

Poor Boys & Girls Who Became Famous

FAMOUS LIVES SERIES

SARAH KNOWLES BOLTON

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Sarah Knowles Bolton

Libraries of Hope

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Famous Lives Series

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Contents

Lives of Poor Boys Who Became Famous 1

Preface 2

George Peabody 3

Bayard Taylor 12

Captain James B. Eads 22

James Watt 27

Sir Josiah Mason 36

Bernard Palissy 42

Bertel Thorwaldsen 50

Mozart 55

Dr. Samuel Johnson 63

Oliver Goldsmith 68

Michael Faraday 73

Sir Henry Bessemer 85

Sir Titus Salt 94

Joseph Marie Jacquard 99

Horace Greeley 105

William Lloyd Garrison 118

Giuseppe Garibaldi 130

Jean Paul Richter 141

Leon Gambetta 154

David Glasgow Farragut 165

Ezra Cornell 179

Lieutenant-General Sheridan 189

Thomas Cole 203

Ole Bull 213
Meissonier 227
George W. Childs 235
Dwight L. Moody 243
Abraham Lincoln 257
Lives of Girls Who Became Famous 277
Preface 278
Harriet Beecher Stowe 279
Helen Hunt Jackson 292
Lucretia Mott 304
Mary A. Livermore 317
Margaret Fuller Ossoli 330
Maria Mitchell 344
Louisa M. Alcott 356
Mary Lyon 369
Harriet G. Hosmer 383
Madame de Staël 396
Rosa Bonheur 412
Elizabeth Barrett Browning 423
George Eliot 438
Elizabeth Fry 458
Elizabeth Thompson Butler 473
Baroness Burdett-Coutts 515
Jean Ingelow 524

Lives of Poor Boys Who Became Famous

By Sarah Knowles Bolton

Preface

These characters have been chosen from various countries and from varied professions, that the youth who read this book may see that poverty is no barrier to success. It usually develops ambition, and nerves people to action. Life at best has much of struggle, and we need to be cheered and stimulated by the careers of those who have overcome obstacles.

If Lincoln and Garfield, both farmer-boys, could come to the Presidency, then there is a chance for other farmer-boys. If Ezra Cornell, a mechanic, could become the president of great telegraph companies, and leave millions to a university, then other mechanics can come to fame. If Sir Titus Salt, working and sorting wool in a factory at nineteen, could build one of the model towns of the world for his thousands of workingmen, then there is encouragement and inspiration for other toilers in factories. These lives show that without WORK and WILL no great things are achieved.

I have selected several characters because they were the centres of important historical epochs. With Garibaldi is necessarily told the story of Italian unity; with Garrison and Greeley, the fall of slavery; and with Lincoln and Sheridan, the battles of our Civil War.

S. K. B.

CHAPTER I
George Peabody

If America had been asked who were to be her most munificent givers in the nineteenth century, she would scarcely have pointed to two grocer's boys, one in a little country store at Danvers, Mass., the other in Baltimore; both poor, both uneducated; the one leaving seven millions to Johns Hopkins University and Hospital, the other nearly nine millions to elevate humanity. George Peabody was born in Danvers, Feb. 18, 1795. His parents were respectable, hard-working people, whose scanty income afforded little education for their children. George grew up an obedient, faithful son, called a "mother-boy" by his companions, from his devotion to her—a title of which any boy may well be proud.

At eleven years of age he must go out into the world to earn his living. Doubtless his mother wished to keep her child in school; but there was no money. A place was found with a Mr. Proctor in a grocery-store, and here, for four years, he worked day by day, giving his earnings to his mother, and winning esteem for his promptness and honesty. But the boy at fifteen began to grow ambitious. He longed for a larger store and a broader field. Going with his maternal grandfather to Thetford, Vt., he remained a year, when he came back to work for his brother in a dry-goods store in Newburyport. Perhaps now in this larger town his ambition would be satisfied, when, lo! the store burned, and George was thrown out of employment.

His father had died, and he was without a dollar in the world. Ambition seemed of little use now. However, an uncle in Georgetown, D.C., hearing that the boy needed work, sent

for him, and thither he went for two years. Here he made many friends, and won trade, by his genial manner and respectful bearing. His tact was unusual. He never wounded the feelings of a buyer of goods, never tried him with unnecessary talk, never seemed impatient, and was punctual to the minute. Perhaps no one trait is more desirable than the latter. A person who breaks his appointments, or keeps others waiting for him, loses friends, and business success as well.

A young man's habits are always observed. If he is worthy, and has energy, the world has a place for him, and sooner or later he will find it. A wholesale dry-goods dealer, Mr. Riggs, had been watching young Peabody. He desired a partner of energy, perseverance, and honesty. Calling on the young clerk, he asked him to put his labor against his, Mr. Riggs's, capital. "But I am only nineteen years of age," was the reply.

This was considered no objection, and the partnership was formed. A year later, the business was moved to Baltimore. The boyish partner travelled on horseback through the western wilds of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, selling goods, and lodging over night with farmers or planters. In seven years the business had so increased, that branch houses were established in Philadelphia and New York. Finally Mr. Riggs retired from the firm; and George Peabody found himself, at the age of thirty-five, at the head of a large and wealthy establishment, which his own energy, industry, and honesty had helped largely to build. He had bent his life to one purpose, that of making his business a success. No one person can do many things well.

Having visited London several times in matters of trade, he determined to make that great city his place of residence. He had studied finance by experience as well as close observation, and believed that he could make money in the great metropolis. Having established himself as a banker at Wanford Court, he took simple lodgings, and lived without display. When Americans visited London, they called upon the

genial, true-hearted banker, whose integrity they could always depend upon, and transacted their business with him.

In 1851, the World's Fair was opened at the Crystal Palace, London, Prince Albert having worked earnestly to make it a great success. Congress neglected to make the needed appropriations for America; and her people did not care, apparently, whether Powers' Greek Slave, Hoe's wonderful printing-press, or the McCormick Reaper were seen or not. But George Peabody cared for the honor of his nation, and gave fifteen thousand dollars to the American exhibitors, that they might make their display worthy of the great country which they were to represent. The same year, he gave his first Fourth of July dinner to leading Americans and Englishmen, headed by the Duke of Wellington. While he remembered and honored the day which freed us from England, no one did more than he to bind the two nations together by the great kindness of a great heart.

Mr. Peabody was no longer the poor grocery boy, or the dry-goods clerk. He was fine looking, most intelligent from his wide reading, a total abstainer from liquors and tobacco, honored at home and abroad, and very rich. Should he buy an immense estate, and live like a prince? Should he give parties and grand dinners, and have servants in livery? Oh, no! Mr. Peabody had acquired his wealth for a different purpose. He loved humanity. "How could he elevate the people?" was the one question of his life. He would not wait till his death, and let others spend his money; he would have the satisfaction of spending it himself.

And now began a life of benevolence which is one of the brightest in our history. Unmarried and childless, he made other wives and children happy by his boundless generosity. If the story be true, that he was once engaged to a beautiful American girl, who gave him up for a former poor lover, the world has been the gainer by her choice.

In 1852, Mr. Peabody gave ten thousand dollars to help

fit out the second expedition under Dr. Kane, in his search for Sir John Franklin; and for this gift a portion of the newly-discovered country was justly called Peabody Land. This same year, the town of Danvers, his birthplace, decided to celebrate its centennial. Of course the rich London banker was invited as one of the guests. He was too busy to be present, but sent a letter, to be opened on the day of the celebration. The seal was broken at dinner, and this was the toast, or sentiment, it contained: "Education—a debt due from present to future generations." A check was enclosed for twenty thousand dollars for the purpose of building an Institute, with a free library and free course of lectures. Afterward this gift was increased to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The poor boy had not forgotten the home of his childhood.

Four years later, when Peabody Institute was dedicated, the giver, who had been absent from America twenty years, was present. New York and other cities offered public receptions; but he declined all save Danvers. A great procession was formed, the houses along the streets being decorated, all eager to do honor to their noble townsman. The Governor of Massachusetts, Edward Everett, and others made eloquent addresses, and then the kind-faced, great-hearted man responded:—

"Though Providence has granted me an unvaried and unusual success in the pursuit of fortune in other lands, I am still in heart the humble boy who left yonder unpretending dwelling many, very many years ago… There is not a youth within the sound of my voice whose early opportunities and advantages are not very much greater than were my own; and I have since achieved nothing that is impossible to the most humble boy among you. Bear in mind, that, to be truly great, it is not necessary that you should gain wealth and importance. Steadfast and undeviating truth, fearless and straightforward integrity, and an honor ever unsullied by an unworthy word or action, make their possessor greater than worldly

success or prosperity. These qualities constitute greatness."

Soon after this, Mr. Peabody determined to build an Institute, combining a free library and lectures with an Academy of Music and an Art Gallery, in the city of Baltimore. For this purpose he gave over one million dollars—a princely gift indeed! Well might Baltimore be proud of the day when he sought a home in her midst.

But the merchant-prince had not finished his giving. He saw the poor of the great city of London, living in wretched, desolate homes. Vice and poverty were joining hands. He, too, had been poor. He could sympathize with those who knew not how to make ends meet. What would so stimulate these people to good citizenship as comfortable and cheerful abiding-places? March 12, 1862, he called together a few of his trusted friends in London, and placed in their hands, for the erection of neat, tasteful dwellings for the poor, the sum of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Ah, what a friend the poor had found! not the gift of a few dollars, which would soon be absorbed in rent, but homes which for a small amount might be enjoyed as long as they lived.

At once some of the worst portions of London were purchased; tumble-down structures were removed; and plain, high brick blocks erected, around open squares, where the children could find a playground. Gas and water were supplied, bathing and laundry rooms furnished. Then the poor came eagerly, with their scanty furniture, and hired one or two rooms for twenty-five or fifty cents a week—cab-men, shoemakers, tailors, and needle-women. Tenants were required to be temperate and of good moral character. Soon tiny pots of flowers were seen in the windows, and a happier look stole into the faces of hard-working fathers and mothers.

Mr. Peabody soon increased his gift to the London poor to three million dollars, saying, "If judiciously managed for two hundred years, its accumulation will amount to a sum sufficient to buy the city of London."

No wonder that these gifts of millions began to astonish the world. London gave him the freedom of the city in a gold box—an honor rarely bestowed—and erected his bronze statue near the Royal Exchange. Queen Victoria wished to make him a baron; but he declined all titles. What gift, then, would he accept, was eagerly asked. "A letter from the Queen of England, which I may carry across the Atlantic, and deposit as a memorial of one of her most faithful sons," was the response. It is not strange that so pure and noble a man as George Peabody admired the purity and nobility of character of her who governs England so wisely.

A beautiful letter was returned by the Queen, assuring him how deeply she appreciated his noble act of more than princely munificence—an act, as the Queen believes, "wholly without parallel," and asking him to accept a miniature portrait of herself. The portrait, in a massive gold frame, is fourteen inches long and ten inches wide, representing the Queen in robes of state—the largest miniature ever attempted in England, and for the making of which a furnace was especially built. The cost is believed to have been over fifty thousand dollars in gold. It is now preserved, with her letter, in the Peabody Institute near Danvers.

Oct. 25, 1866, the beautiful white marble Institute in Baltimore was to be dedicated. Mr. Peabody had crossed the ocean to be present. Besides the famous and the learned, twenty thousand children with Peabody badges were gathered to meet him. The great man's heart was touched as he said, "Never have I seen a more beautiful sight than this vast collection of interesting children. The review of the finest army, attended by the most delightful strains of martial music, could never give me half the pleasure." He was now seventy-one years old. He had given nearly five millions; could the world expect any more? He realized that the freed slaves at the South needed an education. They were poor, and so were a large portion of the white race. He would give for their

education three million dollars, the same amount he had bestowed upon the poor of London. To the trustees having this gift in charge he said, "With my advancing years, my attachment to my native land has but become more devoted. My hope and faith in its successful and glorious future have grown brighter and stronger. But, to make her prosperity more than superficial, her moral and intellectual development should keep pace with her material growth. I feel most deeply, therefore, that it is the duty and privilege of the more favored and wealthy portions of our nation to assist those who are less fortunate." Noble words! Mr. Peabody's health was beginning to fail. What he did must now be done quickly. Yale College received a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a Museum of Natural History; Harvard the same, for a Museum of Archæology and Ethnology; to found the Peabody Academy of Science at Salem a hundred and forty thousand dollars; to Newburyport Library, where the fire threw him out of employment, and thus probably broadened his path in life, fifteen thousand dollars; twenty-five thousand dollars each to various institutions of learning throughout the country; ten thousand dollars to the Sanitary Commission during the war, besides four million dollars to his relatives; making in all thirteen million dollars. Just before his return to England, he made one of the most tender gifts of his life. The dear mother whom he idolized was dead, but he would build her a fitting monument; not a granite shaft, but a beautiful Memorial Church at Georgetown, Mass., where for centuries, perhaps, others will worship the God she worshipped. On a marble tablet are the words, "Affectionately consecrated by her children, George and Judith, to the memory of Mrs. Judith Peabody." Whittier wrote the hymn for its dedication:—

"The heart, and not the hand, has wrought,
From sunken base to tower above,
The image of a tender thought,

The memory of a deathless love."

Nov. 4, 1869, Mr. Peabody lay dying at the house of a friend in London. The Queen sent a special telegram of inquiry and sympathy, and desired to call upon him in person; but it was too late. "It is a great mystery," said the dying man feebly; "but I shall know all soon." At midnight he passed to his reward.

Westminster Abbey opened her doors for a great funeral, where statesmen and earls bowed their heads in honor of the departed. Then the Queen sent her noblest man-of-war, "Monarch," to bear in state, across the Atlantic, "her friend," the once poor boy of Danvers. Around the coffin, in a room draped in black, stood immense wax candles, lighted. When the great ship reached America, Legislatures adjourned, and went with Governors and famous men to receive the precious freight. The body was taken by train to Peabody, and then placed on a funeral car, eleven feet long and ten feet high, covered with black velvet, trimmed with silver lace and stars. Under the casket were winged cherubs in silver. The car was drawn by six horses covered with black and silver, while corps of artillery preceded the long procession. At sunset the Institute was reached, and there, surrounded by the English and American flags draped with crape, the guard kept silent watch about the dead. At the funeral, at the church, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop pronounced the eloquent eulogy, of the "brave, honest, noble-hearted friend of mankind," and then, amid a great concourse of people, George Peabody was buried at Harmony Grove, by the side of the mother whom he so tenderly loved. Doubtless he looked out upon this greensward from his attic window when a child or when he labored in the village store. Well might two nations unite in doing honor to this man, both good and great, who gave nine million dollars to bless humanity.

[The building fund of £500,000 left by Mr. Peabody for

the benefit of the poor of London has now been increased by rents and interest to £857,320. The whole of this great sum of money is in active employment, together with £340,000 which the trustees have borrowed. A total of £1,170,787 has been expended during the time the fund has been in existence, of which £80,903 was laid out during 1884. The results of these operations are seen in blocks of artisans' dwellings built on land purchased by the trustees and let to working men at rents within their means, containing conveniences and comforts not ordinarily attainable by them, thus fulfilling the benevolent intentions of Mr. Peabody. At the present time 4551 separate dwellings have been erected, containing 10,144 rooms, inhabited by 18,453 persons. Thirteen new blocks of buildings are now in course of erection and near completion. Indeed, there is no cessation in the work of fulfilling the intentions of the noble bequest.—*Boston Journal,* Mar. 7, 1885.]

CHAPTER II
Bayard Taylor

Since Samuel Johnson toiled in Grub Street, London, literature has scarcely furnished a more pathetic or inspiring illustration of struggle to success than that of Bayard Taylor. Born of Quaker parentage in the little town of Kennett Square, near Philadelphia, Jan. 11, 1825, he grew to boyhood in the midst of fresh air and the hard work of farm-life. His mother, a refined and intelligent woman, who taught him to read at four, and who early discovered her child's love for books, shielded him as far as possible from picking up stones and weeding corn, and set him to rocking the baby to sleep. What was her amazement one day, on hearing loud cries from the infant, to find Bayard absorbed in reading, and rocking his own chair furiously, supposing it to be the cradle! It was evident, that, though such a boy might become a fine literary man, he could not be a successful baby-tender.

He was especially eager to read poetry and travels, and, before he was twelve years old, had devoured the contents of their small circulating library, as well as Cooper's novels, and the histories of Gibbon, Robertson, and Hume. The few books which he owned were bought with money earned by selling nuts which he had gathered. He read Milton, Scott, Byron, and Wordsworth; and his mother would often hear him repeating poetry to his brother after they had gone to bed. He was always planning journeys in Europe, which seemed very far from being realized. At fourteen he began to study Latin and French, and at fifteen, Spanish; and a year later he assisted in teaching at the academy where he was attending school.

He was ambitious; but there seemed no open door. There is never an open door to fame or prosperity, except we open it for ourselves. The world is too busy to help others; and assistance usually weakens rather than strengthens us. About this time he received, through request, an autograph from Charles Dickens, then lecturing in this country. The boy of sixteen wrote in his journal: "It was not without a feeling of ambition that I looked upon it; that as he, a humble clerk, had risen to be the guest of a mighty nation, so I, a humble pedagogue, might, by unremitted and arduous intellectual and moral exertion, become a light, a star, among the names of my country. May it be!... I believe all poets are possessed in a greater or less degree of ambition. I think this is never given without a mind of sufficient power to sustain it, and to achieve its lofty object."

At seventeen, Bayard's schooling was over. He sketched well, and would gladly have gone to Philadelphia to study engraving; but he had no money. One poem had been published in the "Saturday Evening Post." Those only who have seen their first poem in print can experience his joy. But writing poetry would not earn him a living. He had no liking for teaching, but, as that seemed the only thing at hand, he would try to obtain a school. He did not succeed, however, and apprenticed himself for four years to a printer. He worked faithfully, using all his spare hours in reading and writing poetry.

Two years later, he walked to Philadelphia and back—thirty miles each way—to see if fifteen of his poems could not be printed in a book! His ambition evidently had not abated. Of course no publisher would take the book at his own risk. There was no way of securing its publication, therefore, but to visit his friends, and solicit them to buy copies in advance. This was a trying matter for a refined nature; but it was a necessity. He hoped thus to earn a little money for travel, and "to win a name that the person who shall be chosen to share

with me the toils of life will not be ashamed to own." This "person" was Mary Agnew, whose love and that of Bayard Taylor form one of the saddest and tenderest pictures in our literature.

At last the penniless printer boy had determined to see Europe. For two years he had read every thing he could find upon travels abroad. His good mother mourned over the matter, and his acquaintances prophesied dire results from such a roving disposition. He would go again to Philadelphia, and see if the newspapers did not wish correspondence from Europe. All the editors politely declined the ardent boy's proposals. Probably he did not know that "unknown writers" are not wanted.

About to return home, "not in despair," he afterwards wrote, "but in a state of wonder as to where my funds would come from, for I felt certain they would come," the editor of the "Saturday Evening Post" offered him four dollars a letter for twelve letters—fifty dollars—with the promise of taking more if they were satisfactory. The "United States Gazette" made a similar offer, and, after selling a few manuscript poems which he had with him, he returned home in triumph, with a hundred and forty dollars in his pocket! "This," he says, "seemed sufficient to carry me to the end of the world."

Immediately Bayard and his cousin started on foot for Washington, a hundred miles, to see the member of Congress from their district, and obtain passports from him. Reaching a little village on their way thither, they were refused lodgings at the tavern because of the lateness of the hour—nine o'clock!—and walked on till near midnight. Then seeing a house brilliantly lighted, as for a wedding, they approached, and asked the proprietor whether a tavern were near by. The man addressed turned fiercely upon the lads, shouting, "Begone! Leave the place instantly. Do you hear? Off!" The amazed boys hastened away, and at three o'clock in the morning, footsore and faint, after a walk of nearly forty miles,

slept in a cart standing beside an old farmhouse.

And now at nineteen, he was in New York, ready for Europe. He called upon the author, N. P. Willis, who had once written a kind note to him; and this gentleman, with a ready nature in helping others—alas! not always found among writers—gave him several letters of introduction to newspaper men. Mr. Greeley said bluntly when applied to, "I am sick of descriptive letters, and will have no more of them. But I should like some sketches of German life and society, after you have been there, and know something about it. If the letters are good, you shall be paid for them; but don't write until you know something."

July 1, 1844, Bayard and two young friends, after paying ten dollars each for steerage passage, started out for this eventful voyage. No wonder that, as land faded from sight, and he thought of gentle Mary Agnew and his devoted mother, his heart failed him, and he quite broke down. After twenty-eight days they landed in Liverpool, strangers, poor, knowing almost nothing of the world, but full of hope and enthusiasm. They spent three weeks in Scotland and the north of England, and then travelled through Belgium to Heidelberg. Bayard passed the first winter in Frankfort, in the plainest quarters, and then, with his knapsack on his back, visited Leipzig, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, and Munich. After this he walked over the Alps, and through Northern Italy, spending four months in Florence, and then visiting Rome. Often he was so poor that he lived on twenty cents a day. Sometimes he was without food for nearly two days, writing his natural and graphic letters when his ragged clothes were wet through, and his body faint from fasting. But the manly, enthusiastic youth always made friends by his good cheer and unselfishness.

At last he was in London, with but thirty cents to buy food and lodging. But he had a poem of twelve hundred lines in his knapsack, which he supposed any London publisher would be

glad to accept. He offered it; but it was "declined with thanks." The youth had not learned that Bayard Taylor unknown, and Bayard Taylor famous in two hemispheres, were two different names upon the title-page of a book. Publishers cannot usually afford to do missionary work in their business; they print what will sell. "Weak from sea-sickness," he says, "hungry, chilled, and without a single acquaintance in the great city, my situation was about as hopeless as it is possible to conceive."

Possibly he could obtain work in a printer's shop. This he tried hour after hour, and failed. Finally he spent his last twopence for bread, and found a place to sleep in a third-rate chop-house, among sailors, and actors from the lower theatres. He rose early, so as not to be asked to pay for his bed, and again sought work. Fortunately he met an American publisher, who loaned him five dollars, and with a thankful heart he returned to pay for his lodging. For six weeks he staid in his humble quarters, wrote letters home to the newspapers, and also sent various poems to the English journals, which were all returned to him. For two years he supported himself on two hundred and fifty dollars a year, earning it all by writing. "I saw," he says, "almost nothing of intelligent European society; but literature and art were, nevertheless, open to me, and a new day had dawned in my life."

On his return to America he found that his published letters had been widely read. He was advised to put them in a book; and "Views Afoot," with a preface by N. P. Willis, were soon given to the world. Six editions were sold the first year; and the boy who had seen Europe in the midst of so much privation, found himself an author, with the prospect of fame. Not alone had poverty made these two years hard to bear. He was allowed to hold no correspondence with Mary Agnew, because her parents steadily refused to countenance the young lovers. He had wisely made his mother his confidante, and she had counselled patience and hope. The rising fame

possibly smoothed the course of true love, for at twenty-one, Bayard became engaged to the idol of his heart. She was an intelligent and beautiful girl, with dark eyes and soft brown hair, and to the ardent young traveller seemed more angel than human. He showed her his every poem, and laid before her every purpose. He wrote her, "I have often dim, vague forebodings that an eventful destiny is in store for me"; and then he added in quaint, Quaker dialect, "I have told thee that existence would not be endurable without thee; I feel further that thy aid will be necessary to work out the destinies of the future… I am really glad that thou art pleased with my poetry. One word from thee is dearer to me than the cold praise of all the critics in the land."

For the year following his return home, he edited a country paper, and thereby became involved in debts which required the labors of the next three years to cancel. He now decided to go to New York if possible, where there would naturally be more literary society, and openings for a writer. He wrote to editors and publishers; but there were no vacancies to be filled. Finally he was offered enough to pay his board by translating, and this he gladly accepted. By teaching literature in a young ladies' school, he increased his income to nine dollars a week. Not a luxurious amount, surely.

For a year he struggled on, saving every cent possible, and then Mr. Greeley gave him a place on the "Tribune," at twelve dollars a week. He worked constantly, often writing poetry at midnight, when his day's duties were over. He made true friends, such as Stedman and Stoddard, published a new book of poems; and in the beginning of 1849 life began to look full of promise. Sent by his paper to write up California, for six months he lived in the open air, his saddle for his pillow, and on his return wrote his charming book "El-dorado." He was now twenty-five, out of debt, and ready to marry Mary Agnew. But a dreadful cloud had meantime gathered and burst over their heads. The beautiful girl had been stricken

with consumption. The May day bridal had been postponed. "God help me, if I lose her!" wrote the young author to Mr. Stoddard from her bedside. Oct. 24 came, and the dying girl was wedded to the man she loved. Four days later he wrote: "We have had some heart-breaking hours, talking of what is before us, and are both better and calmer for it." And, later still: "She is radiantly beautiful; but it is not the beauty of earth… We have loved so long, so intimately, and so wholly, that the footsteps of her life have forever left their traces in mine. If my name should be remembered among men, hers will not be forgotten." Dec. 21, 1850, she went beyond; and Bayard Taylor at twenty-six was alone in the world, benumbed, unfitted for work of any kind. "I am not my true self more than half the time. I cannot work with any spirit: another such winter will kill me, I am certain. I shall leave next fall on a journey somewhere—no matter where," he wrote a friend.

Fortunately he took a trip to the Far East, travelling in Egypt, Asia Minor, India, and Japan for two years, writing letters which made him known the country over. On his return, he published three books of travel, and accepted numerous calls in the lecture-field. His stock in the "Tribune" had become productive, and he was gaining great success.

His next long journey was to Northern Europe, when he took his brother and two sisters with him, as he could enjoy nothing selfishly. This time he saw much of the Brownings and Thackeray, and spent two days as the guest of Tennyson. He was no longer the penniless youth, vainly looking for work in London to pay his lodging, but the well-known traveller, lecturer, and poet. Oct. 27, 1857, seven years after the death of Mary Agnew, he married the daughter of a distinguished German astronomer, Marie Hansen, a lady of great culture, whose companionship has ever proved a blessing.

Tired of travel, Mr. Taylor now longed for a home for his wife and infant daughter, Lilian. He would erect on the old

homestead, where he played when a boy, such a house as a poet would love to dwell in, and such as poet friends would delight to visit. So, with minutest care and thought, "Cedarcroft," a beautiful structure, was built in the midst of two hundred acres. Every flower, every tree, was planted with as much love as Scott gave to "Abbotsford." But, when it was completed, the old story had been told again, of expenses going far beyond expectations, and, instead of anticipated rest, toil and struggle to pay debts, and provide for constant outgoes.

But Bayard Taylor was not the man to be disturbed by obstacles. He at once set to work to earn more than ever by his books and lectures. With his characteristic generosity he brought his parents and his sisters to live in his home, and made everybody welcome to his hospitality. The "Poet's Journal," a poem of exquisite tenderness, was written here, and "Hannah Thurston," a novel, of which fifteen thousand were soon sold.

Shortly after the beginning of our civil war, Mr. Taylor was made Secretary of Legation at Russia. He was now forty years of age, loved, well-to-do, and famous. His novels—"John Godfrey's Fortunes" and the "Story of Kennett"—were both successful. The "Picture of St. John," rich and stronger than his other poems, added to his fame. But the gifted and versatile man was breaking in health. Again he travelled abroad, and wrote "Byways in Europe." On his return he translated, with great care and study, "Faust," which will always be a monument to his learning and literary skill. He published "Lars, a Norway pastoral," and gave delightful lectures on German literature at Cornell University, and Lowell and Peabody Institutes, at Boston and Baltimore.

At last he wearied of the care and constant expense of "Cedarcroft." He needed to be near the New York libraries. Mr. Greeley had died, his newspaper stock had declined, and he could not sell his home, as he had hoped. There was no

alternative but to go back in 1871 into the daily work of journalism in the "Tribune" office. The rest which he had longed for was never to come. For four years he worked untiringly, delivering the Centennial Ode at our Exposition, and often speaking before learned societies.

In 1878, President Hayes bestowed upon him a well-deserved honor, by appointing him minister to Berlin. Germany rejoiced that a lover of her life and literature had been sent to her borders. The best of New York gathered to say good-by to the noted author. Arriving in Berlin, Emperor William gave him cordial welcome, and Bismark made him a friend. A pleasant residence was secured, and furniture purchased. At last he was to find time to complete a long-desired work, the Lives of Goethe and Schiller. "Prince Deukalion," his last noble poem, had just reached him. All was ready for the best and strongest work of his life, when, lo! the overworked brain and body gave way. He did not murmur. Only once, Dec. 19, he groaned, "I want—I want—oh, you know what I mean, that *stuff of life!*" It was too late. At fifty-three the great heart, the exquisite brain, the tired body, were still.

"Dead he lay among his books;
The peace of God was in his looks."

Germany as well as America wept over the bier of the once poor Quaker lad, who travelled over Europe with scarce a shilling in his pocket, now, by his own energy, brought to one of the highest positions in the gift of his country. Dec. 22, the great of Germany gathered about his coffin, Bertold Auerbach speaking beautiful words.

March 13, 1879, the dead poet lay in state in the City Hall at New York, in the midst of assembled thousands. The following day the body was borne to "Cedarcroft," and, surrounded by literary associates and tender friends, laid to rest. Public memorial meetings were held in various cities, where Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier, and others gave their loving

tributes. A devoted student, a successful diplomat, a true friend, a noble poet, a gifted traveller, a man whose life will never cease to be an inspiration.

CHAPTER III
Captain James B. Eads

On the steamship "Germanic" I played chess with the great civil engineer, Captain Eads, stimulated by the thought that to beat him was to defeat the man who had twice conquered the Mississippi. But I didn't defeat him.

The building of a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Suez made famous the Frenchman, Ferdinand de Lesseps: so the opening-up of the mouth of the Mississippi River has distinguished Captain Eads. To-day both these men are struggling for the rare honor of joining, at the Isthmus of Panama, the waters of the great Atlantic and Pacific; a magnificent scheme, which, if successful, will save annually thousands of miles of dangerous sea-voyage around Cape Horn, besides millions of money.

The "Great West" seems to delight in producing self-made men like Lincoln, Grant, Eads, and others.

James B. Eads was born in Indiana in 1820. He is slender in form, neat in dress, genial, courteous, and over sixty years of age. In 1833, his father started down the Ohio River with his family, proposing to settle in Wisconsin. The boat caught fire, and his scanty furniture and clothing were burned. Young Eads barely escaped ashore with his pantaloons, shirt, and cap. Taking passage on another boat, this boy of thirteen landed at St. Louis with his parents; his little bare feet first touching the rocky shore of the city on the very spot where he afterwards located and built the largest steel bridge in the world, over the Mississippi—one of the most difficult feats of engineering ever performed in America.

At the age of nine, young Eads made a short trip on the

Ohio, when the engineer of the steamboat explained to him so clearly the construction of the steam-engine, that, before he was a year older, he built a little working model of it, so perfect in its parts and movements, that his schoolmates would frequently go home with him after school to see it work. A locomotive engine driven by a concealed rat was one of his next juvenile feats in mechanical engineering. From eight to thirteen he attended school; after which, from necessity, he was placed as clerk in a dry-goods store.

How few young people of the many to whom poverty denies an education, either understand the value of the saying, "knowledge is power," or exercise will sufficient to overcome obstacles. Willpower and thirst for knowledge elevated General Garfield from driving canal horses to the Presidency of the United States.

Over the store in St. Louis, where he was engaged, his employer lived. He was an old bachelor, and, having observed the tastes of his clerk, gave him his first book in engineering. The old gentleman's library furnished evening companions for him during the five years he was thus employed. Finally, his health failing, at the age of nineteen he went on a Mississippi River steamer; from which time to the present day that great river has been to him an all-absorbing study.

Soon afterwards he formed a partnership with a friend, and built a small boat to raise cargoes of vessels sunken in the Mississippi. While this boat was building, he made his first venture in submarine engineering, on the lower rapids of the river, by the recovery of several hundred tons of lead. He hired a scow or flat-boat, and anchored it over the wreck. An experienced diver, clad in armor, who had been hired at considerable expense in Buffalo, was lowered into the water; but the rapids were so swift that the diver, though incased in the strong armor, feared to be sunk to the bottom. Young Eads determined to succeed, and, finding it impracticable to use the armor, went ashore, purchased a whiskey-barrel,

knocked out the head, attached the air-pump hose to it, fastened several heavy weights to the open end of the barrel; then, swinging it on a derrick, he had a practical diving-bell—the best use I ever heard made of a whiskey-barrel.

Neither the diver, nor any of the crew, would go down in this contrivance: so the dauntless young engineer, having full confidence in what he had read in books, was lowered within the barrel down to the bottom; the lower end of the barrel being open. The water was sixteen feet deep, and very swift. Finding the wreck, he remained by it a full hour, hitching ropes to pig-lead till a ton or more was safely hoisted into his own boat. Then, making a signal by a small line attached to the barrel, he was lifted on deck, and in command again. The sunken cargo was soon successfully raised, and was sold, and netted a handsome profit, which, increased by other successes, enabled energetic Eads to build larger boats, with powerful pumps, and machinery on them for lifting entire vessels. He surprised all his friends in floating even immense sunken steamers—boats which had long been given up as lost.

When the Rebellion came, it was soon evident that a strong fleet must be put upon Western rivers to assist our armies. Word came from the government to Captain Eads to report in Washington. His thorough knowledge of the "Father of Waters" and its tributaries, and his practical suggestions, secured an order to build seven gunboats, and soon after an order for the eighth was given.

In forty-eight hours after receiving this authority, his agents and assistants were at work; and suitable ship-timber was felled in half a dozen Western States for their hulls. Contracts were awarded to large engine and iron works in St. Louis, Pittsburgh, and Cincinnati; and within one hundred days, eight powerful ironclad gunboats, carrying over one hundred large cannon, and costing a million dollars, were achieving victories no less important for the Mississippi valley

than those which Ericsson's famous "Cheese-box Monitor" afterwards won on the James River.

These eight gunboats, Commodore Foote ably employed in his brave attacks on Forts McHenry and Donaldson. They were the first ironclads the United States ever owned. Captain Eads covered the boats with iron: Commodore Foote covered them with glory.

Eads built not less than fourteen of these gunboats. During the war, the models were exhibited by request to the German and other governments. His next work was to throw across the mighty Mississippi River, nearly half a mile wide, at St. Louis, a monstrous steel bridge, supported by three arches, the spans of two being five hundred and two feet long, and the central one five hundred and twenty feet. The huge piles were ingeniously sunk in the treacherous sand, one hundred and thirty-six feet below the flood-level to the solid rock, through ninety feet of sand. This bridge and its approaches cost eighty millions of dollars, and is used by ten or twelve railroad companies. Above the tracks is a big street with carriage-roads, street-cars, and walks for foot-passengers.

The honor of building the finest bridge in the world would have satisfied most men, but not ambitious Captain Eads. He actually loved the noble river in which De Soto, its discoverer, was buried, and fully realized the vast, undeveloped resources of its rich valleys. Equally well he understood what a gigantic work in the past the river and its fifteen hundred sizable tributaries had accomplished in times of freshets, by depositing soil and sand north of the original Gulf of Mexico, forming an alluvial plain five hundred miles long, sixty miles wide, and of unknown depth, and having a delta extending out into the Gulf, sixty miles long, and as many miles wide, and probably a mile deep. And yet this heroic man, although jealously opposed for years by West Point engineers, having a sublime confidence in the laws of nature, and actuated by intense desire to benefit mankind, dared to stand on the

immense sand-bars at the mouth of this defiant stream, and, making use of the jetty system, bid the river itself dig a wide, deep channel into the seas beyond, for the world's commerce.

Captain Eads, who had studied the improvements on the Danube, Maas, and other European rivers, observed that all rivers flow faster in their narrow channels, and carry along in the swift water, sand, gravel, and even stones. This familiar law he applied at the South Pass of the Mississippi River, where the waters, though deep above, escaped from the banks into the Gulf, and spread sediment far and wide.

The water on the sand-bars of the three principal passes varied from eight to thirteen feet in depth. Many vessels require twice the depth. Two piers, twelve hundred feet apart, were built from land's end, a mile into the sea. They were made from willows, timber, gravel, concrete, and stone. Mattresses, a hundred feet long, from twenty-five to fifty feet wide, and two feet thick, were constructed from small willows placed at right angles, and bound securely together. These were floated into position, and sunk with gravel, one mattress upon another, which the river soon filled with sand that firmly held them in their place. The top was finished with heavy concrete blocks, to resist the waves. These piers are called "jetties," and the swift collected waters have already carried over five million cubic yards of sand into the deep gulf, and made a ship-way over thirty feet deep. The five million dollars paid by the United States was little enough for so priceless a service.

In June, 1884, Captain Eads received the Albert medal of the British Society of Arts, the first American upon whom this honor has been conferred. Before his great enterprise of the Tehuantepec ship railroad had been completed, he died at Nassau, New Providence, Bahama Islands, March 8, 1887, after a brief illness, of pneumonia, at the age of sixty-seven.

CHAPTER IV
James Watt

The history of inventors is generally the same old struggle with poverty. Sir Richard Arkwright, the youngest of thirteen children, with no education, a barber, shaving in a cellar for a penny to each customer, dies worth two and one-half million dollars, after being knighted by the King for his inventions in spinning. Elias Howe, Jr., in want and sorrow, lives on beans in a London attic, and dies at forty-five, having received over two million dollars from his sewing-machines in thirteen years. Success comes only through hard work and determined perseverance. The steps to honor, or wealth, or fame, are not easy to climb.

The history of James Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine, is no exception to the rule of struggling to win. He was born in the little town of Greenock, Scotland, 1736. Too delicate to attend school, he was taught reading by his mother, and a little writing and arithmetic by his father. When six years of age, he would draw mechanical lines and circles on the hearth, with a colored piece of chalk. His favorite play was to take to pieces his little carpenter tools, and make them into different ones. He was an obedient boy, especially devoted to his mother, a cheerful and very intelligent woman, who always encouraged him. She would say in any childish quarrels, "Let James speak; from him I always hear the truth." Old George Herbert said, "One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters"; and such a one was Mrs. Watt.

When sent to school, James was too sensitive to mix with rough boys, and was very unhappy with them. When nearly

fourteen, his parents sent him to a friend in Glasgow, who soon wrote back that they must come for their boy, for he told so many interesting stories that he had read, that he kept the family up till very late at night.

His aunt wrote that he would sit "for an hour taking off the lid of the teakettle, and putting it on, holding now a cup and now a silver spoon over the steam, watching how it rises from the spout, and catching and condensing the drops of hot water it falls into."

Before he was fifteen, he had read a natural philosophy twice through, as well as every other book he could lay his hands on. He had made an electrical machine, and startled his young friends by some sudden shocks. He had a bench for his special use, and a forge, where he made small cranes, pulleys, pumps, and repaired instruments used on ships. He was fond of astronomy, and would lie on his back on the ground for hours, looking at the stars.

Frail though he was in health, yet he must prepare himself to earn a living. When he was eighteen, with many tender words from his mother, her only boy started for Glasgow to learn the trade of making mathematical instruments. In his little trunk, besides his "best clothes," which were a ruffled shirt, a velvet waistcoat, and silk stockings, were a leather apron and some carpenter tools. Here he found a position with a man who sold and mended spectacles, repaired fiddles, and made fishing nets and rods.

Finding that he could learn very little in this shop, an old sea-captain, a friend of the family, took him to London. Here, day after day, he walked the streets, asking for a situation; but nobody wanted him. Finally he offered to work for a watch-maker without pay, till he found a place to learn his trade. This he at last obtained with a Mr. Morgan, to whom he agreed to give a hundred dollars for the year's teaching. As his father was poorly able to help him, the conscientious boy lived on two dollars a week, earning most of this pittance by

rising early, and doing odd jobs before his employer opened his shop in the morning. He labored every evening until nine o'clock, except Saturday, and was soon broken in health by hunger and overwork. His mother's heart ached for him, but, like other poor boys, he must make his way alone.

At the end of the year he went to Glasgow to open a shop for himself; but other mechanics were jealous of a new-comer, and would not permit him to rent a place. A professor at the Glasgow University knew the deserving young man, and offered him a room in the college, which he gladly accepted. He and the lad who assisted him could earn only ten dollars a week, and there was little sale for the instruments after they were made: so, following the example of his first master, he began to make and mend flutes, fiddles, and guitars, though he did not know one note from another. One of his customers wanted an organ built, and at once Watt set to work to learn the theory of music. When the organ was finished, a remarkable one for those times, the young machinist had added to it several inventions of his own.

This earning a living was a hard matter; but it brought energy, developed thought, and probably helped more than all else to make him famous. The world in general works no harder than circumstances compel.

Poverty is no barrier to falling in love, and, poor though he was, he now married Margaret Miller, his cousin, whom he had long tenderly loved. Their home was plain and small; but she had the sweetest of dispositions, was always happy, and made his life sunny even in its darkest hours of struggling.

Meantime he had made several intellectual friends in the college, one of whom talked much to him about a steam-carriage. Steam was not by any means unknown. Hero, a Greek physician who lived at Alexandria a century before the Christian era, tells how the ancients used it. Some crude engines were made in Watt's time, the best being that of Thomas Newcomen, called an atmospheric engine, and used

in raising water from coal-mines. It could do comparatively little, however; and many of the mines were now useless because the water nearly drowned the miners.

Watt first experimented with common vials for steam-reservoirs, and canes hollowed out for steam-pipes. For months he went on working night and day, trying new plans, testing the powers of steam, borrowing a brass syringe a foot long for his cylinder, till finally the essential principles of the steam-engine were born in his mind. He wrote to a friend, "My whole thoughts are bent on this machine. I can think of nothing else." He hired an old cellar, and for two months worked on his model. His tools were poor; his foreman died; and the engine, when completed, leaked in all parts. His old business of mending instruments had fallen off; he was badly in debt, and had no money to push forward the invention. He believed he had found the right principle; but he could not let his family starve. Sick at heart, and worn in body, he wrote: "Of all things in life there is nothing more foolish than inventing." Poor Watt!

His great need was money—money to buy food, money to buy tools, money to give him leisure for thought. Finally, a friend induced Dr. Roebuck, an iron-dealer, to become Watt's partner, pay his debts of five thousand dollars, take out a patent, and perfect the engine. Watt went to London for his patent, but so long was he delayed by indifferent officials, that he wrote home to his young wife, quite discouraged. With a brave heart in their pinching poverty, Margaret wrote back, "I beg that you will not make yourself uneasy, though things should not succeed to your wish. If the engine will not do, something else will; never despair."

On his return home, for six months he worked in setting up his engine. The cylinder, having been badly cast, was almost worthless; the piston, though wrapped in cork, oiled rags, and old hat, let the air in and the steam out; and the model proved a failure. "To-day," he said, "I enter the thirty-

fifth year of my life, and I think I have hardly yet done thirty-five pence worth of good in the world: but I cannot help it." The path to success was not easy.

Dr. Roebuck was getting badly in debt, and could not aid him as he had promised; so Watt went sadly back to surveying, a business he had taken up to keep the wolf from the door. In feeble health, out in the worst weather, his clothes often wet through, life seemed almost unbearable. When absent on one of these surveying excursions, word was brought that Margaret, his beloved wife, was dead. He was completely unnerved. Who would care for his little children, or be to him what he had often called her, "the comfort of his life"? After this he would often pause on the threshold of his humble home to summon courage to enter, since she was no longer there to welcome him. She had shared his poverty, but was never to share his fame and wealth.

And now came a turning-point in his life, though the struggles were by no means over. At Birmingham, lived Matthew Boulton, a rich manufacturer, eight years older than Watt. He employed over a thousand men in his hardware establishment, and in making clocks, and reproducing rare vases. He was a friend of Benjamin Franklin, with whom he had corresponded about the steam-engine, and he had also heard of Watt and his invention through Dr. Roebuck. He was urged to assist. But Watt waited three years longer for aid. Nine years had passed since he made his invention; he was in debt, without business, and in poor health. What could he do? He seemed likely to finish life without any success.

Finally Boulton was induced to engage in the manufacture of engines, giving Watt one-third of the profits, if any were made. One engine was constructed by Boulton's men, and it worked admirably. Soon orders came in for others, as the mines were in bad condition, and the water must be pumped out. Fortunes, like misfortunes, rarely come singly. Just at this time the Russian Government offered Watt five

thousand dollars yearly if he would go to that country. Such a sum was an astonishment. How he wished Margaret could have lived to see this proud day!

He could not well be spared from the company now; so he lived on at Birmingham, marrying a second time, Anne Macgregor of Scotland, to care for his children and his home. She was a very different woman from Margaret Miller; a neat housekeeper, but seemingly lacking in the lovable qualities which make sunshine even in the plainest home.

As soon as the Boulton and Watt engines were completed, and success seemed assured, obstacles arose from another quarter. Engines had been put into several Cornwall mines, which bore the singular names of "Ale and Cakes," "Wheat Fanny," "Wheat Abraham," "Cupboard," and "Cook's Kitchen." As soon as the miners found that these engines worked well, they determined to destroy the patent by the cry that Boulton and Watt had a monopoly of a thing which the world needed. Petitions were circulated, giving great uneasiness to both the partners. Several persons also stole the principle of the engine, either by bribing the enginemen, or by getting them drunk so that they would tell the secrets of their employers. The patent was constantly infringed upon. Every hour was a warfare. Watt said, "The rascality of mankind is almost past belief."

Meantime Boulton, with his many branches of business, and the low state of trade, had gotten deeply in debt, and was pressed on every side for the tens of thousands which he owed. Watt was nearly insane with this trouble. He wrote to Boulton: "I cannot rest in my bed until these money matters have assumed some determinate form. I am plagued with the blues. I am quite eaten up with the mulligrubs."

Soon after this, Watt invented the letter-copying press, which at first was greatly opposed, because it was thought that forged names and letters would result. After a time, however, there was great demand for it. Watt was urged by Boulton to

invent a rotary engine; but this was finally done by their head workman, William Murdock, the inventor of lighting by gas. He also made the first model of a locomotive, which frightened the village preacher nearly out of his senses, as it came puffing down the street one evening. Though devoted to his employers, sometimes working all night for them, they counselled him to give up all thought about his locomotive, lest by developing it he might in time withdraw from their firm. Alas for the selfishness of human nature! He was never made a partner, and, though he thought out many inventions after his day's work was done, he remained faithful to their service till the end of his life. Mr. Buckle tells this good story of Murdock. Having found that fish-skins could be used instead of isinglass, he came to London to inform the brewers, and took board in a handsome house. Fancying himself in his laboratory, he went on with his experiments. Imagine the horror of the landlady when she entered his room, and found her elegant wall-paper covered with wet fish-skins, hung up to dry! The inventor took an immediate departure with his skins. When the rotary engine was finished, the partners sought to obtain a charter, when lo! The millers and mealmen all opposed it, because, said they, "If flour is ground by steam, the wind and water-mills will stop, and men will be thrown out of work." Boulton and Watt viewed with contempt this new obstacle of ignorance. "Carry out this argument," said the former, "and we must annihilate water-mills themselves, and go back again to the grinding of corn by hand labor." Presently a large mill was burned by incendiaries, with a loss of fifty thousand dollars.

Watt about this time invented his "Parallel Motion," and the Governor, for regulating the speed of the engine. Large orders began to come in, even from America and the West Indies; but not till they had expended two hundred thousand dollars were there any profits. Times were brightening for the hard-working inventor. He lost his despondency, and did not

long for death, as he had previously.

After a time, he built a lovely home at Heathfield, in the midst of forty acres of trees, flowers, and tasteful walks. Here gathered some of the greatest minds of the world—Dr. Priestley who discovered oxygen, Sir William Herschel, Dr. Darwin, Josiah Wedgwood, and scores of others, who talked of science and literature. Mrs. Watt so detested dirt, and so hated the sight of her husband's leather apron and soiled hands, that he built for himself a "garret," where he could work unmolested by his wife, or her broom and dustpan. She never allowed even her two pug-dogs to cross the hall without wiping their feet on the mat. She would seize and carry away her husband's snuff-box, wherever she found it, because she considered snuff as dirt. At night, when she retired from the dining-room, if Mr. Watt did not follow at the time fixed by her, she sent a servant to remove the lights. If friends were present, he would say meekly, "We must go," and walk slowly out of the room. Such conduct must have been about as trying as the failure of his engines. For days together he would stay in his garret, not even coming down to his meals, cooking his food in his frying-pan and Dutch oven, which he kept by him. One cannot help wondering, whether, sometimes, as he worked up there alone, he did not think of Margaret, whose face would have brightened even that dingy room.

A crushing sorrow now came to him. His only daughter, Jessie, died, and then his pet son, Gregory, the dearest friend of Humphry Davy, a young man of brilliant scholarship and oratorical powers. Boulton died before his partner, loved and lamented by all, having followed the precept he once gave to Watt: "Keep your mind and your heart pleasant, if possible; for the way to go through life sweetly is not to regard rubs."

Watt died peacefully Aug. 19, 1819, in his eighty-third year, and was buried in beautiful Handsworth Church. Here stands Chantrey's masterpiece, a sitting statue of the great inventor. Another is in Westminster Abbey. When Lord

Brougham was asked to write the inscription for this monument, he said, "I reckon it one of the chief honors of my life." Sir James Mackintosh placed him "at the head of all inventors in all ages and nations"; and Wordsworth regarded him, "Considering both the magnitude and the universality of his genius, as perhaps the most extraordinary man that this country has ever produced."

After all the struggle came wealth and fame. The mine opens up its treasures only to those who are persevering enough to dig into it; and life itself yields little, only to such as have the courage and the will to overcome obstacles.

Heathfield has passed into other hands; but the quiet garret is just as James Watt left it at death. Here is a large sculpture machine, and many busts partly copied. Here is his handkerchief tied to the beam on which he rested his head. The beam itself is crumbling to dust. Little pots of chemicals on the shelves are hardened by age. A bunch of withered grapes is on a dish, and the ashes are in the grate as when he sat before it. Close by is the hair trunk of his beloved Gregory, full of his schoolbooks, his letters, and his childish toys. This the noble old man kept beside him to the last.

CHAPTER V
Sir Josiah Mason

One sunny morning in June, I went out five miles from the great manufacturing city of Birmingham, England, to the pretty town called Erdington, to see the Mason Orphanage. I found an immense brick structure, with high Gothic towers, in the midst of thirteen acres of velvety lawn. Over the portals of the building were the words, "DO DEEDS OF LOVE." Three hundred happy children were scattered over the premises, the girls in brown dresses with long white aprons: some were in the great play-room, some doing the housework, and some serving at dinner. Sly Cupid creeps into an orphan-asylum even; and the matron had to watch carefully lest the biggest pieces of bread and butter be given by the girls to the boys they liked best.

In the large grounds, full of flowers and trees, among the children he so tenderly loved and called by name, the founder, Sir Josiah Mason, and his wife, are buried, in a beautiful mausoleum, a Gothic chapel, with stone carving and stained-glass windows.

And who was this founder?

In a poor, plain home in Kidderminster, Feb. 23 1795, Sir Josiah Mason was born. His father was a weaver, and his mother the daughter of a laborer. At eight years of age, with of course little education, the boy began the struggle of earning a living. His mother fitted up two baskets for him, and these he filled with baker's cakes, and sold them about the streets. Little Joe became so great a favorite, that the buyers often gave him an extra penny. Finally a donkey was obtained; and a bag containing cakes in one end, and fruit and

vegetables in the other, was strapped across his back. In this way, for seven years, Joe peddled from door to door. Did anybody ever think then that he would be rich and famous?

The poor mother helped him with her scanty means, and both parents allowed him to keep all he could make. His father's advice used to be, "Joe, thee'st got a few pence; never let anybody know how much thee'st got in thee pockets." And well the boy carried out his father's injunction in after-life.

When he was fifteen, his brother had become a confirmed invalid, and needed a constant attendant. The father was away at the shop, and the mother busy with her cares: so Joe, who thought of others always before himself, determined to be nurse, and earn some money also. He set about becoming a shoemaker, having learned the trade from watching an old man who lived near their house; but he could make only a bare pittance. Then he taught himself writing, and earned a trifle for composing letters and Valentines for his poor neighbors. This money he spent in books, for he was eager for an education. He read no novels nor poetry, but books of history, science, and theology.

Finally the mother started a small grocery and bakery, and Joe assisted. Many of their customers were tramps and beggars, who could buy only an ounce or half-ounce of tea; but even a farthing was welcome to the Masons. Later, Josiah took up carpet-weaving and blacksmithing; but he could never earn more than five dollars a week, and he became restless and eager for a broader field. He had courage, was active and industrious, and had good habits.

He was now twenty-one. He decided to go to Birmingham on Christmas Day, to visit an uncle whom he had never seen. He went, and this was the turning-point of his life. His uncle gave him work in making gilt toys; and, what was perhaps better still for the poor young man, he fell in love with his cousin Annie Griffiths, and married her the following year.

This marriage proved a great blessing, and for fifty-two years, childless, they two were all in all to each other. For six years the young husband worked early and late, with the promise of succeeding to the small business; but at the end of these years the promise was broken, and Mason found himself at thirty, out of work, and owning less than one hundred dollars.

Walking down the street one day in no very happy frame of mind, a stranger stepped up to him, and said, "Mr. Mason?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"You are now, I understand, without employment. I know some one who wants just such a man as you, and I will introduce him to you. Will you meet me to-morrow morning at Mr. Harrison's, the split-ring maker?"

"I will."

The next day the stranger said to Mr. Harrison, "I have brought you the very man you want."

The business man eyed Mason closely, saying, "I've had a good many young men come here; but they are afraid of dirtying their fingers."

Mason opened his somewhat calloused hands, and, looking at them, said, "Are you ashamed of dirtying yourselves to get your own living?"

Mason was at once employed, and a year later Mr. Harrison offered him the business at twenty-five hundred dollars. Several men, observing the young man's good qualities, had offered to loan him money when he should go into trade for himself. He bethought him of these friends, and called upon them; but they all began to make excuse. The world's proffers of help or friendship we can usually discount by half. Seeing that not a dollar could be borrowed, Mr. Harrison generously offered to wait for the principal till it could be earned out of the profits. This was a noble act, and Mr. Mason never ceased to be grateful for it.

He soon invented a machine for bevelling hoop-rings, and made five thousand dollars the first year from its use. Thence-

forward his life reads like a fairy-tale. One day, seeing some steel pens on a card, in a shop-window, he went in and purchased one for twelve cents. That evening he made three, and enclosed one in a letter to Perry of London, the maker, paying eighteen cents' postage, which now would be only two cents.

