawing gaze." "I was struck with it," she said, "and thought, 'What if he should fall in love with her!' and the thought troubled me; for she had often told me that nothing would ever tempt her to marry and inflict on a husband the care of an invalid."

From that hour, they were all the world to each other. They breasted poverty, they basked in the full glory of fame and honor, and love grew brighter and brighter, till death made it unending. Sophia Peabody changed the loneliness of the great-hearted student into peace and perfect satisfaction. She was his inspiration, his guide and continual blessing. The beautiful affections of this world are not few nor far between. The love life of John Stuart Mill, of General Von Moltke, of Samuel Johnson, of Longfellow, of Hawthorne, and hundreds of others, are perpetual witness to the beauty and constancy of conjugal affection.

From the first, Sophia looked upon Hawthorne as something more than earthly. After a call from him she wrote to her sister Elizabeth, who had gone to West Newton: —

"He looked extremely handsome, with sufficient sweetness in his face to supply the rest of the world with, and still leave the ordinary share to himself." And again, "He looked like the sun shining through a silver mist when he turned to say good-by. It is a most wonderful face…." I feel as if he were a born brother. I never, hardly, knew a person for whom I had such a full and at the same time perfectly quiet admiration. I do not care about seeing him often; but I delight to remember that he is, and that from time to time I shall have intercourse with him. I feel the most entire ease with him, as if I had always known him."

In 1839, through the influence of Bancroft, the historian, who was collector at Boston, Hawthorne obtained the position of weigher and ganger in the Boston Custom House. The work was hard, as he says in his "American Note-Books," "My life is only a burden in the same way that it is to every toilsome man; and mine is a healthy weariness, such as needs only a night's sleep to remove it. But from henceforth forever I shall be entitled to call the sons of toil my brethren, and shall know how to sympathize with them, seeing that I, likewise, have risen at dawn and borne the fervor of the midday sun, nor turned my heavy footsteps homeward till eventide."

For two years he worked there, and for a third at "Brook Farm," that dream of pure-hearted humanitarians, always cheered by the hope of wedding Sophia Peabody. He wrote to her, "I invite your spirit to be with me — at any hour, and as many hours as you please — but especially at the twilight hour, before I light my lamp…. If you cannot grow plump and rosy and tough and vigorous without being changed into another nature, then I do think, for this short life, you had better remain just what you are. Yes; but you will be the same to me, because we have met in Eternity, and there our intimacy was

formed. I never till now had a friend who could give me repose; all have disturbed me, and, whether for pleasure or pain, it was still disturbance. But peace overflows from your heart into mine…. It is very singular that while I love you so dearly, and while I am conscious of the deep union of our spirits, still I have an awe of you that I never felt for anybody else…. I suppose I should have pretty much the same feeling if an angel were to come from Heaven and be my dearest friend — only the angel could not have the tenderest of human natures, too, the sense of which is mingled with this sentiment."

And Sophia answered, "I am full of the glory of the day. God bless you this night of the old year. It has proved the year of our nativity. Has not the old year passed away from us? — are not all things new?"

If Nathaniel Hawthorne had never written anything besides these letters, the world would have been the richer, as it must necessarily be for every true expression of affection.

They were married July 9, 1842, he thirty-eight, and she thirty-two, now no more an invalid, but healed by that most potent of all remedies, love. They began their wedded life at the Old Manse in Concord, where Emerson had written his "Nature," and where Hawthorne was to write his delightful "Mosses." The wife, cheerful, hopeful, refined, and, what was best of all, believing that her husband had brilliant talents — is not half the battle won when somebody thinks we can be conquerors? — made his home a delight. Her son Julian says of her, "Her voice was joyful music, and her smile a delicate sunshine." She read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and was, as every woman must be who has lasting influence with her husband, his companion intellectually.

Six months after marriage, Sophia wrote her mother, "His will is strong, but not to govern others. He is so simple, so transparent, so just, so tender, so magnanimous, that my highest instinct could only correspond with his will. I never knew such delicacy of nature. He is completely pure from

earthliness. He is under the dominion of his intellect and his sentiments. Was ever such a union of power and gentleness, softness and spirit, passion and reason? I think it must be partly smiles of angels that make the air and light so pleasant here. My dearest love waits upon God like a child…. I went into the orchard and found my dear husband's window was open, so I called to him, on the strength of the loveliness (of the day), though against rules. His noble head appeared at once, and a new sun, and dearer, shone out of his eyes on me."

As the months went by, the earnings did not always suffice for daily needs, and what money was due could not always be collected. Again the brave wife wrote to her mother, "But, somehow or other, I do not care much, because we are so happy…. The darker the shadow behind him, the more dazzlingly is his figure drawn to my sight. I must esteem myself happiest of women, whether I wear tow or velvet, or live in a log cabin or in a palace."

In these days of poverty, Hawthorne wrote in his Note-Book, "The chief event of the afternoon, and the happiest one of the day, is our walk. She must describe these walks; for when she and I have enjoyed anything together, I always deem my pen unworthy and inadequate to record it.

"My wife is, in the strictest sense, my sole companion, and I need no other; there is no vacancy in my mind any more than in my heart. In truth, I have spent so many years in total seclusion from all human society that it is no wonder if now I feel all my desires satisfied by this sole intercourse. But she has come to me from the midst of many friends and a large circle of acquaintance; yet she lives from day to day in this solitude, seeing nobody but myself and our Molly, while the snow of our avenue is untrodden for weeks by any footstep save mine; yet she is always cheerful. Thank God that I suffice for her boundless heart!"

After four years in Concord, where their first child, Una,

was born, they returned to Salem, where Hawthorne had been appointed surveyor in the Custom House. This position he held for four years, till a change of President gave his place to another of different political views. The salary had been sufficient to support his wife and two children, their son Julian having been added to the household; but when this was withdrawn, the outlook was not hopeful.

Just at this time, Mr. James T. Fields, the publisher, who had heard that Hawthorne had been ill, came to Salem to see him, and thus describes the incident in his charming "Yesterdays with Authors": "I found him alone in a chamber over the sitting-room of the dwelling; and, as the day was cold, he was hovering near a stove. We fell into talk about his future prospects, and he was, as I feared I should find him, in a very desponding mood. 'Now,' said I, 'is the time for you to publish, for I know, during these years in Salem, you must have got something ready for the press.'

"'Nonsense,' said he, 'what heart had I to write anything, when my publishers have been so many years trying to sell a small edition of the "Twice-Told Tales." Who would risk publishing a book for me, the most unpopular writer in America?"

"'I would,' said I, 'and would start with an edition of two thousand copies of anything you write.'"

As Mr. Fields took his departure, Hawthorne put in his hands the germ of "The Scarlet Letter," which the publisher read that night, and was delighted with it. At once the author began to amplify his work, and, when it was finished, read the conclusion to his wife, or, as he says, "tried to read it, for my voice swelled and heaved as if I were tossed up and down on an ocean as it subsides after a storm. It broke her heart, and sent her to bed with a grievous headache — which I look upon as a triumphant success."

The book was published in 1850, and in ten days five thousand copies had been sold. England saw the new hand in literature, and gave it praise. Who can ever read this book

without being moved by its pathos and held spell-bound by its power? At last, at forty-six, after all the burning of manuscripts, a fire had been kindled in human hearts that would never go out. Henceforward, instead of being the friend of Emerson and Longfellow and a chosen few, he was to be the admired of tens of thousands who would never be able to look upon his face.

What joy must have come into the heart that wrote previously, in his chamber, "Here I sat a long, long time, waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all — at least, till I were in my grave. And sometimes it seemed as if I were already in the grave, with only life enough to be chilled and benumbed…. And now I begin to understand why I was imprisoned so many years in this lonely chamber, and why I could never break through the viewless bolts and bars; for, if I had sooner made my escape into the world, I should have grown hard and rough, and been covered with earthy dust, and my heart might have become callous by rude encounters with the multitude…. But, living in solitude till the fulness of time was come, I still kept the dew of my youth and the freshness of my heart."

The next year, having moved to Lenox, where Rose, the third child, was born, he wrote "The House of the Seven Gables" in five months, which, like "The Scarlet Letter," became a favorite at once. He preferred it to the latter, but the world will probably hold to its first love, the book which made him famous.

His next volume was the "Wonder-Book," for children, containing the story of "Midas," "Pandora's Box," "Hercules in Quest of the Golden Apples," and other classic tales.

"The Blithedale Romance," founded upon the Brook Farm community, was published in 1852, about which time he bought Mr. Alcott's home in Concord, with twenty acres, and called it "The Wayside."

Life, with fame for her beloved husband, was full of blessing to Mrs. Hawthorne. She wrote, eight years after marriage: "I cannot possibly conceive of my happiness, but, in a blissful kind of confusion, live on. If I can only be so great, so high, so noble, so sweet as he, in any phase of my being, I shall be glad. I am not deluded nor mistaken, as the angels know now, and as all my friends will know, in open vision!"

Concord was a place of delightful rest for the tired man, who had written five books in three years, and had earned both fame and a fair competency. The world usually discovers its geniuses, sooner or later, but sometimes when they are beyond the hearing of earthly praise.

Congratulations poured in from every side. George S. Hillard wrote: "May you live a thousand years and write a book every year." Sophia's mother wrote: "When I was ill in Boston, I had 'The House of the Seven Gables' read to me five times, with increasing interest. Recently I have read it again, and find that till now I never realized its wonderful beauty and power." Mary Howitt wrote from England: "You do not know how exquisite to our taste is all your minute detail — your working out a character by Pre-Raphaelian touches, as it were; your delicate touch upon touch, which produces such a finished whole."

Here in Concord, where he could enjoy trees and sunshine, those essentials to a poetic nature, Hawthorne wrote his "Tanglewood Tales," and a life of his classmate, Franklin Pierce, then a candidate for the Presidency. He said: "I tried to persuade Pierce that I could not perform it as well as many others; but he thought differently, and, of course, after a friendship of thirty years, it was impossible to refuse my best efforts in his behalf at the great pinch of his life."

It was Hawthorne's custom to walk several hours a day, on a ridge back of the house; his "Mount of Vision," his wife called it, where he wore a narrow path, two or three hundred yards long. He planned his books in this quiet spot, and

gained rest for closer work indoors.

After the election of Pierce, Mr. Hawthorne was appointed Consul to Liverpool, and sailed for England with his family March 26, 1853, when their long-wished-for opportunity of seeing the Old World was realized. There, of course, he was honored for his talents, and respected for his faithful discharge of official duties.

From Mr. Francis Bennoch, a cultured English gentleman, in London, one of Hawthorne's warmest friends, I learned much concerning the author's genuineness of heart and tender, humane spirit. Here he met the Brownings, Florence Nightingale, Coventry Patmore, the author of those immortal books, "Faithful Forever" and "The Victories of Love," and other prominent men and women. Here he wrote his "English Note-Books," which thousands of us have read carefully and reverently as we have lingered among the English Lakes or stood in the grand cathedrals.

After the Liverpool Consulship, the Hawthorne family went to Italy, where, with a mind full of art and love, he wrote "The Marble Faun" — his masterpiece, if we except "The Scarlet Letter." The Brownings had come to live in Florence, and they, with the Storys, Powers, Harriet Hosmer, and others made the Italian episode one beautiful holiday.

On their return to England, Hawthorne finished his romance at Redcar, in Yorkshire, and it was published simultaneously in England and America, March, 1860. There was some disappointment at the conclusion of the story; but admiration of the power and style of the book was universal. Motley wrote: "Your style seems, if possible, more perfect than ever. I have said a dozen times that nobody can write English but you…. I like those shadowy, weird, fantastic, Hawthornesque shapes flitting through the golden gloom which is the atmosphere of the book."

In June of this year the family returned to America, to the quiet "Wayside," at Concord. The Civil War had begun, and

Hawthorne's heart was too heavy for much literary work. He, however, produced "Our Old Home" from his notebooks, and "Septimius Felton," published after his death, of which, says Thomas Wentworth Higginson: "I find in this painful book an irresistible and entangling charm."

The hand that held the pen was becoming weary. He grew pale and thin, and in the spring and summer of 1863 went southward for his health, with his friend and publisher, W. D. Ticknor, who died suddenly, leaving Hawthorne greatly reduced by the shock and sorrow.

On his return Mrs. Hawthorne cared for him tenderly. She wrote Mr. Fields: "I do nothing but sit with him, ready to do or not to do, just as he wishes. He is my world, and all the business of it. He has not smiled since he came home till today, and I made him laugh with Thackeray's humor in reading to him; but a smile looks strange on a face that once shone like a thousand suns with smiles. The light, for the time, has gone out of his eyes entirely. An infinite weariness films them quite."

Again he started, in the middle of May, with his friend, Ex-President Pierce. They reached Plymouth, New Hampshire, and stopped at the Pemigewasset House, in the midst of exquisite scenery. Both friends retired early, their rooms adjoining. Several times Mr. Pierce came in to see if his friend slept well. After midnight he entered, and, not hearing him breathe, put his hand on Hawthorne's heart, and found that it had stopped beating. There was no pain; only an earthly sleep into a heavenly awakening.

The body was brought back to the sorrowing wife and fatherless children, and buried in the little cemetery on the hill-top, near where Emerson now rests. His unfinished romance was laid upon his coffin. Rev. James Freeman Clarke, who had married them twenty-two years before, conducted the funeral services. As the wife left the open grave, on either side of the path stood Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell,

Emerson, Agassiz, Pierce, and others, with uncovered heads, testifying their respect and sympathy.

The struggles and successes of authorship were over. The wonderful brain, with its psychological study, its keenest insight into human motives, and sympathy with all human suffering and weakness, had done its work. Beautiful in his home-life, he carried through his books the same purity and beauty into other homes.

"How beautiful it was, that one bright day
In the long week of rain!
Though all its splendor could not chase away
The omnipresent pain.

"The lovely town was white with apple-blooms,
And the great elms o'erhead
Dark shadows wove on their aerial looms,
Shot through with golden thread.

"Across the meadows, by the gray old manse,
The historic river flowed;
I was as one who wanders in a trance,
Unconscious of his road.

"The faces of familiar friends seemed strange;
Their voices I could hear,
And yet the words they uttered seemed to change
Their meaning to my ear.

"For the one face I looked for was not there,
The one low voice was mute;
Only an unseen presence filled the air,
And baffled my pursuit.

"Now I look back, and meadow, manse, and stream,
Dimly my thought defines;
I only see — a dream within a dream —
The hill-top hearsed with pines.

"I only hear above his place of rest
Their tender undertone.

The infinite longings of a troubled breast,
The voice so like his own.

"There in seclusion and remote from men
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
And left the tale half told.

"Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain!"

Who but Longfellow could have written thus?

Four years later Mrs. Hawthorne and her children went to Germany and then to London, and two years afterward she joined her husband in a union that death cannot sever again. She died, as she had lived, beloved by everybody, saying to her daughter Una: "I am tired — too tired — I am — glad to go." She was buried in Kensal Green, and over her were planted some ivy from America and some periwinkle from her husband's grave. The inscription on her tombstone reads: "Sophia, wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne"; and on the footstone, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

The saintlike Una, after devoting herself to the care of distressed and orphaned children in London, and spending some time at the home of her brother Julian in Dresden, became engaged to a bright young author, Albert Webster, whose early death probably hastened her own. She lies beside her mother in Kensal Green.

Julian, the only son, whose hand was often in the father's as they roamed about Europe and America, whose activity and strength and brilliancy of mind gave promise for the future, has already fulfilled that promise, even at forty-one. Born in Boston, June 22, 1846, at seven he went with the family to England, living there and in France and Italy till he was fourteen. He had his father's manly beauty and fine

physique.

On his return to America, he fitted for college at Frank Sanborn's school in Concord, his father having previously taught him Latin and Greek, and his mother French and Italian, and entered Harvard College the year Nathaniel Hawthorne died, 1864. When he went to Cambridge to take his examination, his father said, smiling as he shook hands with him, "Mind you get in, but I don't expect you will" — intended, probably, to ease the lad's heart in case of failure; but he did not fail.

William Blaikie, the New York lawyer and author, says of his Harvard classmate: — "Broad-shouldered and brave and gentle, he was the pride of the school. One night he remembered that he wanted something at home. He walked that night to the House of the Seven Gables, twenty-six miles there and twenty-six miles back again, and was at the college before sunrise the next morning — fifty-two miles in a single night.

"And he does not think anything of a walk of twenty miles even now. Do you remember the story of how he broke the sword of a German officer who persistently insulted him on the bridge in Germany? Julian has a sweet, kind, friendly disposition, and wouldn't quarrel with any one. But he took the sword out of the hands of the German officer, broke it across his knee, and threw it over the bridge into the river below. And he could have dropped the German in after it if he had been so disposed.

"Hawthorne was an athlete, but he was also a scholar. One of the best things I ever saw him do was when he helped Eliot Clarke, son of James Freeman Clarke, out in his studies. Hawthorne came into young Clarke's room to get him to go on some short excursion.

"'Can't go,' said Clarke, 'got to write a theme.'

"'Oh, that's the trouble,' said Hawthorne. 'Let me have your pen. What's the subject?'

"'Tennyson's "Two Voices."'

"In half an hour Julian Hawthorne dashed off a review which has since been the wonder of Harvard and surprised the best critics. He gave it to Eliot Clarke."

"The next time our professor saw James Freeman Clarke, he exclaimed:

"'I want to congratulate you upon your son's production. During the thirty years that I have been connected with the school I have never seen anything equal to it.'

"The next day, at the dinner table, James Freeman Clarke told his son about the compliment paid to his work. Young Clarke at once gave Hawthorne the credit of it."

After leaving college he went to Dresden with his mother and sisters, studying civil engineering at the Polytechnic School, and then came back to New York in 1869, joining the Dock Department under McClellan as Hydrographic Engineer. At this time, with no expectation of making literature a profession, he wrote a short story, "Love and Counter Love," published in "Harper's Weekly," and for which he received fifty dollars.

Returning to Dresden in 1872 with his young wife and daughter, he published his first novel, "Bressant," in London and New York. He says, in his literary autobiography, published in "Lippincott's Magazine," "The book was received in a kindly manner by the press; but both in this country and in England, some surprise and indignation were expressed that the son of his father should presume to be a novelist. A disquisition upon the mantle of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and an analysis of the differences and similarities between him and his successor, generally fill so much of a notice as to enable the reviewer to dismiss the book itself very briefly. I often used to wish, when, years afterward, I was myself a reviewer for the 'London Spectator,' that I could light upon some son of his father who might similarly lighten my labors."

"Idolatry" was his next book, followed by "Saxon Studies,"

first published in the "Contemporary Review." "Garth" appeared as a serial in "Harper's Magazine," followed by two novelettes, "Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds" and "Archibald Malmaison," the latter being extremely original and popular. However, when first offered to all the leading publishers of Boston and New York, it was promptly declined. "Sebastian Stroma" was published as a serial in "All the Year Round," and "Dust" and "Fortune's Fool" later.

Mr. Hawthorne returned to America in February, 1882, after an absence of eleven years, and says: "I trust I may never leave my native land again for any other on this planet."

Since that year he has written "Beatrix Randolph," "Noble Blood," "Love — or a Name," the delightful life of his father and mother, which an English author calls "the most important and interesting biographical work since Boswell's Johnson"; "Sinfire," a strange, fascinating book; and "Confessions and Criticisms."

He has a terse, brilliant style, and a rich imagination. Some of the books and authors he has loved most are George Barrow's "Lavengro," Trelawny's "Records of Byron, Shelley, and the Author," Emily Bronte's "Wuthering Heights," Thackeray, Balzac, and the works of George Sand. His home is at Scotch Plains, New Jersey, and since 1885 he has been the literary editor of "The New York World." Although having a vein of sarcasm, he is a kindly critic, with a generous heart. He is a hard worker, having written sometimes twenty-six consecutive hours without pausing or rising from his chair, and appreciates hard work in others.

The youngest daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Rose, herself a successful author, is the wife of George Parsons Lathrop, a well-known man of letters. He began to write at a very early age, edited a weekly paper when in the Columbia College Grammar School, and while in Dresden busy from eight in the morning until six in the afternoon with languages, mathematics, history and music, still found time to write two

articles on German politics, which were printed in the New York "Tribune" and "Herald."

In 1870, when he was but nineteen, he returned to this country and took a half course at the Law School in New York. As it was imperative that he should earn money, he wrote for many papers, both prose and poetry, occasionally appearing in the "Atlantic Monthly," of which he was assistant editor from 1875 to 1877, and editor of the Boston "Courier" from 1877 to 1879.

His first book, "Rose and Roof-Tree," a small volume of poems, was published when he was twenty-four, and brought him, he says, "some praise and no money."

The next year he published "A Study of Hawthorne," which cost him a great deal of labor, and the following year, 1877, "Afterglow." "Somebody Else," a novelette, was issued in 1878, and "An Echo of Passion" in 1882, which Mr. Lathrop considers "in one sense the most artistic and the best proportioned piece of imaginative prose that it has fallen to my lot to fashion." "In the Distance" was published the same year, followed by "Spanish Vistas," reprinted from "Harper's Monthly."

"Newport" was published as a serial in the "Atlantic," and in book form in 1884, as also "True and Other Stories." "Behind Time," a book for children, has recently appeared, and a second volume of poems is nearly ready.

In 1883, he organized the American Copyright League, now having several hundred members.

Mr. Lathrop has been a tireless worker, sometimes writing all night as well as all day. "During nine years," he says, "I had no vacation, not even a week's rest, excepting one month, when nerves and brain gave out completely, and I could not think a single thought without acute physical pain. I worked all the time, with intervals for eating, sleeping, brief exercise, and infrequent recreation."

He is an able critic, with a clear, forceful style. "In my

function of reviewer," he says, "I was always distressed by the great difficulty of being just — fair to the author and fair to the public. Every critic must at times hurt; but the hurt which he inflicts ought to be that of well-meaning surgery, and not the stab of revenge, nor the cut of a savage whose instinct is for refined torture."

Much tenderness is inwrought with Mr. Lathrop's strength, as shown by his exquisite poem on the death of his child, and in other works. Still young, but thirty-six, he has won deserved fame as novelist, essayist, and poet.

CHAPTER VI
Oliver Wendell Holmes

In the summer of 1886, Dr. Holmes, nearing the border line of the eighties, sailed for Europe. At Liverpool, as he landed, he was met by a delegation of some of the most prominent persons in Europe — authors, physicians, men of social position and political power. In London he met such men as the Dukes of Argyll, Westminster, and Lord Napier, Sir John Millais, Robert Browning, and John Ruskin. He visited at 10 Downing Street, where lives the man whom all the world delights to honor, William E. Gladstone. Rev. Hugh R. Haweis, the noted preacher, gave a reception at his home, where rare and beautiful things are gathered from every realm. At Lady Roseberry's, in the midst of two thousand persons, at Sir William Harcourt's, at Emily Pfeiffer's lovely home in Putney — fit home for a poet, with its wealth of flowers and sunshine — at the garden party of Princess Louise at Kensington Palace, and scores of other places, Dr. Holmes received distinguished honor and courtesy.

Archdeacon Farrar spent two hours in showing him about Westminster Abbey. He dined with Sir Henry Thompson, Sir James Paget, Sir William Gull, and Mr. Peel, Speaker of the House of Commons. In Dr. Holmes' charming reminiscences of his journey, "Our Hundred Days in Europe," in the "Atlantic Monthly," he says: "I had the pleasure of dining with the distinguished Mr. Bryce, whose acquaintance I made in our own country, through my son, who has introduced me to many agreeable persons of his own generation, with whose companionship I am glad to mend the broken and mere fragmentary circle of old friendships."

At a great dinner at the home of Mr. Phelps, our Minister to England, he met the Austrian Ambassador, and had for his neighbor at table the Marquis of Lorne.

He visited Tennyson at his home in the Isle of Wight. At Cambridge University, where he was entertained by Mr. Gosse, he received the degree of Doctor of Laws, and the same high honor from both the universities at Oxford and Edinburgh. He says: "I thought I had four friends in England, but I find I have four thousand."

He wrote in scores of autograph books and albums. He says: "I never refused to write in the birthday book or the album of the humblest schoolgirl or schoolboy, and I could not refuse to set my name, with a verse from one of my poems, in the album of the Princess of Wales, which was sent me for that purpose. It was a nice new book, with only two or three names in it, and those of musical composers — Rubinstein's, I think, was one of them — so that I felt honored by the great lady's request. I ought to describe the book, but I only remember that it was quite large and sumptuously elegant, and that I copied into it the last verse of a poem of mine called 'The Chambered Nautilus,' as I have often done for plain republican albums."

The press was everywhere most cordial to the famous author. "The London Daily Telegraph" said: "Mr. Lowell and Mr. Holmes are men who combine the culture of the Old World with the indefinable and incommunicable spirit of the New. Both alike are masters of our common language, but each is to the tips of his fingers an American of the Americans."

And why all these attentions to an untitled American — untitled save in the most royal of all senses — the royalty of brain? Simply because he had given to the world something original, strong, and helpful; in poetry, in science, in fiction, and in essays.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was born in Cambridge August

29, 1809, the son of Rev. Abiel Holmes, a man of fine intellect and noble character, and of Sarah Wendell, daughter of Hon. Oliver Wendell. On the father's side, the ancestors served in the old French War and in the War of the Revolution. On the mother's side, the ancestors were among the leading families of New York and New England: Gov. Thomas Dudley, the successor of Winthrop, Gov. Simon Bradstreet, and Anne Dudley Bradstreet, wife of the governor, called the "Tenth Muse," from her fame as a poet. "In the Harvard College Library," says E. E. Brown, in her interesting "Life of Doctor Holmes," "may be seen a copy of Anne Bradstreet's poems, which passed through eight editions."

The boy Oliver was a happy, merry child, the third of five children, sensitive in his feelings, generous in heart, and imaginative to a high degree. The gentle influences under which he lived were well described by Thomas Wentworth Higginson at the Holmes Breakfast in 1879: "I should like to speak of that most delightful of sunny old men, the father of Doctor Holmes, whom I knew and loved when I was a child, and hardly knew that there was such a person as Doctor Holmes in the world. The Autocrat once said, and it was an admirable truth, that to have a thorough enjoyment of letters, it was needful that a man should have tumbled about in a library when he was a boy.

"I was brought up in Cambridge, my father's house being next door to that of Doctor Holmes' gambrel-roof house, and the library I most enjoyed tumbling about in was the same in which his infant gambols had first disturbed the repose of the books. I shall always remember a certain winter evening, when we boys were playing before the fire, how the old man, gray and gentle and kindly as any typical old German professor, and never complaining of our loudest gambols — how, going to the frost-covered window, he sketched with his penknife what seemed a cluster of brambles and a galaxy of glittering stars, and above that he wrote: *'Per aspera ad astra'* —

'Through difficulties to the stars,' He explained to us what it meant. I have never forgotten that quiet winter evening and the sweet talk of that old man."

This home of his childhood was especially dear to Oliver. "Ah, me!" he said, years later, "what strains of unwritten verse pulsate through my soul when I open a certain closet in the ancient house where I was born! On its shelves used to lie bundles of sweet marjoram and pennyroyal and lavender and mint and catnip; there apples were stored until their seeds should grow black, which happy period there were sharp little milk teeth always ready to anticipate; there peaches lay in the dark, thinking of the sunshine they had lost, until, like the hearts of the saints that dream of heaven in their sorrow, they grew fragrant as the breath of angels."

When the house was torn down, he said: "With its destruction are obliterated some of the footprints of the heroes and martyrs who took the first steps in the long and bloody march which led us through the wilderness to the promised land of independent nationality. I have a right to mourn for it as a part of my life gone from me…. I cannot help thinking that we carry our childhood's horizon with us all our days…. I am very thankful that the first part of my life was not passed shut in between high walls and treading the unimpressible and unsympathetic pavement."

Oliver's first days at school were under the superintendence of Ma'am Prentiss, "who," he says, "ruled the children with a long willow rod which reached across the little schoolroom, reminding rather than chastising."

"I remember," says the Autocrat, "one particular pailful of water, flavored with the white pine of which the pail was made, and the brown mug, out of which one Edmund, a red-faced and curly-haired boy, was averred to have bitten a fragment in his haste to drink; it being then high summer, and little full-blooded boys feeling very warm and porous in the low-studded school-room where Dame Prentiss, dead and

gone, ruled over young children. Thirst belongs to humanity everywhere, in all ages, but that white-pine pail and that brown mug belong to one in particular."

The boy was especially fond of flowers and trees, and when a man did not lose his childish love for them. "When I was of smallest dimensions," he says, "and wont to ride impacted between the knees of fond parental pair, we would sometimes cross the bridge to the next village town and stop opposite a low, brown, gambrel-roofed cottage. Out of it would come one Sally, sister of its swarthy tenant, shady-lipped, sad-voiced, and, bending over her flower-bed, would gather a 'posy,' as she called it, for the little boy. Sally lies in the churchyard, with a slab of blue slate at her head, lichen-crusted and leaning a little within the last few years. Cottage, garden-bed, posies, grenadier-like rows of seeding onions — stateliest of vegetables — all are gone, but the breath of a marigold brings them all back to me."

In the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," he says: "I love the damask rose best of all. The flowers our mothers and sisters used to love and cherish, those which grow beneath our eaves and by our doorstep, are the ones we always love best…. I don't believe any of you happen to have just the same passion for the blue hyacinth which I have — very certainly not for the crushed lilac-leaf-buds; many of you do not know how sweet they are. You love the smell of the sweet-fern and the bayberry leaves, I don't doubt, but I hardly think that the last bewitches you with young memories as it does me.

"I have a most intense, passionate fondness for trees in general, and have had several romantic attachments to certain trees in particular…. I shall speak of trees as we see them, love them, adore them in the fields, where they are alive, holding their green sunshades over our heads, talking to us with their hundred thousand whispering tongues; looking down on us with that sweet meekness which belongs to huge but limited organisms — which one sees in the brown eyes of

oxen, but most in the patient posture, the outstretched arms, and the heavy drooping robes of these vast beings endowed with life, but not with soul — which outgrow us and outlive us, but stand helpless — poor things! — while Nature dresses and undresses them, like so many full-sized but underwitted children."

The next school of Oliver's boyhood was that kept by William Bigelow, "a man of some wit and a flavor of scholarship," Then for five years he attended a school in Cambridgeport, two of his schoolmates being Margaret Fuller and Richard Henry Dana, author of "Two Years Before the Mast."

At fifteen, he went to Phillips Academy, where he remained for a year. Here he wrote his first verses, a translation from Book I of the *Æneid*. Fifty years afterward, the lad, now become a famous poet, was asked to read a poem at the centennial celebration of the foundation of the Academy and in this we get a glimpse of that early school-life: —

"My cheek was bare of adolescent down
When first I sought the academic town;
Slow rolls the coach along the dusty road.
Big with its filial and parental load;
The frequent hills, the lonely woods are past,
The schoolboy's chosen home is reached at last, —
I see it now, the same unchanging spot,
The swinging gate, the little garden plot.
The narrow yard, the rock that made its floor,
The flat, pale house, the knocker-garnished door,
The small, trim parlor, neat, decorous, chill,
The strange new faces, kind, but grave and still:
Two creased with age, — or what I then called age,—
Life's volume open at its fiftieth page;
One, a shy maiden's, pallid, placid, sweet
As the first snowdrop which the sunbeams greet;
One, the lost nursling's, slight she was, and fair.
Her smooth white forehead warmed with auburn hair;
Last came the virgin Hymen long had spared,

Whose daily cares the grateful household shared.

• • • • • •

Brave, but with effort, had the schoolboy come
To the cold comfort of a stranger's home.
How like a dagger to my sinking heart
Came the dry summons, 'It is time to part.'
'Good-by!' 'Goo — ood — by!' one fond maternal kiss.
Homesick as death! Was ever pang like this?
Too young as yet with willing feet to stray
From the tame fireside, glad to get away, —
Too old to let my watery grief appear, —
And what so bitter as a swallowed tear!

• • • • • •

The morning came; I reached the classic hall;
A clock-face eyed me, staring from the wall;
Beneath its hands a printed line I read:
'Youth is life's seedtime,' so the clock-face said.
Some took its counsel, as the sequel showed, —
Sowed — their wild oats, — and reaped as they had sowed."

At sixteen young Holmes entered Harvard College, and was graduated in the class of 1829, which had several members of distinction: Hon. Benjamin K. Curtis, of the Supreme Court of the United States; Hon. G. T. Bigelow, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; Rev. James Freeman Clarke; Rev. S. F. Smith, author of "My Country, 'tis of Thee"; and some others. The young student delivered several poems during his college course, one before the "Hasty-Pudding Club," one at the "Exhibition," called "Forgotten Ages," the Class Poem, and a poem at Commencement. For this class of '29, always dear to him in after years, he has written some of his best poems.

After a year spent in studying law, he decided to become a physician, as more congenial to his tastes. "I never forget the advice of Coleridge," he says, "that a literary man should have a regular calling."

After being under the instruction of Dr. Jackson and his associates for two and one-half years, he spent three years in Europe, chiefly in the hospitals of London and Paris. He also visited the Continent, and came back to his Alma Mater to deliver before the Phi Beta Kappa Society a poem entitled "Poetry; a Metrical Essay."

Concerning this, James Russell Lowell says, in his "Fable for Critics": —

> "There's Holmes, who is matchless among you for wit,
> A Leyden jar, always full-charged, from which flit
> The electrical tingles of hit after hit.
> In long poems 'tis painful sometimes, and invites
> A thought of the way the new telegraph writes.
> Which pricks down its little sharp sentences spitefully,
> As if you got more than you'd title to rightfully.
>
> • • • • • •
>
> His are just the fine hands, too, to weave you a lyric
> Full of fancy, fun, feeling, or spiced with satyric,
> In a measure so kindly, you doubt if the toes
> That are trodden upon are your own or your foe's."

In the year 1836, when Dr. Holmes was twenty-five years old, his first volume of poems was published. It contained "The Last Leaf," recently so beautifully illustrated, and that inspiring lyric "Old Ironsides," written when he was twenty-one, upon the ship Constitution, which the government proposed to break in pieces. The poem, published at first in the "Boston Advertiser," was copied far and near, and the old ship was not destroyed.

The press spoke well of the book. The "North American Review" said, "His style reminds us of the clear, strong lines of the ancient engravers."

The following year his father died, though his mother lived twenty-five years longer, dying at the age of ninety-three. His Boylston prize essays on medical subjects — he

gained three prizes — were published in 1838, and won him deserved reputation in the profession. The next year he was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Darmouth College, but resigned two years later, that he might give himself more fully to practice in Boston. He had married in 1840, when he was thirty-one, Amelia, the daughter of Hon. Charles Jackson, formerly judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and had made his home at No. 8 Montgomery Place, where he resided for eighteen years, and where his three children were born.

Of this place he says, "When he entered that door, two shadows glided over the threshold; five lingered in the doorway when he passed through it for the last time, and one of the shadows was claimed by its owner to be longer than his own. What changes he saw in that quiet place! Death rained through every roof but his; children came into life, grew to maturity, wedded, faded away, threw themselves away; the whole drama of life was played in that stock company's theatre of a dozen houses, one of which was his, and no deep sorrow or severe calamity ever entered his dwelling in that little court where he lived in gay loneliness so long."

During the summer he delivered lectures before the Berkshire Medical School at Pittsfield, Mass., and built a country home there, to which he came for several years.

In 1847, he was made professor in the medical department of Harvard University, which position he honored for thirty-five years. All this time he delivered four lectures each week, besides giving lectures on literary subjects and writing many books. Yet labor never checked the flow of his spirits, nor brought shadows into the sunshine which he made for everybody about him.

His lectures on the "English Poets of the Nineteenth Century" were greatly enjoyed, and especially his fine poems, read after Wordsworth, Moore, Keats, and Shelley. He had the usual experience of lecturers, "Pretty nigh killed himself, goin'

about lecturin'; talking in cold country lyceums; goin' home to cold parlors, and bein' treated to cold apples and cold water, and then goin' up into a cold bed in a cold chamber, and comin' home next mornin' with a cold in his head."

In 1849, another volume of poems was published, which increased his reputation. Eight years afterward, the "Atlantic Monthly" was started, James Russell Lowell being chosen editor, and Dr. Holmes giving the new magazine its name. Lowell preferred that Holmes should be the editor, for, he said, "Depend upon it, he will be our most effective writer. He will be a new power in letters."

And so it proved. When the "Autocrat at the Breakfast Table" was begun (Dr. Holmes was now forty-nine), its quaint humor, its deep thought, and its freshness and vigor attracted everybody. The "British Review" called it "a very delightful book. A book to possess two copies of; one to be read and marked, thumbed and dog-eared; and one to stand up in its pride of place with the rest on the shelves, all ranged in shining rows, as dear old friends."

John Lothrop Motley wrote from Rome, "He is beyond question one of the most original writers in English literature, and I have no doubt his fame will go on increasing every day. I hardly know an author in any language to be paralleled with him for profound and suggestive thought, glittering wit, vivid imagination, and individuality of humor."

How true are all these words. "Don't flatter yourselves that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell them."

"Every person's feelings have a front door and a side door by which they may be entered. The front door is on the street…. The side door opens at once into the sacred

chambers…. Be very careful to whom you give a side-door key…. You remember the old story of the tender-hearted man who placed a frozen viper in his bosom, and was stung by it when it became thawed?

"To radiate the heat of the affections into a clod, which absorbs all that is poured into it, but never warms beneath the sunshine of smiles or the pressure of hand or lip — this is the great martyrdom of sensitive beings."

"'What do you think, sir,' said the divinity-student, 'opens the souls of poets most fully?' … Women. Their love first inspires the poet, and their praise is his best reward."

"Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection."

Who has not read a hundred times this tender touch: "It was on the Common that we were walking. The mall or boulevard of our Common has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of these runs down from opposite Joy Street southward across the whole length of the Common to Boylston Street. We called it the long path and were fond of it…. At last, I got out the question, 'Will you take the long path with me?' 'Certainly,' said the school-mistress, 'with much pleasure.' 'Think,' I said, 'before you answer. If you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more!' The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement as if an arrow had struck her…. 'Pray sit down,' I said. 'No, no,' she answered, softly, 'I will take the *long path* with you!'"

The schoolmistress appears again in the dedication of that remarkable novel, Elsie Venner: —

"To THE Schoolmistress,
Who has furnished some outlines made use of in these pages
and elsewhere,
This story is dedicated
BY HER OLDEST SCHOLAR."

In the Autocrat were some of Dr. Holmes' best poems; "The Two Armies," the "Deacon's Masterpiece," which will never be old, and the exquisite "Chambered Nautilus," which Whittier well says "is booked for immortality": —

"This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

"Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl,
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell.
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

"Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

"Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings.
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings,

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul.

As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

In 1859 appeared, in the columns of the "Atlantic Monthly," "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," characterized by the same depth yet vivacity as the "Autocrat." Whose heart did not respond to this inquiry: "Is there not one little drawer in your soul, my sweet reader, which no hand but yours has ever opened, and which none that have known you seem to have suspected?"

"Poets are never young, in one sense. Their delicate ear hears the far-off whispers of eternity, which coarser souls must travel towards for scores of years before their dull sense is touched by them…. Many youthful poets have written as if their hearts were old before their time; their pensive morning twilight has been as cool and saddening as that of evening in some common lives. The profound melancholy of those lines of Shelley —

"'I could lie down like a tired child
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,'

came from a heart, as he says, 'too soon grown old' — at twenty-six, as dull people count time even when they talk of poets."

"I have known more than one genius, high-decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-pennoned, that but for the bare toiling arms and brave, warm beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close in his shadow, and clung to him so that no wind or wave could part them, and dragged him on against all the tide of circumstance, would soon have gone down the stream and been heard of no more."

In this volume also were several fine poems, especially that beautiful one, "Under the Violets."

"Elsie Venner," with her strange history, was published the next year. "The real aim of the story," says Dr. Holmes, in his second preface, "was to test the doctrine of 'original sin' and human responsibility for the disordered volition coming under that technical denomination. Was Elsie Venner, poisoned by the venom of a crotalus before she was born, morally responsible for the 'volitional' aberration, which, translated into acts, becomes what is known as sin, and, it may be, what is punished as crime?" "Currents and Counter-Currents" and "Border Lines of Knowledge" were published in 1861 and 1862, both dealing with scientific subjects. In the latter year, "Songs in Many Keys" was published, and dedicated

"To the most indulgent of readers, the kindest of critics,
My Beloved Mother."

The sorrowful days of the Civil War had come, and Dr. Holmes' eldest son, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., had been engaged in it for three years, being wounded at Ball's Bluff, Antietam, and Sharpsburgh. How deeply the father's heart was touched is shown in his article, "My Hunt after the Captain." His soul was stirred in the cause of freedom, as is shown in "Never or Now" and several other patriotic poems:—

"Listen, young heroes! your country is calling!
Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true!
Now, while the foremost are fighting and falling,
Fill up the ranks that have opened for you!

"You, whom the fathers made free and defended.
Stain not the scroll that emblazons their fame!
You, whose fair heritage spotless descended,
Leave not your children a birthright of shame!