His pen was such an improvement that Mr. Perry at once wrote for all he could make. In a few years, Mason became the greatest pen-maker in the world, employing a thousand persons, and turning out over five million pens per week. Sixty tons of pens, containing one and a half million pens to the ton, were often in his shops. What a change from peddling cakes from door to door in Kidderminster!

Later he became the moneyed partner in the great electro-plating trade of the Elkingtons, whose beautiful work at the Centennial Exposition we all remember.

Mr. Mason never forgot his laborers. When he established copper-smelting works in Wales, he built neat cottages for the workmen, and schools for the three hundred and fifty children. The Welsh refused to allow their children to attend school where they would be taught English. Mr. Mason overcame this by distributing hats, bonnets, and other clothing to the pupils, and, once in school, they needed no urging to remain. The manufacturer was as hard a worker as any of his men. For years he was the first person to come to his factory, and the last to leave it. He was quick to decide a matter, and act upon it, and the most rigid economist of time. He allowed nobody to waste his precious hours with idle talk, nor did he waste theirs. He believed, with Shakespeare, that "Talkers are no good doers." His hours were regular. He took much exercise on foot, and lived with great simplicity. He was always cheerful, and had great self-control. Finally he began to ask himself how he could best use his money before he died. He remembered his poor struggling mother in his boyish days. His first gift should be a home for aged women—a noble

thought!—his next should be for orphans, as he was a great lover of children. For eight years he watched the beautiful buildings of his Orphanage go up, and then saw the happy children gathered within, bringing many of them from Kidderminster, who were as destitute as himself when a boy. He seemed to know and love each child, for whose benefit he had included even his own lovely home, a million dollars in all. The annual income for the Orphanage is about fifty thousand dollars. What pleasure he must have had as he saw them swinging in the great playgrounds, where he had even thought to make triple columns so that they could the better play hide-and-seek! At eight, he was trudging the streets to earn bread; they should have an easier lot through his generosity.

For this and other noble deeds Queen Victoria made him a knight. What would his poor mother have said to such an honor for her boy, had she been alive!

What would the noble man, now over eighty, do next with his money? He recalled how hard it had been for him to obtain knowledge. The colleges were patronized largely by the rich. He would build a great School of Science, free to all who depended upon themselves for support. They might study mathematics, languages, chemistry, civil engineering, without distinction of sex or race. For five years he watched the elegant brick and stone structure in Birmingham rise from its foundations. And then, Oct. 1, 1880, in the midst of assembled thousands, and in the presence of such men as Fawcett, Bright, and Max Muller, Mason Science College was formally opened. Professor Huxley, R. W. Dale, and others made eloquent addresses. In the evening, a thousand of the best of England gathered at the college, made beautiful by flowers and crimson drapery. On a dais sat the noble giver, in his eighty-sixth year. The silence was impressive as the grand old man arose, handing the key of his college, his million-dollar gift, to the trustees. Surely truth is stranger than fiction! To what honor and renown had come the humble

peddler!

On the following 25th of June, Sir Josiah Mason was borne to his grave, in the Erdington mausoleum. Three hundred and fifty orphan-children followed his coffin, which was carried by eight servants or workingmen, as he had requested. After the children had sung a hymn, they covered the coffin-lid with flowers, which he so dearly loved. He sleeps in the midst of his gifts, one of England's noble benefactors.

CHAPTER VI
Bernard Palissy

In the Louvre in Paris, preserved among almost priceless gems, are several pieces of exquisite pottery called Palissy ware. Thousands examine them every year, yet but few know the struggles of the man who made such beautiful works of art.

Born in the south of France in 1509, in a poor, plain home, Bernard Palissy grew to boyhood, sunny-hearted and hopeful, learning the trade of painting on glass from his father. He had an ardent love for nature, and sketched rocks, birds, and flowers with his boyish hands. When he was eighteen, he grew eager to see the world, and, with a tearful good-by from his mother, started out to seek his fortune. For ten years he travelled from town to town, now painting on glass for some rich lord, and now sketching for a peasant family in return for food. Meantime he made notes about vegetation, and the forming of crystals in the mountains of Auvergne, showing that he was an uncommon boy.

Finally, like other young people, he fell in love, and was married at twenty-eight. He could not travel about the country now, so he settled in the little town of Saintes. Then a baby came into their humble home. How could he earn more money, since the poor people about him had no need for painted glass? Every time he tried to plan some new way to grow richer, his daily needs weighed like a millstone around his neck.

About this time he was shown an elegant enamelled cup from Italy. "What if I could be the first and only maker of such ware in France?" thought he. But he had no knowledge of

clay, and no money to visit Italy, where alone the secret could be obtained.

The Italians began making such pottery about the year 1300. Two centuries earlier, the Pagan King of Majorca, in the Mediterranean Sea, was said to keep confined in his dungeons twenty thousand Christians. The Archbishop of Pisa incited his subjects to make war upon such an infidel king, and after a year's struggle, the Pisans took the island, killed the ruler, and brought home his heir, and great booty. Among the spoils were exquisite Moorish plates, which were so greatly admired that they were hung on the walls of Italian churches. At length the people learned to imitate this Majolica ware, which brought very high prices.

The more Palissy thought about this beautiful pottery, the more determined he became to attempt its making. But he was like a man groping in the dark. He had no knowledge of what composed the enamel on the ware; but he purchased some drugs, and ground them to powder. Then he bought earthen pots, broke them in pieces, spread the powder upon the fragments, and put them in a furnace to bake. He could ill afford to build a furnace, or even to buy the earthenware; but he comforted his young wife with the thought that as soon as he had discovered what would produce white enamel they would become rich.

When the pots had been heated sufficiently, as he supposed, he took them out, but, lo! the experiment had availed nothing. Either he had not hit upon the right ingredients, or the baking had been too long or too short in time. He must of course try again. For days and weeks he pounded and ground new materials; but no success came. The weeks grew into months. Finally his supply of wood became exhausted, and the wife was losing her patience with these whims of an inventor. They were poor, and needed present income rather than future prospects. She had ceased to believe Palissy's stories of riches coming from white enamel. Had she known

that she was marrying an inventor, she might well have hesitated, lest she starve in the days of experimenting; but now it was too late.

His wood used up, Palissy was obliged to make arrangements with a potter who lived three miles away, to burn the broken pieces in his furnace. His enthusiasm made others hopeful; so that the promise to pay when white enamel was discovered was readily accepted. To make matters sure of success at this trial, he sent between three and four hundred pieces of earthenware to his neighbor's furnace. Some of these would surely come back with the powder upon them melted, and the surface would be white. Both himself and wife waited anxiously for the return of the ware; she much less hopeful than he, however. When it came, he says in his journal, "I received nothing but shame and loss, because it turned out good for nothing."

Two years went by in this almost hopeless work, then a third—three whole years of borrowing money, wood, and chemicals; three years of consuming hope and desperate poverty. Palissy's family had suffered extremely. One child had died, probably from destitution. The poor wife was discouraged, and at last angered at his foolishness. Finally the pottery fever seemed to abate, and Palissy went back to his drudgery of glass-painting and occasional surveying. Nobody knew the struggle it had cost to give up the great discovery; but it must be done.

Henry II., who was then King of France, had placed a new tax on salt, and Palissy was appointed to make maps of all the salt-marshes of the surrounding country. Some degree of comfort now came back to his family. New clothes were purchased for the children, and the overworked wife repented of her lack of patience. When the surveying was completed, a little money had been saved, but, alas! the pottery fever had returned.

Three dozen new earthen pots were bought, chemicals

spread over them as before, and these taken to a glass-furnace, where the heat would be much greater. He again waited anxiously, and when they were returned, some of the powder had actually melted, and run over the earthenware. This added fuel to the flame of his hope and ambition. And now, for two whole years more, he went between his house and the glass-furnace, always hoping, always failing.

His home had now become like a pauper's. For five years he had chased this will-o'-the-wisp of white enamel; and the only result was the sorrow of his relatives and the scorn of his neighbors. Finally he promised his heart-broken wife that he would make but one more trial, and if this failed, he would give up experimenting, and support her and the children. He resolved that this should be an almost superhuman effort. In some unknown way he raised the money for new pots and three hundred mixtures of chemicals. Then, with the feelings of a man who has but one chance for life, he walked beside the person who carried his precious stock to the furnace. He sat down before the mouth of the great hot oven, and waited four long hours. With what a sinking heart he watched the pieces as they were taken out! He hardly dared look, because it would probably be the old story of failure. But, lo! some were melted, and as they hardened, oh, joy unspeakable, they turned white! He hastened home with unsteady step, like one intoxicated, to tell his wife the overwhelming truth. Surely he could not stop now in this great work; and all must be done in secret, lest other potters learn the art.

Fears, no doubt, mingled with the new-born hopes of Mrs. Palissy, for there was no regular work before her husband, and no steady income for hungry little mouths. Besides, he must needs build a furnace in the shed adjoining their home. But how could he obtain the money? Going to the brick yard, he pledged some of the funds he hoped to receive in the future, and brought home the bricks upon his back. Then he spent seven long months experimenting in clay vessels, that he

might get the best shapes and quality to take the enamel. For another month, from early morning till late at night, he pounded his preparations of tin, lead, iron, and copper, and mixed them, as he hoped, in proper proportions. When his furnace was ready, he put in his clay pots, and seated himself before the mouth.

All day and all night, he fed the fire, his little children bringing him soup, which was all the food the house afforded. A second day and night he watched the results eagerly; but the enamel did not melt. Covered with perspiration, and faint from loss of sleep and food, with the desperation of hope that is akin to despair, for six days and six nights, catching scarcely a moment of sleep, he watched the earthen pots; but still the enamel did not melt. At last, thinking that his proportions in his mixtures might have been wrong, he began once more to pound and grind the materials without letting his furnace cool. His clay vessels which he had spent seven months in making were also useless, so he hastened to the shops, and bought new ones.

The family were now nearly frantic with poverty and the pottery madness of the father. To make matters quite unbearable, the wood had given out, and the furnace-fires must not stop. Almost wild with hope deferred, and the necessities of life pressing upon him, Palissy tore up the fence about his garden, and thrust it into the furnace-mouth. Still the enamel did not melt. He rushed into the house, and began breaking up the table and chairs for fuel. His wife and children were horrified. They ran through the streets, crying out that Palissy was tearing the house down, and had become crazy. The neighbors gathered, and begged him to desist, but all to no purpose. He tore up the floors of the house, and threw them in. The town jeered at him, and said, "It is right that he die of hunger, seeing that he has left off following his trade." He was exhausted and dried up by the heat of the furnace; but still he could not yield. Finally the enamel melted. But now he was

more crazy than before. He must go forward, come what might.

With his family nearer than ever to starvation, he hired an assistant potter, promising the old promise—to pay when the discovery had been perfected. The town of Saintes must have become familiar with that promise. An innkeeper boarded the potter for six months, and charged it to Palissy, to be paid, like all the other bills, in the future. Probably Mrs. Palissy did not wish to board the assistant, even had she possessed the necessary food. At the end of the six months the potter departed, receiving, as pay, nearly all Palissy's wearing-apparel, which probably was scarcely worth carrying away.

He now felt obliged to build an improved furnace, tearing down the old one to recover the bricks, nearly turned to stone by the intense heat. His hands were fearfully bruised and cut in the work. He begged and borrowed more money, and once more started his furnace, with the boast that this time he would draw three or four hundred francs from it. When the ware was drawn out, the creditors came, eager for their share; but, alas! there was no share for them. The mortar had been full of flints, which adhered to the vessels; and Palissy broke the spoiled lot in pieces. The neighbors called him a fool; the wife joined in the maledictions—and who could blame her?

Under all this disappointment his spirit gave way, and he fled to his chamber, and threw himself upon the bed. Six of his children had died from want during the last ten years of struggle. What agony for the fond mother! "I was so wasted in person," he quaintly wrote afterwards, "that there was no form nor prominence of muscle on my arms or legs; also the said legs were throughout of one size, so that the garters with which I tied my stockings were at once, when I walked, down upon my heels, with the stockings too. I was despised and mocked by all."

But the long lane turned at last. He stopped for a year,

and took up his old work to support his dying family, and then perfected his discovery. For five or six years there were many failures—the furnaces were too hot, or the proportions were wrong; but finally the work became very beautiful. His designs from nature were perfect, and his coloring marvellous. His fame soon spread abroad; and such nobles as Montmorenci, who stood next in rank to the King, and counts and barons, were his patrons. He designed tiles for the finest palaces, ideal heads of the Saviour, and dainty forms from Greek mythology.

Invited by Catherine de Medicis, wife of King Henry II., Palissy removed to Paris, and was thenceforward called "Bernard of the Tuileries." He was now rich and famous. What a change from that day when his half-starved wife and children fled along the streets of Saintes, their furniture broken up for furnace-fires! And yet, but for this blind devotion to a single object, he would have remained a poor, unknown glass-painter all his life. While in Paris, he published two or three books which showed wide knowledge of history, mines, springs, metals, and philosophy. He founded a Museum of Natural History, and for eight years gave courses of lectures, attended by all the learned men of the day. When his great learning was commented upon, he replied, "I have had no other book than the sky and the earth, known to all." A wonderful man indeed!

All his life Palissy was a devoted Huguenot, not fearing to read his Bible, and preach to the people daily from it. Once he was imprisoned at Bordeaux, and but for his genius, and his necessity to the beautifying of palaces and chapels, he would have been put to death. When he was seventy-six, under the brutal Henry III., he was shut up in the Bastille. After nearly four years, the curled and vain monarch visited him, and said, "My good man, you have been forty-five years in the service of the Queen my mother, or in mine, and we have suffered you to live in your own religion, amidst all the executions and the massacres. Now, however, I am so pressed

by the Guise party and my people, that I have been compelled, in spite of myself, to imprison these two poor women and you; they are to be burnt to-morrow, and you also, if you will not be converted."

"Sire," answered the old man, "you have said several times that you feel pity for me; but it is I who pity you, who have said, 'I am compelled.' That is not speaking like a King. These girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of heaven, we will teach you to talk royally. The Guisarts, all your people, and yourself, cannot compel a potter to bow down to images of clay."

The two girls were burnt a few months afterward. The next year, 1589, Henry III. was stabbed by a monk who knelt before his throne; and the same year, Palissy died in the Bastille, at the age of eighty.

CHAPTER VII
Bertel Thorwaldsen

A few months ago we visited a plain old house in Copenhagen, the boyhood home of the great Danish sculptor. Here he worked with his father, a poor wood-carver, who, thinking his boy would be a more skilful workman if he learned to draw, sent him to the Free Royal Academy of Fine Arts when he was twelve years old. At the end of four years he took a prize, and the fact was mentioned in the newspapers. The next day, one of the teachers asked, "Thorwaldsen, is it your brother who has carried off the prize?"

Bertel's cheeks colored with pride as he said, "No, sir; it is I." The teacher changed his tone, and replied, "Mr. Thorwaldsen, you will go up immediately to the first rank."

Years afterward, when he had become famous, he said no praise was ever so sweet as being called "Mr." when he was poor and unknown.

Two years later, he won another prize; but he was now obliged to stay at home half the time to help support the large family. Obtaining a small gold medal from the Academy, although so modest that, after the examination, he escaped from the midst of the candidates by a private staircase, he determined to try for the large gold medal. If he could obtain this, he would receive a hundred and twenty dollars a year for three years, and study art in Italy. He at once began to give drawing-lessons, taught modelling to wealthy boys, and helped illustrate books, working from early morning till late at night. He was rarely seen to smile, so hard was the struggle for daily bread. But he tried for the medal, and won.

What visions of fame must have come before him now, as

he said good-by to his poor parents, whom, alas, he was never to see again, and, taking his little dog Hector, started for far-away Italy! When he arrived, he was so ill and homesick that several times he decided to give up art and go back. He copied diligently the works of the old masters, and tried in vain to earn a little money. He sent some small works of his own to Copenhagen; but nobody bought them. He made "Jason with the Golden Fleece," and, when no one ordered it, the discouraged artist broke it in pieces. The next year he modelled another Jason, a lady furnishing the means; and while everybody praised it, and Canova said, "This young Dane has produced a work in a new and grand style," it did not occur to any one to buy the statue in marble.

An artist could not live on praise alone. Anxious days came and went, and he was destitute and wretched. He must leave Rome, and go back to the wood-carving in Copenhagen; for no one wanted beautiful things, unless the maker was famous. He deferred going from week to week, till at last his humble furniture had been sold, and his trunks waited at the door. As he was leaving the house, his travelling companion said to him, "We must wait till to-morrow, from a mistake in our passports."

A few hours later, Mr. Thomas Hope, an English banker, entered his studio, and, struck with the grandeur of his model of Jason, asked the cost in marble. "Six hundred sequins" (over twelve hundred dollars), he answered, not daring to hope for such good fortune. "That is not enough; you should ask eight," said the generous man, who at once ordered it.

And this was the turning-point in Bertel's life. How often a rich man might help a struggling artist, and save a genius to the world, as did this banker! Young Thorwaldsen now made the acquaintance of the Danish ambassador to Naples, who introduced him to the family of Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt, where the most famous people in Rome gathered. Soon a leading countess commissioned him to cut four marble

statues—Bacchus, Ganymede, Apollo, and Venus. Two years later, he was made professor in the Royal Academy of Florence.

The Academy of Copenhagen now sent him five hundred dollars as an expression of their pride in him. How much more he needed it when he was near starving, all those nine years in Rome! The bashful student had become the genial companion and interesting talker. Louis of Bavaria, who made Munich one of the art centres of the world, was his admirer and friend. The Danish King urged him to return to Copenhagen; but, as the Quirinal was to be decorated with great magnificence, Rome could not spare him. For this, he made in three months his famous "Entry of Alexander into Babylon," and soon after his exquisite bas-reliefs, "Night" and "Morning,"—the former, a goddess carrying in her arms two children, Sleep and Death; the latter, a goddess flying through the air, scattering flowers with both hands.

In 1816, when he was forty-six, he finished his Venus, after having made *thirty* models of the figure. He threw away the first attempt, and devoted three years to the completion of the second. Three statues were made, one of which is at Chatsworth, the elegant home of the Duke of Devonshire; and one was lost at sea. A year later, he carved his exquisite Byron, now at Trinity College, Cambridge.

He was now made a member of three other famous academies. Having been absent from Denmark twenty-three years, the King urged his return for a visit, at least. The Royal Palace of Charlottenburg was prepared for his reception The students of the Academy escorted him with bands of music, cannon were fired, poems read, cantatas sung; and the King created him councillor of state.

Was the wood-carver's son proud of all these honors? No. The first person he met at the palace was the old man who had served as a model for the boys when Thorwaldsen was at school. So overcome was he as he recalled those days of toil

and poverty, that he fell upon the old man's neck, and embraced him heartily.

After some of the grandest work of his life in the Frue Kirke—Christ and the Twelve Apostles, and others—he returned to Rome, visiting, on the way, Alexander of Russia, who, after Thorwaldsen had made his bust, presented the artist with a diamond ring.

Although a Protestant, accounted now the greatest living sculptor, he was made president of the Academy of St. Luke, a position held by Canova when he was alive, and was commissioned to build the monument of Pius VII. in St. Peters. Mendelssohn, the great composer, had become his warm friend, and used to play for him as he worked in his studio. Sir Walter Scott came to visit the artist, and as the latter could speak scarcely a word of English, the two shook hands heartily, and clapped each other on the shoulder as they parted.

When Thorwaldsen was sixty-eight years old, he left Rome to end his days among his own people. The enthusiasm on his arrival was unbounded. The whole city waited nearly three days for his coming. Boats decked with flowers went out to meet him, and so many crowded on board his vessel that it was feared she would sink. The members of the Academy came in a body; and the crowd took the horses from the carriage, and drew it themselves through the streets to the Palace of Charlottenburg. In the evening there was a grand torchlight procession, followed by a constant round of parties.

So beset was he with invitations to dinner, that, to save a little time for himself, he told his servant Wilkins, that he would dine with him and his wife. Wilkins, greatly confused, replied, "What would the world think if it found out that the chancellor dined with his servant?"

"The world—the world! Have I not told you a thousand times that I don't care in the least what the world thinks about these things?" Sometimes he refused even to dine with

the King. Finding at last that society would give him no rest, he went to live with some friends at Nyso, seven hours by boat from Copenhagen.

Once more he visited Rome, for a year, receiving royal attentions all through Germany. Two years after, as he was sitting in the theatre, he rose to let a lady pass. She saw him bending toward the floor, and asked, "Have you dropped something?"

The great man made no answer; he was dead. The funeral was a grand expression of love and honor. His body lay in state in the Royal Palace, laurel about his brow, the coffin ornamented with floral crowns—one made by the Queen of Denmark; his chisel laid in the midst of laurel and palm, and his great works of art placed about him. Houses were draped in black, bells tolled in all the churches, women threw flowers from their windows before the forty artists who carried the coffin, and the King and Prince royal received it in person at the Frue Kirke.

Then it was borne to the large museum which Copenhagen had built to receive his work, and buried in the centre of the inner court, which had been prepared under his own hand. A low granite coping surrounds the grave, which is entirely covered with ivy, and on the side is his boyish name, Bertel (Bartholomew) Thorwaldsen.

CHAPTER VIII
Mozart

The quaint old city of Salzburg, Austria, built into the mountain-side, is a Mecca for all who love music, and admire the immortal Mozart. When he was alive, his native city allowed him nearly to starve; when he was dead, she built him a beautiful monument, and preserved his home, a plain two-story, stuccoed building, for thousands of travellers to look upon sadly and tenderly.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born Jan. 27, 1756, a delicate, sensitive child, who would ask a dozen times a day whether his friends loved him, and, if answered in the negative, would burst into tears. At three, he began to show his passion for music. He would listen intensely as his father taught his little sister, Nannerl, seven years old; would move his playthings from one room to another, to the sound of the violin; and at four, composed pieces which astonished his sire.

Two years later, the proud father took Wolfgang and his sister on a concert tour to Vienna. So well did the boy play, that the Empress Maria Theresa held him in her arms, and kissed him heartily. One day as he was walking between two of her daughters, he slipped on the polished floor and fell. Marie Antoinette, afterward Empress of France, raised him up, whereupon he said, "You are very kind; I will marry you." The father was alarmed at this seeming audacity; but the lovely Princess playfully kissed him.

The next year he was taken to Paris, and here two sets of sonatas, the works of a boy of seven, were brought out, dedicated to Marie Antoinette. The children sat at the royal table, poems were written about them, and everywhere they excited

wonder and admiration; yet so excessively modest was young Mozart, that he cried when praised too much. In London, Bach took the boy between his knees, and alternately they played his own great works and those of Handel at sight. Royalty gave them "gold snuffboxes enough to set up a shop," wrote home the father; "but in money I am poor." Wolfgang was now taken ill of inflammatory fever; but he could not give up his music. A board was laid across the bed, and on this he wrote out his thoughts in the notes. Finally, with ardor dampened at their lack of pecuniary success, Leopold Mozart took his dear ones back to quiet Salzburg.

Here the cold archbishop, discrediting the reports of the boy's genius, shut him up alone for a week to compose an oratorio, the text furnished by himself. Mozart, only ten years old, stood the test brilliantly. The next year a second tour was taken to Vienna, to be present at the marriage of the Archduchess Maria Josepha. The bride died from smallpox shortly after their arrival: and poor Wolfgang took the disease, and was blind for nine days. When he recovered, the musicians, moved by envy and jealousy, would not be outdone by a boy of twelve, who was equally at home in German or Italian opera, and determined to hiss off the stage whatever he might compose. Sad at heart, and disappointed, again the Mozarts went back to the old home.

Two years later, after much self-sacrifice, the father took his boy to Italy for study. The first day in Passion Week they went to the Sistine Chapel to hear the famous "Miserere" of Allegri, which was considered so sacred, that the musicians were forbidden to take home any part of it, or copy it out of the chapel, on pain of excommunication. Wolfgang, as soon as he reached his lodgings, wrote it out from memory; which remarkable feat for a boy of fourteen astonished all Rome. So wonderfully did he play, that the audience at Naples declared there was witchcraft in the ring which he wore on his left hand, and he was obliged to remove it. At Milan, when he

was nearly fifteen, he composed the opera "Mithridate," conducting it himself, which was given twenty nights in succession to enthusiastic audiences. After this came requests for operas from Maria Theresa, Munich, and elsewhere. He was busy every moment. Overworked, he was often ill; but the need for money to meet heavy expenses made constant work a necessity. All this time he wrote beautiful letters to his mother and sister. "Kiss mamma's hand for me a thousand billion times," is the language of his loving heart. He could scarcely be said to have had any childhood; but he kept his tenderness and affection to the last of his life.

After their return to Salzburg, finding the new archbishop even less cordial than the old—the former had allowed Wolfgang the munificent salary of five dollars and a fourth yearly!—it was deemed wise to try to find a new field for employment. The father, now sixty years of age, must earn a pittance for the family by giving music-lessons, while the mother accompanied the son to Paris. The separation was a hard one for the devoted father, who could not say good-by to his idolized son, and poor Nannerl wept the whole day long. Mozart, now twenty-one, and famous, well repaid this affection by his pure character. He wrote: "I have God always before me. Whatever is according to his will is also according to mine; therefore I cannot fail to be happy and contented."

Stopping for a time at Mannheim, he attempted to gain the position of tutor to the elector's children, but was disappointed. Here he fell in love with Aloysia Weber, a pretty girl of fifteen, whose father, a prompter at the National Theatre, earned only two hundred dollars yearly for the support of his wife and six children. The girl had a fine voice; and Mozart, blinded by love, asked no higher joy than to write operas in which she might be the star. The good old father, who had spent all his life in helping his son to win fame, was nearly heart-broken when he learned of this foolish affection, and wrote him tenderly but firmly: "Off with you to Paris; get the

great folks on your side; aut Cæsar, aut nihil. From Paris, the name and fame of a man of great talent goes through the whole world."

The young man, carrying out his childish motto, "God first, and then papa," reluctantly started for Paris. Here he did not meet with great success, for scores of applicants waited for every position. His loving mother soon died, perhaps from over economy in her cold, dark lodgings; and the young musician took his lonely way back to Salzburg, begging his father's consent to his stopping at Mannheim to see the Webers. Finding that Aloysia had gone upon the stage at Munich, he hastened to see her. She had been offered a good salary. Meantime Mozart had won no new laurels at Paris. He was small in stature, and poor; and the girl who wept at his departure a few months previously professed now scarcely to have seen his face before. The young lover, cut to the heart, yet proud, seated himself at the piano, and played,

"I leave the girl gladly who cares not for me,"

and then hastened away to Salzburg. Aloysia married a comedian, and lived a most unhappy life, gaining some fame from singing the music which Mozart wrote for her.

He remained at home for a year and a half, till called to Munich to write the opera "Idomeneo," and later to Vienna. Here, unfortunately, he met the Webers again, and, their father having died, he boarded in their house, and gave lessons to Constance, a younger sister of Aloysia. She was a plain, good-hearted girl, without much energy, but with a great appreciation of her gifted teacher. The result came naturally; he fell in love with the penniless girl, and, despite the distress of his aged father at his choice, married her when he was twenty-six and she eighteen.

Henceforward there was no hope of any thing save the direst poverty. To marry without love is a grave mistake; to marry simply for love is sometimes a mistake equally grave.

He could of course do nothing now for his aged father or sister. Unsteady employment, a rapidly-increasing family, and a wife ill most of the time, made the struggle for existence ten times harder than before his marriage. Once when he had prepared to visit his father for the first time after the wedding, and had waited months for the necessary funds, he was arrested for a debt of fifteen dollars, just as he was stepping into the carriage.

The Emperor Joseph said to him one day, "Why did you not marry a rich wife?" With dignity Mozart at once replied, "Sire, I trust that my genius will always enable me to support the woman I love"; but unfortunately it did not. He wrote after his marriage: "The moment we were made one, my wife as well as myself began to weep, which touched every one, even the priest, and they all cried when they witnessed how our hearts were moved." How little they dreamed that they should weep more seriously when hunger stared their six children in the face!

From the time of his marriage till his death, nine years, says Rev. Mr. Haweis, "his life can be compared to nothing but a torch burning out rapidly in the wind." It was a period of incessant, astonishing labor. He dedicated six quartets to his dear friend Joseph Haydn, who said, "Mozart is the greatest composer who has ever lived"; wrote "Figaro" when he was twenty-nine, which had the greatest popularity, "Don Giovanni" at thirty-one, and the "Flauto Magico" gratis, for the benefit of the theatre director, who was in want. The two latter creations were hailed with delight. Goethe wrote to Schiller later of "Don Giovanni," "That piece stands entirely alone; and Mozart's death has rendered all hope of any thing like it idle."

Whenever he appeared at the theatre, he was called upon the stage from all parts of the house; yet all this time he could not earn enough to live. He received only a hundred dollars from his "Don Giovanni," and less for the others. He gave

lessons every hour he could spare, concerts in the open air, borrowed from his friends, scrimped himself, to send money to his sick wife at Baden, pawned his silver plate to make one more unsuccessful journey to win the aid of indifferent princes, and fainted often at his tasks after midnight. Still he wrote to "the best and dearest wife of my heart," "If I only had a letter from you, all would be right," and promised her to work harder than ever to earn money.

When Constance was at home with him, if he left her in the morning before she awakened, he would leave a note for her with the words, "Good-morning, my darling wife. I shall be at home at — o'clock precisely." Once when she had been ill for eight months, and Mozart was composing beside her as she slept, suddenly a noisy messenger entered. Alarmed lest his wife should be disturbed, he rose hastily, when the penknife in his hand fell, and buried itself in his foot. Without a word escaping his lips, he left the room, a surgeon was called, and, though lame for some time, the wife was not told of the accident.

His compositions found few purchasers, for the people generally could not comprehend them. Publishers' shops were closed to him, unless he would write in the popular style. "Then I can make no more by my pen," he said bitterly, "and I had better starve and go to destruction at once." So poor had his family become, that, with no fuel in the house, he and his wife were found by a friend, waltzing to keep warm.

About this time a sepulchral-looking man called to ask that a "Requiem" be written on the death of the wife of an Austrian nobleman, who was to be considered the author, and thus his intense grief be shown, though manifested through a lie. Mozart consulted with his wife, as was his custom, and, as she indorsed it, he accepted the commission for fifty dollars. Overworked, harassed by debts which he could not pay, hurt at the jealousies and intrigues of several musicians, disappointed at the reception of his new opera at

Prague, his hopeful nature forsook him, and he told Constance that the "Requiem" would be written for himself.

In the midst of this wretchedness their sixth child was born. The poor wife forgot her own sorrows, and prevailed upon him to give up work for a time; but the active brain could not rest, and he wrote as he lay on his sick-bed. On the day before he died, Dec. 4, 1791, at two o'clock, he persisted in having a portion of the "Requiem" sung by the friends who stood about his bed, and, joining with them in the alto, burst into tears, saying, "Did I not say that I was writing the 'Requiem' for myself?" Soon after he said, "Constance, oh that I could only hear my 'Flauto Magico!'" and a friend playing it, he was cheered.

A messenger now arrived to tell him that he was appointed organist at St. Stephen's Cathedral, a position for which he had longed for years; but it came too late. Death was unwelcome to him. "Now must I go," he said, "just as I should be able to live in peace; I must leave my family, my poor children, at the very instant in which I should have been able to provide for their welfare." Cold applications were ordered by the physicians for his burning head; he became delirious for two hours, and died at midnight, only thirty-five years old. Constance was utterly prostrated, and threw herself upon his bed, hoping to die also.

Mozart's body was laid beside his piano, and then, in a pouring rain, buried in a "common grave," in the plainest manner possible, with nobody present except the keepers of the cemetery. Weeks after, when the wife visited the spot, she found a new grave-digger, who could not tell where her beloved husband was buried, and to this day the author of fourteen Italian operas, seventeen symphonies, and dozens of cantatas and serenades, about eight hundred compositions in all, sleeps in an unknown grave. The Emperor Leopold aided her in a concert to raise fifteen hundred dollars to pay her husband's debts, and provide a little for herself. Eighteen

years afterward she married the Danish councillor, Baron von Missen, who educated her two sons, four other children having died. Salzburg waited a half-century before she erected a bronze statue to her world-renowned genius, in the Square of St. Michael; and, seventy years after his death, Vienna built him a monument in the Cemetery of St. Mark. History scarcely furnishes a more pathetic life. He filled the world with music, yet died in want and sorrow.

CHAPTER IX
Dr. Samuel Johnson

In a quaint old house in Lichfield, England, now used as a draper's shop, Samuel Johnson, son of a poor bookseller and bookbinder, was born. Here, as in Westminster Abbey, a statue is erected to his memory. Near by is the schoolhouse where Addison and Garrick studied.

When Samuel was two and a half years old, diseased with scrofula, his good mother, with ten dollars sewed in her skirt so that nobody could steal it, took him to London that, with two hundred others, he might be touched by Queen Anne, and thus, as superstitious people believed, be healed. On this journey she bought him a silver cup and spoon. The latter he kept till his dying-day, and parted with the cup only in the dire poverty of later years.

The touch of the Queen did no good, for he became blind in one eye; with the other he could not see a friend half a yard off, and his face was sadly disfigured. Being prevented thus from sharing the sports of other boys, much time was spent in reading. He was first taught at a little school kept by Widow Oliver, who years after, when he was starting for Oxford, brought him a present of gingerbread, telling him he was the best scholar she ever had. After a time he studied Latin under a master who "whipped it into him." The foolish teacher would ask the boy the Latin word for candlestick, or some unexpected thing, and then whip him, saying, "This I do to save you from the gallows!"

Naturally indolent, Samuel had to struggle against this tendency. He had, however, the greatest ambition to excel, and to this he attributed his later success. He was also

inquisitive, and had a wonderful memory. When he wore short dresses, his mother gave him the Prayer-Book one day, and, pointing to the Collect, said, "You must get this by heart." She went up stairs, but no sooner had she reached the second floor than she heard him following. He could repeat it perfectly, having looked it over but twice. He left school at sixteen, spending two years at home in helping his parents, and studying earnestly. One day, his father, being ill, asked him to go to a neighboring town and take his place in selling books at a stall on market-day. He was proud, and did not go. Fifty years afterward, in his greatness, then an old man, he went to this stall, and, with uncovered head, remained for an hour in the rain where his father had formerly stood, exposed to the sneers of the bystanders and the inclemency of the weather. It showed the repentance of a noble soul for disobedience to a parent.

At nineteen, he entered Pembroke College, Oxford, where he acted as servant. He used to go daily to his friend Taylor, and get lectures second-hand, till his feet, showing through his worn-out shoes, were perceived by the students, and he ceased going. A rich young man secretly put a pair of new shoes at his door, which he indignantly threw out of the window. He was willing to work and earn, but would not receive charity. At the end of three years he became so poor that he was obliged to leave college, his father dying soon after.

After various experiences, he sought the position of usher at a school, but was refused because it was thought that the boys would make fun of his ugliness. He finally obtained such a place, was treated with great harshness, and left in a few months. Strange to say, the poor, lonely scholar, only twenty-six, now fell in love with a widow forty-eight years old. After obtaining his mother's consent, he married her, and the union proved a most happy one. With the little money his wife possessed, he started a school, and advertised for pupils; but

only three came, and the school soon closed. In despair he determined to try London, and see if an author could there earn his bread. In that great city he lived for some time on nine cents a day. One publisher to whom he applied suggested to him that the wisest course would be to become a porter and carry trunks.

A poem written at this time, entitled "London," for which he received fifty dollars, one line of which was in capital letters,

"SLOW RISES WORTH BY POVERTY DEPRESSED,"

attracted attention; and Pope, who was then at the height of his fame, asked Dublin University to give to the able scholar the degree of M.A., that he might thus be able to take the principalship of a school, and earn three hundred dollars a year; but this was refused. Out of such struggles come heroic souls.

When he was forty, he published the "Vanity of Human Wishes," receiving seventy-five dollars, asserted by many to be the most impressive thing of its kind in the language. The lines,

> "There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
> Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail,"

show his struggles. A drama soon after, played by the great actor, David Garrick, brought him nearly a thousand dollars; but the play itself was a failure. When asked by his friends how he felt about his ill success, he replied, "Like the monument," meaning that he continued firm and unmoved, like a column of granite. Fame was coming at last, after he had struggled in London for thirteen years—and what bitterness they had brought!

For two years he worked almost constantly on a paper called the "Rambler." When his wife said that, well as she had thought of him before, she had never considered him equal to

this, he was more pleased than with any praise he ever received. She died three days after the last copy was published, and Johnson was utterly prostrated. He buried himself in hard work in his garret, a most inconvenient room; but he said, "In that room I never saw Mrs. Johnson." Her wedding-ring was placed in a little box, and tenderly kept till his death.

Three years afterward, his great work, his Dictionary, appeared, for which he received eight thousand dollars; but, as he had been obliged to employ six assistants for seven years, he was still poor, but now famous. The Universities of Oxford and Dublin, when he no longer needed their assistance, hastened to bestow their degrees upon him. Even George III. invited him to the royal palace—a strange contrast to a few years before, when Samuel Johnson was under arrest for a debt of thirty dollars! When asked by Reynolds how he had obtained his accuracy and flow of language in conversation, he replied, "By trying to do my best on every occasion and in every company." About this time his aged mother died, and in the evenings of one week, to defray her funeral expenses, he wrote "Rasselas," and received five hundred dollars for it. He wrote in his last letter to her, "You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman, in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and of all that I have omitted to do well." His last great work was "The Lives of the Poets."

He received now a pension of fifteen hundred dollars a year, for his valuable services to literature, but never used more than four hundred dollars for himself. He took care of a blind woman of whom he said, "She was a friend to my poor wife, and was in the house when she died, she has remained in it ever since," of a mother and daughter dependent upon an old family physician, and of two men whom nobody else would care for. Once when he found a poor woman on the street late at night, he took her home, and kept her till she was restored to health. His pockets were always filled with

pennies for street Arabs; and, if he found poor children asleep on a threshold, he would slip money into their hands that, when they awakened, they might buy a breakfast. When a servant was dying who had been in the family for forty-three years, he prayed with her and kissed her, the tears falling down his cheeks. He wrote in his diary, "We kissed and parted—I humbly hope to meet again, and part no more." He held, rightly, that Christianity levels all distinctions of rank.

He was very tender to animals. Once, when in Wales, a gardener brought into the house a hare which had been caught in the potatoes, and was told to give it to the cook. Dr. Johnson asked to have it placed in his arms; then, taking it to the window, he let it go, shouting to it to run as fast as possible. He would buy oysters for his cat, Hodge, that the servants, from seeing his fondness for it, might be led to treat it kindly.

He died at the age of seventy-five, such men as Burke and Reynolds standing by his bedside. Of the latter, he begged that he would "read his Bible, and never paint on Sundays." His last words were to a young lady who had asked his blessing: "God bless you, my dear!" He was buried with appropriate honors in Westminster Abbey, and monuments are erected to him in St. Paul's Cathedral, and at Lichfield. The poor boy, nearly blind, became "the brightest ornament of the eighteenth century."

CHAPTER X
Oliver Goldsmith

On a low slab in a quiet spot, just north of the Church of Knight Templars, in London, are the simple words, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith." The author of the "Vicar of Wakefield" needs no grander monument; for he lives in the hearts of the people.

Oliver Goldsmith was born in Pallas, Ireland, in 1728, the son of a poor minister, who, by means of tilling some fields and assisting in a parish outside his own, earned two hundred dollars a year for his wife and seven children! When about six years old, Oliver nearly died of smallpox, and his pitted face made him an object of jest among the boys. At eight he showed great fondness for books, and began to write verses. His mother pleaded for a college education for him, but there seemed little prospect of it. One day, when a few were dancing at his uncle's house, the little boy sprang upon the floor and began to dance. The fiddler, to make fun of his short figure and homely face, exclaimed, "Æsop!" The boy, stung to the quick, replied:—

> "Heralds, proclaim aloud! all saying,
> 'See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing;'"

when, of course, the fiddler became much chagrined.

All his school life Oliver was painfully diffident, but a good scholar. His father finally earned a better salary, and the way seemed open for college, when, lo! his sister, who had the opportunity of marrying a rich man, was obliged—so thought the public opinion of the day—to have a marriage portion of $2,000, and poor Oliver's educational hopes were blasted. He

must now enter Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar (servant), wear a coarse black gown without sleeves, a red cap—the badge of servitude—sweep the courts, carry dishes, and be treated with contempt, which nearly crushed his sensitive nature.

A year and a half later his father died, and his scanty means ceased from that source. To keep from starving he wrote ballads, selling them to street musicians at $1.25 apiece, and stole out at night to hear them sung. Often he shared this pittance with some one more wretched than himself. One cold night he gave his blankets to a person with five children, and crawled into the ticking of his bed for warmth. When a kind friend, who often brought him food, came in the morning, he was obliged to break in the door, as Goldsmith could not extricate himself from his bed.

Obtaining a small scholarship, he gave a little party in his room in honor of the event. A savage tutor appeared in the midst of the festivities, and knocked him down. So incensed was Goldsmith that he ran away from college, and with twenty-five cents in his pocket started for Cork. For three days he lived on eight cents a day, and, by degrees, parted with nearly all his clothes for food.

Though wholly unfitted for the ministry, Goldsmith was urged by his relatives to enter the church, because he would then have a living. Too young to be accepted, he remained at home for two years, assisting his brother Henry in the village school; and then offering himself as a candidate, was refused, it was said, because he appeared before the right reverend in scarlet trousers! After being tutor for a year, his uncle gave him $250, that he might go to Dublin and study law. On arriving, he met an old friend, lost all his money in playing cards with him, and, ashamed and penniless, returned and begged the forgiveness of his relative.

A little more money was given him, and with this he studied medicine in Edinburgh for over a year, earning later

some money by teaching. Afterward he travelled in Italy and France, begging his way by singing or playing on his flute at the doors of the peasants, returning to England at twenty-eight years of age without a cent in his pocket. Living among the beggars in Axe Lane, he asked to spread plasters, or pound in the mortars of the apothecaries, till, finally, a chemist hired him out of pity. Through the aid of a fellow-student, he finally opened a doctor's office, but few came to a stranger, and these usually so poor as to be unable to pay.

Attending one day upon a workman, he held his hat close to his breast, so as to cover a big patch in his second-hand clothes, while he felt the patient's pulse. Half guessing the young doctor's poverty, the sick man told him about his master, the author of the famous old novel, "Clarissa Harlowe," and how he had befriended writers. Goldsmith at once applied for work, and became press corrector in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street.

Later he was employed as a reviewer on a magazine. Being obliged to submit all his reviews to an illiterate bookseller and his wife, the engagement soon came to an end. He lived now in a garret, was dunned even for his milk-bill, wrote a book for a college friend, under whose name it was published, and began a work of his own, "Polite Learning in Europe," writing to a wealthy relative for aid to publish, which letter was never answered, though it was greatly regretted after Goldsmith became famous.

With no hope in London, he was promised a position in the East Indies. Life began to look bright, though his Fleet Street garret, with one chair, was surrounded by swarms of children and dirt. The promise was not kept, and he applied for the position of hospital mate. His clothes being too poor for him to be seen on the streets, he pledged the money to be received for four articles, bought a new suit, went up to the court of examiners, and was rejected! Had any of these positions been obtained, the world, doubtless, would never have

known the genius of Oliver Goldsmith.

He went back to his garret to write, pawned his clothes to pay the landlady, who was herself to be turned out of the wretched lodgings, sold his "Life of Voltaire" for twenty dollars, and published his "Polite Learning in Europe," anonymously. The critics attacked it, and Goldsmith's day of fame had dawned at last. "The Citizen of the World," a good-natured satire on society, next appeared, and was a success. Dr. Johnson became his friend, and made him a member of his club with Reynolds, Burke, and other noted men. The "Traveller" was next published, with an immense sale. Goldsmith now moved into the buildings which bear his name, near Temple Church, and, for once, had flowers and green grass to look out upon.

He was still poor, doubtless spending what money he received with little wisdom. His landlady arrested him for room-rent, upon hearing which, Dr. Johnson came at once to see him, gave him money, took from his desk the manuscript of the "Vicar of Wakefield," and sold it to a publisher for three hundred dollars. This was the fruit of much labor, and the world received it cordially. Some of his essays were now reprinted sixteen times. What a change from the Fleet Street garret!

The "Deserted Village" was published five years later, Goldsmith having spent two whole years in reviewing it after it was written, so careful was he that every word should be the best that could be chosen. This was translated at once into German by Goethe, who was also a great admirer of the "Vicar of Wakefield." He also wrote an English History, a Roman, a Grecian, several dramas, of which "She Stoops to Conquer" was the most popular, and eight volumes of the "History of the Earth and Animated Nature," for which he received five hundred dollars a volume, leaving this unfinished.

Still in debt, overworked, laboring sometimes far into the

morning hours, not leaving his desk for weeks together, even for exercise, Goldsmith died at forty-five, broken with the struggle of life, but with undying fame. When he was buried, one April day, 1774, Brick Court and the stairs of the building were filled with the poor and the forsaken whom he had befriended. His monument is in the Poets' Corner at Westminster Abbey, the greatest honor England could offer. True, she let him nearly starve, but she crowned him at the last. He conquered the world by hard work, kindness, and a gentleness as beautiful as his genius was great.

CHAPTER XI
Michael Faraday

In the heart of busy London, over a stable, lived James and Margaret Faraday, with their four little children. The father was a blacksmith, in feeble health, unable to work for a whole day at a time, a kind, good man to his household; the mother, like himself, was uneducated, but neat and industrious, and devoted to her family. The children learned the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic at school, and then, of course, were obliged to earn their living.

Michael, the third child, born 1791, became, at thirteen years of age, an errand-boy in a bookseller's shop. His first duty was to carry newspapers in the morning to customers, who read them for an hour or two for a trifle, a penny probably, and then gave them to the newsboy to be re-loaned. Often on Sunday morning the patrons would say, "You must call again," forgetting that the next place might be a mile away, and that the young boy was quite as desirous as they, to go to church with his parents. Years after this, when he had become famous the world over, he said, "I always feel a tenderness for those boys, because I once carried newspapers myself."

The following year, 1805, he was apprenticed to a bookseller for seven years, to learn the trade of binding and selling books. Here was hard work before him till he was twenty-one; not a cheerful prospect for one who loved play as well as other boys. Whenever he had a spare moment, he was looking inside the books he was binding. Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations in Chemistry" delighted him; and when he was given the "Encyclopedia Britannica" to bind, the article on

Electricity seemed a treasure-house of wonders. He soon made an electrical machine—not an expensive one—simply a glass vial, and other apparatus of a similar kind; and afterwards with a real cylinder. These cost only a few pence a week, but they gave a vast amount of pleasure to the blacksmith's son.

One day he saw in a shop-window a notice that a Mr. Tatum was to give at his own house some lectures on Natural Philosophy. The charge for each was twenty-five cents. No bookseller's apprentice would have such an amount of money to spend weekly as that. However, his brother Robert, three years older, himself a blacksmith, with some pride, perhaps, that Michael was interested in such weighty matters, furnished the money, and a lodger at the home of the bookseller taught him drawing, so that he might be able, in taking notes, to illustrate the experiments. He attended the lectures, wrote them out carefully in a clear hand, bound them in four volumes, and dedicated them to his employer.

A customer at the shop had become interested in a boy who cared so much for science, and took him to hear four lectures given by Sir Humphry Davy at the Royal Institution. This was an unexpected pleasure. He was beginning to sigh for something beyond book-binding. "Oh, if I could only help in some scientific work, no matter how humble!" he thought to himself. He says in his journal, "In my ignorance of the world, and simplicity of my mind, I wrote to Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society." No answer was ever returned to the request for a situation. Could the president have realized that some day ten thousand people would know the name of Michael Faraday where one knew the name of Sir Joseph Banks, probably he would have answered the boy's letter. Blessings on the great man or woman who takes time, however briefly, to answer every letter received! Such a man was Garfield, and such is Whittier. A civil question demands a civil answer, whether the person addressed be king or

peasant.

About the time his apprenticeship ended, in 1812, he summoned courage to write directly to the great Sir Humphry Davy, sending the full notes he had made at that gentleman's lectures. Sir Humphry, possibly remembering that he, too, had been a poor boy, the son of a widowed milliner, wrote a polite note, saying, that "Science was a harsh mistress, and, in a pecuniary point of view, but poorly rewarding those who devoted themselves to her service;" that he was going out of town, but would see if he could some time aid him.

Meantime Michael was making crude galvanic experiments. He bought some malleable zinc, cut out seven plates, each the size of a half-penny, covered these with the copper half-pennies, placing between them six pieces of paper soaked in a solution of muriate of soda, and with this simple battery, decomposed sulphate of magnesia. So pleased was he that he wrote a letter to one of his boy friends, telling of the experiment, and adding, "Time is all I require. Oh, that I could purchase at a cheap rate some of our modern gent's spare hours, nay, days! I think it would be a good bargain, both for them and for me." The youth had learned the first secret of success—not to waste time; not to throw it away on useless persons or useless subjects.

He had learned another secret, that of choosing right companions. To this same young friend, Abbott, he wrote, "A companion cannot be a good one, unless he is morally so. I have met a good companion in the lowest path of life, and I have found such as I despised in a rank far superior to mine… I keep regular hours, and enter not intentionally into pleasures productive of evil." London's highest circles possessed no purer spirit than this young mechanic.

Faraday now began work at his trade of book-binding for a Frenchman in London, who, having no children, promised him the business, if he would remain with him always; but the employer's temper was so hasty that the position became

almost unbearable. The young man was growing depressed in spirits, when one night, just as he was preparing for bed, a loud knock on the door startled him. On looking out of the window, he espied a grand carriage, with a footman in livery, who left a note. This was a request from Sir Humphry Davy to see him in the morning. Was there, then, the possibility of a place in the Royal Institution? Between conflicting hopes and fears, he went to sleep, and in the morning hastened to see the great chemist. The result was an engagement at six dollars a week, with two rooms at the top of the house! He was to clean the instruments, move them to and from the lecture-room, and in all ways to make himself useful. Now he could say good-by to book-binding; and, though six dollars a week was not a munificent sum, yet he could actually handle beautiful instruments—not copper half-pence and bits of zinc—and could listen to stimulating lectures.

And now work began in earnest. He joined the City Philosophical Society, an association of thirty or forty persons in moderate circumstances, who met each Wednesday evening, one of their number giving a lecture. Then a half dozen friends came together once a week to read, criticise, and correct each other in pronunciation and conversation. How eagerly would such a young man have attended college! There was no opportunity to hear polished talk in elegant drawing-rooms, no chance to improve manners in so-called "best society." He did what is in the power of everybody—he educated himself. Did he not need recreation after the hard day's work? Every person has to make his choice. Amusements do not make scholars: pleasure and knowledge do not go hand in hand. Faraday chose the topmost story of the Royal Institution, and books for companions, and immortal fame was the result.

The experiments with Davy soon became absorbing, and often dangerous. Now they extracted sugar from beet-root; now they treated chloride of nitrogen, wearing masks of glass

upon their faces, which, notwithstanding, were sometimes badly cut by the explosions. Seven months after this, Sir Humphry decided to travel upon the Continent, and asked Faraday to be his amanuensis. This was a rare opportunity for the young assistant. For a year and a half they visited France, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany, climbing Vesuvius, enjoying art-galleries, and meeting the learned and famous of the age. The journey had its disagreeable side; for Faraday was made more or less a servant by Davy and his sometimes inconsiderate wife; but it had great and lasting advantages for one who had never been but twelve miles from London.

His heart turned longingly back to the poor ones he had left behind. He wrote to his mother, "The first and last thing in my mind is England, home, and friends. When sick, when cold, when tired, the thoughts of those at home are a warm and refreshing balm to my heart… These are the first and greatest sweetness in the life of man… I am almost contented except with my ignorance, which becomes more visible to me every day." And again, "I have several times been more than half decided to return hastily home: I am only restrained by the wish of improvement." To his sister he wrote, "Give my love with a kiss to mother, the first thing you do on reading this letter, and tell her how much I think of her." To Abbott he wrote something intended for his eyes only, but headed, "I do not wish that my mother should remain ignorant of it. I have no secrets from her." His heart bounded with joy at the prospect of meeting them again, and "enjoying the pleasure of their conversation, from which he had been excluded." No absorption in science could make him outgrow his parents and his humble home.

On his return to England his salary was increased to $500 yearly, and he was promoted to Laboratory Assistant. He was now twenty-four. He had noted carefully Davy's researches in iodine and chlorine, had seen him develop his safety-lamp, which has proved an untold blessing to miners, had made

many experiments from his own thinking; and now he too was to give his first course of six lectures before his friends in the City Philosophical Society, on Chemical Affinity, and kindred topics. He wrote them out with great care; for whatever he did was well done. This year he published his first paper in the "Quarterly Journal of Science" on caustic lime. Encouraged by the approving words of Sir Humphry, the following year he wrote six papers for the "Quarterly," giving his experiments with gases and minerals, and gave another course of lectures before the Philosophical Society. To improve himself in delivering these, he attended lectures on oratory, taking copious notes.

Seven years had now gone by in his apprenticeship to Science. He had published thirty-seven papers in the "Quarterly," had a book ready for the press, on the alloys of steel, and had read a paper before the Royal Society itself, on two new compounds of chlorine and carbon, and a new compound of iodine, carbon, and hydrogen. But the young and now brilliant student had other weighty matters in hand. Five years before this, he had written in his diary:

> "What is't that comes in false, deceitful guise,
> Making dull fools of those that 'fore were wise?
> 'Tis love.
>
> What's that the wise man always strives to shun,
> Though still it ever o'er the world has run?
> 'Tis love."

But now, whether he tried to shun it or no, he became thoroughly in love with Sarah Barnard, an intelligent and sweet-tempered girl, the daughter of a silversmith. Distracted by fears lest he might not win her, he wrote her. "In whatever way I can best minister to your happiness, either by assiduity or by absence, it shall be done. Do not injure me by withdrawing your friendship, or punish me for aiming to be more

than a friend by making me less."

The girl showed this to her father, who replied that love made philosophers say very foolish things. She hesitated about accepting him, and went away to the seaside to consider it; but the ardent lover followed, determined to learn the worst if need be. They walked on the cliffs overhanging the ocean, and Faraday wrote in his journal as the day drew near its close, "My thoughts saddened and fell, from the fear I should never enjoy such happiness again. I could not master my feelings, or prevent them from sinking, and I actually at last shamed myself by moist eyes." He blamed himself because he did not know "the best means to secure the heart he wished to gain." He knew how to fathom the depths of chemical combinations, but he could not fathom the depths of Sarah Barnard's heart.