"Stay not for questions while Freedom stands gasping!
Wait not till Honor lies wrapped in his pall!

Brief the lips' meeting be, swift the hands' clasping, —
'Off for the wars!' is enough for them all!

"Break from the arms that would fondly caress you!
Hark! 'tis the bugle-blast, sabres are drawn!
Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall bless you,
Maidens shall weep for you when you are gone!

"Never or now! cries the blood of a nation
Poured on the turf where the red rose should bloom;
Now is the day and the hour of salvation, —
Never or now! peals the trumpet of doom!

"Never or now! roars the hoarse-throated cannon
Through the black canopy blotting the skies;
Never or now! flaps the shell-blasted pennon
O'er the deep ooze where the Cumberland lies!

"From the foul dens were our brothers are dying,
Aliens and foes in the land of their birth, —
From the rank swamps where our martyrs are lying
Pleading in vain for a handful of earth, —

"From the hot plains where they perish outnumbered,
Furrowed and ridged by the battle-field's plough,
Comes the loud summons; too long have you slumbered.
Hear the last angel-trump, — Never or now!"

Dr. Holmes' next works were "Soundings from the Atlantic," published in 1864, a collection of prose articles; "The Guardian Angel," a novel, in 1867; "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," in 1871; and "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," in 1872. What an amount of work from one who "lectures so well on anatomy that his students never suspect him to be a poet, and writes verses so well that most people do not suspect him of being an authority among scientific men."

In 1879, when Dr. Holmes had reached his seventieth year, the publishers of the "Atlantic Monthly" gave a breakfast in his honor on Nov. 13, chosen as more convenient than the real anniversary in August. Over one hundred guests

assembled at the Brunswick in Boston, W. D. Howells presiding. After the repast. Dr. Holmes read his beautiful poem, "The Iron Gate"; —

"I come not here your morning hour to sadden,
A limping pilgrim, leaning on Iris staff, —
I, who have never deemed it sin to gladden
This vale of sorrows with a wholesome laugh.

"If word of mine another's gloom has brightened,
Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent message came;
If hand of mine another's task has lightened,
It felt the guidance that it dares not claim."

Then followed poems by Whittier, Julia Ward Howe, Helen Hunt Jackson, Stedman, William Winter, C. P. Cranch, and Trowbridge, and speeches by Charles Dudley Warner, President Eliot, J. W. Harper of New York, Aldrich, Higginson, Mark Twain, and James T. Fields.

Mr. Aldrich spoke of Dr. Holmes' "inexhaustible kindness to his younger brothers in literature. In the midst of a life singularly crowded with duties, he has always found time to hold out a hand to the man below him. It is safe to say that within the last twenty-five years no fewer than five thousand young American poets have handsomely availed themselves of Dr. Holmes' amiability, and sent him copies of their first book. And I honestly believe that Dr. Holmes has written to each of these immortals a note full of the keenest appreciation and the wisest counsel. I have seen a score of such letters from his busy pen, and — shall I confess it? — I have one in my own possession?"

On his seventy-fifth anniversary (1884), the "Critic," one of our ablest literary journals, gave pages to offerings both in prose and poetry to the popular author; Arnold, Gosse, Gilder, Hale, Whittier, Curtis, and many, many more sent contributions.

For almost ten years since that memorable "Breakfast,"

Dr. Holmes has worked on, publishing a volume of poems in 1880, Lives of Motley and of Emerson, his "Mortal Antipathy" in 1886, keeping all the time the kindness and bouyancy of youth.

Since 1870, he has lived on the north side of Beacon Street, his windows looking out upon the Charles River and toward the University with which he has been identified nearly all his life. His library, on the second floor of his brownstone house, with books on every side, is a place long to be remembered. On the wall hangs a picture of her whom he has immortalized in "Dorothy Q."

As he sits by the open fire, and talks to the young Harvard student who has come with me to his home, talks so cheerfully and sensibly of poetry and authorship and daily living, I can but wish all the Harvard students were present to hear him.

Dr. Holmes spends each summer with his daughter, Mrs. Turner Sargent, at Beverly Farms, near the ocean. In 1882 he resigned his Harvard professorship, and now holds the position of Professor Emeritus. When he said good-by to his class, they presented him with a "Loving Cup," with these words engraved upon it: "Love bless thee, joy crown thee, God speed thy career." The following year, the medical profession of New York City gave him a complimentary dinner at Delmonico's, where addresses were made by Hon. Wm. M. Evarts, George William Curtis, and others.

Dr. Holmes is Vice-President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Honorary Member of the American Philosophical Society, and member of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Dr. Holmes died in Boston, Sunday, Oct. 7, 1894, at the age of eighty-five. He was buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery by the side of his wife, who died in 1888, six years before him.

CHAPTER VII
James Russell Lowell

If you would have a beautiful code of morals in fine setting of terse English, buy Emerson's works. If you would have a condensed library in polished, rich vocabulary, if you would have the learning of ages ready at your hand, buy Lowell's books.

It is not often that a poet, a critic, and a diplomat are found in the same person, and that person a man who dares to be in the front rank in an unpopular cause; who believes in human brotherhood: —

"Who deems
That every hope which rises and grows broad
In the world's heart, by ordered impulse streams
From the great heart of God.

"God wills, man hopes: in common souls
Hope is but vague and undefined,
Till from the poet's tongue the message rolls
A blessing to his kind.

• • • • • •

"It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight,
Once in a century; —

"But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men;

"To write some earnest verse or line
Which, seeking not the praise of art,

Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.

"He who doth this, in verse or prose.
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye."

James Russell Lowell, like Emerson and Longfellow and Holmes, was the son of a clergyman, Dr. Charles Lowell — "a man," says Francis H. Underwood, in his interesting biographical sketch, "of sterling good-sense, high principles, strict ideas of duty and honor, and with strongly practical views of life." The mother, Harriet Spence, was of Scotch descent, a woman of passionate love for poetry, skilled in several languages, and a lover of all that was beautiful and refined.

Of her five children, three boys and two girls, James was the youngest, born February 22, 1819. From his cradle he heard old ballads sung and books talked about. What wonder that he and his brother Robert and sister Mary became authors?

The boy was also fortunate in his surroundings. "Elmwood," in Cambridge, the home of the father, and eventually the home of the son for life, is a three-story, roomy house, painted yellow with white trimmings, set in the midst of several acres of elms, oaks, horse-chestnuts and apple-trees, the landscape dotted here and there with great clumps of lilacs, syringas, fleur-de-lis, and old-fashioned ribbon-grass. Birds of every kind loved to live in the trees and sing for the young poet. Robins and thrushes, orioles and sparrows were all welcome. James made friends with them, and kept the friendship after he had become a man and famous.

Stedman says of him, "Give him a touch of Mother Earth, a breath of free air, one flash of sunshine, and he is no longer a book-man and a brooder; his blood runs riot with the spring;

this inborn poetic elasticity is the best gift of the gods. Faith and joy are the ascension forces of song."

In "My Garden Acquaintance," in "My Study Windows," he says: "For many years I have been in the habit of noting down some of the leading events of my embowered solitude, such as the coming of certain birds and the like…. The return of the robin is commonly announced by the newspapers, like that of eminent or notorious people to a watering-place, as the first authentic notification of spring. But, in spite of his name of migratory thrush, he stays with us all winter…. He feels and freely exercises his right of eminent domain. His is the earliest mess of green peas; his all the mulberries I had fancied mine. But if he gets also the lion's share of the raspberries, he is a great planter, and sows those wild ones in the woods that solace the pedestrian and give a momentary calm even to the jaded victims of the White Hills. He keeps a strict eye over one's fruit, and knows to a shade of purple when your grapes have cooked long enough in the sun.

"During the severe drought a few years ago, the robins wholly vanished from my garden. I neither saw nor heard one for three weeks. Meanwhile a small foreign grape-vine, rather shy of bearing, seemed to find the dusty air congenial, and, dreaming perhaps of its sweet Argos across the sea, decked itself with a score or so of fair bunches. I watched them from day to day till they should have secreted sugar enough from the sunbeams, and at last made up my mind that I would celebrate my vintage the next morning.

"But the robins too had somehow kept note of them. They must have sent out spies, as did the Jews into the promised land, before I was stirring. When I went with my basket, at least a dozen of these winged vintagers bustled out from among the leaves, and, alighting on the nearest trees, interchanged some shrill remarks about me of a derogatory nature. They had fairly sacked the vines. Not Wellington's veterans made cleaner work of a Spanish town; not Federals or

Confederates were ever more impartial in the confiscation of neutral chickens…. As for the birds, I do not believe there is one of them but does more good than harm; and of how many featherless bipeds can this be said?"

Who does not remember this pretty picture of the poet helping his friends? — "The robins, by constant attacks and annoyances, have succeeded in driving off the blue-jays who used to build in our pines, their gay colors and quaint noisy ways making them welcome and amusing neighbors. I once had the chance of doing a kindness to a household of them, which they received with very friendly condescension. I had had my eye for some time upon a nest, and was puzzled by a constant fluttering of what seemed full-grown wings in it whenever I drew nigh.

"At last I climbed the tree, in spite of angry protests from the old birds against my intrusion. The mystery had a very simple solution. In building the nest, a long piece of pack-thread had been somewhat loosely woven in. Three of the young had contrived to entangle themselves in it, and had become full-grown without being able to launch themselves upon the air…. When I took out my knife to cut their hempen bonds, the heads of the family seemed to divine my friendly intent. Suddenly ceasing their cries and their threats, they perched quietly within reach of my hand, and watched me in my work of manumission.

"This, owing to the fluttering terror of the prisoners, was an affair of some delicacy; but ere long I was rewarded by seeing one of them fly away to a neighboring tree, while the cripple, making a parachute of his wings, came lightly to the ground, and hopped off as well as he could with one leg, obsequiously waited on by his elders."

How the world loves a tender heart in a great man; one who has never allowed himself to become hard or soured by the sorrows that rain upon every life!

Lowell had deep love for flowers as well as birds, as shown

in the flawless "Dandelion": —

"Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

• • • • • •

"Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time;
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent.
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst…

"My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who from the dark old tree
Beside the door sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers."

Lowell's education, begun in his father's library, was carried on at a boys' school in Cambridge kept by William Wells, where the "use of the cane was not then one of the lost arts," and at Harvard College, which he entered in his sixteenth year. Here he seems to have had a thorough dislike for mathematics and a taste for languages, but was vastly more fond of general reading than of study from the text-books.

He knew how to make friends and keep them. That man or woman is apt to be a success in life who knows how to hold the friend won, and is not afraid to show that there is warm blood coursing in his veins. The world has little use for cold natures. Better bear a gospel of love and sunshine than of indifference and frigidity. Humanity needs the torrid zone rather than the arctic. Cold stunts human nature as it does vegetable life. Let us grow palms, not lichens.

Lowell was graduated in 1838, writing the Class Poem, dedicated to his class, "some of whom he loves, none of whom he hates." After this he took a course at the Law School, and opened an office in Boston.

Literature was more to his taste, however. A little before he was twenty-two his first volume of poems was published, called "A Year's Life." Its motto was from Schiller, "Ich habe gelebt und geliebet." It was somewhat severely criticised by Margaret Fuller; but young poets must not expect much adulation except from immediate friends. They must take kindly what critics say, but they have the sweet privilege of remembering that critics are not infallible.

A second volume appeared in 1844, the year in which he was married to the lovely Maria White, whose praises he had so exquisitely sung in his verses; "My Love" is beautiful and simple — most beautiful things are simple.

"Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening-star,
And yet her heart is ever near.

• • • • • •

"I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might.
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Groes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright,

"And on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and die."

In these earlier volumes were an exquisite love "Song," "The Heritage," "The rich man's son inherits lands," familiar to almost every school in the country, through its constant repeating, the pathetic "Forlorn," the tender "Moon," and many beautiful sonnets. Of his earlier poems Poe thought the "Legend of Brittany" and "Rosaline" among the best in America.

The sonnets especially show the firmness and warmth of a nature that has not its superior among our writers for strength. Such a union of tenderness and strength makes the best type of man.

"Love hath so purified my being's core,
Meseems I scarcely should be startled even
To find, some morn, that thou hadst gone before;
Since, with thy love this knowledge too was given,
Which each calm day doth strengthen more and more,
That they who love are but one step from Heaven."

The year previous, in 1843, Lowell and his friend Robert Carter had begun the publication of an illustrated magazine, called the "Pioneer," with Mrs. Browning, Whittier, Poe, and others as contributors; but after three numbers it failed for lack of patronage. The failure must have caused some sorrow, but love keeps the heart warm, and did he not have her in prospect

"Whose life to mine is an eternal law,
A piece of nature that can have no flaw,
A new and certain sunrise every day."

He had no thought of ceasing his literary labors, however,

and the study at Elmwood — how could the parents spare their youngest child and his bride? — became the workshop where much that is beautiful and permanent in American literature has been wrought. In 1845, the year after his marriage, his first prose work appeared, "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets." Much as Lowell loved books and the delights of his own fireside, his sympathies were with those lovers of human freedom, Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, and others. More than any other poet except Whittier, he was fearless and ardent for the delivery of the slave. His verse had no uncertain sound, as in his "Stanzas on Freedom."

> Men! whose boast it is that ye
> Come of fathers brave and free,
> If there breathe on earth a slave,
> Are ye truly free and brave?
> If ye do not feel the chain,
> When it works a brother's pain,
> Are ye not base slaves indeed.
> Slaves unworthy to be freed?

"The Present Crisis" had the clarion ring.

> "Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
> In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
> Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
> Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
> And the choice goes on forever, 'twixt that darkness and that light."

• • • • • •

He had written:

> "He who would be the tongue of this wide land
> Must string his harp with cords of sturdy iron,"

and lo! he was the chosen one to bear the message. In the summer of 1846, the Mexican War was in progress, begun, as the antislavery people believed, for the increase of slave territory. Lowell's heart was stirred. What was the best weapon to use? Denunciation seemed to effect little. He had wit, and by a stroke of genius he decided to use it. He sent the "Boston Courier" a letter purporting to come from Ezekiel Biglow enclosing a poem from his son Hosea, in which the war was denounced. Then followed

> "John P.
> Robinson he,"

which the whole country soon knew by heart, and then the "Debate in the Sennit."

> "The mass ough' to labor an' we lay on soffies,
> Thet's the reason I want to spread Freedom's aree,
> It puts all the cunnin'est on us in office,
> An' reelises our Maker's orig'nal idee,"
> Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he; —
>
> • • • • • •
>
> "It's 'coz they're so happy, thet, wen crazy sarpints
> Stick their nose in our bizness, we git so darned riled;
> We think its our dooty to give pooty sharp hints,
> Thet the last crumb of Edin on airth sha'n't be spiled,"
> Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;
> "Ah," sez Dixon H. Lewis
> "It's perfectly true is
> Thet's slavery's airth's grettest boon," sez he.

The inimitable verses of Hosea Biglow were quoted on the streets and in the House of Commons. When in 1848 the "Biglow Papers" were published in book form, Lowell was indeed famous.

Scarcely was the ink dry on the pages, before "The Fable for Critics" was issued, so generally clear in its judgments, and so acute in its criticisms, that, while it raised a storm in some

quarters, it was eagerly read and enjoyed. He treated himself like the rest of the poets.

> "There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb
> With a whole bale of isms tied together with rhyme
> He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
> But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders;
> The top of the lull he will ne'er come nigh reaching
> Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching."

"But, truly," says Rev. Hugh K. Haweis, of London, "he never learnt it — he never meant to learn it. Song, satire, and parable — more and more as he lives and ponders and pours forth — are all so many pulpit illustrations or platform pleas. But the world calls him poet, and thereby confers upon him a higher kind of excellency than any ambassadorial rank. And the world is right."

The "Cornhill Magazine" said: "A man can hardly hope to repeat such a success as that of the 'Biglow Papers.' They are vigorous jets of song evolved by an excitement powerful enough to fuse together many heterogeneous elements. Strong sense, grotesque humor, hatred for humbug, patriotic fervor, and scorn of tyranny predominate alternately. It is only when an electric flash of emotion is passing through a nation that such singular products of spiritual chemistry are produced."

About this time "The Vision of Sir Launfal" was published, one of the few poems of the present day that will be read centuries hence. It is founded on the legend of the "Holy Grail," "the cup out of which Jesus partook of the last supper with his disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years, in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word, and deed, but, one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared.

From that time it was a favorite enterprise of the knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it."

"And what is so rare as a day in June?" found in the beginning of the poem, is familiar to all.

In 1851 Mr. Lowell and his wife went to Europe in a sailing vessel, visiting Switzerland, France, England, and Italy. Mrs. Lowell's health was failing. Sorrow had already come into the happy household, told in those exquisite poems, "She Came and Went," "The First Snow Fall,"

> "Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
> And she, kissing back, could not know
> That *my* kiss was given to her sister
> Folded close under deepening snow."

and "The Changeling": —

> "I had a little daughter
> And she was given to me
> To lead me gently backward
> To the Heavenly Father's knee,
> That I, by the force of nature,
> Might in some dim wise divine
> The depth of his infinite patience
> To this wayward soul of mine.
>
> • • • • • •
>
> "She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth
> And it hardly seemed a day,
> When a troop of wandering angels
> Stole my little daughter away;
> Or perhaps those heavenly Zingari
> But loosed the hampered strings.
> And when they had opened her cage-door.
> My little bird used her wings.
>
> "But they left in her stead a changeling,
> A little angel child,
> That seems like her bud in full blossom,
> And smiles as she never smiled:

When I wake in the morning, I see it
Where she always used to lie.
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky.

• • • • • •

"This child is not mine as the first was.
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bless it upon my breast;
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle
And sits in my little one's chair.
And the light of the heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair."

And sorrow was coming into the happy house hold again. The lovely wife, herself a poet, died, in the latter part of October, 1853, after nine years of delightful companionship; but fortunately not until she had seen her gifted husband come to fame. On the day she died a child was born in Longfellow's home, which he has so beautifully told in "The Two Angels."

In earlier years Lowell had prayed: —

"God! do not let my loved one die,
But rather wait until the time
That I am grown in purity
Enough to enter thy pure clime,
Then take me, I will gladly go,
So that my love remain below" —

and now when the prayer had not been answered, the burden was hard to bear, as "After the Burial" and "The Dead House" show — two poems written out of the heart's best blood.

"To learn such a simple lesson
Need I go to Paris and Rome,
That the many make the household
But only one the home?

• • • • • •

"Were it mine I would close the shutters

Like lids when the life is fled,
And the funeral fire should wind it —
This corpse of a home that is dead.

"For it died that autumn morning
When she, its soul, was borne
To lie all dark on the hill-side
That looks over woodland and corn."

These two poems, with the three mentioned previously, are like diamonds set in the burnished gold of human experience, and will therefore last. It is idle to expect any poetry to endure which does not touch deeply human interests, or speak the language of the common heart.

The lyre of Lowell had been struck on every string. He had tested failure and fame; he had tested love and loss. He was ready now for greater work than ever. Alas! that we have to learn to bear the world's burdens by bearing heavy ones of our own; alas! that we have to wade through deep waters before we can teach others how to reach the further shore in safety.

The next year, 1854, Mr. Lowell delivered a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute, on English Poets, and, after spending some time in Europe in study, accepted the professorship of Modern Languages in Harvard University, after Mr. Longfellow had resigned.

The years now became full of earnest work. At thirty-eight, from 1857 to 1862, five years, he was the editor of the Atlantic Monthly, and from 1863 to 1872, nine years, editor of the North American Review, with Professor Charles Eliot Norton.

In 1864 "Fireside Travels," containing "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago," and sketches of travel in Italy and elsewhere, was published. It was full of dainty touches — from "the Charles," that "slipped smoothly through green and purple salt meadows, darkened here and there, with the blossoming black-

grass, or with a stranded cloud-shadow," to "the cloudless sunrise in mid-ocean, beyond comparison for single grandeur, like Dante's style, bare and perfect."

In 1869 a volume of poems, "Under the Willows," appeared, and a year later, "The Cathedral," a strong and manful poem suggested by the Cathedral of Chartres. The same year, 1870, "My Study Windows" and the first volume of "Among my Books" were published. The former contains essays on Lincoln, Chaucer, Emerson, Carlyle, and others, and that rich and oft-quoted sketch, "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners." Its satire was keen and its lesson wholesome. "To Americans," he said, "America is something more than a promise and an expectation. It has a past and traditions of its own. A descent from men who sacrificed everything and came hither not to better their fortunes, but to plant their idea in virgin soil, should be a good pedigree. There was never colony save this that went forth, not to seek gold, but God."

Of Carlyle he said, "Though not the safest of guides in politics or practical philosophy, his value as an inspirer and awakener cannot be overestimated. It is a power which belongs only to the highest order of minds, for it is none but a divine fire that can so kindle and irradiate."

"Chaucer seems to me to have been one of the most purely original of poets, as much so in respect of the world that is about us as Dante in respect of that which is within us."

"Among my Books" contains Dryden, Shakspeare, Lessing, Rousseau, and the second volume, published in 1876, Dante, Spenser, Wordsworth, Milton, and Keats. The first volume was dedicated to his second wife, Frances, the niece of Ex-Governor Dunlap of Maine, whom he married four years after the death of Maria White Lowell.

The second volume was dedicated to Emerson, from "a love and honor which more than thirty years have deepened."

What a mine of learning, what masterly appreciation of a

master mind are shown in Dante! "He penetrates to the moral core of those who once fairly come within his sphere, and possesses them wholly. His readers turn students, his students zealots, and what was a taste becomes a religion. I think the sublimest reach to which poetry has risen is the conclusion of the 'Paradise,'" Of Spenser, Lowell says: "Whoever can endure unmixed delight; whoever can tolerate music, and painting, and poetry all in one: whoever wishes to be rid of thought and to let the busy anvils of the brain be silent for a time, let him read in the 'Faery Queen.' There is the land of pure heart's-ease, where no ache or sorrow of spirit can enter."

Who has ever described Shakespeare so well? "It may be reckoned one of the rarest pieces of good-luck that ever fell to the share of a race, that its most rhythmic genius, its acutest intellect, its profoundest imagination, and its healthiest understanding should have been combined in one man … the vast round of whose balanced nature seems to have been equatorial, and to have had a southward exposure and a summer sympathy at every point."

Of Lessing he said, "In the history of literature it would be hard to find a man so stalwart, so kindly, so sincere, so capable of great ideas, whether in their influence on the intellect or the life, so unswervingly true to the truth. Since Luther, Germany has given birth to no such intellectual athlete, to no son so German to the core. Greater poets she has had, but no greater writer; no nature more finely tempered. Nay, may we not say that great character is as rare a thing as great genius, if it be not even a nobler form of it? For surely it is easier to embody fine thinking, or delicate sentiment, or lofty aspiration in a book than in a life."

Of Dryden, "If I could be guilty of the absurdity of recommending to a young man any author on whom to form his style, I should tell him that, next to having something that will not stay unsaid, he could find no safer guide than Dryden."

Of Keats, "As we turn the leaves, they seem to warm and thrill our fingers with the flush of his fine senses and the flutter of his electrical nerves."

Lowell's ideal of a poet has always been an exalted one. "In the great poets there is an exquisite sensibility both of soul and sense that sympathizes like gossamer sea-moss with every movement of the element in which it floats, but which is rooted on the solid rock of our common sympathies…. The greatest poets, I think, have found man more interesting than nature."

Mr. Lowell himself thinks, and shows his warm heart in so thinking, that "man is of more concern and more convincing than the longest column of figures in the world." This is the kind of Political Economy we need to have taught in every college in the land.

In his essay on Pope, he says, "If God made poets for anything, it is to keep alive the traditions of the pure, the holy, and the beautiful": and in the essay on Swinburne, "To make beautiful conceptions immortal by exquisiteness of phrase is to be a poet, no doubt; but to be a new poet is to feel and to utter that immanent life of things without which the utmost perfection of mere form is at best only wax or marble. He who can do both is the great poet."

Lowell fears that England is passing into "a period of mere art without any intense conviction back of it," a condition which will soon kill the poetry or prose of a nation. When America has no great moral themes, she will have no great writers.

The "Nation," a journal that cannot be accused of indiscriminate or fulsome praise, spoke of "Among my Books" as "containing the deliberate words of perhaps the best of living English critics — his final judgments on many of the great names of literature; judgments which are the result of long and wide study and reading, of marvellous acuteness of sight and delicacy of sympathy, containing a poet's opinion of other

poets, a wit's opinion of others' wits; in short, the careful opinions of a man of cultivated genius concerning other men of genius who are near and dear to us all, but to all of us partly unintelligible without an interpreter, this book of Mr. Lowell's is one of the best gifts that for many years has come to the world of English literature; and to say this is to say one of the best gifts that has for many years come to the world of literature."

Meantime, the Civil War had come, with all its heart-breaking, and breaking of slavery chains.

The second series of the "Biglow Papers," keen as a Damascus blade, had been given to the world, and in 1865 Mr. Lowell read his great "Commemoration Ode" on the living and dead soldiers of Harvard University. It was dedicated, "To the ever sweet and shining memory of the ninety-three sons of Harvard College who have died for their country in the war of nationality." Among these were eight near relatives of the poet. No wonder that he wrote: —

"I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,
But the sad strings complain,
And will not please the ear:
I sweep them for a pæan, but they wane
Again and yet again
Into a dirge, and die away, in pain."

In this poem is found the immortal picture of Abraham Lincoln.

"For him her old-world moulds aside she threw.
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new.
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true."

In 1877, the year after the second volume of "Among my Books" and "Three Memorial Poems" were published, President Hayes wisely selected Mr. Lowell as our Minister to

Spain, and in 1880 transferred him to England. His diplomatic career was most acceptable to both England and America. His scholarship and true manhood won admiration everywhere. At the unveiling of the bust of Fielding in Taunton, Somersetshire; at the unveiling of the bust of Coleridge at Westminster Abbey — "the finest eulogium on Coleridge yet written," said the London press; of Gray in Pembroke College, at the commemoration service for Dean Stanley, and on various other marked occasions, Mr. Lowell's scholarly and sympathetic words won the heartiest approval.

When he left England to return home in 1885, the regret was universal. The "Spectator" said, "Mr. Lowell is going back to America, and though to him this means going home, to us it seems as though an honored countryman were leaving us. American ministers not a few have lived among us for a time, as though they were part and parcel of ourselves. But Mr. Lowell has done this in a sense and in a degree that has been reached by none of his predecessors. He is at once the most and the least English, and the most and the least American of all who write our common tongue, and it is this that fits him so preeminently to be the link that he has been between the two countries."

The "Fortnightly Review" said of his term of office that it "was perhaps the most successful ever fulfilled by an American Minister."

Every social honor was showered upon him. Oxford had offered him an important professorship, and several universities had conferred upon him their most distinguished degrees.

On his return to America, the leading authors of the country welcomed him in verse and prose in the columns of the Literary World, June 27, 1885. During the past two years he has not been idle. At the opening of the Free Public Library in Chelsea, Mass., December 22, 1885, he said, "There is no way in which a man can build so secure and lasting a monument for himself as in a public library. Upon that he may

confidently allow 'Resurgam' to be carved, for, through his good deed, he will rise again in the grateful remembrance and in the lifted and broadened minds and fortified characters of generation after generation. The pyramids may forget their builders, but memorials such as this have longer memories."

Would that in every city and town of our beloved country some wealthy man would build his monument in the erection of a Public Library. "I should be thankful if every day laborer among us could have his mind illumined, as those of Athens and Florence had, with some image of what is best in architecture, painting, and sculpture, to train his crude perceptions, and perhaps call out latent faculties. I should like to see the works of Ruskin within the reach of every artisan among us."

On the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Harvard University, who should deliver the address if not he whom Bancroft calls "our ablest critic." Here, though Mr. Lowell spoke in favor of the classics, calling "only those languages dead in which nothing living has been written," he urged that the "Humanities" be taught. "Give first of all and last of all the science that ennobles life and makes it generous… Let it be our hope to make a gentleman of every youth who is put under our charge; not a conventional gentleman, but a man of culture, a man of intellectual resource, a man of public spirit, a man of refinement, with that good taste which is the conscience of the mind and that conscience which is the good taste of the soul."

Several of his recent addresses have been gathered into his latest volume, "Democracy," published in 1887. He spends much of his time with his only child, Mrs. Edward Burnett, at her home, Deerfoot Farm, in Southboro, Massachusetts, instead of his Cambridge home, "Elmwood." Last winter he delivered before the Lowell Institute a course of valuable lectures on the English Dramatists.

As a poet and man of letters, Lowell takes very high rank,

but better still in the great human family, he takes very high rank as a man; genuine, polished, true, one who has helped forward the time when

> "Down the happy future runs a flood
> Of prophesying light;
> It shows an earth no longer stained with blood.
> Blossom and fruit where now we see the bud
> Of Brotherhood and Right."

Though "Earth stops the ears I best had loved to please," yet America loves him, and what can man or woman ask or care for more than to be loved?

Mr. Lowell died at his home, Elmwood, in Cambridge, Mass., at 2.15 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, August 12, 1891. His health had been impaired since his return from England in 1885. He was buried from Appleton Chapel on Friday noon, August 14, Bishop Phillips Brooks conducting the services, Oliver Wendell Holmes, George William Curtis, President Eliot of Harvard University, Charles Eliot Norton, William Dean Howells, and others, acting as pall-bearers. The body was interred in Mount Auburn Cemetery, not far from the grave of Longfellow.

CHAPTER VIII
Thomas Wentworth Higginson

One scarcely knows which to admire most, Colonel Higginson's record as author, soldier, lecturer, reformer, or his character as a man. We read his books and are captivated by the masterful style in which the thought is set. We see him early in life, fearless, energetic, with Phillips and Garrison in the very thick of the anti-slavery combat, a man of the highest social position, placing himself at the head of the first regiment of colored soldiers. We see him, every inch a gentleman, presiding at a woman suffrage convention, when it was considered a thing to be ridiculed that a woman should desire to express at the ballot-box an opinion upon the vital questions of our country; the country which she had loved and for which she had suffered since she prayed in the Mayflower, or buried her dead on Plymouth Hill.

We see him holding other audiences by his eloquent words on literary or political subjects, and then, best of all, we see him in his lovely home, the considerate, true-hearted husband, living out such an ideal affection with his little daughter Margaret as makes women proud that he has been their champion.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson comes of a distinguished ancestry. Rev. Francis Higginson, two centuries ago, came from England and settled at Salem, the spiritual leader of that first large colony. Being a non-conformist, he was deprived of his benefice, but came to his adopted country with a spirit of tolerance which all might do well to copy. Cotton Mather tells us that as his ship was passing Land's End he called the passengers about him and exclaimed: "We will not say as the

Separatists were wont to say at their leaving of England, 'Farewell, Babylon; farewell, Rome!' but we will say, Farewell, dear England! farewell, the church of God in England, and all the Christian friends there. We do not go to New England as Separatists, though we cannot but separate from the corruptions of it. But we go to practise the positive part of church reformation, and propagate the gospel in America."

John Higginson, the son of Francis, was, like his father, an author as well as preacher for seventy-two years. Stephen Higginson, the grandfather of Thomas Wentworth, a member of the Continental Congress, was also an author, supposed to have written the "Laco" letters against John Hancock, which were thought to rival those of Junius. His son Stephen, the father of Thomas, a highly honored Boston merchant and philanthropist, also wrote several pamphlets, while the mother, descended from Chaucer, the father of English poetry, wrote several books for children. It is not strange, therefore, that authorship was in the boy's blood.

Stephen Higginson, "having lost a moderate fortune by Jefferson's embargo," moved to Cambridge, and became the Bursar of Harvard College. Here Thomas was born, Dec. 22, 1823. Of his early life he says in the "Forum": "I was born and cradled within the college atmosphere, and amid a world of books and bookish men, the list of these last including many since famous, who were familiar visitors at our house…. My first nurse, if not a poet, was the theme of poetry, being one Rowena Pratt, the wife of Longfellow's 'Village Blacksmith'; and no doubt her singing made the heart of her young charge rejoice, as when she sang in that paradise to which the poet has raised her. Later, I tumbled about in a library, as Holmes recommends, and in the self-same library where he practised the like gymnastics; that of his kind old father. Dr. Abiel Holmes, whose grandson, now Dr. C. W. Parsons, of Providence, was my constant playmate. At home the process could be repeated in a comfortable library of Queen Anne literature

in delightful old-fashioned editions, on which I began to browse as soon as the period of 'Sandford and Merton' and Mrs. Edge worth's 'Prank' had passed.

"It passed early, for it was the custom in those days to teach children to read, and sometimes to write, before they were four years old — a practice now happily discontinued. Another more desirable custom prevailed in the household, for my mother read aloud a great deal in the evening; and I thus became familiar with Scott's novels as I sat gazing in the fire or lay stretched in delicious indolence upon the hearth-rug. Literature was also brought freely in from without. I remember that Jared Sparks used to come with whole portfolios of Washington's and Franklin's letters — which he was then editing — and leave them for the household to look over; and I can recall Dr. Palfrey's reading Hawthorne's 'Rill of the Town Pump' to my mother, during a morning call, with the assurance on his part that the author, then almost unknown, was worthy of attention…. Margaret Fuller was then a familiar guest, and so were the sisters of Professor Longfellow, not yet a citizen of Cambridge. Later, Lowell and Story were my school-mates, though five years older.

"My father's financial losses secured for me a valuable combination of circumstances — the tradition of social refinement united with the practice of economy. This last point was farther emphasized by his death, when I was ten years old; and I, as the youngest of a large family, was left to be brought up mainly by women, and fortunately by those whom I was accustomed to seeing treated with intellectual respect by prominent men. Their influence happily counteracted a part of that received from an exceedingly rough school to which I was sent at eight years old. The school of which I speak was kept by a well-educated Englishman, William Wells, a most painstaking and worthy teacher and a good classical scholar — he having edited the first American edition of Cicero — but one whose boarding-school was conducted

essentially on the old English plan, and was somewhat brutalizing in its effect on the boys…. Being only a day scholar, and walking a mile each way twice a day, beneath the beautiful trees which then shaded Brattle Street, I have mainly pleasurable associations with the period; the more especially as, being one of the more studious pupils, I rarely felt the weight of the birch which was never absent from Mr. Wells's hand."

In "Atlantic Essays," Colonel Higginson says of an old Latin text-book of these school-days, "To me it is redolent of the alder blossoms of boyish springs, and the aromatic walnut odor, which used in autumn to pervade the dells of 'Sweet Auburn' that lay not so very far from our school-house. It is a very precious book, and it should be robed in choice Turkey morocco, were not the very covers too much a part of the association to be changed. For between them I gathered the seed-grain of many harvests of delight; through this low archway I first looked upon the immeasurable beauty of words."

At thirteen the boy entered Harvard College, and graduated, as he says, at the "absurdly early age of seventeen." "At graduation I could read simple Greek and Latin easily enough; but of the world of ancient art or manners we all knew little. I had a useful lesson on this subject not long after my graduation, from a lively young girl, whose training, though briefer, had been more comprehensive. We were looking at some small casts of Greek friezes, and I was kind enough, as became a young Harvard alumnus, to explain them to her. I called her attention to the graceful figures of the young riders in the bas-relief; and said how strange it was that the Greeks, who delineated human beings so well, should have made their horses so clumsy, with such thick necks, I said. 'But,' said she, 'did not the Thessalian horses have those thick necks?' Alas, I did not even know that the Greek horses came from Thessaly!

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"The teachers of modern languages did much for us; I had fortunately been fairly grounded in French in childhood, by a

cousin who had lived long in Paris; and Professor Longfellow's instructions always had a charm, not diminished by the eager interest inspired by his 'Hyperion' and by the proof-sheets of 'Voices of the Night,' brought occasionally to the recitation-room by the printer's boy."

He learned also Italian and Spanish, and was especially fond of mathematics. "Other pursuits of life," he says, "soon drew me from that early love. This I have always regretted, and so did Professor Peirce, who fancied that I had some faculty that way, and had me put, when but eighteen, on a committee to examine the mathematical classes of the college. Long after, when I was indicted for the attempted rescue of a fugitive slave, and the prison walls seemed impending, I met him in the street and told him that if I were imprisoned I should have time to read La Place's 'Mecanique Celeste.' 'In that case,' said the professor, who abhorred the abolitionists, 'I sincerely wish you may.'"

After college life, Higginson spent two years in teaching, chiefly in the family of a cousin, Stephen Higginson Perkins, whose humanitarian spirit greatly influenced the young man. Of one of the three boys whom he taught, he afterward wrote a memoir in the "Harvard Memorial Biographies." He now returned to Cambridge, and spent two years "in an immense diversity of reading, in which German literature on the whole predominated." The "Life of Jean Paul Richter," he says, was for him an epoch-making book. In this and "Fruit, Flower, and Thorn Pieces" he found a picture of "plain living and high thinking" which "made it seem easy to make sacrifices in order to pursue one's own studies and live one's own life," Two years more were spent in the Theological School, and then he became pastor of the First Religious Society at Newburyport in 1847.

Like Whittier and Lowell, he could not rest when human beings were in bondage, and so ardent was he in the advocacy of anti-slavery sentiments that in 1850 he was made the

Freesoil Candidate for Congress in the Northeastern District of Massachusetts, he and his church parting company on account of his views. How proud we are now of these men who saw the light of duty before their brethren!

This same year, the courageous young preacher signed the first call for a national convention of the friends of woman suffrage, held at Worcester, Mass., and henceforward has been one of the ablest and most eloquent advocates of woman's equality before the law, of giving her the highest educational privileges, and opportunity to enter the professions. Nobody has shown more beautiful deference to womanhood, and nobody deserves more honor and gratitude from women in return.

In 1852 he became the minister of the Free Church at Worcester, the year following, editing, with Samuel Longfellow, a book of poetry for the seaside, called "Thalatta." This year occurred the Anthony Burns riot, concerning which Higginson has so graphically written in a pamphlet for children, published in 1886. This fugitive slave had escaped from his Richmond master, and was earning his living in Boston, when arrested by the slave-hunters and thrown into jail. Boston lovers of liberty were aroused. A large meeting was held at Faneuil Hall, at which Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and others spoke burning words. Higginson and his friends led a rescuing party to the Court House, but when the doors were broken in they were overpowered by the Marshal and his assistants. The United States troops were called out, and Burns, guarded by soldiers, was carried through the streets, hung with mourning for Boston's disgrace, while church bells tolled in sense of shame and sorrow. He was hurried on board a steamer at Long Wharf, and borne into a slavery worse than ever, but, as Judge Shaw said, "'No law can stand another such strain.' Burns was the last man sent back into slavery by a Boston court."

In 1858 Higginson resigned his pulpit at Worcester, and

took an active part in the Kansas struggle, organizing Freesoil parties, and holding a place on the staff of General Lane.

When John Brown was sentenced at Harper's Ferry he was one of those who planned for the rescue of two of Brown's companions, but was unsuccessful. When the Civil War began he at once offered his services to Governor Andrew. He recruited two companies in the vicinity of Worcester, and was made captain.

While in camp, he was invited to become the Colonel of the First South Carolina Volunteers, the first slave regiment in the service of the United States, He accepted the unexpected offer, and for two years commanded these men, learning their good qualities, treating them with all possible kindness, and receiving unbounded admiration and affection in return. In his book, "Army Life in a Black Regiment," the vivid appreciative record of these two years is as fascinating as a novel and as tender in spirit as if written out of a woman's heart. We hear the colored people singing their pathetic hymns; on that memorable January 1, 1863, listening to Abraham Lincoln's proclamation of freedom with swelling hearts and tearful eyes, while they sing —

> "My country 'tis of thee,
> Sweet land of liberty."

We see them making excursions up the St. Mary's and St. John's, often encountering the enemy, always meeting danger, even death, heroically, for had they not a colonel who dared to lead? It is said that women are hero-worshippers where courage is shown, but men certainly are not wanting in admiration of a brave man.

"Nothing," says Higginson, "can ever exaggerate the fascinations of war, whether on the largest or smallest scale. When we settled down into camp-life again, it seemed like a butterfly's folding its wings to re-enter the chrysalis." And yet that camp-life was full of pleasing incident. I do not know where

in the English language we can turn for a sweeter life-picture than that of the "Baby of the Regiment." We see little Annie, the Quartermaster's daughter, "with sweet blue eyes and pretty brown hair, with round dimpled cheeks, and that perfect dignity which is so beautiful in a baby. She hardly ever cried, and was not at all timid. She would go to anybody, and yet did not encourage any romping from any but the most intimate friends. At 'guard-mounting,' in the morning, when the men who are to go on guard duty for the day are drawn up to be inspected. Baby was always there to help inspect them…. Then the officer of the day, who appears at guard-mounting with his sword and sash, and comes afterward to the colonel's tent for orders, would come and speak to Baby on his way, and receive her orders first. "When the time came for drill she was usually present to watch the troops; and when the drum beat for dinner she liked to see the long row of men in each company march up to the cook-house, in single file, each with tin cup and plate…. We had, at different times, a variety of pets, of whom Annie did not take much notice…. The only pets that took Baby's fancy were the kittens. They perfectly delighted her from the first moment she saw them; they were the only things younger than herself that she had ever beheld, and the only things softer than themselves that her small hands had grasped….