At last the hour of her decision came; and both were made supremely happy by it. A week later he wrote her, "Every moment offers me fresh proof of the power you have over me. I could not at one time have thought it possible that I, that any man, could have been under the dominion of feelings so undivided and so intense: now I think that no other man can have felt or feel as I do." A year later they were married very quietly, he desiring their wedding day to be "just like any other day." Twenty-eight years later he wrote among the important dates and discoveries of his life, "June 12, 1821, he married—an event which, more than any other, contributed to his earthly happiness and healthful state of mind. The union has nowise changed, except in the depth and strength of its character."

For forty-seven years "his dear Sarah" made life a joy to him. He rarely left home; but if so, as at the great gathering of British Scientists at Birmingham, he wrote back, "After all, there is no pleasure like the tranquil pleasure of home; and here, even here, the moment I leave the table, I wish I were with you IN QUIET. Oh, what happiness is ours! My runs

into the world in this way only serve to make me esteem that happiness the more."

And now came twenty years in science that made Faraday the wonder and ornament of his age. Elected an F.R.S., he began at once twelve lectures in Chemical Manipulation before the London Institution, six on Chemical Philosophy before the Royal Society, published six papers on electro-magnetism, and began a course of juvenile lectures which continued for nineteen years. This was one of the beautiful things of Faraday's life—a great man living in a whirl of work, yet taking time to make science plain to the young. When asked at what age he would teach science, he replied that he had never found a child too young to understand him. For twenty years he lectured at the Royal Academy at Woolwich, became scientific adviser to the government with regard to lighthouses and buoys, not for gain, but for the public good, drew all London to his eloquent lectures with his brilliant experiments, Prince Albert attending with his sons; and published one hundred and fifty-eight scientific essays and thirty series of "Experimental Researches in Electricity," which latter, says Dr. Gladstone, "form one of the most marvellous monuments of intellectual work; one of the rarest treasure-houses of newly-discovered knowledge, with which the world has ever been enriched."

He not only gathered into his vast brain what other men had learned of science, but he tested every step to prove the facts, and became, says Professor Tyndall, "the greatest experimental philosopher the world has ever seen." He loved science as he loved his family and his God, and played with Nature as with a petted child. When he lectured, "there was a gleaming in his eyes which no painter could copy, and which no poet could describe. His audience took fire with him, and every face was flushed."

In his earlier discoveries in compressing gases into liquids, he obtained from one thousand cubic feet of coal gas one

gallon of fluid from which he distilled benzine. In 1845 the chemist Hofman found this same substance in coal-tar, from which come our beautiful aniline dyes.

After eighteen years of studying the wonderful results of Galvani's discovery at the University of Bologna, that the legs of a dead frog contract under the electric current; and of Volta, in 1799, with his voltaic pile of copper, zinc, and leather, in salt-water; and of Christian Oersted at the University of Copenhagen; and Ampère and Arago, that electricity will produce magnets, Faraday made the great discovery of magneto-electricity—that magnets will produce electricity. At once magneto-electric machines were made for generating electricity for the electric light, electro-plating, etc. This discovery, says Professor Tyndall, "is the greatest experimental result ever attained by an investigator, the Mont Blanc of Faraday's achievements."

Soon after he made another great discovery, that of electric induction, or that one electric current will induce another current in an adjoining wire. Others had suspected this, but had sought in vain to prove it. The Bell telephone, which Sir William Thompson calls "the wonder of wonders," depends upon this principle. Here no battery is required; for the vibration of a thin iron plate is made to generate the currents. After this, Faraday proved that the various kinds of electricity are identical; and that the electricity of the Voltaic pile is produced by chemical action, and not by contact of metals, as Volta had supposed. The world meantime had showered honors upon the great scientist. Great Britain had made him her idol. The Cambridge Philosophical Society, the Institution of Civil Engineers, of British Architects, of Philosophy and of Medicine, and the leading associations of Scotland had made him an honorary member. Paris had elected him corresponding member of all her great societies. St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Berlin, Palermo, Modena, Lisbon, Heidelberg, Frankfort, and our own Boston and

Philadelphia had sent tokens of admiration. Eminent men from all the world came to see him.

How proud his mother must have felt at this wonderful success! She was not able to enter into her son's pursuits from lack of early education; but she talked much about him, calling him ever, "my Michael"; and would do nothing whatever without his advice. He supported her in her declining years; and she seemed perfectly happy. His father had died in his boyhood; but Faraday ever honored his occupation. He used to say, "I love a smith-shop, and anything relating to smithing. My father was a blacksmith."

He was now forty-nine. The overtaxed brain refused to work longer. Memory was losing her grasp, and but for the sweet and careful presence of Sarah Faraday, the life-work would doubtless have been finished at this time. She took him to Switzerland, where he walked beside the lakes and over the mountains with "my companion, dear wife, and partner in all things." For four years he made scarcely any experiments in original research, and then the tired brain seemed to regain its wonted power, and go on to other discoveries.

An Italian philosopher, Morichini, was the first to announce the magnetizing power of the solar rays. Mrs. Somerville covered one-half of a sewing-needle with paper, and exposed the other half to the violet rays. In two hours the exposed end had acquired magnetism. Faraday, by long and difficult experiments, showed the converse of this: he magnetized a ray of light—an experiment "high, beautiful, and alone," says Mr. Tyndall. He also showed the magnetic condition of all matter.

He was always at work. He entered the laboratory in the morning, and often worked till eleven at night, hardly stopping for his meals. He seldom went into society, for time was too precious. If he needed a change, he read aloud Shakespeare, Byron, or Macaulay to his wife in the evening, or corresponded with Herschel, Humboldt, and other great

men. In the midst of exhausting labors he often preached on the Sabbath, believing more earnestly in the word of God the more he studied science.

When he was sixty-four the great brain began to show signs of decline. Belgium, Munich, Vienna, Madrid, Rome, Naples, Turin, Rotterdam, Upsala, Lombardy, and Moscow had sent him medals, or made him a member of their famous societies. Napoleon III. made him commander of the Legion of Honor, a rare title; and the French exhibition awarded him the grand medal of honor. The Queen asked him to dine with her at Windsor Castle, and, at the request of Prince Albert her husband, she presented him with a lovely home at Hampton Court.

At seventy-one he wrote to Mrs. Faraday from Glasgow, "My head is full, and my heart also; but my recollection rapidly fails. You will have to resume your old function of being a pillow to my mind, and a rest—a happy-making wife." Still he continued to make able reports to the government on lighthouses, electric machines, steam-engines, and the like.

And then for two years the memory grew weaker, the body feebler, and he was, as he told a friend, "just waiting." He died in his chair in his study, August 25th, 1867, and was buried in Highgate Cemetery. Westminster Abbey would have opened her doors to him, but he requested to be buried "in the simplest earthly place, with a gravestone of the most ordinary kind." On a plain marble slab in the midst of clustering ivy are his name and the dates of his birth and death. One feels a strange tenderness of heart as he stands beside this sacred spot where rests one, who, though elected to seventy societies, and offered nearly one hundred titles and tokens of honor, said he "would remain plain Michael Faraday to the last."

Wonderful man! great in mind, noble in heart, and gentle in manner, having brought a strong nature under the most complete discipline. His energy, his devotion to a single

object, his untiring work, and his beautiful character carried the blacksmith's son to the highest success.

CHAPTER XII
Sir Henry Bessemer

A little way from London, England, at Denmark Hill, looking toward the Crystal Palace, is a mansion which is fit for royalty. The grounds, covering from thirty to forty acres, are beautifully terraced, dotted here and there with lakelets, fountains, and artificial caverns, while the great clumps of red rhododendron, yellow laburnum, pink hawthorne, and white laurel make an exquisitely colored picture. The home itself is spacious and inviting, with its elegant conservatory and rare works of art. The owner of this house, Sir Henry Bessemer, is cordial and gracious; and from his genial face and manner, no one would imagine that his life had been one long struggle with obstacles.

Born in Charlton, a little county town in Hertfordshire, Jan. 19, 1813, he received the rudiments of an education like other boys in the neighborhood. His father, Anthony Bessemer, an inventor, seeing that his son was inclined to mechanics, bought him, in London, a five-inch foot-lathe, and a book which described the art of turning. Day after day, in the quiet of his country home, he studied and practised turning, and modelling in clay.

At eighteen years of age he went to London, "knowing no one," he says, "and myself unknown—a mere cipher in a vast sea of human enterprise." He soon found a place to work as modeller and designer, engraving a large number of original designs on steel, with a diamond point, for patent-medicine labels. A year later he exhibited one of his models at the Royal Academy. His inventive brain and observing eye were always alert in some new direction. Having ascertained that the

Government lost thousands of pounds annually by the transfer of adhesive stamps from old deeds to new ones, he determined to devise a stamp which could not be used twice.

For several months he worked earnestly, at night after his daily tasks were over, and in secret, thinking how richly the Government would reward him if he succeeded. At last he produced a die of unique design, which perforated a parchment deed with four hundred little holes. He hastened to the Stamp officials to show his work. They were greatly pleased, and asked him which he preferred for his reward, a sum of money, or the position of Superintendent of Stamps, with a salary of three or four thousand dollars a year. He delightedly chose the latter, as that would make him comfortable for life. There was another reason for his delight; for being engaged to be married, he would have no solicitude now about daily needs: life would flow on as smoothly as a river.

At once he visited the young lady, and told her of his great success. She listened eagerly, and then said, "Yes, I understand this; but surely, if all stamps had a *date* put upon them, they could not at a future time be used without detection." His spirits fell. He confessed afterward that, "while he felt pleased and proud of the clever and simple suggestion of the young lady, he saw also that all his more elaborate system, the result of months of toil, was shattered to pieces by it." What need for four hundred holes in a die, when a single date was more effective? He soon worked out a die with movable dates, and with frankness and honor presented it before the Government officials. They saw its preferableness: the new plan was adopted by Act of Parliament; the old stamps were called in and new ones issued; and then the young inventor was informed that his services as Superintendent of Stamps, at three thousand dollars a year, were not needed.

But surely the Government, which was to save a half million dollars a year, would repay him for his months of labor and thought! Associations, like individuals, are very apt to

forget favors, when once the desired end is attained. The Premier had resigned; and, after various promises and excuses, a lawyer in the Stamp Office informed him that he made the new stamp of his own free will, and there was no money to be given him. "Sad and dispirited, and with a burning sense of injustice overpowering all other feelings," says young Bessemer, "I went my way from the Stamp Office, too proud to ask as a favor that which was indubitably my right."

Alas! that he must learn thus early the selfishness of the world! But he took courage; for, had he not made one real invention? and it must be in his power to make others. When he was twenty-five he produced a type-casting machine; but so opposed was it by the compositors, that it was finally abandoned. He also invented a machine for making figured Utrecht velvet; and some of his productions were used in the state apartments of Windsor Castle.

A little later his attention was accidentally called to bronze powder, he having bought a small portion to ornament his sister's album. The powder, made in Germany, cost only twenty-two cents a pound in the raw material, and sold for twenty-two dollars. Here was a wonderful profit. Why could he not discover the process of making it? He worked for eighteen months, trying all sorts of experiments, and failed. But failure to a great mind never really means failure; so, after six months, he tried again, and—succeeded. He knew little about patents, had been recently defrauded by the Government; and he determined that this discovery should be kept a secret. He made a small apparatus, and worked it himself, sending out a travelling-man with the product. That which cost him less than one dollar was sold for eighteen. A fortune seemed now really within his grasp.

A friend, assured of his success, put fifty thousand dollars into the business. Immediately Bessemer made plans of all the machinery required, sent various parts to as many different establishments, lest his secret be found out, and then put the

pieces of his self-acting machines together. Five assistants were engaged at high wages, under pledge of secrecy. At first he made one thousand per cent profit; and now, in these later years, the profit is three hundred per cent. Three of the assistants have died; and Mr. Bessemer has turned over the business and the factory to the other two. The secret of making the bronze powder has never been told. Even Mr. Bessemer's oldest son had reached manhood before he ever entered the locked room where it was made.

For ten years the inventor now turned his attention to the construction of railway carriages, centrifugal pumps, etc. His busy brain could not rest. When frequent explosions in coal-mines occasioned discussion throughout the country, he made, at large expense, a working model for ventilating mines, and offered to explain it to a committee of the House of Commons. His offer was declined with thanks. A little investigation on the part of great statesmen would have been scarcely out of place.

At the great exhibition in London in 1851, he exhibited several machines—one for grinding and polishing plate glass, and another for draining, in an hour, an acre of land covered with water a foot deep. The crowd looked at them, called the inventor "the ingenious Mr. Bessemer," and passed on. Two years later he made some improvements in war implements, and submitted his plans to the Woolwich Arsenal; but they were declined, without thanks even. Some other men might have become discouraged; but Mr. Bessemer knew that obstacles only strengthen and develop men.

The improved ordnance having been brought to the knowledge of Napoleon III., he encouraged the inventor, and furnished the money to carry forward the experiments. While the guns were being tested at Vincennes, an officer remarked, "If you cannot get stronger metal for your guns, such heavy projectiles will be of little use." And then Mr. Bessemer began to ask himself if he could not improve iron. But he had never

studied metallurgy. This, however, did not deter him; for he immediately obtained the best books on the subject, and visited the iron-making districts. Then he bought an old factory at Baxter House, where Richard Baxter used to live, and began to experiment for himself. After a whole year of labor he succeeded in greatly improving cast-iron, making it almost as white as steel.

Could he not improve steel also? For eighteen months he built and pulled down one furnace after another, at great expense. At last "the idea struck him," he says, of making cast-iron malleable by forcing air into the metal when in a fluid state, cast-iron being a combination of iron and carbon. When oxygen is forced in, it unites with the carbon, and thus the iron is left nearly pure. The experiment was tried at the factory, in the midst of much trepidation, as the union of the compressed air and the melted iron produced an eruption like a volcano; but when the combustion was over, the result was steel.

Astonished and delighted, after two years and a half of labor, Bessemer at once took out a patent; and the following week, by request, Aug. 11, 1856, read a paper before the British Association, on "The manufacture of malleable iron and steel without fuel." There was great ridicule made beforehand. Said one leading steel-maker to another. "I want you to go with me this morning. There is a fellow who has come down from London to read a paper on making steel from cast-iron without fuel! Ha! ha! ha!"

The paper was published in the "Times," and created a great sensation. Crowds hastened to Baxter House to see the wonderful process. In three weeks Mr. Bessemer had sold one hundred thousand dollars worth of licenses to make steel by the new and rapid method. Fame, as well as great wealth, seemed now assured, when lo! in two months, it being found that only certain kinds of iron could be worked, the newspapers began to ridicule the new invention, and scientists and

business men declared the method visionary, and worse than useless.

Mr. Bessemer collected a full portfolio of these scathing criticisms; but he was not the man to be disconcerted or cast down. Again he began the labor of experimenting, and found that phosphorus in the iron was the real cause of the failure. For three long years he pursued his investigations. His best friends tried to make him desist from what the world had proved to be an impracticable thing. Sometimes he almost distrusted himself, and thought he would give up trying, and then the old desire came back more strongly than ever. At last, success was really assured, but nobody would believe it. Every one said, "Oh, this is the thing which made such a blaze two or three years ago, and which was a failure."

Mr. Bessemer took several hundredweight of the new steel to some Manchester friends, that their workmen might try it, without knowing from whence it came. They detected no difference between this which cost thirty dollars a ton, and what they were then using at three hundred dollars a ton.

But nobody wanted to buy the new steel. Two years went by in this fruitless urging for somebody to take up the manufacture of the new metal. Finally, Bessemer induced a friend to unite with him, and they erected works, and began to make steel. At first the dealers would buy only twenty or thirty pounds; then the demand steadily increased. At last the large manufacturers awoke to the fact that Bessemer was underselling them by one hundred dollars a ton, and they hastened to pay a royalty for making steel by the new process.

But all obstacles were not yet overcome. The Government refused to make steel guns; the shipbuilders were afraid to touch it; and when the engineer of the London and Northwestern Railway was asked to use steel rails, he exclaimed, excitedly, "Mr. Bessemer, do you wish to see me tried for manslaughter?" Now, steel rails are used the world over, at the same cost as iron formerly, and are said to last twenty

times as long as iron rails.

Prejudice at last wore away, and in 1866, the "Bessemer process," the conversion of crude iron into steel by forcing cold air through it for fifteen or twenty minutes, was bringing to its inventor an income of five hundred thousand dollars a year! Fame had now come, as well as wealth. In 1874, he was made President of the Iron and Steel Institute, to succeed the Duke of Devonshire. The Institute of Civil Engineers gave him the Telford Gold Medal; the Society of Arts, the Albert Gold Medal. Sweden made him honorary member of her Iron Board; Hamburg gave him the freedom of the city; and the Emperor of Austria conferred upon him the honor of Knight Commander of the Order of Francis Joseph, sending a complimentary letter in connection with the jewelled cross and circular collar of the order. Napoleon III. wished to give him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, but the English Government would not permit him to wear it; the Emperor therefore presented him in person with a gold medal weighing twelve ounces. Berlin and the King of Wurtemburg sent him gold medals. In 1879 he was made Fellow of the Royal Society, and the same year was knighted by Queen Victoria. In 1880 the freedom of the city of London was presented to him in a gold casket; the only other great discoverers who have received this distinction being Dr. Jenner, who introduced vaccination, and Sir Rowland Hill, the author of penny postage. In the United States, which gives no ribbons or decorations, Indiana has appropriately named a flourishing town after him.

It is estimated that Sir Henry Bessemer's one discovery of making steel has saved the world, in the last twenty-one years, above five thousand million dollars.

When his patent expired in 1870, he had received in royalties over five million dollars. In his steel works at Sheffield, after buying in all the licenses sold in 1856, when the new process seemed a failure, the profits every two

months equalled the original capital, or in fourteen years the company increased the original capital eighty-one times by the profits.

How wise it proved that the country lad did not obtain the permanent position of superintendent of stamps, at three thousand dollars a year!

Rich beyond his highest hopes, the friend of such eminent and progressive men as the King of the Belgians, who visits Denmark Hill, Sir Henry has not ceased his inventions. Knowing the terrors of sea-sickness, he designed a great swinging saloon, seventy feet by thirty, in the midst of a sea-going vessel named the "Bessemer." The experiment cost one hundred thousand dollars, but has not yet proved successful. In 1877, when sixty-four years old, he began to devote himself to the study of Herschel's works on optics, and has since constructed an immense and novel telescope, which magnifies five thousand times. The instrument is placed in a comfortable observatory, so that the investigator can either sit or stand while making his observations. "The observing room, with its floor, windows, and dome, revolve and keep pace automatically with every motion of the telescope." This is accomplished by hydraulic power.

No wonder that Bessemer has been called the "great captain of modern civilization." He has revolutionized one of the most important of the world's industries; he has fought obstacles at every step—poverty, the ridicule of the press, the indifference of his countrymen, and the cupidity of men who would steal his inventions or appropriate the results. He has earned leisure, but he rarely takes it. His has been a life of labor, prosecuted with indomitable will and energy. He has taken out one hundred and twenty patents, for which the specifications and drawings fill seven large volumes, all made by himself. The world had at last come to know and honor the boy who came to London at the age of eighteen, "a mere cipher in a vast sea of human enterprise." He made his way to

greatness unaided, save by his helpful wife.

Sir Henry died on the fifteenth of March, 1898, leaving an immense fortune, which, nevertheless, was not inordinate when compared with the services rendered by him to mankind; and a stainless name. The unfair treatment which had embittered his earlier days had been atoned for by the Queen granting him a title in recognition of his invention accepted by the Post-Office, and he had come to be regarded as one of the greatest benefactors of modern times. Such a life, crowned with such a success, is calculated to be a mighty inspiration to every ambitious youth.

CHAPTER XIII
Sir Titus Salt

I spent a day, with great interest, in visiting the worsted mills and warehouses at Saltaire, just out from Bradford, England, which cover about ten acres. The history of the proprietor, Sir Titus Salt, reads like a romance. A poor boy, the son of a plain Yorkshire man, at nineteen in a loose blouse he was sorting and washing wool; a little later, a good salesman, a faithful Christian worker and the superintendent of a Sunday school.

At thirty-three, happening to be in Liverpool, he observed on the docks some huge pieces of dirty-looking alpaca wool. They had long lain in the warehouses, and becoming a nuisance to the owners, were soon to be reshipped to Peru. Young Salt took away a handful of the wool in his handkerchief, scoured and combed it, and was amazed at its attractive appearance. His father and friends advised him strongly to have nothing to do with the dirty stuff, as he could sell it to no one; and if he attempted to make cloth from it himself, he ran a great risk of failure. Finally he said, "I am going into this alpaca affair right and left, and I'll either make myself a man or a mouse."

Returning to Liverpool, he bought the whole three hundred bales for a small sum, and toiled diligently till proper machinery was made for the new material. The result was a great success. In three years over two million pounds of alpaca wool were imported, and now four million pounds are brought to Bradford alone. Employment was soon furnished to thousands, laborers coming from all over Great Britain and Germany. Ten years later Mr. Salt was made mayor of

Bradford; ten years after this a member of Parliament, and ten years later still a baronet by Queen Victoria—a great change from the boy in his soiled coarse blouse, but he deserved it all. He was a remarkable man in many ways. Even when worth his millions, and giving lavishly on every hand, he would save blank leaves and scraps of paper for writing, and lay them aside for future use. He was an early riser, always at the works before the engines were started. It used to be said of him, "Titus Salt makes a thousand pounds before others are out of bed." He was punctual to the minute, most exact, and unostentatious. After he was knighted, it was no uncommon thing for him to take a poor woman and her baby in the carriage beside him, or a tired workman, or scatter hundreds of tracts in a village where he happened to be. Once a gypsy, not knowing who he was, asked him to buy a broom. To her astonishment, he bought all she was carrying!

The best of his acts, one which he had thought out carefully, as he said, "to do good to his fellow-men," was the building of Saltaire for his four thousand workmen. When asked once what he had been reading of late, he replied. "Alpaca. If you had four or five thousand people to provide for every day, you would not have much time left for reading." Saltaire is a beautiful place on the banks of the river Aire, clean and restful. In the centre of the town stands the great six-story mill, well-ventilated, lighted, and warmed, five hundred and forty-five feet long, of light-colored stone, costing over a half million dollars. The four engines of eighteen hundred horse-power consume fifteen thousand tons of coal per year. The weaving shed, covering two acres, holds twelve hundred looms, which make eighteen miles of fabric per day.

The homes of the work-people are an honor to the capitalist. They are of light stone, like the mill, two stories high, each containing parlor, kitchen, pantry, and three bedrooms or more, well ventilated and tasteful. Flower beds are in every front yard, with a vegetable garden in the rear. No broken

carts or rubbish are to be seen. Not satisfied to make Saltaire simply healthful, by proper sanitary measures, and beautiful, for which Napoleon III. made him one of the Legion of Honor, Mr. Salt provided school buildings at a cost of $200,000, a Congregational church, costing $80,000, Italian in style—as are the other buildings—a hospital for sick or injured, and forty-five pretty almshouses, like Italian villas, where the aged and infirm have a comfortable home. Each married man and his wife receive $2.50 weekly, and each single man or woman $1.87 for expenses. Once a year Mr. Salt and his family used to take tea with the inmates, which was a source of great delight.

Believing that "indoor washing is most pernicious, and a fruitful source of disease, especially to the young," he built twenty-four baths, at a cost of $35,000, and public wash-houses. These are supplied with three steam engines and six washing machines. Each person bringing clothes is provided with a rubbing and boiling tub, into which steam and hot and cold water are conveyed by pipes. The clothes are dried by hot air, and can be washed, dried, mangled, and folded in an hour. In Sweden, I found the same dislike to having washing done in the homes, and clothes are usually carried to the public wash-houses.

Perhaps the most interesting of all Mr. Salt's gifts to his workmen is the Saltaire Club and Institute, costing $125,000; a handsome building, with large reading-room supplied with daily papers and current literature, a library, lecture-hall for eight hundred persons, a "School of Art," with models, drawings, and good teachers, a billiard-room with four tables, a room for scientific study, each student having proper appliances for laboratory work, a gymnasium and drill-room nearly sixty feet square, an armory for rifle-practice, and a smoking-room, though Mr. Salt did not smoke. The membership fee for all this study and recreation is only thirty seven cents for each three months. Opposite the great mill is a dining-hall,

where a plate of meat can be purchased for four cents, a bowl of soup for two cents, and a cup of tea or coffee for one cent. If the men prefer to bring their own food, it is cooked free of charge. The manager has a fixed salary, so that there is no temptation to scrimp the buyers.

Still another gift was made to the work-people; a park of fourteen acres, with croquet and archery grounds, music pavilion, places for boating and swimming, and walks with beautiful flowers. No saloon has ever been allowed in Saltaire. Without the temptation of the beer-shops, the boys have grown to intelligent manhood, and the girls to virtuous womanhood. Sir Titus Salt's last gift to his workmen was a Sunday-school building costing $50,000, where are held the "model Sunday schools of the country," say those who have attended the meetings. No wonder, at the death of this man, 40,000 people came to his burial—members of Parliament, clergymen, workingmen's unions, and ragged schools. No wonder that statues have been erected to his memory, and that thousands go every year to Saltaire, to see what one capitalist has done for his laborers. No fear of strikes in his workshops; no socialism talked in the clean and pretty homes of the men; no squalid poverty, no depraving ignorance.

That capital is feeling its responsibility in this matter of homes for laborers is one of the hopeful signs of the times. We shall come, sometime, to believe with the late President Chadbourne, "The rule now commonly acted upon is that business must be cared for, and men must care for themselves. The principle of action, in the end, must be that *men must be cared for,* and business must be subservient to this great work."

If, as Spurgeon has well said, "Home is the grandest of all institutions," capital can do no better work than look to the homes of the laborer. It is not the mansion which the employer builds for himself, but the home which he builds for his employé, which will insure a safe country for his children to dwell in. If discontent and poverty surround his palace, its

foundations are weak; if intelligence has been disseminated, and comfort promoted by his unselfish thought for others, then he leaves a goodly heritage for his children.

CHAPTER XIV
Joseph Marie Jacquard

The small world which lives in elegant houses knows little of the great world in dingy apartments with bare walls and empty cupboards. Those who walk or ride in the sunshine often forget the darkness of the mines, or the tiresome treadmill of the factories.

Over a century ago, in Lyons, France, lived a man who desired to make the lives of the toilers brighter and happier. Joseph Jacquard, the son of a silk-weaver who died early, began his young manhood, the owner of two looms and a comfortable little home. He had married Claudine Boichon, the daughter of a goldsmith who expected to give his daughter a marriage portion, but was unable from loss of property. Jacquard loved her just as devotedly, however, as though she had brought him money. A pretty boy was born into their home, and no family was happier in all France. But the young loom-owner saw the poor weavers working from four in the morning till nine at night, in crowded rooms, whole families often bending over a loom, their chests shrunken and their cheeks sallow from want of air and sunlight; and their faces dull and vacant from the monotony of unvaried toil. There were no holidays, no walks in the fields among the flowers, no reading of books, nothing but the constant routine which wore out body and mind together. There was no home-life; little children grew pinched and old; and mothers went too early to their graves. If work stopped, they ate the bread of charity, and went to the almshouse. The rich people of Lyons were not hard-hearted, but they did not think; they were too busy with their parties and their marriages; too busy buying

and selling that they might grow richer. But Jacquard was always thinking how he could lighten the labor of the silk-weavers by some invention.

The manufacture of silk had become a most important industry. Seventeen hundred years before Christ the Chinese had discovered the making of silk from silk-worms, and had cultivated mulberry-trees. They forbade anybody to export the eggs or to disclose the process of making the fabric, under penalty of death. The Roman Emperor Justinian determined to wrest this secret from China, and thus revive the resources of his empire. He sent two monks, who ostensibly preached Christianity, but in reality studied silk-worms, and, secreting some eggs in two hollow reeds, returned to Justinian, and breaking these canes, laid the eggs on the lap of the beautiful Empress Theodora. From this the art spread into Italy, and thence into France.

The more Jacquard thought how he could help the silk-weavers of France the more he became absorbed, and forgot that money was needed to support his family. Soon the looms had to be sold at auction, with his small home. The world ridiculed, and his relatives blamed him; but Claudine his wife encouraged him, and prophesied great fame for him in the future. She sold her little treasures, and even her bed, to pay his debts. Finally, when there was no food in the house, with tears in his eyes, Jacquard left his wife and child, to become a laborer for a lime-burner in a neighboring town. Claudine went to work in a straw-bonnet factory; and for sixteen years they battled with poverty.

Then the French Revolution burst upon Lyons in 1793. Her crime before such murderers as Robespierre and Marat was that she was the friend of Louis XVI. Sixty thousand men were sent against her by the so-called Republicans, who were commanded to utterly destroy her, and write over the ruins, "Lyons made war upon liberty; Lyons is no more." Six thousand persons were put to death, their houses burned, and

twelve thousand exiled; among them Jacquard.

His only child, a brave boy of sixteen, had joined the Republican ranks, that he might fight against the foreign armies of England, Austria, and Naples, who had determined, under Pitt, to crush out the new government. At the boy's earnest request his father enlisted with him, and together they marched toward the Rhine. In one of the first battles a cannon-ball struck the idolized son, who fell expiring in Jacquard's arms. Covered with the blood of his only child, he dug a grave for him on the battle-field; and exhausted and heart-broken went to the hospital till his discharge was obtained.

He returned to Lyons and sought his poor wife. At last he found her in the outskirts of the city, living in a hay-loft, and earning the barest pittance by spreading out linen for the laundresses to dry. She divided her crusts with her husband, while they wept together over their irreparable loss. She soon died of grief, but, with her last words, bade Jacquard go forward in developing his genius, and have trust in God, who would yet show him the way of success. Blessed Claudine! A sweet, beautiful soul, shining like a star in the darkness of the French Revolution.

Jacquard with all earthly ties severed went back to the seclusion of inventing. After his day's work was done as a laborer, he studied on his machine for silk-weaving. Finally, after seven years—a long time to patiently develop an idea—he had produced a loom which would decrease the number of workmen at each machine, by one person. The model was placed at the Paris Industrial Exposition in 1801; and the maker was awarded a bronze medal. In gratitude for this discovery he went to the image of the Virgin which stood on a high hill, and for nine days ascended daily the steps of the sacred place. Then he returned to his work, and seating himself before a Vaucanson loom, which contained the germ of his own, he consecrated himself anew to the perfecting of his

invention.

Jacques de Vaucanson, who died when Jacquard was thirty years old, was one of the most celebrated mechanicians of France. His automatons were the wonder of the age. He exhibited a duck which, when moved, ate and drank like a live one. The figure would stretch out its neck for food, and swallow it: walk, swim, dabble in the water, and quack most naturally. His musician, playing the flageolet with the left hand, and beating the tambourine with the right, executing many pieces of difficult music with great accuracy, was an astonishment to every body. He had been appointed inspector of silk-factories at Lyons, and, because he made some improvements in machines, he was pelted with stones by the workmen, who feared that they would thereby lose their labor. He revenged himself by making a machine which wove, brocaded, and colored at the same time, and was worked by a donkey!

It remained for Jacquard to make the Vaucanson loom of the utmost practical use to Lyons and to the world. After a time he was not only able to dispense with one workman at each loom, but he made machinery do the work of three men and two women at each frame. The city authorities sent a model of this machine to Paris, that the Emperor Napoleon might examine it. So pleased was he that he at once sent for Jacquard to come to Paris. The latter had previously invented a machine for making fishing-nets, now used in producing Nottingham lace. When brought before Bonaparte, and Carnot the Minister of the Interior, the latter asked, "Is it you then, who pretend to do a thing which is impossible for man —to make a knot upon a tight thread?"

Jacquard answered the brusque inquiry by setting up a machine, and letting the incredulous minister see for himself.

The Emperor made Jacquard welcome to the *Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers,* where he could study books and machines to his heart's content, and gave him a pension of

about twelve hundred dollars for his discovery. When he had, with his own hands, woven a magnificent brocaded silk dress for the Empress Josephine, he returned to Lyons to set up the Jacquard looms. His name began to be lauded everywhere. Claudine's prophecies had at last come true. She had given her life to help him; but she could not live to share his honors.

Soon, however, the tide of praise turned. Whole families found themselves forced into the street for lack of work, as the looms were doing what their hands had done. Bands of unemployed men were shouting, "Behold the traitor! Let him provide for our wives and children now driven as mendicants from door to door; or let him, the destroyer of the peoples' labor, share in the death which he has prepared for us!" The authorities seemed unable to quell the storm, and by their orders the new loom was broken in pieces on the public square. "The iron," says Jacquard, "was sold as old iron; the wood, for fuel." One day he was seized by a crowd of starving workmen, who knocked him down, and dragged him to the banks of the Rhone, where he would have been drowned at once, had not the police rescued him, bleeding and nearly dead. He left the city overwhelmed with astonishment and sorrow. Soon Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and America were using the Jacquard looms, largely increasing the manufacture and sale of silk, and therefore the number of laborers. The poor men of Lyons awoke to the sad fact, that by breaking up Jacquard's machines, they had put the work of silk-weaving into other hands all over the world; and idleness was proving their ruin. They might have doubled and trebled the number of their factories, and benefited labor a thousand-fold.

The inventor refused to take out a patent for himself, nor would he accept any offers made him by foreigners, because he thought all his services belonged to France. He loved the working people, who, for twenty years, were too blind to see it.

He removed to a little home and garden at Oullins, near

Lyons, the use of which had been given him for life, where he could hear the sound of his precious looms on which he had worked for sixty years, and which his city had at last adopted. Here he attended his garden, and went every morning to early church, distributing each day some small pieces of money to poor children. As old age came on, Lyons realized the gratitude due her great inventor. A silver medal was awarded him, and then the grand distinction of the cross of the Legion of Honor.

People from the neighboring towns visited Oullins, and pointed out with pride the noble old man at eighty-four, sitting by his garden-wall, dressed like a workman in his long black tunic, but wearing his broad red ribbon with his cross of honor. Illustrious travellers and statesmen visited him whose fame was now spread through Europe and America.

Toinette, a faithful servant who had known and loved Claudine, watched over the pure-hearted Jacquard till death came, Aug. 7, 1834. Six years after, Lyons, which once broke his machine and nearly killed him, raised a beautiful statue of him in the public square. The more than seventy thousand looms in the city, employing two hundred thousand workmen, are grander monuments even than the statue. The silk-weavers are better housed and fed than formerly. The struggling, self-sacrificing man, who might have been immensely rich as well as famous, was an untold blessing to labor and to the world.

CHAPTER XV
Horace Greeley

Among the hills of New Hampshire, in a lonely, unpainted house, Horace Greeley was born, Feb. 3, 1811, the third of seven children. His father was a plain farmer, hard-working, yet not very successful, but aided by a wife of uncommon energy and good spirits, notwithstanding her many cares. Besides her housework, and spinning, and making the children's clothes, she hoed in the garden, raked and loaded hay to help her husband, laughing and singing all day long, and telling her feeble little son, Horace, stories and legends all the evening. Her first two children having died, this boy was especially dear. Mrs. Greeley was a great reader of such books as she could obtain, and remembered all she read. It requires no great discernment to see from whence Horace Greeley derived his intense love for reading, and his boundless energy.

He learned to read, one can scarcely tell how. When two years old, he would pore over the Bible, as he lay on the floor, and ask questions about the letters; at three, he went to the "district school," often carried through the deep snow on the shoulders of one of his aunts, or on the back of an older boy. He soon stood at the head of his little class in spelling and reading, "and took it so much to heart when he did happen to lose his place, that he would cry bitterly; so that some boys, when they had gained the right to get above him, declined the honor, because it hurt Horace's feelings so."

Before he was six years old he had read the Bible through, and "Pilgrim's Progress." Their home contained only about twenty books, and these he read and re-read. As he grew older, every book within seven miles was borrowed, and

perused after the hard day's work of farming was over. He gathered a stock of pine knots, and, lighting one each night, lay down by the hearth, and read, oblivious to all around him. The neighbors came and made their friendly visits, and ate apples and drank cider, as was the fashion, but the lad never noticed their coming or their going. When really forced to leave his precious books for bed, he would repeat the information he had learned, or the lessons for the next day, to his brother, who usually, most ungraciously, fell asleep before the conversation was half completed.

When Horace was nearly ten years old, his father, who had speculated in a small way in lumber, became a bankrupt; his house and furniture were sold by the sheriff, and he was obliged to flee from the State to avoid arrest. Some of these debts were paid, thirty years afterward, by his noble son. Going to Westhaven, Vt., Mr. Greeley obtained work on a farm, and moved his family thither. They were very poor, the children sitting on the floor and eating their porridge together out of a tin pan; but they were happy in the midst of their hard work and plain food. The father and the boys chopped logs, and the little sisters, with the mother, gathered them in heaps, the voice of the latter, says Mr. James Parton, in his biography, "ringing out in laughter from the tangled brushwood in which she was often buried." Would there were thousands more of such women, who can laugh at disaster, and keep their children and themselves from getting soured with life. Everybody has troubles; and very wise are they who do not tell them, either in their faces or by their words.

Horace earned a few pennies all his own; sometimes by selling nuts, or bundles of the roots of pitch-pine for kindling, which he carried on his back to the store. This money he spent in books, buying Mrs. Hemans's poetry and "Shakspeare." No wonder that the minister of the town said, "Mark my words; that boy was not made for nothing."

He could go to school no longer, and must now support

himself. From earliest childhood he had determined to be a printer; so, when eleven years of age, he walked nine miles to see the publisher of a newspaper, and obtain a situation. The editor looked at the small, tow-haired boy, shook his head, and said, "You are too young." With a heavy heart the child walked the long nine miles back again. But he must do something; and, a little later, with seventy-five cents in his pocket, and some food tied in a bundle, which he hung on the end of a stick, slung over his shoulder, he walked one hundred and twenty miles back to New Hampshire, to see his relatives. After some weeks he returned, with a few more cents in his purse than when he started!

The father Greeley ought to have foreseen that such energy and will would produce results; but because Horace, in a fit of abstraction, tried to yoke the "off" ox on the "near" side, he said, "Ah! that boy will never get along in the world. He'll never know more than enough to come in when it rains." Alas! for the blindness of Zaccheus Greeley, whose name even would not be remembered but for his illustrious son.

When Horace was fourteen, he read in a newspaper that an apprentice was wanted in a printing-office eleven miles distant. He hastened thither, and, though unprepossessing, from his thin voice, short pantaloons, lack of stockings, and worn hat, he was hired on trial. The first day he worked at the types in silence. Finally the boys began to tease him with saucy remarks, and threw type at him; but he paid no attention. On the third day, one of the apprentices took a large black ball, used to put ink on the type, and remarking that Horace's hair was too light, daubed his head four times. The pressman and editor both stopped their labors to witness a fight; but they were disappointed, for the boy never turned from his work. He soon left his desk, spent an hour in washing the ink from his hair, and returned to his duties. Seeing that he could not be irritated, and that he was determined to work, he became

a great favorite.

When at his type, he would often compose paragraphs for the paper, setting up the words without writing them out. He soon joined a debating society, composed of the best-informed persons of the little town of East Poultney—the minister, the doctor, the lawyer, the schoolteachers, and the like. What was their surprise to find that the young printer knew almost every thing, and was always ready to speak, or read an essay.

He was often laughed at because of his poor clothes, and pitied because, slender and pale as he was, he never wore an overcoat; but he used to say, "I guess I'd better wear my old clothes than run in debt for new ones." Ah! they did not know that every penny was saved and sent to the father, struggling to clear a farm in the wilderness in Pennsylvania. During his four years' apprenticeship he visited his parents twice, though six hundred miles distant, and walked most of the way.

Soon after he had learned his trade, the newspaper suspended, and he was thrown out of work. The people with whom he boarded gave him a brown overcoat, not new, and with moistened eyes said good-by to the poor youth whom they had learned to love as their own. He remained a few weeks with his family, then walked fifty miles east to a town in New York State, where he found plenty of work, but no money, and in six weeks returned to the log-cabin. After trying various towns, he found a situation in Erie, taking the place of a workman who was ill, and for seven months he did not lose a day. Out of his wages—eighty-four dollars—he had used only six, less than one dollar a mouth! Putting fifteen dollars in his pocket, he took the balance of sixty-three in a note, and gave it to his father. A noble son indeed, who would not buy a single garment for himself, but carried the money home, so as to make the poor ones a trifle more comfortable!

He had become tired of working in the small towns; he determined to go to the great city of New York, and "be

somebody." He walked a part of the way by the tow-path along the canal, and sometimes rode in a scow. Finally, at sunrise, Friday, Aug. 18, 1831, he landed close to the Battery, with ten dollars in his pocket, knowing, he says, "no human being within two hundred miles." His first need was a boarding-place. Over a saloon, kept by an Irishman, he found room and board for two dollars and a half a week. Fortunately, though it was the almost universal custom to use liquors, Horace was a teetotaler, and despised chewing or smoking tobacco, which he regarded "as the vilest, most detestable abuse of his corrupted sensual appetites whereof depraved man is capable;" therefore he had no fear of temptation from these sources.

All day Friday and Saturday he walked the streets of New York, looking for work. The editor of the "Journal of Commerce" told him plainly that he was a runaway apprentice from the country, and he did not want him. "I returned to my lodging on Saturday evening, thoroughly weary, disheartened, disgusted with New York, and resolved to shake its dust from my feet next Monday morning, while I could still leave with money in my pocket, and before its almshouse could foreclose upon me." On Sunday he went to church, both morning and afternoon. Late in the day, a friend who called upon the owner of the house, learning that the printer wanted work, said he had heard of a vacancy at Mr. West's, 85 Chatham Street.

The next morning Horace was at the shop at half-past five! New York was scarcely awake; even the newsboys were asleep in front of the paper offices. He waited for an hour and a half—a day, it seemed to him—when one of the journeymen arrived, and, finding the door locked, sat down beside the stranger. He, too, was a Vermonter, and he determined to help young Greeley, if possible. He took him to the foreman, who decided to try him on a Polyglot Testament, with marginal references, such close work that most of the men

refused to do it. Mr. West came an hour or two later, and said, in anger, "Did you hire that fool?"

"Yes; we need help, and he was the best I could get," said the foreman.

"Well, pay him off to-night, and let him go about his business."

When night came, however, the country youth had done more and better work, than anybody who had tried the Testament. By beginning his labors before six in the morning, and not leaving his desk till nine in the evening, working by the light of a candle stuck in a bottle, he could earn six dollars a week. At first his fellow-workmen called him "the ghost," from his white hair and complexion; but they soon found him friendly, and willing to lend money, which, as a rule, was never returned to him; they therefore voted him to be a great addition to the shop. As usual, though always scrupulously clean, he wore his poor clothes, no stockings, and his wristbands tied together with twine. Once he bought a second-hand black suit of a Jew, for five dollars, but it proved a bad bargain. His earnings were sent, as before, to his parents.

After a year, business grew dull, and he was without a place. For some months he worked on various papers, when a printer friend, Mr. Story, suggested that they start in business, their combined capital being one hundred and fifty dollars. They did so, and their first work was the printing of a penny "Morning Post," which suspended in three weeks, they losing sixty dollars. The partner was drowned shortly after, and his brother-in-law took his place.

Young Greeley, now twenty-three, and deeply interested in politics, determined to start a weekly paper. Fifteen of his friends promised to subscribe for it. The "New Yorker" was begun, and so well conducted was it that three hundred papers throughout the country gave it complimentary notices. It grew to a subscription list of nine thousand persons; but much of the business was done on trust, times were hard, and,

after seven years, the enterprise had to be abandoned. This was a severe trial to the hard-working printer, who had known nothing but struggles all his life. Years after this he wrote, "Through most of this time I was very poor, and for four years really bankrupt, though always paying my notes, and keeping my word, but living as poorly as possible. My embarrassments were sometimes dreadful; not that I feared destitution, but the fear of involving my friends in my misfortunes was very bitter… I would rather be a convict in a State prison, a slave in a rice-swamp, than to pass through life under the harrow of debt. Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable, but debt is infinitely worse than them all. Avoid pecuniary obligation as you would pestilence or famine. If you have but fifty cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it, and live on it, rather than owe any man a dollar."

Meantime the young editor had married Miss Mary Y. Cheney, a schoolteacher of unusual mind and strength of character. It was, of course, a comfort to have some one to share his sorrows; but it pained his tender heart to make another help bear his burdens. Beside editing the "New Yorker," he had also taken charge of the "Jeffersonian," a weekly campaign paper published at Albany, and the "Log-Cabin," established to aid in the election of General Harrison to the Presidency. The latter paper was a great success, the circulation running up to ninety thousand, though very little money was made; but it gave Mr. Greeley a reputation in all parts of the country for journalistic ability.

President Harrison died after having been a month in office; and seven days after his death, Mr. Greeley started, April 10, 1841, a new paper, the "New York Tribune," with the dying words of Harrison as its motto: "I desire you to understand the true principles of the government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more." The paper had scarcely any money for its foundation—only a thousand dollars loaned

by a friend—but it had a true man at its head, strong in his hatred of slavery, and the oppression of the laboring man, and fearless in the advocacy of what he believed to be right.

Success did not come at first. Of the five thousand copies published and to be sold at a cent each, Mr. Greeley says, "We found some difficulty in giving them away." The expenses for the first week were five hundred and twenty-five dollars; receipts, ninety-two. But the boy who could walk nearly six hundred miles to see his parents, and be laughed at for poor clothes, while he saved his money for their use, was not to be overcome at thirty years of age, by the failure of one or of a dozen papers. Some of the New York journals fought the new sheet; but it lived and grew till, on the seventh week, it had eleven thousand subscribers. A good business-manager was obtained as partner. Mr. Greeley worked sixteen hours a day. He wrote four columns of editorial matter (his copy, wittily says Junius Henri Browne, "strangers mistook for diagrams of Boston"), dozens of letters, often forgot whether he had been to his meals, and was ready to see and advise with everybody. When told that he was losing time by thus seeing people, he said, "I know it; but I'd rather be beset by loafers, and stopped in my work, than be cooped up where I couldn't be got at by men who really wanted to and had a right to see me." So warm as this were his sympathies with all humanity!

In 1842, when he was thirty-one, he visited Washington, Niagara, and his parents in Pennsylvania, and wrote delightful letters back to his paper. How proud the mother must have felt of the growing fame of her son! What did Zaccheus think now of his boy of whom he prophesied "would never know more than enough to come in when it rains"?

The years passed on. Margaret Fuller came upon the editorial staff; for Mr. Greeley was ever the advocate of the fullest liberty for woman in any profession, and as much pay for her work as for that of men. And now came a great sorrow, harder to bear than poverty. His little son Pickie, called "the

glorious boy with radiant beauty never equalled," died suddenly. "When at length," he said, "the struggle ended with his last breath, and even his mother was convinced that his eyes would never again open upon the scenes of this world, I knew that the summer of my life was over; that the chill breath of its autumn was at hand; and that my future course must be along the down-hill of life." He wrote to Margaret Fuller in Italy, "Ah, Margaret, the world grows dark with us! You grieve, for Rome is fallen; I mourn, for Pickie is dead." His hopes were centered in this child; and his great heart never regained its full cheerfulness.

In 1848 he was elected to Congress for three months to fill out the unexpired term of a deceased member, and did most effective work with regard to the mileage system and the use of the public lands. To a high position had come the printer-boy. At this time he was also prominently in the lecture-field, speaking twice a week to large audiences all over the country. In 1850 his first book was published by the Harpers, "Hints toward Reform," composed of ten lectures and twenty essays. The following year he visited England as one of the "jury" in the awarding of prizes; and while there made a close study of philanthropic and social questions. He always said, "He, who by voice or pen strikes his best blow at the impostures or vices whereby our race is debased and paralyzed, may close his eyes in death, consoled and cheered by the reflection that he has done what he could for the emancipation and elevation of his kind."

In 1855 he again visited Europe; and four years later, California, where he was received with great demonstrations of honor and respect. In 1860 he was at the Chicago Convention, and helped to nominate Abraham Lincoln in preference to William H. Seward. Mr. Greeley had now become one of the leading men of the nation. His paper molded the opinions of hundreds of thousands. He had fought against slavery with all the strength of his able pen; but he

advocated buying the slaves for four hundred million dollars rather than going to war—a cheaper method than our subsequent conflict, with enormous loss of life and money. When he found the war inevitable, after General McClellan's defeat at the Chickahominy, he urged upon Mr. Lincoln immediate emancipation, which was soon adopted. The "New York World" said after his death, "Mr. Greeley will hold the first place with posterity on the roll of emancipation."

In the draft riots in New York, in 1863, the mob burst into the Tribune Building, smashing the furniture, and shouting, "Down with the old white coat!" Mr. Greeley always wore a coat and hat of this hue. Had he been present, doubtless he would have been killed at once. When urged to arm the office, he said, "No; all my life I have worked for the workingmen; if they would now burn my office and hang me, why, let them do it."

The same year he began his "History of the Civil War" for a Hartford publisher. Because so constantly interrupted, he went to the Bible House, and worked with an amanuensis from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon, and then to the "Tribune" office, and wrote on his paper till eleven at night. These volumes, dedicated to John Bright, have had a sale of several hundred thousand copies.

After the war Mr. Greeley, while advocating "impartial suffrage" for black as well as white, advocated also "universal amnesty." He believed nothing was to be gained by punishing a defeated portion of our nation, and wanted the past buried as quickly as possible. He was opposed to the hanging of Jefferson Davis; and with Gerritt Smith, a well-known abolitionist, and about twenty others, he signed Mr. Davis's bail-bond for one hundred thousand dollars, which released him from prison at Fortress Monroe, where he had been for two years. At once the North was aflame with indignation. No criticism was too scathing; but Mr. Greeley took the denunciations like a hero, because he had done what his conscience

approved. He said, "Seeing how passion cools and wrath abates, I confidently look forward to the time when thousands who have cursed will thank me for what I have done and dared in resistance to their own sanguinary impulses… Out of a life earnestly devoted to the good of human kind, your children will select my going to Richmond and signing that bail-bond as the wisest act."

In 1872 considerable disaffection having arisen in the Republican party at the course pursued by President Grant at the South, the "Liberal Republicans," headed by Sumner, Schurz, and Trumbull, held a convention at Cincinnati, and nominated Horace Greeley for President. The Democratic party saw the hopelessness of nominating a man in opposition to Grant and Greeley, and accepted the latter as their own candidate. The contest was bitter and partisan in the extreme. Mr. Greeley received nearly three million votes, while General Grant received a half million majority.

No doubt the defeat was a great disappointment to one who had served his country and the Republican party for so many years with very little political reward. But just a month before the election came the crushing blow of his life, in the death of his noble wife. He left his speech-making, and for weeks attended her with the deepest devotion. A few days before she died, he said, "I am a broken down old man. I have not slept one hour in twenty-four for a month. If she lasts, poor soul, another week, I shall go before her."

After her death he could not sleep at all, and brain-fever soon set in. Friday, Nov. 29, the end came. At noon he said distinctly, his only remaining children, Ida and Gabriella, standing by his bedside, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and at half-past three, "It is done." He was ready for the great change. He had written only a short time before, "With an awe that is not fear, and a consciousness of demerit which does not exclude hope, I await the opening, before my steps, of the gates of the eternal world." Dead at sixty-one!

Overworked, not having had "a good night's sleep in fifteen years!"

When his death became known, the whole nation mourned for him. Newspapers from Maine to Louisiana gave touching tributes to his greatness, his purity, and his far-sightedness as a leader of the people. The Union League Club, the Lotos, the Typographical Society, the Associated Press, German and colored clubs, and temperance organizations passed resolutions of sorrow. Cornell University, of whose Board he was a member, did him honor. St. Louis, Albany, Indianapolis, Nashville, and other cities held memorial meetings. John Bright sent regrets over "our friend, Horace Greeley." Congress passed resolutions of respect for his "eminent services and personal purity and worth."

And then came the sad and impressive burial. In the governor's room in the City Hall, draped in black, surrounded by a guard of honor composed of the leading men of New York, the body of the great journalist lay in state. Over fifty thousand persons, rich and poor, maimed soldiers and working people, passed in one by one to look upon the familiar face. Said one workman, "It is little enough to lose a day for Horace Greeley, who spent many a day working for us." Just as the doors of the room were being closed for the night, a farmer made his way, saying, "I've come a hundred miles to be at the funeral of Horace Greeley. Can't you possibly let me in to have one last look?" The man stood a moment by the open coffin, and then, pulling his hat low down to hide the tears, was lost in the crowd.

From there the body was taken to Dr. Chapin's church, where it rested under a solid arch of flowers, with the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth"; and in front of the pulpit, "It is done." The coffin was nearly hidden by floral gifts; one of the most touching being a plow made of white camelias on a ground of violets, from the "Tribune" workmen—a gift to honor the man who honored labor, and ennobled farm-life at

his country home at Chappaqua, a few miles from New York.

And then through an enormous concourse of people, Fifth Avenue being blocked for a mile, the body was borne to Greenwood Cemetery. Stores were closed, and houses along the route were draped in black. Flags on the shipping, in the harbor, were at half-mast; and bells tolled from one to three o'clock. Two hundred and fifty carriages, containing the President of the United States, governors, senators, and other friends, were in the procession. By the side of his wife and their three little children the great man was laid to rest, the two daughters stepping into the vault, and laying flowers tenderly upon the coffin.

The following Sabbath clergymen all over the country preached about this wonderful life: its struggles succeeded by world-wide honor. Mr. Greeley's one great wish was gratified, "I cherish the hope that the journal I projected and established will live and flourish long after I shall have mouldered into forgotten dust; and that the stone which covers my ashes may bear to future eyes the still intelligible inscription, 'Founder of the New York Tribune.'"

CHAPTER XVI
William Lloyd Garrison

For a great work God raises up a great man. Usually he is trained in the hard school of poverty, to give him courage and perseverance. Usually he stands alone among a great multitude, that he may have firmness and endurance.

William Lloyd Garrison was born to be preëminently the deliverer of the slave. For two hundred years the curse of African slavery had rested upon one of the fairest portions of our land. Everybody thought it an evil to keep four million human beings from even the knowledge of how to read and write, and a cruelty to sell children away from parents, to toil forever without home or kindred. Everybody knew that slavery was as ruinous almost to master as to slave; that labor was thereby despised, and that luxury was sapping the vigor of a race. But every slave meant money, and money is very dear to mankind.