"I suppose we hardly knew, at the time, how large a part of the sunshine of our daily lives was contributed by dear little Annie…. But she went back, with the spring, to her northern birthplace, and there passed away from this earth before her little feet had fairly learned to tread its paths; and when I meet her next it must be in some world where there is triumph without armies and where innocence is trained in scenes of peace." This book was translated into the French language by the Comtesse de Gasparin.

In August, 1863, Colonel Higginson was seriously wounded at Wiltown Bluff, which cost the health and strength of

several years. In October of the year following, he resigned, and two years later the regiment was mustered out at Fort Wagner, above the graves of Colonel Shaw and his men.

In 1863, Higginson's "Out-Door Papers" were published, a book that has been a blessing to tens of thousands who needed to be taught that exercise in the open air would give to Americans the strong physique they had hitherto so much needed. He said, "Physical health is a necessary condition of all permanent success…. 'I observe,' admits the Englishman, 'that an American can accomplish more at a single effort than any other man on earth, but I also observe that he exhausts himself in the achievement.' The solution is simple: nervous energy is grand, and so is muscular power; combine the two, and you move the world….

"Some physiologists go so far as to demand six hours of out-door life daily, and it is absurd to complain that we have not the healthy animal happiness of children, while we forswear their simple sources of pleasure…. A square mile even of pond water is worth a year's schooling to any intelligent boy. A boat is a kingdom. I personally own one — a mere flat bottomed 'float' with a centre-board. It has seen service — it is eight years old — has spent two winters under the ice, and been fished in by boys every day for as many summers…. To own the poorest boat is better than hiring the best. It is a link to nature: without a boat, one is so much less the man."

"A man without high health," said Horace Mann, "is as much at war with nature as a guilty soul is at war with the spirit of God."

Colonel Higginson set the American people thinking. He said, "As I take it, nature said, some years since — 'Thus far the English is my best race; but we have had Englishmen enough: now for another turning of the globe, and a further novelty: we need something with a little more buoyancy than the Englishman; let us lighten the structure even at some peril in the process. Put in one drop more of nervous fluid and

make the American.' With that drop, a new range of promise opened on the human race, and a lighter, finer, more highly organized type of mankind was born. But the promise must be fulfilled through unequalled dangers…. To surmount all this we have got to fight the good fight."

We read in this book the exquisite beauty of "April Days," "Water Lilies," and the "Procession of the Flowers," praised by the English as well as American press: "The blossom of the birch is more delicate, that of the willow more showy, but the alders come first. They cluster and dance everywhere upon the bare boughs above the watercourses; the blackness of the buds is softened into rich brown and yellow; and as this graceful creature comes waving into the spring, it is pleasant to remember that the Norse Eddas fabled the first woman to have been named Embla, because she was created from an alder-bough."

How delicious is the following, to one who has gathered the trailing arbutus: "The fingers sink in the soft, moist verdure, and make at each instant some superb discovery unawares…. The hands go wandering over the moss as over the keys of a piano, and bring forth odors for melodies. The lovely creatures twine and nestle, and lay their glowing faces to the very earth beneath withered leaves, and what seemed mere barrenness becomes fresh and fragrant beauty." Or this, of the Laurel, most attractive of all the flowers, perhaps, save the Daisy: —

"When June is at its height the sculptured chalices of the mountain laurel begin to unfold, and thenceforward, for more than a month, extends the reign of this our woodland queen. I know not why one should sigh after the blossoming gorges of the Himalaya, when our forests are all so crowded with glowing magnificence — rounding the tangled swamps into smoothness, lighting up the underwoods, overtopping the pastures, lining the rural lanes, and rearing its great pinkish masses till they meet overhead."

Like Lowell, Higginson has made himself a friend of the birds. "The clear, calm, interrupted chant of the wood-thrush fell like solemn waterdrops from some source above. I am acquainted with no sound in nature so sweet, so elevated, so serene. Flutes and flageolets are art's poor efforts to recall that softer sound. It is simple, and seems all prelude; but the music to which it is the overture belongs to other spheres."

He has been a devoted student and lover of nature. "The walls of my study are of ever-changing verdure, and its roof and floor of ever varying hue. I never enter it without a new heaven above and new thoughts below…. O radiant and divine afternoon! The poets profusely celebrate silver evenings and golden mornings; but what floods on floods of beauty steep the earth and gladden it in the first hours of day's decline! … Every summer I launch my boat to seek some realm of enchantment beyond all the sordidness and sorrow of earth, and never yet did I fail to ripple with my prow at least the outskirts of those magic waters. What spell has fame or wealth to enrich this midday blessedness with a joy the more? … The more bent any man is upon action, the more profoundly he needs this very calmness of Nature to preserve his equilibrium…. The simple enjoyments of out-door life, costing next to nothing, tend to equalize all vexations."

His next book was a translation of the Works of Epictetus, based on that of the gifted student in Greek, Elizabeth Carter, of England. "It has not seemed to me strange," he says, "but very natural, to pass from camp-life to the study of Epictetus…. There seemed a special appropriateness in coming to this work from a camp of colored soldiers, whose great exemplar, Toussaint I'Ouverture, made the works of this, his fellow-slave, a favorite manual."

After the war, Colonel Higginson chose Newport as his home, as his wife, a niece of William Ellery Channing, had been an invalid for many years. Here he wrote, "Malbone, an Oldport Romance," of which the late John G. Saxe said, "It

seems to us the most brilliant romance that has appeared in this country since Hawthorne laid down the most fascinating pen ever held by an American author." Philip Malbone stands out from the page, a type, unfortunately not seldom found, for whom there is "something piquant in being thus neither innocent nor guilty, but always on some delicious middle ground. He loved dearly to skate on thin ice—especially where he fancied the water to be just within his depth. Unluckily the sea of life deepens rather fast." Aunt Jane is a reality: "Every day she expected something entirely new to happen, and was never disappointed. For she herself always happened, if nothing else did." Emilia brings tears to our eyes as we see her breathless upon the rocks. A hand that could touch hearts so strongly should have touched them again, save for a single reason; the world perchance needed that hand in history more than in fiction, for the rare gift of making history interesting, so that it will be read and thus influence the nation, is so rare that it is genius indeed.

The "Atlantic Essays" were published in 1871, scholarly and valuable. Higginson's rules in "Literature as an Art" should be placed before every author's desk: "*Simplicity* must be the first element of literary art…. But style is capable of something more than smoothness and clearness…. There is a new quality in the page — it has become alive. *Freshness* is perhaps the best word to describe this additional element; it is a style that has blood in it…. The most obvious way to acquire it is to keep one's life fresh and vigorous, to write only what presses to be said, and to utter that as if the world waited for the saying…. The next element of literary art may be said to be *structure*…. The next lies in the *choice of words.* Style must have richness and felicity…. A final condition is *thoroughness.* 'The greater part of an author's time,' said Dr. Johnson, 'is spent in reading in order to write; a man will turn over half a library to make one book.' … There is still preserved at Ferrara the piece of paper on which Ariosto wrote

in sixteen different ways one of his most famous stanzas."

Who has more beautifully illustrated in his own writing the power of human speech than Mr. Higginson? "There is," he says, "no conceivable beauty of blossom so beautiful as words — none so graceful, none so perfumed. It is possible to dream of combinations of syllables so delicious that all the dawning and decay of summer cannot rival their perfection, nor winter's stainless white and azure match their purity and their charm…. A finely organized sentence should throb and palpitate like the most delicate vibrations of the summer air."

No wonder Helen Hunt Jackson said that the "Out-Door Papers" had been her model for years. "I go to it as a text-book, and have actually spent hours at a time, taking one sentence after another, and experimenting upon them, trying to see if I could take out a word or transpose a clause, and not destroy their perfection." Colonel Higginson writes slowly, and polishes his work carefully. Hence it will stand the test of time.

Like Emerson, Higginson is an "American of the Americans." "It seems unspeakably important," he says, "that all persons among us, and especially the student and the writer, should be pervaded with Americanism. Americanism includes the faith that national self-government is not a chimera, but that, with whatever inconsistencies and drawbacks, we are steadily establishing it here." I remember with what a look of surprise a friend of mine heard my assertion that, "I should stay abroad only till my longing for America compelled me to return. I could not long be out of its hope and energy and progress."

"The positive force of writing or of speech," says Higginson, "must come from positive sources — ardor, energy, depth of feeling or of thought. No instruction ever gave these, only the inspiration of a great soul, a great need, or a great people…. Perhaps it is the best phenomenon of American life, thus far, that the word 'gentleman,' which in England still

designates a social order, is here more apt to refer to personal character. When we describe a person as a gentleman, we usually refer to his manners, morals, and education, not to his property or birth; and this change alone is worth the transplantation across the Atlantic."

In 1873, "Oldport Days" appeared, the two most charming sketches being, to my mind, "An Artist's Creation," and "A Shadow," both full of noble human tenderness. Two years later the "Young Folks' History of the United States" was published, a book which I enjoyed as heartily as the boy for whom I purchased it. This was soon republished in England, and translated into German, French, and Italian. A new day had dawned for the school-children — when dry facts gave way to charming stories.

Latterly an enlarged history of our country, for adults, has appeared, by Higginson, concerning which the "Literary World" says: "Persons, times, events, are brought before us with all the vividness of actual life; we see not the skeleton commonly called history, but the romances, flesh and blood of living reality. We hold our breath as Columbus watches for land on the last night of his voyage; we go off pirating with Drake; we tremble with the sincere, misguided Puritan of 1692 to know what to do with the witches; we run through the darkness to Lexington, and pepper the red-coats to Boston with the rest."

In 1877, the "Young Folks' Book of American Explorers," was published, and "Short Studies of American Authors," papers on Hawthorne, Poe, Thoreau, Howells, H. H., and Henry James, Jr.

The next year, Higginson removed from Newport to the home of his childhood, Cambridge, where he has built an attractive house in the old colonial style, red in color, the upper portion in shingles. The wide, welcome porch is covered with clematis, woodbine, and roses in summer, while in the restful grounds in the rear is a group of forest trees, with

little Margaret's swing, steps leading up into a tree for her pretty seat, and a tennis-court.

The interior of the home is in perfect keeping with the taste of a lover of books and a lover of home. As you enter the square hall, you are attracted by the stars and stripes draped above the blue tiles of the open fireplace; the first flag ever carried by a colored regiment. Here is an old United States sword taken from a confederate officer, and here two worn by Colonel Higginson. Here are pictures of Stephen Higginson, in the Continental Congress, Daniel Webster, and a Madonna of Lucca della Robbia.

The parlor is in quiet tints of brown, with crimson curtains, and everywhere are books and pictures that show the culture of the household. We look upon the picture of the mother, a poetical face with dark hair and eyes. Here is the Spanish mandolin she used to play upon, now lying upon the piano. We hold in our hands a little notebook, two inches by four, in Margaret Fuller's own writing — precious memento. Out of this room opens the library, where, in the midst of books, Colonel Higginson writes daily, looking out upon little Margaret's play-ground. His seat is an old-fashioned arm-chair, which has been in the Wentworth family for generations. The octagonal dining-room has plants in every window flooded by the sunlight which they love to grow in.

Into this home has come another wife, death having taken the first loved one, Miss Mary Thacher, refined and cultivated, a niece of Longfellow's first wife. She has written, "Seashore and Prairie," "Room for One More," a story for children, and some other works. Into this home came a lovely child. "That house is so far sacred which holds within its walls this newborn heir of eternity." She was soon transplanted to a higher home, and then came Margaret, with her beautiful large dark eyes and curling hair.

In these last few years, what an amount of work Colonel Higginson has done. For three years a member of the

Massachusetts State Board of Education, and on the visiting committees of Harvard University and the Bridgewater Normal School; a member of the State Legislature; a member of the American Oriental Society, the American Philological Society, the New England Historic Genealogical Society, the Boston Society of Natural History, and of several other associations.

A ready and accomplished speaker, he has taken a leading part in politics, especially in the Independent Organization. For years he was much in the lecture field, and successful. For the "Nation," the "Woman's Journal," and the foremost magazines of the country, he has been a constant contributor, in poetry as well as prose.

In a recent number of the "Century" is the following appreciative tribute:

To the Memory of H. H.

"O soul of fire within a woman's clay!
Lifting with slender hands a race's wrong,
Whose mute appeal hushed all thine early song,
And taught thy passionate heart the loftier way;
What shall thy place be in the realms of day?

What disembodied world can hold thee long,
Binding thy turbulent pulse with spell more strong?
Dwell'st thou, with wit and jest, where poets may?
Or with ethereal women (born of air
And poet's dreams) dost live in ecstasy,
Teach new love-thoughts to Shakspeare's Juliet fair,
New moods to Cleopatra? Then, may be
The woes of Shelley's Helen thou dost share,
Or weep with poor Rossetti's Rose Mary."

As a presiding officer at a public gathering, Higginson is unsurpassed, witty, clear-headed, able, and considerate. May 11, 1881, at the celebration of the battle of Cowpens at Spartanburg, S.C, he made the address, closing with these admir-

able words, "How far away seem now the contests of the revolutionary time! Between those days and these has rolled the smoke of a later strife, now happily passed by. To heal the terrible wounds of the later contest; to criticise each other nobly and frankly, as friends, not vindictively, as enemies; to encounter side by side the new social problems of the new age, — this should now be the generous rivalry of the descendants of the 'Old Thirteen.' There are sins enough for all to repent; errors enough for all to correct. It is useless now to distribute the award of praise or blame. There is not a State of the Union which has not its own hard problems to work out, its own ordeals to go through. No state can dare to be permanently clouded by the ignorance of any class of its people, or to allow any class to oppress any other. The bad effect of a single act of injustice may be felt among children's children. But each generation learns its own lessons, and Time is the great healer."

It was a dramatic situation that he who had commanded a regiment of South Carolina slaves should represent the New England States at this celebration, by appointment of their governors, and be cordially received by men some of whose slaves had been in his regiment.

This year he gave before the Grand Army Posts of Suffolk County, at Tremont Temple, Boston, his stirring "Memorial Ode:" —

> "Courage is first and last of what we need
> To mould a nation for triumphal sway:
> All else is empty air,
> A promise vainly fair,
> Like the bright beauty of the ocean spray,
> Tossed up toward heaven, but never reaching there.
> Not in the past, but in the future, we
> Must seek the mastery
> Of fate and fortune, thought and word and deed."

Besides all this public work, several books have come from his hand in these recent years: "Common Sense about Women," rich in illustration, and so fair and able that it deserves a place in every home — a book I have read through several times — of which the "Chicago Inter-Ocean" says, "If one of its short chapters could be read aloud every day during the year in the millions of homes in the land, its power for good could scarcely be overestimated." The "Life of Margaret Fuller," a book which met the heartiest welcome on every side — fortunate woman to have such a biographer, fortunate man to have such a life to portray. How beautifully Higginson summarizes her history: "She shared in great deeds, she was the counsellor of great men, she had a husband who was a lover, and she had a child. They loved each other in their lives, and in their death they were not divided; was not that enough?"

"The Monarch of Dreams" is an original and unique study, intangible as a dream, and yet real as life. His last book, "Hints on Writing and Speech-Making," is most suggestive. "A Letter to a Young Contributor" is invaluable: "Disabuse yourself especially of the belief that any grace or flow of style can come from writing rapidly. Haste can make you slip-shod, but it can never make you graceful…. Do not waste a minute, not a second, in trying to demonstrate to others the merit of your own performance. If your work does not vindicate itself you cannot vindicate it, but you can labor steadily on to something which needs no advocate but itself…. Remember how many great writers have created the taste by which they were enjoyed, and do not be in a hurry. Toughen yourself a little, and accomplish something better. Inscribe above your desk the words of Rivarol, 'Genius is only great patience.'"

His rules for speaking are: "Have something that you desire very much to say…. Always speak in a natural key and in a conversational manner…. Never carry a scrap of paper before an audience…. Plan out a series of a few points as simple

and as orderly as possible…. Plan beforehand for one good fact and one good illustration under each head of your speech…. Do not torment yourself up to the last moment about your speech, but give your mind a rest before it."

Colonel Higginson, while essentially a man of letters, never forgets that he is in the world to help forward all that can elevate mankind. An ardent worker amid the past, he never forgets the living issues of the present. He has helped America in a thousand ways; her authors, her thinkers, her toilers.

He has taught us hope and courage and fearless advocacy of the right. He has taught us tolerance, pride in our own country, and the beauty and honor of an upright life. "The austere virtues — the virtues of Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier — are the best soil for genius." We must be scholars but not recluses; we must keep in the sunlight of high ideals. "The soul," he says," is like a musical instrument: it is not enough that it be framed for the very most delicate vibration, but it must vibrate long and often before the fibres grow mellow to the finest waves of sympathy." Therein is his secret; sympathy with mankind. He has striven all his life after the best things for the race; equal freedom for all, time to enjoy nature, and education for the poorest.

Too busy to waste time, he yet spends hours of delight on his tricycle with his pretty little daughter — gaining fresh health and strength for future years. And those who know him best, love to think of him with his manly physique and kindly face, not on battle-fields, not in the whirl of politics, not in the seclusion of the student, but in his restful, happy home, gaining inspiration and cheer and comfort from his darling child, Margaret, for has he not said, "The height of heights is love"?

CHAPTER IX
Richard Henry Stoddard

It is interesting to note that all the authors previously mentioned in this book have been scholars, all had "that vast and omnivorous appetite for books which," says Thomas Wentworth Higginson, "is the most common sign of literary talent." They had also what Sainte-Beuve calls "the characteristic sign of literary natures, the faithful worship of genius."

Longfellow seemed conversant with the literature of all ages and all countries; Lowell, the same. Stoddard, though not a college-educated man, is one of the most widely read of our men of letters, having at his home, says the "Literary World," "a collection of the poets, ancient and modern, which of its kind has probably no equal in America, the result of forty years collecting and study." "The true university of these days," says Carlyle, "is a collection of books."

Stedman says of him, "His knowledge of English literature, old and new, early became so valuable that his younger associates, drawn to him by admiration of his poetry, never failed to profit by his learning and suggestions…. The characteristics of Stoddard's verse are affluence, sincere feeling, strength, a manner unmistakably his own, very delicate fancy, and, above all, an imagination at times exceeded by that of no other American poet."

Stoddard has been a tireless worker, but the Muse is a hard mistress and expects undivided homage. There are no loitering places on the road to fame.

Richard Henry Stoddard was born at Hingham, Mass., a town bordering on the sea, July, 1825. His ancestors, like those of Hawthorne, were seafaring men. His widowed

mother moved to New York City in his boyhood, but he never forgot his love for the ocean. Often and often in the complete edition of his poems, issued by Scribners in 1880, he sings of the sea: —

"By the margent of the sea
I would build myself a home,
Where the mighty waters be,
On the edges of their foam.
Ribs of sand should be the mounds
In my grounds;
My grasses should be ocean weeds,
Strung with pulpy beads;
And my blossoms should be shells,
Bleaching white.
Washed from ocean's deepest cells
By the billows morn and night."

• • • • • •

"Me, whom the city holds, whose feet
Have worn its stony highways,
Familiar with its loneliest street —
Its ways were never my ways.
My cradle was beside the sea,
And there, I hope, my grave will be.

• • • • • •

"Dear country home! Can I forget
The least of thy sweet trifles?
The window-vines that clamber yet,
Whose blooms the bee still rifles?
The roadside blackberries, growing ripe,
And in the woods the Indian Pipe?"

In his beautiful "Hymn to the Sea," he says: —

"I love thee, Ocean, and delight in thee.
Thy color, motion, vastness, — all the eye
Takes in from shore, and on the tossing waves;
Nothing escapes me, not the least of weeds
That shrivels and blackens on the barren sand.

I have been walking on the yellow sands.
Watching the long, white, ragged fringe of foam
The waves had washed up on the curves of beach,
The endless fluctuation of the waves.
The circuit of the sea-gulls, low, aloft,
Dipping their wings an instant in the brine.
And urging their swift flight to distant woods.
And round and over all the perfect sky.
Clear, cloudless, luminous in the summer noon."

Life had few play-days for young Stoddard. At first he worked in a cotton factory, then as a lawyer's clerk, a reporter, a book-keeper, and finally as an apprentice to an iron-moulder. All this time he loved poetry, read in every spare hour, and wrote out of the fulness of his heart. He offered his writings here and there, and probably had his share of refusals. In an article in "Harper's Magazine," on Edgar Allan Poe, years afterward, he gives this glimpse of his early experiences: —

"I was then, if not a boy, a very young man, and I had a weakness not wholly confined to very young men — I wrote verse and thought it poetry. Something that I had written assumed that pleasing form to my deluded imagination. It was an 'Ode on a Grecian Flute.' I have a strong suspicion now that I was fresh from the reading of Keats, and that I particularly admired his 'Ode on a Grecian Urn.' Be this as it may, I sent my ode to the 'Broadway Journal,' I presume, with a letter addressed to Edgar A. Poe, Esq., and waited with fear and trembling." How many young writers have been through that bitter experience!

"One week, two weeks passed, and it did not appear. Evidently the demand for odes was slack. When I could bear my disappointment no longer, I made time to take a long walk to the office of the 'Broadway Journal,' in Clinton Hall, and asked for Mr. Poe. He was not in. Might I inquire where he lived? I was directed to a street and a number that I have forgotten, but it was in the eastern part of the city, I think in

East Broadway near Clinton Street — a neighborhood now given up to sundry of the tribes of Israel.

"I knocked at the street-door, and was presently shown up to Poe's apartments, on the second or third floor. He received me kindly. I told my errand, and he promised that my ode should be printed next week. I was struck with his polite manner toward me, and with the elegance of his appearance. He was slight and pale, I saw, with large, luminous eyes, and was dressed in black. When I quitted the room, I could not but see Mrs. Poe, who was lying on a bed, apparently asleep. She too was dressed in black, and was pale and wasted. 'Poor lady!' I thought, 'she is dying of consumption.' I was sad on her account, but glad on my own; for had I not seen a real live author, the great Edgar Allan Poe, and was not my ode to be published at once in his paper?

"I bought the next issue of the 'Broadway Journal,' but the ode was not in it. It was mentioned, however, somewhat in this style: 'We decline to publish the "Ode on a Grecian Flute," unless we can be assured of its authenticity.' I was astounded, as almost any young gentleman in his teens would have been. I was indignant also. I made time to take another long walk to the office of the 'Broadway Journal,' and asked again for Mr. Poe. I was told that he was out but would probably be in in half an hour. I sauntered about the park, heating myself in the hot sun, and went back at the end of an hour.

"Poe had returned, and was in the inner office. He was sitting in a chair, asleep, but the publisher awoke him. He was in a morose mood. 'Mr. Poe,' I said, 'I have called to assure you of the authenticity of the "Ode on a Grecian Flute."' He gave me the lie direct, declared that I never wrote it, and threatened to chastise me unless I left him at once. I was more indignant and astounded than before; but I left him, as he desired, and walked slowly home, 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies.' I could not understand then why I had been subjected to such an indignity. I think I can now. When

I came to think the matter over, I was rather flattered than otherwise; for had not the great Poe declared that I did not write the poem, when I knew that I did? What a genius I must be!

"I had glimpses of Poe afterward in the streets, but we never spoke. The last time that I remember to have seen him was in the afternoon of a dreary autumn day. A heavy shower had come up suddenly, and he was standing under an awning. I had an umbrella, and my impulse was to share it with him on his way home, but something — certainly not unkindness — withheld me. I went on and left him there in the rain, pale, shivering, miserable, the embodiment of his own

"'unhappy master,
Whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster.'"

From childhood Stoddard was a great lover of nature, and, if he had poverty, he had the riches of her companionship. He says in "Carmen Narturae Triumphale": —

"O Nature, Nature, I have worshipped thee
From being's dimmest dawn, perchance before,
Or ere my spirit touched this earthly shore.
Or time began with me.
When but a babe (so say the ancient crones
Who nursed me then), I watched the sky for hours,
Smiled at the clouds, and laughed in glee at showers.
And wept when winds were at their wintry moans.
A little truant child with trembling tread,
I sought the garden walks with wondering mind.
Perplexed to hear the fluting of the wind
In branches overhead:
I loved the wind, I loved the whispering trees
I loved their shadowy shifting images.
And loved the spots of light that lay like smiles
Around the green arcades and leafy forest aisles.

• • • • • •

"It mattered little where I went.
Everywhere I was content;
Everywhere I saw and heard
Sights and sounds divine;
Everywhere was Nature stirred,
And Nature's love was mine,
And I, what loved I not, O Nature, that was thine?
I held my peace, I sang aloud,
I walked the world as in a cloud,
I loved the clouds.
Fire-fringed at dawn, or red with twilight bloom.
Or stretched above, like isles of leaden gloom
In heaven's vast deep, or drawn in belts of gray,
Or dark blue walls along the base of day,
Or snow-drifts luminous at highest noon,
Ragged and black in tempests, veined with lightning,
And when the moon was brightening
Impearled and purpled by the changeful moon.
I loved the moon.
Whether she lingered by the porch of Even,
When Day retiring struck his yellow tents;
Whether she scaled the ancient peaks of heaven.
Whose angels watched her from its battlements;
Whether, like early Spring, she walked the night,
O'er tracts of cloudy snow;
Whether she dwindled in the morning light,
Like some departing spirit, loath to go;
Or sifted showers of silver through the trees.
Or trod with her white feet across the heaving seas."

When Stoddard was twenty-three, he met Bayard Taylor, a fortunate thing for both, and the strong and beautiful friendship was never broken till death tore the Minister to Germany away from his large circle of devoted friends. Stoddard thus describes their first meeting and their subsequent companionship: — "I found him in the editorial room of the 'Tribune,' which, I think, was on the same floor as the

composing-room. Compositors were at work close by the desk at which he was seated, which was lumbered with books and newspapers, not forgetting the necessary editorial shears.

"'Is Mr. Bayard Taylor here?' I asked, in a general way. The one who was nearest to me looked up from his work, and replied, 'I am he.'

"'My name is Stoddard,' I said, 'and I have come to see whether you can use —' Here I named an early production of mine, which, I believe, was addressed to Oblivion (if so, it has reached its destination), and he assured me that he not only could use it, but that it would appear in a certain number of the 'Union Magazine,' which he specified, and which I was glad to learn was not a remote one.... There was a kindness and a courtesy in his greeting which went straight to my heart, and assured me that I had found a friend."

Taylor asked the young poet to visit him, which he was glad to do. "We met at night generally, for neither could call the day his own; he had his work to do on the 'Tribune,' and I had mine to do in a foundry. Apart from politics, his was the cleaner of the two, but not the least laborious, I am sure. He wrote fifteen hours a day, he told me, scribbling book notices, leaders, foreign news, reports, turning his hand and pen to everything that went to the making of a newspaper thirty years ago. There was but one night in the week when we could do what we pleased, and that was Saturday night, which we always spent together when he was in town. I looked forward to it as a school-boy looks forward to a holiday, and was happy when it came....

"It was poetry which had made us friends, and we never spent a night together without talking about it, and without reading the poems we had written since our last meeting.... The conversation and the poetic practice of Bayard Taylor were the only intellectual stimulant I had, and if I wrote better than I had done previous to making his acquaintance I felt that it was largely due to him. There was an enthusiasm about

him which was contagious. We were a help to each other, and we were a hindrance, also, I can see now, for we admired too indiscriminatively and criticised too tenderly. My favorite poet was Keats, and his was Shelley; and we pretended to believe that the souls of these poets had returned to earth in our bodies. My worship of my master was restricted to a silent imitation of his diction; my comrade's worship of his master took the form of an Ode to Shelley, which I thought, and still think, the noblest poem that his immortal genius has inspired….

"These Saturday nights of ours were more to me, I think, than they could possibly have been to Bayard Taylor; for if his days were passed in mental drudgery, they were passed in the society of gentlemen, while mine were passed in hard, physical labor amongst common workmen and apprentices. I had no friend except himself, and no companionship but that of books and my own thoughts."

The lonely worker in the foundry published his first volume of poems when he was twenty-three, the same year in which he met Taylor. It was a small book called "Footprints," and served, at least, to make him known to a few cultivated persons.

After Taylor had gone to Europe, Stoddard married a gifted young lady, Elizabeth Dean Barstow, whose poems and novels, especially "The Morgesons" and "Two Men," have taken high rank. Hawthorne wrote her, "There are very few books of which I take the trouble to have any opinion at all, or of which I could retain any memory so long after reading them as I do of 'The Morgesons.'" Mr. A. R. Macdonough says, in "Scribner's Monthly," "The pen of their author is a divining-rod, pointing to the deep springs. The outward conditions of New England being, both of nature and of men, are all in them, rugged, plain, and cold, as they exist. So too are the resolved tenderness, the enduring sense of duty, that are to character in that region as the may-flower is to its stern

woods."

After Taylor came back from England, and had suffered his crushing sorrow in the death of Mary Agnew, there was no home so dear and so welcome to him as that of the two talented Stoddards. "We sat around a table," says Stoddard, "and whenever the whim seized us, which was often enough, we each wrote down themes on little pieces of paper, and, putting them into a hat or box, we drew out one at random and then scribbled away for dear life."

In 1853, through the aid of Hawthorne, Stoddard obtained a position in the New York Custom House, which he held for seventeen years, discharging his duties faithfully, and devoting all his leisure to study and writing. Six years after this, in 1859, Taylor having married again, he urged that their home be made together, and till the house "Cedarcroft" was built, the union of these two families, the centre of a gifted circle of artists and men of letters, was a constant joy.

The amount of work done by Stoddard during these years is amazing. He published in 1851 a second volume of poems, in 1856 "Songs of Summer," in 1863 "The King's Bell," and in 1871 "The Book of the East." Besides these volumes of poems, he edited the "Life and Travels of Alexander von Humboldt," "Loves and Heroines of the Poets," "Melodies and Madrigals from Old English Poets," and prepared several volumes for children: "Adventures in Fairy Land," "Story of Little Red Riding Hood," the "Children in the Wood," and others. At the same time he was writing able reviews, biographical sketches, and essays for the magazines, with a clearness of style and with that accuracy and interest which delighted all readers. It is a pity that these have not been gathered into volumes.

His early poems showed a passion for the beautiful. He sings to the spirit of beauty: —

"From earliest infancy my heart was thine.

With childish feet I trod thy temple aisles;
Not knowing tears, I worshipped thee with smiles,
Or, if I wept, it was with joy divine.
By day and night, on land and sea and air
I saw thee everywhere."

He was eager for fame, and rightly. He said later: "The desire for fame is one of the highest by which man is actuated. I can conceive of nothing grander than the love of fame, by which so many are governed, and nothing sadder than the disappointment to which they are doomed. It is confined to no station and no sex."

The "Songs of Summer," begun with that oft quoted poem—

"There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pains," —

were polished and artistic, with no superfluous words to mar their clear music. They showed vivid imagination, as: —

"The sky is a drinking-cup
That was overturned of old,
And it pours in the eyes of men
Its wine of airy gold.

"We drink that wine all day.
Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
By the jewels in the cup!"

and tender feeling, as in the exquisite verses on a "Child's Picture": —

"I lay his picture on my knee,
The knee he loves to sit upon.
It is the image of my son,
And like the child a world to me.

• • • • • •

"Happy the day when he was born.

Two summers since, my summer child;
Two Junes have on his cradle smiled,
A rose of June without a thorn.

"I stood beside his mother's bed
When he was born, at dead of night.
My heart grew faint with its delight;
I heard his cry: he was not dead!

• • • • • •

"We heard his low uncertain moan:
In both our souls it smote a chord
Not reached by Love's divinest word;
It stirred and stirs to him alone.

"'We have a child!' We smiled and wept.
He slept: God's angel in the dark
Pushed down the stream his little bark,
And with it ours; with him we slept.

"At last the lingering summer passed;
The summer passed, the autumn came,
The dying woods were all aflame.
The leaves were whirling in the blast.

"He lived; our loving spirits wore
A royal diadem of joy:
Time laid his hand upon the boy,
And day by day he ripened more.

"His dreamy eye grew like the sky,
A liquid blue, half dark, half bright.
Now like the moon, and now like night
With silver planets sown on high."

• • • • • •

The man who could write thus tenderly was soon to know the heights and the depths of earthly sorrow. I do not know where one can turn to more heart-breaking lines than those in "In Memoriam": —

"I sit in my lonesome chamber

This stilly winter night.
In the midst of quaint old volumes,
With the cheery fire in sight.

"In the darkened room behind me
My darling lies asleep.
Worn out with constant weeping,
'Tis now my turn to weep.

"What do I weep for? Nothing,
Or a very common thing:
That the little boy I loved so.
Like a dove, has taken wing.

"He used to sleep beside us.
In reach of his mother's hand;
They have moved his bed — ah, whither?
They have made him one in the sand!

"Why didn't they make mine also!
I'm sure I want to go:
But no, I must live for his mother,
For she needs me still, I know.

• • • • • •

"The dreary winter days are past,
The cloudy sky, the bitter blast:
Gone is the snow, the sleet
That glazed each rugged street.

• • • • • •

"When drove the snow the thought would rise,
'It does not blind his little eyes!'
When winds were sharp I smiled,
'They cannot stab my child!'

"Now Spring is come, I sigh and say,
'He cannot see this balmy day,
Nor feel this balmy air
That longs to kiss his hair!'

"The tender spirit of the hour
That stirs the sap and paints the flower.

Enfolding land and sea,
And quickening even me,

"So stings my soul, I hold my breath,
And try to break the dream of death,
And stagger on his track
Until I snatch him back!

"Great God! If *he* should feel it there
(Where, *where* — some angel tell me where?),
And struggle so for *me*,
How terrible 'twould be!"

"What shall I do next summer.
What will become of me
When I draw near my cottage
Beside the solemn sea?

• • • • • •

"The gate how can I enter?
How bear to touch the door
That opens in the chambers
Where he is seen no more?

• • • • • •

"With every sweet remembrance
There came a burst of tears;
There is but one such tempest
In all our stormy years.

"I kissed the chair he sat in,
The spot his feet had trod;
I clutched the empty darkness
To pluck him back from God.

"O ruined heart and hearth-stone!
What will become of me,
In my deserted dwelling
Beside the dreadful sea?"

He now reversed his song: —

"'There are gains for all our losses'?

Grave beside the wintry sea,
Where my child is, and my heart,
For they would not live apart.
What has been your gain to me?

"No, the words I sang were idle,
And will ever so remain:
Death, and Age, and vanished youth.
All declare this bitter truth.
There's a loss for every gain!"

"The King's Bell," a much longer poem, showed deep thought and knowledge of human life. It is the story of a king who, when he came to the throne on the death of his father, "commanded all the bells to ring a jubilant peal," and arranged that they should be rung on each subsequent happy day. He tasted pleasure and sorrow as each person must in this life, and the happy day never came for the ringing of the bells till the day on which he died. When Hawthorne read this poem, he wrote Stoddard, "It is such as the public had a right to expect, from what you gave us in years gone by; only I wish the idea had not been so sad. I think Felix might have rung the bell once in his life-time, and again at the moment of death. Yet you may be right. I have been a happy man, and yet I do not remember any one moment of such happy conspiring circumstances that I could have rung a joy-bell at it."

"The Book of the East" contained songs from the Persian, the Chinese, the Tartar, and the Arabian, many of them rich and tender love-songs. About this time were published that pathetic poem, "The King's Sentinel," the noble Horatian Ode to Abraham Lincoln, and that perfect poem on the death of Thackeray, "Adsum": —

"The Angel came by night
(Such angels still come down),
And like a winter cloud
Passed over London town;

Along its lonesome streets.
    Where Want had ceased to weep,
Until it reached a house
    Where a great man lay asleep:
The man of all his time
    Who knew the most of men,
The soundest head and heart.
    The sharpest, kindest pen.
It paused beside his bed.
    And whispered in his ear;
He never turned his head.
    But answered, 'I am here.'

"Into the night they went;
    At morning, side by side,
They gained the sacred Place
    Where the greatest Dead abide.
Where grand old Homer sits
    In godlike state benign;
Where broods in endless thought
    The awful Florentine;
Where sweet Cervantes walks,
    A smile on his grave face;
Where gossips quaint Montaigne,
    The wisest of his race;
Where Goethe looks through all
    With that calm eye of his;
Where — little seen but Light —
    The only Shakespeare is!
When the new Spirit came.
    They asked him, drawing near,
Art thou become like us?
    He answered, 'I am here.'"

Stoddard well knew what a poet should be: "the bright, consummate flower of the race," he says.

"We can afford to let health and wealth and fame miss us, but we cannot afford to neglect our duties. Least of all can the

poets, for they above all other men are dedicated to the worship of the implacable goddess,

'Stern daughter of the voice of God.'

"The weakness of modern poets — or one of their weaknesses — is the desire to write long poems, as if poetry were measured by quantity and not quality. Another weakness is a studied avoidance of simple every-day themes…. The born singers never lose their sympathy with the people from whom they spring, no matter how lettered they may afterward become, nor their power of seeing beauty in common things, but who preserve to the end the vision and the faculty divine." Such a poet, he says, is Whittier.

Stoddard has called Mrs. Browning's "Portuguese Sonnets" the "noblest ever written — I will not say by a woman, which would sound invidious — but by anybody. Never before was there such revealment of the depths of woman's nature, such recognition of the divine necessity of love. The sonnets of Petrarch are artificial in comparison, and those of Shakespeare, magnificent as they are, should be read before and not after them, to be fully enjoyed. She has surpassed her English and Italian masters, in that she has written the one great personal poem of all time."

He thinks Hawthorne's "English the most beautiful that ever was written." Of Bayard Taylor he says, "He had rare poetic gifts, and his ideas were high. What he lacked, I think, was a certain simplicity and tenderness of feeling, and a taste for severer expression than was native to him." This simplicity, tenderness, and severe expression, Stoddard possesses in a wonderful degree.

In 1870, through political changes, Mr. Stoddard retired from the Custom House, and became Secretary of the Dock Department, under McClellan, and in 1877 was made keeper of the City Library, which position he held for two years. During this time he edited "Griswold's Poets of America," a

Bric-a-Brac Series of ten volumes of biographical sketches of such persons as Thackeray, Dickens, George Sand ("some of whose works," he said, "will live as long as the language in which they are written"), Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, and others; "Poets' Homes," and the "Poets and Poetry of England in the Nineteenth Century." Of his two-hundred-page sketch of the life of Poe, prefixed to the recent editions of that author's works, Prof. Charles F. Richardson says, in his American Literature, "I consider it the best representation of his literary knowledge, critical ability, and impartiality." Certain it is that the sketch is clear, fair, and most interesting.

In Stoddard's "Later Poems," written between 1871 and 1880, the hand seems firmer and the heart fuller. "Wratislaw" I have wept over many a time. I wish it might be illustrated for a holiday gift-book, as it deserves to be. It is in eight-syllable verse, the story of a lad of twelve who goes out to rescue his brother in the wars of Genghis Khan, and is brought home dead.

"The Pearl of the Philippines" is an exquisite narrative poem whose lesson it is sweet to learn. "The Guests of the State" is a powerful centennial ode; "History," in the Spenserian form of verse, polished and able, was read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard College. "Love's Will," "Wishing and Having," and "A Rose Song" are gems.

For many years Mr. Stoddard has been the literary editor of the New York "Mail and Express." Perhaps, as his hair whitens, he feels a touch of sorrow when he sings: —

"What is the saddest loss but youth?" But fame is eternal youth, and this he has already won. His manner is kindly, and the grasp of his hand warm and cordial. He has one son now grown to early manhood. His has been a life of labor, but who can attain greatness without it? Every hand grows tired in the world's work; every brain grows weary, but the rest that comes from holding an abiding place in human hearts is the sweetest rest of all.

New York honors Stoddard, and the country honors him. He was recently offered the Consul-Generalship at Athens, but declined it. I wish some of the colleges of the country could have the benefit of his years of study, in courses of lectures before them, such as are given before the Lowell Institute, Boston.

> "Who loves and lives with Nature tolerates
> Baseness in nothing; high and solemn thoughts
> Are his, clean deeds, and honorable life."

CHAPTER X
Edmund Clarence Stedman

I was asked recently to suggest two books as a gift to a friend, two books which I thought invaluable in any library; I replied: the "Victorian Poets" and "Poets of America." If one would know what the two great English-speaking countries have produced in literature, know from the standpoint of a rare and appreciative scholar, let him by all means own these books. The style is so rich and glowing, and the knowledge so exhaustive, that the books are educators in themselves. To those who would learn what poetry is, and from others' successes and failures what the world needs, I know of no more helpful books. And they are as interesting as they are helpful. Americans owe Mr. Stedman lasting gratitude for his able and beautiful work.

No wonder the "New York Tribune" said of the "Victorian Poets": "Few productions of American literature evince such ripe aesthetic cultivation, so wide a range of poetical study, or such true refinement of taste and thought. Its publication marks a new step in our intellectual progress, and is a just cause for national pride." Prof. Moses Colt Tyler, a competent judge, spoke of it as "one of the most thorough, workmanlike, and artistic pieces of real critical writing that we have in English. For the period covered by it, it is the most comprehensive, profound, and lucid literary exposition that has appeared in this country or elsewhere."

The English press was not less hearty in its commendation. The "Spectator" said: "He has undertaken a wide subject, and has treated it with great ability and competent knowledge." And the "Saturday Review," whose praise is

comparatively rare, said that "he deserved the thanks of English scholars."

And after Mr. Stedman had waited ten years, an earnest student all those years, he gave to the world the "Poets of America" — "cordially inscribed to the young writers" of his own country. Not one of them but loves and honors him for this work. With a kindness of heart not always found among critics, with a delicacy of feeling that can tell the truth and not wound, he has written of our past and present, with an outlook into the future. Of Emerson he says: "He drained the vats of politics and philosophy, for our use, of all that was sweet and fructifying, and taught his people self-judgment, self-reliance, and to set their courses by the stars…. As a poet his verse was the sublimation of his rarest mood, that changed as water into cloud, catching the first beams of sunrise on its broken edges, yet not without dark and vaguely blending spots between…. He chose the part of the forerunner and inspirer, and when the true poet shall come to America, it will be because such an one as Emerson has gone before him, and prepared the way for his song, his vision, and his recognition." Who has more justly estimated Lowell, whom he calls "our most brilliant and learned critic, who has given us our best native idyl, our best and most complete work in dialectic verse, and the noblest heroic ode that America has produced, — each and all ranking with the first of their kinds in English literature of the modern time…. A pedant quotes for the sake of a display of learning; Lowell, because he has mastered everything connected with his theme…. The wealth of his critical product is surprising. I think that a selection of apothegms and maxims could be made from it, which, for original thoughts and wise teaching of the author's art, would be worth more to the literary neophyte, and afford more satisfaction to veteran readers, than a digest of the English prose of any other writer since Landor in his prime."

And this is just what I wish somebody would do with

Stedman's books. Such a "selection of apothegms and maxims" fresh from his own heart and brain would be a *vade mecum* for lovers of literature. All through the "Poets of America" run threads of gold: "Poetry is the choicest expression of human life, and the poet who does not revere his art and believe in its sovereignty is not born to wear the purple…. A true poet is at his best with the greatest theme…. That poetry is truest which is universal in its passion and thought, but national in motive and in all properties of the craft…. A cold or even temperate quality is deadening to the higher forms of art. The creative soul abhors ennui; it glows in dramatic self-abandonment. Poets 'of passion and of pain' concentrate their lives in some burning focus whose dazzling heat devours them; they suffer, but mount on their own flame…. The compensation of man's anguish is that it lifts him beyond the ordinary…. The model workman is both fine and strong…. The greatest poet is many-sided, and will hold himself slavishly to no one thing for the sake of difference…. Original genius will find an outlet through all hindrances; be the air as it may, its flight will be the eagle's…. If he has a dexterous metrical faculty, and hunts for theme and motive — or if his verse does not say what otherwise cannot be said at all — then he is a mere artisan in words, and less than those whose thought and feeling are too deep for speech. The true poet is haunted by his gift, even in hours of drudgery and enforced prosaic life. He cannot escape it. After spells of dejection and weariness, when it has seemed to leave forever, it always, always returns again — perishable only with himself."

While Stedman is an artist in words, he has little patience with those who "elaborate their style, with no message to deliver." They must "convey to us the intellect and passion wherewith poets are thought to be endowed, the gloom and glory of human life, the national aspiration, the pride of the past and vision of the future…. Warmth, action, genuine human interest must vivify the minstrel's art; the world will

receive him if he in truth comes unto his own. Natural emotion is the soul of poetry, as melody is of music…. Our keynote assuredly should be that of freshness and joy; the sadness of declining races only has the beauty of natural pathos. There is no cause for morbidly introspective verse — no need, I hope, for dilettantism — in this brave country of ours for centuries to come."

Stedman has carried out his own just rule for the critic, to "accept what is best in a poet, and thus become his best encourager." But while he is a critic, he is a born poet. If one would find music and action and love exquisitely portrayed, let him read Stedman's collected poems. Who does not recall that simple and tender poem, "The Door-step," which will never grow old.

"The conference-meeting through at last,
    We boys around the vestry waited
To see the girls come tripping past
    Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

"Not braver he that leaps the wall
    By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I, who stepped before them all,
    Who longed to see me get the mitten.

"But no, she blushed and took my arm!
    We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm,
    Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

"I can't remember what we said,
    'Twas nothing worth a song or story;
Yet that rude path by which we sped
    Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

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"To have her with me then alone, —
    'Twas love and fear and triumph blended.
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
    Where that delicious journey ended.

• • • • • •

"My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth, — I kissed her!

"Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman, weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill
I'd give — but who can live youth over?"

Who has not read that pathetic and dramatic story of "The Blameless Prince"? — "affectionately inscribed to Richard Henry Stoddard." It is the story of a Prince who, chosen for a lovely Queen, on his way to the bridal, meets and falls in love with a charming woman. He goes his way, and is wedded to the Queen, becoming a model ruler and kind husband, but the old love does not fade out of his heart. Years afterward they meet, and the ardor of early days becomes more powerful than ever. He struggles against his seeming what he is not in reality, and dies suddenly, just after he has conquered himself and given up the first love. The Queen learns of his dual life, and, as she is unveiling his statue before assembled thousands, falls dead when she reads on the base this untruth:—

"Of all great things this Prince achieved his part,
Yet wedded Love to him was worth them all."

The whole story, pitiful as it is, shows the exquisite touch and soul of a master.

"I hold the perfect mating of two souls,
Through wedded love, to be the sum of bliss.
When Earth, this fruit that ripens as it rolls
In sunlight, grows more prime, lives will not miss
Their counterparts, and each shall find its own;
But now with what blind chance the lots are thrown!"

As Stedman says of Lowell, that between "In the Twi-

light" and the verse of Mr. Hosea Biglow, the range is phenomenal, so one might say of the light and dainty "Diamond Wedding": —

"Midnight talks,
Moonlight walks,
The glance of the eye and sweetheart sigh,
The shadowy haunts with no one by,
I do not wish to disparage;
But every kiss
Has a price for its bliss.
In the modern code of marriage;
And the compact sweet
Is not complete
Till the high contracting parties meet
Before the altar of Mammon;
And the bride must be led to a silver bower,
Where pearls and rubies fall in a shower
That would frighten Jupiter Ammon!"

And the tender yet stately "Dartmouth Ode," read at Dartmouth College in 1873: —

"To you the golden, van ward years belong!
Ye need not fear to leave the shore.
Not seldom youth has shamed the sage
With riper wisdom, — but to age
Youth, youth, returns no more!
Be yours the strength by will to conquer fate.
Since to the man who sees his purpose clear.
And gains that knowledge of his sphere
Within which lies all happiness, —
Without all danger and distress, —
And seeks the right, content to strive and wait.
To him all good things flow, nor honor crowns him late."

Edmund Clarence Stedman, poet and critic, was born in Hartford, Ct., Oct. 8, 1833, a city dear to me as the home of my girlhood. He was the second son of Colonel Edmund

Burke Stedman (and great-grandson of Kev. Aaron Cleveland, the New England poet, thus related to Colonel T. W. Higginson, the Channings, and Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe) and Elizabeth Clemantine Dodge, a woman of many gifts in beauty, conversation, and especially in poetry.

After the death of Colonel Stedman, when her boys were quite young, she married Hon. William B. Kinney, an editor, and later our Minister to Turin. She became a warm friend of the Brownings, and has been universally beloved. Though Edmund was placed under the care of his great-uncle, James Stedman of Norwich, Ct., to be educated, he did not forget the lovely mother, and wrote years later: —

> "She seemed an angel to our infant eyes!
> Once when the glorifying moon revealed
> Her who at evening by our pillow kneeled, —
> Soft-voiced and golden-haired, from holy skies
> Flown to her loves on wings of Paradise, —
> We looked to see the pinions half concealed.
> The Tuscan vines and olives will not yield
> Her back to me, who loved her in this wise,
> And since have little known her, but have grown
> To see another mother, tenderly
> Watch over sleeping children of my own.
> Perchance the years have changed her; yet alone
> This picture lingers; still she seems to me
> The fair young angel of my infancy."

When his collected poems were published in 1873, the book was "affectionately and reverently dedicated to my mother, in gratitude for whatever portion I inherit of her own sweet gift of song."

The great-uncle was a prominent jurist, and the boy's fitting for college was thorough. He entered Yale in 1849, when he was sixteen, and soon became a favorite from his quick mind, frank and cordial manner, and warm sympathy. He especially excelled in Greek and in English composition, and,

in the "Yale Literary Magazine," took a first prize for a poem entitled "Westminster Abbey." He had all the ardor of the poet, a scorn of dissembling, and probably somewhat of the impetuosity that could not brook restraint, for in his third year he was suspended, and did not return. Long afterwards, in 1871, Yale College, proud of the achievements of her poet, restored him to the class of 1853, and gave him the degree of A. M., which he also received from Dartmouth in 1873. In this class were many prominent men, Andrew D. White, ex-president of Cornell University, Hon. Wayne McVeagh, George W. Smalley, Prof. Charlton T. Lewis, and others.

The youth found his way at once into journalism, becoming editor of the "Tribune" at Norwich, Ct., when he was but nineteen. The next year, Nov. 2, 1853, having fallen in love early, as is usual with poets, he married Laura Hyde Woodworth. The year following he edited the "Herald" at Winsted, Ct., and in 1855, eager to try his brain and hand in a larger sphere, removed to New York City. Here, if we may judge from his bright poem "Bohemia," the young man, reared among the best social influences, did not abound in wealth or leisure. He trod the same up-hill road to fame and fortune that others have trodden before him, and grew nobler and stronger by it. To have a wife and children to work for makes or unmakes a man; fortunately, it generally develops the best and truest forces in his nature. Of these early days he sings:

"When buttercups are blossoming,
The poets sang, 'tis best to wed:
So all for love we paired in spring —
Blanche and I — ere youth had sped,
For Autumn's wealth brings Autumn's wane.
Sworn fealty to royal art
Was ours, and doubly linked the chain,
With symbols of her high domain,
That twined us ever heart to heart:
And onward, like the Babes in the Wood,

We rambled, till before us stood
The outposts of Bohemia.

"For, roaming blithely many a day,
Eftsoons our little hoard of gold,
Like Christian's follies, slipt away.
Unloosened from the pilgrim's hold,
But left us just as blithe and free;
Whereat our footsteps turned aside
From lord and lady of degree,
And bore us to that brave countree
Where merrily we now abide, —
That proud and humble, poor and grand,
Enchanted, golden gypsy-land.
The valley of Bohemia….

"No churlish warden barred the gate,
Nor other pass was needed there
Than equal heart for either fate,
And barren scrip, and hope to spare.
Through the gray archway, hand in hand,
We walked, beneath the rampart high.
And on within the wondrous land;
There, changed as by enchanter's wand,
My sweetheart, fairer to the eye
Than ever, moved along serene
In hood and cloak, — a gypsy queen.
Born princess of Bohemia!"

A poem, "Flood-tide," written in these early years showed the philosophy of a brave heart in these days of effort:—

"… in thy calling be of cheer:
Broader continents of action open up in every sphere!
Hold thy cot as great as any: each shall magnify his own,
Each shall find his time to enter, though unheralded and lone,
On the inner life's arena — there to sound his battle-cry.
Self with self in secret tourney, underneath the silent sky.

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O, our feeble tests of greatness! Look for one so calm of soul
As to take the even chalice of his life and drink the whole.
Noble deeds are held in honor, but the wide world sorely needs
Hearts of patience to unravel this, — the worth of common deeds."

In 1859, "The Diamond Wedding," a satirical poem, was published in the "New York Tribune"; also, "How old Brown took Harper's Ferry." The latter was a great favorite with Mrs. Browning, and Emerson included it in his "Parnassus." How one feels the spirit of this tender, rugged poem!

"Then he grasped his trusty rifle and boldly fought for freedom;
Smote from border unto border the fierce, invading band;
And he and his brave boys vowed — so might Heaven help and speed 'em!
They would save those grand old prairies from the curse that blights the land;
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Said, 'Boys, the Lord will aid us!' and he shoved his ramrod down.

"And the Lord *did* aid these men, and they labored day and even,
Saving Kansas from its peril; and their very lives seemed charmed.
Till the ruffians killed one son, in the blessed light of Heaven,—
In cold blood the fellows slew him, as he journeyed all unarmed;
Then Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Shed not a tear, but shut his teeth, and frowned a terrible frown.

"How the conquerors wore their laurels; how they hastened on the trial;
How Old Brown was placed, half dying, on the Charlestown

court-house floor;
How be spoke his grand oration, in the scorn of all denial:
What the brave old madman told them, — these are known the country o'er.
'Hang Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,'
Said the judge, 'and all such rebels!' with his most judicial frown.

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"But, Virginians, don't do it! for I tell you that the flagon,
Filled with blood of Old Brown's offspring was first poured by Southern hands;
And each drop from Old Brown's life-veins, like the red gore of the dragon,
May spring up a vengeful Fury, hissing through your slave-worn lands!
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
May trouble you more than ever, when you've nailed his coffin down!"

Words that too bitterly came true!

The people read these poems eagerly, and saw a new star rising in the sky. This same year, 1859, Stedman was placed upon the staff of the "Tribune," and the year following published his first volume of "Poems, Lyrics, and Idyls." Between 1861 and 1863, having joined the editorial staff of the "World," he became their War correspondent at the front. The letters from the headquarters of McDowell and McClellan were graphic and full of power. Why not, since his own heart had long been stirred in the cause of freedom? How the blood courses in our veins as we read that thrilling poem of 1862, "Wanted — a man."

"Back from the trebly crimsoned field
Terrible words are thunder-tossed;
Full of the wrath that will not yield,
Full of revenge for battles lost!

Hark to their echo, as it crost
The Capitol, making faces wan:
'End this murderous holocaust,
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

"'O, we will follow him to the death,
Where the foeman's fiercest columns are!
O, we will use our latest breath
Cheering for every sacred star!
His to marshal us high and far;
Ours to battle as patriots can
When a Hero leads the Holy War! —
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!'"

And when Grant had been given to us, after his death, Stedman wrote that masterly eulogy, cleancut as a marble shaft, and as strong: —

"Even to himself unknown,
He bore the fated sword,
Forged somewhere near His throne
Of battles still the Lord.

"That weapon when he drew,
Back rolled the wrath of men, —
Their onset feebler grew.
The nation rose again.

"His carven scroll shall read:
Here rests the valiant heart,
Whose duty was his creed, —
Whose lot, the warrior's part.

"Who, when the fight was done,
The grim last foe defied,
Naught knew save victory won, —
Surrendered not — but died."

In 1864 "Alice of Monmouth: an Idyl of the Great War" was published; the story of a young man of fine social position, wedding a young woman out of his rank, his disinheritance by

his father, his death in the war, the reconciliation of father and son, and a saddened home made happier by the presence of the bereft young wife. The poem is full of pictures: glowing landscapes, tender love-scenes, the rush and roar of battles, the eternal pathos of death.

At the close of the war, Mr. Stedman gave up journalism, and went into the banking business, that he might have more time for independent literary work. "If a poet or aspiring author must labor for the daily subsistence of a family, it is well for his art that he should follow some other calling than journalism; for I can testify that after the day's work is over, when the brain is exhausted and vagrant, and the lungs pant for air, and body and soul cry out for recreation — the intellect has done enough, and there is neither strength nor passion left for imaginative composition…. Fortunate in every way is the aesthetic writer who has sufficient income to support him altogether, or, at least, when added to the stipend earned by first-class work, to enable him to follow art without harassment," says Mr. Stedman.

In ten years he had reached pecuniary success, and had done what few others could or would have done, had written the "Victorian Poets," the result of the widest reading and study, doing his work while others slept. That he knew well what such work means is shown by his words: "Authors who do lay-work for a living, and pursue their art in hours which are the breathing-time of other men, are permitted few of the common pleasures for which they needs must crave. Their manuscripts are written in their blood, and the ink grows pale apace."

This book was a surprise to Americans, and to people abroad as well. We knew Tennyson better after we had seen him walk hand in hand with Theocritus. We studied Mrs. Browning reverently with Stedman, "our eyes blinded with tears" — "a Christian sybil, priestess of the melody, heroism, and religion of the modern world!" We admired Robert

Browning, "the most original and unequal of living poets," who perhaps will be remembered longest of all by "Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!" and Swinburne, "born a tamer of words; a subduer of this most stubborn yet most copious of the literary tongues." Through this volume, as through the "Poets of America," were scattered practical thoughts and brilliant apothegms: "An author's growth, and the happiness of both parties, are vastly imperilled by his union with the most affectionate of creatures, if she has an inartistic nature and a dull or commonplace mind.... Let an artist marry art, and be true to it alone, unless by some rare chance he can find a companion whose soul is kindred with his own, who can sympathize with his tastes and aid him with tact and circumstance in his social and professional career."

Fame and wealth were now won. At the annual meeting of the Army of the Potomac, in 1871, Stedman read his musical and stirring poem, "Gettysburg"; at the unveiling of the bust surmounting the printers' monument to Horace Greeley, in Greenwood Cemetery, 1876, he read an appropriate poem; before the Century Club, New York, in 1878, a poem on the "Death of Bryant," and the same year, at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Yale class of '53, "Meridian, an old-fashioned poem"; before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, June, 1879, that noble poem on Hawthorne, "the one New Englander," and before the Summer School of Philosophy, in 1881, "Corda Concordia."

A beautiful home had been purchased on West Fifty-fourth street, and thither gathered the host of friends whom Stedman had made in both hemispheres. Of this home, Anna Bowman Dodd says, in the "The Critic": "Once within the front door, the charm of a surprise awaits one. Color, warmth, and grace greet the eye at the outset. There is a pervading harmony of tone and tints throughout the house. The rich draperies, the soft-toned carpets, and the dusk of the tempered daylight are skilfully used as the effective background

to bring into relief the pictures, the works of art, and the rare bits of bric-a-brac…. These admirable results are due almost entirely to the taste and skill of Mrs. Stedman, who possesses a genuine artist's instinct for grouping and effect."

This is the one of whom Mr. Stedman has sung so beautifully in "Laura, my Darling," with "hazel-eyed Fred" and "little King Arthur," now grown to manhood, and a sharer of his father's labors. "Not only authors and artists, critics and professional men, found their way to this home. At the weekly dinners were to be met the distinguished foreigner, the latest successful novelist or young poet, and the wittiest and the most beautiful women…. In a large square room at the top of the house is the library — workshop and study together…. All the paraphernalia of his toil are about him. The evidences of the range and the extent of his reading and scholarship are to be found in taking down some of the volumes on the shelves. Here are the Greek classics, in the original, with loose sheets among the pages, whereon are translations of Theocritus or Bion, done into finished English verse." Mr. Stedman has long been engaged at intervals upon a complete metrical translation of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, the Greek idyllic poets.

"His whole collection of the French poets are bound in exquisite vellum or morocco. Among these volumes the poet's own works appear in several rare and beautiful editions…. There is one volume one holds with a truly reverent delight: it is Mrs. Browning's own copy of 'Casa Guidi Windows' with interlineations and corrections. It was the gift of the poetess to Mrs. Kinney, Stedman's mother."

Besides this city home is one by the sea, on New Castle Island, at the mouth of the Piscataqua River, in New Hampshire: "The north and west walls are of stone," says Charles Burr Todd in the "Literary World," "the north wall carried up into a tower, with a marvellously wide sea outlook. Examine these walls closely, and one sees that they are built of stone

— trap, lava, and small, smooth boulders — gathered on the neighboring beaches, and arranged in courses with an eye to artistic effect. The tower is built of the same material. There is a *loggia* at its base, like those in old Venetian villas, looking seaward out toward Appledore, Applegate, and their sister isles. From the porch a door opens directly into a wide hall, large enough for a summer parlor, and indeed used as such. There is a large fireplace on the left, with ancient andirons…. On summer evenings, when the sea-wind blows cool, a fire of driftwood is lighted on the hearth.

"The poet's study is a small upper chamber in the tower, with deep casemated windows looking every way but to landward. Eastward is the ocean with its white-maned coursers rolling in, and the eternal plaint of the smitten crags…. Some of the best work of the poet in recent years has been done in this little room alone with sea and sky. He devotes his mornings to it. The afternoon is reserved for social pleasures, boating and fishing, rides into the storied lands about him, strolls through the romantic lanes and along the sounding beaches of the island. Jaffrey Point is his favorite haunt."

It is here, where the surf is fine, that Mr. Todd thinks Stedman must have written his well-known poem, "Surf," where the words are set to the music of the waves, a special characteristic of Stedman, who makes the English language yield to him the most appropriate speech for battle, for nature, and for love.

"Splendors of morning the billow-crests brighten,
Lighting and luring them on to the land, —
Far away waves where the wan vessels whiten,
Blue rollers breaking in surf where we stand.
Curved like the necks of a legion of horses,
Each with his froth-gilded mane flowing free,
Hither they speed in perpetual courses,
Bearing thy riches, O beautiful sea!"

Where will one find more exquisite conjunction of sound and sense, more delicate bloom of the "flower of thought," which he calls "expression," than in a recent number of the "Century Magazine," in his "Souvenir de Jeunesse": —

"When Sibyl kept her tryst with me, the harvest moon was rounded,
In evening hush through pathways lush with fern we reached the glade;
The rippling river soft and low with fairy flashes sounded,
The silver poplar rustled as we sat within its shade.

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"For us the night was musical, for us the meadows shining;
The summer air was odorous that we might breathe and love:
Sweet nature throbbed for us alone — her mother-soul divining
No fonder pair that fleeting hour her zephyrs sighed above.

"Amid the nodding rushes the heron drank his tipple,
The night-hawks cry and whir anigh a deeper stillness made,
A thousand little starlights danced upon the river's ripple,
And the silver poplar rustled as we kissed within its shade."

But Stedman was now to be tried in the fire as many of us have been. In 1883, through no fault of his own, his wealth was swept away. Did he sink under his misfortune? Far from it. The young man who could write "The Ordeal by Fire" was heroic enough for the disaster.

"Thou, who dost feel Life's vessel strand
Full-length upon the shifting sand,
And hearest breakers close at hand,

"Be strong and wait! nor let the strife,
With which the winds and waves are rife,
Disturb that sacred inner life.

"Anon thou shalt regain the shore.
And walk — though naked, maimed, and sore —

A nobler being than before!

"No lesser griefs shall work thee ill;
No malice shall have power to kill:
Of woe thy soul has drunk its fill.

"Tempests, that beat us to the clay.
Drive many a lowering cloud away.
And bring a clearer, holier day.

"The fire, that every hope consumes,
Either the inmost soul entombs
Or evermore the face illumes!

"Robes of asbestos do we wear;
Before the memories we bear.
The flames leap backward everywhere."

His handsome home was leased, and a plainer one taken downtown. This is of course made attractive with the pictures and books of a man of culture. Back of the parlor is the library with its walls covered with books, and its large table covered with letters, almost impossible to answer, though he keeps a secretary constantly employed I could not help recalling, as I saw this table, that this busy man, when I wrote to him, long before, to ask counsel for the sake of another, took the time to write four pages to a stranger, simply because his heart is warm to everything human. Some authors object to spending their precious time in writing letters, even though those letters may shape the course of many lives. I wonder why we are in the world at all, if not to help others!

Mr. Stedman has never lived for himself. He has practised Emerson's gospel, "Help somebody." His wife, cheerful and lovely in character, has made the home a welcome place to tens of thousands, but she who welcomes most royally of all is a sweet-faced child, Laura, the little granddaughter, to whom one could tell stories by the hour, and whose enthusiasm would be sufficient inspiration. We are both fond of cats, and this seems an especial bond of congenial souls!

Mr. Stedman's work has gone forward despite obstacles. In 1885 the "Poets of America" was published, and met a happy reception, passing at once through several editions. Concerning this work "The Critic" well said: "Mr. Stedman brings to the task an unusual familiarity with the whole of our literature, unusual acquaintance with the tools of the poetical guild, and a very keen notion as to how those tools have been used abroad as well as at home…. He is not a harsh critic. He is generous, and inclined not to that charity which covers a multitude of sins but to that which finds, if possible, a multitude of virtues." Fortunate is that man who, when obliged to say unpleasant things, has learned to say them kindly; more fortunate is he who has no unpleasant things to say.

A Household Edition of Stedman's poems was brought out in Boston in 1884, and his works in three volumes in 1885. Some will cherish one poem, some another. "Seeking the May-Flower" will bring back to many of us

> "that wooded hill
> Where the arbutus grows."

Others will read "The Discoverer," and think with tear-dimmed eyes of those who

> "make a voyage far,
> Sail beneath the evening star,
> And a wondrous land discover,"

and never came back; some will like the music of "The Old Love and the New"; some the dainty grace of "Pan in Wall Street."

The New York press said of these collected poems: "It is a book which is to accumulate interest with time, and to be as precious in the next century and in the next as it is in this." Through this book we find imagination, thought, tenderness, purity, beauty. When we have these, have we not the true poet? And yet Stedman's poems are precious to us for another

reason; we feel that he knows well the human heart, else how could he voice for us our deepest emotions and our unspoken experiences? He alone moves hearts who has himself been moved.

The poet's days are spent in the whirl of business; his evenings, as ever, are given to books. He is preparing, with Miss E. M. Hutchinson of the "New York Tribune," a "Library of American Literature," in several large volumes. He is eagerly welcomed to every social gathering, and is a member of many leading societies, such as the Century Club, the Kew England Society, the Authors' Club, the Yale University Club, and others. He is brilliant in conversation, refined in face, and natural and cordial in manner. As poet, critic, scholar, and man, he is honored and admired. A life of labor, supplementing brilliant talents, has brought renown and success.

CHAPTER XI
William Dean Howells

Mr. Howells' books have received from me to-day an unusual test. On returning from our Public Library, in a pitiless snow-storm, I lost a gold watch, my companion for fifteen years. I had carried it through sunny Italy and snow-covered Norway and Russia. I had grown to regard it almost as a wise human friend, who has the tact to be near one and be a part of one's life without ever disturbing by ill-timed conversation or unasked advice.

When I realized that my watch was gone, and permanently, I sat down to read Howells' "Indian Summer." I was again in Florence, going in and out of dim cathedrals, looking upon the historic Arno, and living in the grand old past. I followed Theodore Colville, at forty-one, with that remembered love in his heart, to the home of pretty Mrs. Bowen and her naive child, Effie. I watched him as he studied Imogene Graham, the impulsive girl of twenty, full of the life which forty years had long outgrown. I laughed when the man, "still very much of a boy" — unwilling to "deny himself any reasonable and harmless indulgence; he has learned by that time that it is a pity and a folly to do so" — danced the Lancers because the girl of twenty asked him to do so. "He walked round like a bear in a pen: he capered to and fro with a futile absurdity: people poked him hither and thither; his progress was attended by rending noises from the trains over which he found his path. He smiled and cringed and apologized to the hardening faces of the dancers: even Miss Graham's face had become very grave."

I followed with tender interest the warm-hearted but

mistaken girl who thought she was in love with Colville because she desired to make him happy, and found out, alas! when it bruised two hearts, that love is something other than sacrifice. I pitied Mrs. Bowen in her struggle to make love subservient to duty. Now I enjoyed the poetic description, and now the keen analysis of the heart, in which Howells is unsurpassed. The book was not all a love-story; the philosophy of life was on every page. One did not learn merely that for a man to wed a woman half his age is generally a mistake. One is half inclined to think, with Rev. Mr. Waters, that "the evil is less when it is the wife who is the elder. Women remain young longer than men. They keep their youthful sympathies."

Mr. Waters found the Indian Summer of life interesting, and said, doubtless, what Howells believes: "At forty one has still a great part of youth before him; perhaps the richest and sweetest part. By that time the turmoil of ideas and sensations is over; we see clearly and feel consciously. We are in a sort of quiet in which we peacefully enjoy. We have enlarged our perspective sufficiently to perceive things in their true proportion and relation…. Then we have time enough behind us to supply us with the materials of reverie and reminiscence; the terrible solitude of inexperience is broken; we have learned to smile at many things besides the fear of death. We ought also to have learned pity and patience." I finished the book at midnight. The life had been so real, the picture so perfect, that I had been completely absorbed. I had forgotten that my watch was gone, forgotten that I ever owned one; and this was a comfort. One person at least will remember the "Indian Summer."

William Dean Howells, novelist, poet, essayist, and traveller, was born at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, March 1, 1837. On his father's side his ancestry came from Wales. They were Quakers, showing their religion in their honorable business dealings, being engaged in woollen manufacture. To them,

perhaps, Howells is indebted for the upright principles which have characterized his life: toleration of all faiths, gentleness of spirit, consideration for others, honesty, and purity. When the boy was three years old, the father, a man of much intelligence and refinement, moved his large family to Hamilton, Ohio, and purchased a weekly paper, the "Intelligencer."

The boy William learned to set type when quite small, and at nine years set up his first production — I believe, an essay on human life. Certain it is that he began to think in those early days, and has kept on thinking ever since.

In 1849, after the inauguration of President Taylor, Mr. Howells, the father, on account of his anti-slavery views, sold his journal and moved to Dayton, where he bought the "Transcript" a semi-weekly paper, and changed it into a daily. This meant hard work and small remuneration. William often worked till eleven o'clock at night at the desk, and then rose at four in the morning to take the daily paper to the subscribers. Five hours sleep was too little for a boy of fourteen, but necessity sometimes leads us into paths of plenty further on.

I wonder if he ever dreamed of beautiful Venice in those days, or saw himself honored in both Europe and America. I wonder if he ever felt that his books would be in thousands of homes, and that tens of thousands would long to look upon his face and hear his voice! He did his duty cheerfully for two years, and then the "Transcript" failed. When father and sons realized that the struggle was over, they did what showed true common-sense — "went down to the Miami River, and *went in swimming.*" So says Clark W. Bryan, in an interesting sketch of the novelist.

Some families would have sunk under misfortune; the Howells family decided to live and win. But the way to success was long and difficult. The family moved to Greene County, and of the trials of the ensuing year the author tells in some autobiographical sketches in the "Youth's Companion." "In

the fall of 1850 my father removed to a property on the Little Miami River, to take charge of a saw-mill and grist-mill, and to superintend the never-accomplished transformation of the latter into a paper-mill. The property belonged to his brothers, physicians and druggists, who were to follow later when they had disposed of their business in town…. Early in the century his parents had brought him to Ohio from Wales, and his boyhood was passed in the new country, where pioneer customs and traditions were still ripe; and for him it was like renewing the wild romance of those days to take up once more the life in a log cabin, interrupted by forty years sojourn in matter-of-fact dwellings of frame and brick. He had a passion for nature as tender and genuine and as deeply moralized as that of the English poets by whom it had been nourished; and he had taught us children all that he felt for the woods and fields and open skies; all our walks had led into them and under them: it was the fond dream of his boys to realize the trials and privations which he had painted for them in such rosy hues; and even if the only clapboarded dwelling on the property had not been occupied by the mills, we should have disdained it for the log-cabin in which we took up our home."

The "trials and privations which he had painted for them in such rosy hues" came in reality in the log cabin. "They had," says William H. Rideing, "plenty of vicissitudes. The storms crept in through the chinks in the walls, and sometimes when they jumped out of bed in the morning their feet fell into a snow-wreath, which had drifted in during the night. They slept in a loft, reached by a ladder, which previous tenants of the cabin had pulled after them as a protection from Indians…. The walls were covered with newspapers purchased by the head of the family, at the nearest post-office, where they had been refused by the persons to whom they were addressed, and the children were often tantalized by reading a story which broke off in the middle of a sentence at the foot of the last column. There was other reading too. 'One

day,' says Mr. Howells, 'I found in a barrel in the loft a paper copy of the poems of a certain Henry W. Longfellow, then wholly unknown to me, and while the old grist-mill, whistling and wheezing to itself, made a vague music in my ears, my soul was filled with this new, strange sweetness.'"

And yet these were precious days, for the poet-novelist sang years afterward: —

"There is a bird that comes and sings
In the Professor's garden-trees;
Upon the English oak he swings,
And tilts and tosses in the breeze.

"I know his name, I know his note,
That so with rapture takes my soul;
Like flame the gold beneath his throat,
His glossy cope is black as coal.

"O oriole, it is the song
You sang me from the cotton-wood,
Too young to feel that I was young,
Too glad to guess if life were good.

"And while I hark, before my door,
Adown the dusty Concord Road,
The blue Miami flows once more
As by the cotton-wood it flowed.

"And on the bank that rises steep.
And pours a thousand tiny rills.
From death and absence laugh and leap
My school-mates to their flutter-mills.

• • • • • •

"But, oriole, my oriole.
Were some bright seraph sent from bliss
With songs of heaven to win my soul
From simple memories such as this,

"What could he tell to tempt my ear
From you? What high thing could there be

So tenderly and sweetly dear
As my lost boyhood is to me?"

The father now became clerk of the House at Columbus, the capital, and the boy secured a position as compositor on the "Ohio State Journal," receiving four dollars a week, his first money, which went into the family treasury. His first published poem appeared in this paper, and his second in the "Cleveland Leader." The next year, when young Howells was fifteen, the family removed to Ashtabula, the father purchasing the "Sentinel," and all uniting in its production. At nineteen he became the Columbus correspondent of the "Cincinnati Gazette," and at twenty-two the news editor of the "State Journal," on which he had been compositor when he was fourteen.

During all this busy life he had managed to learn Latin and something of Greek, as well as some of the modern languages. He had not forgotten his love for poetry, and had sent a poem to the "Atlantic Monthly," which, probably to his delight and possibly to his surprise, was accepted. In one year, five of his poems were published in this magazine, a thing which might well have given him courage: "The Poet's Friends," "The Pilot's Story," "Pleasure Pain," "Lost Beliefs," and "Andenken."

While on the "State Journal," he wrote for a Columbus publishing house the life of Abraham Lincoln, then a candidate for the presidency, for which he received one hundred and ninety dollars.

With this the Ohio journalist determined to see the world, and took a trip to Canada, calling upon James Russell Lowell, then editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," and meeting James T. Fields and Doctor Holmes. On his return to Columbus, through friends, he received the appointment of Consul to Venice, where he remained from 1861 to 1865. Scarcely more than a boy, only twenty-four, rich opportunities were

coming to him early, yet he had made himself ready for his opportunities. This old world was indeed a new one to him. He felt as I suppose almost every traveller feels when he looks out upon that silent city. "I think there can be nothing else in the world so full of glittering and exquisite surprise as that first glimpse of Venice…. There lies before you, for your pleasure, the spectacle of such singular beauty as no picture can ever show you nor book tell you; beauty which you shall feel perfectly but once, and regret forever." He studied the history of beautiful Venice, her people, their habits and their daily life. He wrote of her with all the freshness, and vigor, and charm that the world has learned to know since, but did not know then. It was the eyes of a poet which saw this picture: "The slumbrous bells murmur to each other in the lagoons; the white sail faints into the white distance; the gondola slides athwart the sheeted silver of the bay; the blind beggar, who seemed sleepless as fate, dozes at his post."

Those were interesting years for his young bride and himself at Casa Faliero, on the Grand Canal, where they began "that long life of holidays which is happy marriage." When he had written his charming sketches of "Venetian Life," they were offered to the "Atlantic Monthly," and "declined with thanks." Finally, the "Boston Advertiser" published them in the form of letters. Authorship was not all ease and glory, yet. But his young wife was his encouragement and cheer. Who would publish these letters in a book? Fortunately, he had crossed the ocean with one of the firm of Hurd & Houghton. Merit must be a necessary factor of success, but who shall say that friendship does not play a very important part? Publishers are human as well as those who write their books.

"Venetian Life" was published simultaneously in London and in Boston by Hurd & Houghton, and Howells was on the sure road to fame. The "Pall Mall Gazette" said: "Mr. Howells deserves a place in the front rank of American travellers;" and the "North American Review" knew "of no single word which

will so fitly characterize" the book as "delightful."

When Mr. Howells returned to America, he wrote for the "Nation," the New York "Tribune" and "Times," and in 1866 he became assistant editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," with Mr. Fields. This position he held for six years, becoming editor-in-chief in 1872, and remaining for nine years, till he resigned, in 1881, being succeeded by Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

During this time several books were written. "Italian Journeys" appeared in 1867, with all the grace and vivid coloring of "Venetian Life." We linger at the homes of Ariosto and Petrarch, and smile at the quaint humor that could write, "The walls of the chamber were thickly over-scribbled with names. They were nearly all Italian, and none English, so far as I saw. This passion for allying one's self to the great by inscribing one's name on places hallowed by them, is certainly very odd; and, I reflected, as I added our names to the rest, it is, without doubt, the most impertinent and idiotic custom in the world."

We live over again our own visit to Pompeii, and say with him, "There is nothing on the earth or under it like Pompeii." We revisit Genoa and Naples and Padua, the brilliant pen making the visit seem a reality.

Mr. Howells had now moved to Cambridge, that restful and beautiful home of Harvard University. Here he wrote his "Suburban Sketches," more full of humor perhaps than any other of his books. Who does not recognize this description? — "A vernal gale from the east fanned our cheeks, and pierced our marrow, and chilled our blood, while the raw, cold green of the adventurous grass on the borders of the sopping sidewalks gave, as it peered through its veil of melting snow and freezing rain, a peculiar cheerfulness to the landscape…. This heavenly weather, which the Pilgrim Fathers, with the idea of turning their thoughts effectively from earthly pleasures, came so far to discover, continued with slight amelioration throughout the month of May and far into June."

Surely, the climate of Cambridge (Charlesbridge) was not like "sole beautiful Venice."

His home must have been quiet enough for even poetical composition, for he says: "We called one another to the window if a large dog went by our door…. We played a little at gardening, of course, and planted tomatoes, which the chickens seemed to like, for they ate them up as fast as they ripened; and we watched with pride the growth of our Lawton blackberries, which, after attaining the most stalwart proportions, were still as bitter as the scrubbiest of their savage brethren, and which, when, by advice, left on the vines for a week after they turned black, were silently gorged by secret and gluttonous flocks of robins and orioles. As for our grapes, the frost cut them off in the hour of their triumph."

We enjoyed the various housekeeping experiences under "Jenny," who felt obliged to return to city air and social life, and Mrs. Johnson, "who waited jealously at the head of the kitchen stairs to hear what was said of her work, especially if there were guests"; we had seen the husbands and fathers who "stood up in the early horse-cars to Boston," and returned "with aching backs and quivering calves, half-pendent by leathern straps from the roofs of the same luxurious conveyances, in the evening." In such language as Howells alone knows how to use, he ridicules "the mystery that any man should keep his seat in a horse-car and let a woman stand…. I have seen a laborer or artisan rise from his place and offer it to a lady, while a dozen well-dressed men kept theirs." Happily, I believe this courtesy to women is now generally accorded by men.

"The Wedding Journey" was the next book by Mr. Howells, in 1872. We saw Basil and Isabel strolling down Broadway at the plebeian hour of half-past six in the morning, Basil quoting poetry, and Isabel, with the unlimited faith of a new wife, fondly believing that he could write it as well as quote it. She "could not look at a mountain without thinking what

Basil might have done in that way if he had tried." And then they walk on "upbraiding the city's bigness and dullness, with an enjoyment that none but Bostonians can know. They particularly derided the notion of New York's being loved by any one. It was immense, it was grand in some ways; parts of it were exceedingly handsome: but it was too vast, too coarse, too restless. They could imagine its being liked by a successful young man of business, or by a rich young girl ignorant of life and with not too nice a taste in her pleasures; but that it should be dear to any poet or scholar, or any woman of wisdom and refinement — that they could not imagine."

The book was heartily welcomed for its grace and wit, as was its successor the following year, "A Chance Acquaintance." Then followed "A Foregone Conclusion," two comedies, "Out of the Question" and "A Counterfeit Presentment," a life of President Hayes in 1876, and then that exquisite creation, "The Lady of the Aroostook." We had expected much from Howells; but I think we were all surprised at, and not a little proud of, the skilful, realistic, and altogether charming picture of the natural, unpretending American girl who could be just as much the lady alone on board a sailing vessel as in an old palace in Venice. The people of this country knew the case already; the people of the Old World needed to see our life as it really is. Mr. Howells has drawn more intellectual women but none purer nor lovelier than Lydia Blood. We saw in Mrs. Ermin how foolish an American may become who ignores her own country; but she was doubtless born silly. There are persons, like Howells himself, whose heads are never turned by any number of years in residence abroad. We enjoyed the Englishman's innocent enjoyment of "Americanisms," because we had also found some things to enjoy in England. "He did not permit the facts to interfere with his preconceptions."