Before the Declaration of Independence, three hundred thousand slaves had been brought to this country. Some of the colonists remonstrated, but the traffic was not stopped till 1808. The Quakers were opposed to human bondage from the first, and decided, in 1780, to free all their slaves. Vermont had freed hers three years previously, and other Northern States soon followed. Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, and others were outspoken against the sin; but it continued to increase till, in 1810, we had over a million slaves.

Five years before this time, in a plain, wooden house in Newburyport, Mass., a boy was born who was to electrify America, and the world even, on this great subject. William Lloyd Garrison's father was a sea-captain, a man who loved

books and had some literary ambition; the mother was a noble woman, deeply religious, willing to bear all and brave all for conscience' sake, and fearless in the path of duty. She early taught her boy to hate oppression of every kind, and to stand everywhere for the right. Very poor, there was no chance for William, either in school or college. When he was seven, his mother, having found work for herself as a nurse for the sick, placed the child with a deacon of the town, where he learned to split wood and other useful things. At nine, the careful mother put him to the shoemaking trade, though he was scarcely large enough to hold the lap-stone. He was not happy here, longing for something that made him think.

Perhaps he would like to build tables and chairs better, so he was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker; but here he was no more satisfied than with the monotony of sewing leather. At his own request, the dealer cancelled the agreement, and the boy found a place to set type on the Newburyport "Herald." At last he had obtained the work he loved. He would some day own a paper, he thought, and write articles for it. Ah! how often poor boys and rich build air-castles which tumble to the ground. It is well that we build them, for life soon becomes prosaic enough to the happiest of us.

At sixteen he wrote an article for the "Herald," signing it "An Old Bachelor." Imagine his surprise and delight when he saw it really in print! Meantime his mother, who was six hundred miles away, wrote him devoted letters, ever encouraging and stimulating him to be upright and temperate. A year later she died, and William was left to fight his battles alone. He missed the letters—missed having some one to whom he could tell a boy's hopes and fears and temptations. That boy is especially blest who has a mother to whom he can confide everything; such a boy usually has a splendid future, because by her wisdom and advice he becomes well fitted for life, making no foolish experiments.

Reading as much as possible, at nineteen William wrote

some political articles for a Salem paper, and, strange to say, they were attributed to Hon. Timothy Pickering! Surely, he could do something in the world now; so when his apprenticeship was over and he had worked long and faithfully, he started a paper for himself. He called it the "Free Press." It was a good title, and a good paper; but, like most first literary adventures, it proved a failure. Perhaps he ought to have foreseen that one can do little without capital; but youth is about as blind as love, and rarely stops to reason.

Did one failure discourage him? Oh, no! He went to Boston, and found a place in a printing office. He soon became the editor of the "National Philanthropist," the first paper established to advocate total abstinence from intoxicants. His motto was a true one, not very popular, however, in those days, "Moderate drinking is the down-hill road to drunkenness." He was now twenty-two, poor, but God-fearing and self-reliant. About this time there came to Boston a man whose influence changed young Garrison's whole life—Benjamin Lundy, a Quaker, thirty-nine years of age. Leaving his father's home at nineteen, he had spent four years at Wheeling, Va., where he learned the saddler's trade, and learned also the cruelties of slave-holding. After this he moved to Ohio, and in four years earned three thousand dollars above his living expenses. When he was twenty-six he organized an Anti-slavery Society at his own house, and, promising to become assistant editor of an abolition paper, he went to St. Louis to dispose of his stock of saddlery. Business was greatly depressed, the whole region being agitated over the admission of Missouri as a slave State; and, after spending two years, Lundy returned to Ohio, on foot, in winter, his property entirely gone.

None of his ardor for freedom having abated, he determined to start a monthly paper, though poor and entirely ignorant about printing. This sheet he called the "Genius of Universal Emancipation," printed twenty miles from his

home, the edition being carried on his back, each month, as he walked the long distance. He moved shortly after to East Tennessee, walking half of the eight hundred miles, and gradually increased his subscription list. Several times his life was in danger; but the slight, gentle Quaker kept quietly on his course. In 1824 he set out on foot for Baltimore, paying his way by saddlery or harness-mending, living on the poorest fare; and he subsequently established the "Genius" there. While he was absent from home, his wife died, leaving twins, and his five children were divided among friends. Deeply sorrowing, he renewed his resolve to devote his life to worse than motherless children—those sold into bondage—and made his way as best he could to Boston. Of such material were the foundation stones of the anti-slavery cause.

At his boarding-place Lundy met Garrison, and told him his burning desire to rid the country of slavery. The heart of the young printer was deeply moved. He, too, was poor and unknown, but he had not forgotten his mother's teachings and prayers. After some time he agreed to go to Baltimore, and help edit the "Genius of Universal Emancipation." Lundy was in favor of sending the slaves to the West Indies or Africa as fast as their masters would consent to free them, which was not very fast. Garrison said, "The slaves are here by no fault of their own, and do not deserve to be sent back to barbarous Africa." He was in favor of immediate freedom for every human being.

Baltimore had slave-pens on the principal streets. Vessel-loads of slaves, torn from their homes, were sent hundreds of miles away to southern ports, and the auction-block often witnessed heart-rending scenes. The tender heart of Garrison was stirred to its very depths. In the first issue of his paper he declared for Immediate Emancipation, and soon denounced the slave-trade between Baltimore and New Orleans as "domestic piracy," giving the names of several citizens engaged in the traffic, among them a vessel-owner from his own

town, Newburyport. The Northern man immediately arrested Garrison for "gross and malicious libel," and he was found guilty by a slave-holding court, and fined fifty dollars and costs. No one was ready to give bail, and he was thrown into prison. The young man was not in the least cast down, but, calm and heroic, wrote two sonnets on the walls of his cell.

Meantime, a noble young Quaker at the North, John G. Whittier, was deeply anxious for Garrison. He had no money to pay his fine, but, greatly admiring Henry Clay, whom he hoped to see President, wrote him urging that he aid the "guiltless prisoner." Clay would doubtless have done so, but Arthur Tappan, one of New York's noble men, sent the money, releasing Garrison from his forty-nine days' imprisonment. Wendell Phillips says of him, "He was in jail for his opinions when he was just twenty-four. He had confronted a nation in the very bloom of his youth."

Garrison had not been idle while in prison. He had prepared several lectures on slavery, and these he now gave when he could find a hearing. Large churches were not opened to him, and nobody offered him two hundred dollars a night! The free colored people welcomed him gladly, but the whites were usually indifferent or opposed to such "fanatical" ideas. At last he came to Boston to start a paper—that city where brains and not wealth open the doors to the best society. Here, with no money nor influential friends, he started the "Liberator," with this for his motto, "I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject I do not wish to speak or write with moderation. I am in earnest. I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard!"

The North was bound hand and foot by the slave-trade almost as effectually as the South. The great plea was the fear lest the Union would be dissolved. Cotton factories had sprung up on every hand, and it was believed that slave-labor was essential to the producing of cotton. Some thought it

would not be safe to free the slaves; that assassinations would be the result. The real secret, however, was that each slave meant several hundred dollars, and freedom meant poverty to the masters. Meantime, the "Liberator" was making itself felt, despite Garrison's poverty. The Vigilance Association of South Carolina offered a reward of $1,500 for the apprehension and prosecution of any white person who might be detected in distributing or circulating it. In Raleigh, N.C., the grand jury found a bill against the young editor, hoping to bring him to that State for trial. Hon. Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, having received a paper by mail, wrote to Harrison Gray Otis, Mayor of Boston, to ascertain the sender. Mr. Otis caused an agent to visit the office of the "Liberator," and returned answer to Mr. Hayne, that he found it "an obscure hole, his only visible auxiliary a negro boy; and his supporters a few very insignificant persons of all colors."

And where was this "obscure hole"? In the third story of a business block, "the walls dingy," says Mr. Oliver Johnson in "Garrison and his Times"; "the small windows bespattered with printers' ink; the press standing in one corner; the long editorial and mailing table covered with newspapers; the bed of the editor and publisher on the floor—all these make a picture never to be forgotten." Their food, what little they had, was procured at a neighboring bakery.

Soon Georgia passed a law offering $5,000 to any person arresting and bringing to trial, under the laws of the State, and punishing to conviction, the editor or publisher of the "Liberator." What a wonder that some ruffian at midnight did not break into the "obscure hole," and drag the young man off to a slave-vessel lying close by in the harbor! The leaven of anti-slavery was beginning to work. Twelve "fanatics" gathered one stormy night in the basement of an African church in Boston, and organized the New England Anti-Slavery Society in 1832.

The following year, as the managers of the American

Colonization Society had sent an agent to England, it was deemed best to send Garrison abroad to tell Wilberforce and others who were working for the suppression of slavery in the West Indies, that it was not a wise plan to send the slaves to Africa. It was difficult to raise the money needed; but self-sacrifice usually leaves a good bank-account. The "fanatic," only twenty-eight, was received with open arms by such men as Lord Brougham, Wilberforce, Clarkson, and Daniel O'Connell. Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton gave a breakfast in his honor. When the guests had arrived, among them Mr. Garrison, Mr. Buxton held up both hands, exclaiming, "Why, my dear sir, I thought you were a black man!" This, Mr. Garrison used to say, was the greatest compliment of his life, because it showed how truly and heartily he had labored for the slave. A great meeting was arranged for him at Exeter Hall, London. How inspiring all this for the young reformer! Here he met the eloquent George Thompson, and asked him to visit our country, which invitation he accepted.

On his return the American Anti-Slavery Society was formed, Dec. 4, 1833, at Philadelphia, delegates coming from eleven States. John G. Whittier was chosen Secretary. The noble poet has often said that he was more proud that his name should appear signed to the Declaration of Principles adopted at that meeting than on the title-page of any of his volumes. Thus has he ever loved liberty.

The contest over the slavery question was growing extremely bitter. Prudence Crandall of Canterbury, Conn., a young Quaker lady, admitted several colored girls to her school, who came from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. The people were indignant at such a commingling of races. Shopkeepers refused to sell her anything; her well was filled with refuse, and at last her house was nearly torn down by a midnight mob. Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, Western Reserve College, Hudson, O., with some others, were nearly broken up by the conflict of opinion. Some anti-

slavery lecturers were tarred and feathered or thrown into prison. In New York, a pro-slavery mob broke in the doors and windows of a Presbyterian church, and laid waste school-houses and dwellings of colored people. In Philadelphia, the riots lasted three days, forty-four houses of colored people being nearly or quite destroyed.

In Boston, a "most respectable" mob, composed, says Horace Greeley, "in good part of merchants," dispersed a company of women belonging to the Female Anti-Slavery Society, while its President was engaged in prayer. Learning that Garrison was in the adjoining office, they shouted, "We must have Garrison! Out with him! Lynch him!"

Attempting to escape by the advice of the Mayor, who was present, he sought refuge in a carpenter's shop, but the crowd drew him out, and coiling a rope around his body, dragged him bareheaded along the street. One man called out, "He shan't be hurt; he is an American!" and this probably saved his life, though many blows were aimed at his head, and his clothes were nearly torn from his body. The Mayor declaring that he could only be saved by being lodged in jail, Garrison pressed into a hack, and was driven as rapidly as possible to the prison, the maddened crowd clinging to the wheels, dashing against the doors and seizing hold of the horses. At last he was behind the bars and out of their reach. On the walls of his cell he wrote:—

"William Lloyd Garrison was put into this cell on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 21, 1835, to save him from the violence of a respectable and influential mob, who sought to destroy him for preaching the abominable and dangerous doctrine that 'all men are created equal,' and that all oppression is odious in the sight of God. Confine me as a prisoner, but bind me not as a slave. Punish me as a criminal, but hold me not as a chattel. Torture me as a man, but drive me not like a beast. Doubt my sanity, but acknowledge my immortality."

The "respectable" mob had wrought wiser than they

knew. Garrison and his "Liberator" became more widely known than ever. Famous men and women now joined the despised Abolitionists. The conflict was growing deeper. Elijah P. Lovejoy, the ardent young preacher of Alton, Illinois, was murdered by four balls at the hands of a pro-slavery mob, who broke up his printing-press, and threw it into the river. A public meeting was held in Faneuil Hall to condemn such an outrage. A prominent man in the gallery having risen to declare that Lovejoy "died as the fool dieth," a young man, unknown to most, stepped to the rostrum, and spoke as though inspired. From that day Wendell Phillips was the orator of America. From that day the anti-slavery cause had a new consecration.

From this time till 1860 the struggle between freedom and slavery was continuous. The South needed the Territories for her rapid increase of slaves. The North was opposed; but in the year 1854 the Kansas-Nebraska Act, devised by Stephen A. Douglas, repealed the Missouri Compromise of 1820, which had prohibited slavery north of latitude 36° 30', the southern boundary of Kansas. Kansas at once became a battle-ground. Armed men came over from Missouri to establish slavery. Men came from New England determined that the soil should be free, if they spilled their blood to gain it. The Fugitive Slave Law, whereby slaves were returned without trial by jury, and slave-owners allowed to search the North for their slaves, made great bitterness. The brutal attack of Preston Brooks, of South Carolina, on Charles Sumner, for his speech on Kansas, and the hanging of John Brown by the State of Virginia for his invasion of Harper's Ferry with seventeen white men and five negroes, calling upon the slaves to rise and demand their liberty, brought matters to a crisis.

Garrison was opposed to war; but after the firing on Sumter, April 12, 1861, it was inevitable. For two years after Abraham Lincoln's election to the Presidency, Garrison

waited impatiently for that pen-stroke which set four million human beings free. When the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, Jan. 1. 1863, Garrison's life-work was accomplished. Thirty-five years of untiring, heroic struggle had not been in vain. When two years later the stars and stripes were raised again over Fort Sumter, he was invited by President Lincoln, as a guest of the government, to witness the imposing scene. When Mr. Garrison arrived in Charleston, the colored people were nearly wild with joy. Children sang and men shouted. A slave made an address of welcome, his two daughters bearing a wreath of flowers to their great benefactor. Garrison's heart was full to overflowing as he replied, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto God be all the glory for what has been done in regard to your emancipation… Thank God, this day, that you are free. And be resolved that, once free, you will be free forever. Liberty or death, but never slavery! While God gives me reason and strength, I shall demand for you everything I claim for the whitest of the white in this country."

The same year he discontinued the publication of the "Liberator," putting in type with his own hands the official ratification of the Thirteenth Amendment, forever prohibiting slavery in the United States, and adding, "Hail, redeemed, regenerated America! Hail, all nations, tribes, kindred, and peoples, made of one blood, interested in a common redemption, heirs of the same immortal destiny! Hail, angels in glory; tune your harps anew, singing, 'Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!'"

Two years after the war Mr. Garrison crossed the ocean for the fourth time. He was no longer the poor lad setting type at thirteen, or sleeping on the hard floor of a printing-room, or lying in a Baltimore jail, or the victim of a Boston mob. He was the centre of a grand and famous circle. The Duke and Duchess of Argyle and the Duchess of Sutherland paid him special honors. John Bright presided at a public breakfast

given him at St. James' Hall, London. Such men as John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, and Prof. Huxley, graced the feast. Mr. Bright said in his opening address, concerning Mr. Garrison: "His is the creation of that opinion which has made slavery hateful, and which has made freedom possible in America. His name is venerated in his own country; venerated in this country and in Europe, wheresoever Christianity softens the hearts and lessens the sorrows of men." Edinburgh conferred upon him the freedom of the city, an honor accorded to one other American only—George Peabody. Birmingham, Manchester, and other cities held great public meetings to do him reverence.

On his return, such friends as Sumner, Wilson, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Greeley, and others presented him with $30,000. The remainder of his life he devoted to temperance, woman-suffrage, and every other reform calculated to make the world better. His true character was shown when, years before, appointed to the London Anti-Slavery Convention as a delegate, he refused to take his seat after his long journey across the ocean, because such noble co-workers as Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Wendell Phillips, and others, were denied their place as delegates. Thus strenuous was he for right and justice to all. Always modest, hopeful, and cheerful, he was as gentle in his private life with his wife and five children, as he was strong and fearless in his public career. He died at the home of his daughter in New York, May 24, 1879, his children singing about his bed, at his request:

"Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,"

and,

"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings."

At sunset, in Forest Hills, they laid the brave man to rest, a quartette of colored singers around his open grave, singing, "I cannot always trace the way."

"The storm and peril overpast,
    The hounding hatred shamed and still,
Go, soul of freedom! take at last
    The place which thou alone canst fill.

"Confirm the lesson taught of old—
    Life saved for self is lost, while they
Who lose it in His service hold
    The lease of God's eternal day."

CHAPTER XVII
Giuseppe Garibaldi

Few men come to greatness. Most drift on with the current, having no special plan nor aim. They live where their fathers lived, taking no thought beyond their neighborhood or city, and die in their little round of social life.

Not so a boy born in Southern France, in 1807. Giuseppe Garibaldi was the son of humble parents. His father was a sailor, with a numerous family to support, seemingly unskilled in keeping what little property he had once acquired. His mother was a woman of ambition, energy, and nobility of character. If one looks for the cause of greatness in a man, he seldom has to go further than the mother. Hence the need of a highly educated, noble womanhood all over the world. Such as Giuseppe Garibaldi are not born of frivolous, fashionable women.

Of his mother, the great soldier wrote in later years, "She was a model for mothers. Her tender affection for me has, perhaps, been excessive; but do I not owe to her love, to her angel-like character, the little good that belongs to mine? Often, amidst the most arduous scenes of my tumultuous life, when I have passed unharmed through the breakers of the ocean or the hail-storms of battle, she has seemed present with me. I have, in fancy, seen her on her knees before the Most High—my dear mother!—imploring for the life of her son; and I have believed in the efficacy of her prayers." No wonder that, "Give me the mothers of the nation to educate, and you may do what you like with the boys," was one of his favorite maxims.

Giuseppe was an ardent boy, fond of books, loving to

climb the lonely mountains around his home, and eager for some part of the world's bustle. Sometimes he earned his living among the fishermen on the Riviera; sometimes he took sea-voyages with his father. He had unusual tenderness of heart, combined with fearlessness. One day he caught a grasshopper, took it to his house, and, in handling it, broke its leg. He was so grieved for the poor little creature, that he went to his room and wept bitterly for hours. Another time, standing by a deep ditch, he discovered that a woman had fallen from the bank as she was washing clothes. With no thought for his own life, he sprang in and rescued her.

His parents, seeing that he was quick in mathematics and the languages, desired him to study for the ministry; but he loved the sea and adventure too well for a sedentary life. Becoming tired of study, at twelve years of age, he and some companions procured a boat, put some provisions and fishing-tackle on board, and started to make their fortune in the East. These visions of greatness soon came to an inglorious end; for the paternal Garibaldi put to sea at once, and soon overtook and brought home the mortified and disappointed infantile crew.

At twenty-one, we find Garibaldi second in command on the brig "Cortese," bound for the Black Sea. Three times during the voyage they were plundered by Greek pirates, their sails, charts, and every article of clothing taken from them, the sailors being obliged to cover their bodies with some matting, left by chance in the hold of the ship. As a result of this destitution, the young commander became ill at Constantinople, and was cared for by some Italian exiles. Poor, as are most who are born to be leaders, he must work now to pay the expenses incurred by this illness. Through the kindness of his physician, he found a place to teach, and when once more even with the world pecuniarily, went back to sea, and was made captain.

He was now twenty-seven years old. Since his father had

taken him when a mere boy to Rome, he had longed for and prayed over his distracted Italy. He saw what the Eternal City must have been in her ancient splendor; he pictured her in the future, again the pride and glory of a united nation. He remembered how Italy had been the battle-ground of France, Spain, and Austria, when kings, as they have ever done, quarrelled for power. He saw the conqueror of Europe himself conquered by the dreadful Russian campaign: then the Congress of Vienna parcelling out a prostrate people among the nations. Austria took Lombardy and Venice; Parma and Lucca were given to Marie Louise, the second wife of Napoleon; and the Two Sicilies to Ferdinand II., who ruled them with a rod of iron. Citizens for small offences were lashed to death in the public square. Filthy dungeons, excavated under the sea, without light or air, were filled with patriots, whose only crime was a desire for a free country. The people revolted in Naples and Sardinia, and asked for a constitution; but Austria soon helped to restore despotism. Kings had divine rights; the people had none. No man lessens his power willingly. The only national safety is the least possible power in the hands of any one person. The rule of the many is liberty; of the few, despotism.

Garibaldi was writing all these things on his heart. His blood boiled at the slavery of his race. Mazzini, a young lawyer of Genoa, had just started a society called "Young Italy," and was looking hopefully, in a hopeless age, toward a republic for his native country. Garibaldi was ready to help in any manner possible. The plan proposed was to seize the village of St. Julien, and begin the revolt; but, as usual, there was a traitor in the camp: they were detected; and Garibaldi, like the rest, was sentenced to death. This was an unexpected turn of events for the young sea-captain. Donning the garb of a peasant, he escaped by mountain routes to Nice, his only food being chestnuts, bade a hasty farewell to his precious mother, and started for South America. He had learned, alas, so soon,

the result of working for freedom in Italy!

He arrived at Rio Janeiro, an exile and poor; but, finding several of his banished countrymen, they assisted him in buying a trading-vessel; and he engaged in commerce. But his mind constantly dwelt on freedom. The Republic of Rio Grande had just organized and set up its authority against Brazil. Here was a chance to fight for liberty. A small cruiser was obtained, which he called "The Mazzini," and, with twenty companions, he set out to combat an empire. After capturing a boat loaded with copper, the second vessel they met gave battle, wounded Garibaldi in the neck, and made them all prisoners.

A little later, attempting to escape, he was brutally beaten with a club, and then his wrists tied together by a rope, which was flung over a beam. He was suspended in the air for two hours. His sufferings were indescribable. Fever parched his body, and the rope cut his flesh. He was rescued by a fearless lady, Senora Alemon, but for whom he would have died. After two months, finding that he would divulge nothing of the plans of his adopted republic, he was released without trial, and entered the war again at once.

After several successful battles, his vessel was shipwrecked, nearly all his friends were drowned, and he escaped as by a miracle. His heart now became desolate. He says in his diary, "I felt the want of some one to love me, and a desire that such a one might be very soon supplied, as my present state of mind seemed insupportable." After all, the brave young captain was human, and cried out for a human affection. He had "always regarded woman as the most perfect of creatures"; but he had never thought it possible to marry with his adventurous life.

About this time he met a dark-haired, dark-eyed, young woman, tall and commanding, and as brave and fearless as himself. Anita belonged to a wealthy family, and her father was incensed at the union, though years after, when Garibaldi

became famous, he wrote them a letter of forgiveness. They idolized each other; and the soldier's heart knew desolation no longer, come now what would. She stood beside him in every battle, waving her sword over her head to encourage the men to their utmost. When a soldier fell dead at her feet, she seized his carbine, and kept up a constant fire. When urged by her husband to go below, because almost frantic with fear for her safety, she replied, "If I do, it will be but to drive out those cowards who have sought concealment there," and then return to the fight. In one of the land-battles she was surrounded by twenty or more of the enemy; but she put spurs to her horse, and dashed through their midst. At first they seemed dazed, as though she were something unearthly; then they fired, killing her animal, which fell heavily to the ground; and she was made a prisoner. Obtaining permission to search among the dead for her husband, and, not finding him, she determined to make her escape. That night, while they slept, she seized a horse, plunged into the forests, and for four days lived without food. On the last night—a stormy one—closely pursued by several of the enemy, she urged her horse into a swollen river, five hundred yards broad, and seizing fast hold of his tail, the noble creature swam across, dragging her with him. After eight days she reached her agonized husband, and their joy was complete.

After a year or more of battles and hardships, their first child, Menotti, was born, named for the great Italian Liberal. Garibaldi, fighting for a poor republic, destitute of everything for his wife and child, started across the marshes to purchase a few articles of clothing. In his absence, their little company was attacked by the Imperialists, and Anita mounted her saddle in a pitiless storm, and fled to the woods with her twelve-days-old infant. Three months later the child came near dying, the mother carrying him in a handkerchief tied round her neck, and keeping him warm with her breath, as they forded swamps and rivers.

After six years of faithful service for the South American Republic, Garibaldi determined to settle down to a more quiet life, with his little family, and sought a home at Montevideo, where he took up his former occupation of teaching. But he was soon drawn into war again, and his famous "Italian Legion," of about four hundred men, made for themselves a record throughout Europe and America for bravery and success against fearful odds. The grateful people made Garibaldi "General," and placed a large tract of land at the disposal of the Legion; but the leader said, "In obedience to the cause of liberty alone did the Italians of Montevideo take up arms, and not with any views of gain or advancement," and the gift was declined. Yet so poor was the family of Garibaldi, that they used to go to bed at sunset because they had no candles; and his only shirt he had given to a companion in arms. When his destitution became known, the minister of war sent him one hundred dollars. He accepted half for Anita and her little ones, and begged that the other half might be given to a poor widow.

Fourteen years had gone by since he left Italy under sentence of death. He was now forty-one, in the prime of his life and vigor. Italy had become ripe for a revolution. Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, had declared himself ready to give constitutional liberty to his people, and to help throw off the Austrian yoke. Garibaldi believed that his hour had come, and saying good-bye to the Montevideans, who were loathe to part with him, he took fifty-six of his brave Italian Legion, and sailed for Nice, in the ship Esperanza. His beloved Anita improvised a Sardinian flag, made from a counterpane, a red shirt, and a bit of old green uniform; and the little company gave themselves to earnest plans and hopes. They met a hearty reception on their arrival; Garibaldi's mother taking Anita and her three children, Menotti, Meresita, and Ricciotti, to her home. General Garibaldi at once presented himself before Charles Albert, and offered his services. He

wore a striking costume, consisting of a cap of scarlet cloth, a red blouse, and a white cloak lined with red, with a dagger at his belt, besides his sword. The King, perhaps remembering that the brave soldier was once a Republican in sentiment, made the great mistake of declining his aid. Nothing daunted, he hurried to Milan, only to find that the weak King had yielded it to Austria. Charles Albert soon abdicated in favor of his son Victor Emmanuel, and died from sorrow and defeat.

Meantime Rome had declared herself a Republic, and Pius IX. had fled the city. Garibaldi was asked to defend her, and entered with his troops, April 28, in 1849. England and France were urged to remain neutral, while Rome fought for freedom. But alas! Louis Napoleon, then President of the French Republic, desired to please the Papal party, and sent troops to reinstate the Pope! When Rome found that this man at the head of a republic was willing to put a knife to her throat, her people fought like tigers. They swarmed out of the workshops armed with weapons of every kind, while women urged them on with applause. For nearly three months Rome held out against France and Austria, Garibaldi showing himself an almost superhuman leader, and then the end came. Pius IX. re-entered the city, and the Republic was crushed by monarchies.

When all was lost, Garibaldi called his soldiers together, and, leaping on horseback, shouted, "Venice and Garibaldi do not surrender. Whoever will, let him follow me! Italy is not yet dead!" and he dashed off at full speed. By lonely mountain-paths, he, with Anita and about two hundred of his troops, arrived on the shore of the Adriatic, where thirteen boats were waiting to carry them to Venice. Nine were soon taken by the Austrians, the rest escaping, though nearly all were finally captured and shot at once. The General and his wife escaped to a cornfield, where she lay very ill, her head resting on his knee. Some peasants, though fearful that they would be detected by the Austrians, brought a cart, and

carried the dying wife to the nearest cottage, where, as soon as she was laid upon the bed, she breathed her last, leaning on Garibaldi's arm. Overwhelmed with the loss of his idol, he seemed benumbed, with no care whether he was made a prisoner or not. At last, urged for the sake of Italy to flee, he made the peasants promise to bury Anita under the shade of the pine grove near by, and, hunted like a robber from mountain to mountain, he found a hiding-place among the rocks of the Island of Caprera. There was nothing left now but to seek a refuge in the great American Republic.

Landing in New York, the noble General asked aid from no one, but believing, as all true-minded persons believe, that any labor is honorable, began to earn his living by making candles. What a contrast between an able general working in a tallow factory, and some proud young men and women who consent to be supported by friends, and thus live on charity! Woe to America if her citizens shall ever feel themselves too good to work!

For a year and a half he labored patiently, his children three thousand miles away with his mother. Then he became captain of a merchant vessel between China and Peru. When told that he could bring some Chinese slaves to South America in his cargo, he refused, saying, "Never will I become a trafficker in human flesh." America might buy and sell four millions of human beings, but not so Garibaldi. After four years he decided to return to Italy. With the little money he had saved, he bought half the rocky island of Caprera, five miles long, off the coast of Sardinia, whose boulders had once sheltered him, built him a one-story plain house, and took his three children there to live, his mother having died.

Meantime Cavour, the great Italian statesman, had not been idle in diplomacy. The Crimean War had been fought, and Italy had helped England and France against Russia. When Napoleon III. went to war with Austria in 1859, Cavour was glad to make Italy his ally. He called Garibaldi

from Caprera, and made him Major-General of the Alps. At once the red blouse and white cloak seemed to inspire the people with confidence. Lombardy sprang to arms. Every house was open, and every table spread for the Liberators. And then began a series of battles, which, for bravery and dash and skill, made the name of Garibaldi the terror of Austria, and the hope and pride of Italy. Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and Lucca declared for King Victor Emmanuel. The battles of Magenta and Solferino made Austria bite the dust, and gladly give up Lombardy.

At last it seemed as if Italy were to be redeemed and reunited. Garibaldi started with his famous "Mille," or thousand men, to release the two Sicilies from the hated rule of Francis, the son of Ferdinand II. The first battle was fought at Palermo, the Neapolitans who outnumbered the troops of Garibaldi four to one being defeated after four hours' hard fighting. Then the people dared to show their true feelings. Peasants flocked in from the mountains, and ladies wore red dresses and red feathers. When the cars carried the soldiers from one town to another, the people crowded the engine, and shouted themselves hoarse. Drums were beaten, and trumpets blown, and women pressed forward to kiss the hand or touch the cloak of the Lion of Italy. He was everywhere the bravest of the brave. Once when surrounded by four dragoons, who called upon him to surrender, he drew his sword, and said, "I am Garibaldi; you must surrender to me."

And yet amid all this honor and success in war, and supremacy in power, as he was the Dictator, he was so poor that he would wash his red shirt in a brook, and wait for it to dry while he ate his lunch of bread and water, with a little fruit. No wonder the Sicilians believed him to be a second Messiah, and the French that he could shake the bullets from his body into his loose red shirt, and empty them out at his leisure! The sailor boy had become the hero of all who loved liberty the world over. When the war was ended, he resigned

his Dictatorship, handed the two Sicilies over to his sovereign, distributed medals to his devoted soldiers, and returned to his island home at Caprera, with barely three dollars in his pocket, having borrowed one hundred to pay his debts. How rarely does any age produce such a man as Garibaldi!

But Rome was not yet the capital of Italy. The hero could not rest while the city was governed by a Pope. At last, tired of waiting for the king to take action, he started with three thousand men for Rome. Victor Emmanuel, fearing to offend France, if the Pope were molested, sent the royal troops against Garibaldi at Aspromonte, who badly wounded him, and carried him to a prison on the Gulf of Spezzia. The people, indignant at the Government, crowded around him, bearing gifts, and kissing the hem of his raiment. They even bored a hole in the door of the prison, that they might catch a glimpse of their idol, as he lay on his iron bedstead, a gift from an English friend.

After his release and return to Caprera, he visited England in 1864, the whole country doing him honor. Stations were gaily decorated, streets arched with flowers, ladies dressed in red; the Duke of Sutherland entertained him; London gave him the freedom of the city; Tennyson made him his guest at the Isle of Wight; and crowds made it scarcely possible for him to appear on the public thoroughfares. He refused to receive a purse of money from his friends, and went back to Caprera, majestic in his unselfishness.

Again Italy called him to help her in her alliance with Prussia against Austria in 1866, and again he fought nobly. The year following he attempted to take Rome, but was a second time arrested and imprisoned for fear of Napoleon III. When that monarch fell at Sedan, and the French troops were withdrawn from the Eternal City, Victor Emmanuel entered without a struggle, and Rome was free.

In 1874, after helping the French Republic, the brave Spartan was elected to Parliament. He was now sixty-seven.

As he entered Rome, the streets were blocked with people, who several times attempted to remove the horses, and draw the carriage themselves. Ah! if Anita had only been there to have seen this homage of a grateful nation. He entered the Senate House on the arm of his son Menotti, and when he rose in his red shirt and gray cloak to take the oath, so infirm that he was obliged to be supported by two friends, men wept as they recalled his struggles, and shouted frantically as he took his seat.

Seven years longer the grand old man lived at Caprera, now beautified with gifts from all the world, the recipient of a thank-offering of $10,000 yearly from Italy. Around him were Francesca, whom he married late in life, and their two children whom he idolized—Manlio and Clelia. He spent his time in writing several books, in tilling the soil, and in telling visitors the wonderful events of his life and of Anita.

On June 2, 1882, all day long he lay by the window, looking out upon the sea. As the sun was setting, a bird alighted on the sill, singing. The great man stammered, "Quanti o allegro!" How joyful it is! and closed his eyes in death. He directed in his will that his body should be burned; but, at the request of the Government and many friends, it was buried at Caprera, to be transferred at some future time to Rome, now the capital of united Italy. Not alone does Italy honor her great Liberator, whom she calls the "most blameless and most beloved of men." Wherever a heart loves liberty, there will Garibaldi's name be cherished and honored.

CHAPTER XVIII
Jean Paul Richter

Vasari, who wrote the lives of the Italian painters, truly said, "It is not by sleeping, but by working, waking, and laboring continually, that proficiency is attained and reputation acquired." This was emphatically true of Richter, as it is of every man or woman who wins a place in the memory of men. The majority die after a commonplace life, and are never heard of; they were probably satisfied to drift along the current, with no especial purpose, save to eat, drink, and be merry.

Not so with the German boy, born in the cold Pine Mountains of Bavaria. His home was a low, thatched building, made of beams of wood, filled in with mortar, one part for the family, and the other for corn and goats. This is still the custom in Switzerland, the poor caring as tenderly for their dumb beasts as for their children. Jean Paul was born on the 21st of March, 1763: "My life and the life of the spring began the same month," he used to say in after years, and the thought of robin red-breasts and spring flowers made the poor lad happy amid the deepest trials.

His father was an under-pastor and organist in the little village of Wunsiedel, and lived on a pitiful salary; but, generous to a fault, he stripped off his own garments to clothe the poor, and sent the schoolmaster a meal every day, because, if possible, he was poorer than the preacher. In school, Jean Paul was a studious boy, almost envying every one who said his lessons well, and fond of his teachers and mates; but one of the boys having cut Paul's hand, the father at once took him home and became his instructor. A painstaking and

conscientious man, he showed little aptness for his work, when he gave his boy, at nine years of age, a Latin dictionary to commit to memory! For four solid hours in the morning, and three in the afternoon, Paul and his brother learned grammatical lessons and Latin verses of which they did not understand a word. Still the boy grew more and more fond of books, and of Nature—made clocks with pendulums and wheels; a sun-dial, drawing his figures on a wooden plate with ink; invented a new language from the calendar signs of the almanac; and composed music on an old harpsichord whose only tuning-hammer and tuning-master were the winds and the weather.

When Paul was thirteen, the family moved to Schwarzenbach, where he made the acquaintance of a young pastor, Vogel, who owned quite a valuable library, and encouraged him to educate himself. Given free access to the books, he began to read eagerly. Thinking that he should never own volumes for himself, he made blank-books, of three hundred pages each, from his father's sermon-paper, and began the almost interminable labor of copying whatever he thought he should need in law, medicine, philosophy, theology, natural history, and poetry. For nearly four years he worked thus, till he had quite a library of his own, and a wealth of information in his brain, which proved invaluable in the writing of after years. Such a boy could not fail of success.

Paul's father, meantime, had become despondent over his debts, small though they were, and died when his son was sixteen. The grandfather on the mother's side dying soon after, Frau Richter became entitled by will to his property. The remaining brothers and sisters at once went to law about the matter, preferring to spend the estate in the courts rather than have a favorite child enjoy it. Two years later, at eighteen, Paul started for college at Leipzig, hoping that in this cultured city he might teach while pursuing his own studies. Alas! scores had come with the same hope, and there was no

work to be obtained. He found himself alone in a great city, poorly dressed, timid, sensitive, and without a hand to help. Many boys had brought letters of introduction to the professors, and thus of course received attention. He wrote to his mother, "The most renowned, whose esteem would be useful to me, are oppressed with business, surrounded by a multitude of respectable people, and by a swarm of envious flatterers. If one would speak to a professor without a special invitation, he incurs the suspicion of vanity. But do not give up your hopes. I will overcome all these difficulties. I shall receive some little help, and at length I shall not need it." All honor to the brave boy who could write so encouragingly in the midst of want and loneliness!

He longed to make the acquaintance of some learned people, but there was no opportunity. Finally, getting deeper and deeper into debt, he wrote to his mother, "As I have no longer any funds, I must continue to be trusted. But what can I at last expect? I must eat, and I cannot continue to be trusted. I cannot freeze, but where shall I get wood without money? I can no longer take care of my health, for I have warm food neither morning nor evening. It is now a long time since I asked you for twenty-six dollars; when they come, I shall scarcely be able to pay what I already owe. Perhaps the project I have in my head will enable me to earn for you and myself." Poor lad! how many hearts have ached from poverty just as did his. The mother was also in debt, but in some way she managed to obtain the money; for what will a mother not do for her child?

Paul worked on, but was soon in debt again. He could tell nobody but his devoted mother: "I will not ask you for money to pay my victualler," he wrote, "to whom I owe twenty-four dollars; nor my landlady to whom I am indebted ten; or even for other debts, that amount to six dollars. For these great sums I will ask no help, but for the following you must not deny me your assistance. I must every week pay the

washerwoman, who does not trust. I must drink some milk every morning. I must have my boots soled by the cobbler, who does not trust; my torn cap must be repaired by the tailor, who does not trust; and I must give something to the maid-servant, who of course does not trust. Eight dollars of Saxon money will satisfy all, and then I shall need your help no longer."

He was keeping up courage, because he was writing a book! He told his mother, with his high dreams of young authorship, that he should bring home all his old shirts and stockings at vacation, for he should buy new ones then! It is well that all the mountains seem easy to climb in youth; when we are older, we come to know their actual height. The mother discouraged authorship, and hoped her boy would become a preacher; but his project was too dear to be given up. When his book of satirical essays, called "Eulogy of Stupidity," was finished, it was sent, with beating heart, to a publisher. In vain Paul awaited its return. He hoped it would be ready at Michaelmas fair, but the publisher "so long and so kindly patronized the book by letting it lie on his desk, that the fair was half over before the manuscript was returned." The boyish heart must have ached when the parcel came. He had not learned, what most authors are familiar with, the heart sickness from first rejected manuscripts. He had not learned, too, that fame is a hard ladder to climb, and that a "friend at court" is often worth as much, or more, than merit. Publishers are human, and cannot always see merit till fame is won.

For a whole year Paul tried in vain to find a publisher. Then he said to the manuscript, "Lie there in the corner together with school exercises, for thou art no better. I will forget, for the world would certainly have forgotten thee." Faint from lack of food, he says, "I undertook again a wearisome work, and created in six months a brand-new satire." This book was called the "Greenland Lawsuits," a queer title

for a collection of essays on theology, family pride, women, fops, and the like.

Paul had now gained courage by failure. Instead of writing a letter, he went personally to every publisher in Leipzig, and offered his manuscript, and every publisher refused it. Finally he sent it to Voss of Berlin. On the last day of December, as he sat in his room, hungry, and shivering because there was no fire in the stove, there was a knock at the door, and a letter from Voss was handed in. He opened it hastily, and found an offer of seventy dollars for the "Greenland Lawsuits." Through his whole life he looked back to this as one of its supreme moments. It was not a great sum, only three dollars a week for the six months, but it was the first fruit of his brain given to the public. He was now nineteen. What little property the mother had possessed had wasted away in the lawsuits; one brother in his despair had drowned himself, and another had entered the army; but Paul still had hope in the future.

After a short vacation with his mother, he went back to Leipzig. The second volume of the "Greenland Lawsuits" was now published, and for this he received one hundred and twenty-six dollars—nearly twice that given for the first volume. This did not take with the public, and the third volume was refused by every publisher. His money was gone. What could he do? He would try, as some other authors had done, the plan of writing letters to distinguished people, telling them his needs. He did so, but received no answers. Then, spurred on by necessity, he took the manuscript in his hand, and presented it himself at the doors of the learned; but he was either not listened to, or repulsed on every occasion. How one pities this lad of nineteen! How many wealthy men might have aided him, but they did not! He wrote a few essays for various periodicals, but these brought little money, and were seldom wanted. His high hopes for a literary career began to vanish.

It was evident that he must give up college life, for he could not get enough to eat. He had long discontinued his evening meal, making his supper of a few dried prunes. His boarding-mistress was asking daily for her dues. He could bear the privation and the disgrace no longer, and, packing his satchel, and borrowing a coat from a college boy, that he might not freeze, he stole away from Leipzig in the darkness of the twilight, and went home to his disconsolate mother. Is it any wonder that the poor are disconsolate? Is it any wonder that they regard the wealthy as usually cold and indifferent to their welfare? Alas! that so many of us have no wish to be our "brother's keeper."

Perhaps some of the professors and students wondered where the bright lad had gone; but the world forgets easily. Frau Richter received her college boy with a warm heart, but an empty purse. She was living with her two children in one room, supporting them as best she could by spinning, working far into the night. In this room, where cooking, washing, cleaning, and spinning were all carried on, Paul placed his little desk and began to write. Was the confusion trying to his thoughts? Ah! necessity knows no law. He says, "I was like a prisoner, without the prisoner's fare of bread and water, for I had only the latter; and if a gulden found its way into the house, the jubilee was such that the windows were nearly broken with joy." But with the strength of a noble and heroic nature, he adds, "What is poverty that a man should whine under it? It is but like the pain of piercing the ears of a maiden, and you hang precious jewels in the wound."

The family were so needy, however, that they must look somewhere for aid, and hesitatingly Paul applied to Vogel, the young pastor, who loaned them twenty-five gulden. Very soon the boarding-mistress from Leipzig appeared, having walked the whole way to Hof, and demanded her pay. In his distress Paul sent her to another friend, Otto, who became surety for the debt.

Richter now began to work harder than ever. His books of extracts were invaluable, as were his hand-books of comical matters, touching incidents, synonyms, etc. He made it a rule to write half a day, and take long walks in the afternoon in the open air, thinking out the plans for his books. Poor as he was, he was always cheerful, sustaining by his letters any who were downhearted. One of his best friends, Herman, who had become a physician through much struggle, died about this time, broken on the wheel of poverty. Despite his own starving condition, Paul sent him five dollars. Having an opportunity to teach French to the brother of a Leipzig friend, he accepted; but at the end of three years, through the disappointing character of the pupil, and the miserliness of the father, Paul returned to his mother, broken in health and dispirited. His heart ached for those who like himself were suffering, and now he made a resolution that changed for life the course of his writing. He would write satire no more. He said, "I will not pour into the cup of humanity a single drop of gall." Henceforward love, and hope, and tenderness, breathe upon his every page.

He now wrote ten essays on "What is Death?" asking the noble-hearted Herder to send them to Weiland for his magazine, lest they be overlooked in his mass of papers, if Richter, unaided, should venture to ask the favor. They were overlooked for months; but finally Herder procured the insertion of one essay in a different magazine, but Richter never received any pay for it. Three years had passed, and all this time the third volume of the "Greenland Lawsuits" had been journeying from one publishing house to another. At last it was accepted, but little money came from it.

Again he taught—this time at Schwarzenbach, where he used to go to school. Here his tenderness, his tact, and good cheer won the hearts of the pupils. There was no memorizing of Latin dictionaries, but the exact work of all was kept in a "red book" for parents to see. He instructed them orally five

hours a day, till they were eager for astronomy, history, and biography. For four years he taught, "his schoolroom being his Paradise," every Sunday walking to Hof to see his mother. Well might he say, "To the man who has had a mother all women are sacred for her sake."

Paul now determined to write a novel, and though he had little knowledge of any sphere of life save that in which poverty held sway, he would put his own heart into the work. The "Invisible Lodge" was written and sent to the Counsellor of the town, asking, if the work pleased him, that he would assist in its publication. At first Counsellor Moritz was annoyed at the request; but as he read he became deeply interested, and said, this is surely from Goethe, Herder, or Weiland. The book was soon published, and two hundred and twenty-six dollars paid for it! The moment Richter received the first instalment of seventy dollars, he hastened to Hof, and there, late at night, found his mother spinning by the light of the fire, and poured the whole of the gold into her lap. The surprise, joy, and thanksgiving of the poor woman can well be imagined. Her son immediately moved her into a small but more comfortable home.

The new novel began to be talked about and widely read. Fame was really coming. He began at once to work on "Hesperus," one of his most famous productions, though when published he received only two hundred dollars for the four volumes. Letters now came from scholars and famous people. One admirer sent fifty Prussian dollars. What joy must have swelled the heart of the poor schoolteacher! "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces" followed shortly after, and Richter was indeed famous. Learned ladies of Weimar wrote most enthusiastic thanks. With his reverence for woman, and delight in her intellectual equality with man, these letters were most inspiring. Request after request came for him to visit Weimar. Dare he go and meet such people as Goethe, and Schiller, and Herder, and Weiland, whom for twelve long

years he had hoped sometime to look upon? At last he started, and upon reaching Weimar, was made the lion of the day. His warm heart, generous and unaffected nature, and brilliant and well-stored mind made him admired by all. Herder said: "Heaven has sent me a treasure in Richter. That I neither deserved nor expected. He is all heart, all soul; an harmonious tone in the great golden harp of humanity." Caroline Herder, his wife, a very gifted woman, was equally his friend and helper. Noble and intellectual women gathered about him to do him honor. Some fell in love with him; but he studied them closely as models for future characters in his books, giving only an ardent friendship in return. He was even invited to court, and gathered here the scenes for his greatest work, "Titan." How grand all this seemed to the poor man who had been hungering all his life for refined and intellectual companionship! So rejoiced was he that he wrote home, "I have lived twenty years in Weimar in a few days. I am happy, wholly happy, not merely beyond all expectation, but beyond all description."

He was now thirty-four. The poor, patient mother had just died, but not till she had heard the fame of her son spoken on every hand. After her death, Paul found a faded manuscript in which she had kept the record of those small gains in spinning into the midnight hours. He carried it next his heart, saying, "If all other manuscripts are destroyed, yet will I keep this, good mother." For weeks he was not able to write a letter, or mention the loss of his parent.

His youngest brother, Samuel, a talented boy, was now ready for college; so Jean Paul determined to make Leipzig his home while his brother pursued his course. What changes the last few years had wrought! Then he was stealing away from Leipzig in debt for his board, cold, hungry, and desolate; now he was coming, the brilliant author whom everybody delighted to honor. When we are in want, few are ready to help; when above want, the world stands ready to lavish all upon

us. After spending some time in Leipzig, he visited Dresden to enjoy the culture of that artistic city. During this visit, Samuel, who had become dissipated, broke into his brother's desk, stole all his hard-earned money, and left the city. He led a wandering life thereafter, dying in a hospital in Silesia. Paul never saw him again, but sent him a yearly allowance, as soon as he learned his abiding-place. What a noble character!

He now returned to Weimar, dedicating his "Titan" to the four daughters of the Duke of Mecklenburg, one of whom became the mother of Emperor William, the famous and beautiful Louise of Prussia. He visited her later in Berlin, where he writes, "I have never been received in any city with such idolatry. I have a watch-chain of the hair of three sisters; and so much hair has been begged of me, that if I were to make it a traffic, I could live as well from the outside of my head as from what is inside of it."

In this city he met the woman who was to be hereafter the very centre of his life. He had had a passing fancy for several, but never for one that seemed fitted, all in all, to make his life complete. Caroline Myer, the daughter of one of the most distinguished Prussian officers, was a refined, intellectual, noble girl, with almost unlimited resources within herself, devoted to her family and to every good. Paul had met women who dressed more elegantly, who were more sparkling in conversation, who were more beautiful, but they did not satisfy his heart. In his thirty-eighth year he had found a character that seemed perfection. He wrote, "Caroline has exactly that inexpressible love for all beings that I have till now failed to find even in those who in everything else possess the splendor and purity of the diamond. She preserves in the full harmony of her love to me the middle and lower tones of sympathy for every joy and sorrow in others."

Her love for Richter was nearly adoration. Several months after their marriage she wrote her father, "Richter is the purest, the holiest, the most godlike man that lives. Could others

be admitted, as I am, to his inmost emotions, how much more would they esteem him!" Richter also wrote to his best friend, Otto, "Marriage has made me love her more romantically, deeper, infinitely more than before." At the birth of their first child, he wrote again to Otto, "You will be as transported as I was when the nurse brought me, as out of a cloud, my second love, with the blue eyes wide open, a beautiful, high brow, kiss-lipped, heart-touching. God is near at the birth of every child."

On Caroline's first birthday after their marriage, he wrote, "I will be to thee father and mother! Thou shalt be the happiest of human beings, that I also may be happy."

"Titan," now ten years in progress, was published, and made a great sensation. The literary world was indignant at the fate of "Linda," his heroine, but all pronounced it a great book—his masterpiece.

Soon after he removed to Bayreuth, and settled down to earnest work. Almost every day he might be seen walking out into the country, where he rented a room in a peasant's house for quiet and country air. Whenever the day was pleasant he worked out of doors. A son had now been born to him, and life seemed complete. Now he played with his home-treasures, and now talked at table about some matter of art or science that all might be instructed. He was especially fond of animals, having usually a mouse, a tame spider, a tree-frog, and dogs. So good was he to his canary birds that he never left the house without opening the door of their cage that they might fly about and not be lonely. Often when he wrote, they walked over his manuscript, scattering water from the vase and mingling it with his ink.

His son Max, a boy of sixteen, had entered school at Munich. He was a beautiful youth, conscientious, sensitive, devoted to study, and the idol of the household. At first he wept whole nights from homesickness, denying himself sufficient fire, food, and clothing, from a desire to save expense to

his parents. He was a fine scholar, but distrusted his intellectual gifts. At the end of a year he came home, pale and worn, and died at the age of nineteen.

To Richter this was a death-blow. He went on writing, while the tears dropped upon his page. He could never bear the sight of a book his boy had touched, and the word "philology," his son's favorite study, cut him to the heart. At the end of three months he wrote to a friend, "My being has suffered not merely a wound, but a complete cutting off of all joy. My longing after him grows always more painful." Broken in health he visited Dresden; but the end was near. The sight of the left eye at first failed him, then the right, till he was left in complete darkness. He still hoped to finish his autobiography, and the "Immortality of the Soul," begun on the very day Max was buried; but this was denied him. Once only did his sorrows overpower him, when pitifully looking toward the window, he cried out as Ajax in the "Iliad":—

"Light! light only, then may the enemy come!"

The devoted wife and two daughters grew unspeakably dear to him. When tired with thinking, he would seat himself at the piano, and play till he, as well as those who heard him, would burst into tears. On the 14th of November, 1825, he sat in his chamber, his youngest child climbing on the back of his chair, and laying her face against her father's. It was only noon, but thinking it was night, Richter said, "It is time to go to rest." He was wheeled into his sleeping apartment, and some flowers laid on the bed beside him. "My beautiful flowers! My lovely flowers!" he said, as he folded his arms, and soon fell asleep. His wife sat beside him, her eyes fixed on the face of the man she loved. About six the doctor arrived. The breath came shorter, the face took on a heavenly expression, and grew cold as marble. The end had come. He was buried by torchlight, the unfinished manuscript of the "Immortality of the Soul" being borne upon his coffin, while the students

sung Klopstock's hymn, "Thou shalt arise, my Soul." His more than one hundred volumes and his noble, generous life are his monuments. He said, "I shall die without having seen Switzerland or the ocean, but the ocean of eternity I shall not fail to see."

CHAPTER XIX
Leon Gambetta

On January 6, 1883, Paris presented a sad and imposing spectacle. Her shops were closed; her public buildings and her homes were draped in black. Her streets were solid with hundreds of thousands, all dispirited, and many in tears. A large catafalque covered with black velvet upheld a coffin shrouded with the tricolor. From a vase at each corner rose burning perfume, whose vapor was like sweet incense. Six black horses drew the funeral car, and two hundred thousand persons followed in the procession, many bearing aloft wreaths of flowers, and shouting, "Vive la Republique! Vive la Gambetta!"

The maker of the Republic, the brilliant, eloquent leader of the French people, was dead; dead in the prime of his life at forty-five. The "Figaro" but voiced the feeling of the world when it said, "The Republic has lost its greatest man." America might well mourn him as a friend, for he made her his pattern for his beloved France. The "Pall-Mall Gazette" said, "He will live in French history among the most courageous"; and even Germany courted him as the bravest of the brave, while she breathed freer, saying in the "Berlin Press," "The death of Gambetta delivers the peace of Europe from great danger." The hand that would sometime doubtless have reached out to take back sobbing Alsace and Lorraine was palsied; the voice that swayed the multitude, now with its sweet persuasiveness, and now with its thunder like the rush of a swollen torrent, was hushed; the supreme will that held France like a willing child in its power, had yielded to the inevitable—death.

Leon Gambetta was born at Cahors, April 2, 1838. His father was an Italian from Genoa, poor, and of good character; his mother, a French woman, singularly hopeful, energetic, and noble. They owned a little bazaar and grocery, and here, Onasie, the wife, day after day helped her husband to earn a comfortable living. When their only son was seven years old, he was sent to a Jesuits' preparatory school at Monfaucon, his parents hoping that he would become a priest. His mother had great pride in him, and faith in his future. She taught him how to read from the "National," a newspaper founded by Thiers, republican in its tendencies. She saw with delight that when very young he would learn the speeches of Thiers and Guizot, which he found in its columns, and declaim them as he roamed alone the narrow streets, and by the quaint old bridges and towers of Cahors. At Monfaucon, he gave his orations before the other children, the mother sending him the much-prized "National" whenever he obtained good marks, and the Jesuits, whether pleased or not, did not interfere with their boyish republican.

At eight years of age an unfortunate accident happened which bade fair to ruin his hopes. While watching a cutter drill the handle of a knife, the foil broke, and a piece entered the right eye, spoiling the sight. Twenty years afterward, when the left, through sympathy, seemed to be nearly destroyed, a glass eye was inserted, and the remaining one was saved.

When Leon was ten years old, the Revolution of 1848 deposed Louis Philippe, the Orleanist, and Louis Napoleon was made President of the Republic. Perhaps the people ought to have known that no presidency would long satisfy the ambition of a Bonaparte. He at once began to increase his power by winning the Catholic Church to his side. The Jesuits no longer allowed the boy Leon to talk republicanism; they saw that it was doomed. They scolded him, whipped him, took away the "National," and finally expelled him, writing to his parents, "You will never make a priest of him; he has an

utterly undisciplinable character."

The father frowned when he returned home, and the neighbors prophesied that he would end his life in the Bastile for holding such radical opinions. The poor mother blamed herself for putting the "National" into his hands, and thus bringing all this trouble upon him. Ah, she wrought better than she knew! But for the "National," and Gambetta's unconquerable love for a republic, France might to-day be the plaything of an emperor.

Meantime Louis Napoleon was putting his friends into office, making tours about the country to win adherents, and securing the army and the police to his side. At seven o'clock, on the morning of December 2, 1851, the famous Coup d'état came, and the unscrupulous President had made himself Emperor. Nearly two hundred and fifty deputies were arrested and imprisoned, and the Republicans who opposed the usurpation were quickly subdued by the army. Then the French were graciously permitted to say, by ballot, whether they were willing to accept the empire. There was, of course, but one judicious way to vote, and that was in the affirmative, and they thus voted.

Joseph Gambetta, the father, saw the political storm which was coming, and fearing for his outspoken son, locked him up in a lyceum at Cahors, till he was seventeen. Here he attracted the notice of his teachers by his fondness for reading, his great memory, and his love of history and politics. At sixteen he had read the Latin authors, and the economical works of Proudhon. When he came home, his father told him that he must now become a grocer, and succeed to the business. He obeyed, but his studious mind had no interest in the work. He recoiled from spending his powers in persuading the mayor's wife that a yard of Genoa velvet at twenty francs was cheaper than the same measure of the Lyon's article at thirteen. So tired and sick of the business did he become, that he begged his father to be allowed to keep the accounts, which

he did in a neat, delicate hand.

His watchful mother saw that her boy's health was failing. He was restless and miserable. He longed to go to Paris to study law, and then teach in some provincial town. He planned ways of escape from the hated tasks, but he had no money, and no friends in the great city.

But his mother planned to some purpose. She said to M. Menier, the chocolate-maker, "I have a son of great promise, whom I want to send to Paris against his father's will to study law. He is a good lad, and no fool. But my husband, who wants him to continue his business here, will, I know, try to starve him into submission. What I am about to propose is that if I buy your chocolate at the rate you offer it, and buy it outright instead of taking it to sell on commission, will you say nothing if I enter it on the book at a higher price, and you pay the difference to my son?" Menier, interested to have the boy prosper, quickly agreed.

After a time, she called her son aside and, placing a bag of money in his hand, said, "This, my boy, is to pay your way for a year. A trunk full of clothes is ready for you. Try and come home somebody. Start soon, and take care to let nobody suspect you are going away. Do not say good-bye to a single soul. I want to avoid a scene between you and your father."

Ambition welled up again in his heart, and the bright expression came back into his face. The next morning he slipped away, and was soon at Paris. He drove to the Sorbonne, because he had heard that lectures were given there. The cab-driver recommended a cheap hotel close by, and, obtaining a room in the garret, the youth, not yet eighteen, began his studies. He rose early and worked hard, attending lectures at the medical school as well as at the law, buying his books at second-hand shops along the streets. Though poverty often pinched him as to food, and his clothes were poor, he did not mind it, but bent all his energies to his work. His mother wrote how angered the father was at his leaving, and would

not allow his name to be mentioned in his presence. Poor Joseph! how limited was his horizon.

Leon's intelligence and originality won the esteem of the professors, and one of them said, "Your father acts stupidly. You have a true vocation. Follow it. But go to the bar, where your voice, which is one in a thousand, will carry you on, study and intelligence aiding. The lecture-room is a narrow theatre. If you like, I will write to your father to tell him what my opinion of you is."

Professor Valette wrote to Joseph Gambetta, "The best investment you ever made would be to spend what money you can afford to divert from your business in helping your son to become an advocate."

The letter caused a sensation in the Gambetta family. The mother took courage and urged the case of her darling child, while her sister, Jenny Massabie, talked ardently for her bright nephew. An allowance was finally made. In two years Leon had mastered the civil, criminal, military, forest, and maritime codes. Too young to be admitted to the bar to plead, for nearly a year he studied Paris, its treasures of art, and its varied life. It opened a new and grand world to him. Accidentally he made the acquaintance of the head usher at the Corps Legislatif, who said to the young student, "You are an excellent fellow, and I shall like to oblige you; so if the debates of the Corps Legislatif interest you, come there and ask for me, and I will find you a corner in the galleries where you can hear and see everything." Here Leon studied parliamentary usage, and saw the repression of thought under an empire. At the Café Procope, once the resort of Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, and other literary celebrities, the young man talked over the speeches he had heard, with his acquaintances, and told what he would do if he were in the House. An improbable thing it seemed that a poor and unknown lad would ever sit in the Corps Legislatif, as one of its members! He organized a club for reading and debating, and was of course made its head. It

could not be other than republican in sentiment.

In 1860, at the age of twenty-two, Gambetta was admitted to the bar. The father was greatly opposed to his living in Paris, where he thought there was no chance for a lawyer who had neither money nor influential friends, and urged his returning to Cahors. Again his aunt Jenny, whom he always affectionately called "Tata," took his part. Having an income of five hundred dollars a year, she said to the father, "You do not see how you can help your son in Paris, it may be for long years; but next week I will go with him, and we shall stay together;" and then, turning to her nephew, she added, "And now, my boy, I will give you food and shelter, and you will do the rest by your work."

They took a small house in the Latin Quartier, very plain and comfortless. His first brief came after waiting eighteen months! Grepps, a deputy, being accused of conspiracy against the Government, Gambetta defended him so well that Crémieux, a prominent lawyer, asked him to become his secretary. The case was not reported in the papers, and was therefore known only by a limited circle. For six years the brilliant young scholar was virtually chained to his desk. The only recreation was an occasional gathering of a few newspaper men at his rooms, for whom his aunt cooked the supper, willing and glad to do the work, because she believed he would some day come to renown from his genius.

Finally his hour came. At the Coup d'état, Dr. Baudin, a deputy, for defending the rights of the National Assembly, was shot on a barricade. On All-Soul's Day, 1868, the Republicans, to the number of a thousand, gathered at the grave in the cemetery of Montmartre, to lay flowers upon it and listen to addresses. The Emperor could not but see that such demonstrations would do harm to his throne. Dellschuzes, the leader, was therefore arrested, and chose the unknown lawyer, Gambetta, to defend him. He was a strong radical, and he asked only one favor of his lawyer, that he would "hit hard

the Man of December," as those who hated the Coup d'état of December 2, loved to call Louis Napoleon.

Gambetta was equal to the occasion. He likened the Emperor to Catiline, declaring that as a highwayman, he had taken France and felled her senseless. "For seventeen years," he said, "you have been masters of France, and you have never dared to celebrate the Second of December. It is we who take up the anniversary, which you no more dare face than a fear-haunted murderer can his victim's corpse." When finally, overcome with emotion, Gambetta sank into his seat at the close of his speech, the die was cast. He had become famous from one end of France to the other, and the Empire had received a blow from which it never recovered. That night at the clubs, and in the press offices, the name of Leon Gambetta was on every lip.

It is not strange that in the elections of the following year, he was asked to represent Belleville and Marseilles, and chose the latter, saying to his constituents that he was in "irreconcilable opposition to the Empire." He at once became the leader of a new party, the "Irreconcilables," and Napoleon's downfall became from that hour only a question of time. Gambetta spoke everywhere, and was soon conceded to be the finest orator in France. Worn in body, by the confinement of the secretaryship, and the political campaign, he repaired to Ems for a short time, where he met Bismarck. "He will go far," said the Man of Iron. "I pity the Emperor for having such an irreconcilable enemy." The "National," under Madam Gambetta's teaching in childhood, was bearing fruit.

Napoleon saw that something must be done to make his throne more stable in the hearts of his people. He attempted a more liberal policy, with Émile Ollivier at the head of affairs. But Gambetta was still irreconcilable, saying in one of his great speeches, "We accept you and your Constitutionalism as a bridge to the Republic, but nothing more." At last war was declared against Prussia, as much with the hope of

promoting peace at home as to win honors in Germany. Everybody knows the rapid and crushing defeat of the French, and the fall of Napoleon at Sedan, September 2, when he wrote to King William of Prussia, "Not having been able to die at the head of my troops, I can only resign my sword into the hands of your Majesty."

When the news reached Paris on the following day, the people were frantic. Had the Emperor returned, a defeated man, he could never have reached the Tuileries alive. Crowds gathered in the streets, and forced their way into the hall of the Corps Legislatif. Then the eloquent leader of the Republican ranks, scarcely heard of two years before, ascended the Tribune, and declared that, "Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and his dynasty have forever ceased to reign over France." With Jules Favre, Ferry, Simon, and others, he hastened to the Hotel de Ville, writing on slips of paper, and throwing out to the multitude, the names of those who were to be the heads of the provisional government. Cool, fearless, heroic, Gambetta stood at the summit of power, and controlled the people. They believed in him because he believed in the Republic.

Meantime the German armies were marching on Paris. The people fortified their city, and prepared to die if need be, in their homes. Before Paris was cut off from the outside world by the siege, part of the governing force retired to Tours. It became necessary for Gambetta, in October, to visit this city for conference, and to accomplish this he started in a balloon, which was just grazed by the Prussian guns as he passed over the lines. It was a hazardous step; but the balloon landed in a forest near Amiens, and he was safe. When he arrived in Tours there was not a soldier in the place; in a month, by superhuman energy, and the most consummate skill and wisdom, he had raised three armies of eight hundred thousand men, provided by loan for their maintenance, and directed their military operations. One of the prominent

officers on the German side says, "This colossal energy is the most remarkable event of modern history, and will carry down Gambetta's name to remote posterity."

He was now in reality the Dictator of France, at thirty-two years of age. He gave the fullest liberty to the press, had a pleasant "Bon jour, mon ami" for a workman, no matter how overwhelmed with cares he might be, and a self-possession, a quickness of decision, and an indomitable will that made him a master in every company and on every occasion. He electrified France by his speeches; he renewed her courage, and revived her patriotism. Even after the bloody defeat of Bazaine at Gravelotte, and his strange surrender of one hundred and seventy thousand men at Metz, Gambetta did not despair of France being able, at least, to demand an honorable peace.

But France had grown tired of battles. Paris had endured a siege of four months, and the people were nearly in a starving condition. The Communists, too, were demanding impossible things. Therefore, after seven months of war, the articles of peace were agreed upon, by which France gave to Germany fourteen hundred million dollars, to be paid in three years, and ceded to her the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine.

Gambetta could never bring himself to consent to these humiliating conditions, and on the day on which the terms were ratified, he and his colleagues from these two sections of the country, left the assembly together. Just as they were passing out, the venerable Jean Kuss, mayor of Strasburg, staggered up to Gambetta, saying, "Let me grasp your patriot's hand. It is the last time I shall shake it. My heart is broken. Promise to redeem brave Strasburg." He fell to the floor, and died almost immediately. Gambetta retired to Spain, till recalled by the elections of the following July.

He now began again his heroic labors, speaking all through France, teaching the people the true principles of a republic; not communism, not lawlessness, but order,

prudence, and self-government. He urged free, obligatory education, and the scattering of books, libraries, and institutes everywhere. When Thiers was made the first President, Gambetta was his most important and truest ally, though the former had called him "a furious fool"; so ready was the Great Republican to forgive harshness.

In 1877 he again saved his beloved Republic. The Monarchists had become restless, and finally displaced Thiers by Marshal MacMahon, a strong Romanist, and a man devoted to the Empire. It seemed evident that another coup d'état was meditated. Gambetta stirred the country to action. He declared that the President must "submit or resign," and for those words he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a fine of four hundred dollars, which sentence was never executed. MacMahon seeing that the Republic was stronger than he had supposed, soon after resigned his position, and was succeeded by M. Grevy. Gambetta was made President of the Assembly, and doubtless, if he had lived, would have been made President of the Republic.

There were not wanting those who claimed that he was ambitious for the supreme rule; but when death came from the accidental discharge of a pistol, producing a wound in the hand, all calumny was hushed, and France beheld her idol in his true light—the incarnation of republicanism. Two hours before his death, at his plain home just out of Paris at Ville d'Avray, he said, "I am dying; there is no use in denying it; but I have suffered so much it will be a great deliverance." He longed to last till the New Year, but died five minutes before midnight, Dec. 31, 1882. The following day, fifteen thousand persons called to see the great statesman as he lay upon his single iron bedstead.

Afterward the body lay in state at the Palais Bourbon, the guard standing nearly to their knees in flowers. Over two thousand wreaths were given by friends. Alsace sent a magnificent crown of roses. No grander nor sadder funeral was

ever seen in France. Paris was urgent that he be buried in Père la Chaise, but his father would not consent; so the body was carried to Nice to lie beside his mother, who died a year before him, and his devoted aunt, who died five years previously. Every day Joseph Gambetta lays flowers upon the graves of his dear ones.

Circumstances helped to make the great orator, but he also made circumstances. True, his opportunity came at the trial, after the Baudin demonstration, but he was ready for the opportunity. He had studied the history of an empire under the Cæsars, and he knew how republics are made and lost. When in the Corps Legislatif a leader was needed, he was ready, for he had carefully studied men. When at Tours he directed the military, he knew what he was doing, for he was conversant with the details of our civil war. When others were sauntering for pleasure along the Champs Élysees, he had been poring over books in an attic opposite the Sorbonne. He died early, but he accomplished more than most men who live to be twice forty-five. When, in the years to come, imperialists shall strive again to wrest the government from the hands of the people, the name of Leon Gambetta will be an inspiration, a talisman of victory for the Republic.

CHAPTER XX
David Glasgow Farragut

The possibilities of American life are strikingly illustrated by the fact that the two names at the head of the army and navy, Grant and Farragut, represent self-made men. The latter was born on a farm near Knoxville, Tennessee, July 5, 1801. His mother, of Scotch descent, was a brave and energetic woman. Once when the father was absent in the Indian wars, the savages came to their plain home and demanded admittance. She barred the door as best she could, and sending her trembling children into the loft, guarded the entrance with an axe. The Indians thought discretion the better part of valor, and stole quietly away.

When David was seven years old, the family having moved to New Orleans, as the father had been appointed sailing master in the navy, the noble mother died of yellow fever, leaving five children, the youngest an infant. This was a most severe blow. Fortunately, soon after, an act of kindness brought its reward. The father of Commodore Porter having died at the Farragut house, the son determined to adopt one of the motherless children, if one was willing to leave his home. Little David was pleased with the uniform, and said promptly that he would go.

Saying good-bye forever to his father, he was taken to Washington, and after a few months spent in school, at the age of nine years and a half, was made a midshipman. And now began a life full of hardship, of adventure, and of brave deeds, which have added lustre to the American navy, and have made the name of Farragut immortal.

His first cruise was along the coast, in the Essex, after the

war of 1812 with Great Britain had begun. They had captured the Alert and other prizes, and their ship was crowded with prisoners. One night when the boy lay apparently asleep, the coxswain of the Alert came to his hammock, pistol in hand. David lay motionless till he passed on, and then crept noiselessly to the cabin, and informed Captain Porter. Springing from his cot, he shouted, "Fire! fire!" The seamen rushed on deck, and the mutineers were in irons before they had recovered from their amazement. Evidently the boy had inherited some of his mother's fearlessness.

His second cruise was in the Pacific Ocean, where they encountered a fearful storm going round Cape Horn. An incident occurred at this time which showed the mettle of the lad. Though only twelve, he was ordered by Captain Porter to take a prize vessel to Valparaiso, the captured captain being required to navigate it. When David requested that the "maintopsail be filled away," the captain replied that he would shoot any man who dared to touch a rope without his orders, and then went below for his pistols. David called one of the crew, told him what had happened, and what he wanted done. "Aye, aye, sir!" responded the faithful sailor, as he began to execute the orders. The young midshipman at once sent word to the captain not to come on deck with his pistols unless he wished to go overboard. From that moment the boy was master of the vessel, and admired for his bravery.

The following year—1814—while the *Essex* was off the coast of Chili, she was attacked by the British ships *Phœbe* and *Cherub*. The battle lasted for two hours and a half, the *Phœbe* throwing seven hundred eighteen-pound shots at the *Essex.*

"I shall never forget," Farragut said years after, "the horrid impression made upon me at the sight of the first man I had ever seen killed. It staggered and sickened me at first; but they soon began to fall so fast that it all appeared like a dream, and produced no effect upon my nerves… Soon after this some gun-primers were wanted, and I was sent after them. In going

below, while I was on the ward-room ladder, the captain of the gun directly opposite the hatchway was struck full in the face by an eighteen-pound shot, and fell back on me. We tumbled down the hatch together. I lay for some moments stunned by the blow, but soon recovered consciousness enough to rush up on deck. The captain seeing me covered with blood, asked if I was wounded; to which I replied, 'I believe not, sir.' 'Then,' said he, 'where are the primers?' This brought me completely to my senses, and I ran below again and carried the primers on deck."

When Porter had been forced to surrender, David went below to help the surgeon in dressing wounds. One brave young man, Lieutenant Cowell, said, "O, Davy, I fear it is all up with me!" He could have been saved, had his leg been amputated an hour sooner; but when it was proposed to drop another patient and attend to him, he said, "No, Doctor, none of that; fair play is a jewel. One man's life is as dear as another's; I would not cheat any poor fellow out of his turn."

Many brave men died, saying, "Don't give her up! Hurrah for liberty!" One young Scotchman, whose leg had been shot off, said to his comrades, "I left my own country and adopted the United States to fight for her. I hope I have this day proved myself worthy of the country of my adoption. I am no longer of any use to you or to her; so good-bye!" saying which he threw himself overboard.

When David was taken a prisoner on board the *Phœbe*, he could not refrain from tears at his mortification.

"Never mind, my little fellow," said the captain; "it will be your turn next, perhaps."

"I hope so," was the reply.

Soon David's pet pig "Murphy" was brought on board, and he immediately claimed it.

"But," said the English sailor, "you are a prisoner and your pig also."

"We always respect private property," the boy replied,

seizing hold of "Murphy"; and after a vigorous fight, the pet was given to its owner.

On returning to Captain Porter's house at Chester, Pa., David was put at school for the summer, under a quaint instructor, one of Napoleon's celebrated Guard, who used no book, but taught the boys about plants and minerals, and how to climb and swim. In the fall he was placed on a receiving-ship, but gladly left the wild set of lads for a cruise in the Mediterranean. Here he had the opportunity of visiting Naples, Pompeii, and other places of interest, but he encountered much that was harsh and trying. Commodore C— sometimes knocked down his own son, and his son's friend as well—not a pleasant person to be governed by.

In 1817, Chaplain Folsom of their ship was appointed consul at Tunis. He loved David as a brother, and begged the privilege of keeping him for a time, "because," said he to the commodore, "he is entirely destitute of the aids of fortune and the influence of friends, other than those whom his character may attach to him." For nearly nine months he remained with the chaplain, studying French, Italian, English literature, and mathematics, and developing in manliness and refinement. The Danish consul showed great fondness for the frank, ardent boy, now sixteen, and invited him to his house at Carthage. Failing in his health, a horseback trip toward the interior of the country was recommended, and during the journey he received a sunstroke, and his eyes were permanently weakened. All his life, however, he had some one read to him, and thus mitigate his misfortune.

The time came to go back to duty on the ship, and Chaplain Folsom clasped the big boy to his bosom, fervently kissing him on each cheek, and giving him his parting blessing mingled with his tears. Forty years after, when the young midshipman had become the famous Admiral, he sent a token of respect and affection to his old friend.

For some years, having been appointed acting lieutenant,

he cruised in the Gulf of Mexico, gaining knowledge which he was glad to use later, and in the West Indies, where for two years and a half, he says, "I never owned a bed, but lay down to rest wherever I found the most comfortable berth." Sometimes he and his seamen pursued pirates who infested the coast, cutting their way through thornbushes and cactus plants, with their cutlasses; then burning the houses of these robbers, and taking their plunder out of their caves. It was an exciting but wearing life.

After a visit to his old home at New Orleans—his father had died, and his sister did not recognize him—he contracted yellow fever, and lay ill for some time in a Washington hospital. Perhaps the sailor was tired of his roving and somewhat lonely life, and now married, at twenty-two, Miss Susan Marchant of Norfolk, Virginia.

For sixteen years she was an invalid, so that he carried her often in his arms like a child. Now he took her to New Haven for treatment, and improved what time he could spare by attending Professor Silliman's lectures at Yale College. Now he conducted a school on a receiving-ship, so as to have her with him. "She bore the sickness with unparalleled resignation and patience," says Farragut in his journal, "affording a beautiful example of calmness and fortitude." One of her friends in Norfolk said, "When Captain Farragut dies, he should have a monument reaching to the skies, made by every wife in the city contributing a stone to it." How the world admires a brave man with a tender heart!

Farragut was now nearly forty years of age; never pushing himself forward, honors had come slowly. Three years later, having been made commandant, he married Miss Virginia Royall, also of Norfolk, Va. At the beginning of the Mexican War, he offered his services to the Government, but from indifference, or the jealousy of officials, he was not called upon. The next twelve years were spent, partly in the Norfolk Navy Yard, giving weekly lectures on gunnery, preparing a

book on ordnance regulations, and establishing a navy yard on the Pacific Coast. Whatever he did was done thoroughly and faithfully. When asked by the Navy Department to express a preference about a position, he said, "I have no volition in the matter; your duty is to give me orders, mine to obey… I have made it the rule of my life to ask no official favors, but to await orders and then obey them."

And now came the turning-point of his life. April 17, 1860, Virginia, by a vote of eighty-eight to fifty-five, seceded from the United States. The next morning, Farragut, then at Norfolk, expressed disapproval of the acts of the convention, and said President Lincoln would be justified in calling for troops after the Southerners had taken forts and arsenals. He was soon informed "that a person with those sentiments could not live in Norfolk."

"Well then, I can live somewhere else," was the calm reply.

Returning home, he announced to his wife that he had determined to "stick to the flag."

"This act of mine may cause years of separation from your family; so you must decide quickly whether you will go North or remain here."

She decided at once to go with him, and, hastily collecting a few articles, departed that evening for Baltimore. That city was in commotion, the Massachusetts troops having had a conflict with the mob. He finally secured passage for New York on a canal-boat, and with limited means rented a cottage at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, for one hundred and fifty dollars a year. He loved the South, and said, "God forbid that I should have to raise my hand against her"; but he was anxious to take part in the war for the Union, and offered his services to that end.

The Government had an important project in hand. The Mississippi River was largely in the control of the Confederacy, and was the great highway for transporting her supplies.

New Orleans was the richest city of the South, receiving for shipment at this time ninety-two million dollars worth of cotton, and more than twenty-five million dollars worth of sugar yearly. If this city could be captured, and the river controlled by the North, the South would be seriously crippled. But the lower Mississippi was guarded by the strongest forts, Jackson and St. Philip, which mounted one hundred and fifteen guns, and were garrisoned by fifteen hundred men. Above the forts were fifteen vessels of the Confederate fleet, including the ironclad ram, *Manassas*, and just below, a heavy iron chain across the river bound together scores of cypress logs thirty feet long, and four or five feet in diameter, thus forming an immense obstruction. Sharpshooters were stationed all along the banks.

Who could be entrusted with such a formidable undertaking as the capture of this stronghold? Who sufficiently daring, skilful, and loyal? Several naval officers were considered, but Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, said, "Farragut is the man." The steam sloop-of-war, Hartford, of nineteen hundred tons burden, and two hundred twenty-five feet long, was made ready as his flag-ship. His instructions were, "The certain capture of the city of New Orleans. The Department and the country require of you success… If successful, you open the way to the sea for the Great West, never again to be closed. The rebellion will be riven in the centre, and the flag, to which you have been so faithful, will recover its supremacy in every State."

With a grateful heart that he had been thought fitting for this high place, and believing in his ability to win success, at sixty-one years of age he started on his mission, saying, "If I die in the attempt, it will only be what every officer has to expect. He who dies in doing his duty to his country, and at peace with his God, has played the drama of life to the best advantage." He took with him six sloops-of-war, sixteen gunboats, twenty-one schooners, and five other vessels, forty-

eight in all, the fleet carrying over two hundred guns.

April 18, 1862, they had all reached their positions and were ready for the struggle. For six days and nights the mortars kept up a constant fire on Fort Jackson, throwing nearly six thousand shells. Many persons were killed, but the fort did not yield. The Confederates sent down the river five fire-rafts, flat-boats filled with dry wood, smeared with tar and turpentine, hoping that these would make havoc among Farragut's ships; but his crews towed them away to shore, or let them drift out to sea.

Farragut now made up his mind to pass the forts at all hazards. It was a dangerous and heroic step. If he won, New Orleans must fall; if he failed—but he must not fail. Two gunboats were sent to cut the chain across the river. All night long the commander watched with intense anxiety the return of the boats, which under a galling fire had succeeded in breaking the chain, and thus making a passage for the fleet.

At half past three o'clock on the morning of April 24, the fleet was ready to start. The Cayuga led off the first division of eight vessels. Both forts opened fire. In ten minutes she had passed beyond St. Philip only to be surrounded by eleven Confederate gunboats. The Varuna came to her relief, but was rammed by two Southern boats, and sunk in fifteen minutes. The Mississippi encountered the enemy's ram, *Manassas*, riddled her with shot, and set her on fire, so that she drifted below the forts and blew up.

Then the centre division, led by the *Hartford*, passed into the terrific fire. First she grounded in avoiding a fire-raft; then a Confederate ram pushed a raft against her, setting her on fire; but Farragut gave his orders as calmly as though not in the utmost peril. The flames were extinguished, and she steamed on, doing terrible execution with her shells. Then came the last division, led by the Sciota, and Commander Porter's gunboats. In the darkness, lighted only by the flashes of over two hundred guns, the fleet had cut its way to victory,

losing one hundred and eighty-four in killed and wounded.

"In a twinkling the flames had risen
Half-way to maintop and mizzen,
Darting up the shrouds like snakes!
Ah, how we clanked at the brakes!
And the deep steam-pumps throbbed under
Sending a ceaseless glow.
Our top-men—a dauntless crowd—
Swarmed in rigging and shroud;
There ('twas a wonder!)
The burning ratlins and strands
They quenched with their bare hard hands.
But the great guns below
Never silenced their thunder.

"At last, by backing and sounding,
When we were clear of grounding,
And under headway once more,
The whole Rebel fleet came rounding
The point. If we had it hot before,
'Twas now, from shore to shore,
One long, loud thundering roar,—
Such crashing, splintering, and pounding
And smashing as you never heard before.

"But that we fought foul wrong to wreck,
And to save the land we loved so well,
You might have deemed our long gun-deck
Two hundred feet of hell!
For all above was battle,
Broadside, and blaze, and rattle,
Smoke and thunder alone;
But down in the sick-bay,
Where our wounded and dying lay,
There was scarce a sob or a moan.

"And at last, when the dim day broke,
And the sullen sun awoke,
    Drearily blinking
O'er the haze and the cannon-smoke,
That even such morning dulls,
There were thirteen traitor hulls
    On fire and sinking!"

—Henry Howard Brownell

"Thus," says the son of Farragut, in his admirable biography, "was accomplished a feat in naval warfare which had no precedent, and which is still without a parallel except the one furnished by Farragut himself, two years later, at Mobile. Starting with seventeen wooden vessels, he had passed with all but three of them, against the swift current of a river but half a mile wide, between two powerful earthworks which had long been prepared for him, his course impeded by blazing rafts, and immediately thereafter had met the enemy's fleet of fifteen vessels, two of them ironclads, and either captured or destroyed every one of them. And all this with a loss of but one ship from his squadron."

The following day, he wrote:—

"My dearest wife and boy—I am so agitated that I can scarcely write, and shall only tell you that it has pleased Almighty God to preserve my life through a fire such as the world has scarcely known. He has permitted me to make a name for my dear boy's inheritance, as well as for my comfort and that of my family."

The next day, at eleven o'clock in the morning, by order of Farragut, "the officers and crews of the fleet return thanks to Almighty God for His great goodness and mercy in permitting us to pass through the events of the last two days with so little loss of life and blood."

April 29, a battalion of two hundred and fifty marines and two howitzers, manned by sailors from the *Hartford*, marched

through the streets of New Orleans, hoisted the Union flag in place of the Confederate on the city hall, and held possession till General Butler arrived with his troops on May 1. After the fall of the city, the forts surrendered to Porter.

From here Farragut went to Vicksburg with sixteen vessels, "the *Hartford,*" he says "like an old hen taking care of her chickens," and passed the batteries with fifteen killed and thirty wounded. Three months later he received the thanks of Congress on parchment for the gallant services of himself and his men, and was made Rear-Admiral. He remained on the river and gulf for some months, doing effective work in sustaining the blockade, and destroying the salt-works along the coast. When the memorable passage of the batteries at Port Hudson was made, where one hundred and thirteen were killed or wounded, the *Hartford* taking the lead, his idolized boy, Loyall, stood beside him. When urged by the surgeon to let his son go below to help about the wounded, because it was safer, he replied, "No; that will not do. It is true our only child is on board by chance, and he is not in the service; but, being here, he will act as one of my aids, to assist in conveying my orders during the battle, and we will trust in Providence." Neither would the lad listen to the suggestion; for he "wanted to be stationed on deck and see the fight." Farragut soon sent him back to his mother; for he said, "I am too devoted a father to have my son with me in troubles of this kind. The anxieties of a father should not be added to those of a commander."

Every day was full of exciting incident. The admiral needing some despatches taken down the river, his secretary, Mr. Gabaudan, volunteered to bear the message. A small dug-out was covered with twigs, so as to resemble floating trees. At night he lay down in his little craft, with paddle and pistol by his side, and drifted with the current. Once a Confederate boat pulled out into the stream to investigate the somewhat large tree, but returned to report that, "It was only a log." He succeeded in reaching General Banks, who had taken the

place of General Butler, and when the fleet returned to New Orleans, he was warmly welcomed on board by his admiring companions.

Farragut now returned to New York for a short time, where all were anxious to meet the Hero of New Orleans, and to see the historic Hartford, which had been struck two hundred and forty times by shot and shell in nineteen months' service. The Union League Club presented him a beautiful sword, the scabbard of gold and silver, and the hilt set in brilliants.

His next point of attack was Mobile Bay. Under cover of the forts, Morgan, Gaines, and Powell, the blockade was constantly broken. A good story is told of the capture of one of these vessels, whose merchant captain was brought before Farragut. He proved to be an old acquaintance, who said he was bound for Matamoras on the Rio Grande! The admiral expressed amazement that he should be three hundred miles out of his course, and said good-naturedly, "I am sorry for you; but we shall have to hold you for your thundering bad navigation!"

And now occurred the most brilliant battle of his career. Aug. 4, 1864, he wrote to his wife—

"I am going into Mobile Bay in the morning, if God is my leader, as I hope He is, and in Him I place my trust. God bless and preserve you, my darling, and my dear boy, if anything should happen to me.

"Your devoted and affectionate husband, who never for one moment forgot his love, duty, or fidelity to you, his devoted and best of wives."

At half past five on the morning of Aug. 5, fourteen ships and four monitors, headed by the *Brooklyn,* because she had apparatus for picking up torpedoes, moved into action. Very soon the *Tecumseh,* the monitor abreast of the *Brooklyn,* went down with nearly every soul on board, sunk by a torpedo. When the *Brooklyn* saw this disaster, she began to back.

"What's the trouble?" was shouted through the trumpet.

"Torpedoes."

The supreme moment had come for decision. The grand old admiral offered up this prayer in his heart, "O God, direct me what to do. Shall I go on?" And a voice seemed to answer, "Go on!"

"Go ahead!" he shouted to his captain on the *Hartford;* "give her all the steam you've got!" And like a thing of life she swept on over the torpedoes to the head of the fleet, where she became the special target of the enemy. Her timbers crashed, and her "wounded came pouring down—cries never to be forgotten." Twice the brave admiral was lashed to the rigging by his devoted men, lest in his exposed position he fall overboard if struck by a ball. The fleet lost three hundred and thirty-five men, but Farragut gained the day. When all was over, and he looked upon the dead laid out on the port side of his ship, he wept like a child. The prisoners captured in the defences of Mobile were one thousand four hundred and sixty-four, with one hundred and four guns.

On his return to New York he was welcomed with the grandest demonstrations. Crowds gathered at the Battery, a public reception was given him at the Custom House, and fifty thousand dollars with which to buy a house in New York. Congress made him Vice-Admiral. Prominent politicians asked him to become a candidate for the Presidency; but he refused, saying, "I have no ambition for anything but what I am—an admiral. I have worked hard for three years, have been in eleven fights, and am willing to fight eleven more if necessary, but when I go home I desire peace and comfort."

At Hastings-on-the-Hudson, the streets were arched with the words "New Orleans," "Mobile," "Jackson," "St. Philip," etc. Boston gave him a welcome reception at Faneuil Hall, Oliver Wendell Holmes reading a poem on the occasion. At Cambridge, two hundred Harvard students took his horses from the carriage, and attaching ropes to it, drew him through

the streets. On July 25, 1866, the rank of admiral was created by Congress, and Farragut was appointed to the place. Honors, and well-deserved ones, had come at last to the brave midshipman.

The next year, in command of the European squadron, accompanied by Mrs. Farragut, who went by special permission of the President, he visited France, Russia, and other countries.

Napoleon III. welcomed him to the Tuileries; the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, Duke of Edinburgh, and Victor Emmanuel each made him their guest; he dined with the King of Denmark and the King of Greece, and Queen Victoria received him at the Osborne House. Two years later he visited the navy yard on the Pacific Coast, which he had established years before.

He died Aug. 14, 1870, at the age of sixty-nine, universally honored and regretted. Congress appropriated twenty thousand dollars for his statue on Farragut Square, Washington, and the work has been executed by Vinnie Ream Hoxie.

Success was not an accident with the Christian admiral. It was the result of devotion to duty, real bravery, and a life distinguished by purity of character and the highest sense of honor.

CHAPTER XXI
Ezra Cornell

In the winter of 1819 might have been seen travelling from New Jersey to De Ruyter in New York, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, some covered emigrant wagons, containing a wife and six children in the first, and household goods and farming utensils in the others. Sometimes the occupants slept in a farmhouse, but usually in their vehicles by a camp-fire in the woods.

For two weeks they journeyed, sometimes through an almost uninhabited wilderness and over wellnigh impassable roads. The mother, with a baby in her arms—her oldest child, Ezra, a boy of twelve—must have been worn with this toilsome journey; but patient and cheerful, no word of repining escaped her lips. Elijah Cornell, a frank, noble-hearted Quaker, was going West to make his living as a potter and farmer combined.

Like other pioneers, they made ready their little home among the sterile hills; and there, for twenty years, they struggled to rear a family that grew to eleven children, instead of six. The boys of the family were taught the simple mysteries of pottery-making early in life, and thus formed habits of industry, while their limited income necessarily made them economical.

The eldest boy, Ezra—now sixteen—was growing anxious to be something more than a potter. He was nearly six feet tall, thin, muscular, and full of energy. He was studious, reading every book within his reach, and desirous of an education, which there was no money to procure. Determined, if possible, to go to the common school one more

winter, he and his brother, fifteen years of age, chopped and cleared four acres of heavy beech and maple woodland, plowed, and planted it to corn, and thus made themselves able to finish their education.

Soon after the father engaged a carpenter to build a large pottery. Ezra assisted, and began to think he should like the trade of a carpenter. When the structure was completed, taking his younger brother to the forest, they cut timber, and erected for their father's family a two-story dwelling, the best in the town. Without any supervision, Ezra had made the frame so that every part fitted in its exact place. This, for a boy of seventeen, became the wonder of the neighborhood. Master-builders prophesied a rare carpenter for posterity.

It was evident that the quiet town of De Ruyter could not satisfy such a lad, and at eighteen he started away from his affectionate mother to try the world. She could trust him because he used neither liquor nor tobacco; was truthful, honest, and willing to work hard. If a young man desires to get his living easily, or is very particular as to the kind of work he undertakes, his future success may well be doubted. Ezra found no carpentering, as he had hoped; but in the vicinity of Syracuse, then a small village, he engaged himself for two years, to get out timber for shipment to New York by canal. The following year he worked in a shop making wool-carding machinery, and being now only twenty miles from De Ruyter, he walked home every Saturday evening and back Monday morning. Twenty miles before a day's work would have been too long for most boys. There was no danger that Ezra would grow tender, either of foot or hand, through luxury.

Hearing that there was a good outlook for business at Ithaca, he walked forty miles thither, with a spare suit of clothes, and a few dollars in his pocket. Who would have said then that this unknown lad, with no capital save courage and ambition, would make the name of Ithaca, joined with that of Cornell, known round the world?

He obtained work as a carpenter, and was soon offered the position of keeping a cotton-mill in repair. This he gladly accepted, using what knowledge he had gained in the machine-shop. A year later, Colonel Beebe, proprietor of a flouring and plaster mill, asked young Cornell to repair his works; and so pleased was he with the mechanic that he kept him for twelve years, making him his confidential agent and general manager. When a tunnel was needed to bring water from Fall Creek, Cornell was made engineer-in-chief of the enterprise; when labor-saving machinery was required, the head of the enterprising young man invented it.

Meantime he had married, at the age of twenty-four, an intelligent girl, Mary Ann Wood, four years his junior, the second in a family of eleven children. As the young lady was not a Quaker, Cornell was formally excommunicated from his church for taking a person outside the fold. He was offered forgiveness and re-instatement if he would apologize and show proper regret, which he refused to do, feeling that the church had no right to decide upon the religious convictions of the person he loved.

He soon purchased a few acres of land near the mill, and erected a simple home for his bride. Here they lived for twenty years, and here their nine children were born, four of whom died early. It was happiness to go daily to his work, receive his comfortable salary, and see his children grow up around him with their needed wants supplied. But the comfortable salary came to an end. Colonel Beebe withdrew from active business, the mill was turned into a woollen factory, and Cornell was thrown out of work. Business depression was great all over the country. In vain for months he sought for employment. The helpless family must be supported; at the age of thirty-six matters began to look serious.

Finally, he went to Maine in the endeavor to sell the patent right of a new plow, recently invented. He visited the "Maine Farmer," and met the editor, Hon. F. O. J. Smith, a

member of Congress, who became much interested. He tried also to sell the patent in the State of Georgia, walking usually forty miles a day, but with little success. Again he started for Maine, walking from Ithaca to Albany, one hundred and sixty miles in four days, then, going by rail to Boston, and once more on foot to Portland. He was fond of walking, and used to say, "Nature can in no way be so rationally enjoyed, as through the opportunities afforded the pedestrian."

Entering the office of the "Maine Farmer" again, he found "Mr. Smith on his knees in the middle of his office floor, with a piece of chalk in his hand, the mould-board of a plow lying by his side, and with various chalk-marks on the floor before him."

Mr. Smith arose and grasped him cordially by the hand, saying, "Cornell, you are the very man I want to see. I have been trying to explain to neighbor Robertson a machine that I want made, but I cannot make him understand it. I want a kind of scraper, or machine for digging a ditch for laying our telegraph pipe under ground. Congress has appropriated thirty thousand dollars to enable Professor Morse to test the practicability of his telegraph on a line between Washington and Baltimore. I have taken the contract to lay the pipe at one hundred dollars a mile."

Mr. Cornell's ready brain soon saw what kind of a machine was needed, and he sketched a rough diagram of it.

Without much hope of success, Smith said, "You make a machine, and I will pay the expense whether successful or not; if successful, I will pay you fifty dollars, or one hundred, or any price you may name."

Mr. Cornell at once went to a machine shop, made the patterns for the necessary castings, and then the wood-work for the frame. The trial of the new machine was made at Mr. Smith's homestead, four yoke of oxen being attached to the strange-looking plow, which cut a furrow two and one-half feet deep, and one and one-fourth inches wide, and laid the

pipe in the bottom at the same time. It worked successfully, and Mr. Cornell was asked to take charge of the laying of the pipe between Baltimore and Washington. He accepted, for he believed the telegraph would become a vast instrument in civilization. The loss of a position at the Beebe mill proved the opening to a broader world; his energy had found a field as wide as the universe.

It was decided to put the first pipe between the double tracks of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. With an eight-mule team, horses being afraid of the engines, nearly a mile of pipe was laid each day. Soon Professor Morse came hurriedly, and calling Mr. Cornell aside, said, "Can you not contrive to stop this work for a few days in some manner, so the papers will not know that it has been purposely interrupted? I want to make some experiments before any more pipe is laid."

Cornell had been expecting this, for he knew that the pipes were defective, though other officials would not permit Morse to be told of it. Replying that he would do as requested, he stepped back to his plow, and said, "Hurrah, boys, whip up your mules; we must lay another length of pipe before we quit to-night." Then he purposely let the machine catch against a point of rock, making it a perfect wreck.

Mr. Cornell began now, at Professor Morse's request, to experiment in the basement of the Patent Office at Washington, studying what books he could obtain on electrical science. It was soon found to be wise to put the wires upon poles, as Cooke and Wheatstone had done in England. The line between Baltimore and Washington proved successful despite its crudities; but what should be done with it? Government did not wish to buy it, and private capital was afraid to touch it.

How could the world be made interested? Mr. Cornell, who had now put his heart into the telegraph, built a line from Milk Street, Boston, to School Street, that the people might see for themselves this new agent which was to enable nations

to talk with each other; but nobody cared to waste a moment in looking at it. They were more interested in selling a piece of cloth, or discovering the merits of a dead philosopher. Not delighted with the indifference of Boston, he moved his apparatus to New York in 1844, and constructed a line from opposite Trinity Church on Broadway, to near the site of the present Metropolitan Hotel; but New York was even more indifferent than Boston.

The "Tribune," "Express," and some other newspapers gave cordial notices of the new enterprise, but the "Herald" said plainly that it was opposed to the telegraph, because now it could beat its rivals by special couriers; but if the telegraph came into use, then all would have an equal opportunity to obtain news! During the whole winter Mr. Cornell labored seemingly to no purpose, to introduce what Morse had so grandly discovered. A man of less will and less self-reliance would have become discouraged. He met the fate of all reformers or inventors. Nobody wants a thing till it is a great success, and then everybody wants it at the same moment.

Finally, by the hardest struggle, the Magnetic Telegraph Company was formed for erecting a line between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and Mr. Cornell for superintending it was to receive one thousand dollars per annum. So earnest was he for the matter that he subscribed five hundred dollars to the stock of the company, paying for it out of his meagre salary! Such men—willing to live on the merest pittance that a measure of great practical good may succeed—such men deserve to win.

The next line was between New York and Albany, and Mr. Cornell, being the contractor, received his first return for these years of labor six thousand dollars in profits. The tide had turned; and though afterward various obstacles had to be met and overcome, the poor mechanic had started on the high-road to fame and fortune. He next organized the Erie and Michigan Telegraph Company, supposing that the

Western cities thus benefited would subscribe to the stock; but even in Chicago, which now pays three thousand dollars daily for telegraphic service, it was impossible to raise a dollar.

A year later, the New York and Erie telegraph line was constructed through the southern part of New York State. Mr. Cornell, believing most heartily in the project, obligated himself heavily, and the result proved his far-sightedness. But now ruinous competition set in. Those who had been unwilling to help at first were anxious to share profits. To save all from bankruptcy in the cutting of rates, Mr. Cornell and a few others consolidated the various interests in the Western Union Telegraph Company, now grown so large that it has nearly five hundred thousand miles of wire, employs twenty thousand persons, sends over forty-one million messages yearly, and makes over seven and one-half million dollars profits.

For more than fifteen years he was the largest stockholder in the company; it was not strange therefore, that middle life found Ezra Cornell a millionnaire. This was better than making pottery in the little town of De Ruyter. It had taken work, however, to make this fortune. While others sauntered and enjoyed life at leisure, he was working early and late, away from his family most of the time for twelve years.

In 1857, when fifty years of age, he purchased three hundred acres near Ithaca, planted orchards, bought fine cattle and horses, and moved his family thither. He was made president of the County Agricultural Society, and in 1862 was chosen to represent the State Agricultural Society at the International Exposition in London. Taking his wife with him, they travelled in Great Britain and on the Continent, enjoying a few months of recreation, for the first time since, when a youth, thirty years before, he had walked into Ithaca.

During the war he gave money and sympathy freely, being often at the front, in hospitals, and on battle-fields, caring for the wounded and their families, and aiding those whom the

war had left maimed or impoverished. For six years he served acceptably in the State Legislature. Self-reliant, calm, unselfish, simple in dress and manner, he was, alike the companion of distinguished scholars, and the advocate of the people.

The great question now before his mind was how to spend his fortune most wisely. He recalled the days when he cleared four acres of timber land, that he might have three months of schooling. He had regretted all his life his lack of a college education. He determined therefore to build "an institution where any person can find instruction in any study." Preparatory to this he built Cornell Library, costing sixty-one thousand dollars. A workman, losing one of his horses by accident in the construction of the edifice, was called upon by the philanthropist, who, after inquiring the value of the animal, drew a check and handed it to the man, remarking, with a kind smile, "I presume I can better than you afford to lose the horse." A man with money enough to build libraries does not always remember a laborer!

Mr. Cornell's first gift toward his university was two hundred acres of his cherished farm, and five hundred thousand dollars in money. The institution was formally opened in 1868, Hon. Andrew D. White, a distinguished graduate of Yale and of the University of Berlin, being chosen president. Soon over four hundred students gathered from over twenty-seven States. Mr. Cornell's gifts afterward, including his saving the Land Grant Fund from depreciation, amounted to over three million dollars. A wonderful present from a self-made mechanic! Other men have followed his illustrious example. Henry W. Sage has given three hundred thousand dollars for the building of Sage College for women, and the extensive conservatories of the Botanical Department. Hiram Sibley, of Rochester, has given fifty thousand dollars for the College of Mechanic Arts, and John McGraw, one hundred thousand for the library and museum. Cornell University is now one of the most liberally endowed institutions in the

country, and has already sent out over one thousand graduates.

Mr. Cornell did everything to enrich and develop his own town. He brought manufactories of glass and iron into her midst, held the presidency of the First National Bank for a dozen years, made her as far as possible a railroad centre, and gave generously to her churches of whatever denomination. The first question asked in any project was, "Have you seen Ezra Cornell? He will take hold of the work; and if he is for you, no one will be against you, and success is assured, if success be possible."

Dec. 9, 1874, at the age of sixty-seven, scarcely able to stand, he arose from his bed and was dressed that he might attend to some unfinished business. Shortly after noon, it was finished by an unseen hand. His body was carried to Library Hall, and there, the Cornell Cadets standing as guard of honor, thousands looked upon the renowned giver. The day of the funeral, public and private buildings were draped, shops were closed, and the streets filled by a saddened throng. The casket was borne into the cemetery between lines of students, who owed to his generosity their royal opportunities for scholarship. Various societies in various cities passed resolutions of respect and honor for the dead.

Froude, the English historian, well said of him, "There is something I admire even more than the university, and that is the quiet, unpretending man by whom the university was founded. We have had such men in old times, and there are men in England who make great fortunes and who make claim to great munificence, but who manifest their greatness in buying great estates and building castles for the founding of peerages to be handed down from father to son. Mr. Cornell has sought for immortality, and the perpetuity of his name among the people of a free nation. There stands his great university, built upon a rock, built of stone, as solid as a rock, to endure while the American nation endures. When

the herald's parchment shall have crumbled into dust, and the antiquarians are searching among the tombstones for the records of these departed families, Mr. Cornell's name will be still fresh and green through generation after generation."

Overlooking Ithaca and Cayuga Lake stands his home, a beautiful Gothic villa in stone, finished a year after his death. His motto, the motto of his life, is carved over the principal entrance, "True and Firm."

CHAPTER XXII
Lieutenant-General Sheridan

It is sometimes said that circumstances make the man; but there must be something in the man, or circumstances, however favorable, cannot develop it. A poor lad, born of Irish parents in the little western town of Somerset, Ohio, working at twenty-four dollars a year, would never have come to the lieutenant-generalship of the United States, unless there was something noteworthy in the lad himself.

Philip Henry Sheridan, a generous, active boy, after having studied arithmetic, geography, and spelling at the village school, began to work in a country store in 1843, at the early age of twelve, earning fifty cents a week, fortunately, still keeping his home with his mother. He was fond of books, especially of military history and biography; and when he read of battles, he had dreams of one day being a great soldier. Probably the keeper of the store where Philip worked, and his boyish companions, thought these dreams useless air-castles.

After some months, quickness and attention to business won a better position for him, where he obtained one dollar and a half a week. So useful had he become, that at seventeen he acted as bookkeeper and manager of quite a business for the munificent wages of three dollars a week.

He had not forgotten his soldier ambition, and applied to the member of Congress from his county, Perry, for appointment to West Point. Hon. Thomas Ritchey was pleased with the boy's determination and energy, and though most of these places were given to those whose fathers had served in the Mexican War, Philip was not forgotten. He took a preliminary examination in the common branches, and much to his

surprise, received the appointment. Feeling greatly his need of more knowledge, his room-mate, Henry W. Slocum, afterward a major-general, assisted him in algebra and geometry. The two boys would hang blankets at the windows of their room, and study after the usual limit for the putting out of lights and retiring.

Graduating in 1853, he was made second lieutenant in the United States Infantry, and assigned to Fort Duncan on the western boundary of Texas, which at that time seemed wellnigh out of the world. Here he came much in contact with the Apache and Comanche Indians, warlike and independent tribes.

One day, as Sheridan was outside the fort with two other men, a band of Indians swooped down upon them. The chief jumped from his horse to seize his prisoners, when Sheridan instantly sprang upon the animal's back, and galloped to Fort Duncan. Hastily summoning his troops, he rushed back to save his two friends. The enraged chief sprang toward him, when a ball from Sheridan's rifle laid him dead upon the ground. His ready thought had saved his own life and that of his friends.

Two years later he was made first lieutenant, and sent to Oregon as escort to an expedition surveying for a branch of the Pacific Railway. The region was wild and almost unknown, yet beautiful and full of interest. This life must have seemed inspiring compared with the quiet of the Somerset store.

Chosen very soon to take charge of an Indian campaign, his fearlessness, his quick decision and cautiousness as well, made him a valuable leader. The Indians could endure hardships; so could Sheridan. Sometimes he carried his food for two weeks in his blanket, slung over his shoulder, and made the ground his bed at night. The Indians could scale rocks and mountains; so could the young officer.

A severe encounter took place at the Cascades, on the

Columbia River, April 28, 1856, where, by getting in the rear of the Indians, he completely vanquished them. For this strategy, he was especially commended by Lieutenant-General Scott. However, he won the confidence of the Indian tribes for probity and honesty in his dealings with them.

When the Civil War began, he was eager to help the cause of the Union, and in 1861 was made captain and chief quartermaster in south-western Missouri, on the staff of Major-General Curtis. He was quiet and unassuming, accurate in business matters, and thoroughly courteous. Perhaps now that he had learned more of army life by nine and a half years of service, he was less sanguine of high renown than in his boyish days; for he told a friend that "he was the sixty-fourth captain on the list, and with the chances of war, thought he might soon be major."

It required executive ability to provide for the subsistence of a great army, but Sheridan organized his depots of supplies and transportation trains with economy and wisdom, for the brave men who fought under Sigel. With a high sense of honor, Sheridan objected to the taking of any private property from the enemy, for self-aggrandizement, as was the case with some officers, and asked to be relieved from his present position.

Fortunately he was appointed on the staff of General Halleck in Tennessee, a man who soon learned the faithfulness and ability of his captain; and when the Governor of Michigan asked for a good colonel for the Second Michigan Cavalry, Sheridan was chosen. After sharing in several engagements around Corinth, he was attacked July 1, 1862, at Booneville, by a force of nine regiments, numbering nearly five thousand men. He had but two regiments! What could he do? Selecting ninety of his best men, armed with guns and sabres, he sent them four miles around a curve to attack the enemy's rear, and promised to attack at the same time in front. When the moment came, he rushed upon the foe as

though he had an immense army at his back, while the handful of men in the rear charged with drawn sabres. The Confederates were thrown into confusion, and, panic-stricken, rushed from the field, leaving guns, knapsacks, and coats behind them. Sheridan chased them for twenty miles.

This deed of valor won the admiration of General Grant, who commended him to the War Department for promotion. He was at once made brigadier-general. Perhaps the boyish dreams of being a great soldier would not turn out to be air-castles after all. Men love to fight under a man who knows what to do in an emergency, and Sheridan's men, who called him "Little Phil," had the greatest faith in him.

In the fall, he was needed to defend Louisville against General Bragg. This Confederate officer had been told that he would find recruits and supplies in abundance if he would come to Kentucky. He came therefore, bringing arms for twenty thousand men, but was greatly disappointed to find that not half that number were willing to cast in their lot with the Secessionists. General Buell, of the Union army, received, on the contrary, over twenty thousand new soldiers here. Bragg prepared to leave the State, sending his provision train ahead, and made a stand at Perryville, Kentucky. Here Sheridan played "a distinguished part, holding the key of the Union position, and resisting the onsets of the enemy again and again, with great bravery and skill, driving them at last from the open ground in front by a bayonet charge. The loss in Sheridan's division in killed and wounded was over four hundred, but his generalship had saved the army from defeat."

Bragg determined now to make one great effort to hold Tennessee, and Dec. 31, 1862, gave battle at Stone River, near Murfreesboro. General Rosecrans had succeeded Buell as commander of the Army of the Cumberland. Being a Romanist, high mass was celebrated in his tent just before the battle, the officers, booted and spurred, standing outside with heads uncovered. The conflict began on the right wing, the

enemy advancing six lines deep. Our troops were mowed down as by a scythe. Sheridan sustained four attacks of the enemy, and four times repulsed them, swinging his hat or his sword, as he rode among his men, and changing his front under fire, till, his ammunition exhausted, he brought out his shattered forces in close column, with colors flying. Pointing sadly to them, he said to Rosecrans, "Here is all that are left, General. My loss is seventeen hundred and ninety-six—my three brigade commanders killed, and sixty-nine other officers; in all seventy-two officers killed and wounded." The men said proudly, "We came out of the battle with compact ranks and empty cartridge-boxes!"

Even after this Sheridan recaptured two pieces of artillery, and routed the same men who had driven him. For noble conduct on the field he was made major-general of volunteers.

General Rosecrans says of him in his official report, "At Stone River he won universal admiration. Upon being flanked and compelled to retire, he withdrew his command more than a mile, under a terrible fire, in remarkable order, at the same time inflicting the severest punishment upon the foe. The constancy and steadfastness of his troops on the 31st of December enabled the reserve to reach the right of our army in time to turn the tide of battle, and changed a threatened rout into a victory."