We walked and talked on the deck with Lydia and Staniford, finding knowledge of each other's hearts — the

psychological study of most young people, not to speak of older ones — and grew fond of her, as did the others on shipboard. "They were Americans, and they knew how to worship a woman." We can well appreciate Staniford's remark: "If I were a woman, I should stand by America in everything. Women owe our continent a double debt of fidelity. It's the Paradise of women, it's their Promised Land, where they've been led up out of the Egyptian bondage of Europe. It's the home of their freedom. It is recognized in America that women have consciences and souls."

How graphic was every incident; the old grandfather anxious and nervous, going off the boat, crushing his hat in his "senile haste; it was like a half-shut accordion when Lydia took it from his head; when she put it back it was like an accordion pulled out"; the boy Thomas, with his hands on his knees, gazing into the girl's trunk, and exclaiming, "Goodness! just new, ain't it," as he espies her "only black silk dress"; Captain Jenness, the bluff, kind-hearted master we have so often known.

Other volumes followed from Howells' busy pen, "The Undiscovered Country," "A Fearful Responsibility, and Other Tales," "Dr. Breen's Practice," "A Modern Instance," "A Woman's Reason," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "The Minister's Charge, or Lemuel Barker's Apprenticeship," "Three Villages" (Lexington, Shirley, and Gnadenhutten), four plays, "The Parlor-Car," "The Sleeping-Car," "The Register," and "The Elevator," and the "Indian Summer." None of us can ever forget Silas Lapham's wonderful mineral paint, nor the aristocratic Corey, nor the natural Penelope and Irene. We shall see again and again Silas and his wife absorbed in one of the most trying things of life, house-building on the "waterside of Beacon," or on any other street in the world; we shall see him in the pomp of ignorant success, "holding the ribbons" on the beach.

To many, "A Woman's Reason" will be the most

suggestive of all Howells' books. Helen Harkness is too truly a type of thousands of helpless girls, made helpless by lack of self-reliant education. Of course, there are young women in the world who would have made china-painting, or work in a photographic gallery, or in a milliner's shop, or even in that forlorn hope, writing for the press, successful. We can easily believe that Mr. Evans had rejected "loads of young-lady literature," and he might have added with truth "infantile-gentleman literature," and we can but sympathize with him when he says to Miss Root, "A iconian can sometimes do something without damaging others; but when a *lady* undertakes to help herself, some man has to suffer for it; and why shouldn't I be the victim? I usually devote Saturday night to working on a little play I'm trying to write, but I dare say the time will be much better employed in rewriting Miss Harkness's reviews." And Miss Root replies, "Oh, it's all wrong; I know it is! But what *is* a girl fit for that's been brought up just as a lady? If there's anything under the sun that she can honestly do, without imposing upon other people and putting them to twice the trouble she takes for herself, for goodness sake let her do it!" The rescue of Robert Fenton from the island on which he was shipwrecked is dramatic and intense in interest, and his marriage with Hellen Harkness well planned, but she would have made all the better wife with a different and more sensible training.

Dr. Breen, as a physician, is not the strongest woman some of us have met, as Mr. Howells acknowledges when he speaks "of the eminent woman who did the American name honor by the distinction she achieved in the schools of Paris." That there are Mrs. Maynards in the world is pitifully true.

Mr. Howells had meantime removed from Cambridge to Belmont, a few miles from Boston, where he built a unique house called Red Top from its red roof and the red timothy grass in the neighborhood. The library was a most attractive place, and Mrs. Howells made it beautiful with her artistic

skill. A fine conservatory, from which I gathered a spray of jessamine, added to the loveliness of the place. After four years here, the family went abroad for a year, and then returned to Boston to their present home on Beacon Street, two doors from Dr. Holmes. Japanese ivy climbs over the front of the house, and the Charles River floats by close to the rear. Perchance the author sometimes dreams he is in Venice again. The small reception room on the first floor has many books, but the library, which is really the back parlor on the second floor, has books on every hand and in various languages. Here are his own works in white vellum, bound in Edinburgh. A volume of "Suburban Sketches," handsomely bound, was presented to the author by ex-President Hayes, so that he might at least keep one of his works, as authors are prone to give theirs away. Here are pictures of famous authors, simply framed: Emerson, Lowell, Charles Dudley Warner, and others. At the large table in the centre, Mr. Howells does his work; writing in the morning, and reading, driving, or receiving friends in the afternoon. He writes in a neat small hand on thin French paper, his manuscripts being kept in black leather covers. He works with system, great care and conscientiousness, writing and rewriting. Fortunately, he learned the habit of close and persistent labor when a boy.

The parlor beyond the library at the front of the house is furnished in green and brown, and is homelike. On the walls are sketches of Venice, a picture of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, with the face he was always wont to paint, and one by Alma Tadema, with "To my dear Howells," in the artist's handwriting in the corner of the picture. On the upright piano is a guitar, which belongs to the only son, John, now in the Institute of Technology with the expectation of studying later in Paris and becoming an architect. The Howells family are all fond of music and enjoy it together, and, what is even better still, greatly enjoy each other. Winifred, the oldest daughter, has written for the "Century Magazine," and Mildred, at

twelve, with her mother's artistic nature, prepared a charming book, "A Little Girl among the Old Masters." Here is her pretty sculptured face by her uncle, Larkin G. Mead of Italy, with her hat tied under her chin. I thought of Nora Perry's dainty maiden, who, in tying her hat under her chin, "tied a young man's heart within," and suspected what might happen in the future to this maiden.

In manner, Howells is one of the kindest, most genial, and unostentatious of men. Like Emerson, he possesses the rare faculty of being a sympathetic listener, and, like Jean Paul Richter, probably studies you while he listens. He has strong convictions, as he has shown in his new department in "Harper's Magazine," "The Editor's Study," in which he reviews books and discusses literary matters, but he gives those convictions in the kindest way, and speaks of younger authors with a courteous candor that leaves no sting in their hearts. William Henry Bishop well says of Howells, in the "Critic": "He not only is, but appears, really great. In the personal conduct of his life, he confirms what is best in his books. Thus, there are no obscurities to be cleared up; no stories of egotism, selfishness, or greed toward his contemporaries; there is nothing to be passed over in discreet silence. He has an open and generous nature, the most polished, unassuming manners, and an impressive presence, which is yet deprived of anything formidable by a rare geniality. In looks he is about the middle height, rather spare built, and has a fine Napoleonic head, which seems capable of containing anything.... He is a novelist for the genuine love of it, and not in any way of arrogance or parade, nor even for its rewards, substantial though they are. One would say that the greatest of all pleasures for him would be to follow as he does, through all their ramifications, the problems of life and character he sets himself to study."

The Ohio lad has come to a fame of which we are all proud. The Old World gives him her praise as well as the

New. The "Pall Mall Gazette" says: "Mr. Howells is beyond dispute a great artist. His system is unvarnished naturalism, but naturalism of a healthy, sensible, wholesome kind. He has discovered that a great painter, with a wonderful gift for texture and detail may use his skill upon delicate portraits of pure women and solid men, may represent life itself, not its occasional ugly, morbid excrescences…. The novel of pure character is the novel of the future…. We get more and more realistic and analytic. We care less and less for the bare plot, the impossible episodes, the terrific encounters of the older novelists. And of the tendency towards pure character-painting and ordinary incident, Mr. Howells is the furthest living exponent. The consummate perfection of his execution equals the boldness and originality of his simplicity in design." The "Critic" says: "There has been no more rigidly artistic writing done in America since Hawthorne's time."

But Mr. Howells is not only novelist and critic, but poet also. In 1886, his collected poems appeared, his first volume having been issued in 1860, when he was twenty-three, "Poems of two Friends," himself and John J. Piatt. His poems, which the "New York Mail" calls "ineffably delicious," show admirable work and rich thought — how rich, only those know who have given them careful reading. "The Bubbles" is a gem: —

I.

"I stood on the brink in childhood,
And watched the bubbles go
From the rock-fretted, sunny ripple
To the smoother tide below,

"And over the white creek-bottom.
Under them every one,
Went golden stars in the water.
All luminous with the sun.

"But the bubbles broke on the surface,

And, under, the stars of gold
Broke; and the hungry water
Flowed onward swift and cold.

II.

"I stood on the brink in manhood,
And it came to my weary brain.
And my heart so dull and heavy
After the years of pain, —

"That every hollowest bubble
Which over my life had passed
Still into its deeper current
Some heavenly gleam had cast;

"That, however I mocked it gayly,
And guessed at its hollowness,
Still shone, with each bursting bubble,
One star in my soul the less."

Alas! that we must learn as we grow older that we lose our illusions, but it is a comfort that through each one we had "a heavenly gleam."

Who does not remember that exquisite poem, "The Doubt"? —

"She sits beside the low window
In the pleasant evening time,
With her face turned to the sunset,
Reading a book of rhyme.

"And the wine-light of the sunset,
Stolen into the dainty nook,
Where she sits in her sacred beauty,
Lies crimson on the book.

"O beautiful eyes so tender,
Brown eyes so tender and dear,
Did you leave your reading a moment
Just now as I passed near?

"Maybe, 'tis the sunset flushes
Her features so lily-pale;
Maybe, 'tis the lover's passion,
She reads of in the tale.

"O darling, and darling, and darling,
If I dared to trust my thought;
If I dared to believe what I must not,
Believe what no one ought, —

"We would read together the poem
Of the love that never died.
The passionate world-old story,
Come true, and glorified."

Who does not remember the tender naturalness of the "Caprice," or the deeper passion of "Clement"?—

"When the weary land lies hushed, like a seer in a vision.
And your life seems but the dream of a dream which you cannot remember, —
Broken, bewildering, vague, an echo that answers to nothing!"

When "the boisterous gladness of childhood" is as

"Cruel as summer sun and singing-birds to the heart-sick."

We turn away from the musical and beautiful Bo-peep where she and the prince behold the "glad sun rise,"

"That streamed before them aisles of dusk and gold
Under the song-swept arches of the wood,"

to the heart-throbs in the "Elegy on John Butler Howells":—

"A dormant anguish wakes with day,
And my heart is smitten with strange dismay.

"Distance wider than thine, O sea,
Darkens between my brother and me!

• • • • • •

"Out of far-off days of boyhood dim.
When he was a babe and I played with him,

"I remember his looks and all his ways;
And how he grew, through childhood's grace,

"To the hopes, and strifes, and sports, and joys,
And innocent vanity of boys;

"I hear his whistle at the door,
His careless step upon the floor,

"His song, his jest, his laughter yet. —
And I forget, and I forget.

• • • • • •

"Somewhere in the graveyard that I know
Where the strawberries under the chestnuts grow,

"They have laid him; and his sisters set
On his grave the flowers their tears have wet;

• • • • • •

"And Nature into her loving heart
Has taken our darling's mortal part,

"Tenderly, that he may be
Like the song of the robin in the tree,

"The blossoms, the grass, the weeds by the shore,
A part of summer evermore.

"I write, and the words with my tears are wet, —
But I forget, O, I forget!"

• • • • • •

What a flash of genius is in this verse in "Dead": —

"People go by the door,
    Tiptoe, holding their breath,
And hush the talk that they held before,
    Lest they should waken Death,
        That is awake all night
        There in the candle-light!"

Or in this, "In Earliest Spring": —

"But in my heart I feel the life of the wood and the meadow
Thrilling the pulses that own kindred with fibres that lift
Bud and blade to the sunward, within the inscrutable shadow.
Deep in the oak's chill core, under the gathering drift.

"Nay, to earth's life in mine some prescience, or dream, or desire
(How shall I name it aright?) comes for a moment and goes, —
Rapture of life ineffable, perfect, — as if in the brier.
Leafless there by my door, trembled a sense of the rose."

One of the most charming of all his poems is "The Mulberries": —

"On the Rialto Bridge we stand;
The street ebbs under and makes no sound;

• • • • • •

"For you know, old friend, I haven't eaten
A mulberry since the ignorant joy
Of anything sweet in the mouth could sweeten
All this bitter world for a boy.

• • • • • •

"And in the blue summer afternoon
We used to sit in the mulberry-tree:
The breaths of wind that remembered June
Shook the leaves and glittering berries free;

• • • • • •

"We told old stories and made new plans.
And felt our hearts gladden within us again,
For we did not dream that this life of a man's
Could ever be what we know as men.

• • • • • •

"One of us long ago was carried
To his grave on the hill above the tree;
One is a farmer there, and married;
One has wandered over the sea.

"And, if you ask me, I hardly know

Whether I'd be the dead or the clown, —
The clod above or the clay below, —
Or this listless dust by fortune blown

"To alien lands. For, however it is,
So little we keep with us in life:
At best we win only victories,
Not peace, not peace, O friend, in this strife,

"But if I could turn from the long defeat
Of the little successes once more, and be
A boy, with the whole wide world at my feet
Under the shade of the mulberry-tree, —

"From the shame of the squandered chances, the sleep
Of the will that cannot itself awaken.
From the promise the future can never keep,
From the fitful purposes, vague and shaken, —

"Ah me! should I paint the morrows again
In quite the colors so faint to-day,
And with the imperial mulberry's stain
Repurple life's doublet of hodden-gray?

"Know again the losses of disillusion?
For the sake of the hope, have the old deceit?"

• • • • • •

His last two books, "Tuscan Cities" and "Modern Italian Poets," show the man of research, as well as the skilful painter in words. In all his books we find manliness, purity, and a purpose for good. We find, too, a deep love for country, and a desire to serve her. The "Saturday Review" says: "Mr. Howells has travelled. He is not in the least provincial; he has dwelt in Italy and absorbed its beauty, and he has studied its literature with loving delight, but he remains an American to the backbone."

In the Prelude to an early book of verse, Howells wrote:—

"I sing in March brief bluebird lays,
And hope a May, and do not know:

Maybe, the heaven is full of snow, —
Maybe, there open summer days."

The "open summer days" of fame and prosperity have come, and we cannot but hope that the gifted poet will do much more in song. A warm-hearted, brilliant, noble man, he has helped our nation to receive honor abroad for culture and genius, and helped us at home in higher standards and genuine cultivation. We are grateful to him whom Lowell rightly calls "one of the most delightful of living writers."

CHAPTER XII
Thomas Bailey Aldrich

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, whom Stedman calls "the most pointed and exquisite of our lyrical craftsmen," was born at Portsmouth, N. H., by the sea, November 11, 1837 — "the prettiest place in the world," he says, in "The Story of a Bad Boy."

"The streets are long and wide, shaded by gigantic American elms, whose drooping branches, interlacing here and there, span the avenues with arches graceful enough to be the handiwork of fairies. Many of the houses have small flower-gardens in front, gay in the season with china-asters, and are substantially built, with massive chimney-stacks and protruding eaves. A beautiful river goes rippling by the town, and, after turning and twisting among a lot of tiny islands, empties itself into the sea.

"The harbor is so fine that the largest ships can sail directly up to the wharves and drop anchor. Only, they don't. Years ago it was a famous seaport. Princely fortunes were made in the West India trade; and in 1812, when we were at war with Great Britain, any number of privateers were fitted out at Rivermouth (Portsmouth) to prey upon the merchant vessels of the enemy….

"Few ships come to Rivermouth now. Commerce drifted into other ports. The phantom fleet sailed off one day, and never came back again. The crazy old warehouses are empty; and barnacles and eelgrass cling to the piles of the crumbling wharves, where the sunshine lies lovingly, bringing out the faint spicy odor that haunts the place — the ghost of the old dead West India trade!"

Here in this quiet town, of rich memories and quaint belongings, the poet grew to young manhood in the family of his grandfather, save a few of his earliest years spent at New Orleans with his parents. He was enthusiastic, generous, independent, the leader in sports and boyish pranks, with energy and persistence enough to carry through whatever he undertook.

At first so homesick that in his little chamber he was obliged to turn his pillow over "to find a dry spot to go to sleep on," he finally conquered his feelings and made friends with the new world about him. Miss Abigail, the maiden sister of his grandfather, always near at hand to administer "hot drops," for a broken heart not less than a broken head, and Kitty Collins, the serving-woman, soon won his affection. The grandfather's old-fashioned house furnished no end of entertainment, especially the attic, where met together, he says, "as if by some preconcerted arrangement, all the broken-down chairs of the household, all the spavined tables, all the seedy hats, all the intoxicated-looking boots, all the split walking-sticks that have retired from business, 'weary with the march of life.'"

His own chamber, too, was a rare study to a poetic mind. "Pretty chintz curtains hung at the window and a patch quilt of more colors than were in Joseph's coat covered the little truckle-bed. The pattern of the wall-paper left nothing to be desired in that line. On a gray background were small bunches of leaves, unlike any that ever grew in this world; and on every other bunch perched a yellow bird, pitted with crimson spots, as if it had just recovered from a severe attack of the small-pox. That no such bird ever existed did not detract from my admiration of each one. There were two hundred and sixty-eight of these birds in all, not counting those split in two where the paper was badly joined….

"A work-stand in the corner, a chest of carved mahogany drawers, a looking-glass in a filagreed frame, and a high-

backed chair studded with brass nails like a coffin, constituted the furniture. Over the head of the bed were two oak shelves, holding perhaps a dozen books — among which were 'Theodore, or the Peruvians'; 'Robinson Crusoe'; an odd volume of 'Tristram Shandy'; 'Baxter's Saints' Rest,' and a fine English edition of the 'Arabian Nights,' with six hundred woodcuts by Harvey.

"Shall I ever forget the hour when I first overhauled these books? I do not allude especially to 'Baxter's Saints' Rest,' which is far from being a lively work for the young, but to the 'Arabian Nights,' and particularly 'Robinson Crusoe.' The thrill that ran into my fingers' ends then has not run out yet. Many a time did I steal up to this nest of a room, and, taking the dog's-eared volume from its shelf, glide off into an enchanted realm, where there were no lessons to get and no boys to smash my kite. In a lidless trunk in the garret I subsequently unearthed another motley collection of novels and romances, embracing the adventures of Baron Trenck, Jack Sheppard, Don Quixote, Gil Bias, and Charlotte Temple — all of which I fed upon like a bookworm."

Perhaps it was this selfsame trunk in the attic which Mr. Rideing says Thomas Bailey attempted to restore, because the hair was nearly worn off. Having seen in a barber's window a sure cure for baldness, he bought the liquid, and carefully applied it. He watched the trunk day by day, but as no hair ever grew upon it, the boy probably lost faith in some of the patent remedies of the time!

When he was placed at the Temple school, the only and petted child discovered, as he says, "that the world was not created exclusively on my account. In New Orleans, I labored under the delusion that it was." He did not take kindly to mathematics, but was successful in Latin and French. He still found time to enjoy himself on his pony "Gypsy," which had been shipped him from the South, and to collect a perfect Natural History Museum of rabbits, dogs, white mice, parrots,

turtles, a monkey, and "robins, purple-martins, wrens, bull-finches, bobolinks, ring-doves, and pigeons." Every mother who has reared a son knows all about such a collection; only some of us have had chickens, peacocks, a coon, crows, frogs, and caterpillars added to the long list.

When the boy had grown to manhood, he had not forgotten his fondness for pets. I once saw in his "Atlantic Monthly" office a beautiful dog, the pride of his owner, with almost human intelligence. At home he brings the author's slippers to him, and, when desirous of a walk in the open air, will go to the fourth story, take a bonnet from its box, carry it down stairs in his teeth, and lay it encouragingly at the feet of a member of the family.

The grandfather's household were kept busy over the young lad. Now he was laid by with a Fourth of July explosion, in the centre of which he managed to be: now he was incapacitated from study by closed eyes on account of a melee at school with a boy who richly deserved a thrashing, and received it from Bailey. Once he ran away toward New Orleans, hoping to see his parents, but was returned, discomfited, to the grandfatherly roof by "Sailor Ben," an old friend whom he had met on the ship that brought him to his northern abode. The sailor had a green-haired lady, two anchors, a star and a frigate pricked into his arm, and this made him a hero to the young lover of art! How Thomas Bailey fired the old cannon of 1812, nearly driving frantic the good people of Rivermouth, who were asleep in their beds, how he joined the Centipede Club, and sailed away in the Dolphin, and fell in love with a girl older than himself, are all inimitably told in that book, charming alike to old and young, "The Story of a Bad Boy."

At sixteen, the rides on "Gypsy," the boating, and the play-times all came to an end. A letter with a "great black seal" came to Portsmouth, telling of the death of the father at the South. "As the days went by," says Mr. Aldrich, "my first grief subsided, and in its place grew up a want which I have

experienced at every step in life from boyhood to manhood. Often even now, after all these years, when I see a lad of twelve or fourteen walking by his father's side, and glancing merrily up at his face, I turn and look after them, and am conscious that I have missed companionship most sweet and sacred." The mother came back to Portsmouth: "With my mother's hand in mine once more, all the long years we had been parted appeared like a dream. Very dear to me was the sight of that slender, pale woman passing from loom to room, and lending a patient grace and beauty to the saddened life of the old house."

The banking business of the father had proved unfortunate, and the grandfather had lost heavily with him. While the family were discussing the wisdom of attempting to send the youth to Harvard College, as they had planned to do, an offer was received from an uncle in New York, of a position in his counting-house. This promised, at least, a means of support, and was accepted — though not without some sorrow of heart at the breaking-up of long cherished plans.

For three years young Aldrich worked over day-books and ledgers, probably with no great relish. He had already written articles for the press, and at eighteen had made up his mind to publish a book, if possible. Accordingly, he carried his manuscript to Derby & Jackson in Nassau Street. Mr. Derby was pleased with the youth's pleasant manners and the neat handwriting, but assured him that it was hazardous for a publisher to bring out a volume of poetry by a beginner, and especially one so young as himself. He would, however, hand the pages to his reader, George Ripley, then literary critic of the "New York Tribune," and get his judgment.

The young author returned in a few days, with the unquietness about the heart known to unknown authors, and received the glad intelligence that the poems were accepted for publication. This small volume, called "The Bells," was well received by the critics, though, of course, the sale was

limited. Mr. Aldrich, with his characteristic manliness, never forgot this kindness, and years afterwards, when he had become famous, dedicated an elegant edition of his poetical works, illustrated by the Paint and Clay Club,

"To J. C. Derby,
My early friend and first publisher."

When Aldrich was nineteen, he wrote that exquisite poem, "Baby Bell." It did not at first find an opening, but was finally used by the "Journal of Commerce," and a small amount paid for it. It was copied widely, for had not some "dainty Baby Bell" come and gone from wellnigh every home in the land. The story in the poem is said to be founded on fact, the beautiful child being a near relation of Mr. Aldrich.

This poem, with several others, was published in book form by George W. Carleton in 1856. The next book was a novelette, which appeared as a serial in the "Home Journal," "Daisy's Necklace and What Came of It," published by Derby & Jackson the same year. The author had already retired from mercantile life, determined to earn his living by his pen — not an easy matter unless one is famous. He wrote poems, reviews, and stories, was assistant reader for Derby & Jackson, and then assistant editor of the "Home Journal" for three years. Says an attache of that paper: "He hated cant and humbug; was genial, affable, considerate of the rights and feelings of others, frank, outspoken; and to a fault was he generous in his dealings with everybody. It is not surprising that a man with such traits, backed with a love of truth, and with his refined poetic temperament, made many friends and kept them. All of those who worked at neighboring desks with Bailey Aldrich in the beginning of his career are rejoiced at his advancement in the world of letters and in worldly matters."

After this he and some literary associates became proprietors of a new paper called the "Saturday Press," which after a time was discontinued for want of funds, "which is," said the

editor, "by a coincidence, precisely the reason for which it was started."

In 1858, when but twenty-two, his third book was published by Carleton, "The Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth." Three years later, "Pampina, and other Poems," and a year after this a short novel, called "Out of His Head." When Ticknor & Fields published their "Blue and Gold" series, Aldrich's best poems were collected and issued by them in 1865. Steadily he had made his way upward, with careful labor at every step. The next year he was called to Boston to become editor of "Every Saturday," published by Fields, Osgood & Co. Some of his best short stories began to appear in the "Atlantic Monthly," and "The Story of a Bad Boy" as a serial in "Our Young Folks," and in a book in 1870. This has passed through twenty-three editions, and "will probably be popular while we have boys in the land. The "New York Tribune" said of it: "Tom Bailey has captivated all his acquaintances. He must be added hereafter to the boys' gallery of favorite characters,' side by side with 'Robinson Crusoe,' and the 'Swiss Family Robinson,' and 'Tom Brown at Rugby.'"

In 1873, "Marjorie Daw and Other People" was published. These sketches, more than ever, established Aldrich's originality of conception, his polished style, his vivid description, and power to hold attention.

The reader gets in love with Marjorie just as John Flemming does, and when he starts for "The Pines" to meet his unseen friend, and receives from the jesting Edward Delaney the astonishing intelligence that there is no Marjorie Daw, the reader feels a sense of personal disappointment. This unique story has been translated into French, Spanish, German, and Danish. The last story in this book, "Pere Antoine's Date-Palm," is one of the most pathetic and beautiful in the language. This especially touched the heart of the great romancer, Hawthorne, who wrote Aldrich when his earlier poems appeared. He said of these poems: "I find them rich,

sweety and imaginative in such a degree that I am sorry not to have fresher sympathies, in order to taste all the delight that every reader ought to draw from them. I was conscious, here and there, of a delicacy that I hardly dared to breathe upon."

The year after "Marjorie Daw" was published, "Cloth of Gold, and Other Poems" appeared, and "Prudence Palfrey," a novel. The scenes in the latter are laid in Rivermouth, a place where, "though nothing occurs without being known, a great many things are known there that never occur at all," and good Parson Wibird Hawkins is the same person who preached long sermons in "The Story of a Bad Boy." His broken heart, when he is coolly dismissed from the pulpit, the joy over the new occupant of the sacred desk, Mr. Dillingham, who turns out a villain; the sweet naturalness of Prudence, who sits for hours "on the little green bench under the vines where John Dent had waited for her," and reads Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" because he read it, are all so admirably pictured that we live in them as though they were real. Prudence was only like her readers, to whom love makes sacred the flowers another has held or the path another's foot has pressed. Aldrich says: "Every man is a poet at some period of his life, if only for half an hour," and most of us have some such rich and beautiful "half-hours" in our lives.

Scattered here and there throughout the book are witty and capital suggestions. "Much is expected of a man whose progenitors have been central figures. To inherit the great name without the great gifts is a piece of ironical good fortune. When one's ancestors have been everything, and one's self is nothing, it is, perhaps, just as well not to demand from the world the same degree of consideration that was given voluntarily to one's predecessors. I have encountered two or three young gentlemen in the capital of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, who seemed to have the idea that *they* were killed at the battle of Bunker Hill."

In 1877, "Flower and Thorn," a volume of poems, and "The Queen of Sheba," a novel, were published. Wit, originality, clearness, and vividness mark the latter. The "Atlantic Monthly" thought the story "more poetically imagined than any other he has done, and it is the most shapely and best wrought." Mr. Edward Lynde taking his horseback ride on backing Mary is equalled only by John Gilpin on his wedding-day. "Perhaps nothing gives you so acute a sense of helplessness as to have a horse back with you, under the saddle or between shafts. The reins lie limp in your hands, as if detached from the animal; it is impossible to check him or force him forward; to turn him around is to confess yourself conquered; to descend and take him by the head is an act of pusillanimity. Of course, there is only one thing to be done, but if you know what that is, you possess a singular advantage over your fellow-creatures."

Dr. Pendegrast's lunatics are true to the life. The description of Swiss scenery, where Lynde meets the "Queen of Sheba," now restored to sanity in the sweet girl, Ruth Denham, are done with a poet's hand. How perfect is this picture to those who have gone over the Tête-Noir after a terrible storm: "The swollen torrents now rushed vengefully through the arches of the stone bridges; the low-hanging opaque clouds pressed the vitality out of the atmosphere; in the melancholy gray light the rain-soaked mountains wore a human aspect of dolor."

How ingenuous and natural is the love-making in the ascent of Montanvert, when the lovers innocently suppose that their guide does not understand English, and learn later that he understands but too well. Alas! how well I recall an excursion in Salzburg to the salt-mines when our travelling-companions were all German and French. I had met an intimate friend, and was telling unique experiences in France and Germany, with the satisfaction of a person glad to meet some one who speaks English, and with the freedom of one whose

listeners hear in an unknown tongue. Imagine one's feelings when one speaks to the rest of the party in French and they answer in perfect English!

In 1880, Mr. Aldrich, now forty-four, was made editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," Howells having resigned that office. His good judgment, exquisite taste, and reputation already won, made him bring honor to the place, while it also brought honor to him. His New York friends gave him a breakfast at Delmonico's, glad and proud of his fame and success. For seven years, he has graced this responsible position, doing much other valuable work meantime. He has published "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book," "Mercedes," a drama, "The Stillwater Tragedy," a novel based on the perplexing questions in Capital and Labor, a book of travels, "From Ponkapog to Pesth," and is now writing a novel, "The Second Son," with Mrs. Oliphant of England, appearing in serial form in the "Atlantic Monthly."

The book of travels, through Spain, Italy, Scotland, and elsewhere, over ground, as he says, "worn smooth by the feet of millions of tourists and paved three deep with books of travel," shows Aldrich's keen observation, sense of the ludicrous, and appreciation of all that is beautiful and refined. "Outside of the larger cities, on the continent you can get as wretched accommodations as you could desire for an enemy…. I suppose that a taste for churchyards and cemeteries is a cultivated taste. At home, they were entirely disconnected in my mind with any thought of enjoyment; but after a month on the other side I preferred a metropolitan graveyard to almost any object of interest that could be presented to me." "A Day in Africa" is a charming bit of writing, and you feel indeed as if Tangier "had been brought home with him and set up on the edge of Ponkapog Pond." He enjoys America on his return, as we all do — "it is the best *you* can ever have" — "in the refreshing, short-lived pleasure of being able to look at your own country with the eyes of an alien."

As editor, traveller, and novelist, Aldrich has won renown, but, most and best of all, he is a poet. The "Critic" says: "It is rare to find a poet, more particularly an American poet, working with such sculpturesque finish, such patience and precision, such old-world fastidiousness…. If Mr. Aldrich had done nothing but what is contained in this choice Household edition of his poems, all lovers of true poetry would thank him…. And when we remember that he is novelist, playwright, traveller, critic, and editor besides, we are lost in wonder that his poetic work is so perfect, and that so abundant and multifarious an overflow in so many different directions has not spoilt its lucid delicacy and charm."

The "Literary World" says: "None of our New England poets can rival Mr. Aldrich in delicate fancy and airy rhyme." And the English press has not been less hearty in its praise.

Of Aldrich's longer poems, "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book" and "Spring in New England" will be loved best probably, after "Baby Bell." The good friar, who gives his life to illustrating the Sacred Book, almost forgetting the plague-stricken people, and finds a death's-head painted on his page instead of the benign face of the Apostle, and then goes among the sick, takes the plague himself, but finds meantime that an angel has completed his book, "and gilded as no hand could do," teaches a lesson that is good to be learned three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. "Spring in New England" will always be like balm to hearts who buried their dead

"Far away to the South, in the sultry, stricken land, —
On the banks of silvery streams gurgling among their reeds,
By many a drear morass, where the long-necked pelican feeds,
By many a dark bayou, and blinding dune of sand,

• • • • • •

"So let our heroes rest
Upon your sunny breast:
Keep them, O South, our tender hearts and true

Keep them, O South, and learn to hold thew dear
From year to year!
Never forget.
Dying for us, they died for you.
This hallowed dust should knit us closer yet."

From the shorter poems, where there is so much beauty and grace in all, it is difficult to select. Some one has well said: "They are of the rare sort which mature men and women fold up and carry about with them, to be read alone, as one plucks and smiles into a simple blossom in a weary landscape."

Aldrich himself says: —

"You do poets and their song
A grievous wrong
If your own soul does not bring
To their high imagining
As much beauty as they sing."

Howells calls the sonnet on "Sleep" "one of the great sonnets of the language."

"When to soft sleep we give ourselves away
And in a dream as in a fairy bark
Drift on and on through the enchanted dark
To purple daybreak — little thought we pay
To that sweet bitter world we know by day.
We are clean quit of it, as is a lark
So high in heaven no human eye can mark
The thin swift pinion cleaving through the gray.
Till we awake ill fate can do no ill,
The resting heart shall not take up again
The heavy load that yet must make it bleed;
For this brief space the loud world's voice is still,
No faintest echo of it brings us pain.
How will it be when we shall sleep indeed?"

Of the sonnet "Pursuit and Possession" Edgar Fawcett says: "Probably for exactness of diction and epithet, for

perfect consonance of subject and metrical force, for every grace and charm, in brief, except possibly that of equalling in its idea the poet's usual originality, it is the most successful sonnet he has given us."

I think Aldrich's own lines on what "my songs would be" describe what they really are, in their exquisite beauty and rich imagination. They are hopeful, clear, musical, polished.

> "Hints of our sea-breezes, blent
> With odors from the Orient;
> Indian vessels deep with spice;
> Star-showers from the Norland ice;
> Wine-red jewels that seem to hold
> Fire, but only burn with cold;
> Antique goblets, strangely wrought,
> Filled with the wine of happy thought;
> Bridal measures, vain regrets,
> Laburnum buds and violets;
> Hopeful as the break of day;
> Clear as crystal; new as May;
> Musical as brooks that run
> O'er yellow shallows in the sun;
> Soft as the satin fringe that shades
> The eyelids of thy fragrant maids;
> Brief as thy lyrics, Herrick, are.
> And polished as the bosom of a star."

What are more full of imagination than "Before the Kain" and "The Bluebells of New England"?—

> "We knew it would rain, for all the morn
> A spirit on slender ropes of mist
> Was lowering its golden buckets down
> Into the vapory amethyst
>
> "Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens —
> Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
> Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
> To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

• • • • • •

"To yon, fair phantoms in the sun,
Whom merry Spring discovers.
With bluebirds for your laureates,
And honey-bees for lovers.

"The south wind breathes, and, lo! you throng
This rugged land of ours:
I think the pale blue clouds of May
Drop down, and turn to flowers!"

What are more tender and exquisite in feeling than "An Untimely Thought" and "Love's Calendar."

"I wonder what day of the week —
I wonder what month of the year —
Will it be midnight or morning,
And who will bend over my bier?

• • • • • •

"Those two rosy boys in the crib
Upstairs are not ours, to be sure!
You are just a sweet bride in her bloom,
All sunshine, and snowy, and pure.

"As the carriage rolls down the dark street.
The little wife laughs and makes cheer —
But … I wonder what day of the week,
I wonder what month of the year."

• • • • • •

"The summer comes and the summer goes;
Wild-flowers are fringing the dusty lanes.
The swallows go darting through fragrant rains,
Then, all of a sudden — it snows.

"Dear heart, our lives so happily flow,
So lightly we heed the flying hours,
We only know winter is gone — by the flowers,
We only know winter is come — by the snow."

What are more full of thought than "The Lady of Castelnore," "Destiny," "Identity," "The Tragedy," and "Thorwald-

sen"? In the Quatrains, "Memories," "Fame," and "Romeo and Juliet" are gems.

Aldrich seems to combine, as he says in "Heredity" —

"A soldier of the Cromwell stamp
With sword and psalm-book by his side,"

and

"a creature soft and fine
From Spain, some say, some say from France:
• • • • • •
"In me these two have met again;
To each my nature owes a part:
To one the cool and reasoning brain;
To one the quick unreasoning heart."

His words drop from his pen as if by magic, and yet, says William Henry Bishop, in the "Critic," "Experienced as he is, and successful as he is, no manuscript leaves his hand to be printed till he has made at least three distinct and amended draughts of it. He was endowed with a talent which had to succeed in the front rank or not at all."

Read "Seadrift" for a rare piece of workmanship and musical expression, "wine-red jewels that seem to hold fire":—

"The night drags by; and the breakers die
Along the ragged ledges;
The robin stirs in his drenched nest;
The hawthorn blooms on the hedges.

"In shimmering lines, through the dripping pines
The stealthy morn advances;
And the heavy sea-fog straggles back
Before those bristling lances.

"Still she stands on the wet sea-sands:
The morning breaks above her,
And the corpse of a sailor gleams on the rocks —
What if it were her lover?"

Mr. Aldrich sings because there is music in his soul, and he will sing more in the coming years, perhaps the "song he has never sung."

> "As sweet as the breath that goes
> From the lips of the white rose,
> As weird as the elfin lights
> That glimmer of frosty nights,
> As wild as the winds that tear
> The curled red leaf in the air.
> Is the song I have never sung."

Aldrich has won success in pecuniary matters, success in authorship, and success in a happy home with his wife and twin boys, now fitting for Harvard College, the joy which the father missed.

His Boston home, on Mount Vernon Street, is a four-story red brick, with a white marble doorway, in a block of houses. The view from this high point is delightful. Mr. Bishop says: "Mark Twain has pronounced the prospect from here at night, with the electric lights glimmering in the leafy Common and the myriads of others round about, as one of the most impressive within his wide experience. The golden dome of the State House here rears its bulk aloft, close at hand…. The most pervading trait of the interior of the house is a sense of a discriminating judgment and ardor in household decoration. Both husband and wife share this taste, and together they have filled this abode and their two country-houses with ample evidence of it, and with rare and taking objects brought from a wide circle of travel and research…. Up one flight from the entrance are the two principal drawing-rooms of the house, large and handsome. The most conspicuous objects on the walls of these are a few old masters after the style of Fra Angelico — trophies of travel. There are also a remarkable pair of figures in Venetian wood-carving, nearly life-size. The pictures are, for the rest, chiefly original sketches done for

illustration of the author's books by talented younger American artists. On the same floor is the library, a modest-sized room, made to seem smaller than it is through being compactly filled from floor to ceiling with a collection of three thousand books. The specialties chiefly observed in its composition are Americana and first editions." Here gather the best minds of the day, and they find warm welcome and generous hearts. In summer the family pass much of their time at Ponkapog, not far from Boston, and at Lynn, on the seashore, in a large red wooden villa. Here the author has come for seventeen summers, except when he has been in Europe. That he loves the place, his poem "On Lynn Terrace" beautifully shows.

"All day to watch the blue wave curl and break,
All night to hear it plunging on the shore —
In this sea dream such draughts of life I take,
I cannot ask for more.

"Behind me lie the idle life and vain,
The task unfinished, and the weary hours;
That long wave softly bears me back to Spain
And the Alhambra's towers!"

• • • • • •

Aldrich is now fifty, looking much younger than this, cheerful in face, polished in manner, witty in conversation, and brilliant in mind. He has won fame and friends in both hemispheres. What can he ask for besides?

CHAPTER XIII
Richard Watson Gilder

On the north side of Union Square, New York City, is the home of the largest and most prosperous magazine in this country, "The Century." The building is both tasteful and elegant, as befits a magazine whose monthly circulation is over a quarter of a million. "Spaciousness and an air of unobtrusive elegance are the first impressions derived from a view of the rooms. The wood-work of the main publication office, which the visitor first enters, and that of the wide corridor extending through the building to the Eighteenth Street front, is painted a shade of Indian-red. The walls are tinted a light grayish Indian-red, and the frieze, which is nearly five feet deep, and the ceilings throughout are of a grayish buff tint. All of the wall space is brightened by the original drawings, in color or in black and white, of many of the engravings that have appeared in the pages of the magazine…. The room in the southeast corner of the main office, with outlook upon the park, is the private office of Mr. Roswell Smith," the president of the "Century" Company, an educated and energetic man, of remarkable business ability. Not far away are the beautiful editorial rooms, in light Indian-red, of "St. Nicholas," with its gifted editor, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, and her able associate, Mr. W. F. Clarke.

"A branch corridor leads to the 'Century' editorial rooms, three in number, which are decorated en suite, the wood-work being a deep olive-green ornamented with gold lines; the cartridge paper of the walls is a grayish green, and the frieze and ceilings a grayish buff. Portieres of dark red material hang at the large door-ways. In the reception-room are

displayed several original designs in water-color and black-and-white. In the principal editorial room, which is occupied by the associate editor and the editorial assistants, the only art objects at present are a plaster cast of an antique head and a copy of Boehm's statuette of Thackeray. Venetian blinds shade the large south windows and shellacked pine book-shelves extend the length of the room under the windows, whose sills combine with the cornice of the shelves. In the private office of Richard Watson Gilder, the editor-in-chief, the most striking object in the decoration is an unpainted pine mantel and fireplace, somewhat in the old colonial style. This room was furnished for the late Dr. Holland, who died before the magazine was fully settled in the new rooms. The plan of the mantel was modified to make it a memorial of the first editor of 'The Century,' by leaving a large space between the shelf and the cornice for a relief portrait of Dr. Holland, carved in wood by Miss Allegra Eggleston, daughter of the author of 'The Hoosier Schoolmaster' and 'Roxy.'"

Everything indicates refinement, scholarship, artistic culture, and the repose of success. The editor, Mr. Gilder, is a young man, slight in physique, courteous in manner, very busy (over five hundred manuscripts are received here each month, only about one twelfth of which can possibly be used, for lack of room in the magazine) but with time to receive any person who has a part in the world's advancement. He has method in his labor, conscientiousness, fine taste, and a genius for his calling. He knows what the public ought to want, and furnishes it. He makes for himself and his readers the highest standard. He educates and elevates while he entertains. The art-work in the magazine is unsurpassed, the best talent being secured, and the highest prices paid for the labor. A single portrait of W. D. Howells in 1882 in the "Century" cost three hundred and twenty dollars.