General Rosecrans showed himself dauntless in courage. When a shell took off the head of his faithful staff-officer, Garesché, riding by his side, to whom he was most tenderly attached, he only said, "I am very sorry; we cannot help it. This battle must be won." Dashing up to a regiment lying on the ground waiting to be called into action, he said, while shot and shell were whizzing furiously around him, "Men, do you wish to know how to be safe? Shoot low. But do you wish to know how to be safest of all? Give them a blizzard and then charge with cold steel! Forward, men, and show what you are made of!"

After the day's bloody battle, the troops lay all night on the cold ground where they had fought. "When," says the heroic General Rousseau, "I saw them parch corn over a few little coals into which they were permitted to blow a spark of life; when they carved steak from the loins of a horse which had been killed in battle, and ate, not simply without murmuring, but made merry over their distress, tears involuntarily rolled from my eyes."

At midnight it rained upon the soldiers, and the fields became masses of mud; yet before daylight they stood at their guns. "On the third day," says Rosecrans, "the firing was terrific and the havoc terrible. The enemy retreated more rapidly than they had advanced. In forty minutes they lost two thousand men." All that night the Federals worked to entrench the front of the army. Saturday hundreds of wounded lay in the mud and rain, as the enemy had destroyed so many of our hospital tents. On Sunday morning it was found that the Confederates had departed, leaving twenty-five hundred of their wounded in Murfreesboro' for us to take care of. Burial parties were now sent out to inter the dead. The Union loss in killed and wounded was eight thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight; the enemy's loss ten thousand one hundred and twenty-five.

Sheridan's next heavy fighting was at Chickamauga. The battle was begun by Bragg on Sept. 19, 1863. The right of our army had been broken to pieces, but General Thomas, the idol of his men, stood on the left like a rock, Sheridan assisting, and refused to be driven from the field. General Henry M. Cist, in his "Army of the Cumberland" says, "There is nothing finer in history than Thomas at Chickamauga." Sheridan lost over one-third of his four thousand men and ninety-six officers. The Federal loss was over sixteen thousand; the Confederate, over twenty thousand.

There were heroic deeds on this as on every battle-field. When a division of the Reserve Corps—brave men they were,

too—wavered under the storm of lead, General James B. Steedman rode up, and taking the flag from the color-bearer, cried out, "Go back, boys, go back, but the Flag can't go with you!" and dashed into the fight. The men rallied, closed their column, and fought bravely to the death. Even the drummer-boy, Johnny Clem, from Newark, Ohio, ten years old, near the close of the battle, when one of Longstreet's colonels rode up, and with an oath commanded him to surrender, sent a bullet through the officer's heart. Rosecrans, made him a sergeant, and the daughter of Secretary Chase gave him a silver medal.

Two months later, the battle of Chattanooga redeemed the defeat of Chickamauga. Near the town rises Lookout Mountain, abrupt, rocky cliffs twenty-four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and Missionary Ridge, both of which were held by the enemy. On Nov. 24, Lookout was stormed and carried by General Hooker in the "Battle above the Clouds." On the following day Missionary Ridge was to be assaulted. Sheridan held the extreme left for General Thomas. Before him was a wood, then an open plain, several hundred yards to the enemy's rifle-pits; and then beyond, five hundred yards covered with rocks and fallen timber to the crest, where were Bragg's heaviest breastworks. At three o'clock in the afternoon the signal to advance—six guns fired at intervals of two seconds—was given. As Sheridan shouted, "Remember Chickamauga!" the men dashed over the plain at double-quick, their glittering bayonets ready for deadly work. Says Benjamin F. Taylor, who was an eye-witness, "Never halting, never faltering, they charged up to the first rifle-pits with a cheer, forked out the rebels with their bayonets, and lay there panting for breath. If the thunder of guns had been terrible, it was now growing sublime. It was rifles and musketry; it was grape and canister; it was shell and shrapnel. Mission Ridge was volcanic; a thousand torrents of red poured over its brink and rushed together to its base.

"They dash out a little way, and then slacken; they creep up, hand over hand, loading and firing, and wavering and halting, from the first line of works to the second; they burst into a charge with a cheer, and go over it. Sheets of flame baptize them; plunging shot tear away comrades on left and right; it is no longer shoulder to shoulder; it is God for us all! Under tree-trunks, among rocks, stumbling over the dead, struggling with the living, facing the steady fire of eight thousand infantry, they wrestle with the Ridge… Things are growing desperate up aloft; the rebels tumble rocks upon the rising line; they light the fusees and roll shells down the steep; they load the guns with handfuls of cartridges in their haste; and as if there were powder in the word, they shout 'Chickamauga' down upon the mounters. But it would not all do, and just as the sun, weary of the scene, was sinking out of sight, with magnificent bursts all along the line, the advance surged over the crest, and in a minute those flags fluttered along the fringe where fifty rebel guns were, kennelled… Men flung themselves exhausted upon the ground. They laughed and wept, shook hands, embraced; turned round, and did all four over again. It was as wild as a carnival."

Grant had given the order for taking the first line of rifle-pits only, but the men, first one regiment and then another, swept up the hill, determined to be the first to plant the colors there. "When I saw those flags go up," said Sheridan afterward, "I knew we should carry the ridge, and I took the responsibility." Sheridan's horse was shot under him, after which he led the assault on foot. Over twelve hundred men made Missionary Ridge sacred to liberty by their blood.

All seemed heroes on that day. One poor fellow, with his shoulder shattered, lay beside a rock. Two comrades halted to bear him to the rear, when he said, "Don't stop for me; I'm of no account; for GOD'S sake, push right up with the boys!" and on they went, to help scale the mountain.

When the men were seen going up the hill, Grant asked

by whose orders that was done? "It is all right if it turns out all right," he said; "but if not, some one will suffer." But it turned out all right, and Grant knew thereafter how fully he could trust Sheridan.

The following spring Sheridan was placed by Grant in command of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, numbering nearly twelve thousand men. Here he was to add to his fame in the great battles of the Shenandoah Valley. From May to August Sheridan lost over five thousand men in killed and wounded, in smaller battles as he protected Grant's flank while he moved his forces to the James River, or in cutting off Lee's supplies. Meantime General Early had been spreading terror by his attempt to take Washington, thus hoping also to withdraw Grant's attention from Lee at Richmond.

The time had come for decisive action. Grant's orders were, "Put yourself south of the enemy and follow him to the death. I feel every confidence that you will do the best, and will leave you as far as possible to act on your own judgment, and not embarrass you with orders and instructions." About the middle of September Grant visited Sheridan with a plan of battle for him in his pocket, but he said afterward, "I saw that there were but two words of instruction necessary, 'Go in.' The result was such that I have never since deemed it necessary to visit General Sheridan before giving him orders."

The battle of Opequan was fought Sept. 19, 1864, Early being completely routed and losing about four thousand men, five pieces of artillery, and nine army flags, with an equal loss of men by the Federals. The fight was a bitter one from morning till evening, a regiment like the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York going into the battle with one hundred and eighty men, and coming out with forty, their dead piled one above another! Sheridan at first stood a little to the rear, so that he might calmly direct the battle; but at last, swinging his sword, and exclaiming, "I can't stand this!" he rode into the conflict. The next day he telegraphed to Edwin M.

Stanton, Secretary of War, "We have just sent them whirling through Winchester, and we are after them to-morrow. This army behaved splendidly."

This battle quickened the hope and courage of the North, who begun to see the end of the devastating war. "Whirling through Winchester" was reported all over the land. Abraham Lincoln telegraphed, "Have just heard of your great victory. God bless you all, officers and men! Strongly inclined to come up and see you." Grant ordered each of his two Richmond armies to fire a salute of one hundred guns.

The next day Sheridan passed on after Early, and gave battle at Fisher's Hill, the Confederates losing sixteen guns and eleven hundred prisoners, besides killed and wounded. Many of these belonged to Stonewall Jackson's corps, and were the flower of the Southern army. "Keep on," said Grant, "and your good work will cause the fall of Richmond." Secretary Stanton ordered one hundred guns to be fired by various generals, fifteen hundred guns in all, for Fisher's Hill. Early was now so thoroughly beaten, that the Richmond mob wrote on the guns forwarded to him by the South the satirical sentence, "General Sheridan, care of General Early!" Grant's orders were now to lay waste the valley, so that Lee might have no base of supplies. Over two thousand barns filled with grain, over seventy mills, besides bridges and railroads were burned, and seven thousand cattle and sheep appropriated by the Union army. Such destruction seemed pitiful, but if the war was thereby shortened, as it doubtless was, then the saving of bloodshed was a blessing.

Oct. 15 Sheridan was summoned to Washington for consultation. Early, learning his absence, and having been reinforced by twelve thousand troops, decided at once to give battle at Cedar Creek. His army marched at midnight, canteens being left in camp, lest they make a noise. At daybreak, Oct. 19, with the well-known "rebel yell" the enemy rushed upon the sleeping camps of the Union army. Nearly a

thousand of our men were taken prisoners, and eighteen guns. A panic ensued, and in utter confusion, though there was some brave fighting, our troops fell back to the rear. Sheridan, on his way from Washington, had slept at Winchester that night, twenty miles away. At nine o'clock he rode out of the town on his splendid black horse, unconscious of danger to his army. Soon the sound of battle was heard, and not a mile away he met the fugitives. He at once ordered some troops to stop the stragglers, and rushed on to the front as swiftly as his foaming steed could carry him, swinging his hat, and shouting, "Face the other way, boys! face the other way! If I had been here, boys, this never should have happened." Meeting a colonel who said, "The army is whipped," he replied, "You are, but the army isn't!"

Rude breastworks of stones, rocks, and trees were thrown up. Then came desperate fighting, and then the triumphant charge. The first line was carried, and then the second, Sheridan leading a brigade in person. Early's army was thoroughly routed. The captured guns were all retaken, besides twenty-four pieces of artillery and sixteen hundred prisoners. Early reported eighteen hundred killed and wounded.

Again the whole North rejoiced over this victory. Sheridan was made a major-general in the regular army "for the personal gallantry, military skill and just confidence in the courage and gallantry of your troops displayed by you on the 19th day of October at Cedar Run," said Lincoln, "whereby, under the blessing of Providence, your routed army was reorganized, a great national disaster averted, and a brilliant victory achieved over the rebels for the third time in pitched battle within thirty days." General Grant wrote from City Point, "Turning what bid fair to be a disaster into a glorious victory stamps Sheridan what I always thought him, one of the ablest of generals."

Well wrote Thomas Buchanan Read in that immortal poem, "Sheridan's Ride":—

"Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious General's name,
Be it said in letters both bold and bright,
'Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester, twenty miles away!'"

The noble animal died in Chicago, October, 1878.

"In eleven weeks," says General Adam Badeau, "Sheridan had taken thirteen thousand prisoners, forty-nine battle flags, and sixty guns, besides recapturing eighteen cannon at Cedar Creek. He must besides have killed and wounded at least nine thousand men, so that he destroyed for the enemy twenty-two thousand soldiers."

And now the only work remaining was to join Grant at Richmond in his capture of Lee. He had passed the winter near Winchester, and now having crossed the James River, April 1, 1865, was attacked by General Pickett at Five Forks. After a severe engagement about five thousand prisoners were taken by Sheridan, with thirteen colors and six guns. His magnetic influence over his men is shown by an incident narrated by General Badeau. "At the battle of Five Forks, a soldier, wounded under his eyes, stumbled and was falling to the rear, but Sheridan cried, 'Never mind, my man; there's no harm done!' and the soldier went on with a bullet in his brain, till he dropped dead on the field."

From here he pushed on to Appomattox Court House, where he headed Lee's army, and waited for Grant to come up. Richmond had surrendered to Grant on the morning of April 3. On the 7th of April Grant wrote to Lee, "The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of

further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking you to surrender that portion of the Confederate States Army known as the Army of Northern Virginia." Lee replied, "Though not entertaining the opinion you express on the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender." The reply was the only one that could be given. "The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed."

At one o'clock, April 9, 1865, the two able generals met, and at four it was announced that the Army of Northern Virginia, with over twenty-eight thousand men, had surrendered to the Army of the Potomac. Memorable day! that brought peace to a nation tired of the horrors of war. In July, Sheridan assumed command of the Military Division of the Gulf. Ten years later, June 3, 1875, when he was forty-four years old, he married Miss Irene Rucker, the daughter of General D. H. Rucker, for years his friend. She is a fine linguist, and a charming woman. Their home in Chicago has many souvenirs of war times, and tokens of appreciation from those who realize General Sheridan's great services to his country.

He was made Lieutenant-General, March 4, 1869, and when General Sherman retired from the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Army, Nov. 1, 1883, Sheridan moved to Washington, to take his place. The office of "Lieutenant-General" expires with General Sheridan, he being the last of our three great and famous generals—Grant, Sherman, and

Sheridan. In this latter city he has a home purchased by thirty-one of his leading friends from Chicago. He is devoted to his wife and children, honest, upright, and manly, and deserves the honors he has won.

General Sheridan was taken ill of heart disease about the middle of May, 1888. After three months, he died at Nonquitt, Mass., near the ocean, at twenty minutes past ten on the evening of August 5, 1888. He left a wife and four children, a girl of eight, a boy of six, and twin daughters of four. After lying in state at Washington, he was buried with military honors at Arlington Heights, on Saturday, August 11, in the midst of universal sorrow.

CHAPTER XXIII
Thomas Cole

Four of my favorite pictures from childhood have been Cole's "Voyage of Life." I have studied the tiny infant in the boat surrounded by roses, life's stream full of luxuriant vegetation; the happy, ambitious youth, looking eagerly forward to the Temple of Fame, steering the boat himself, with no need of aid from his guardian angel; then the worried and troubled man, his boat tossing and whirling among the broken trees and frightful storms that come to all; and lastly, perhaps most beautiful, the old man sailing peacefully into the ocean of eternity, the angel having returned to guide him, and the way to heaven being filled with celestial spirits. I have always hung these pictures near my writing-table, and their lesson has been a helpful and inspiring one.

No wonder that Thorwaldsen, the great sculptor, said when he looked upon them in Rome, "O great artist! what beauty of conception! what an admirable arrangement of parts! what an accurate study of nature! what truth of detail!" He told Cole that his work was entirely new and original, executed in a masterly manner, and he commended the harmony of color.

These pictures are hung in thousands of homes; but how few persons know the history of the artist! Born in England, Feb. 1, 1801, the only son in a family of eight children, and the youngest but one, we find him when a mere child, in some print-works, learning to engrave simple designs for calico. His father, a woolen manufacturer, had failed in business, and the family were thrown upon themselves for support. He was a kind and honest man, always hoping to succeed, but never

succeeding; always trying new scenes to build up his fortune and never building it. Like other fathers, especially those who have been disappointed in life, he had hopes that his boy would accomplish more than himself.

He wished to apprentice him to an attorney or to an iron manufacturer, but Thomas saw no pleasure in Blackstone, or in handling ponderous iron. A boy of tender feelings, he found little companionship with his fellow-operatives, most of whom were rough; and he enjoyed most an old Scotchman who could repeat ballads, and tell of the beautiful hills and lakes of his native land. When he had leisure, he wandered with his sister Sarah into the surrounding country; and while she sang, he accompanied her with his flute.

With little opportunity for school, he was a great reader; and when through with designs for calico for the day, he buried himself in books, especially about foreign countries, and in imagination clambered over high mountains, and sailed upon broad rivers. He talked much to the family of the wonders of the New World; and when he was eighteen, they all sailed for America. The father rented a little house and shop in Philadelphia, and began to sell the small stock of dry-goods which he had brought with him, while Thomas found work with a person who supplied woodcuts for printers.

The father soon became dissatisfied with his prospects, and moved his family to Steubenville, Ohio, where he hoped to find a land flowing with milk and honey. Thomas remained behind, working on some illustrations for Bunyan's "Holy War," keeping up his spirits with his beloved flute; going to Steubenville the next year, walking almost the entire way from Philadelphia.

Here he worked in his father's small manufactory of paper-hangings; yet he had longings to do some great work in the world, as he wandered alone in the wild and charming scenery. He loved music, architecture, and pictures, but he hardly dared breathe his aspirations save in a few verses of

poetry. How in that quiet home a boy should be born who had desires to win renown was a mystery. Nobody knows whence the perilous but blessed gift of ambition comes.

About this time a portrait-painter by the name of Stein came to the village. He took an interest in the poetic boy, and loaned him an English illustrated work on painting. Thomas had already acquired some skill in drawing. Now his heart was on fire as he read about Raphael, Claude Lorraine, and Titian, and he resolved to make painting his life-work. How little he knew of the obstacles before a poor artist!

He set to work to make his own brushes, obtaining his colors from a chair-maker. His easel and palette were of his own crude manufacture. The father had serious misgivings for his son; but his mother encouraged him to persevere in whatever his genius seemed to lie. As a rule, women discover genius sooner than men, and good Mary Cole had seen that there was something uncommon in her boy. His brushes ready, putting his scanty wearing apparel and his flute in a green baize bag, hung over his shoulder, the youth of twenty-one started for St. Clairsville, thirty miles distant, to begin life as a painter. He broke through the ice in crossing a stream, and, wet to his breast, arrived at the town, only to find that a German had just been there, and had painted all the portraits which were desired.

However, a saddler was found who was willing to be painted, and after five days of work from morning till night, the young artist received a new saddle as pay. A military officer gave him an old silver watch for a portrait, and a dapper tradesman a chain and key, which proved to be copper instead of gold. For some other work he received a pair of shoes and a dollar. All these, except the dollar, he was obliged to give to his landlord for board, the man being dissatisfied even with this bargain.

From here Thomas walked one hundred miles to Zanesville, and to his great sorrow, found that the German had

preceded him here also, and painted the tavern-keeper and his family. The landlord intimated that a historical picture would be taken in payment for the young stranger's board. Accordingly an impromptu studio was arranged. A few patrons came at long intervals; but it was soon evident that another field must be chosen. What, however, was young Cole's astonishment to find that the historical painting would not be received for board, and that if thirty-five dollars were not at once paid, he would be thrust into jail! Two or three acquaintances became surety for the debt to the unprincipled landlord, and the pale, slender artist hastened toward Chillicothe with but a sixpence in his pocket.

After walking for three days, seventy-five miles, he sat down under a tree by the roadside, wellnigh discouraged, in the hot August day; but when the tears gathered in his eyes, he took out his flute, and playing a lively air, his courage returned. He had two letters of introduction in his pocket, given him at Zanesville, and these he would present, whispering to himself that he must "hold up his head like Michael Angelo" as he offered them. The men who received them had little time or wish to aid the young man. A few persons sat for their portraits, and a few took lessons in drawing; but after a time he had no money to pay for washing his linen, and at last no linen even to be washed. Still enthusiastic over art, and with visions of Italy floating in his mind, yet penniless and footsore, he returned to Steubenville to tell his sorrows to his sympathetic mother. How her heart must have been moved as she looked upon her boy's pale face, and great blue eyes, and felt his eager desire for a place of honor in the world, but knew, alas! that she was powerless to aid him.

He took a plain room for a studio, painted some scenes for a society of amateur actors, and commenced two pictures—Ruth gleaning in the field of Boaz, and the feast of Belshazzar. One Sunday, some vicious boys broke into the studio, mixed the paints, broke the brushes, and cut the paintings in pieces.

Learning that the boys were poor, Cole could not bear to prosecute them; and the matter was dropped. He soon departed to Pittsburgh, whither his parents had moved, and began to assist his father in making floor-cloths. Every moment of leisure he was down by the banks of the Monongahela, carefully drawing tree, or cloud, or hill-top.

Finally the old longing became irresistible. He packed his little trunk, his mother threw over his shoulders the table cover, with her blessing and her tears; and with six dollars in his purse, he said good-bye to the family and started for Philadelphia. Then followed, as he used to say in after years, the "winter of his discontent." In a poor quarter of the city, in an upper room, without a bed or fire or furniture, struggled poor Thomas Cole. Timid, friendless, his only food a baker's roll and a pitcher of water, his only bedding at night the table cover, he worked day by day, now copying in the Academy, and now ornamenting bellows, brushes, or Japan ware, with figures of birds or with flowers. Sometimes he ran down a neighboring alley, whipping his hands about him to keep his blood in circulation, lest he be benumbed. He soon became the victim of inflammatory rheumatism, and was a great sufferer. He still saw before him, someway, somehow, renown. Meantime his pure, noble soul found solace in writing poetry and an occasional story for the "Saturday Evening Post." After a year and a half he put his goods on a wheelbarrow, had them carried to the station, and started for New York, whither his family had moved.

He was now twenty-four. Life had been one continuous struggle. Still he loved each beauty in nature, and hoped for the good time to come. In his father's garret in Greenwich Street, in a room so narrow that he could scarcely work, and so poorly lighted that he was "perpetually fighting a kind of twilight," he labored for two years. Obstacles seemed but to increase his determination to persevere. Of such grand material are heroes made!

His first five pictures were placed for exhibition in the shop of an acquaintance, and were sold at eight dollars apiece. Through the courtesy of a gentleman who purchased three of these, he was enabled to go up the Hudson and sketch from nature among the Catskills. This was indeed a great blessing. On his return, he painted "A View of Fort Putnam," "Lake with dead trees," and "The Falls of the Caterskills." These were purchased at twenty-five dollars apiece by three artists—Trumbull, Dunlap, and Durand.

Trumbull first discovered the merits of the pictures, buying the "Falls" for his studio, and invited Cole to meet Durand at his rooms. At the hour appointed the sensitive artist made his appearance, so timid that at first he could only reply to their cordial questioning by monosyllables. Colonel Trumbull said, "You surprise me, at your age, to paint like this. You have already done what I, with all my years and experience, am yet unable to do." Through the new friends, attention was called to his work, and he soon had abundant commissions. How his hungry heart must have fed on this appreciation! "From that time," said his friend, William Cullen Bryant, "he had a fixed reputation, and was numbered among the men of whom our country had reason to be proud. I well remember what an enthusiasm was awakened by these early works of his—the delight which was expressed at the opportunity of contemplating pictures which carried the eye over scenes of wild grandeur peculiar to our country, over our arid mountain-tops with their mighty growth of forest never touched by the axe, along the banks of streams never deformed by culture, and into the depth of skies bright with the hues of our own climate; such skies as few but Cole could ever paint, and through the transparent abysses of which it seemed that you might send an arrow out of sight."

The struggles were not all over, but the "renown" of which the calico-designer had dreamed had actually come. Down in the heart of Mary Cole there must have been deep

thanksgiving that she had urged him on.

He with a few others now founded the National Academy of Design. He took lodgings in the Catskills in the summer of 1826, and worked diligently. He studied nature like a lover; now he sketched a peculiar sunset, now a wild storm, now an exquisite waterfall. "Why do not the younger landscape painters walk—walk alone, and endlessly?" he used to say. "How I have walked, day after day, and all alone, to see if there was not something among the old things which was new!" He knew every chasm, every velvety bank, every dainty flower growing in some tanglewood for miles around. American scenery, with its untamed wilderness, lake, and mountain, was his chief passion. He found no pleasure, however, in hunting or fishing; for his kind heart could not bear to inflict the slightest injury.

The following spring he exhibited at the National Academy the "Garden of Eden and the Expulsion," rich in poetic conception; and in the fall sketched in the White Mountains, especially near North Conway, which the lamented Starr King loved so well. In the winter he was very happy, finishing his "Chocorua Peak." A visitor said, "Your clouds, sir, appear to move."

"That," replied the artist, "is precisely the effect I desire."

He was now eager to visit Europe to study art; but first he must see Niagara, of which he made several sketches. He had learned the secret, that all poets and artists finally learn—that they must identify themselves with some great event in history, something grand in nature, or some immortal name. Milton chose a sublime subject, Homer a great war, just as some one will make our civil war a famous epic two centuries hence.

In June, 1829, he sailed for Europe, and there, for two years, studied faithfully. In London, he saw much of Turner, of whom he said, "I consider him as one of the greatest landscape painters that ever lived, and his 'Temple of Jupiter' as

fine as anything the world has produced. In landscapes, my favorites are Claude Lorraine, and Gaspar Poussin."

Some of Cole's work was exhibited at the British Gallery, but the autumn coloring was generally condemned as false to nature! How little we know about that which we have not seen!

Paris he enjoyed greatly for its clear skies and sunny weather—essentials usually to those of poetic temperament, though he was not over pleased with the Venuses and Psyches of modern French art. For nine months he found the "galleries of Florence a paradise to a painter." He thought our skies more gorgeous than the Italian, though theirs have "a peculiar softness and beauty." At Rome, some of his friends said, "Cole works like a crazy man." He usually rose at five o'clock, worked till noon, taking an hour for eating and rest, and then sketched again till night.

There was a reason for this. The support of the family came upon him, besides the payment of debts incurred by his father.

He felt that every hour was precious. In Rome, he found the Pantheon "simple and grand"; the Apollo Belvidere "the most perfect of human productions," while the Venus de Medici has "the excellence of feminine form, destitute in a great measure of intellectual expression"; the "Transfiguration," "beautiful in color and chiaroscuro," and Michael Angelo's "Moses," "one of the things never to be forgotten."

On his return to New York he took rooms at the corner of Wall Street and Broadway. Here he won the friendship of Luman Reed, for whom he promised to paint pictures for one room, to cost five thousand dollars. The chief pictures for Mr. Reed, who died before their completion, were five, called "The Course of Empire," representing man in the different phases of savage life, high civilization, and ruin through sin, the idea coming to him while in Rome. Of this group, Cooper, the novelist, said, "I consider the 'Course of Empire' the work

of the highest genius this country has ever produced, and one of the noblest works of art that has ever been wrought."

In November, 1836, Mr. Cole was married to Maria Bartow, a young lady of refinement and loveliness of character. Soon after, both of his parents died. The "Departure and Return" were now painted, "among his noblest works," says Bryant, followed by the "Voyage of Life," for Mr. Samuel Ward, who, like Mr. Reed, died before the set was finished. This series was sold in 1876 for three thousand one hundred dollars. These pictures he had worked upon with great care and intensity. He used to say, "Genius has but one wing, and, unless sustained on the other side by the well-regulated wing of assiduity, will quickly fall to the ground. The artist must work always; his eye and mind can work even when his pen is idle. He must, like a magician, draw a circle round him, and exclude all intrusive spirits. And above all, if he would attain that serene atmosphere of mind in which float the highest conceptions of the soul in which the sublimest works have been produced, he must be possessed of a holy and reasonable faith."

The "Voyage of Life" was well received. The engraver, Mr. Smilie, found one morning before the second of the series, "Youth," a person in middle life looking as though in deep thought. "Sir," he said at length, "I am a stranger in the city, and in great trouble of mind. But the sight of these pictures has done me great good. I go away from this place quieted, and much strengthened to do my duty."

In 1841, worn in health, Cole determined to visit Europe again. He wrote from Kenilworth Castle to his wife, "Every flower and mass of ivy, every picturesque effect, waked my regret that you were not by my side… How can I paint without you to praise, or to criticize, and little Theddy to come for papa to go to dinner, and little Mary with her black eyes to come and kiss the figures in the pictures?... My life will be burdened with sadness until I return to my wife and family."

In Rome he received much attention, as befitted one in his position.

On his return, he painted several European scenes, the "Roman Campagna," "Angels Ministering to Christ in the Wilderness," "Mountain Ford" (sold in 1876 for nine hundred dollars), "The Good Shepherd," "Hunter's Return," "Mill at Sunset," and many others. For his "Mount Etna," painted in five days, he received five hundred dollars. How different these days from that pitiful winter in Philadelphia!

He dreaded interruptions in his work. His "St. John the Baptist in the Wilderness" was destroyed by an unexpected visit from some ladies and gentlemen, who quenched the fire of heart in which he was working. He sorrowfully turned the canvas to the wall, and never finished it. He had now come to the zenith of his power, yet he modestly said, "I have only learned how to paint." He built a new studio in the Catskills, in the Italian villa style, and hoped to erect a gallery for several paintings he had in contemplation, illustrating the cross and the world, and the immortality of the soul.

But the overworked body at forty-seven years of age could no longer bear the strain. On Saturday, Feb. 5, 1848, he laid his colors under water, and cleansed his palette as he left his studio. The next day he was seized with inflammation of the lungs. The following Friday, after the communion service at his bedside, he said, "I want to be quiet." These were his last words. The tired artist had finished his work. The voyage of life was over. He had won enduring fame.

CHAPTER XXIV
Ole Bull

In the quaint old town of Bergen, Norway, so strange with its narrow streets, peculiar costumes, and open-hearted people, that no traveller can ever forget it, was born, Feb. 5, 1810, Ole Bull, the oldest in a family of ten children. His father was an able chemist, and his mother a woman of fine manners and much intelligence. All the relatives were musical, and at the little gatherings for the purpose of cultivating this talent, the child Ole would creep under table or sofa, and listen enraptured for hours, often receiving a whipping when discovered.

He loved music intensely, fancying when he played alone in the meadows, that he heard nature sing, as the bluebells were moved among the grasses by the wind. When he was four years old, his uncle gave him a yellow violin, which he kissed with great delight, learning the notes at the same time as his primer. Although forbidden to play till study-hours were over, he sometimes disobeyed, and was punished both at home and at school.

Finally, at eight, through the good sense of his mother, a music-teacher was provided, and his father bought him a new red violin. The child could not sleep for thinking of it; so the first night after its purchase he stole into the room where it lay, in his night-clothes, to take one peep at the precious thing. He said years after, with tears in his eyes at the painful remembrance, "The violin was so red, and the pretty pearl screws did smile at me so! I pinched the strings just a little with my fingers. It smiled at me ever more and more. I took up the bow and looked at it. It said to me it would be pleasant

to try it across the strings. So I did try it, just a very, very little, and it did sing to me so sweetly. At first, I did play very soft. But presently I did begin a capriccio, which I like very much, and it do go ever louder and louder; and I forgot that it was midnight and that everybody was asleep. Presently I hear something crack! and the next minute I feel my father's whip across my shoulders. My little red violin dropped on the floor, and was broken. I weep much for it, but it did no good. They did have a doctor to it next day, but it never recovered its health."

Pitiful it is that sometimes parents are so lacking in judgment as to stifle the best things in a child's nature! Guiding is wise; forcing usually ends in disaster. In two years, Ole could play pieces which his teacher found it impossible to perform. He began to compose melodies, imitating nature in the song of birds, brooks, and the roar of waterfalls; and would hide in caves or in clumps of bushes, where he could play his own weird improvisations. When he could not make his violin do as he wished, he would fling it away impetuously, and not touch it again for a long time. Then he would perhaps get up in the middle of the night, and play at his open window, forgetting that anybody might be awakened by it. Sometimes he played incessantly for days, scarcely eating or sleeping. He had no pleasure in fishing or shooting, on account of the pain inflicted—a feeling seemingly common to noble and refined natures,—though he greatly enjoyed anything athletic.

At fourteen, having heard of Paganini, he went to his grandparent, of whom he was very fond, and said, "Dear grandmother, can't I have some of Paganini's music?"

"Don't tell any one," was the reply; "but I will try to buy a piece of his for you if you are a good child."

Shortly after this an old miser, of whom the Bergen boys were afraid, called Ole into his house one day as he was passing, and said, "Are you the boy that plays the fiddle?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then come with me. I have a fiddle I bought in England, that I want to show you."

The fiddle needed a bridge and sounding-post, and these the boy gladly whittled out, and then played for the old man his favorite air, "God save the King." He was treated to cakes and milk, and promised to come again. The next afternoon, what was his surprise to receive four pairs of doves, with a blue ribbon around the neck of one, and a card attached bearing the name of "Ole Bull." This present was more precious than the diamonds he received in later years from the hands of royalty.

Ole's father, with a practical turn of mind, urged his being a clergyman, as he honored that profession, and well knew that music and art usually furnish a small bank account. A private tutor, Musæus by name, was therefore engaged. This man had the unique habit of kneeling down to pray before he whipped a boy, and asking that the punishment might redound to the good of the lad. He soon made up his mind that Ole's violin and theology were incompatible, and forbade his playing it. Ole and his brothers bore his harsh methods as long as possible, when one morning at half past four, as the teacher was dragging the youngest boy out of bed, Ole sprang upon him and gave him a vigorous beating. The smaller boys put their heads out from under the bed-clothes and cried out, "Don't give up, Ole! Don't give up! Give it to him with all your might!" The whole household soon appeared upon the scene, and though little was said, the private feeling seemed to be that a salutary lesson had been imparted.

At eighteen, Ole was sent to the University of Christiana, his father beseeching him that he would not yield to his passion for music. On his arrival, some Bergen students asked him to play for a charitable association.

"But," said Ole, "my father has forbidden me to play."

"Would your father prevent your doing an act of charity?"

"Well, this alters the case a little, and I can write to him,

and claim his pardon."

After this he played nearly all night at the home of one of the professors, saying to himself that his father would be pleased if the Faculty liked him, and the next morning failed in his Latin examinations! In despair, he stated the case to the professor, who replied, "My good fellow, this is the very best thing that could have happened to you! Do you believe yourself fitted for a curacy in Finmark or a mission among the Laps? Certainly not! It is the opinion of your friends that you should travel abroad. Meanwhile, old Thrane having been taken ill, you are appointed ad interim Musical Director of the Philharmonic and Dramatic Societies." A month later, by the death of Thrane, he came into this position, having gained the pardon of his disappointed father.

But he was restless at Christiana. He desired to know whether he really had genius or not, and determined to go to Cassell, to see Louis Spohr, who was considered a master. The great man was not sufficiently great to be interested in an unknown lad, and coolly said, when Ole remarked politely, "I have come more than five hundred miles to hear you," "Very well, you can now go to Nordhausen; I am to attend a musical festival there."

Ole went to the festival, and was so disappointed because the methods and interpretation were different from his own, that he resolved to go back to classic studies, feeling that he had no genius for music. Still he was not satisfied. He would go to Paris, and hear Berlioz and other great men. Giving three concerts at Trondhjeim and Bergen, by which he made five hundred dollars, he found himself in possession of the needed funds. When he arrived in this great city, everybody was eagerly looking out for himself. Some were in pursuit of pleasure; but most, as is the case everywhere, were in pursuit of bread and shelter. Nobody cared to hear his violin. Nobody cared about his recommendations from far-off Norway. In vain he tried to make engagements. He had no one to speak

for him, and the applicants were numberless.

Madam Malibran was singing nightly to crowded houses, and the poor violinist would now and then purchase one of the topmost seats, and listen to that marvellous voice. His money was gradually melting away. Finally, an elderly gentleman who boarded at the same house, having begged him to take what little money he possessed out of the bank, as it was not a safe place, stole every cent, together with Ole's clothes, and left him entirely destitute.

An acquaintance now told him of a boarding-place where there were several music-teachers, and gave security for his board for one month—twelve dollars. Soon the friend and the boarding-mistress grew cold and suspicious. Nothing tries friendship like asking the loan of money. At last his condition becoming known to a person, whom he afterward learned was Vidocq, the noted Chief of Police, he was shown by him to a gaming-table, where he made one hundred and sixty dollars. "What a hideous joy I felt," he said afterward; "what a horrid pleasure to hold in the hand one's own soul saved by the spoil of others!" He could not gamble again, though starvation actually stared him in the face.

Cholera was sweeping through the city, and had taken two persons from the house where he lodged. He was again penniless and wellnigh despairing. But he would not go back to Christiana. The river Seine looked inviting, and he thought death would be a relief. He was nervous and his brain throbbed. Finally he saw a placard in a window, "Furnished rooms to let." He was exhausted, but would make one more effort.

An elderly lady answered his query by saying that they had no vacant rooms, when her pretty granddaughter, Alexandrine Félicie, called out, "Look at him, grandmamma!" Putting on her glasses, the tears filled her eyes, as she saw a striking resemblance to her son who had died. The next day found him at Madam Villeminot's house, very ill of brain

fever. When he regained consciousness, she assured him that he need not worry about the means for payment. When, however, the Musical Lyceum of Christiana learned of his struggles, they sent him eight hundred dollars.

Becoming acquainted about this time with Monsieur Lacour, a dealer in violins, who thought he had discovered that a certain kind of varnish would increase sweetness of tone, Ole Bull was requested to play on one of his instruments at a soirée, given by a Duke of the Italian Legation. An elegant company were present. The intense heat soon brought out the odor of assafœtida in the varnish. The young man became embarrassed and then excited, and played as though beside himself. The player was advertised, whether Monsieur Lacour's instruments were or not; for Marshal Ney's son, the Duke of Montebello, at once invited him to breakfast, and presided over a concert for him, whereby the violinist made three hundred dollars. The tide had turned at last, and little Félicie Villeminot had done it with her "Look at him, grandmamma!"

As the Grand Opera was still closed to him, he made a concert tour through Switzerland and Italy. In Milan, one of the musical journals said, "He is not master of himself; he has no style; he is an untrained musician. If he be a diamond, he is certainly in the rough and unpolished."

Ole Bull went at once to the publisher and asked who had written the article. "If you want the responsible person," said the editor, "I am he."

"No," said the artist, "I have not come to call the writer to account, but to thank him. The man who wrote that article understands music; but it is not enough to tell me my faults; he must tell me how to rid myself of them."

"You have the spirit of the true artist," replied the journalist.

The same evening he took Ole Bull to the critic, a man over seventy, from whom he learned much that was valuable.

He at once gave six months to study under able masters, before again appearing in public. He was, however, an earnest student all through life, never being satisfied with his attainments.

At Venice he was highly praised, but at Bologna he won the celebrity which continued through life. Malibran was to sing in two concerts, but feigned illness when she learned that the man she loved, De Beriot, was to receive a smaller sum than herself, and would not appear. The manager of the theatre was in despair. Meantime, in a poor hotel, in an upper room, Ole Bull was composing his concerto in the daytime, and playing on his violin at night by his open window. Rossini's first wife heard the music, and said, "It must be a violin, but a divine one. That will be a substitute for De Beriot and Malibran. I must go and tell Zampieri" (the manager).

On the night of the concert, after Ole Bull had been two hours in bed from weariness, Zampieri appeared, and asked him to improvise. He was delighted, and exclaiming, "Malibran may now have her headaches," hurried the young artist off to the theatre. The audience was of course cold and disappointed till Ole Bull began to play. Then the people seemed to hold their breath. When the curtain fell, he almost swooned with exhaustion, but the house shook with applause. Flowers were showered upon him. He was immediately engaged for the next concert; a large theatre was offered him free of expense, one man buying one hundred tickets, and the admiring throng drew his carriage to the hotel, while a procession with torchlights acted as guard of honor.

Ole Bull had stepped into the glory of fame in a single night. Henceforth, while there was to be much of trial and disappointment, as come to all, he was to be forever the idol of two continents, drawing crowded houses, honored by the great, and universally mourned at his death. He had come to fame as by accident, but he had made himself worthy of fame.

Malibran at first seemed hurt at his wonderful success in

her stead, but she soon became one of his warmest friends, saying, "It is your own fault that I did not treat you as you deserved. A man like you should step forth with head erect in the full light of day, that we may recognize his noble blood."

From here he played with great success at Florence and Rome, at the latter city composing his celebrated "Polacca Guerriera" in a single night, writing till four o'clock in the morning. It was first conceived while he stood alone at Naples, at midnight, watching Mount Vesuvius aflame.

Returning to Paris, he found the Grand Opera open to him. Here, at his first performance, his a-string snapped; he turned deathly pale, but he transposed the remainder of the piece, and finished it on three strings. Meyerbeer, who was present, could not believe it possible that the string had really broken.

He was now twenty-six, famous and above want. What more fitting than that he should marry pretty Félicie Villeminot, and share with her the precious life she had saved? They were married in the summer of 1836, and their love was a beautiful and enduring one until her death twenty-six years afterward. Though absent from her much of the time necessarily, his letters breathe a pure and ardent affection. Going to England soon after, and being at the house of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, he writes, "How long does the time seem that deprives me of seeing you! I embrace you very tenderly. The word home has above all others the greatest charm for me."

In London, from three to seven thousand persons crowded to hear him. The "Times" said, "His command of the instrument, from the top to the bottom of the scale—and he has a scale of his own of three complete octaves on each string—is absolutely perfect." At Liverpool he received four thousand dollars for a single night, taking the place of Malibran, who had brought on a hemorrhage resulting in death, by forcing a tone, and holding it so long that the audience were

astonished. Ole Bull came near sharing her fate. In playing "Polacca," the hall being large and the orchestra too strong, he ruptured a blood vessel, and his coat had to be cut from him.

In sixteen months he gave two hundred and seventy-four concerts in the United Kingdom. Afterwards, at St. Petersburg, he played to five thousand persons, the Emperor sending him an autograph letter of affection, and the Empress an emerald ring set with one hundred and forty diamonds. Shortly after this his father died, speaking with pride of Ole, and thinking he heard divine music.

On his return to Norway, at the request of the King, he gave five concerts at Stockholm, the last netting him five thousand dollars. So moved was the King when Ole Bull played before him at the palace, that he rose and stood till the "Polacca" was finished. He presented the artist with the Order of Vasa, set in brilliants.

In Christiana, the students gave him a public dinner, and crowned him with laurel. He often played for the peasants here and in Bergen, and was beloved by the poor as by the rich. At Copenhagen he was presented at Court, the King giving him a snuff-box set in diamonds. Hans Andersen became his devoted friend, as did Thorwaldsen while he was in Rome. He now went to Cassell, and Spohr hastened to show him every attention, as though to make amends for the coldness when Ole Bull was poor and unknown. At Salzburg he invited the wife of Mozart to his concerts. For her husband he had surpassing admiration. He used to say that no mortal could write Mozart's "Requiem" and live.

While in Hungary, his first child, Ole, died. He wrote his wife, "God knows how much I have suffered! I still hope and work, not for myself—for you, my family, my country, my Norway, of which I am proud."

All this time he was working very hard. He said, "I must correspond with the directors of the theatres; must obtain

information regarding the people with whom I am to deal; I must make my appointments for concerts and rehearsals; have my music copied, correct the scores, compose, play, travel nights. I am always cheated, and in everlasting trouble. I reproach myself when everything does not turn out for the best, and am consumed with grief. I really believe I should succumb to all these demands and fatigues if it were not for my drinking cold water, and bathing in it every morning and evening."

In November, 1843, urged by Fanny Elssler, he visited America. At first, in New York, some of the prominent violinists opposed him; but he steadily made his way. When Mr. James Gordon Bennett offered him the columns of the "Herald," that he might reply to those who were assailing him, he said in his broken English, "I tink, Mr. Bennett, it is best tey writes against me, and I plays against tem." Of his playing in New York, Mrs. Lydia Maria Child wrote, "His bow touched the strings as if in sport, and brought forth light leaps of sound, with electric rapidity, yet clear in their distinctness. He played on four strings at once, and produced the rich harmony of four instruments. While he was playing, the rustling of a leaf might have been heard; and when he closed, the tremendous bursts of applause told how the hearts of thousands leaped like one. His first audience were beside themselves with delight, and the orchestra threw down their instruments in ecstatic wonder."

From New York he took a successful trip South. That he was not effeminate while deeply poetic, a single incident will show. After a concert, a man came to him and said he wished the diamond in his violin bow, given him by the Duke of Devonshire. Ole Bull replied that as it was a gift, he could neither sell it nor give it away.

"But I am going to have that stone!" said the man as he drew a bowie knife from his coat. In an instant Ole Bull had felled the man to the floor with the edge of his hand across

his throat. "The next time I would kill you," said the musician, with his foot on the man's chest; "but you may go now." So much did the ruffian admire the muscle and skill of the artist, that he begged him to accept the knife which he had intended to use upon him.

During this visit to America he gave two hundred concerts, netting him, said the "New York Herald," fully eighty thousand dollars, besides twenty thousand given to charitable associations, and fifteen thousand paid to assistant artists. "No artist has ever visited our country and received so many honors. Poems by the hundreds have been written to him; gold vases, pencils, medals, have been presented to him by various corporations. His whole remarkable appearance in this country is really unexampled in glory and fame," said the same newspaper. Ole Bull was kindness itself to the sick or afflicted. Now he played for Alice and Phœbe Carey, when unable to leave their home, and now for insane and blind asylums and at hospitals. He loved America, and called himself "her adopted son."

On his return to Norway, after great success in Spain, the Queen bestowing upon him the order of Charles III. and the Portuguese order of Christus, he determined to build a National Theatre in Bergen, his birthplace, for the advancement of his nation in the drama and in music. By great energy, and the bestowal of a large sum of money, the place was opened in 1850, Ole Bull leading the orchestra. But the Storthing, or Parliament, declined to give it a yearly appropriation—perhaps the development of home talent tended too strongly toward republicanism. The burden was too great for one man to carry, and the project did not prove a success.

The next plan of the philanthropist-musician was to buy one hundred and twenty-five thousand acres of land on the Susquehanna River, in Pennsylvania, and "found a New Norway, consecrated to liberty, baptized with independence, and protected by the Union's mighty flag." Soon three

hundred houses were built, a country inn, store, and church, erected by the founder. To pay the thousands needed for this enterprise he worked constantly at concert-giving, taking scarcely time to eat his meals. He laid out five new villages, made arrangements with the government to cast cannon for her fortresses, and took out patents for a new smelting-furnace.

While in California, where he was ill with yellow fever, a crushing blow fell upon him. He learned that he had purchased the land through a swindling company, his title was invalid, and his fortune was lost. He could only buy enough land to protect those who had already come from Norway, and had settled there, and soon became deeply involved in lawsuits. Hon. E. W. Stoughton of New York, who had never met Ole Bull personally, volunteered to assist him, and a few thousands were wrested from the defrauding agent.

On his return to Norway he was accused of speculating with the funds of his countrymen, which cut him to the heart. A little later, in 1862, his wife died, worn with ill health, and with her husband's misfortunes, and his son Thorvald fell from the mast of a sailing-vessel in the Mediterranean, and was killed.

In the autumn of 1868 he returned to America, and nearly lost his life in a steamboat collision on the Ohio. He swam to land, saving also his precious violin. Two years afterward he was married to Miss Thorp of Madison, Wis., an accomplished lady much his junior in years, who has lived to write an admirable life of her illustrious husband. A daughter, Olea, came to gladden his home two years later. When he was sixty-six years old, he celebrated his birthday by playing his violin on the top of the great pyramid, Cheops, at the suggestion of King Oscar of Norway and Sweden.

In the Centennial year he returned to America, and made his home at Cambridge, in the house of James Russell Lowell, while he was Minister to England. Here he enjoyed the

friendship of such as Longfellow, who says of him in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn":—

"The angel with the violin,
Painted by Raphael, he seemed,
• • • • • •
And when he played, the atmosphere
Was filled with magic, and the ear
Caught echoes of that Harp of Gold,
Whose music had so weird a sound,
The hunted stag forgot to bound,
The leaping rivulet backward rolled,
The birds came down from bush and tree,
The dead came from beneath the sea,
The maiden to the harper's knee!"

The friend of the highest, he never forgot the lowest. When a colored barber in Hartford, a lad who was himself a good fiddler, heard Ole Bull play, the latter having sent him a ticket to his concert, he said, "Mister, can't you come down to the shop to-morrow to get shaved, and show me those tricks? I feel powerful bad."

And Ole Bull went to the shop, and showed him how the wonderful playing was accomplished.

In 1880 Ole Bull sailed, for the last time, to Europe, to his lovely home at Lysö, an island in the sea, eighteen miles from Bergen. Ill on the voyage, he was thankful to reach the cherished place. Here, planned by his own hand, was his elegant home overlooking the ocean; here his choice music-room upheld by delicate columns and curiously wrought arches; here the shell-roads he had built; and here the flower-beds he had planted. The end came soon, on a beautiful day full of sunshine.

The body lay in state in the great music-room till a larger steamer came to bear it to Bergen. This was met by a convoy of sixteen steamers ranged on either side; and as the fleet

approached the city, all flags were at half-mast, and guns were fired, which re-echoed through the mountains. The quay was covered with juniper, and the whole front festooned with green. As the boat touched the shore, one of Ole Bull's inimitable melodies was played. Young girls dressed in black bore the trophies of his success, and distinguished men carried his gold crown and order, in the procession. The streets were strewn with flowers, and showered upon the coffin. When the service had been read at the grave by the pastor, Björnson, the famous author, gave an address. After the coffin had been lowered and the mourners had departed, hundreds of peasants came, bringing a green bough, a sprig of fern, or a flower, and quite filled the grave. Beautiful tribute to a beautiful life!

CHAPTER XXV
Meissonier

The old maxim, that "the gods reward all things to labor," has had fit illustration in Meissonier. His has been a life of constant, unvaried toil. He came to Paris a poor, unknown boy, and has worked over fifty years, till he stands a master in French art.

Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier was born at Lyons, in 1811. His early life was passed in poverty so grinding that the great artist never speaks of it, and in such obscurity that scarcely anything is known of his boyhood. At nineteen he came to Paris to try his fate in one of the great centres of the world. He, of course, found no open doors, nobody standing ready to assist genius. Genius must ever open doors for itself.

The lad was a close observer, and had learned to draw accurately. He could give every variety of costume, and express almost any emotion in the face of his subject. But he was unknown. He might do good work, but nobody wanted it. He used to paint by the side of Daubigny in the Louvre, it is said, for one dollar a yard. Now his "Amateurs in Painting," a chef-d'œuvre of six inches in size, is bought by Leon Say for six thousand dollars. Such is fame.

Time was so necessary in this struggle for bread, that he could sleep only every other night; and for six months his finances were so low, it is stated, that he existed on ten cents a week! No wonder that the sorrows of those days are never mentioned.

His earliest work was painting the tops of bon-bon boxes, and fans. Once he grew brave enough to take four little sepia drawings to an editor to illustrate a fairy tale in a magazine for

children. The editor said the drawings were charming, but he could not afford to have them engraved, and so "returned them with thanks."

His first illustrations in some unknown journal were scenes from the life of "The Old Bachelor." In the first picture he is represented making his toilet before the mirror, his wig spread out on the table; in the second, dining with two friends; in the third, being abused by his housekeeper; in the fourth, on his death-bed, surrounded by greedy relations; and in the fifth, the servants ransacking the death-chamber for the property.

For a universal history he drew figures of Isaiah, St. Paul, and Charlemagne, besides almost numberless ornamental letters and headings of chapters. Of course he longed for more remunerative work, for fame; but he must plod on for months yet. He worked conscientiously, taking the greatest pains with every detail.

His first picture, exhibited in 1833, when he was twenty-two, called "The Visitors," an interior view of a house, with an old gentleman receiving two visitors, all dressed in the costume of James I., admirable for its light and shade, was bought by the Society of the Friends of Art, for twenty dollars. Two years later he made illustrations for the Bible of the Sieur Raymond, of Holofernes invading Judea, and Judith appearing before Holofernes. For "Paul and Virginia" he made forty-three beautiful landscapes. "They contain evidence of long and careful work in the hot-houses of the 'Jardin des Plantes,' and in front of the old bric-a-brac dealer's stalls, which used to stand about the entrance to the Louvre. And how admirably, with the help of these slowly and scrupulously finished studies, he could reproduce, in an ornamental letter or floral ornament, a lily broken by the storm, or a sheaf of Indian arms and musical instruments."

In 1836, his "Chess Players," two men watching intently the moves of chess, and "The Little Messenger," attracted a

crowd of admirers. Each sold for twenty dollars. He had now struggled for six years in Paris. It was high time that his unremitting and patient work should find approval. The people were amazed at so vast an amount of labor in so small a space. They looked with their magnifying glasses, and found the work exquisite in detail. They had been accustomed to great canvases, glowing colors, and heroic or romantic sentiments; but here there was wonderful workmanship.

When the people began to admire, critics began to criticize. They said "Meissonier can depict homelike or ordinary scenes, but not historic." He said nothing, but soon brought out "Diderot" among the philosophers, Grimm, D'Alembert, Baron Holbach, and others in the seventeenth century. Then they said he can draw interiors only, and "on a canvas not much larger than his thumb-nail." He soon produced the "Portrait of the Sergeant," "one of the most daring experiments in the painting of light, in modern art. The man stands out there in the open by himself, literally bathed in light, and he makes a perfect picture." Then they were sure that he could not paint movement. He replied by painting "Rixe," two ruffians who are striving to fight, but are withheld by friends. This was given by Louis Napoleon to the Prince Consort.

Meissonier also showed that he could depict grand scenes, by "Moreau and Dessoles on the eve of the battle of Hohenlinden," the "Retreat from Russia," and the "Emperor at Solferino." Into these he put his admiration for Napoleon the Great, and his adoration for his defeated country. In the former picture, the two generals are standing on a precipice, surveying the snow-covered battle-field with a glass; the trees are bending under a strong wind, and the cloaks of the generals are fluttering behind them. One feels the power of this picture.

In painting the "Retreat from Russia," the artist borrowed the identical coat worn by Napoleon, and had it copied,

crease for crease, and button for button. "When I painted that picture," he said, "I executed a great portion of it out of doors. It was midwinter, and the ground was covered with snow. Sometimes I sat at my easel for five or six hours together, endeavoring to seize the exact aspect of the winter atmosphere. My servant placed a hot foot-stove under my feet, which he renewed from time to time, but I used to get half-frozen and terribly tired."

He had a wooden horse made in imitation of the white charger of the Emperor; and seating himself on this, he studied his own figure in a mirror. His studies for this picture were almost numberless—a horse's head, an uplifted leg, cuirasses, helmets, models of horses in red wax, etc. He also prepared a miniature landscape, strewn with white powder resembling snow, with models of heavy wheels running through it, that he might study the furrow made in that terrible march home from burning Moscow. All this was work—hard, patient, exacting work.

It had now become evident to the world, and to the critics as well, that Meissonier was a master; that he was not confined to small canvases nor home scenes.

In 1855 he received the grand medal; in 1856 he was made an officer of the Legion of Honor; in 1861, a member of the Institute; and in 1867, at the International Exhibition, he received the grand medal again. When the prizes were given by the Emperor, the "Battle of Solferino" was placed in the centre of the space cleared for the ceremony, with the works of Reimers, the Russian painter, Knaus of Prussia, Rousseau, the French landscape-painter, and others. This painting represents Napoleon III. in front of his staff, looking upon the battle "as a cool player studies a chess-board. On the right, in the foreground, some artillery-men are manœuvring their guns. The corpses of a French soldier and two white Austrians, torn to rags by some explosion, show where the battle had passed by."

Meissonier's paintings now brought enormous prices. His "Marshal Saxe and his Staff" brought eight thousand six hundred dollars in New York; the "Soldiers at Cards," in 1876, in the same city, eleven thousand five hundred dollars; in 1867, his "Cavalry Charge" was sold to Mr. Probasco of Cincinnati, for thirty thousand dollars; and the "Battle of Friedland," upon which he is said to have worked fifteen years, to A. T. Stewart, of New York, for sixty thousand dollars. Every figure in this was drawn from life, and the horses moulded in wax. It represents Napoleon on horseback, on a slight elevation, his marshals grouped around him, holding aloft his cocked hat in salutation, as the soldiers pass hurriedly before him.

Edmund About once wrote, "To cover M. Meissonier's pictures with gold pieces simply would be to buy them for nothing; and the practice has now been established of covering them with bank notes."

"The Blacksmith," shoeing a patient old cart-horse, perfect in anatomy; "La Halte," some soldiers at an inn, now in Hertford House gallery; and "La Barricade," a souvenir of the civil war, are among the favorite pictures of this famous man. And yet as one looks at some of the exquisite work about a convivial scene, the words of the great Boston painter, William Hunt, come to mind. Being shown a picture, very fine in technique, by a Munich artist, of a drunken man, holding a half-filled glass of wine, he said, "It's skilfully done, but what is the use of doing it! The subject isn't worthy of the painter."

Rarely does a woman appear in Meissonier's pictures. He has done nothing to deprave morals, which is more than can be said of some French art. His portrait of Madame Henri Thénard was greatly admired, while that of Mrs. Mackay was not satisfactory, and was said to have been destroyed by her. Few persons, however, can afford to destroy a Meissonier. When told once that "he was a fortunate man, as he could

possess as many Meissoniers as he pleased," he replied, "No, no, I cannot; that would ruin me. They are a great deal too dear."

He lives in the Boulevard Malesherbes, near the lovely Parc Monceau, in the heart of the artists' quarter in Paris. His handsome home, designed by himself in every detail, is in the Italian Renaissance style. He has two studies—one a quiet nook, where he can escape interruptions; and one very large, where are gathered masterpieces from every part of the world. Here is "a courtyard of the time of Louis XIII., brilliantly crowded with figures in gala dress; a bride of the same period, stepping into an elegant carriage of a crimson color, for which Meissonier had a miniature model built by a coach-maker, to study from; a superb work of Titian,—a figure of an Italian woman in a robe of green velvet, the classic outline of her head shown against a crimson velvet curtain in the background; a sketch of Bonaparte on horseback, at the head of his picturesquely dressed staff, reviewing the young conscripts of the army of Italy, who are cheering as he passes;" and many more valuable pictures. Here, too, are bridles of black leather, with silver ornaments, once the property of Murat.

One picture here, of especial interest, was painted at his summer home at Poissy, when his house was crowded with German soldiers in the war of 1871. "To escape their company," says M. Claretie, "in the rage that he experienced at the national defeat, he shut himself up in his studio, and threw upon the canvas the most striking, the most vivid, the most avenging of allegories: he painted Paris, enveloped in a veil of mourning, defending herself against the enemy, with her soldiers and her dying grouped round a tattered flag; sailors, officers, and fusiliers, soldiers, national guards, suffering women, and dying children; and, hovering in the air above them, with the Prussian eagle by her side, was Famine, wan and haggard Famine, accomplishing the work that the bombardment had failed to achieve."

His summer home, like the one in Paris, is fitted up luxuriously. He designed most of the furniture and the silver service for his table. Flowers, especially geraniums and tea roses, blossom in profusion about the grounds, while great trees and fountains make it a restful and inviting place. The walls of the dining-room are hung with crimson and gold satin damask, against which are several of his own pictures. An engraver at work, clad in a red dressing-gown, and seated in a room hung with ancient tapestry, has the face of his son Charles, also an artist, looking out from the frame. One of Madame Meissonier also adorns this room.

Near by are his well-filled stables, his favorite horse, Rivoli, being often used for his model. He is equally fond of dogs, and has several expensive hounds. How strange all this, compared with those early days of pinching poverty! He is rarely seen in public, because he has learned—what, alas! some people learn too late in life—that there is no success without one commands his or her time. It must be frittered away neither by calls nor parties; neither by idle talk nor useless visits. Painting or writing for an hour a day never made greatness. Art and literature will give no masterships except to devotees. The young lady, sauntering down town to look at ribbons, never makes a George Eliot. The young man, sauntering down town to look at the buyers of ribbons, never makes a Meissonier. Nature is rigid in her laws. Her gifts only grow to fruitage in the hands of workers.

Meissonier is now seventy-four, with long gray beard and hair, round, full face, and bright hazel eyes. His friend, Claretie, says of him, "This man, who lives in a palace, is as moderate as a soldier on the march. This artist, whose canvases are valued by the half-million, is as generous as a nabob. He will give to a charity sale a picture worth the price of a house. Praised as he is by all, he has less conceit in his nature than a wholesale painter."

January 31, 1891, at his home in Paris, the great artist

passed away. His illness was very brief. The funeral services took place at the Church of the Madeleine, which was thronged with the leaders of art and letters. An imposing military cortege accompanied the body to its last resting-place at Poissy, the summer home of the artist, on the Seine, ten miles from Versailles.

CHAPTER XXVI
George W. Childs

The "Public Ledger" of Philadelphia, and its owner, are known the world over. Would we see the large-hearted, hospitable millionaire, who has come to honor through his own industry, let us enter the elegant building occupied by his newspaper.

Every portion is interesting. The rooms where editors and assistants work are large, light, and airy, and as tasteful as parlors. Alas! how unhomelike and barren are some of the newspaper offices, where gifted men toil from morning till night, with little time for sleep, and still less for recreation. Mr. Childs has thought of the comfort and health of his workmen, for he, too, was a poor boy, and knows what it is to labor.

He has also been generous with his men in the matter of wages. "He refused to reduce the rate of payment of his compositors, notwithstanding that the Typographical Union had formerly sanctioned a reduction, and notwithstanding that the reduced scale was operative in every printing-office in Philadelphia except his own. He said, 'My business is prosperous; why should not my men share in my prosperity?' This act of graciousness, while it endeared him to the hearts of his beneficiaries, was commented on most favorably at home and abroad. That his employés, in a formal interview with him, expressed their willingness to accept the reduced rates, simply augments the generosity of his act." Strikes among laborers would be few and far between if employers were like George W. Childs.

Each person in his employ has a summer vacation of two

or more weeks, his wages being continued meantime, and paid in advance, with a liberal sum besides. On Christmas every man, woman, and boy receives a present, amounting, of course, to many thousands of dollars annually. Mr. Childs has taken care of many who have become old or disabled in his service. The foreman of his composing-room had worked for him less than twelve months before he failed in health. For years this man has drawn his weekly pay, though never going to the establishment. This is indeed practical Christianity.

Besides caring for the living, in 1868 this wise employer of labor purchased two thousand feet in Woodlands for a printers' cemetery, and gave it to the Philadelphia Typographical Society, with a sum of money to keep the grounds in good order yearly. The first person buried beyond the handsome marble gothic gateway was a destitute and aged printer who had died at the almshouse and whose dying message to Mr. Childs was that he could not bear to fill a pauper's grave. His wish was cordially granted.

But after seeing the admirable provision made for his workmen, we must enter the private office of Mr. Childs. He is most accessible to all, with no airs of superior position, welcoming persons from every clime daily, between the hours of eleven and one. He listens courteously to any requests, and then bids you make yourself at home in this elegant office, that certainly has no superior in the world, perhaps no rival.

The room itself in the Queen Anne style, with exquisite wood-carving, marble tiles, brass ornaments, and painted glass, is a gem. Here is his motto, a noble one, and thoroughly American, "Nihil sine labore," and well his life has illustrated it. All honor to every man or woman who helps to make labor honored in this country. The design of the ceiling was suggested by a room in Coombe Abbey, Warwickshire, the seat of the Earls Craven, fitted up by one of its lords for the reception of Queen Elizabeth. Over a dozen valuable clocks are seen, one made in Amsterdam over two hundred years

ago, which, besides the time of day, gives the phases of the moon, the days of the week, and the month; another, a clock constructed by David Rittenhouse, the astronomer of the Revolution, in the old colonial days, which plays a great variety of music, has a little planetarium attached, and nearly six thousand teeth in wheels. It was made for Joseph Potts, who paid six hundred and forty dollars for it. The Spanish Minister in 1778 offered eight hundred for it, that he might present it to his sovereign. Mr. Childs has about fifty rare clocks in his various homes, one of these costing six thousand dollars.

Here is a marble statuette of Savonarola, the Florentine preacher of the fifteenth century; the little green harp which belonged to Tom Moore, and on which he used to play in the homes of the great; a colossal suit of antique French armor, one hundred and fifty years old; a miniature likeness of George Washington, handsomely encased in gold, bequeathed by him to a relative, a lock of his hair in the back of the picture; a miniature ship, made from the wood of the Alliance Frigate, the only one of our first navy, of the class of frigates, which escaped capture or destruction during the Revolutionary war. This boat, and a silver waiter, presented after the famous battle of New Orleans, were both the property of President Jackson, and were taken by him to the Hermitage. Here, also, is a photograph of "Old Ironsides" Stewart, in a frame made from the frigate Constitution, in which great victories were achieved, besides many portraits given by famous people, with their autographs.

After a delightful hour spent in looking at these choice things, Mr. Childs bids us take our choice of some rare china cups and saucers. We choose one dainty with red birds, and carry it away as a pleasant remembrance of a princely giver, in a princely apartment.

Mr. Childs has had a most interesting history. Born in Baltimore, he entered the United States navy at thirteen,

where he remained for fifteen months. At fourteen he came to Philadelphia, poor, but with courage and a quick mind, and found a place to work in a bookstore. Here he remained for four years, doing his work faithfully, and to the best of his ability. At the end of these years he had saved a few hundred dollars, and opened a little store for himself in the Ledger Building, where the well-known newspaper, the "Public Ledger," was published.

He was ambitious, as who is not, that comes to prominence; and one day he made the resolution that he would sometime be the owner of this great paper and its building! Probably had this resolution been known, his acquaintances would have regarded the youth as little less than crazy. But the boy who willed this had a definite aim. Besides, he was never idle, he was economical, his habits were the best, and why should not such a boy succeed?

In three years, when he was twenty-one, he had become the head of a publishing house—Childs & Peterson. He had a keen sense of what the public needed. He brought out Kane's "Arctic Expedition," from which the author, Dr. Kane, realized seventy thousand dollars. Two hundred thousand copies of Peterson's "Familiar Science" were sold. Allibone dedicated his great work, "Dictionary of English and American Authors," to the energetic and appreciative young publisher.

He had now acquired wealth, sooner almost than he could have hoped. Before him were bright prospects as a publisher; but the prize that he had set out to win was to own the "Public Ledger."

The opportunity came in December, 1864. But his paper was losing money. His friends advised against taking such a burden; he would surely fail. But Mr. Childs had faith in himself. He expected to win where others lost. He bought the property, doubled the subscription rates, lowered the advertising, excluded everything questionable from the columns of

his paper, made his editorials brief, yet comprehensive, until under his judicious management the journal reached the large circulation of ninety thousand daily. For ten years he has given the "Ledger Almanac" to every subscriber, costing five thousand dollars annually. The yearly profits, it is stated, have been four hundred thousand dollars. All this has not been accomplished without thought and labor.

Fortune, of course, had come, and fame. He built homes, elegant ones, in Philadelphia and at Newport, but these are not simply places in which to spend money, but centres of hospitality and culture.

His library is one of the most charming places in this country. The wood-work is carved ebony with gold, the book-shelves six feet high on every side, and the ceiling built in sunken panels, blue and gold. In the centre is a table made from ebony, brought from Africa by Paul du Chaillu. One looks with interest upon the handsome volumes of the standard authors, but other things are of deeper interest.

Here is an original sermon of Rev. Cotton Mather; the poems of Leigh Hunt, which he presented to Charles Dickens; the original manuscript of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Consular Experiences"; the first edition of the "Scarlet Letter," with a note to Mr. Childs from the great novelist; Bryant's manuscript of the "First Book of the Iliad"; James Russell Lowell's "June Idyl," begun in 1850 and finished eighteen years afterward; the manuscript of James Fenimore Cooper's "Life of Captain Richard Somers"; and Edgar Allan Poe's "Murders in the Rue Morgue," seventeen pages of large paper written small and close.

Here is an autograph letter from Poe, in which he offers to his publishers thirty-three short stories, enough to fill two large volumes, "On the terms which you allowed me before; that is, you receive all profits and allow me twenty copies for distribution to friends." From this it seems that Poe had the usual struggles of literary people.

One of the most unique things of the library is the manuscript of "Our Mutual Friend," bound in fine brown morocco. The skeleton of the novel is written through several pages, showing how carefully Dickens thought out his plan and his characters; the paper is light blue, written over with dark blue ink, with many erasures and changes. Here are also fifty-six volumes of Dickens' works, with an autograph letter in each, from the author to Mr. Childs. Here is Lord Byron's desk on which he wrote "Don Juan." Now we look upon the smallest book ever printed, Dante's "Divina Commedia," bound in Turkey gilt, less than two and one-fourth inches long by one and one-half inches wide.

The collection of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, now the property of Mr. Childs, letters and manuscripts from Lamb, Hawthorne, Mary Somerville, Harriet Martineau, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Browning, and hundreds of others, is of almost priceless value. In 1879 Mrs. Hall gave the Bible of Tom Moore to Mr. Childs, "an honored and much loved citizen of the United States, as the best and most valuable offering she could make to him, as a grateful tribute of respect, regard, and esteem."

Another valuable book is made up of the portraits of the presidents, with an autograph letter from each. Dom Pedro of Brazil sent, in 1876, a work on his empire, with his picture and his autograph. George Peabody sat for a full-length portrait for Mr. Childs. The album of Mrs. Childs contains the autographs of a great number of the leading men and women of the world.

One could linger here for days, but we must see the lovely country-seat called "Wootton," some distance out from the city. The house is in Queen Anne style, surrounded by velvety lawns, a wealth of evergreen and exquisite plants, brought over from South America and Africa. The farm adjoining is a delight to see. Here is the dairy built of white flintstone, while the milkroom has stained glass windows, as though it were a

chapel. The beautiful grounds are open every Thursday to visitors.

Here have been entertained the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Rosse, Lord Dufferin, Sir Stafford Northcote, Herbert Spencer, John Waller, M.P., of the "London Times," Dean Stanley, Thomas Hughes, Dickens, Grant, Evarts; indeed, the famous of two hemispheres.

With all this elegance, befitting royalty, Mr. Childs has been a constant and generous giver. For his own city he was one of the foremost to secure Fairmount Park, and helped originate the Zoölogical Gardens, the Pennsylvania Museum, and the School of Industrial Arts. He gave ten thousand dollars for a Centennial Exposition. He has been one of General Grant's most generous helpers; yet while doing for the great, he does not forget the unknown. He gives free excursions to poor children, a dinner annually to the newsboys, and aids hundreds who are in need of an education.

He has placed a stained glass window in Westminster Abbey, in commemoration of George Herbert and William Cowper; given largely to a memorial window for Thomas Moore at Bronham, England; for a stone to mark Leigh Hunt's resting-place in Kensal Green; and toward a monument for Poe.

Mr. Childs has come to eminence by energy, integrity, and true faith in himself. He has had a noble ambition, and has worked towards it. He has proved to all other American boys that worth and honest dealing will win success, in a greater or less degree. That well-known scientist, Prof. Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, said, "Mr. Childs is a wonderful man. His ability to apply the power of money in advancing the well-being of his fellow-men is unrivalled. He is naturally kind and sympathetic, and these generous feelings are exalted, not depressed, by his success in accumulating a fortune… Like man in the classification of animals, he forms a genus in

himself. He stands alone; there is not another in the wide world like him."

Mr. Childs died at 3.01 A.M. February 3, 1894 from the effects of a stroke of paralysis sustained at the Ledger office on January 18. He was nearly sixty-five years of age. He was buried on February 6, in the Drexel Mausoleum in Woodland Cemetery beside his life long friend.

CHAPTER XXVII
Dwight L. Moody

"There's no chance to get in there. There's six thousand persons inside, and two thousand outside."

This was said to Dr. Magoun, President of Iowa College, and myself, after we had waited for nearly an hour, outside of Spurgeon's Tabernacle, in London, in the hope of hearing Mr. Moody preach. Finally, probably through courtesy to Americans, we obtained seats. The six thousand in this great church were sitting as though spellbound. The speaker was a man in middle life, rugged, strong, and plain in dress and manner. His words were so simple that a child could understand them. Now tears came into the eyes of most of the audience, as he told some touching incident, and now faces grew sober as the people examined their own hearts under the searching words. There was no consciousness about the preacher; no wild gesture nor loud tone. Only one expression seemed applicable, "a man dead in earnest."

And who was this man whom thousands came to hear? Not a learned man, not a rich man, but one of the greatest evangelists the world has ever seen. Circumstances were all against him, but he conquered circumstances.

Dwight Lyman Moody was born at Northfield, Mass., Feb. 5, 1837. His father, a stone-mason and farmer, died when the boy was four years old, broken down with reverses in business. His mother was left with seven sons and two daughters, the eldest a boy only fifteen. What happened to this lad was well told by Mr. Moody, a few years since. "Soon after my father's death the creditors came in and took everything. One calamity after another swept over the entire household. Twins were

added to the family, and my mother was taken sick. To the eldest boy my mother looked as a stay in her calamity; but all at once that boy became a wanderer. He had been reading some of the trashy novels, and the belief had seized him that he had only to go away, to make a fortune. Away he went. I can remember how eagerly she used to look for tidings of that boy; how she used to send us to the post-office to see if there was a letter from him, and recollect how we used to come back with the sad news, 'No letter!' I remember how in the evenings we used to sit beside her in that New England home, and we would talk about our father; but the moment the name of that boy was mentioned she would hush us into silence. Some nights, when the wind was very high, and the house, which was upon a hill, would tremble at every gust, the voice of my mother was raised in prayer for that wanderer, who had treated her so unkindly. I used to think she loved him better than all of us put together, and I believe she did.

"On a Thanksgiving day she used to set a chair for him, thinking he would return home. Her family grew up, and her boys left home. When I got so that I could write, I sent letters all over the country, but could find no trace of him. One day, while in Boston, the news reached me that he had returned. While in that city, I remember how I used to look for him in every store—he had a mark on his face—but I never got any trace. One day, while my mother was sitting at the door, a stranger was seen coming toward the house, and when he came to the door he stopped. My mother didn't know her boy. He stood there with folded arms and great beard flowing down his breast, his tears trickling down his face. When my mother saw those tears, she cried, 'Oh, it's my lost son!' and entreated him to come in. But he stood still, 'No, mother,' he said, 'I will not come in until I hear that you have forgiven me.' She rushed to the threshold, threw her arms around him, and breathed forgiveness."

Dwight grew to be a strong, self-willed lad, working on the

farm, fond of fun rather than of study, held in check only by his devotion to his mother. She was urged to put the children into different homes, on account of their extreme poverty, but by tilling their garden, and doing some work for their neighbors, she managed to keep her little flock together. A woman who could do this had remarkable energy and courage.

What little schooling Dwight received was not greatly enjoyed, because the teacher was a quick-tempered man, who used a rattan on the boys' backs. Years after, he told how a happy change was effected in that school. "After a while there was somebody who began to get up a movement in favor of controlling the school by love. I remember how we thought of the good time we should have that winter, when the rattan would be out of school. We thought we would then have all the fun we wanted. I remember who the teacher was—a lady—and she opened the school with prayer. We hadn't seen it done before, and we were impressed, especially when she prayed that she might have grace and strength to rule the school with love. The school went on several weeks, and we saw no rattan; but at last the rules were broken, and I think I was the first boy to break them. She told me to wait till after school, and then she would see me. I thought the rattan was coming out sure, and stretched myself up in warlike attitude. After school, however, she sat down by me and told me how she loved me, and how she had prayed to be able to rule that school by love, and concluded by saying, 'I want to ask you one favor, that is, if you love me, try and be a good boy;' and I never gave her trouble again."

He was very susceptible to kindness. When an old man, who had the habit of giving every new boy who came into the town a cent, put his hand on Dwight's head, and told him he had a Father in heaven, he never forgot the pressure of that old man's hand.

Farming among Northfield rocks was not exciting work enough for the energetic boy; so with his mother's consent,

he started for Boston, when he was seventeen, to look for work. He had the same bitter experience that other homeless boys have. He says, "I went to the post-office two or three times a day to see if there was a letter for me. I knew there was not, as there was but one mail a day. I had not any employment and was very homesick, and so went constantly to the post-office, thinking perhaps when the mail did come in, my letter had been mislaid. At last, however, I got a letter. It was from my youngest sister—the first letter she ever wrote me. I opened it with a light heart thinking there was some good news from home, but the burden of the whole letter was that she had heard there were pickpockets in Boston, and warned me to take care of them. I thought I had better get some money in hand first, and then I might take care of pick-pockets."

The homesick boy finally applied to an uncle, a shoe-dealer, who hesitated much about taking the country lad into his employ. He agreed to do so on the conditions that the boy would heed his advice, and attend regularly the Mount Vernon Church and Sunday-school. The preaching of Dr. Kirk, the pastor, was scholarly and eloquent, but quite above the lad's comprehension. His Sunday-school teacher, Mr. Edward Kimball, was a devoted man, and withal had the tact to win a boy's confidence. One day he came into the store where young Moody worked, and going behind the counter, placed his hand on the boy's shoulder and talked about his becoming a Christian. Such interest touched Dwight's heart, and he soon took a stand on the right side. Years afterward, Moody was the means of the conversion of the son of Mr. Kimball, at seventeen, just his own age at this time.

His earnest nature made him eager to do Christian work; but so poor was his command of language, and his sentences were so awkward, that he was not accepted to the membership of the church for a year after he had made his application. They thought him very "unlikely ever to become a Christian

of clear and decided views of gospel truth; still less to fill any extended sphere of public usefulness." Alas! how the best of us sometimes have our eyes shut to the treasures lying at our feet.

He longed for a wider field of usefulness, and in the fall of 1856, when he was nineteen, started for Chicago, taking with him testimonials which secured him a place as salesman in a shoe store. He joined Plymouth Church, and at once rented four pews for the young men whom he intended to bring in. Here, it is said, some of the more cultured assured him that his silence would be more effective for good than his speech! Certainly not encouraging to a young convert.

He offered his services to a mission school as a teacher. "He was welcome, if he would bring his own scholars," they said. The next Sunday, to their astonishment, young Moody walked in at the head of eighteen ragged urchins whom he had gathered from the streets. He distributed tracts among the seamen at the wharfs, and did not fear to go into saloons and talk with the inmates.

Finally he wanted a larger field still, and opened an old saloon, which had been vacated, as a Sunday-school room. It was in the neighborhood of two hundred saloons and gambling-dens! His heart was full of love for the poor and the outcasts, and they did not mind about his grammar. A friend came to see him in these dingy quarters, and found him holding a colored child, while he read, by the dim light of some tallow candles, the story of the Prodigal Son to his little congregation. "I have got only one talent," said the unassuming Moody. "I have no education, but I love the Lord Jesus Christ, and I want to do something for him. I want you to pray for me."

Thirteen years later, when all Great Britain was aflame with the sermons of this same man, he wrote his friend, "Pray for me every day; pray now that the Lord will keep me humble."

Soon the Sunday-school outgrew the shabby saloon, and was moved to a hall, where a thousand scholars gathered. Still attending to business as a travelling salesman, for six years he swept and made ready his Sunday-school room. He had great tact with his pupils, and won them by kindness. One day a boy came, who was very unruly, sticking pins into the backs of the other boys. Mr. Moody patted him kindly on the head, and asked him to come again. After a short time he became a Christian, and then was anxious about his mother, whom Mr. Moody had been unable to influence. One night the lad threw his arms about her neck, and weeping told her how he had stopped swearing, and how he wanted her to love the Saviour. When she passed his room, she heard him praying, "Oh, God, convert my dear mother." The next Sunday he led her into the Sabbath-school, and she became an earnest worker.

He also has great tact with his young converts. "Every man can do something," he says. "I had a Swede converted in Chicago. I don't know how. I don't suppose he was converted by my sermons, because he couldn't understand much. The Lord converted him into one of the happiest men you ever saw. His face shone all over. He came to me, and he had to speak through an interpreter. This interpreter said this Swede wanted to have me give him something to do. I said to myself, 'What in the world will I set this man to doing? He can't talk English!' So I gave him a bundle of little handbills, and put him out on the corner of the greatest thoroughfare of Chicago, and let him give them out, inviting people to come up and hear me preach. A man would come along and take it, and see 'Gospel meeting,' and would turn around and curse the fellow; but the Swede would laugh, because he didn't know but he was blessing him. He couldn't tell the difference. A great many men were impressed by that man's being so polite and kind. There he stood, and when winter came and the nights got so dark they could not read those little handbills, he went and got a little transparency and put it up on

the corner, and there he took his stand, hot or cold, rain or shine. Many a man was won to Christ by his efforts."

In 1860, when Moody was twenty-three, he made up his mind to give all his time to Christian work. He was led to this by the following incident. He says, "In the Sunday-school I had a pale, delicate young man as one of the teachers. I knew his burning piety, and assigned him to the worst class in the school. They were all girls, and it was an awful class. They kept gadding around in the schoolroom, and were laughing and carrying on all the while. One Sunday he was absent, and I tried myself to teach the class, but couldn't do anything with them; they seemed farther off than ever from any concern about their souls. Well, the day after his absence, early Monday morning, the young man came into the store where I worked, and, tottering and bloodless, threw himself down on some boxes.

"'What's the matter?' I asked.

"'I have been bleeding at the lungs, and they have given me up to die,' he said.

"'But you are not afraid to die?' I questioned.

"'No,' said he, 'I am not afraid to die; but I have got to stand before God and give an account of my stewardship, and not one of my Sabbath-school scholars has been brought to Jesus. I have failed to bring one, and haven't any strength to do it now.'

"He was so weighed down that I got a carriage and took that dying man in it, and we called at the homes of every one of his scholars, and to each one he said, as best his faint voice would let him, 'I have come to just ask you to come to the Saviour,' and then he prayed as I never heard before. And for ten days he labored in that way, sometimes walking to the nearest houses. And at the end of that ten days, every one of that large class had yielded to the Saviour.

"Full well I remember the night before he went away (for the doctors said he must hurry to the South); how we held a

true love-feast. It was the very gate of heaven, that meeting. He prayed, and they prayed; he didn't ask them, he didn't think they could pray; and then we sung, 'Blest be the tie that binds.' It was a beautiful night in June that he left on the Michigan Southern, and I was down to the train to help him off. And those girls every one gathered there again, all unknown to each other; and the depot seemed a second gate to heaven, in the joyful, yet tearful, communion and farewells between these newly-redeemed souls and him whose crown of rejoicing it will be that he led them to Jesus. At last the gong sounded, and, supported on the platform, the dying man shook hands with each one, and whispered, 'I will meet you yonder.'

"From this," says Mr. Moody, "I got the first impulse to work solely for the conversion of men."

When he told his employer that he was going to give up business, he was asked, "Where will you get your support?"

"God will provide for me if he wishes me to keep on, and I shall keep on till I am obliged to stop," was the reply.

To keep his expenses as low as possible, he slept at night on a hard bench in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, and ate the plainest food. Thus was the devoted work of this Christian hero begun. He was soon made city missionary for a time. Then the civil war began, and a camp was established near Chicago. He saw his wonderful opportunity now to reach men who were soon to be face to face with death. The first tent erected was used as a place of prayer. Ministers and friends came to his aid. He labored day and night, sometimes eight or ten prayer-meetings being held at the same time in the various tents.

He did not desert these men on the field of battle. He was with the army at Pittsburgh Landing, Shiloh, Murfreesboro', and Chattanooga. Nine times, in the interests of the Christian Commission, he visited our men at the front, on his errands of mercy. He tells this incident in a hospital at Murfreesboro'.

"One night after midnight, I was woke up and told that there was a man in one of the wards who wanted to see me. I went to him, and he called me 'chaplain'—I wasn't a chaplain—and he said he wanted me to help him die. And I said, 'I'd take you right up in my arms and carry you into the kingdom of God, if I could; but I can't do it; I can't help you to die.'

"And he said, 'Who can?'

"I said, 'The Lord Jesus Christ can. He came for that purpose.' He shook his head and said, 'He can't save me; I have sinned all my life.'

"And I said, 'But he came to save sinners.' I thought of his mother in the north, and I knew that she was anxious that he should die right, and I thought I'd stay with him. I prayed two or three times, and repeated all the promises I could, and I knew that in a few hours he would be gone. I said I wanted to read him a conversation that Christ had with a man who was anxious about his soul. I turned to the third chapter of John. His eyes were riveted on me, and when I came to the fourteenth and fifteenth verses, he caught up the words, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.'

"He stopped me, and said, 'Is that there?' I said, 'Yes;' and he asked me to read it again, and I did so. He leaned his elbows on the cot and clasped his hands together, and said, 'That's good; won't you read it again?' I read it the third time, and then went on with the rest of the chapter. When I finished his eyes were closed, his hands were folded, and there was a smile on his face. Oh, how it was lit up! What a change had come over it. I saw his lips quiver, and I leaned over him, and heard in a faint whisper, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.'

"He opened his eyes and said, 'That's enough; don't read any more.' He lingered a few hours, and then pillowed his head on those two verses, and went up in one of Christ's chariots and took his seat in the kingdom of God."

On the 28th of August, 1862, Mr. Moody married Miss Emma C. Revell, a most helpful assistant in his meetings, and a young lady of noble character. A daughter and a son came to gladden their simple cottage, and there was no happier home in all Chicago. One morning he said to his wife, "I have no money, and the house is without supplies. It looks as if the Lord had had enough of me in this mission work, and is going to send me back again to sell boots and shoes." But very soon two checks came, one of fifty dollars for himself, and another for his school. Six years after his marriage, his friends gave him the lease of a pleasant furnished house.

This home had a welcome for all who sought the true way to live. One day a gentleman called at the office, bringing a young man who had recently come out of the penitentiary. The latter shrunk from going into the office, but Mr. Moody said, "Bring him in." Mr. Moody took him by the hand, told him he was glad to see him, and invited him to his house. When the young man called, Mr. Moody introduced him as his friend. When his little daughter came into the room, he said, "Emma, this is papa's friend." She went up and kissed him, and the man sobbed aloud.

When she left the room, Mr. Moody said, "What is the matter?"

"Oh sir," was the reply, "I have not had a kiss for years. The last kiss I had was from my mother, and she was dying. I thought I would never have another kiss again."

No wonder people are saved from sin by visiting a home like this!

In 1863, those who had been converted under this beloved leader wanted a church of their own where they could worship together. A building was erected, costing twenty

thousand dollars. Four years later, Mr. Moody was made President of the Young Men's Christian Association, and Farwell Hall was speedily built.

He was loved and honored everywhere. Once he was invited to the opening of a great billiard hall. He saw the owners, and asked if he might bring a friend. They said yes, but asked who he was. Mr. Moody said it wasn't necessary to tell, but he never went without him. They understood his meaning, and said, "Come, we don't want any praying."

"You've given me an invitation, and I am going to come," he replied.

"But if you come, you needn't pray."

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do," was the answer; "we'll compromise the matter, and if you don't want me to come and pray for you when you open, let me pray for you both now," to which they agreed.

Mr. Moody prayed that their business might go to pieces, which it did in a very few months. After the failure, one of the partners determined to kill himself; but when he was about to plunge the knife into his breast, he seemed to hear again the words of his dying mother, "Johnny, if you get into trouble, pray." That voice changed his purpose and his life. He prayed for forgiveness and obtained it.

In 1871, the terrible fire in Chicago swept away Moody's home and church. Two years later, having been invited to Great Britain by two prominent Christian men, he decided to take his friend, Mr. Ira D. Sankey, who had already won a place in the hearts of the people by his singing, and together they would attempt some work for their Lord. They landed in Liverpool, June 17. The two friends who had invited them were dead. The clergy did not know them, and the world was wholly indifferent. At their first meeting in York, England, only four persons were present, but Mr. Moody said it was one of the best meetings they ever held. They labored here for some weeks, and about two hundred were converted.

From here they went to Sunderland and Newcastle, the numbers and interest constantly increasing. Union prayer meetings had been held in Edinburgh for two months in anticipation of their coming. When they arrived, two thousand persons crowded Music Hall, and hundreds were necessarily turned away. As a result of these efforts, over three thousand persons united with the various churches. In Dundee over ten thousand persons gathered in the open air, and at Glasgow nearly thirty thousand, Mr. Moody preaching from his carriage. The press reported all these sermons, and his congregations were thus increased a hundred-fold all over the country. The farmer boy of Northfield, the awkward young convert of Mount Vernon Church, Boston, had become famous. Scholarly ministers came to him to learn how to influence men toward religion. Infidels were reclaimed, and rich and poor alike found the Bible precious, from his simple and beautiful teaching.

In Ireland the crowds sometimes covered six acres, and inquiry meetings lasted for eight hours. Four months were spent in London, where it is believed over two and a half million persons attended the meetings.

Mr. Moody had been fearless in his work. When a church member who was a distiller became troubled in conscience over his business, he came and asked if the evangelist thought a man could not be an honest distiller.

Mr. Moody replied, "You should do whatever you do for the glory of God. If you can get down and pray about a barrel of whiskey, and say when you sell it, 'O Lord God, let this whiskey be blessed to the world,' it is probably honest!"

On his return to America, Mr. Moody was eagerly welcomed. Philadelphia utilized an immense freight depot for the meetings, putting in it ten thousand chairs, and providing a choir of six hundred singers. Over four thousand conversions resulted. In New York the Hippodrome was prepared by an expenditure of ten thousand dollars, and as many

conversions were reported here. Boston received him with open arms. Ninety churches co-operated in the house-to-house visitation in connection with the meetings, and a choir of two thousand singers was provided. Mr. Moody, with his wonderful executive ability and genius in organizing, was like a general at the head of his army.

Chicago received him home thankfully and proudly, as was her right. A church had been built for him during his absence, costing one hundred thousand dollars.

For the past ten years his work has been a marvel to the world and, doubtless, to himself. Great Britain has been a second time stirred to its centre by his presence. His sermons have been scattered broadcast by the hundreds of thousands. He receives no salary, never allowing a contribution to be taken for himself, but his wants have been supplied. A pleasant home at his birthplace, Northfield, has been given him by his friends, made doubly dear by the presence of his mother, now over eighty years old. He has established two schools here, one for boys and another for girls, with three hundred pupils, trained in all that ennobles life.

The results from Mr. Moody's work are beyond computing. In his first visit to London a noted man of wealth was converted. He at once sold his hunting dogs and made his country house a centre of missionary effort. During Mr. Moody's second visit the two sons at Cambridge University professed Christianity. One goes to China, having induced some other students to accompany him as missionaries; the other, just married to a lord's daughter, has begun mission work among the slums in the East End of London.

The work of such a life as Mr. Moody's goes on forever. His influence will be felt in almost countless homes after he has passed away from earth. He has wrought without means, and with no fortuitous circumstances. He is a devoted student of the Bible, rising at five o'clock for study in some of his most laborious seasons. He is a man consecrated to a single

purpose—that of winning souls.

Mr. Moody died at his home at East Northfield, Mass., at noon, Friday, December 22, 1899. He was taken ill during a series of meetings at Kansas City, a few weeks previously, and heart disease resulted from overwork. He was conscious to the last. He said to his two sons who were standing by his bedside: "I have always been an ambitious man, not ambitious to lay up wealth, but to leave you work to do, and you're going to continue the work of the schools in East Northfield and Mount Hermon and of the Chicago Bible Institute." Just as death came he awoke as if from sleep and said joyfully, "I have been within the gate; earth is receding; heaven is opening; God is calling me; do not call me back," and a moment later expired. He was buried Tuesday, December 26, at Round Top, on the seminary grounds, where thousands have gathered yearly at the summer meetings conducted by the great evangelist.

CHAPTER XXVIII
Abraham Lincoln

In Gentryville, Indiana, in the year 1816, might have been seen a log cabin without doors or window-glass, a dirt floor, a bed made of dried leaves, and a stool or two and table formed of logs. The inmates were Thomas Lincoln, a good-hearted man who could neither read nor write; Nancy Hanks, his wife, a pale-faced, sensitive, gentle woman, strangely out of place in her miserable surroundings; a girl of ten, Sarah; and a tall, awkward boy of eight, Abraham.

The family had but recently moved from a similar cabin in Hardin County, Kentucky, cutting their way through the wilderness with an ax, and living off the game they could obtain with a gun.

Mrs. Lincoln possessed but one book in the world, the Bible; and from this she taught her children daily. Abraham had been to school for two or three months, at such a school as the rude country afforded, and had learned to read. Of quick mind and retentive memory, he soon came to know the Bible wellnigh by heart, and to look upon his gentle teacher as the embodiment of all the good precepts in the book. Afterward, when he governed thirty million people, he said, "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother. Blessings on her memory!"

When he was ten years old, the saintly mother faded like a flower amid these hardships of pioneer life, died of consumption, and was buried in a plain box under the trees near the cabin. The blow for the girl, who also died at fifteen, was hard; but for the boy the loss was irreparable. Day after day he sat on the grave and wept. A sad, far-away look crept into his

eyes, which those who saw him in the perils of his later life well remember.

Nine months after this, Abraham wrote a letter to Parson Elkins, a good minister whom they used to know in Kentucky, asking him to come and preach a funeral sermon on his mother. He came, riding on horseback over one hundred miles; and one bright Sabbath morning, when the neighbors from the whole country around had gathered, some in carts and some on horseback, he spoke, over the open grave, of the precious, Christian life of her who slept beneath. She died early, but not till she had laid well the foundation-stones in one of the grandest characters in history.

The boy, communing with himself, longed to read and know something beyond the stumps between which he planted his corn. He borrowed a copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and read and re-read it till he could repeat much of it. Then some one loaned him "Æsop's Fables" and "Robinson Crusoe," and these he pored over with eager delight. There surely was a great world beyond Kentucky and Indiana, and perhaps he would some day see it.

After a time Thomas Lincoln married a widow, an old friend of Nancy Hanks, and she came to the cabin, bringing her three children; besides, she brought what to Abraham and Sarah seemed unheard-of elegance—a bureau, some chairs, a table, and bedding. Abraham had heretofore climbed to the loft of the cabin on pegs, and had slept on a sack filled with corn-husks: now a real bed would seem indeed luxurious.

The children were glad to welcome the new mother to the desolate home; and a good, true mother she became to the orphans. She put new energy into her somewhat easy-going husband, and made the cabin comfortable, even attractive. What was better still, she encouraged Abraham to read more and more, to be thorough, and to be somebody. Besides, she gave his great heart something to love, and well she repaid the affection.

He now obtained a much-worn copy of Weem's "Life of Washington," and the little cabin grew to be a paradise, as he read how one great man had accomplished so much. The barefoot boy, in buckskin breeches so shrunken that they reached only half way between the knee and ankle, actually asked himself whether there were not some great place in the world for him to fill. No wonder, when, a few days after, making a noise with some of his fun-loving companions, a good woman said to him, "Now, Abe, what on earth do you s'pose'll ever become of ye? What'll ye be good for if ye keep a-goin' on in this way?" He replied slowly, "Well, I reckon I'm goin' to be President of the United States one of these days."

The treasured "Life of Washington" came to grief. One stormy night the rain beat between the logs of the cabin, and flooded the volume as it lay on a board upheld by two pegs. Abraham sadly carried it back to its owner, and worked three days, at twenty-five cents a day, to pay damages, and thus made the book his own.

The few months of schooling had already come to an end, and he was "living out," hoeing, planting, and chopping wood for the farmers, and giving the wages to his parents. In this way, in the daytime he studied human nature, and in the evenings he read "Plutarch's Lives" and the "Life of Benjamin Franklin." He was liked in these humble homes, for he could tend baby, tell stories, make a good impromptu speech, recite poetry, even making rhymes himself, and could wrestle and jump as well as the best.

While drinking intoxicants was the fashion all about him, taught by his first mother not to touch them, he had solemnly carried out her wishes. But his tender heart made him kind to the many who, in this pioneer life, had been ruined through drink. One night, as he was returning from a house-raising, he and two or three friends found a man in the ditch benumbed with the cold, and his patient horse waiting beside him. They lifted the man upon the animal, and held him on

till they reached the nearest house, where Abraham cared for him through the night, and thus saved his life.

At eighteen he had found a situation in a small store, but he was not satisfied to stand behind a counter; he had read too much about Washington and Franklin. Fifteen miles from Gentryville, courts were held at certain seasons of the year; and when Abraham could find a spare day he walked over in the morning and back at night, listening to the cases. Meantime he had borrowed a strange book for a poor country-lad—"The Revised Statutes of Indiana."

One day a man on trial for murder had secured the able lawyer, John A. Breckenridge, to defend him. Abraham listened as he made his appeal to the jury. He had never heard anything so eloquent. When the court adjourned the tall, homely boy, his face beaming with admiration for the great man, pressed forward to grasp his hand; but, with a contemptuous air, the lawyer passed on without speaking. Thirty years later the two met in Washington, when Abraham Lincoln was the President of the United States; and then he thanked Mr. Breckenridge for his great speech in Indiana.

In March, 1828, the long-hoped-for opportunity to see the world outside of Gentryville had come. Abraham was asked by a man who knew his honesty and willingness to work, to take a flat-boat down the Mississippi River to New Orleans. He was paid only two dollars a week and his rations; and as a flat-boat could not come up the river, but must be sold for lumber at the journey's end, he was obliged to walk the whole distance back. The big-hearted, broad-shouldered youth, six feet and four inches tall, had seen in this trip what he would never forget; had seen black men in chains, and men and women sold like sheep in the slave-marts of New Orleans. Here began his horror of human slavery, which years after culminated in the Emancipation Proclamation.

Two years later, when he had become of age, Abraham helped move his father's family to Illinois, driving the four

yoke of oxen which drew the household goods over the muddy roads and through the creeks. Then he joined his adopted brothers in building a log house, plowed fifteen acres of prairie land for corn, split rails to fence it in, and then went out into the world to earn for himself, his scanty wages heretofore belonging legally to his father. He did not always receive money for his work, for once, for a Mrs. Miller, he split four hundred rails for every yard of brown jeans, dyed with white walnut bark, necessary to make a pair of trowsers.

He had no trade, and no money, and must do whatever came to hand. For a year he worked for one farmer and another, and then he and his half-brother were hired by a Mr. Offutt to build and take a flat-boat to New Orleans. So pleased was the owner, that on Abraham's return, he was at once engaged to manage a mill and store at New Salem. Here he went by the name of "Honest Abe," because he was so fair in his dealings. On one occasion, having sold a woman a bill of goods amounting to two dollars and six and a quarter cents, he found that in adding the items, he had taken six and a quarter cents too much. It was night, and locking the store, he walked two or three miles to return the money to his astonished customer. Another time a woman bought a half pound of tea. He discovered afterward that he had used a four-ounce weight on the scales, and at once walked a long way to deliver the four ounces which were her due. No wonder the world, like Diogenes, is always looking for an honest man.

He insisted on politeness before women. One day as he was showing goods, a boorish man came in and began to use profanity. Young Lincoln leaned over the desk, and begged him to desist before ladies. When they had gone, the man became furious. Finding that he really desired to fight, Lincoln said, "Well, if you must be whipped, I suppose I may as well whip you as any other man," and suiting the action to the word, gave him a severe punishing. The man became a

better citizen from that day, and Lincoln's life-long friend.

Years afterward, when in the Presidential chair, a man used profanity in his presence, he said, "I thought Senator C. had sent me a gentleman. I was mistaken. There is the door, and I wish you good-night."

Hearing that a grammar could be purchased six miles away, the young store-keeper walked thither and obtained it. When evening came, as candles were too expensive for his limited wages, he burnt one shaving after another to give light, and thus studied the book which was to be so valuable in after years, when he should stand before the great and cultured of the land. He took the "Louisville Journal," because he must be abreast of the politics of the day, and made careful notes from every book he read.

Mr. Offutt soon failed, and Abraham Lincoln was again adrift. War had begun with Blackhawk, the chief of the Sacs, and the Governor of Illinois was calling for volunteers. A company was formed in New Salem, and "Honest Abe" was chosen captain. He won the love of his men for his thoughtfulness of them rather than himself, and learned valuable lessons in military matters for the future. A strange thing now happened—he was asked to be a candidate for the State Legislature! At first he thought his friends were ridiculing him, and said he should be defeated as he was not widely known.

"Never mind!" said James Rutledge, the president of their little debating club. "They'll know you better after you've stumped the county. Any how, it'll do you good to try."

Lincoln made some bright, earnest stump speeches, and though he was defeated, the young man of twenty-three received two hundred and seventy-seven votes out of the two hundred and eighty cast in New Salem. This surely was a pleasant indication of his popularity. It was a common saying, that "Lincoln had nothing, only plenty of friends."

The County-surveyor needed an assistant. He called upon

Lincoln, bringing a book for him to study, if he would fit himself to take hold of the matter. This he did gladly, and for six weeks studied and recited to a teacher, thus making himself skilled and accurate for a new country. Whenever he had an hour's leisure from his work, however, he was poring over his law-books, for he had fully made up his mind to be a lawyer.

He was modest, but ambitious, and was learning the power within him. But as though the developing brain and warm heart needed an extra stimulus, there came into his life, at this time, a beautiful affection, that left a deeper look in the far-away eyes, when it was over. Ann Rutledge, the daughter of his friend, was one of the most intelligent and lovely girls in New Salem. When Lincoln came to her father's house to board, she was already engaged to a bright young man in the neighborhood,who, shortly before their intended marriage, was obliged to visit New York on business. He wrote back of his father's illness and death, and then his letters ceased.

Mouths passed away. Meantime the young lawyer had given her the homage of his strong nature. At first she could not bring herself to forget her recreant lover, but the following year, won by Lincoln's devotion, she accepted him. He seemed now supremely happy. He studied day and night, eager to fill such a place that Ann Rutledge would be proud of him. He had been elected to the Legislature, and, borrowing some money to purchase a suit of clothes, he walked one hundred miles to the State capitol. He did not talk much in the Assembly, but he worked faithfully upon committees, and studied the needs of his State.

The following summer days seemed to pass all too swiftly in his happiness. Then the shadows gathered. The girl he idolized was sinking under the dreadful strain upon her young heart. The latter part of August she sent for Lincoln to come to her bedside. What was said in that last farewell has never

been known. It is stated by some that her former lover had returned, as fond of her as ever, his silence having been caused by a long illness. But on the twenty-fifth of August, death took her from them both.

Lincoln was overwhelmed with anguish; insane, feared and believed his friends. He said, "I can never be reconciled to have the snow, rains, and storms beat upon her grave." Years after he was heard to say, "My heart lies buried in the grave of that girl." A poem by William Knox, found and read at this time, became a favorite and a comfort through life—

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

Mr. Herndon, his law partner, said, "The love and death of that girl shattered Lincoln's purposes and tendencies. He threw off his infinite sorrow only by leaping wildly into the political arena." The memory of that love never faded from his heart, nor the sadness from his face.

The following year, 1837, when he was twenty-eight, he was admitted to the bar, and moved from New Salem to the larger town of Springfield, forming a partnership with Mr. J. P. Stuart of whom he had borrowed his law-books. Too poor even yet to pay much for board, he slept on a narrow lounge in the law-office. He was again elected to the legislature, and in the Harrison Presidential campaign, was chosen one of the electors, speaking through the State for the Whig party. To so prominent a position, already, had come the backwoods boy.

Four years after Ann Rutledge's death, he married, Nov. 4, 1839, Mary Todd, a bright, witty, somewhat handsome girl, of good family, from Kentucky. She admired his ability, and believed in his success; he needed comfort in his utter loneliness. Till his death he was a true husband, and an idolizing father to his children—Robert, Willie, and Tad (Thomas).

In 1846, seven years after his marriage, having steadily gained in the reputation of an honest, able lawyer, who would

never take a case unless sure he was on the right side, Mr. Lincoln was elected to Congress by an uncommonly large majority. Opposed to the war with Mexico, and to the extension of slavery, he spoke his mind fearlessly. The "Compromise measures of 1850," by which, while California was admitted as a free State, and the slave-trade was abolished in the District of Columbia, the Fugitive Slave Law was passed, giving the owners of slaves the right to recapture them in any free State, had disheartened all lovers of freedom. Lincoln said gloomily to his law partner, Mr. Herndon, "How hard, oh, how hard it is to die and leave one's country no better than if one had never lived for it!"

His father died about this time, his noble son sending him this message, "to remember to call upon and confide in our great and good and merciful Maker, who will not turn away from him in any extremity. He notes the fall of the sparrow, and numbers the hairs of our heads; and He will not forget the dying man who puts his trust in Him."

In 1854, through the influence of Stephen A. Douglas, a brilliant senator from Illinois, the Kansas-Nebraska Act was passed, whereby those States were left to judge for themselves whether they would have slaves or not. But by the Missouri Compromise of 1820, it was expressly stated that slavery should be forever prohibited in this locality. The whole North grew to white heat. When Douglas returned to his Chicago home the people refused to hear him speak. Illinois said, "His arguments must be answered, and Abraham Lincoln is the man to answer them!"

At the State Fair at Springfield, in October, a great company were gathered. Douglas spoke with marked ability and eloquence, and then on the following day, Abraham Lincoln spoke for three hours. His heart was in his words. He quivered with emotion. The audience were still as death, but when the address was finished, men shouted and women waved their handkerchiefs. Lincoln and the right had triumphed. After

this, the two men spoke in all the large towns of the State, to immense crowds. The Kansas-Nebraska Bill worked out its expected results. Blood flowed in the streets, as pro-slavery and anti-slavery men contested the ground, newspaper offices were torn down by mobs, and Douglas lost the great prize he had in view—the Presidency of the United States.

When the new party, the Republican, held its second convention in Philadelphia, June 17, 1856, Abraham Lincoln received one hundred and ten votes for Vice President. What would Nancy Hanks Lincoln have said if she could have looked now upon the boy to whom she taught the Bible in the log cabin!

An incident occurred about this time which increased his fame. A man was murdered at a camp-meeting, and two young men were arrested. One was a very poor youth, whose mother, Hannah Armstrong, had been kind to Lincoln in the early years. She wrote to the prominent lawyer about her troubles, because she believed her son to be innocent. The trial came on. The people were clamorous for Armstrong to be hanged. The principal witness testified that "by the aid of the brightly shining moon, he saw the prisoner inflict the death-blow with a slung shot."

After careful questioning, Mr. Lincoln showed the perjury of the witness, by the almanac, no moon being visible on the night in question. The jury were melted to tears by the touching address, and their sympathy went out to the wronged youth and his poor old mother, who fainted in his arms. Tears, too, poured down the face of Mr. Lincoln, as the young man was acquitted. "Why, Hannah," he said, when the grateful woman asked what she should try to pay him, "I shan't charge you a cent; never." She had been well repaid for her friendliness to a penniless boy.

The next year he was invited to deliver a lecture at Cooper Institute, New York. He was not very well known at the East. He had lived unostentatiously in the two-story

frame-house in Springfield, and when seen at all by the people, except in his addresses, was usually drawing one of his babies in a wagon before his door, with hat and coat off, deeply buried in thought. When the crowd gathered at Cooper Institute, they expected to hear a fund of stories and a "Western stump speech." But they did not hear what they expected. They heard a masterly review of the history of slavery in this country, and a prophecy concerning the future of the slavery question. They were amazed at its breadth and its eloquence. The "New York Tribune" said, "No man ever before made such an impression on his first appeal to a New York audience."

After this Mr. Lincoln spoke in various cities to crowded houses. A Yale professor took notes and gave a lecture to his students on the address. Surprised at his success among learned men, Mr. Lincoln once asked a prominent professor "what made the speeches interest?"

The reply was, "The clearness of your statements, the unanswerable style of your reasoning and your illustrations, which were romance, and pathos, and fun, and logic, all welded together."

Mr. Lincoln said, "I am very much obliged to you for this. It throws light on a subject which has been dark to me. Certainly I have had a wonderful success for a man of my limited education."

The sabbath he spent in New York, he found his way to the Sunday-school at Five Points. He was alone. The superintendent noticing his interest, asked him to say a few words. The children were so pleased that when he attempted to stop, they cried, "Go on, oh! do go on!" No one knew his name, and on being asked who he was, he replied, "Abraham Lincoln of Illinois." After visiting his son Robert at Harvard College, he returned home.

When the Republican State Convention met, May 9, 1860, at Springfield, Ill., Mr. Lincoln was invited to a seat on

the platform, and as no way could be made through the dense throng, he was carried over the people's heads. Ten days later, at the National Convention at Chicago, though William H. Seward of New York was a leading candidate, the West gained the nomination, with their idolized Lincoln. Springfield was wild with joy. When the news of his success was carried to him, he said quietly, "Well, gentlemen, there's a little woman at our house who is probably more interested in this dispatch than I am; and if you will excuse me, I will take it up and let her see it."

The resulting canvass was one of the most remarkable in our history. The South said, "War will result if he is elected." The North said, "The time has come for decisive action." The popular vote for Abraham Lincoln was nearly two millions (1,857,610), while Stephen A. Douglas received something over a million (1,291,574). The country was in a fever of excitement. The South made itself ready for war by seizing the forts. Before the inauguration most of the Southern States had seceded.

Sad farewells were uttered as Mr. Lincoln left Springfield for Washington. To his law partner he said, "You and I have been together more than twenty years, and have never passed a word. Will you let my name stay on the old sign till I come back from Washington?"

The tears came into Mr. Herndon's eyes, as he said, "I will never have any other partner while you live," and he kept his word. Old Hannah Armstrong told him that she should never see him again; that something told her so; his enemies would assassinate him. He smiled and said, "Hannah, if they do kill me, I shall never die another death."

He went away without fear, but feeling the awful responsibility of his position. He found an empty treasury and the country drifting into the blackness of war. He spoke few words, but the lines grew deeper on his face, and his eyes grew sadder.

In his inaugural address he said, "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors… Physically speaking we cannot separate."

The conflict began April 12, 1861, by the enemy firing on Fort Sumter. That sound reverberated throughout the North. The President called for seventy-five thousand men. The choicest from thousands of homes quickly responded. Young men left their college-halls and men their places of business. "The Union must and shall be preserved," was the eager cry. Then came the call for forty-two thousand men for three years.