Personally, Mr. Gilder is much sought in society for his culture and his common-sense. His home is a centre for the

true aristocracy of brain. It is a restful, artistic, and individual home, charming for its books and pictures, but more charming still for its helpful wife, an artist and a woman of superior ability, and his three beautiful children, Rodman, Dorothea, and George. She is the daughter of Commodore De Kay, and granddaughter of Joseph Rodman Drake, whose early death, at twenty-five, stilled the genius of the "Culprit Fay."

Who is this editor, one of the youngest of our poets, who has already won this high position? Richard Watson Gilder has made his own fame and success. Energy, will-power, ability, a standard before him nothing less than perfection, all these have helped to make him what he is. The son of Rev. W. H. Gilder, a Methodist clergyman, he was born February 8, 1844, at Bordentown, New Jersey, one of a family of eight children, five sons and three daughters, most of whom seem to have inherited their father's journalistic tastes. Rev. Mr. Gilder wrote much for the press, and at one time owned a monthly journal in Philadelphia.

Richard Watson began early his literary work. When he was only twelve years of age, he published a newspaper at Flushing, Long Island, setting the type, indeed doing all the work himself. The little foot-square sheet was euphoniously called the "St. Thomas Register," and was undoubtedly most interesting to its proprietor. Four years later he again embarked in a newspaper enterprise, this time joining with two young friends in the production of a campaign paper advocating Bell and Everett for Presidential honors.

A boy thus interested in affairs of state could not remain inactive during our Civil War, and, though still in his teens, he enlisted in the First Philadelphia Artillery, serving through the "emergency" campaign of 1863, when Lee invaded Pennsylvania. Charles G. Leland, "Hans Breitman," was also a private in the same company.

The father, who served as chaplain for a New York regiment during the War, died in the spring of 1864, from small-

pox contracted in heroically nursing some soldiers in the Army of the Potomac. This, as in the case of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, changed the life-plan of young Gilder, who had begun the study of law in Philadelphia. Money must be earned, and fame must be won now in self-tilled fields, so commonly the heritage of noted Americans. What could the minister's son do to earn his living? Anything that was honorable; for he was not above labor; no manly soul is above it. The first position open to him was that of a paymaster on the old Camden & Amboy Railroad. A year later he became a reporter on the "Newark Advertiser," and soon made his way to the place of legislative correspondent, local editor, and finally managing editor.

"I well remember Gilder when he first came to Newark eighteen years ago," said a gentleman of the press. "He was a boyish-looking fellow, full of his pranks, but full also of ambition and readiness for work. He began as a routine reporter, but he soon pushed his way into higher lines of work, and it amuses me to recall how the old-fashioned proprietor of the paper, who could hardly believe that a fun-loving youngster of a little over twenty was capable of writing an editorial, would shake his head when he found some of the boy's work on that page of the paper."

But Gilder, not forgetting the boyish ambition of twelve, desired a paper of his own, and, in conjunction with Mr. Newton Crane, since then our consul at Manchester, England, and now a well-known lawyer of St. Louis, started a bright daily, called the "Newark Morning Register," and soon became editor also of "Hours at Home," a monthly published in New York. Life was now full to overflowing with labor. Gilder would work all night on his paper, snatch a few hours of sleep, and then go to New York for his other editorial work. All the Gilder family were, of course, deeply interested in the "Register" and, says Jeannette Leonard Gilder, now the able editor of the "Critic," in "My Journalistic Experiences" in "Lippin-

cott's Magazine," all assisted "to fill its columns with news or items of interest of any sort. I took upon myself the duty of writing a column of paragraphs from two to twenty lines in length, which was called 'Breakfast-Table-Talk.' I thought it was brilliant enough to be called 'Dinner-Table-Talk,' but I doubt if any one else shared my good opinion of it. After I had been writing 'Table-Talk' for some time, I was allowed to try my hand in the amusement column…. The 'Newark Morning Register' had a varied career…. As it was losing money just about as fast as a newspaper can lose money, which is faster than almost anything else in the world, the two young men sold out their interest…. I, however, hung by the 'Register' for a time. I wanted the experience I could get there, and I have never regretted it. The 'Register' had its ups and downs. At one time it was managed on the co-operative plan; at another it was in the hands of politicians: then a man bought it simply as a speculation — a not very good one it proved to him, I fancy. But the cry, no matter who was at the helm, was always 'Cut down the expenses.' At one time the expenses were so well cut down that I was the only person in the office except a reporter. He wrote the local news, while I edited the telegraphic news, wrote the editorials, political as well as social, kept up my column of 'Table-Talk,' criticised all the musical and theatrical performances that came to town, and wrote the book reviews, and thus obtained a great deal of the journalistic experience I craved."

When "Scribner's Magazine" was started, "Hours at Home" was purchased by the Scribners. It was natural that Dr. Holland should know who had made the latter journal able and interesting, and Gilder became his associate, the managing editor of the new magazine. It is easy to say that fortuitous circumstances brought about this relationship, but brains and will-power make us ready to fill large places when "fortuitous circumstances" open them to us.

At twenty-six, Richard Watson Gilder found himself in

this position of influence. He contributed to the new magazine, among other things, "The Old Cabinet," which all of us remember with its fresh thoughts, timely suggestions, and able reviews. "Let us set the critic," he said, "the example of charity by our charity toward the critic." … Good manners are to be observed in criticism as in other departments of literature and life. "I do not think famous men live up to their privileges. Remember how much pleasure they have it in their power to confer, to the sure enhancement of their own happiness…. It strikes me as requiring no little heroism to refuse to take advantage of so many opportunities for making one's self happy by doing good to other people." … "The world is to the poet what the musician's score is to the musician: he reads the music from it, and makes us tremble."

Through eleven years Mr. Gilder saw the magazine grow to enormous proportions, and when Dr. Holland died, in 1881, who could so well match the consummate business management of Mr. Roswell Smith as the young and brilliant managing editor, who now became editor-in-chief? Mr. R. U. Johnson, the associate editor and poet as well, has been also a most helpful factor in the success of the magazine.

Amid this untiring editorial labor, during which Mr. Gilder injured his health, and therefore spent fifteen months abroad, he was busy with other work, which has given him well deserved fame. In 1875 appeared his first volume of poems, "The New Day." It had the clear note of a bird: —

> "When sound is one with sense,
> 'Tis a bird's song, sweet, intense";

the absorbing passion of the purest love, the aspiration of a noble soul, and the conscientious skill of the workman in precious thoughts.

> "Like a violet, like a lark,
> Like the dawn that kills the dark.
> Like a dew-drop, trembling, clinging.

Is the poet's first sweet singing."

Among the most delightful of the sonnets are "I count my time by times that I meet thee," and "Words in Absence."

"I count my time by times that I meet thee;
These are my yesterdays, my morrows, noons.
And nights; these my old moons and my new moons,
Slow fly the hours, or fast the hours do flee.
If thou art far from or art near to me:
If thou art far, the birds' tunes are no tunes;
If thou art near, the wintry days are Junes, —
Darkness is light and sorrow cannot be.
Thou art my dream come true, and thou my dream,
The air I breathe, the world wherein I dwell;
My journey's end thou art, and thou the way;
Thou art what I would be yet only seem;
Thou art my heaven, and thou art my hell;
Thou art my ever-living judgment day."

• • • • • •

"I would that my words were as my fingers,
So that my Love might feel them move
Slowly over her brow, as lingers
The sunset wind o'er the world of its love.
I would that my words were as the beating
Of her own heart, that keeps repeating
My name through the livelong day and the night;
And when my Love her lover misses —
Longs for and loves in the dark and the light —
I would that my words were as my kisses.
I would that my words her life might fill,
Be to her earth and air and skies;
I would that my words were hushed and still —
Lost in the light of her eyes."

• • • • • •

"Who love can never die! They are a part
Of all that lives beneath the summer sky;
With the world's living soul their souls are one;
Nor shall they in vast nature be undone

And lost in the general life. Each separate heart
Shall live, and find its own, and never die."

These sonnets, with Mrs. Browning's, should be set in gold.

Sometimes Gilder writes in the singing measure that will always be dearest to the common heart: —

• • • • • •

"I love the smell of her garments;
I love the touch of her hands;
I love the sky above her,
And the very ground where she stands.

"I love her doubting and anguish;
I love the love she withholds;
I love my love that loveth her
And anew her being moulds."

And that he treasures this affection, which now blossoms in his home in a lasting companionship, the poem "After Many Days" beautifully shows: —

"Dear heart, I would that after many days.
When we are gone, true lovers in a book
Might find these faithful songs of ours! 'O look!'
I hear him murmur, while he straightway lays
His finger on the page, and she doth raise
Her eyes to his. Then, like the winter brook
From whose young limbs a sudden summer shook
The fetters, love flows on in sunny ways.
I would that when we are no more, dear heart,
The world might hold thy unforgotten name
Inviolate in these still living rhymes.
I would have poets say, 'Let not the art
Wherewith they loved be lost! To us the blame
Should love grow less in these our modern times.'"

There are poems especially rich in thought in this volume, as "The Sower," and "There Is Nothing New Under the Sun."

Five years later, a second volume of poems appeared, "The Poet and His Master," which the critics praised for greater breadth, though it could not be more pure and spiritual than the first volume. The first poem in the book, "The Poet and His Master" is a masterpiece. The poet is bidden to sing:—

> "'Mid sounds of war — in halcyon times of peace
> To strike the ringing wire, and not to cease
> In hours of general happiness to swell
> The common joy; and when the people cry
> With piteous voice loud to the pitiless sky,
> … to frame the universal prayer,
> And breathe the balm of song upon the accursed air."

And when the poet pleads that he cannot sing on account of sorrow, he is wisely told to call sorrow "knowledge": —

> "Know, then, thou yet shalt find,
> Ere thy full days are numbered 'neath the sun.
> Thou, in thy shallow youth, hadst but begun
> To guess what knowledge is, — what grief may be,
> And all the infinite sum of human misery;
> Shalt find that for each drop of perfect good
> Thou payest, at last, a threefold price in blood;
> I bid thee sing, even though I have not told
> All the deep flood of anguish shall be rolled
> Across thy breast. Nor, poet, shalt thou bring
> From out those depths thy grief! Tell to the mind
> Thy private woes, but not to human ear,
> Save in the shape of comfort for thy kind.
> But never hush thy song: dare not to cease
> While life is thine. Haply, 'mid those who hear,
> Thy music to one soul shall murmur peace.
> Though for itself it hath no power to cheer."

This is certainly the gospel of hope and of consolation. Gilder loves nature, and voices this exquisite sentiment in the following words: —

"When fades the cardinal-flower, whose heart-red bloom
Glows like a living coal upon the green
Of the midsummer meadows, then how bright,
How deepening bright, like mounting flame, doth burn
The golden-rod upon a thousand hills!
This is the autumn flower, and to my soul
A token fresh of beauty and of life,
And life's supreme delight.
When I am gone,
Something of me I would might subtly pass
Within these flowers twain of all the year:
So might my spirit send a sudden stir
Into the hearts of those who love these hills,
These woods, these waves, and meadows by the sea."

Sometimes the poet teaches true philosophy in simple dress, as in the ballad of "John Carman," or in "Reform": —

"I think sometimes it were best just to let the Lord alone;
I am sure some people forget He was here before they came."

Sometimes a beautiful picture is painted for us, as in "A Song of Early Autumn": —

"When late in summer the streams run yellow,
Burst the bridges, and spread into bays;
When berries are black and peaches are mellow,
And hills are hidden by rainy haze."

Sometimes he is tender, as in "At the President's Grave"; he says of Garfield —

"A man not perfect, but of heart
So high, of such heroic rage,
That even his hopes became a part
Of earth's eternal heritage."

Sometimes we have an original and lovely conception, as in "The White and the Red Rose," "Youth and Age," and "Wanted, a Theme!"

"'Give me a theme,' the little poet cried,
'And I will do my part!'
"'Tis not a theme you need,' the world replied;
'You need a heart.'"

And Mr. Gilder has brought a warm heart to his work, as well as genuine thought and finish. That he loves the memory of Keats, "An Inscription in Rome" and other poems show. At his home one may see a mask of Keats's face, given to Mr. Gilder by Severn while at Rome. Also one sees here a life mask, and one taken after death, of Abraham Lincoln, and of his strong honest hand; he of whom Gilder wrote, in the "Burial of Grant": —

"As brave as he — he on whose iron arm
Our greatest leaned, our gentlest and most wise —
Leaned when all other help seemed mocking lies,
While this one soldier checked the tide of harm,
And they together saved the State,
And made it free and great."

One of Mr. Gilder's most imaginative and choice poems is an "Ode," in which the "spirit of light and life and mirth" sings: —

"I love not the night
Save when the stars are bright,
Or when the moon
Fills the white air with silence like a tune.
Yea, even the night is mine
When the Northern Lights outshine,
And all the wild heavens throb in ecstasy divine; —
Yea, mine deep midnight, though the black sky lowers.
When the sea burns white and breaks on the shore in starry showers."

In 1885, Gilder's third volume of collected "Poems and Lyrics" was published. At his age, forty-three, we may expect much able work from his pen. Edmund Clarence Stedman

says of his books, "Each is a cluster of flawless poems — the earlier verse marked by the mystical beauty, intense emotion, and psychological distinctions of the elect illuminati. He appears to have studied closely, besides the most ideal English verse, the Italian sonnets and canzoni, which ever deeply impress a poet of exquisite feeling. An individual tone dominates his maturer lyrical efforts; his aim is choice and high, as should be that of one who decides upon the claims of others."

George Parsons Lathrop also gives Gilder high praise: "He has, in many pieces, the irresistible singing quality — that motion which carries us along as naturally as the earth does its rotary flight through space. Alive to all the beauty of sense, sound, color, physical pleasure, he adores no less the beauty of thought, the splendor of divinity; and all these things are taken up into the comprehensive spirituality of his mood, so that to read his verse is like receiving a new access of the glad pure candor which belongs to youth."

A single verse from one of our younger poets, Clinton Scollard, voices well Mr. Gilder's power: —

> "Pure depth of feeling wedded to high art
> And keenest insight — these the poet brings:
> And when he sweeps his lyre's reverberant strings
> He strikes the chords that stir the human heart."

Mr. Gilder is fortunate in a family circle which has kindred gifts. His brother, J. B, Gilder, formerly connected with the "New York Herald," is now associate editor of the "Critic." Col. W. H. Gilder, his oldest brother, is well known as the author of that most interesting book, "Schwatka's Search," or sledging in the Arctic regions in quest of the Franklin records, which they found. Colonel Gilder being second in command in the expedition; and author of "Ice-Pack and Tundra," an account of the search for the "Jeannette," and the sledge journey through Siberia. Miss Jeannette L. Gilder has just published "Representative Poems by Living

Poets," selected by the poets themselves. Charles De Kay, a brother-in-law of Richard Watson Gilder, is a successful poet, author of "Vision of Nimrod," "Esther," and shorter poems.

Mr. Gilder is often asked to grace distinguished occasions by his presence and his pen. He wrote an inspiring hymn, sung at the presentation of the obelisk to the city of New York, Feb. 22, 1881.

At the eighth Commencement of Smith College at Northampton, Mass., he read "Mars Triumphalis," thoughtful and spiritual: —

> "O Lord of Light, steep thou our souls in thee!
> That when the daylight trembles into shade,
> And falls the silence of mortality,
> And all is done, we shall not be afraid,
> But pass from light to light; from what doth seem,
> Into the very heart and heaven of our dream."

A man of rare spirit, personality, and talent, he adds another honored and noble name to a company of authors of whom America may well be proud; one of Emerson's chosen literati, "a man behind the book."

CHAPTER XIV
Will Carleton

In a three-story brownstone house in Brooklyn, New York, lives Will Carleton, one of our younger and most popular poets. He has touched the hearts of the people as few others have done. He has made home and home affections sweeter to hundreds of thousands; he has written with a desire to make the world purer and nobler; infinitely above writing merely "for art's sake," if, indeed, in this nineteenth century of human progress, there really be any who write without an underlying purpose to help their fellows.

The Carleton home has comfort and refinement; pictures which show that the author has travelled widely and appreciatively; a sweet-faced mother, who is and ought to be proud of her successful son, and an accomplished wife, who is devoted to charitable and noble works. The home is full of sunshine, both from nature and from cordial hearts, and sincerity and peace reign within it. The attractive parlors, in blue, are not the most attractive rooms in the house, for one naturally turns to the place where the poet does his daily work. In an upper chamber, rich only in books, at a plain desk, with nothing to distract his thoughts, Will Carleton usually writes through the morning hours. He rises early, never composes before breakfast, thinks over his subjects carefully, and then, when the work is in mind, writes out of a full heart. He said to a friend: "I do not dash off my lines. They do not come to me hastily. The construction of a poem with me is a labor of care, and is often slow work."

In this study are books given by many authors, and letters with hearty and encouraging words from poets like the warm-

hearted John G. Whittier. Here is another large desk, similar to the one where the poetry is written, and this is devoted to lecture correspondence and other business interests. For over fifteen years, Mr. Carleton, young as he is, forty-two, has been a popular lecturer, like George W. Cable and Mark Twain, reading his own productions. Of course he has gained a competency from this, and the sale of over three hundred thousand volumes of his poems, and he richly deserves all he has won. He has worked constantly, has overcome many obstacles, and has kept sunshine in his face and kindness in his heart.

Will Carleton was born October 21, 1845, in Hudson, Mich., the youngest of five children, the only one of them now living. The father, in early life, moved from New Hampshire, and in a dense forest cleared a farm for himself. He was a practical, hard-working man, and, though a devoted Christian, perhaps did not see as much poetry in life as his cheerful wife, who, even in this wilderness, wrote poems, and kept many more in her heart unwritten. Perhaps, better still, she sung them into the heart of her youngest child. The father was fond of reading, and wished to give his children the best education possible in this isolated farm-life. The boy Will had an eager desire for books, and, while attending the district school, managed to study Latin and a little Greek, though these studies were considered useless to a farmer's son. Though frail in health, apparently predisposed to consumption, later he walked five miles daily through the snow and mud to attend the high school.

Probably the father was beginning to have doubts as to his boy's fitness for farming in the future. Will Carleton tells, years afterward, in "Lippincott's Magazine," of these early days: "My lecturing efforts began at home, upon my father's farm. Having succeeded in hearing two or three good speakers who had visited our little neighboring village, I decided straightway that forensic effort was to be part of my life-

business. So the sheep and cattle were obliged to hear various emotional opinions on subjects of more or less importance, and our steeds of the plough enjoyed a great many comfortable rests between furrows, in order to 'assist' at my oratorical displays. One of them persisted in always going to sleep before the discourse was finished — a custom that is not obsolete even among his human superiors.

"The first lecture course of this series came to an end quite suddenly, for my shrewd, hard-headed New England father began to suspect that agriculture was being sacrificed to eloquence. So he appeared unexpectedly in the audience during a matinee; and told me he had heard most of the harangue, and that he feared I was spoiling a tolerably good farmer to become an intolerably bad orator. Though of a kindly, generous disposition, he could throw into his less gracious words a great deal of sarcasm to the square inch, and the lecturer of the afternoon, crushed but not convinced, wakened the off horse, and thoughtfully drove his plough towards the blue woods at the other end of the furrow.

"It is a pleasant memory that my father lived to see me earning a hundred dollars a night, and admitted, with a grave twinkle in his eye, that, having looked the matter over from a non-agricultural stand-point, he had concluded there was more in me than he had supposed."

Meantime, poetry was in the school-boy's mind as thoroughly as his studies. His first poem, at ten, was a letter in rhyme to an older sister who was at a boarding-school. He says: "She had written for some of the papers and magazines, both in prose and poetry, and I thought I would show her that she had not carried away with her all the afflatus of the family. I did up everything at the farm and in the vicinity in choice doggerel, and mailed it to her…. She was a dear, sweet girl, and upon her return home she petted and encouraged my poor little rhymes much more than they deserved. The grief of my boyhood was her death, a few years afterward. In her I

lost an appreciative and congenial friend, as well as an idolized sister. She would have made her mark in literature."

When the high school course was finished, the lad naturally longed to go to college. But how could the money be obtained? He had seen his father struggling for years to pay off the mortgage on the farm, and his heart ached to help him rather than be a burden. He would look about for a school to teach. A position was found where, by instructing fifty-three scholars, he could earn four dollars a week. This did not produce wealth rapidly, but, with strict economy, it made an entrance to Hillsdale College possible in 1865, when he was twenty years old.

And now a new life opened to him. He had saved every penny he could spare years before, and had purchased Shakespeare's works, which he read and re-read. Now he was to grow familiar with the poets of the past and present, and make himself ready for his own unique and far-reaching work in the world.

In his Junior vacation, in the summer of 1868, he wrote for the political campaign a poem, entitled "Fax," and decided to read it in some town at a distance from the college, to try its power and his own. A student with no money in his pocket has strong incentives to courage and exertion. A small room was hired for the delivery of the poetic lecture. Of course the matter must be advertised. Young Carleton was equal to the occasion. He went to a wall-paper establishment and bought a large amount of paper for a small amount of money. Then at a painter's shop, with a brush, he indicated in readable-sized letters, the name of the lecturer and place and time of entertainment. The town learned something of the young man's enterprise when these placards were seen.

When evening came, a small number assembled, sitting near the door, that they might retire if the poem proved uninteresting. The young poet, somewhat frightened at first, soon found himself deeply interested, and his audience also,

and when the lecture was finished all declared that a larger hall must be procured and their friends must hear so good a thing. A church was secured, and a good audience was present. Several dollars were cleared above expenses, and here, and in the neighboring towns, enough money was made to carry him through the college year. He thus learned, he says, that "the great secret of commencing is to commence where one can. The financial advantage was not bewildering, and generally consisted of half the net proceeds. After the doorkeeper had had his percentage, and the sexton his guerdon, and the printer his dues, and the bill-poster his back-pay, the half of what was left was almost as much as the whole of it (although even then perhaps worth as much as the entertainment).

"But the practice of meeting audiences of all descriptions has proved invaluable ever since. Declaiming upon the seashore would have been a tender, mild sort of discipline compared to it. Mothers brought their babies, and they competed with me for a hearing. Most of the cheering, if done at all, came from the leathern-clad palm of the foot, rather than from the softly sonorous surface of the hand. But these country people had as good hearts and as healthy brains as can be found in city or university, and I always went away in love with my audience. 'You have let considerable light into this district,' said one bright-eyed farmer boy, 'and you've started me on the up-track.' My payment for that evening's work was five dollars and a half in money, and a compliment estimated at at least a million dollars. The rough, homespun fellow who gave it may not read this, for he has gone on into the Great Unknown; but he holds an earthly residence in at least one heart."

At the students' graduation from college, June 17, 1869, he read a fine and thoughtful poem, "Rifts in the Cloud": —

"For life's a cloud, e'en take it as we will,

The changing wind ne'er banishes or lifts;
The pangs of grief but make it darker still,
And happiness is nothing but its rifts.
There is a joy in sturdy manhood still;
Bravery is joy; and he who says I will,
And turns, with swelling heart, and dares the fates,
While firm resolve upon his purpose waits.
Is happier for the deed: and he whose share
Is honest toil, pits that against dull care.

• • • • • •

The farmer-boy went out into the world to lift humanity by his song. For nearly two-score years, before crowded audiences in this country and in Europe, and in the quiet reading of tens of thousands of friends, "with honest purpose," his "steps have been upright, straight, and true," and he has lived to see his own words fulfilled, "the bright smile of God has come bursting through," and made his life and work a blessing.

After graduating, what next? He had sent some poems to a small paper in Chicago, and because the heart of the editor was touched, he came to Hillsdale to see the author and offer him a position on his journal. The pay was small, twelve dollars a week; but the work would give experience, and was accepted. Not long after, the editor of a Hillsdale paper offered him one-third of his income from that source, and Carleton returned to the college town, where he helped to make a bright and interesting newspaper. Several poems had become more or less known — "The City of Boston," "Death Doomed," and that tender and beautiful poem, "Cover Them Over," which has been read again and again on Decoration Days.

"Cover the hands that are resting, half-tried;
Crossed on the bosom, or low by the side:
Hands to you, mother, in infancy thrown;

Hands that you, father, close hid in your own;
Hands where you, sister, when tried and dismayed,
Hung for protection and counsel and aid;
Hands that you, brother, for faithfulness knew;
Hands that you, wife, wrung in bitter adieu.

• • • • • •

Cover them over — yes, cover them over —
Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover:
Clasp in your hearts these dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

• • • • • •

Like other young authors, Will Carleton was desirous of seeing his poems in book form. He wrote to a score or more of publishers, and, as they well knew that first books of poems almost never pay, all "declined with thanks." It was the old experience, that sometimes kills, and sometimes nerves the arm for the conflict. He at once decided to publish at his own expense, and nearly two thousand of the little volumes were sold, of course largely among his friends in the West. But the East was soon to hear him. In 1871, he says, "I was much impressed by the great prevalence of divorces, and would often stray into our court-room and hear the testimony in the various cases. It was here that I heard and saw the domestic troubles of others, and they gave me the idea of 'Betsy and I are out.'"

He sent the poem gratuitously to the "Toledo Blade." At once it was copied into hundreds of papers, among them "Harper's Weekly," whose editor asked to illustrate it, and wrote to the author requesting something from his pen. He sent them "Over the Hill to the Poor-House," receiving thirty dollars for it, "Gone with a Handsomer Man," "Out of the Old House, Nancy," and others. Henceforward the day of "wall-paper advertising" of lectures, and writing of poems gratuitously, was over. Fame had come to Will Carleton at twenty-six. He had spoken with his warm, earnest heart to

the people, and the people had made answer. Many an eye was dimmed with tears as they read the tenderness of the old man, who, since

"We have agreed together that we can't never agree,"

decided to give Betsy half the farm because she had helped earn it, and wanted the lawyer to write in the divorce his last requests: —

"That when I am dead at last she'll bring me back to her,
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy, before we quarrelled so.

"And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,
And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree;
And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we quarrelled here."

"Over the Hill to the Poor-House" was written out of the heart. Young Carleton had often visited the poor-house near Hillsdale, and talked with the inmates, and learned their sad heart-histories. I doubt if one ever reads this poem without a deeper love for parents, or a half-regret that more was not done for loved ones before death closed all doors of opportunity. How we learn from the sequel, when the wayward son brings his mother home, "that with every person, even if humble or debased, there may be some good, worth lifting up and saving," as Mr. Carleton says in his preface to "Farm Legends."

In 1873, "Farm Ballads," dedicated

"To my Mother,"

was published by the Harpers, and illustrated. These poems were written, the author says, "under various, and, in some cases, difficult, conditions: in the open air, with team afield; in the student's den, with the ghosts of unfinished lessons

hovering gloomily about; amid the rush and roar of railroad travel, which trains of thoughts are not prone to follow; and in the editor's sanctum, where the dainty feet of the muses do not often deign to tread."

Two years later, "Farm Legends" was published, dedicated

"To the memory of a noble man.
My Farmer Father."

"Rob the Pauper" was dramatic and pathetic, "The Three Lovers" humorous in the extreme, "The Key to Thomas' Heart" tender and true to life, and "The Joys That Are Left" full of hope. In 1876, stirring incidents in the history of our nation were put into "Young Folk's Centennial Rhymes," in an attractive form. Five years later "Farm Festivals" appeared, also illustrated by the Harpers, and tenderly dedicated

"To Sisters and Brother,
All gone on through sad, mysterious mists into the Great Brightness."

This volume contained the author's favorite poem, and indeed perhaps the favorite of his thousands upon thousands of readers. If I live to be a century old, I never expect to read "The First Settler's Story" without tears. It is the beautiful picture of a lovely, patient woman in the loneliness of pioneer life: —

"When I was logging, burning, choppin' wood —
She'd linger round, and help me all she could,
And kept me fresh-ambitious all the while.
And lifted tons, just with her voice and smile."

The girl-wife grew sad, and the husband sees

"A half heart-hunger peering from her face.
• • • • • •
One night, I came from work unusual late,
Too hungry and too tired to feel first-rate.

Her supper struck me wrong (though I'll allow
She hadn't much to strike with, anyhow);
And when I went to milk the cows, and found
They'd wandered from their usual feeding-ground
And maybe'd left a few long miles behind 'em,
Which I must copy, if I meant to find 'em,
Flash-quick the stay-chains of my temper broke
And in a trice these hot words I had spoke:
'You ought to've kept the animals in view.
And drove 'em in; you'd nothing else to do.
The heft of all our life on me must fall;
You just lie round, and let me do it all.'

• • • • • •

She handed back no words, as I could hear;
She didn't frown — she didn't shed a tear;
Half proud, half crushed, she stood, and looked me o'er.
Like some one she had never seen before!
But such a look of anguish-lit surprise
I never viewed before in human eyes."

The next morning he goes to work saying a cold "Good-by" to her, but comes home repentant, ready to ask her forgiveness: —

"Half out of breath, the cabin door I swung,
With tender heart-words trembling on my tongue;
But all within looked desolate and bare;
My house had lost its soul — she was not there!
A pencilled note was on the table spread,
And these are something like the words it said:
'The cows have strayed away again, I fear;
I watched them pretty close, don't scold me, dear;
And where they are I think I *nearly* know:
I heard the bell not very long ago.

• • • • • •

I've hunted for them all the afternoon;
I'll try once more — I think I'll find them soon.
Dear, if a burden I have been to you,

And haven't helped you as I ought to do,
Let old-time memories my forgiveness plead;
I've tried to do my best — I have, indeed.
Darling, piece out with love the strength I lack;
And have kind words for me when I get back.'"

A frightful storm comes on, and the heart-broken settler seeks for her all night. At last with gladness he hears the "cow-bells' tinkling sound." He sees the cabin door ajar, and rushes in to find her.

"Yes, she had come — and gone again. She lay.
With all her young life crushed and wrenched away—
Lay — the heart-ruins of her home among —
Not far from where I killed her with my tongue.
The rain-drops glittered 'mid her hair's long strands,
The forest-thorns had torn her feet and hands.
And, 'midst the tears, brave teal's, that one could trace
Upon the pale but sweetly resolute face,
I once again the mournful words could read —
'I've tried to do my best — I have indeed.'

• • • • • •

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds;
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
'Careful with fire' is good advice, we know,
'Careful with words' is ten times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead;
But God himself can't kill them when they're said."

This dramatic poem, delicate in conception and rich in feeling, will not be forgotten. It is a sermon that will preach itself long after its author's pen is laid aside forever. And whenever and wherever it is read, he who wrote it will be gratefully remembered.

"Our Travelled Parson" is sketched by a consummate student of human nature. The joy of the preacher at going abroad, the people tiring of hearing the praises of the Old World after his return, this unwelcome truth carried to him

by "a committee," "the bearer of unwelcome news hath but a losing message" as in Shakespeare's time, the broken heart, and the burial, are all beautifully told.

"The coffin lay 'mid garlands, smiling sad as if they knew
us;
The patient face within it preached a final sermon to us;
Our parson had gone touring — on a trip he'd long been
earning
In that wonder-land, whence tickets are not issued for
returning!"

The poem read at the National Cemetery, at Arlington Heights, Decoration Day, 1877, shows talent of another order. It is no longer the homely strain, rich in philosophy, love of home purity, and hatred of shame and wrong, but polished metre, patriotic power, imagination and grace.

"Do you know, O men low lying
In the hard and chilly bed,
That we, the slowly dying,
Are giving a day to the dead?
Do you know that sighs for your deaths
Across our heart-strings play.
E'en from the last faint breaths
Of the sweet-lipped month of May?
• • • • • •
Great is the brave commander.
With foeman round him slain,
But greater far, and grander,
Is she who can soothe a pain.
Not till selfish blindness
Has clouded every eye;
Not till mercy and kindness
Have flown back to the sky;
Not till a heart that is human
Within this world beats not, —
Shall the kind deeds of a woman

Be ever by man forgot."

In 1880, Mr. Carleton left his Michigan home and came to the East to reside, marrying an Eastern lady in 1882. In 1885 his "City Ballads" were published, and dedicated to "Addra, friend, comrade, lover, wife." Of this book the "Critic" rightly said, "Pathetic and humorous scenes are treated in a masterly manner." "Farmer Harrington's Calendar" is full of common-sense, pathos, and helpfulness. Who can read in "Want" of the poor man's only child, who

> "Would lift her little face up, so piteous and so fair,
> And would whisper, *'I am dying for a little breath of air!'*"

without feeling a more tender interest in all the little children in the squalid homes of the great cities? Or the sewing-girl

> "Striving a garret's rent to pay
> And earning twenty cents a day!"

without more charity and consideration for others?

"The Boy Convict's Story," with a cold home, where "there wasn't any room for my heart," teaches a lesson which all the parents in the land might do well to think upon.

"Farmer Stebbins on the Bowery," where he draws "a velvet hymn-book" and loses a hundred dollars, is inimitable.

Carleton loves America, and is always proud of any honor shown her. When Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty was unveiled in New York, he wrote one of his ablest and finest poems, "The Vestal."

Three years ago, Mr. Carleton lectured in England, with great acceptance. In Birmingham, he spoke before a large and fashionable audience, the press speaking of his lecture as "touchingly pathetic, sparklingly humorous, poetically beautiful, and richly eloquent." At Leeds and Nottingham and Bradford, the audiences were large and enthusiastic. In London, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, he delighted the people, the "Pall Mall Gazette" saying, "The illustrations

were given with great power, moving the audience now to uproarious laughter and now to tears. No one who was present will ever forget the extraordinary power and vitality he gave to his written verse. The audience was fairly spell-bound — laughing through tears."

Mr. Carleton says, in our own country "travelling has its pleasures. Congenial friends often spin the fleecy distance into threads of golden miles. Human-nature-away-from-home is around you everywhere, and amuses and instructs, when you are not too tired to observe it. Sometimes you have the pleasure of being discussed with yourself. A very pretty young lady dropped daintily one evening into the empty car-seat beside me. She seemed mentally disturbed concerning something, and finally asked me if our train was on time. I was obliged to tell her that it was about an hour late. She gave a little sigh, and remarked, 'I am so sorry! Will Carleton is to lecture in our town to-night, and I wanted to get home in time to hear him!' I replied that I believed an arrangement had been made that he was not to commence his lecture until the arrival of our train. At this she nestled cosily into the seat, and appeared quite contented. But after a few miles of silence she asked if I had ever heard him. I replied, 'Yes, several times.' 'And how did you like him?' she asked. I was obliged to reply that I had seen a great many lecturers whom I had enjoyed better." The young miss asked many other puzzling questions about the lecturer, all of which were duly answered, but when he saw his fair conversationist in the audience an hour or two later, he observed that she had "a very bewildered expression" upon her face.

Mr. Carleton is a tall, vigorous-looking man, who believes in outdoor exercise, especially walking, who is fond of rowing, sailing, and horseback riding, who uses no stimulants, who is kindly in manner yet decided in character, who honors womanhood and all that is pure and elevating, who is fond of music, playing on several instruments, and who lives in and

enjoys such a home as he describes in "City Ballads:" —

> "A home that rejoices in love's saving leaven
> Comes deliciously nigh to the splendors of Heaven."

He has, it is to be hoped, many long years before him, for helpful, inspiring labor. Loving humanity, he is loved in return, and there are no gifts too great to bestow on those who love us. The world will ask much of him in the future.

CHAPTER XV
George W. Cable

I count it a pleasure long to be remembered that I have been in the Cable home at Northampton, held its pretty children on my knees, knelt with the family at morning and evening prayers, and joined in their earnest and upright life. The gifted author, with his frank, genial manner, his well balanced and active mind, his poetic and refined nature, is not the only force or attraction in that lovely home. An appreciative, helpful, lovable woman, with six pretty children, make a happy centre of culture and success.

Louise, the eldest, named for the mother, is an artist by nature, and will sometime, perhaps, illustrate her father's books. Mary, Lucy, Margaret, and Isabel come next, the latter just at the winsome age when you fondle her as a rest from your labor, and look down into a heart and face all untaught of the world, seeing your own innocent childhood mirrored there. Willie, the only boy, the baby, is the pet and joy of the house, coming into it to take the place of little George, who died at the age of four, of yellow fever, in the New Orleans home. To take the place of, did I say? Oh, no! for one affection never takes the place of another, for all pure love is immortal. We are never the same after it has once blossomed in the heart. It may be transplanted to other gardens, but it has forever its own individual color and fragrance.

The Cable home is on Paradise Road, fitly named, a two-story-and-a-half red-brick building half covered with vines, looking toward Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke. A sunrise above the mountains, especially if they are covered with snow, is such a gorgeous picture of color and restful beauty

that it never fades out of memory. So enticing are these delights of nature about the Cable home that the author confesses that they distract him, and he often works with drawn curtains. He is an ardent lover of trees, flowers, birds, and music. He sings beautifully, plays on the guitar, and has set the songs of several birds to music, for these are ever his friends — he has studied ornithology as carefully as he has botany, as all know who have read his books. Nature has unlocked her secrets to him, and human nature as well.

While Mr. Cable describes with a vividness of language and richness of color unsurpassed, he also understands to a rare degree the workings of the human heart. Probably no one would ever assert that his novels are written without a high moral purpose.

He did not need to write the "Silent South" to show that, though the son and grandson of a slaveholder, his just and noble spirit accorded equal civil rights to black and white, and asked for the colored people the best educational advantages that they might have an equal chance in the world.

He did not need to write that remarkable novel "Dr. Sevier," which, if he had done nothing else, would have made him famous, to show how his heart warmed to the poor who walk the streets of a great city, searching day after day for work, like John Richling, perhaps all unfitted and untrained for life. If he had not known some heroic woman who had cheered her husband through sorrow and disappointment, he could not have drawn that beautiful character, Mary Richling; the whole one of the most touching and sublime pictures of pure conjugal affection which literature affords. Usually a story ends with marriage, before the misfortune or prosperity of life has come to test love. In this book we watch an affection develop in the shadow, and grow on, even when the tendrils are all broken by death.

No wonder the "Critic" says: "It is a beautiful story, told with an exquisite art, of which the greatest charm is the

simplicity…. The power with which the sufferings of absolute poverty are painted with merely the simplest statement is wonderful…. It is a story that deepens and broadens and lightens with an indescribable charm over its deep study of human nature."

And the "Literary World": "There is talent all through this book, talent of the highest order, lighted up constantly with flashes of genius. Mr. Cable has great gifts, and uses them with composure and discretion. His touch is full of tenderness and delicacy: fun, fire, feeling underlie all his situations. His mind moves in a high range. He sees the sad and the humorous alike in human life; oppressed by its pains, he yet is alive to its joy and its promise."

Mr. Cable's study in this Northampton home is back of the parlor, which is a tasteful room, whose easy willow chairs and pretty white rugs of fox-skin I recall. The walls of the study are quite covered with books, and the centre cherry table quite covered with manuscript and letters. Here, if not absent on lecture tours, he goes to his work as soon as family prayers are over — all kneeling together in the sunny sitting-room, which even in midwinter is rich with the fragrance of flowers in blossom.

Of his literary habits, J. K. Wetherill says, in the "Critic": "Mr. Cable's plan of work is unusually methodical, for his counting-room training has stood him in good stead. All his notes and references are carefully indexed and journalled, and so systematized that he can turn without a moment's delay to any authority he wishes to consult. In this respect, as in many others, he has not, perhaps, his equal among living authors. In making his notes, it is his usual custom to write in pencil on scraps of paper. These notes are next put into shape, still in pencil, and the third copy, intended for the press, is written in ink on notepaper — the chirography exceedingly neat, delicate, and legible. He is always exact, and is untiring in his researches."

GEORGE W. CABLE

George W. Cable was born October 12, 1844. His father was of Virginian ancestry, and his mother of New England stock. They were married in Indiana in 1834, and moved to New Orleans after the financial crisis of 1837. The father, a man of sunny temperament, social, with exuberant spirits, energetic in business, but unable to keep the fortunes he had made, died in the prime of life, leaving his wife and four children without means. The mother, a hopeful, cheerful Christian, whose smile reminds me of one whose tenderness was the blessing of my childhood, and whose memory is one of the sweet and holy things of maturer life, lived for one purpose — to bring up her children to honor God and make the world better, and she has lived to see her prayers answered and her labors bear fruit.

At fourteen years of age George was obliged to leave school and help earn for the family. With a strong affection, that has never ceased to give and to do in all these years, the little family struggled on, being all in all to each other. The boy's first work was in the Custom-House, where his father had worked; then he was errand-boy in a dry-goods store, and at eighteen entered the Confederate army, in the Fourth Mississippi Cavalry. He was a slight, handsome boy, with broad, high forehead, hazel eyes, and dark hair.

He was a good soldier, faithful in the smallest duty, brave and conscientious. When he had leisure, he studied his Bible carefully; the mother's teachings were not forgotten in camp-life or on battle-fields — rich he was, even in his poverty, with such a Christian heritage. He became conversant with Latin and higher mathematics in his leisure hours, when perhaps most read idle books or played games to while away the time. Fond of fun, singing often in the camp for the pleasure of others, his refined nature shrunk from the coarse and the bad, as purity ever shrinks from pollution.

After the war closed, he studied civil engineering, and joined a short expedition to survey the lines and levels of

levees along the banks of the Atchafalaya River. Here he contracted swamp-fever, and suffered from it for six years. So much did his eyes trouble him that even after marriage his wife did much of his writing for him. His throat, also, was cauterized several times. All this time he had loved to read and write; but money must be earned daily, and he must do regular work, whether to his taste or not. For several years he was a book-keeper, using his earnings not for himself alone but for his relatives.

At twenty-five years of age he married Louise Bartlett of New Orleans, of a refined and cultivated family, and the union has brought great happiness. His first articles in print were in the New Orleans "Picayune," to which he contributed a column weekly of criticism and humor, and later a column each day. When this work was discontinued, because he would not write theatrical reports, he became a clerk in the cotton firm of W. C. Black and Co., and treasurer of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange. He continued here till the death of the head of the firm in 1879.

While employed here, he made a close study of Creole character and dialect. He would rise at four o'clock in the morning, and write at his home till eight, and then go to his labors for the day. With such constant brain-work, it is not strange that he broke down in health three times. We are apt to wonder why genius is often so hedged about with poverty and trials. Mr. Cable could never have touched hearts as he has done, had he not walked through the fires for himself. "Have some of us known Want? To have known her — though to love her was impossible — is a 'liberal education,'" he says in Dr. Sevier. A man who had not been poor could scarcely have put these words in Dr. Sevier's mouth. "Richling, Nature herself appoints some men to poverty and some to riches. God throws the poor upon our charge — in mercy to us. Couldn't he take care of them without us if he wished? Are they not his? It's easy for the poor to feel, when they are

helped by us, that the rich are a godsend to them; but they don't see, and many of the helpers don't see, that the poor are a godsend to the rich. They are set over against each other to keep pity and mercy and charity in the human heart. If every one were entirely able to take care of himself we'd turn to stone…. God Almighty will never let us find a way to quite abolish poverty. Riches don't always bless the man they come to, but they bless the world. And so with, poverty; and it's no contemptible commission, Richling, to be appointed by God to bear that blessing to mankind which keeps its brotherhood universal. Why, Richling, the man that can make the rich and poor love each other will make the world happier than it has ever been since man fell."

Some of Mr. Cable's stories had been accepted by the best magazines; "Sieur George" by Scribner, and "Posson Jone," by Appleton. Picturesque New Orleans was becoming known through the pen of the unknown author. Rue Royale was taking its place as a verity in literature. "The locksmith's swinging key creaked next door to the bank. Across the way, crouching, mendicant-like, in the shadow of a great import-ing-house, was the mud laboratory of the mender of broken combs. Light balconies overhung the rows of showy shops and stores, open for trade this Sunday morning, and pretty Latin faces of the higher class glanced over their savagely pronged railings upon the passengers below. At some windows hung lace curtains, flannel duds at some, and at others only the scraping and sighing one-hinged shutter groaning toward Paris after its neglectful master."

In 1879, the year when Mr. Cable left the cotton firm, "Old Creole Days" was published by Scribners, a collection of seven unique, original, graphic stories. The press said, "Here is true art-work. Here is poetry, pathos, tragedy, humor. Here is an entrancing style. Here is local color with strong drawing. Here in this little volume is life, breath, and blood." The New Orleans "Picayune" said, "The careful rendering of the Creole

dialect reveals patient study of living models; and to any reader whose ear is accustomed to the broken English as heard in the parts of our city every day, its truth to nature is striking."

Surely, writing at four o'clock in the morning, and living an upright life, were beginning to receive their reward in the hearts of the people. The "Grandissimes" followed in 1880, wherein a stronger hand, perhaps, drew pictures from nature, and painted that dramatic and masterly character-sketch of Bras-Coupe, in the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth chapters. This black man had been a prince in Africa, was captured in war, and brought to New Orleans early in her history to be sold as a slave. "Of the voyage little is recorded — here below; the less the better. Part of the living merchandise failed to keep; the weather was rough, the cargo large, the vessel small. However, the captain discovered there was room over the side, and there — all flesh is grass — from time to time during the voyage, he jettisoned the unmerchantable."

What a wonderful picture is this of Bras-Coupe, looking out upon the swamp after his escape from the slave-holders. "And what surroundings! Endless colonnades of cypresses; long, motionless drapings of gray moss; broad sheets of noisome waters, pitchy black, resting on bottomless ooze; cypress knees studding the surface; patches of floating green gleaming brilliantly here and there; yonder, where the sunbeams wedge themselves in, constellations of water-lilies, the many-hued iris, and a multitude of flowers that no man had named. Here, too, serpents, great and small, of wonderful colorings, and the dull and loathsome moccasin sliding warily off the dead tree; in dimmer recesses the cow-alligator, with her nest hard by; turtles a century old; owls and bats, raccoons, opossums, rats, centipedes, and creatures of like vileness; great vines of beautiful leaf and scarlet fruit in deadly clusters; maddening mosquitoes, parasitic insects, gorgeous dragon-flies, and pretty water-lizards; the "blue heron, the snowy crane, the red-bird,

the moss-bird, the night-hawk and the chuck-wills-widow; a solemn stillness and stifled air, only now and then disturbed by the call or whir of the summer duck, the dismal, ventriloquous note of the rain-crow, or the splash of a dead branch falling into the clear but lifeless bayou."

Finally the runaway slave is captured and lashed till near death. When asked by the priest who bends over him, "Do you know where you are going?" the reply is whispered with an ecstatic upward smile, "To — to Africa," and the pitiful drama is over.

In 1881, "Madame Delphine" was published, whose home is still pointed out — "a small, low brick house of a story and a half, set out upon the sidewalk, as weather-beaten and mute as an aged beggar fallen asleep. Its corrugated roof of dull red tiles, sloping down toward you, with an inward curve, is overgrown with weeds, and in the fall of the year is gay with the yellow plumes of the golden-rod. You can almost touch with your cane the low edge of the broad overhanging eaves. The batten shutters at door and window, with hinges like those of a postern, are shut with a grip that makes one's knuckles and nails feel lacerated."

The pathetic story of the quadroon mother disowning her beautiful child, Olive, that the world might believe her white, and thus give her a chance for love and hope and all that makes life sweet, is beautifully told. The book is full of unrhymed poetry. "It was one of those southern nights under whose spell all the sterner energies of the mind cloak themselves and lie down in bivouac, and the fancy and the imagination, that cannot sleep, slip their fetters and escape, beckoned away, from behind every flowering bush and sweet-smelling tree, and every stretch of lonely, half-lighted walk, by the genius of poetry. The air stirred softly now and then, and was still again, as if the breezes lifted their expectant pinions and lowered them once more, awaiting the rising of the moon in a silence which fell upon the fields, the roads,

the gardens, the walls, and the suburban and half-suburban streets, like a pause in worship. And anon she rose."

Olive "was just passing seventeen — that beautiful year when the heart of the maiden still beats quickly with the surprise of her new dominion, while with gentle dignity her brow accepts the holy coronation of womanhood. The forehead and temples beneath her loosely bound hair were fair without paleness, and meek without languor. She had the soft lack-lustre beauty of the South; no ruddiness of coral, no waxen white, no pink of shell, no heavenly blue in the glance; but a face that seemed in all its other beauties, only a tender accompaniment for the large, brown, melting eyes where the openness of child-nature mingle dreamily with the sweet mysteries of maiden thought."

Two years later, in 1883, "Dr. Sevier" was published, which many persons will regard as Mr. Cable's ablest and most satisfying book. It was dedicated "To my friend Marion A. Baker," one of the accomplished editors of the New Orleans "Times-Democrat." The story is intensely interesting, and takes hold of the reader's heart from the first. It is the life-history of a young man, John Richling, disinherited because he marries a Northern girl, who is poor. He does not know how to cope with the world, and finally the struggle kills him. "I intended," he says, "to be a good and useful member of society; but I've somehow got under its wheels. I've missed the whole secret of living." And the pity is that, in the main, the story is true, and that there are thousands of John Richlings in the world, instead of one depicted in this book. Mary, his gentle wife, lives on and does a sweet, holy work for humanity. However the reader may half wish that she would marry Dr. Sevier, Mr. Cable keeps her true to the memory of John, whom she finally goes onward to meet.

Dr. Sevier, "in his austere pure-mindedness, tall, slender, pale, sharp of voice, keen of glance, stern in judgment, aggressive in debate, and fixedly untender everywhere, except

— but always except — in the sick-chamber," wins us by his manliness.

Mary has a face such as one sees now and then, and loves wherever it is seen, which "beamed with inquisitive intelligence, and yet had the innocence almost of infancy."

True philosophy gleams along the pages of the book, as though the author could not help lingering for a second to whisper some of the things he has learned in his struggling yet happy life. "All this making of work for the helpless poor is not worth one-fiftieth part of the same amount of effort spent in teaching and training those same poor to make their labor intrinsically valuable." … "Debt is slavery, and there is an ugly kink in human nature that disposes it to be content with slavery. Gift-making and gift-taking are twins of a bad blood," he makes a banker say.

"The nonsense of those we love is better than the finest wit on earth…. A man who doesn't need a wife isn't fit to have one…. Unfortunately for the Richlings there was in their dwelling no toddling, self-appointed child commissioned to find his way in unwatched moments to the playground of some other toddler, and so plant the good seed of neighbor acquaintanceship…. You've never suffered the condescension of rank to the ranks. You don't know the smart of being only an arithmetical quantity in a world of achievements and possessions…. I have never consciously disputed God's arrangement since. The man who does is only a wayward child." "We call the sea cruel, seeing its waters dimple and smile where yesterday they dashed in pieces the ship that was black with men, women, and children. But what shall we say of those billows of human life, of which we are ourselves a part, that surge over the graves of its own dead with dances and laughter and many a coquetry, with panting chase for gain and preference, and pious regrets and tender condolences for the thousands that died yesterday — and need not have died…." Mr. Cable had suffered from that dread scourge of

yellow fever in his own home, and well knew that it might usually be prevented, by proper action on the part of the city authorities. At one time ten persons were ill of this plague in his house. Besides four hired nurses, friends aided daily. His own child, his brother-in-law, and two children of his wife's sister died from the fatal malady. He was so exhausted from work and lack of sleep, that when at last he took time for a little rest, he had to be aroused every five minutes, lest the sleep should be final.

The book abounds in exquisite descriptions. "It was very beautiful to see the summer set in.... Wellnigh every house had its garden, as every garden its countless flowers. The dark orange began to show its growing weight of fruitfulness, and was hiding in its thorny interior the nestlings of yonder mockingbird, silently foraging down in the sunny grass. The yielding branches of the privet were bowed down with their plumy panicles, and swayed heavily from side to side, drunk with gladness and plenty. Here the peach was beginning to droop over the wall. There, and yonder again, beyond, ranks of fig-trees, that had so muffled themselves in their foliage that not the nakedness of a twig showed through, had yet more figs than leaves. The crisp, cool masses of the pomegranate were dotted with scarlet flowers. The cape jasmine wore hundreds of her own white favors, whose fragrance forerun the sight. Every breath of air was a new perfume. Roses, an in numerable host, ran a fairy riot about all grounds, and clambered from the lowest door-step to the highest roof. The oleander, wrapped in one great garment of red blossoms, nodded in the sun, and stirred and winked in the faint stirrings of the air. The pale banana slowly fanned herself with her own broad leaf. High up against the intense sky, its hard, burnished foliage glittering in the sunlight, the magnolia spread its dark boughs, adorned with their queenly white flowers. Not a bird not an insect seemed unmated. The little wren stood and sung to his sitting wife his loud, ecstatic song, singing as

though every bone of his tiny body were a golden flute. The humming-birds hung on invisible wings, and twittered with delight as they feasted on woodbine and honeysuckle. The pigeon on the roof-tree cooed and wheeled about his mate, and swelled his throat, and tremulously bowed and walked with a smiting step, and arched his purpling neck, and wheeled and bowed and wheeled again. Pairs of butterflies rose in straight upward flight, fluttered about each other in amorous strife, and drifted away in the upper air. And out of every garden came the voices of little children at play, the blessedest sound on earth."

All these books, "Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," and "Dr. Sevier," were written at the New Orleans home — "a story-and-a-half cottage in drab and maroon, situated about fifty feet back from the street, the first floor reached by a broad flight of wooden steps leading up to a vine-embowered veranda, extending across the whole front of the house." On either side of these steps is a large orange-tree, both of which were in full blossom when I attended the recent exposition in New Orleans. It was interesting to see the plain high desk in the study on which these books were written, and the pictures on the walls of Madame Delphine's quaint home, and the turbaned colored woman, a yellow-fever nurse in Mr. Cable's home during the epidemic. In a house opposite lived the author's noble mother and sister, who have since moved to Northampton to be near the beloved son and brother.

After "Dr. Sevier" was finished, through Colonel George G. Waring, Mr. Cable collected the census reports of Louisiana, which were printed by the government, and, revised and enlarged, were also used by the "Century." Out of this labor grew the "Creoles of Louisiana," a valuable and most interesting history, on which Mr. Cable spent a year of hard work. Meantime, the condition of the freedmen at the South, the unequal execution of the Civil Rights' laws, and the control of the colored vote, especially in Presidential elections,

agitated both parts of the country.

Mr. Cable, loving the South with all the ardor of a warm-hearted man of genius, believed in justice, fair-dealing, and equal opportunities of education for black and white, and in that spirit wrote "The Freedman's Case in Equity." He said: "There are those among us who see that America has no room for a state of society which makes its lower classes harmless by abridging their liberties or, as one of the favored class lately said to me, 'has got 'em so they don't give no trouble.' There is a growing number who see that the one thing we cannot afford to tolerate at large is a class of people less than citizens; and that every interest in the land demands that the freedman be free to become in all things, as far as his own personal gifts will lift and sustain him, the same sort of American citizen he would be if, with the same intellectual and moral calibre, he were white." And by and by, we shall all come to know that this is the true gospel of freedom.

Much bitter feeling resulted; but Mr. Cable has never flinched from doing what he believed to be his duty. Later he wrote on "The Convict Lease System" at the South, and showed many things that belong to a barbarous age rather than to the Christian civilization of the nineteenth century. These articles have been published in book-form by Scribners, under the title "The Silent South."

Recently he has written for the "Century" three able stories, "Grande Pointe," "Carancro," and "Au Large," the scenes laid among the Acadians of Louisiana. "Carancro" is especially beautiful. The search of Bonaventure for Thanase is pathetic indeed, and the result, in finding that his first love Zosiphine, who becomes the wife of another, is unsuited to him, and that as the years go by, he has outgrown her, is true to life. Mr. Cable believes in the "eternal fitness of things," as when he puts into the mouth of the Curé these words: "God is a very practical God, and so, when He gave us natures like his, He gave men, not wives only, but brethren and sisters and

companions and strangers in order that benevolence — yes, and even self-sacrifice, mistakenly so called — might have no lack of direction and occupation, and then bound the whole human family together by putting every one's happiness into some other one's hands." Nobody could make Mr. Cable believe that all his tender care of his family from boyhood has been "self-sacrifice." It has, of course, broadened and beautified his character and his life. Would he have come to eminence sooner with a college education and without poverty? Perhaps not. The great are those who master circumstances.

Mr. Cable has been a most successful lecturer for the past two or three seasons, drawing crowded houses to hear him read from his own works. He has also organized several culture clubs for home reading, nine of which have been formed in Northampton. Each Sunday he teaches a large Bible class in the Opera House in Northampton, which he started at the request of leading citizens, designed especially to reach non-churchgoers, or those who do not regard the Bible as the Word of God. He has spoken repeatedly before missionary associations and societies for prison reform.

Though a young man, only forty-two, he has received the degree of Doctor of Letters from the Washington and Lee University, Virginia, and that of A. M. from Yale College. If his life and health are spared, he is only in the beginning of a useful and valuable career, upright, earnest, genuine, without self-conceit or affectation; — there is "a man behind the book."

CHAPTER XVI
Samuel Langhorne Clemens
(Mark Twain)

"Within the past-half century, he has done more than any other man to lengthen the lives of his contemporaries by making them merrier." Thus says the "Critic." But he has done vastly more than this.

Mr. Howells well says, "I cannot remember that in Mr. Clemens' books I have ever been asked to join him in laughing at any good or really fine thing. He has not only added more in bulk to the style of harmless pleasures than any other humorist, but more in the spirit that is easily and wholly enjoyable…. There is always the touch of nature, the presence of a sincere and frank manliness in what he says, the companionship of a spirit which is at once delightfully open and deliciously shrewd…. I can think of no writer living who has in higher degree the art of interesting his reader from the first word." Mr. Clemens never forgets to speak in favor of the oppressed, as the Chinese on the Pacific Coast. He holds up to view some of the customs of the time in no uncertain words, as when, in "Roughing It," he says of the jury system: "Alfred the Great, when he invented trial by jury, and knew that he had admirably framed it to secure justice in his age of the world, was not aware that in the nineteenth century the condition of things would be so entirely changed that unless he rose from the grave and altered the jury plan to meet the emergency, it would prove the most ingenious and infallible agency for *defeating* justice that human wisdom could contrive. For how could he imagine that we simpletons would go on using his jury plan after circumstances had stripped it of its

usefulness, any more than he could imagine that we would go on using his candle-clock after we had invented chronometers? In his day news could not travel fast, and hence he could easily find a jury of honest, intelligent men who had not heard of the case they were called to try; but in our day of telegraphs and newspapers, his plan compels us to swear in juries composed of fools and rascals, because the system rigidly excludes honest men and men of brains."

With good-natured satire he tells, in "Tom Sawyer," how the choir always tittered and whispered all through service. "There was once a church choir that was not ill-bred, but I have forgotten where it was, now. It was a great many years ago, and I can scarcely remember anything about it; but I think it was in some foreign country."

Mark Twain, the first humorist of the age, over six hundred thousand of whose books have been sold already, while he has but just come to the prime of life, is a remarkable example of what genius and work can do to bring a man from poverty to affluence, from obscurity to marvellous success.

He has not lived or written simply to amuse the world. He sees the ludicrous, but he sees also the true, the pure, and the genuine in character. He is a close student of human nature, with a heart as warm as his perceptions are keen. A manly man, he is generous and noble in his friendships and earnest in his purposes.

He is thoroughly American, and loves and believes in his own country. At the close of "A Tramp Abroad" he says: "I was glad to get home — immeasurably glad; so glad, in fact, that it did not seem possible that anything could ever get me out of the country again. I had not enjoyed a pleasure abroad which seemed to me to compare with the pleasure I felt in seeing New York harbor again. Europe has many advantages which we have not, but they do not compensate for a good many still more valuable ones which exist nowhere but in our own country." Yet he has not failed to depict the snobbery of

some of our people who, after spending eight weeks in Paris, address their dearest friend Herbert as Mr. "Er-bare." "It is not pleasant," he says, "to see an American thrusting his nationality forward *obtrusively* in a foreign land; but, oh, it is pitiable to see him making of himself a thing that is neither male nor female, neither fish, flesh, nor fowl — a poor, miserable, hermaphrodite Frenchman!" After reading "The Gilded Age," who of us cannot find a Colonel Sellers on nearly every street? And probably the type is not confined to America.

Samuel L. Clemens was born in Florida, Monroe county, Missouri, November 30, 1835. The family soon moved to Hannibal, in the same State, where the fun-loving boy, not fond of study, but active in mind and body, lived the life so graphically portrayed in "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." When requested by his mother to whitewash a fence, with consummate management he made his boy-mates believe that the work was a pleasure, and actually hired out the labor to them, receiving in return for his generosity "twelve marbles, part of a jew's-harp, a piece of blue bottle glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog-collar — but no dog — the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange peel, and a dilapidated old window-sash." Meantime he sat upon the fence and ate apples, while they worked.

When taken to Sunday-school — not usually going of his own free will, because he loved blue skies and sunshine better — he managed to obtain enough tickets to procure a Bible as a prize. However, when questioned by the visitor who happened to be present, Judge Thatcher, as to the names of the twelve apostles, with some gentle coaxing he gave the names of two as "David and Goliath!" not showing a profound knowledge of the subject.

The delightful boy-and-girl love of Tom Sawyer and

Becky Thatcher is inimitably told, and runs like a golden thread through all that young life, pathetic in its poverty and fresh and natural in its enthusiasm. Only a noble and tender heart could have taken the blame upon itself when Becky accidentally tore the teacher's book, and received "without an outcry the most merciless flogging that even Mr. Dobbins had ever administered," and "when he stepped forward to go to his punishment the surprise, the gratitude, the adoration that shone upon him out of poor Becky's eyes seemed pay enough for a hundred floggings." The scene in the cave, of the rough boy folding in his arms the lost and weeping little girl, is a beautiful one.

When young Clemens was twelve years old, the upright and manly father died, leaving the household without means, as he had lost all by endorsing for friends. He was one of a fine Virginia family, several of whom had been in Congress, and he also was a man of brain and force of character. The mother was a warm-hearted woman, kind to every living creature, with great emotional depths, and unusual felicity in her choice of words, either in speaking or writing. Left with four children, they must needs do their part in the struggle for support. Samuel went to school ostensibly, where, he says, he "excelled only in spelling," but loved to spend much of his time upon the river, and so successful was he in getting into its turbid waters that he was dragged out of it nine times before he was fifteen. Evidently it was not his fate to die by drowning.

In these early years he tried various methods of earning a livelihood, and finally learned printing, in the office of the "Hannibal Courier," of which he says, in his book of "Sketches," that it had "five hundred subscribers, and they paid in cordwood, cabbages, and unmarketable turnips." With a desire to see himself in print, his first articles appeared during a week's absence of the editor. So personal were they that the town was stirred, and the paper was in jeopardy.

However, it resulted in thirty-three new subscribers, all of whom wished to read what was written about their neighbors, and the journal "had the vegetables to show for it, cordwood, cabbage, beans, and unsalable turnips enough to run the family for two years!"

After he had been nearly three years on the paper, he made up his mind to run away and see the Exposition in New York. He had been earning fifty cents a week, and had saved the necessary funds. Arriving in New York, he had twelve dollars in his pocket, a ten-dollar bill of which sum he had sewed into his coat-sleeve. "When the Exposition had been duly examined, he found work in John A. Green's printing office, but after two or three months he met a man from his town, Hannibal, and, fearing that his whereabouts would be reported, he suddenly took his departure for Philadelphia, working on the "Ledger" and elsewhere. While here, from taking the part of a poor boy who was imposed upon by a fireman, he was severely beaten by the latter, so that "he resembled Lisbon after the earthquake," he says. Finally he made up his mind that he had experienced enough of the Eastern world, and, with his ten dollars still sewed into his coat-sleeve, went back to his Missouri home.

All these years he and his boy friends had cherished, as he says in "Old Times on the Mississippi," published in the "Atlantic Monthly" for 1875, an ambition to be steamboat-men. "We had transient ambitions of other sorts, but they were only transient. When a circus came and went, it left us all burning to become clowns; the first negro minstrel show that came to our section left us all suffering to try that kind of life; now and then we had a hope that if we lived and were good, God would permit us to be pirates. These ambitions faded out, each in its turn, but the ambition to be a steamboat-man always remained…. I first wanted to be a cabin boy, so that I could come out with a white apron on and shake a table-cloth over the side, where all my old comrades could see me; later

I thought I would rather be the deck hand who stood on the end of the stage plank with the coil of rope in his hand, because he was particularly conspicuous. But these were only day-dreams — they were too heavenly to be contemplated as real possibilities…. By and by I ran away. I said I never would come home again till I was a pilot and could come in glory. But somehow I could not manage it. I went meekly aboard a few of the boats that lay packed together like sardines at the long St. Louis wharf, and very humbly inquired for the pilots, but got only a cold shoulder and short words from mates and clerks. But I was ashamed to go home…. I was in Cincinnati, and I set to work to map out a new career. I had been reading about the recent explorations of the River Amazon by an expedition sent out by our government. It was said that the expedition, owing to difficulties, had not thoroughly explored a part of the country lying about the head-waters, some four thousand miles from the mouth of the river. It was only about fifteen hundred miles from Cincinnati to New Orleans, where I could doubtless get a ship. I had thirty dollars left; I would go and complete the exploration of the Amazon. I packed my valise, and took passage on an ancient tub, called the "Paul Jones" for New Orleans. For the sum of sixteen dollars I had the scarred and tarnished splendors of 'her' main saloon principally to myself, for she was not a creature to attract the eye of wiser travellers. When we presently got under way and went poking down the broad Ohio, I became a new being, and the subject of my own admiration. I was a traveller. A word never had tasted so good in my mouth before…. I kept my hat off all the time, and stayed where the wind and the sun could strike me, because I wanted to get the bronzed and weather-beaten look of an old traveller. Before the second day was half gone, I experienced a joy which filled me with the purest gratitude; for I saw that the skin had begun to blister and peel off my face and neck. I wished that the boys and girls at home could see me now."

After two weeks the "Paul Jones" reached New Orleans, and the young traveller soon discovered two things. "One was that a vessel would not be likely to sail for the mouth of the Amazon under ten or twelve years; and the other was that the nine or ten dollars still left in my pocket would not suffice for so imposing an exploration as I had planned, even if I could afford to wait for a ship. Therefore it followed that I must contrive a new career. The 'Paul Jones' was now bound for St. Louis. I planned a siege against my pilot, and at the end of three hard days he surrendered. He agreed to teach me the Mississippi River from New Orleans to St. Louis for five hundred dollars payable out of the first wages I should receive after graduating. I entered upon the small enterprise of 'learning' twelve or thirteen hundred miles of the great Mississippi River with the easy confidence of my time of life. If I had really known what I was about to require of my faculties, I should not have had the courage to begin."

The work proved hard and discouraging for the youth, but he finally reached the desired position of pilot, and had the proud satisfaction of receiving two hundred and fifty dollars per month. Here he remained for five years, till he was twenty-six, when the growth of railroads and the Civil War made piloting unprofitable.

For a few weeks he served in the Confederate Army, but soon went with his brother, who had been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nevada Territory, as his private secretary. The details of this exciting trip overland have been read by thousands in that fascinating book, "Roughing It." The work of the secretary proved to be nothing and with no salary, so that he spent considerable time in fishing in Lake Tahoe, "but we did not average one fish a week." Then for amusement he purchased an animal of Mexican breed, and his description of riding upon him, when he was "shot straight into the air a matter of three or four feet," or clasped the neck of the creature, who "delivered a vicious kick at the sky, and

stood on his forefeet," is unsurpassed in the annals of horseback experience. "Everybody I lent him to always walked back; they never could get enough exercise any other way."

Clemens finally decided to try his hand in silver-mining. He had always considered himself lucky. He had passed through cholera, yellow fever, and small-pox epidemics, had seen thousands die around him, but with neither fear nor disquietude he had come out unscathed. "I never expected things, and never borrowed trouble," he says. A wise philosophy, to be learned early in life if one would succeed. Why should he not be lucky also in mining? The great silver-mines in Nevada were being opened. A poverty-stricken Mexican traded a stream of water for one hundred feet of a mine, and four years later was worth a million and a half. Teamsters became millionaires. The whole territory was wild with excitement. "I would have been more or less than human if I had not gone mad like the rest," says Mr. Clemens. "Cartloads of solid silver bricks as large as pigs of lead were arriving from the mills every day, and such sights as that gave substance to the wild talk around me. I succumbed and grew as frenzied as the craziest." He and a few friends moved from Carson two hundred miles to the mines. "We built a small, rude cabin in the side of the crevice and roofed it with canvas, leaving a corner open to serve as a chimney through which the cattle used to tumble, occasionally, at night, and mash our furniture and interrupt our sleep…. We went to work; we decided to sink a shaft. So for a week we climbed the mountain, laden with picks, drills, gads, crowbars, shovels, cans of blasting powder and coils of fuse, and strove with might and main…. We prospected and took up new claims, put 'notices' on them, and gave them grandiloquent names…. We had not less than thirty thousand feet apiece in the 'richest mines on earth,' as the frenzied cant phrased it — and were in debt to the butcher. We were stark mad with excitement — drunk with happiness — smothered under mountains of prospective

wealth — arrogantly compassionate toward the plodding millions who knew not our marvellous canon — but our credit was not good at the grocer's…. We were always hunting up new claims and doing a little work on them, and then waiting for a buyer, who never came…. At last when flour reached a dollar a pound, and money could not be borrowed on the best security at less than *eight percent a month* (I being without the security, too), I abandoned mining and went to milling. That is to say, I went to work as a common laborer in a quartz mill, at ten dollars a week and board." The work was so hard that Clemens remained only one week, and then asked an advance of wages.

"He said he was paying me ten dollars a week, and thought it a good round sum. How much did I want?"

"I said about four hundred thousand dollars a month, and board, was about all I could reasonably ask, considering the hard times. I was ordered off the premises! And yet, when I look back to those days and call to mind the exceeding hardness of the labor I performed in that mill, I only regret that I did not ask him seven hundred thousand."

At last Clemens and his friend Higbie found their mine. By the laws of the district, claimants must do a reasonable amount of work on the ledge within ten days from the date of location. Clemens went away to care for a sick friend, supposing Higbie would attend to their fortune. Unfortunately, the latter went to other work, supposing that another person would do the necessary labor. Both men returned ten days later to find that other parties had secured their claim, and held millions of dollars in their hands, while Clemens was as poor as ever. He certainly had not been lucky in mining. He was "blue" indeed; not sky-blue, he says, but indigo. Possibly if he could have looked forward to the present time and seen himself a millionaire in an elegant home, and famous the world over, the skies would have been golden and crimson in hue.

About this time an offer came from the Virginia City

"Enterprise," for which paper he had already written some articles, signing himself here, for the first time, "Mark Twain," taken from the speech of the leadsmen on the Mississippi River, in making soundings. The paper offered him twenty-five dollars a week as city editor. He was indeed thankful. He would gladly have taken three dollars a week even.

"Twenty-five dollars a week — it looked like bloated luxury — a fortune, a sinful and lavish waste of money. But my transports cooled when I thought of my inexperience and consequent unfitness for the position, and straightway on top of this my long array of failures rose up before me.... Necessity is the mother of 'taking chances.' I do not doubt that if at that time I had been offered a salary to translate the Talmud from the original Hebrew, I would have accepted, albeit with diffidence and some misgivings, and thrown as much variety into it as I could for the money."

For two years he held this position, and then, desiring a change, moved to San Francisco. For a time all went well, but soon the large amount of mining stocks in his trunk proved worthless. Writing for the newspapers, and receiving a small amount of money, irregularly, is not conducive to peace of mind or health of body. The struggles of these days, as given in "Roughing It," are, alas, too true. For a time he was on the staff of the "Morning Call," and then went to the Sandwich Islands to study the sugar business and write letters for the "Sacramento Union." He showed much journalistic enterprise, and his work was greatly enjoyed.

On his return, the old question of self-support presented itself. What should he do next? He decided to give a lecture. He had never stood before an audience. His friends, with one exception, enthusiastically said "no" to his suggestion. But he hired the new Opera House at half-price, and on credit, for sufficient reasons. "In three days I did a hundred and fifty dollars worth of printing and advertising, and was the most distressed and frightened creature on the Pacific coast. I could

not sleep — who could, under such circumstances? For other people there was facetiousness in the last line of my posters, but to me it was plaintive with a pang when I wrote it: 'Doors open at 7½. The trouble will begin at 8.'"

To Mr. Clemens' amazement the house was packed, and he cleared six hundred dollars. Then he dared to try New York. He judiciously gave free tickets to all the public schools, and was delighted to find that Cooper Union was full. Evidently, the skies were growing brighter. Courage and persistence had won their way.

In 1867, when Mr. Clemens was thirty-two, he joined a pleasure party going abroad in the "Quaker City." The party visited France, Italy, and Palestine. On their return, the humorist wrote "The Innocents Abroad, or The New Pilgrim's Progress," and it was sold by subscription. The book was eagerly purchased and read from one side of America to the other, and in Europe as well. In Europe, a German Count was urged by a young lady to read the "New Pilgrim's Progress," from its delightful humor, as she had just finished it. He purchased the book at once, but failed to find the fun she had told him of. Upon showing her the book, she saw that he had purchased "Pilgrim's Progress" by Bunyan!

Whether we read how Mr. Clemens bought gloves too small for him at Gibraltar, because a young lady flattered him, and threw them away the next morning, or lingered tenderly by the bust of Christopher Columbus, or described mountain and city with vividness and beauty, we were amused, delighted, and instructed. "Mark Twain" had become famous, and poverty had become a thing of the past. One other book of "Sketches" had been previously published, among which we all remember the "Lightning-Rod Man," and the "Jumping Frog," done into French.

In 1870, Mr. Clemens was married to Miss Langdon, whose brother he had known on the "Quaker City." She was beautiful, as well as lovely in character; and now luck had

come indeed. Her father, a man of large wealth, purchased a home for them in Buffalo, and Mr. Clemens bought a third interest in the Buffalo "Express."

Fortunately, Mr. Clemens did not remain in journalism, else probably we should have missed his delightful books. He soon removed to Hartford, Ct., and built one of the most attractive homes in the city, on Farmington Avenue. It is of red brick, with light trimming, Gothic in architecture, surrounded by porches, trees, a river and charming landscapes. Within, as you enter, the broad hall, with its grand piano and Persian rugs on the floor, is a spacious room in itself. Out of the library, with its exquisite furnishing in blue and olive, its statues and paintings, handsome wood mantel and fireplace, with the motto, "The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it," is a beautiful conservatory full, even in winter, of the choicest plants. Above are the elegant sleeping-rooms, with their wonderfully carved furniture from Venice; the school-room, with pretty chintz sofas, and full of sunlight, where his three beautiful children study from nine till one, Susie, a blonde, Clara, with dark hair and eyes, and little Jean, herself a sunbeam, named after her grandmother; Susie's lovely room in blue, and the room of Clara and Jean, with the great rocking-horse of the latter.

At the top of the house is Mr. Clemens' study, plain and quiet. A billiard-table is in the centre of the room, where he and his friends usually play one evening in the week. In one corner stands his writing-table, covered with letters, the answers always being thrown on the floor when he has written them. As no one is allowed to touch this precious place, doubtless there could not be a safer spot than the carpet! The walls have a few sketches hung upon them, made by friends, and the framed receipts from Mrs. Grant for about four hundred thousand dollars, her share from the "Grant Memoirs," the largest copyright returns ever made by a publisher, Mr. Clemens being in the firm of Charles L. Webster & Co.,

which brings out the book.

Mr. Clemens has read widely in all these latter years. He belongs to several distinguished clubs in Hartford and New York, attends the Congregational Church, whose pastor, Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, is one of his warmest friends (both have travelled extensively together in Europe), is an indefatigable walker, rides much on his bicycle, and enjoys his home and friends most heartily. In his Hartford home through the winter, he makes full notes of topics and thoughts as they occur to him, and does most of his writing at his summer residence in Elmira, N. Y. Mr. Charles H. Clark says: "From the first of June to the middle of September, the whole family live with Mr. T. W. Crane, whose wife is a sister of Mrs. Clemens. A summer-study has been built for Mr. Clemens within the Crane grounds, on a high peak, which stands six hundred feet above the valley that lies spread out before it. It is built almost entirely of glass, and is modelled exactly on the plan of a Mississippi steamboat's pilot-house. Here, shut off from all outside communication, Mr. Clemens does the hard work of the year, or rather the confining and engrossing work of writing, which demands continuous application, day after day. The lofty work-room is some distance from the house. He goes to it every morning about half-past eight, and stays there until called to dinner by the blowing of a horn about five o'clock. He takes no lunch or noon meal of any sort, and works without eating, while the rules are imperative not to disturb him during this working period. His only recreation is his cigar. He is an inveterate smoker, and smokes constantly while at his work…. It is not his literary habit to carry one line of work through from beginning to end before taking up the next. Instead of that he has always a number of schemes and projects going along at the same time, and he follows first one and then another, according as his mood inclines him. Nor do his productions come before the public always as soon as they are completed. He has had one book finished now for

five years; and another, his collected 'Library of Humor,' has been practically ready for a year."

Since Mr. Clemens' marriage he has written several books, every one of which has had a very large sale; "Roughing It" appearing in 1871; "The Gilded Age," written jointly with Charles Dudley Warner, dramatic, pathetic, and humorous, in 1873. I have just re-read it, and have enjoyed it to-day just as fully as a dozen years ago. "Beriah Sellers' Infallible Imperial Oriental Optic Liniment and Salvation for Sore Eyes — the Medical Wonder of the Age" — with headquarters for manufacturing in Constantinople, and hindquarters in Farther India! "Annual income — well, God only knows how many millions and millions apiece!" Who can ever forget the candle in the stove, giving the appearance of heat, and the unique supper of "Early Malcolm turnips, that can't be produced except in just one orchard, and the supply never is up to the demand." As pathetic as all this is humorous is the death of Squire Hawkins, leaving wife and children destitute, still hoping for the rise of Tennessee land. To how many of us life is only a hope — and a mirage!

In 1876 "Tom Sawyer" was published, "affectionately dedicated to my wife"; in 1880, "A Tramp Abroad." I do not know a more delightful piece of humor in the language than the meeting at Lucerne, at the hotel Schweitzerhof, of the American lady whom he remembered — and unfortunately did not! The chapters on German duelling are most graphic.

After this appeared the "Prince and the Pauper," dedicated "to those good-mannered and agreeable children, Susie and Clara Clemens." It is a tender story of a Prince and Pauper changing places, the hardships of one and the joy of the other, the breaking-down of Tom Canty when he sees his mother in the crowd, and the restoration of the rightful prince. We grow kinder at heart as we read the book, and see that circumstances often make or unmake us, and we learn charity and sweetness in the study of human nature. "Huckle-

berry Finn" is Mr. Clemens' last book, which, we were told in "Tom Sawyer," "is drawn from life." Though Mr. Clemens, in his preface, warns persons not to find a moral in this book on pain of "banishment," I am still inclined to believe that those who read will think of Victor Hugo's teaching, that society is responsible for the Huck Finns in our midst, and must do more uplifting if we would see the millennium dawn in our century. In this latter work is a reproduction of an admirable bust of Mr. Clemens, by Karl Gerhardt. Most of these books have been translated into German, French, Italian, Norwegian, Danish, and other languages.

Besides his work as an author, Mr. Clemens, with George W. Cable, has drawn crowded houses as a lecturer in this country, and has been strongly urged to visit England and Australia. He is also an inventor. His scrap-books have sold over one hundred thousand yearly in the past decade. "As he wanted a scrap-book, and could not find what he wanted, he made one himself, which naturally proved to be just what other people wanted. Similarly, he invented a note-book. It is his habit to record, at the moment they occur to him, such scenes and ideas as he wishes to preserve. All notebooks that he could buy had the vicious habit of opening at the wrong place and distracting attention in that way. So, by a simple contrivance, he arranged one that always opens at the right place; that is, of course, at the page last written upon."

In manner he is genial, democratic, and kindly. He rejoices to do a good act for another, as when he wrote an article recently in the "Century" on Caroline B. Le Row's charming book, "English as She Is Taught," and sent the two hundred and fifty dollar check for the same to the noble and true-hearted author. His personality is marked, and his conversational powers rare and delightful. Clear-headed and able as a business man, unique and unequalled as a humorist, he is yet seen to the best advantage surrounded by his loved ones in his home.

CHAPTER XVII
Charles Dudley Warner

Close by the residence of Mark Twain in Hartford, separated from it only by a pretty river and great forest-trees, is the beautiful home of Charles Dudley Warner. It is a two-story brick house, Gothic in style, with broad piazza, on which are a hammock and several easy-chairs. Even the oak and chestnut trees have an air of comfort and welcome.

The interior of the house is even more attractive than the exterior. Books are everywhere — in the large double parlors with their olive furniture, in the dining-room above the rare china, in the broad hall along the stairway — indeed, everywhere. The walls are nearly covered with pictures, some of them centuries old, from Spain. Here also on the mantel are exquisite colored stones from the Alhambra, plaques from Mexico, and vases from many parts of the world. Here one sees exquisite embroidery from Tangiers, and curiosities from the far East, Bagdad, Syria, and Egypt.

Curtains of Asiatic silk festoon the windows; Persian rugs are on the floors; the portieres are from the Orient; the mantel itself is made of tiles from Damascus, some even brought from the Mosque of Omar. Where has Mr. Warner not travelled, and with what people and what country is he not familiar?

The music-room, in blue, has two pianos, one upright and one grand, Mrs. Warner being a skilful musician.

The study, at the top of the house, is a plain room, filled with sunlight, from whose windows one sees lovely country pictures of mountain and valley and river, as well as the busy city. The long table has books and letters piled upon it.

Visitors may recline upon the sofa in the window, but the owner of the home is too much occupied for rest. He works rapidly and with concentration.

His warm friend, Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, says of him, in the "Critic": "He is an enthusiastic believer in the classic culture, and has repeatedly written and spoken in its defence. His humor is in his grain, and is the humor of a man of very deep convictions and earnest character. Mr. Warner is highly esteemed among his fellow-citizens, and is often called to serve in one public capacity or another. He was for a number of years a member of the park commission of the city of Hartford; and he has just rendered a report to the Connecticut Legislature, as chairman of a special Prison Committee appointed by the State. He is a communicant in the Congregational Church, and a constant attendant on public worship.

"Mr. Warner is a good-looking man: tall, spare, and erect in frame, with a strong, countenance, indicative of thought and refinement. His head is capacious, his forehead high and clear, and the kindly eyes behind his eye-glasses are noticeably wide-open. He would be remarkable anywhere as a person of decidedly striking appearance. The years have powdered his full beard and abundant clustering hair, though he will not be an old man for some time yet. He walks with a quick, energetic step, with his head thrown back, and pushing on as if he were after something. In going back and forth daily between his house and his editorial room in the 'Courant' building, he disdains the street railway service, habitually making the trip of something over a mile each way afoot, in all weathers. He likes to shoulder a knapsack and go off on a week's tramp through the Catskill or "White Mountains, and whoever goes with him is sure of enough exercise."

Perhaps Mr. Twichell learned this when he and Mr. Warner took a trip to Cape Breton, after which "Baddeck, and That Sort of Thing" was written, and dedicated —

"To my Comrade,
Joseph H. Twichell,
Summer and winter friend,
Whose companionship would make any journey
a delightful memory."

One might suppose that this attractive home, with its look of ease and comfort, came by inheritance, and that the man whose many books have gained for him a well-deserved reputation has had the leisure which money can give in which to write them. Far from it. All his life Mr. Warner has been editor, traveller, speaker before colleges and other educational or reformatory associations, and nearly all his life he has earned his own support by the skill of his hand and brain.

His father was an intelligent farmer of Plainfield, Mass., who died at thirty-six, leaving his boy, when only five years old, to be placed with relations in Charlemont. Fortunately, the family was refined and Christian, careful about his reading and his habits. Childlike, however, as we read in that delightful book "Being a Boy," which Whittier enjoyed so much that he read it through three times, Warner could not refrain from reading the "Arabian Nights."

"Some big boy brings to school a copy of the 'Arabian Nights,' a dog-eared copy, with cover, title-page, and the last leaves missing, which is passed around, and slyly read under the desk, and perhaps comes to the little boy whose parents disapprove of novel-reading, and have no work of fiction in the house except a pious fraud called 'Six Months in a Convent,' and the latest comic almanac. The boy's eyes dilate as he steals some of the treasures out of the wondrous pages, and he longs to lose himself in the land of enchantment open before him. He tells at home that he has seen the most wonderful book that ever was, and a big boy has promised to lend it to him.

"'Is it a true book, John?' asks the grandmother; 'because if it isn't true, it is the worst thing that a boy can read.'

"John cannot answer as to the truth of the book, and so does not bring it home; but he borrows it, nevertheless, and conceals it in the barn, and, lying in the hay-mow, is lost in its enchantments many an odd hour when he is supposed to be doing chores…. It was through this emblazoned portal that the boy walked into the world of books, which he soon found was larger than his own and filled with people he longed to know."

Fortunately, also, the boy had been trained by a noble mother and by a cultivated father, who wrote and lectured occasionally, and who had the blood of the Pilgrims in his veins. The boy, though fond of hunting woodchucks and playing Indian, was a sensitive, refined child: "If you had seen John at this time you might have thought he was only a shabbily dressed country lad, and you never would have guessed what beautiful thoughts he sometimes had as he went stubbing his toes along the dusty road, nor what a chivalrous little fellow he was…. He was walking the road at twilight when he was overtaken by a wagon with one seat, upon which were two pretty girls, and a young gentleman sat between them, driving. It was a merry party, and John could hear them laughing and singing as they approached him. The wagon stopped when it overtook him, and one of the sweet-faced girls leaned from the seat and said, quite seriously and pleasantly: —

"'Little boy, how's your ma?'

"'She's pretty well, I thank you.'

"'Does she know you are out?'

"And thereupon all three in the wagon burst into a roar of laughter and dashed on.

"It flashed upon John in a moment that he had been imposed on, and it hurt him dreadfully. His self-respect was injured somehow, and he felt as if his lovely, gentle mother had been insulted. Probably the young lady, who might have been almost any young lady, never knew what a cruel thing she had done."

The farmer lad, in these early days, learned the habit of work, a habit which has brought valuable results in these later years. "What the boy does is the life of the farm. He is the factotum, always in demand, always expected to do the thousand indispensable things that anybody else will do. After everybody else is through, he has to finish up. His work is like a woman's, perpetual waiting on others. He is to do all the errands, to go to the store, to the post-office, and to carry all sorts of messages. If he had as many legs as a centipede, they would tire before night. His two short limbs seem to him entirely inadequate to the task…. The boy comes nearer to perpetual motion than anything else in nature, only it is not altogether a voluntary motion."

When young Warner was thirteen (he was born September 12, 1829), he removed to Cazenovia, N.Y., and was fitted for college at sixteen. His guardian wished him to go into business, and give up a college life, and he therefore became a clerk in the post-office. But the literary bent in a boy who would repeat "Thanatopsis" while he was milking was too strong for business, and he entered Hamilton College, graduating in 1851, writing the English prize essay of that year.

He was a great reader in college, and also gained quite a reputation among his mates as a writer. He was also a great letter-writer, holding a correspondence with several able women older than himself, whose aspirations and counsel were a stimulant to success.

After graduation he decided to study law, paying his way as he went on, now by compiling a "Book on Eloquence," now by a lecture or by legal work. At one time he projected a magazine, which was to be published at Detroit, but after one issue the publisher failed, and the matter was abandoned. He joined a surveying party in Missouri, and spent two years in frontier life.

He was now twenty-seven, married to a refined and lovely

lady, and settled in the profession of law in Chicago. He was still fond of writing, sending articles to "Putnam's Magazine," and letters to the "Hartford Press," a newspaper edited at that time by Joseph R. Hawley, now in the United States Senate. At the end of two years, Mr. Hawley asked Warner to come East and take the position of associate editor, which place he accepted, with the limited salary of eight hundred dollars a year. Very soon, General Hawley having entered the civil war, Mr. Warner became the editor-in-charge; and when later the paper was merged in the "Hartford Courant," an old and able journal, Warner became one of the four proprietors. He was now on the road to a competency, though the work of a daily paper is constant and trying.

As a recreation, he began to work in the mornings in his garden, when it occurred to him to write some sketches for his paper, that should be fresh and outside of politics. These found hundreds of delighted readers. Henry Ward Beecher suggested to his sister, Mrs. Stowe, Warner's friend and near neighbor, that he would write an introduction if these sketches were published in a book. The volume was published in 1870, and was a great success. Even the "London Quarterly Review" said, "Charles Lamb might have written it if he had had a garden." The New York "Tribune" said, "Every page abounds with mellow and juicy fruits, showing that, whatever success may attend his use of the hoe and spade, he knows how to handle the pen with admirable effect."

How much we all enjoyed Mr. Warner's rich experience with weeds and bugs, to battle with which he finds himself obliged to rise at four o'clock in the morning. "Things appear to go on in the night uncommonly," he says. "It would be less trouble to stay up than it is to get up so early…. There is another subject which is forced upon my notice. I like neighbors, and I like chickens, but I do not think they ought to be united near a garden. Neighbors' hens in your garden are an annoyance. Even if they did not scratch up the corn,

and peck the strawberries, and eat the tomatoes, it is not pleasant to see them straddling about in their jerky, high-stepping, speculative manner, picking inquisitively here and there. It is of no use to tell the neighbor that his hens eat your tomatoes: it makes no impression on him, for the tomatoes are not his. The best way is to casually remark to him that he has a fine lot of chickens, pretty well grown, and that you like spring chickens broiled. He will take them away at once."

All through the book we enjoy Polly, to whom it is dedicated, who sits near him while he works, and "sees to" the garden when he is away on business, by letting it run to weeds!

In 1868 Mr. Warner went to Europe for a year, and, as a result, "Saunterings" appeared in 1872 — a collection of charming sketches, so graphic and perfectly colored that one feels himself even room-hunting with the author in quaint and beautiful Munich. Whipple said, "His journey was confined to countries rendered commonplace by the books of innumerable tourists, but which he Warnerizes and makes his own. He not merely addresses his readers; he takes them with him."

In 1872, also, appeared "Backlog Studies," unique and original; conversations around the fire, on modern fiction, love, the classics, and the questions of the day. The sketches appeared first in "Scribner's Magazine," the opening sketch written in bed, while the author was suffering from sciatica. A man with less force and will-power than Mr. Warner would have found writing under such circumstances an impossibility. The "Literary World" said, "Such books are pillows of fir-balsam to jaded minds." "Baddeck" was published in 1874, and the following year Mr. Warner and his wife made an extended tour in Egypt and the Levant, out of which grew "My Winter on the Nile," written during a six months residence in Venice, from copious notes taken at every point of the journey, and "In the Levant," of which the "London Standard" rightly says, "It is more than hard to find a single dull

page in the whole four hundred."

Dr. Prime said, "Whether one has been in the East, or is going to the East, or does not expect ever to go, these books are of all travel-books the best, because most truthful and companionable guides, having in them the very atmosphere and sunlight of the Orient."

Whether Warner tells of the oranges at Messina, which, after buying, he threw overboard because "they would make fair lemonade of the streak of water we passed through," or discusses the Eastern question, we are always deeply interested and entertained.

In 1877, "Being a Boy" was published, and has passed through many editions. What was ever more naturally told than John's first party at Deacon Mayhew's, "when he wished that he and Cynthia were the whole of the party"?

A year later, "In the Wilderness," Mr. Warner's unique sketches of the Adirondacks, was published. All hunters, and those who do not hunt, will remember "How I Killed a Bear." Mr. Warner has written several other books: "A Roundabout Journey," in 1883, being a tour through Sicily, southern Italy, Africa, and Spain; a clear, concise "Life of Irving," in the "Men of Letters" series, which he has ably edited for Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; a "Life of John Smith"; "The Gilded Age," with Mark Twain; and "Their Pilgrimage," which recently appeared in serial form in "Harper's Magazine."

The last book is certainly one of Mr. Warner's best, if not the best, so graphically has he described our summer resorts — Newport, Saratoga, Niagara, Richfield Springs, Bar Harbor, and the like. A love-story runs through the book, and the persons are those whom one meets daily. Common sense is on every page, for Mr. Warner is always a man of earnest purpose; else he would not take time to prepare papers on prison reform or educational matters, as he often does. Without superfluous words, the style is admirable, the thought clear, while true philosophy is in every chapter of his books.

He has delivered before Princeton College, and elsewhere, four lectures in "The Relation of Literature to Life." Besides all this work in books and upon the "Courant" as editor, like Howells, he takes charge of a department in "Harper's Magazine," the "Editor's Drawer." He has also recently made extended journeys in Mexico and California, and doubtless these experiences will be put into books.

Several colleges and societies have conferred honors upon him for his valuable work; Yale College has made him Master of Arts, and Hamilton College Doctor of Literature — a degree rarely conferred. A man of polished manners, he is like George William Curtis — a scholar in politics, a type of man always needed in and grandly helpful to our republic. Charles Dudley Warner may well look back upon a useful and successful life, the result of his own ability and labor, and forward to many happy years in the advancement of American literature and the development of a noble citizenship.

CHAPTER XVIII
John Greenleaf Whittier

"The world, O Father! hath not wronged
With loss the life by thee prolonged;
But still, with every added year.
More beautiful thy works appear!

As thou hast made thy world without,
    Make thou more fair my world within;
Shine through its lingering clouds of doubt;
    Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin;

Fill, brief or long, my granted span
Of life with love to thee and man;
Strike when thou wilt the hour of rest,
But let my last days be my best!"

Thus wrote Whittier in 1868 in his poem, "The Clear Vision," when he was sixty-one years old. He had his wish; his last days were indeed his best. He died on the morning of Sept. 7, 1892, at the age of eighty-four, the most loved poet in America. Bells were tolled in many places, and public buildings and schoolhouses lowered their flags to half-mast.

The funeral services were held under the trees he loved so well at his home in Amesbury, Mass., those persons speaking whom the spirit moved, in accordance with the custom of the Friends. The poet's favorite flower, the fringed gentian, was placed upon the coffin. After the burial, persons came on foot and in carriages from the neighboring towns, eager to carry away a flower or a leaf from the poet's grave. His life began in poverty; it ended in comfort and renown. The barefoot boy became one of the great humanitarian leaders of the age.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

John Greenleaf Whittier was born Dec. 17, 1807, in an old-fashioned farmhouse, three miles northeast of Haverhill, Mass. "The building," says Mr. W. Sloane Kennedy in his life of the poet, "is believed to be considerably over two hundred years old, in as wild and lonely a place as Craigenputtock — the hills shutting down all around, so that there is absolutely no prospect in any direction, and no other house visible…. Between the front door of the old homestead and the road rises a grassy, wooded bank, at the foot of which flows a little amber-colored brook."

This brook was dear to the farmer-boy, for he says in "Snow-Bound" —

> "We minded that the sharpest ear
> The buried brooklet could not hear,
> The music of whose liquid lip
> Had been to us companionship,
> And, in our lonely life, had grown
> To have an almost human tone."

A mile away is a clear, restful lake, dear to the young dreamer and lover of nature in his boyhood, and which in middle life he christened Kenoza, writing a poem for its public renaming in 1851.

In the plain Whittier home were John, the father, an upright, hard-working farmer, a decisive man of few words; Abigail Hussey, the mother, a woman of great natural refinement and devoted piety; and four children, Mary, John, Matthew, and Elizabeth.

The boys worked on the farm, and the girls helped the mother in her household duties, which were many, besides the spinning and weaving of linen and woollen cloth for the family.

The quiet, uneventful life of the Whittier household had much of hard work in it, and at the same time much of real happiness.

In "Snow-Bound," the poet writes: —

"Meanwhile we did our nightly chores, —
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinneying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows."

In "The Barefoot Boy" there is a charming picture of this early life of simple pleasures: —

"I was rich in flowers and trees.
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees.
Apples of Hesperides!

• • • • • •

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread, —
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood.
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent.
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold.
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;

• • • • • •

I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!"

There was little in Farmer Whittier's home to awaken thirst for knowledge. The books numbered about twenty, most of them journals and memoirs of pious Quakers. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," a soiled pamphlet on a "Wicked Dancing-Party in New Jersey," and a "Life of David," gave some variety to the Quaker memoirs. The principal reading, aside from the weekly newspaper and the almanac, was the Bible, which the good mother read to her children, and conversed with them familiarly about it.

When the poet was fourteen years of age, a wandering pedler sang to him some of the songs of Burns; and Joshua Coffin, his first schoolmaster, loaned him a volume of Burns's poems. "This was about the first poetry I had ever read (with the exception of that of the Bible, of which I had been a close student)," said Whittier, years afterwards, "and it had a lasting influence upon me."

He at once, he says, "began to make rhymes," though when a small lad he is said to have composed poems on his slate, instead of using it for his arithmetic.

He was encouraged in his writing by his sister Mary, who, when he was nineteen, sent one of his poems, "The Deity," to the *Newburyport Free Press,* conducted by William Lloyd Garrison, then only twenty-two years of age.

The farmer-boy waited anxiously to see his poem in print, but the weeks went by and it did not appear. Finally, one day the postman rode past with his saddle-bags, and threw out the newspaper to young Whittier, who was mending fences with his Uncle Moses.

The youth opened the sheet, and to his astonishment found "The Deity" in the "poets' corner." He was so dazed as well as overjoyed, that his uncle had to call him several times

to his work before he seemed conscious that he was engaged in such earthly pursuits as mending stone fences.

He sent other poems which were accepted, though of course not paid for. Finally, Garrison decided to ride fifteen miles on horseback to see this new contributor, whose poems he liked.

The poet was in the cornfield working, without coat or shoes — having on only a shirt, pantaloons, and straw hat. He hastened to make himself as presentable as possible, and shyly met the young reformer.

The father was called in, and Garrison urged that his son be sent to school, as he had superior abilities. Unable, and probably thinking the advice unwise, the elder Whittier remonstrated "against putting such notions in his son's head."

But the advice was heeded, and, grateful that some one appreciated and praised his work, the youth determined to educate himself. A young man who worked on the Whittier farm summers added to his small income by making ladies' slippers and shoes during the winters. He offered to teach the poet his trade, which offer was gladly accepted. The result was enough money earned to buy a suit of clothes, and to pay for board and tuition for six months at the Haverhill Academy, besides a twenty-five cent piece which he always carried, so as to have money in his pocket.

Whittier studied the ordinary English books, took lessons in French, and gave especial attention to history. He boarded with the editor and publisher of the *Haverhill Gazette,* Mr. A. W. Thayer, whose wife remembered the youth with "tall, erect figure, ready wit, perfect courtesy, and infallible sense of truth and justice."

A daughter of Judge Minot wrote Mr. F. H. Underwood for his life of the poet: "Whittier was a very handsome, distinguished-looking young man. His eyes were remarkably beautiful. He was always kind to children, and under a very grave and quiet exterior there was a real love of fun, and a keen

sense of the ludicrous. With intimate friends he talked a great, deal, and in a wonderfully interesting manner; usually earnest, often analytical, and frequently playful…. The study of human nature was very interesting to him, and his insight was keen…. He was very modest, never conceited, never egotistic…. He was exceedingly conscientious. He cared for people — quite as much for the plainest and most uncultivated, if they were original and had something in them, as for the most polished…. He had a retentive memory and a marvellous store of information on many subjects. I once saw a little commonplace-book of his, full of quaint things, and as interesting as Southey's."

At the close of the school term Whittier taught the district school in West Amesbury, and earned enough money to pay for board and tuition for another six months at the Academy.

The schooling was now over, necessarily, and, like his "barefoot boy" —

> "All too soon these feet must hide
> In the prison cells of pride,
> Lose the freedom of the sod,
> Like a colt's for work be shod,
> Made to tread the mills of toil,
> Up and down in ceaseless moil."

Through the influence of Garrison, he passed the winter of 1828 in Boston, writing for the *American Manufacturer,* a protectionist organ, receiving nine dollars a week for his services. He returned to the farm in June, and remained there for a year, writing much, both in prose and poetry. During a part of this time he edited the *Haverhill Gazette,* and wrote for the *New England Weekly Review,* published at Hartford, Conn.

He "issued proposals to publish a 'History of Haverhill' in one volume at eighty-seven and a half cents per copy," but nobody seemed desirous of spending so much money for a

book, and this project was abandoned.

His articles had found favor with the *Review*, of which George D. Prentice was the editor, and when the latter went to Kentucky to found the Louisville Courier-Journal, he suggested that young Whittier be asked to take his place. Whittier received his invitation to the editorship while at work on the farm. He said, "I could not have been more utterly astonished if I had been told that I was appointed minister to the great Khan of Tartary."

He remained editor of the *Review* for nearly two years, writing over forty poems for it, besides prose articles, among the former being the well-known "Vaudois Teacher," translated into French, and greatly loved by the Protestants of the lower Alps, who, years after, at a general assembly of their churches, wrote and forwarded a grateful address to the poet.

When Whittier was twenty-four his first book was published by Hammer & Phelps, Hartford, Conn., "Legends of New England," sketches in prose and verse. The next year he edited the "Literary Remains of J. G. C. Brainard," a gifted young friend, and a year later published at his own expense "Justice and Expediency; or Slavery considered with a View to its Rightful and Effective Remedy, Abolition."

Meantime Whittier's father had died, and the poet returned to the farm to help support the family. He says, "I worked hard to make both ends meet; and, aided by my mother's and sister's thrift and economy, in some measure succeeded."

The pamphlet on slavery of course provoked opposition, for at that time the North seemed bound hand and foot by the slave power. Lewis Tappan of New York was so pleased with the ardent spirit and unanswerable logic of the booklet, that he issued gratuitously ten thousand copies.

The young poet, with laudable literary ambition and political ambition as well, knew fully how he was hedging up his way to success, by becoming the champion of this hated

cause. He and his friend Garrison had joined hands to rise or fall together. "For twenty years" thereafter, once said Mr. Whittier, "my name would have injured the circulation of any of the literary or political journals of the country."

He was chosen a delegate to the National Anti-Slavery Convention at Philadelphia, Dec. 4-6, 1833, and was one of the secretaries. Garrison sat up all night in the small attic of a colored man to draft the Declaration of Principles, which Whittier and others signed. Whittier said, years afterwards, "I set a higher value on my name as appended to the Anti-Slavery Declaration of 1833 than on the title-page of any book." He wrote in the next few years his burning "Voices of Freedom," which stirred many hearts all over the country. John Bright said of "The Farewell of a Virginia Slave Mother to her Daughters sold into Southern Bondage" —

> "Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
> To the rice-swamp dank and lone,"

"those few lines were enough to arouse a whole nation to expel from among you the odious crime and guilt of slavery."

The "Slave-Ship," that pitiful story of a shipload of slaves who sailed from Bonny in Africa, April, 1819, and who, having been made blind by a contagious disease and thereby rendered unsalable, were thrown, thirty-six of them, into the sea and drowned, thrilled the hearts of all lovers of humanity. Whittier spoke in other poems, "The Christian Slave" and "Stanzas for the Times," in fearless terms: —

> "What, ho! — *our* countrymen in chains!
> The whip on *woman's* shrinking flesh!
> *Our* soil yet reddening with the stains
> Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh!
> What! mothers from their children riven!
> What! God's own image bought and sold!
> *Americans* to market driven.
> And bartered as the brute for gold!

Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought
Which well might shame extremest hell?
Shall freemen lock the indignant thought?
Shall Pity's bosom cease to swell?
Shall Honor bleed? Shall Truth succumb?
Shall pen, and press, and soul be dumb?

No; — by each spot of haunted ground.
Where Freedom weeps her children's fall,
By Plymouth's Rock, and Bunker's Mound,
By Griswold's stained and shattered wall,
By Warren's ghost, by Langdon's shade.
By all the memories of our dead!"

In 1838 Whittier became the editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman,* an organ of the Anti-Slavery Society. The office of the paper in Philadelphia was sacked and burned by a mob, and the poet's health failing, he returned to Massachusetts. The farm, meantime, had been sold, and his mother, aunt, and sister had moved to Amesbury that they might be near the Friends' Meeting House. Whittier joined them, and Amesbury was his legal home till his death.

Those years were full of labor and much obloquy. Several times the brave Whittier was mobbed, and his life endangered. Once when he and George Thompson, the noted abolitionist, escaped from an angry mob of five hundred, though they were hurt by the sticks and stones, the poet said, "We did not much fear death, but we did dread gross personal indignities."

Notwithstanding his unpopular anti-slavery views, he was elected to the State Legislature in 1835, and in 1836, by the citizens of Haverhill, but declined a re-election in 1837. In 1844 Whittier edited the *Middlesex Standard,* a Liberty party paper. The poet said, "I early saw the necessity of separate political action, and was one of the founders of the Liberty party — the germ of the present Republican party." Later, for a time, he was an associate editor of the *National Era* at

Washington, the paper in which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared as a serial. Above eighty of Whittier's poems were published in the *Era* from 1847 to 1859.

His pen seemed never idle. He knew New England history by heart, and used it as Tennyson used the early legends of his country in the "Idylls of the King." His ballads soon became dear to the people. Who does not know the simple and beautiful "Maud Muller," with its pathetic love story and tender consolation?

> "Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
> Deeply buried from human eyes;
>
> "And in the hereafter, angels may
> Roll the stone from its grave away!"

Stedman well says, "Lyrics such as 'Telling the Bees,' 'Maud Muller,' and 'My Playmate' are miniature classics…. Of all our poets he is the most natural balladist." Stedman thinks "Questions of Life" indicates Whittier's highest intellectual mark, and is in affinity with some of Emerson's discourse.

"Telling the Bees" has the Tennysonian music. It relates to a custom formerly prevalent in the rural districts of New England, brought from the old country, of telling the bees when a member of the household died, and dressing their hives in mourning, lest they should swarm and seek a new home.

> "Since we parted, a month had passed, —
> To love, a year;
> Down through the beeches I looked at last
> On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.
>
> I can see it all now, — the slantwise rain
> Of light through the leaves,
> The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,
> The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

• • • • • •

Trembling, I listened: the summer sun
Had the chill of snow;
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go!"

"My Playmate" is believed to be like "Memories" and "In School Days" — a leaf out of the poet's own life. All these are worthy to last among the sweetest and purest love poems of our age.

"For, more to me than birds or flowers.
My playmate left her home.
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

• • • • • •

She left us in the bloom of May:
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
But she came back no more.

I walk with noiseless feet the round
Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring,
And reap the autumn ears."

In "Memories," the poet tenderly writes: —

"How thrills once more the lengthening chain
Of memory at the thought of thee!
Old hopes which long in dust have lain,
Old dreams come thronging back again,
And boyhood lives again in me;

I feel its glow upon my cheek;
Its fulness of the heart is mine,
As when I leaned to hear thee speak,
Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,
I feel thy arm within my own,

And timidly again uprise
The fringed lids of hazel eyes.
With soft brown tresses overblown.

Ah! memories of sweet summer eves,
Of moonlit wave and willowy way.
Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves.
And smiles and tones more dear than they!"

"In School Days" beginning —

"Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning,"

is the one of the trio most widely known and loved: —

"Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls.
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled.
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered; —
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice
As though a fault confessing.

'I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,

Because,' — the brown eyes lower fell, —
'Because, you see, I love you!'

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her, — because they love him."

The years passed quietly and happily at the Amesbury home, a plain two-story house with many forest trees in front of it. The poet's study was simple, with its open book-shelves holding several hundred volumes, and its cheery Franklin stove with its wood fire, which Mr. Whittier himself always cared for. The home had in it, best of all, the companionship of two noble women, his godly mother who died in 1857, after she had seen her son come to fame, and Elizabeth, the youngest sister, also a poet, who died in the autumn of 1864. Mr. Whittier, in his "Yankee Gypsies," tells this incident of his mother: —

"On one occasion, a few years ago, on my return from the field at evening, I was told that a foreigner had asked for lodgings during the night, but that, influenced by his dark, repulsive appearance, my mother had very reluctantly refused his request.

"I found her by no means satisfied with her decision. 'What if a son of mine was in a strange land?' she in-quired, self-reproachfully. Greatly to her relief, I volun-teered to go in pursuit of the wanderer, and, taking a cross-path over the fields, soon overtook him. He had just been rejected at the house of our nearest neighbor, and was standing in a state of dubious perplexity in the street.

"His looks quite justified my mother's suspicions. He was

an olive-complexioned, black-bearded Italian, with an eye like a live coal, such a face as perchance looks out on the traveller in the passes of the Abruzzi — one of those bandit-visages which Salvator painted.

"With some difficulty I gave him to understand my errand, when he overwhelmed me with thanks, and joyfully followed me back. He took his seat with us at the supper-table; and when we were all gathered around the hearth that cold autumnal evening, he told us, partly by words and partly by gestures, the story of his life and misfortunes, amused us with descriptions of the grape-gatherings and festivals of his sunny clime, edified my mother with a recipe for making bread of chestnuts; and in the morning when, after breakfast, his dark sullen face lighted up, and his fierce eye moistened with grateful emotion as in his own silvery Tuscan accent he poured out his thanks, we marvelled at the fears which had so nearly closed our doors against him; and, as he departed, we all felt that he had left with us the blessing of the poor."

Thomas Went worth Higginson, in the *Critic* for Sept. 17, 1892, says —

"Elizabeth was the pet and pride of the household, one of the rarest of women, her brother's complement; possessing all the readiness of speech and facility of intercourse which he wanted; taking easily, in his presence, the lead in conversation which the poet so gladly abandoned to her, while he sat rubbing his hands and laughing at her daring sallies…. There was something bird-like in Elizabeth Whittier's look and in the movements of her head; her quick thoughts came like javelins; a saucy triumph gleamed in the great eyes; the head moved a little from side to side, as with the quiver of a weapon; and, lo! you were transfixed. Her poems, tragic, sombre, imaginative, give no impression of this side of her nature; but it was as if long generations of parents who had 'held the Quaker role' had broken into reactionary sunshine and rollicking gayety in her. Her wit had play upon the grave

Friends themselves, as they gathered at the time of 'Quarterly Meetings' under the roof which latterly held all of Quakerism that was left in Amesbury. She wound them round her finger in spite of themselves, and did not hesitate to discipline the most venerable Friend on the high seats until she had compelled him to rise and close the meeting by shaking hands in good season, lest the dinner should be overdone. She was a woman never to be forgotten; and no one can truly estimate the long celibate life of the poet without bearing in mind that he had for many years at his own fireside the concentrated wit and sympathy of all womanhood in this one sister."

Whittier has immortalized Elizabeth in "Snow-Bound," in lines which John Bright declared to "have nothing superior to them in beauty and pathos in our language."

"Upon the motley braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.

• • • • • •

I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things.
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.

• • • • • •

And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,

I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far.
Since near at hand the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar.
Shall I not see thee waiting stand.
And, white against the evening star.
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?"

For some years after the death of Whittier's mother and sister, a favorite niece, the daughter of his brother Matthew, lived with him, and at her marriage with Mr. Samuel T. Pickard, editor of the Portland (Me.) *Transcript,* the poet went to live with some cousins at Oak Knoll, Danvers, a beautiful home in the midst of sixty acres of well-kept lawn, flower beds, and forest trees, all carefully tended. He still retained his Amesbury house, making it his legal residence.

A few years before Mr. Whittier's death, I saw him in this attractive home, surrounded by his books, his pet birds, and his dogs. The mockingbird so much enjoyed joining in our conversation, that the poet was obliged to cover his cage so that we could hear each other talk. One of his dogs came and held up a bruised paw to me for sympathy.

Mrs. Sallie Joy White, in *Wide Awake,* tells this incident:—

"During Mr. Whittier's recent birthday celebration he was visited among others by Mrs. Julia Houston West, America's celebrated oratorio singer. After dinner, Mrs. West was asked to sing, and, seating herself at the piano, she began the beautiful ballad of 'Robin Adair.' She had hardly begun before Mr. Whittier's pet dog came into the room, and, seating himself by his side, watched her as if fascinated. When she finished, he came and put his paw very gravely into her hand and licked her cheek.

"'*Robin* takes that as a tribute to himself,' said Mr. Whittier; 'his name is "Robin Adair."'

"From that moment, during Mrs. West's visit, he was her devoted attendant. He kept by her side when she was indoors, and accompanied her when she went out to walk. When she went away, he carried her satchel in his mouth to the gate, and saw her depart with every evidence of reluctance."

Mr. Whittier's eyes were as dark and handsome as ever, and his smile as benignant, and often merry. "I have got a great deal out of life; more than most people," he said. "I try to remember only the bright and good — I have forgotten all the mischief I did." As though he of whom Longfellow wrote—

> "Whose daily life anticipates
> The life to come, and in whose thought and word
> The spiritual world preponderates,"

could have done any mischief ever!

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spotford says of Whittier at his Danvers home: —

"He is out of doors a great deal. He takes pleasure in the horses, and is a fine and fearless driver, and when there is nothing else to do, he watches from his portico the antics of the dogs and squirrels, the latter (as no guns are allowed upon the place) taking liberties that puzzle such fellows as the little Dandie Dinmont, who has the care of the house upon his shoulders, and who darts after them in a terrible fury, and when he has freed them, in his wrath stands on his hind feet, waves his paws and whines, begging them to come down. In winter some of the squirrels come to the windows to be fed; and the quails and bluebirds are quite as tame at all times."

An incident given in the *Literary World* for December, 1877, illustrates the same kindness of heart in the poet which characterized his mother. The writer says: —

"When I was a young man, trying to get an education, I went about the country peddling sewing-silk to help myself

through college; and one Saturday night found me at Amesbury, a stranger, and without a lodging-place. It happened that the first house at which I called was Whittier's, and he himself came to the door. On hearing my request he said he was very sorry that he could not keep me, but it was quarterly meeting, and his house was full. He, however, took the trouble to show me to a neighbor's, where he left me; but that did not seem wholly to suit his idea of hospitality, for in the course of the evening he made his appearance, saying that it had occurred to him that he could sleep on a lounge, and give up his own bed to me, which it is, perhaps, needless to say was not allowed.

"But this was not all. The next morning he came again, with the suggestion that I might perhaps like to attend meeting, inviting me to go with him; and he gave me a seat next to himself. The meeting lasted an hour, during which there was not a word spoken by any one. We all sat in silence that length of time, then all arose, shook hands, and dispersed; and I remember it as one of the best meetings I ever attended."

Whittier was greatly beloved by the townspeople of Danvers and Amesbury. Mr. Kennedy tells of the admiration the poet's laborers had felt for him. "Why," said one of them, "you wouldn't think it, would you, but he talks just like common folks. He was talkin' about the apples one day, and he said, 'Some years they ain't wuth pickin',' — just like anybody, you know; ain't stuck up at all, and yet he's a great man, you know,"

Almost yearly a book of poems appeared from Mr. Whittier's pen. His health was so poor, that for some years he could not write over a half-hour at a time, on account of headache, brought on by overwork in his early days of journalism, and yet, like Charles Darwin, he accomplished more than most men with perfect health. He saved his time, going little into society, yet, like Longfellow, he was always gracious about sending his autograph to those who asked it, cordial in seeing

those who called upon him, and helped scores of young writers, reading their manuscripts, and asking for their publication in periodicals. "It is easy," said Mr. Whittier, "to tear a volume in pieces by criticism, but I try to find its merits." Young critics are apt to see many faults, but we usually grow charitable as we grow older.

After "Snow-Bound," published in 1866, which had an exceptional popularity, the "Tent on the Beach," 1867, has been the favorite book among the nearly forty published by the poet, a few of these being collections of poetry for children and hymns, and one historical novel, "Margaret Smith's Journal."

"Among the Hills," appeared in 1868; "Miriam," 1870; "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim," 1872; "Mabel Martin," 1874; "Hazel Blossoms," 1875; "The Vision of Echard," 1878; "The King's Missive, and other poems," 1881; "The Bay of Seven Islands," 1883; "Saint Gregory's Guest, and recent poems," in 1886.

In the "Tent on the Beach," Whittier and two friends, Bayard Taylor and James T. Fields, are represented as encamped on Salisbury Beach, with the Isles of Shoals on one side and Boar's Head on the other. Each person is supposed to tell some tale of the olden time. "The Wreck of Rivermouth," "Kallundborg Church," and "The Dead Ship of Harpswell" are perhaps the best of these charming tales. The latter is as weird as "The Wreck of the Hesperus," and the language is singularly suited to the thought.

While deeply interested in politics, and in all matters of state, Whittier was more than all else a devotedly religious man — not given to creeds, but a close follower of his Lord. "The Eternal Goodness" shows the spirit of the man, and is often quoted, both for its poetic beauty and its childlike trust:—

"I know not what the future hath

Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

• • • • • •

No offering of my own I have.
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

• • • • • •

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!"

"Our Master" breathes the same spirit: —

"O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign.
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
"We test our lives by thine.

• • • • • •

We bring no ghostly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone;
He serves Thee best who loveth most
His brothers and thy own."

"My Trust" is like Wordsworth in its beauty and simplicity: —

"A picture memory brings to me:

I look across the years and see
Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain
My selfish moods, and know again
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But wiser now, a man gray grown.
My childhood's needs are better known;
My mother's chastening love I own.

Gray grown, but in our Father's sight
A child still groping for the light
To read His works and ways aright.

I wait, in His good time to see
That as my mother dealt with me,
So with His children dealeth He."

Whittier was always optimistic; life was never sad even when the dear ones were taken, for he knew, as he says, in "My Psalm": —

"That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light.
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

That care and trial seem at last
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple-distance fair."

He was a bitter foe to intolerance, never forgetting the treatment received by the Quakers, as shown in the spirited poems "Barclay of Ury," "Cassandra Southwick," "The King's Missive," and others. Much of Whittier's works will last — indeed, is already a part of our American life and history. When the great Daniel Webster is named, who does not think of the scathing "Ichabod," written after the statesman and orator championed in the Senate the "Fugitive Slave Bill"?

"So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
For evermore!

• • • • • •

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted face,
And hide the shame!"

Years later Whittier wrote "The Last Occasion," a tender memory of Webster, regretting that he had written "Ichabod."

"New England's stateliest type of man,
In port and speech Olympian."

"Barbara Frietchie" will be read as long as the story of our Civil War interests a freed and united nation.

"My Triumph" is indeed a chant of victory, and one of the noblest of his poems: —

"Sweeter than any sung
My songs that found no tongue;
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong, —
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.

What matter, I or they?
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made?"

"The Centennial Hymn,"

> "Our father's God! from out whose hand,"

has strength as well as grace.

Such love tales as "The Sisters," "The Bay of Seven Islands," "Among the Hills," and "Amy Wentworth," will never lack readers.

Some of Mr. Whittier's poems have been translated into the German language, and "The Cry of a Lost Soul" into Portuguese by the Emperor of Brazil, who met the poet and greatly admired him.

Whittier was always a student and devoted lover of nature, as shown in "Summer by the Lakeside," "Sunset on the Bearcamp," "The Last Walk in Autumn," "June on the Merrimac," and other poems.

> "Transfused through you, O mountain friends!
> With mine your solemn spirit blends,
> And life no more hath separate ends.
> I read each misty mountain sign,
> I know the voice of wave and pine,
> And I am yours, and ye are mine."

He also loved the sea —

> "Where the green buds of waves burst into white, froth flowers."

When Mr. Whittier was seventy years old, Dec. 17, 1877, the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly,* Mr. Houghton being the senior publisher, gave a dinner to the poet at Hotel Brunswick, in Boston, Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Howells, and other authors being present. Since that time Mr. Whittier's birthday has been delightfully remembered by gifts and gatherings at his home, and celebrations among school children in many cities. He was a lover of children, and helped to teach them patriotism and purity of life. Whittier clubs have been

formed in Haverhill and elsewhere for the study of his works.

The ladies of Amesbury presented to the poet on one of his birthdays a Russia-leather portfolio containing fourteen water-color sketches of scenes in and around the town, which he has immortalized by his poems, "The Old Schoolhouse," "Rivermouth Rocks," etc. A college in Iowa has been named for the poet. Harvard College made him a member of her Board of Overseers, and Brown University one of her Trustees. A portrait of Mr. Whittier, painted by Edgar Parker of Boston, was presented to the Friends' School at Providence, R.I., Oct. 24, 1884, by Mr. Charles C. Coffin of Lynn, Mass.

Mr. Whittier was always an advocate of suffrage for woman. He said, "I have no fear that man will be less manly or woman less womanly when they meet on terms of equality before the law…. Stronger than statutes or conventions, she will be conservative of all that the true man loves and honors in woman."

He was a total abstainer, and never used tobacco. He had great sympathy with the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. In Willard Hall, in the grand temperance temple in Chicago, will be a memorial clock in his honor. The mariner on the bas-relief will have the face of Whittier. The top is to be surmounted by the globe belted by a white ribbon, and back of it the prow, stern, and masts of the ship *Temperance* with these words written by the poet for Willard Hall: —

"Freighted with love our temperance ship
Around the world shall sail;
Take heart and hope, dear mariners,
God's errands never fail."

Mr. Whittier was singularly modest and unselfish. When told that a volume of his poems was enjoyed by a Southern freedman, he said, "I hadn't realized they ever got as far away from home as Virginia."

"Let the thick curtain fall;
I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained."

Whittier's death leaves a place unfilled. "It is a loss irreparable to the country and extremely painful to me," said Oliver Wendell Holmes. "One of the sweetest natures and one of the sweetest singers we ever had, or shall ever have, is gone from us."

"I cannot think," writes Edward Everett Hale, "we are wrong in supposing that, as the poet of freedom, Whittier and his verses are to be remembered as long as the people of this nation are true to the principles on which it is founded."

Whittier left at his death, it is estimated, over a hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars, accumulated by his copyrights, to his relatives, to the Amesbury and Salisbury Home for Aged Women, to a hospital in Newburyport, and to the Normal and Agricultural Institute for Colored and Indian Pupils at Hampton, Va.

He left to the world, not only his poems, simple, strong, fervid, often beautiful in imagery and felicitous in rhythm, but an inspiring record of manhood, worthy of imitation. From the farm and the shoe-shop, never complaining of his surroundings, he conquered success.

"To all who humbly suffered,
His tongue and pen he offered;
His life was not his own,
Nor lived for self alone.

Hater of din and riot
He lived in days unquiet;
And lover of all beauty,
Trod the hard ways of duty."

(An Autograph.)

After Whittier's death the *London Illustrated News* well

said, "The time is happily passing when a cunning skill in metres is held to be more honoring than an honest, manly life."

The great poet died as he had lived; the gentle, fearless, trusting Christian, realizing his beautiful wish in "At Last"—

"When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

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Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith.
The truth to flesh and sense unknown.
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!"

Snow-Bound.