The President began to study war in earnest. He gathered military books, sought out on maps every creek and hill and valley in the enemy's country, and took scarcely time to eat or sleep. May 24, the brilliant young Colonel Ellsworth had been shot at Alexandria by a hotel-keeper, because he pulled down the secession flag. He was buried from the east room in the White House, and the North was more aroused than ever. The press and people were eager for battle, and July 21, 1861, the Union army, under General McDowell, attacked the Confederates at Bull Run and were defeated. The South was jubilant, and the North learned, once for all, that the war was to be long and bloody. Congress, at the request of the President, at once voted five hundred thousand men, and five hundred million dollars to carry on the war.

Vast work was to be done. The Southern ports must be blockaded, and the traffic on the Mississippi River discontinued. A great and brave army of Southerners, fighting on their own soil, every foot of which they knew so well, must be conquered if the nation remained intact. The burdens of the President grew more and more heavy. Men at the North, who sympathized with the South—for we were bound together as one family in a thousand ways—said the President was going

too far in his authority; others said he moved too slowly, and was too lenient to the slave power. The South gained strength from the sympathy of England, and only by careful leadership was war avoided with that country.

General McClellan had fought some hard battles in Virginia—Fair Oaks, Mechanicsville, Malvern Hill, and others—with varying success, losing thousands of men in the Chickahominy swamps, and after the battle of Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862, one of the severest of the war, when each side lost over ten thousand men, he was relieved of his command, and succeeded by General Burnside. There had been some successes at the West under Grant, at Fort Donelson and Shiloh, and at the South under Farragut, but the outlook for the country was not hopeful. Mr. Lincoln had met with a severe affliction in his own household. His beautiful son Willie had died in February. He used to walk the room in those dying hours, saying sadly, "This is the hardest trial of my life; why is it? why is it?"

This made him, perhaps, even more tender of the lives of others' sons. A young sentinel had been sentenced to be shot for sleeping at his post; but the President pardoned him, saying, "I could not think of going into eternity with the blood of the poor young man on my skirts. It is not to be wondered at that a boy raised on a farm, probably in the habit of going to bed at dark, should, when required to watch, fall asleep, and I cannot consent to shoot him for such an act." This youth was found among the slain on the field of Fredericksburg, wearing next his heart a photograph of his preserver, with the words, "God bless President Lincoln."

An army officer once went to Washington to see about the execution of twenty-four deserters, who had been sentenced by court-martial to be shot. "Mr. President," said he, "unless these men are made an example of, the army itself is in danger. Mercy to the few is cruelty to the many."

"Mr. General," was the reply, "there are already too many

weeping widows in the United States. For God's sake, don't ask me to add to the number, for I won't do it." At another time he said, "Well, I think the boy can do us more good above ground than under ground."

A woman in a faded shawl and hood came to see the President, begging that, as her husband and all her sons—three—had enlisted, and her husband had been killed, he would release the oldest, that he might care for his mother. Mr. Lincoln quickly consented. When the poor woman reached the hospital where her boy was to be found, he was dead. Returning sadly to Mr. Lincoln, he said, "I know what you wish me to do now, and I shall do it without your asking; I shall release your second son… Now you have one, and I one of the other two left: that is no more than right." Tears filled the eyes of both as she reverently laid her hand on his head, saying, "The Lord bless you, Mr. President. May you live a thousand years, and always be at the head of this great nation!"

Through all these months it had become evident that slavery must be destroyed, or we should live over again these dreadful war-scenes in years to come. Mr. Lincoln had been waiting for the right time to free the slaves. General McClellan had said, "A declaration of radical views, especially upon slavery, will rapidly disintegrate our present armies"; but Sept. 22, 1862, Mr. Lincoln told his Cabinet, "I have promised my God that I will do it"; and he issued the immortal Emancipation Proclamation, by which four million human beings stepped out from bondage into freedom. He knew what he was doing. Two years afterward he said, "It is the central act of my administration, and the great event of the nineteenth century."

The following year, 1863, brought even deeper sorrows. The "Draft Act," by which men were obliged to enter the army when their names were drawn, occasioned in July a riot in New York city, with the loss of many lives. Grant had taken

Vicksburg on July 4, and General Meade had won at the dreadful three days' fight at Gettysburg, July 1-4, with a loss of more than twenty thousand on either side; but the nation was being held together at a fearful cost. When Mr. Lincoln announced to the people the victory at Gettysburg, he expressed the desire that, in the customary observance of the Fourth of July, "He whose will, not ours, should everywhere be done, be everywhere reverenced with profoundest gratitude." He reverenced God, himself, most devoutly. "I have been driven many times upon my knees," he said, "by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day."

On Nov. 19, of this year, this battle-field was dedicated, with solemn ceremonies, as one of the national cemeteries. Mr. Lincoln made a very brief address, in words that will last while America lasts, "The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is, rather, for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining for us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Emerson says of these words, "This, and one other American speech, that of John Brown to the court that tried him, and a part of Kossuth's speech at Birmingham, can only be compared with each other, and no fourth."

The next year, Feb. 29, 1864, the Hero of Vicksburg was called to the Lieutenant-Generalship of the army, and for the first time Mr. Lincoln felt somewhat a sense of relief from

burdens. He said, "Wherever Grant is, things move." He now called for five hundred thousand more men, and the beginning of the end was seen. Sherman swept through to the sea. Grant went below Richmond, where he said, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

Mr. Lincoln had been re-elected to the Presidency for a second term, giving that beautiful inaugural address to the people, "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widows and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." On April 9, 1865, Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox, and the long war was ended. The people gathered in their churches to praise God amid their tears. Abraham Lincoln's name was on every lip. The colored people said of their deliverer, "He is eberywhere. He is like de bressed Lord; he walks de waters and de land."

An old colored woman came to the door of the White House and met the President as he was coming out, and said she wanted to see "Abraham the Second."

"And who was Abraham the First?" asked the good man.

"Why, Lor' bless you, we read about Abraham de First in de Bible, and Abraham de Second is de President."

"Here he is!" said the President, turning away to hide his tears.

Well did the noble-hearted man say, "I have never willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom."

Five days after the surrender of General Lee, Mr. Lincoln went to Ford's Theatre, because it would rest him and please the people to see him. He used to say, "The tired part of me is inside and out of reach… I feel a presentiment that I shall not outlast the rebellion. When it is over, my work will be done."

While Mr. Lincoln was enjoying the play, John Wilkes Booth, an actor, came into the box behind him and fired a bullet into his brain; then sprang upon the stage, shouting, "Sic semper tyrannis! The South is avenged!" The President scarcely moved in his chair, and, unconscious, was taken to a house near by, where he died at twenty-two minutes past seven, April 15, 1865. Booth was caught twelve days later, and shot in a burning barn.

The nation seemed as though struck dumb; and then, from the Old World as well as the New, came an agonizing wail of sorrow. Death only showed to their view how sublime was the character of him who had carried them through the war. While the body, embalmed, lay in state in the east room of the White House tens of thousands crowded about it. And then, accompanied by the casket of little Willie, the body of Abraham Lincoln took its long journey of fifteen hundred miles, to the home of his early life, for burial. Nothing in this country like that funeral pageant has ever been witnessed. In New York, in Philadelphia, and in every other city along the way, houses were trimmed with mourning, bells tolled, funeral marches were played, and the rooms where the body rested were filled with flowers. Hundreds of thousands looked upon the tired, noble face of the martyred President.

In Oak Ridge Cemetery, at Springfield, Illinois, in the midst of a dense multitude, a choir of two hundred and fifty singing by the open grave of him who dearly loved music,

"Children of the Heavenly King,"

Abraham Lincoln was buried. Bishop Simpson, now dead, spoke eloquently, quoting Mr. Lincoln's words, "Before high Heaven and in the face of the world I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause, as I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty, and my love."

Charles Sumner said, "There are no accidents in the Providence of God." Such lives as that of Abraham Lincoln

are not accidents in American history. They are rather the great books from whose pages we catch inspiration, and in which we read God's purposes for the progress of the human race.

Lives of Girls Who Became Famous

By Sarah Knowles Bolton

Preface

All of us have aspirations. We build air-castles, and are probably the happier for the building. However, the sooner we learn that life is not a play-day, but a thing of earnest activity, the better for us and for those associated with us. "Energy," says Goethe, "will do anything that can be done in this world;" and Jean Ingelow truly says, that "Work is heaven's best."

If we cannot, like George Eliot, write *Adam Bede*, we can, like Elizabeth Fry, visit the poor and the prisoner. If we cannot, like Rosa Bonheur, paint a "Horse Fair," and receive ten thousand dollars, we can, like Mrs. Stowe and Miss Alcott, do some kind of work to lighten the burdens of parents. If poor, with Mary Lyon's persistency and noble purpose, we can accomplish almost anything. If rich, like Baroness Burdett-Coutts, we can bless the world in thousands of ways, and are untrue to God and ourselves if we fail to do it.

Margaret Fuller said, "All might be superior beings," and doubtless this is true, if all were willing to cultivate the mind and beautify the character.

S. K. B.

CHAPTER I
Harriet Beecher Stowe

In a plain home, in the town of Litchfield, Conn., was born, June 14, 1811, Harriet Beecher Stowe. The house was well-nigh full of little ones before her coming. She was the seventh child, while the oldest was but eleven years old.

Her father, Rev. Lyman Beecher, a man of remarkable mind and sunshiny heart, was preaching earnest sermons in his own and in all the neighboring towns, on the munificent salary of five hundred dollars a year. Her mother, Roxana Beecher, was a woman whose beautiful life has been an inspiration to thousands. With an education superior for those times, she came into the home of the young minister with a strength of mind and heart that made her his companion and reliance.

There were no carpets on the floors till the girl-wife laid down a piece of cotton cloth on the parlor, and painted it in oils, with a border and a bunch of roses and others flowers in the centre. When one of the good deacons came to visit them, the preacher said, "Walk in, deacon, walk in!"

"Why, I can't," said he, "'thout steppin' on't." Then he exclaimed, in admiration, "D'ye think ya can have all that, *and heaven too?*"

So meagre was the salary for the increasing household, that Roxana urged that a select school be started; and in this she taught French, drawing, painting, and embroidery, besides the higher English branches. With all this work she found time to make herself the idol of her children. While Henry Ward hung round her neck, she made dolls for little Harriet, and read to them from Walter Scott and Washington

Irving.

These were enchanting days for the enthusiastic girl with brown curls and blue eyes. She roamed over the meadows, and through the forests, gathering wild flowers in the spring or nuts in the fall, being educated, as she afterwards said, "first and foremost by Nature, wonderful, beautiful, ever-changing as she is in that cloudland, Litchfield. There were the crisp apples of the pink azalea—honeysuckle-apples, we called them; there were scarlet wintergreen berries; there were pink shell blossoms of trailing arbutus, and feathers of ground pine; there were blue and white and yellow violets, and crowsfoot, and bloodroot, and wild anemone, and other quaint forest treasures."

A single incident, told by herself in later years, will show the frolic-loving spirit of the girl, and the gentleness of Roxana Beecher. "Mother was an enthusiastic horticulturist in all the small ways that limited means allowed. Her brother John, in New York, had just sent her a small parcel of fine tulip-bulbs. I remember rummaging these out of an obscure corner of the nursery one day when she was gone out, and being strongly seized with the idea that they were good to eat, and using all the little English I then possessed to persuade my brothers that these were onions, such as grown people ate, and would be very nice for us. So we fell to and devoured the whole; and I recollect being somewhat disappointed in the odd, sweetish taste, and thinking that onions were not as nice as I had supposed. Then mother's serene face appeared at the nursery door, and we all ran toward her, and with one voice began to tell our discovery and achievement. We had found this bag of onions, and had eaten them all up.

"There was not even a momentary expression of impatience, but she sat down and said, 'My dear children, what you have done makes mamma very sorry; those were not onion roots, but roots of beautiful flowers; and if you had let them alone, ma would have had next summer in the garden,

great, beautiful red and yellow flowers, such as you never saw.' I remember how drooping and disappointed we all grew at this picture, and how sadly we regarded the empty paper bag."

When Harriet was five years old, a deep shadow fell upon the happy household. Eight little children were gathered round the bedside of the dying mother. When they cried and sobbed, she told them, with inexpressible sweetness, that "God could do more for them than she had ever done or could do, and that they must trust Him," and urged her six sons to become ministers of the Gospel. When her heart-broken husband repeated to her the verse, "You are now come unto Mount Zion, unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels; to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant," she looked up into his face with a beautiful smile, and closed her eyes forever. That smile Mr. Beecher never forgot to his dying day.

The whole family seemed crushed by the blow. Little Henry (now the great preacher), who had been told that his mother had been buried in the ground, and also that she had gone to heaven, was found one morning digging with all his might under his sister's window, saying, "I'm going to heaven, to find ma!"

So much did Mr. Beecher miss her counsel and good judgment, that he sat down and wrote her a long letter, pouring out his whole soul, hoping somehow that she, his guardian angel, though dead, might see it. A year later he wrote a friend: "There is a sensation of loss which nothing alleviates—a solitude which no society interrupts. Amid the smiles and prattle of children, and the kindness of sympathizing friends, I am *alone; Roxana is not here.* She partakes in none of my joys, and bears with me none of my sorrows. I do not murmur; I only feel daily, constantly, and with deepening

impression, how much I have had for which to be thankful, and how much I have lost… The whole year after her death was a year of great emptiness, as if there was not motive enough in the world to move me. I used to pray earnestly to God either to take me away, or to restore to me that interest in things and susceptibility to motive I had had before."

Once, when sleeping in the room where she died, he dreamed that Roxana came and stood beside him, and "smiled on me as with a smile from heaven. With that smile," he said, "all my sorrow passed away. I awoke joyful, and I was lighthearted for weeks after."

Harriet went to live for a time with her aunt and grandmother, and then came back to the lonesome home, into which Mr. Beecher had felt the necessity of bringing a new mother. She was a refined and excellent woman, and won the respect and affection of the family. At first Harriet, with a not unnatural feeling of injury, said to her: "Because you have come and married my father, when I am big enough, I mean to go and marry your father;" but she afterwards learned to love her very much.

At seven, with a remarkably retentive memory—a thing which many of us spoil by trashy reading, or allowing our time and attention to be distracted by the trifles of every-day life—Harriet had learned twenty-seven hymns and two long chapters of the Bible. She was exceedingly fond of reading, but there was little in a poor minister's library to attract a child. She found *Bell's Sermons,* and *Toplady on Predestination.* "Then," she says, "there was a side closet full of documents, a weltering ocean of pamphlets, in which I dug and toiled for hours, to be repaid by disinterring a delicious morsel of a *Don Quixote,* that had once been a book, but was now lying in forty or fifty *dissecta membra*, amid Calls, Appeals, Essays, Reviews, and Rejoinders. The turning up of such a fragment seemed like the rising of an enchanted island out of an ocean of mud." Finally *Ivanhoe* was obtained, and she and her brother George

read it through seven times.

At twelve, we find her in the school of Mr. John P. Brace, a well-known teacher, where she developed great fondness for composition. At the exhibition at the close of the year, it was the custom for all the parents to come and listen to the wonderful productions of their children. From the list of subjects given, Harriet had chosen, "Can the Immortality of the Soul be proved by the Light of Nature?"

"When mine was read," she says, "I noticed that father brightened and looked interested. 'Who wrote that composition?' he asked of Mr. Brace. *'Your daughter, sir!'* was the answer. There was no mistaking father's face when he was pleased, and to have interested *him* was past all juvenile triumphs."

A new life was now to open to Harriet. Her only sister Catharine, a brilliant and noble girl, was engaged to Professor Fisher of Yale College. They were to be married on his return from a European tour, but alas! the *Albion*, on which he sailed, went to pieces on the rocks, and all on board, save one, perished. Her betrothed was never heard from. For months all hope seemed to go out of Catharine's life, and then, with a strong will, she took up a course of mathematical study, *his* favorite study, and Latin under her brother Edward. She was now twenty-three. Life was not to be along the pleasant paths she had hoped, but she must make it tell for the future.

With remarkable energy, she went to Hartford, Conn., where her brother was teaching, and thoroughly impressed with the belief that God had a work for her to do for girls, she raised several thousand dollars and built the Hartford Female Seminary. Her brothers had college doors opened to them; why, she reasoned, should not women have equal opportunities? Society wondered of what possible use Latin and moral philosophy could be to girls, but they admired Miss Beecher, and let her do as she pleased. Students poured in, and the seminary soon overflowed. My own school life in that

beloved institution, years afterward, I shall never forget.

And now the little twelve-year-old Harriet came down from Litchfield to attend Catharine's school, and soon become a pupil-teacher, that the burden of support might not fall too heavily upon the father. Other children had come into the Beecher home, and with a salary of eight hundred dollars, poverty could not be other than a constant attendant. Once when the family were greatly straitened for money, while Henry and Charles were in college, the new mother went to bed weeping, but the father said, "Well, the Lord always has taken care of me, and I am sure He always will," and was soon fast asleep. The next morning, Sunday, a letter was handed in at the door, containing a $100 bill, and no name. It was a thank-offering for the conversion of a child.

Mr. Beecher, with all his poverty, could not help being generous. His wife, by close economy, had saved twenty-five dollars to buy a new overcoat for him. Handing him the roll of bills, he started out to purchase the garment, but stopped on the way to attend a missionary meeting. His heart warmed as he stayed, and when the contribution-box was passed, he put in the roll of bills for the Sandwich Islanders, and went home with his threadbare coat!

Three years later, Mr. Beecher, who had now become widely known as a revivalist and brilliant preacher, was called to Boston, where he remained for six years. His six sermons on intemperance had stirred the whole country.

Though he loved Boston, his heart often turned toward the great West, and he longed to help save her young men. When, therefore, he was asked to go to Ohio and become the president of Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati, he accepted. Singularly dependent upon his family, Catharine and Harriet must needs go with him to the new home. The journey was a toilsome one, over the corduroy roads and across the mountains by stagecoach. Finally they were settled in a pleasant house on Walnut Hills, one of the suburbs of the

city, and the sisters opened another school.

Four years later, in 1836, Harriet, now twenty-five, married the professor of biblical criticism and Oriental literature in the seminary, Calvin E. Stowe, a learned and able man.

Meantime the question of slavery had been agitating the minds of Christian people. Cincinnati being near the borderline of Kentucky, was naturally the battle-ground of ideas. Slaves fled into the free State and were helped into Canada by means of the "Underground Railroad," which was in reality only a friendly house about every ten miles, where the colored people could be secreted during the day, and then carried in wagons to the next "station" in the night.

Lane Seminary became a hot-bed of discussion. Many of the Southern students freed their slaves, or helped to establish schools for colored children in Cincinnati, and were disinherited by their fathers in consequence. Dr. Bailey, a Christian man who attempted to carry on a fair discussion of the question in his paper, had his presses broken twice and thrown into the river. The feeling became so intense, that the houses of free colored people were burned, some killed, and the seminary was in danger from the mob. The members of Professor Stowe's family slept with firearms, ready to defend their lives. Finally the trustees of the college forbade all slavery discussion by the students, and as a result, nearly the whole body left the institution.

Dr. Beecher, meantime, was absent at the East, having raised a large sum of money for the seminary, and came back only to find his labor almost hopeless. For several years, however, he and his children stayed and worked on. Mrs. Stowe opened her house to colored children, whom she taught with her own. One bright boy in her school was claimed by an estate in Kentucky, arrested, and was to be sold at auction. The half-crazed mother appealed to Mrs. Stowe, who raised the needed money among her friends, and thus saved the lad.

Finally, worn out with the "irrepressible conflict," the

Beecher family, with the Stowes, came North in 1850, Mr. Stowe accepting a professorship at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine. A few boarders were taken into the family to eke out the limited salary, and Mrs. Stowe earned a little from a sketch written now and then for the newspapers. She had even obtained a prize of fifty dollars for a New England story. Her six brothers had fulfilled their mother's dying wish, and were all in the ministry. She was now forty years old, a devoted mother, with an infant; a hard-working teacher, with her hands full to overflowing. It seemed improbable that she would ever do other than this quiet, unceasing labor. Most women would have said, "I can do no more than I am doing. My way is hedged up to any outside work."

But Mrs. Stowe's heart burned for those in bondage. The Fugitive Slave Law was hunting colored people and sending them back into servitude and death. The people of the North seemed indifferent. Could she not arouse them by something she could write?

One Sunday, as she sat at the communion table in the little Brunswick church, the pattern of Uncle Tom formed itself in her mind, and, almost overcome by her feelings, she hastened home and wrote out the chapter on his death. When she had finished, she read it to her two sons, ten and twelve, who burst out sobbing, "Oh! mamma, slavery is the most cursed thing in the world."

After two or three more chapters were ready, she wrote to Dr. Bailey, who had moved his paper from Cincinnati to Washington, offering the manuscript for the columns of the *National Era,* and it was accepted. Now the matter must be prepared each week. She visited Boston, and at the Anti-Slavery rooms borrowed several books to aid in furnishing facts. And then the story wrote itself out of her full heart and brain. When it neared completion, Mr. Jewett of Boston, through the influence of his wife, offered to become the publisher, but feared if the serial were much longer, it would

be a failure. She wrote him that she could not stop till it was done.

Uncle Tom's Cabin was published March 20,1852. Then came the reaction in her own mind. Would anybody read this book? The subject was unpopular. It would indeed be a failure, she feared, but she would help the story make its way if possible. She sent a copy of the book to Prince Albert, knowing that both he and Queen Victoria were deeply interested in the subject; another copy to Macaulay, whose father was a friend of Wilberforce; one to Charles Dickens; and another to Charles Kingsley. And then the busy mother, wife, teacher, housekeeper, and author waited in her quiet Maine home to see what the busy world would say.

In ten days, ten thousand copies had been sold. Eight presses were run day and night to supply the demand. Thirty different editions appeared in London in six months. Six theatres in that great city were playing it at one time. Over three hundred thousand copies were sold in less than a year.

Letters poured in upon Mrs. Stowe from all parts of the world. Prince Albert sent his hearty thanks. Dickens said, "Your book is worthy of any head and any heart that ever inspired a book." Kingsley wrote, "It is perfect." The noble Earl of Shaftesbury wrote, "None but a Christian believer could have produced such a book as yours, which has absolutely startled the whole world… I live in hope—God grant it may rise to faith!—that this system is drawing to a close. It seems as though our Lord had sent out this book as the messenger before His face to prepare His way before Him." He wrote out an address of sympathy "From the women of England to the women of America," to which were appended the signatures of 562,448 women. These were in twenty-six folio volumes, bound in morocco, with the American eagle on the back of each, the whole in a solid oak case, sent to the care of Mrs. Stowe.

The learned reviews gave long notices of *Uncle Tom's*

Cabin. Blackwood said, "There are scenes and touches in this book which no living writer that we know can surpass, and perhaps none can equal." George Eliot wrote her beautiful letters.

How the heart of Lyman Beecher must have been gladdened by this wonderful success of his daughter! How Roxana Beecher must have looked down from heaven, and smiled that never-to-be-forgotten smile! How Harriet Beecher Stowe herself must have thanked God for this unexpected fulness of blessing! Thousands of dollars were soon paid to her as her share of the profits from the sale of the book. How restful it must have seemed to the tired, over-worked woman, to have more than enough for daily needs!

The following year, 1853, Professor Stowe and his now famous wife decided to cross the ocean for needed rest. What was their astonishment, to be welcomed by immense public meetings in Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Dundee; indeed, in every city which they visited. People in the towns stopped her carriage, to fill it with flowers. Boys ran along the streets, shouting, "That's her—see the *courls!*" A penny offering was made her, given by people of all ranks, consisting of one thousand golden sovereigns on a beautiful silver salver. When the committee having the matter in charge visited one little cottage, they found only a blind woman, and said, "She will feel no interest, as she cannot read the book."

"Indeed," said the old lady, "if I cannot read, my son has read it to me, and I've got my penny saved to give."

The beautiful Duchess of Sutherland entertained Mrs. Stowe at her house, where she met Lord Palmerston, the Duke of Argyle, Macaulay, Gladstone, and others. The duchess gave her a solid gold bracelet in the form of a slave's shackle, with the words, "We trust it is a memorial of a chain that is soon to be broken." On one link was the date of the abolition of the slave trade, March 25, 1807, and of slavery in

the English territories, Aug. 1, 1834. On the other links are now engraved the dates of Emancipation in the District of Columbia; President Lincoln's proclamation abolishing slavery in the States in rebellion, Jan. 1, 1863; and finally, on the clasp, the date of the Constitutional amendment, abolishing slavery forever in the United States. Only a decade after Uncle Tom's Cabin was written, and nearly all this accomplished! Who could have believed it possible?

On Mrs. Stowe's return from Europe, she wrote *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands,* which had a large sale. Her husband was now appointed to the professorship of sacred literature in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass., and here they made their home. The students found in her a warm-hearted friend, and an inspiration to intellectual work. Other books followed from her pen: *Dred,* a powerful anti-slavery story; *The Minister's Wooing,* with lovely Mary Scudder as its heroine; *Agnes of Sorrento,* an Italian story; the *Pearl of Orr's Island,* a tale of the New England coast; *Old Town Folks; House and Home Papers; My Wife and I; Pink and White Tyranny;* and some others, all of which have been widely read.

The sale of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has not ceased. It is estimated that over one and a half million copies have been sold in Great Britain and her colonies, and probably an equal or greater number in this country. There have been twelve French editions, eleven German, and six Spanish. It has been published in nineteen different languages—Russian, Hungarian, Armenian, Modern Greek, Finnish, Welsh, Polish, and others. In Bengal the book is very popular. A lady of high rank in the court of Siam, liberated her slaves, one hundred and thirty in number, after reading this book, and said, "I am wishful to be good like Harriet Beecher Stowe, and never again to buy human bodies, but only to let them go free once more." In France the sale of the Bible was increased because the people wished to read the book Uncle Tom loved so much.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, like *Les Miseràbles,* and a few other novels, will live, because written with a purpose. No work of fiction is permanent without some great underlying principle or object.

Soon after the Civil War, Mrs. Stowe bought a home among the orange groves of Florida, and thither she goes each winter, with her family. She has done much there for the colored people whom she helped to make free. With the proceeds of some public readings at the North she built a church, in which her husband preached as long as his health permitted. Her home at Mandarin, with its great moss-covered oaks and profusion of flowers, is a restful and happy place after these most fruitful years.

Her summer residence in Hartford, Conn., beautiful without, and artistic within, has been visited by thousands, who honor the noble woman not less than the gifted author.

Many of the Beecher family have died; Lyman Beecher at eighty-three, and Catharine at seventy-eight. Some of Mrs. Stowe's own children are waiting for her in the other country. She says, "I am more interested in the other side of Jordan than this, though this still has its pleasures."

On Mrs. Stowe's seventy-first birthday, her publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., gave a garden party in her honor, at the hospitable home of Governor Claflin and his wife, at Newton, Mass. Poets and artists, statesmen and reformers, were invited to meet the famous author. On a stage, under a great tent, she sat, while poems were read and speeches made. The brown curls had become snowy white, and the bright eyes of girlhood had grown deeper and more earnest. The manner was the same as ever, unostentatious, courteous, kindly.

Her life is but another confirmation of the well-known fact, that the best work of the world is done, not by the loiterers, but by those whose hearts and hands are full of duties. Mrs. Stowe died about noon, July 1, 1896, of paralysis,

at Hartford, Conn., at the age of eighty-five. She passed away as if to sleep, her son, the Rev. Charles Edward Stowe, and her daughters, Eliza and Harriet, standing by her bedside. Since the death of her husband, Professor Calvin E. Stowe, in 1886, Mrs. Stowe had gradually failed physically and mentally. She was buried July 3 in the cemetery connected with the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass., between the graves of her husband and her son, Henry. The latter was drowned in the Connecticut River, while a member of Dartmouth College, July 19, 1857.

CHAPTER II
Helen Hunt Jackson

Thousands were saddened when, Aug. 12, 1885, it was flashed across the wires that Helen Hunt Jackson was dead. The Nation said, "The news will probably carry a pang of regret into more American homes than similar intelligence in regard to any other woman, with the possible exception of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe."

How, with the simple initials, "H.H.," had she won this place in the hearts of the people? Was it because she was a poet? Oh no! many persons of genius have few friends. It was because an earnest life was back of her gifted writings. A great book needs a great man or woman behind it to make it a perfect work. Mrs. Jackson's literary work will be abiding, but her life, with its dark shadow and bright sunlight, its deep affections and sympathy with the oppressed, will furnish a rich setting for the gems of thought which she gave to the world.

Born in the cultured town of Amherst, Mass., Oct. 18, 1831, she inherited from her mother a sunny, buoyant nature, and from her father, Nathan W. Fiske, professor of languages and philosophy in the college, a strong and vigorous mind. Her own vivid description of the "naughtiest day in my life," in *St. Nicholas,* September and October, 1880, shows the ardent, wilful child who was one day to stand out fearlessly before the nation and tell its statesmen the wrong they had done to "her Indians."

She and her younger sister Annie were allowed one April day, by their mother, to go into the woods just before school hours, to gather checkerberries. Helen, finding the woods very pleasant, determined to spend the day in them, even

though sure she would receive a whipping on her return home. The sister could not be coaxed to do wrong, but a neighbor's child, with the promise of seeing live snails with horns, was induced to accompany the truant. They wandered from one forest to another, till hunger compelled them to seek food at a stranger's home. The kind farmer and his wife were going to a funeral, and wished to lock their house; but they took pity on the little ones, and gave them some bread and milk. "There," said the woman, "now, you just make yourselves comfortable, and eat all you can; and when you're done, you push the bowls in among them lilac-bushes, and nobody'll get 'em."

Urged on by Helen, she and her companion wandered into the village, to ascertain where the funeral was to be held. It was in the meeting-house, and thither they went, and seated themselves on the bier outside the door. Becoming tired of this, they trudged on. One of them lost her shoe in the mud, and stopping at a house to dry their stockings, they were captured by two Amherst professors, who had come over to Hadley to attend the funeral. The children had walked four miles, and nearly the whole town, with the frightened mother, were in search of the runaways. Helen, greatly displeased at being caught, jumped out of the carriage, but was soon retaken. At ten o'clock at night they reached home, and the child walked in as rosy and smiling as possible, saying, "Oh, mother! I've had a perfectly splendid time!"

A few days passed, and then her father sent for her to come into his study, and told her because she had not said she was sorry for running away, she must go into the garret, and wait till he came to see her. Sullen at this punishment, she took a nail and began to bore holes in the plastering. This so angered the professor, that he gave her a severe whipping, and kept her in the garret for a week. It is questionable whether she was more penitent at the end of the week than she was at the beginning.

When Helen was twelve, both father and mother died, leaving her to the care of a grandfather. She was soon placed in the school of the author, Rev. J.S.C. Abbott, of New York, and here some of her happiest days were passed. She grew to womanhood, frank, merry, impulsive, brilliant in conversation, and fond of society.

At twenty-one she was married to a young army officer, Captain, afterward Major, Edward B. Hunt, whom his friends called "Cupid" Hunt from his beauty and his curling hair. He was a brother of Governor Hunt of New York, an engineer of high rank, and a man of fine scientific attainments. They lived much of their time at West Point and Newport, and the young wife moved in a fashionable social circle, and won hosts of admiring friends. Now and then, when he read a paper before some learned society, he was proud to take his vivacious and attractive wife with him.

Their first baby died when he was eleven months old, but another beautiful boy came to take his place, named after two friends, Warren Horsford, but familiarly called "Rennie." He was an uncommonly bright child, and Mrs. Hunt was passionately fond and proud of him. Life seemed full of pleasures. She dressed handsomely, and no wish of her heart seemed ungratified.

Suddenly, like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky, the happy life was shattered. Major Hunt was killed Oct. 2, 1863, while experimenting in Brooklyn, with a submarine gun of his own invention. The young widow still had her eight-year-old boy, and to him she clung more tenderly than ever, but in less than two years she stood by his dying bed. Seeing the agony of his mother, and forgetting his own even in that dread destroyer, diphtheria, he said, almost at the last moment, "Promise me, mamma, that you will not kill yourself."

She promised, and exacted from him also a pledge that if it were possible, he would come back from the other world to talk with his mother. He never came, and Mrs. Hunt could

have no faith in spiritualism, because what Rennie could not do, she believed to be impossible.

For months she shut herself into her own room, refusing to see her nearest friends. "Any one who really loves me ought to pray that I may die, too, like Rennie," she said. Her physician thought she would die of grief; but when her strong, earnest nature had wrestled with itself and come off conqueror, she came out of her seclusion, cheerful as of old. The pictures of her husband and boy were ever beside her, and these doubtless spurred her on to the work she was to accomplish.

Three months after Rennie's death, her first poem, *Lifted Over,* appeared in the *Nation:*—

> "As tender mothers, guiding baby steps,
> When places come at which the tiny feet
> Would trip, lift up the little ones in arms
> Of love, and set them down beyond the harm,
> So did our Father watch the precious boy,
> Led o'er the stones by me, who stumbled oft
> Myself, but strove to help my darling on:
> He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw
> Rough ways before us, where my arms would fail;
> So reached from heaven, and lifting the dear child,
> Who smiled in leaving me, He put him down
> Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade
> Him wait for me! Shall I not then be glad,
> And, thanking God, press on to overtake!"

The poem was widely copied, and many mothers were comforted by it. The kind letters she received in consequence were the first gleam of sunshine in the darkened life. If she were doing even a little good, she could live and be strong.

And then began, at thirty-four, absorbing, painstaking literary work. She studied the best models of composition. She said to a friend, years after, "Have you ever tested the

advantages of an analytical reading of some writer of finished style? There is a little book called *Out-Door Papers,* by Wentworth Higginson, that is one of the most perfect specimens of literary composition in the English language. It has been my 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." And again, "I shall never write a sentence, so long as I live, without studying it over from the standpoint of whether you would think it could be bettered."

Her first prose sketch, a walk up Mt. Washington from the Glen House, appeared in the *Independent,* Sept. 13, 1866; and from this time she wrote for that able journal three hundred and seventy-one articles. She worked rapidly, writing usually with a lead-pencil, on large sheets of yellow paper, but she pruned carefully. Her first poem in the *Atlantic Monthly,* entitled *Coronation,* delicate and full of meaning, appeared in 1869, being taken to Mr. Fields, the editor, by a friend.

At this time she spent a year abroad, principally in Germany and Italy, writing home several sketches. In Rome she became so ill that her life was despaired of. When she was partially recovered and went away to regain her strength, her friends insisted that a professional nurse should go with her; but she took a hard-working young Italian girl of sixteen, to whom this vacation would be a blessing.

On her return, in 1870, a little book of *Verses* was published. Like most beginners, she was obliged to pay for the stereotyped plates. The book was well received. Emerson liked especially her sonnet, *Thought.* He ranked her poetry above that of all American women, and most American men. Some persons praised the "exquisite musical structure" of the *Gondolieds,* and others read and re-read her beautiful *Down to Sleep.* But the world's favorite was *Spinning:*—

"Like a blind spinner in the sun,

I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask.
. . . . .
"But listen, listen, day by day,
To hear their tread
Who bear the finished web away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun,
'Thou poor blind spinner, work is done.'"

After this came two other small books, *Bits of Travel* and *Bits of Talk about Home Matters*. She paid for the plates of the former. Fame did not burst upon Helen Hunt; it came after years of work, after it had been fully earned. The road to authorship is a hard one, and only those should attempt it who have courage and perseverance.

Again her health failed, but not her cheerful spirits. She travelled to Colorado, and wrote a book in praise of it. Everywhere she made lasting friends. Her German landlady in Munich thought her the kindest person in the world. The newsboy, the little urchin on the street with a basket full of wares, the guides over the mountain passes, all remembered her cheery voice and helpful words. She used to say, "She is only half mother who does not see her own child in every child. Oh, if the world could only stop long enough for one generation of mothers to be made all right, what a Millennium could be begun in thirty years!" Some one, in her childhood, called her a "stupid child" before strangers, and she never forgot the sting of it.

In Colorado, in 1876, eleven years after the death of Major Hunt, she married Mr. William Sharpless Jackson, a Quaker and a cultured banker. Her home, at Colorado Springs, became an ideal one, sheltered under the great

Manitou, and looking toward the Garden of the Gods, full of books and magazines, of dainty rugs and dainty china gathered from many countries, and richly colored Colorado flowers. Once, when Eastern guests were invited to luncheon, twenty-three varieties of wildflowers, each massed in its own color, adorned the home. A friend of hers says: "There is not an artificial flower in the house, on embroidered table-cover or sofa cushion or tidy; indeed, Mrs. Jackson holds that the manufacture of silken poppies and crewel sun-flowers is a 'respectable industry,' intended only to keep idle hands out of mischief."

Mrs. Jackson loved flowers almost as though they were children. She writes: "I bore on this June day a sheaf of the white columbine—one single sheaf, one single root; but it was almost more than I could carry. In the open spaces, I carried it on my shoulder; in the thickets, I bore it carefully in my arms, like a baby… There is a part of Cheyenne Mountain which I and one other have come to call 'our garden.' When we drive down from 'our garden,' there is seldom room for another flower in our carriage. The top thrown back is filled, the space in front of the driver is filled, and our laps and baskets are filled with the more delicate blossoms. We look as if we were on our way to the ceremonies of Decoration Day. So we are. All June days are decoration days in Colorado Springs, but it is the sacred joy of life that we decorate—not the sacred sadness of death." But Mrs. Jackson, with her pleasant home, could not rest from her work. Two novels came from her pen, *Mercy Philbrick's Choice* and *Hetty's Strange History.* It is probable also that she helped to write the beautiful and tender *Saxe Holm Stories.* It is said that *Draxy Miller's Dowry* and *Esther Wynn's Love Letters* were written by another, while Mrs. Jackson added the lovely poems; and when a request was made by the publishers for more stories from the same author, Mrs. Jackson was prevailed upon to write them.

The time had now come for her to do her last and perhaps

her best work. She could not write without a definite purpose, and now the purpose that settled down upon her heart was to help the defrauded Indians. She believed they needed education and Christianization rather than extermination. She left her home and spent three months in the Astor Library of New York, writing her *Century of Dishonor,* showing how we have despoiled the Indians and broken our treaties with them. She wrote to a friend, "I cannot think of anything else from night to morning and from morning to night." So untiringly did she work that she made herself ill, and was obliged to go to Norway, leaving a literary ally to correct the proofs of her book.

At her own expense, she sent a copy to each member of Congress. Its plain facts were not relished in some quarters, and she began to taste the cup that all reformers have to drink; but the brave woman never flinched in her duty. So much was the Government impressed by her earnestness and good judgment, that she was appointed a Special Commissioner with her friend, Abbott Kinney, to examine and report on the condition of the Mission Indians in California.

Could an accomplished, tenderly reared woman go into their adobe villages and listen to their wrongs? What would the world say of its poet? Mrs. Jackson did not ask; she had a mission to perform, and the more culture, the more responsibility. She brought cheer and hope to the red men and their wives, and they called her "the Queen." She wrote able articles about them in the *Century.*

The report made by Mr. Kinney and herself, which she prepared largely, was clear and convincing. How different all this from her early life! Mrs. Jackson had become more than poet and novelist; even the leader of an oppressed people. At once, in the winter of 1883, she began to write her wonderfully graphic and tender *Ramona*, and into this, she said, "I put my heart and soul." The book was immediately reprinted in England, and has had great popularity. She meant to do for

the Indian what Mrs. Stowe did for the slave, and she lived long enough to see the great work well in progress.

This true missionary work had greatly deepened the earnestness of the brilliant woman. Not always tender to other peoples' "hobbies," as she said, she now had one of her own, into which she was putting her life. Her horizon, with her great intellectual gifts, had now become as wide as the universe. Had she lived, how many more great questions she would have touched.

In June, 1884, falling on the staircase of her Colorado home, she severely fractured her leg, and was confined to the house for several months. Then she was taken to Los Angeles, Cal., for the winter. The broken limb mended rapidly, but malarial fever set in, and she was carried to San Francisco. Her first remark was, as she entered the house looking out upon the broad and lovely bay, "I did not imagine it was so pleasant! What a beautiful place to die in!"

To the last her letters to her friends were full of cheer. "You must not think because I speak of not getting well that I am sad over it," she wrote. "On the contrary, I am more and more relieved in my mind, as it seems to grow more and more sure that I shall die. You see that I am growing old" (she was but fifty-four), "and I do believe that my work is done. You have never realized how, for the past five years, my whole soul has been centered on the Indian question. *Ramona* was the outcome of those five years. The Indian cause is on its feet now; powerful friends are at work."

To another she wrote, "I am heartily, honestly, and cheerfully ready to go. In fact, I am glad to go. *My Century of Dishonor* and *Ramona* are the only things I have done of which I am glad now. The rest is of no moment. They will live, and they will bear fruit. They already have. The change in public feeling on the Indian question in the last three years is marvellous; an Indian Rights Association in every large city in the land."

She had no fear of death. She said, "It is only just passing from one country to another… My only regret is that I have not accomplished more work; especially that it was so late in the day when I began to work in real earnest. But I do not doubt we shall keep on working… There isn't so much difference, I fancy, between this life and the next as we think, nor so much barrier… I shall look in upon you in the new rooms some day; but you will not see me. Good-bye. Yours affectionately forever, H.H." Four days before her death she wrote to President Cleveland:—

"From my death-bed I send you a message of heart-felt thanks for what you have already done for the Indians. I ask you to read my *Century of Dishonor.* I am dying happier for the belief I have that it is your hand that is destined to strike the first steady blow toward lifting this burden of infamy from our country, and righting the wrongs of the Indian race.

"With respect and gratitude,
"HELEN JACKSON."

That same day she wrote her last touching poem:—

"Father, I scarcely dare to pray,
So clear I see, now it is done,
That I have wasted half my day,
And left my work but just begun;

"So clear I see that things I thought
Were right or harmless were a sin;
So clear I see that I have sought,
Unconscious, selfish aim to win

"So clear I see that I have hurt
The souls I might have helped to save,
That I have slothful been, inert,
Deaf to the calls Thy leaders gave.

"In outskirts of Thy kingdoms vast,
Father, the humblest spot give me;
Set me the lowliest task Thou hast,
Let me repentant work for Thee!"

That evening, Aug. 8, after saying farewell, she placed her hand in her husband's, and went to sleep. After four days, mostly unconscious ones, she wakened in eternity.

On her coffin were laid a few simple clover-blossoms, flowers she loved in life; and then, near the summit of Cheyenne Mountain, four miles from Colorado Springs, in a spot of her own choosing, she was buried.

"Do not adorn with costly shrub or tree
Or flower the little grave which shelters me.
Let the wild wind-sown seeds grow up unharmed,
And back and forth all summer, unalarmed,
Let all the tiny, busy creatures creep;
Let the sweet grass its last year's tangles keep;
And when, remembering me, you come some day
And stand there, speak no praise, but only say,
'How she loved us! It was for that she was so dear.'
These are the only words that I shall smile to hear."

Many will stand by that Colorado grave in the years to come. Says a California friend: "Above the chirp of the balm-cricket in the grass that hides her grave, I seem to hear sweet songs of welcome from the little ones. Among other thoughts of her come visions of a child and mother straying in fields of light. And so I cannot make her dead, who lived so earnestly, who wrought so unselfishly, and passed so trustfully into the mystery of the unseen."

All honor to a woman who, with a happy home, was willing to leave it to make other homes happy; who, having suffered, tried with a sympathetic heart to forget herself and keep others from suffering; who, being famous, gladly took

time to help unknown authors to win fame; who, having means, preferred a life of labor to a life of ease.

Mrs. Jackson's work is still going forward. Five editions of her Century of Dishonor have been printed since her death. *Ramona* is in its thirtieth thousand. *Zeph,* a touching story of frontier life in Colorado, which she finished in her last illness, has been published. Her sketches of travel have been gathered into Glimpses of Three Coasts, and a new volume of poems, *Sonnets and Lyrics,* has appeared.

CHAPTER III
Lucretia Mott

Years ago I attended, at some inconvenience, a large public meeting, because I heard that Lucretia Mott was to speak. After several addresses, a slight lady, with white cap and drab Quaker dress, came forward. Though well in years, her eyes were bright; her smile was winsome, and I thought her face one of the loveliest I had ever looked upon. The voice was singularly sweet and clear, and the manner had such naturalness and grace as a queen might envy. I have forgotten the words, forgotten even the subject, but the benign presence and gracious smile I shall never forget.

Born among the quiet scenes of Nantucket, Jan. 3, 1793, Lucretia grew to girlhood with habits of economy, neatness, and helpfulness in the home. Her father, Thomas Coffin, was a sea-captain of staunch principle; her mother, a woman of great energy, wit, and good sense. The children's pleasures were such as a plain country home afforded. When Mrs. Coffin went to visit her neighbors, she would say to her daughters, "Now after you have finished knitting twenty bouts, you may go down cellar and pick out as many as you want of the smallest potatoes—the very smallest—and roast them in the ashes." Then the six little folks gathered about the big fireplace and enjoyed a frolic.

When Lucretia was twelve years old, the family moved to Boston. At first all the children attended a private school; but Captain Coffin, fearing this would make them proud, removed them to a public school, where they could "mingle with all classes without distinction." Years after Lucretia said, "I am glad, because it gave me a feeling of sympathy for the

patient and struggling poor, which, but for this experience, I might never have known."

A year later, she was sent to a Friends' boarding-school at Nine Partners, N.Y. Both boys and girls attended this school, but were not permitted to speak to each other unless they were near relatives; if so, they could talk a little on certain days over a certain corner of the fence, between the play-grounds! Such grave precautions did not entirely prevent the acquaintance of the young people; for when a lad was shut up in a closet, on bread and water, Lucretia and her sister supplied him with bread and butter under the door. This boy was a cousin of the teacher, James Mott, who was fond of the quick-witted school-girl, so that it is probable that no harm came to her from breaking the rules.

At fifteen, Lucretia was appointed an assistant teacher, and she and Mr. Mott, with a desire to know more of literature, and quite possibly more of each other, began to study French together. He was tall, with light hair and blue eyes, and shy in manner; she, petite, with dark hair and eyes, quick in thought and action, and fond of mirth. When she was eighteen and James twenty-one, the young teachers were married, and both went to her father's home in Philadelphia to reside, he assisting in Mr. Coffin's business.

The war of 1812 brought financial failure to many, and young Mott soon found himself with a wife and infant daughter to support, and no work. Hoping that he could obtain a situation with an uncle in New York State, he took his family thither, but came back disappointed. Finally he found work in a plow store at a salary of six hundred dollars a year.

Captain Coffin meantime had died, leaving his family poor. James could do so little for them all with his limited salary, that he determined to open a small store; but the experiment proved a failure. His health began to be affected by this ill success, when Lucretia, with her brave heart, said, "My cousin and I will open a school; thee must not get

discouraged, James."

The school was opened with four pupils, each paying seven dollars a quarter. The young wife put so much good cheer and earnestness into her work, that soon there were forty pupils in the school. Mr. Mott's prospects now brightened, for he was earning one thousand dollars a year. The young couple were happy in their hard work, for they loved each other, and love lightens all care and labor.

But soon a sorrow worse than poverty came. Their only son, Thomas, a most affectionate child, died, saying with his latest breath, "I love thee, mother." It was a crushing blow; but it proved a blessing in the end, leading her thoughts heavenward.

A few months afterwards her voice was heard for the first time in public, in prayer, in one of the Friends' meetings. The words were simple, earnest, eloquent. The good Quakers marvelled, and encouraged the "gift." They did not ask whether man or woman brought the message, so it came from heaven.

And now, at twenty-five, having resigned her position as teacher, she began close study of the Bible and theological books. She had four children to care for, did all her sewing, even cutting and making her own dresses; but she learned what every one can learn—to economize time. Her house was kept scrupulously clean. She says: "I omitted much unnecessary stitching and ornamental work in the sewing for my family, so that I might have more time for the improvement of my mind. For novels and light reading I never had much taste; the ladies' department in the periodicals of the day had no attraction for me. "She would lay a copy of William Penn's ponderous volumes open at the foot of her bed, and drawing her chair close to it, with her baby on her lap, would study the book diligently. A woman of less energy and less will-power than young Mrs. Mott would have given up all hope of being a scholar. She read the best books in philosophy and science.

John Stuart Mill and Dean Stanley, though widely different, were among her favorite authors.

James Mott was now prospering in the cotton business, so that they could spare time to go in their carriage and speak at the Quaker meetings in the surrounding country. Lucretia would be so absorbed in thought as not to notice the beauties of the landscape, which her husband always greatly enjoyed. Pointing out a fine view to her, she replied, "Yes, it is beautiful, now that thou points it out, but I should not have noticed it. I have always taken more interest in human nature." From a child she was deeply interested for the slave. She had read in her school-books Clarkson's description of the slave ships, and these left an impression never to be effaced. When, Dec. 4, 1833, a convention met in Philadelphia for the purpose of forming the American Anti-Slavery Society, Lucretia Mott was one of the four women who braved the social obloquy, as friends of the despised abolitionists. She spoke, and was listened to with attention. Immediately the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society was formed, and Mrs. Mott became its president and its inspiration. So unheard of a thing was an association of women, and so unaccustomed were they to the methods of organization, that they were obliged to call a colored man to the chair to assist them.

The years of martyrdom which followed, we at this day can scarcely realize. Anti-slavery lecturers were tarred and feathered. Mobs in New York and Philadelphia swarmed the streets, burning houses and breaking church windows. In the latter city they surrounded the hall of the Abolitionists, where the women were holding a large convention, and Mrs. Mott was addressing them. All day long they cursed and threw stones, and as soon as the women left the building, they burned it to ashes. Then, wrought up to fury, the mob started for the house of James and Lucretia Mott. Knowing that they were coming, the calm woman sent her little children away,

and then in the parlor, with a few friends, peacefully awaited a probable death.

In the turbulent throng was a young man who, while he was no friend of the colored man, could not see Lucretia Mott harmed. With skilful ruse, as they neared the house, he rushed up another street, shouting at the top of his voice, "On to Motts!" and the wild crowd blindly followed, wreaking their vengeance in another quarter.

A year later, in Delaware, where Mrs. Mott was speaking, one of her party, a defenceless old man, was dragged from the house, and tarred and feathered. She followed, begging the men to desist, and saying that she was the real offender, but no violent hands were laid upon her.

At another time, when the annual meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society in New York was broken up by the mob, some of the speakers were roughly handled. Perceiving that several ladies were timid, Mrs. Mott said to the gentleman who was accompanying her, "Won't thee look after some of the others?"

"But who will take care of you?" he said.

With great tact and a sweet smile, she answered, "This man," laying her hand on the arm of one of the roughest of the mob; "he will see me safe through."

The astonished man had, like others, a tender heart beneath the roughness, and with respectful manner took her to a place of safety. The next day, going into a restaurant, she saw the leader of the mob, and immediately sat down by him, and began to converse. Her kindness and her sweet voice left a deep impression. As he went out of the room, he asked at the door, "Who is that lady?"

"Why, that is Lucretia Mott!"

For a second he was dumbfounded; but he added, "Well, she's a good, sensible woman."

In 1839 a World's Convention was called at London to debate the slavery question. Among the delegates chosen

were James and Lucretia Mott, Wendell Phillips and his wife, and others. Mrs. Mott was jubilant at the thought of the world's interest in this great question, and glad for an opportunity to cross the ocean and enjoy a little rest, and the pleasure of meeting friends who had worked in the same cause.

When the party arrived, they were told, to their astonishment, that no women were to be admitted to the Convention as delegates. They had faced mobs and ostracism; they had given money and earnest labor, but they were to be ignored. William Lloyd Garrison, hurt at such injustice, refused to take part in the Convention, and sat in the gallery with the women. Although Mrs. Mott did not speak in the assembly, the *Dublin Herald* said, "Nobody doubts that she was the lioness of the Convention." She was entertained at public breakfasts, and at these spoke with the greatest acceptance to both men and women. The Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Byron showed her great attention. Carlyle was "much pleased with the Quaker lady, whose quiet manner had a soothing effect on him," wrote Mrs. Carlyle to a friend. At Glasgow "she held a delighted audience for nearly two hours in breathless attention," said the press.

After some months of devoted Christian work, along with sight-seeing, Mr. and Mrs. Mott started homeward. He had spoken less frequently than his wife, but always had been listened to with deep interest. Her heart was moved toward a large number of Irish emigrants in the steerage, and she desired to hold a religious meeting among them. When asked about it, they said they would not hear a woman preacher, for women priests were not allowed in their church. Then she asked that they would come together and consider whether they would have a meeting. This seemed fair, and they came. She explained to them that she did not intend to hold a church service; that, as they were leaving their old homes and seeking new ones in her country, she wanted to talk with

them in such a way as would help them in the land of strangers. And then, if they would listen—they were all the time listening very eagerly—she would give an outline of what she had intended to say, if the meeting had been held. At the close, when all had departed, it dawned upon some of the quicker-witted ones that they "had got the preachment from the woman preacher, after all."

The steamer arrived at the close of a twenty-nine days' voyage, and, after a brief rest, Mrs. Mott began again her public work. She spoke before the legislatures of New Jersey, Delaware, and Pennsylvania. She called on President Tyler, and he talked with her cordially and freely about the slave. In Kentucky, says one of the leading papers, "For an hour and a half she enchained an ordinarily restless audience—many were standing—to a degree never surpassed here by the most popular orators. She said some things that were far from palatable, but said them with an air of sincerity that commanded respect and attention."

Mrs. Mott was deeply interested in other questions besides slavery—suffrage for women, total abstinence, and national differences settled by arbitration instead of war. Years before, when she began to teach school, and found that while girls paid the same tuition as boys, "when they became teachers, women received only half as much as men for their services," she says: "The injustice of this distinction was so apparent, that I early resolved to claim for myself all that an impartial Creator had bestowed."

In 1848, Mrs. Mott, with Elizabeth Cady Stanton and some others, called the first Woman's Suffrage Convention in this country, at Seneca Falls, N.Y. There was much ridicule—we had not learned, forty years ago, to treat with courtesy those whose opinions are different from our own—but the sweet Quaker preacher went serenely forward, as though all the world were on her side. When she conversed with those who differed, she listened so courteously to objections, and

stated her own views so delicately and kindly, and often so wittily, that none could help liking her, even though they did not agree with her. She realized that few can be driven, while many can be won with gentleness and tact.

In all these years of public speaking, her home was not only a refuge for the oppressed, but a delightful social centre, where prominent people gathered from both Europe and America. At the table black and white were treated with equal courtesy. One young man, a frequent visitor, finding himself seated at dinner next to a colored man, resolved to keep away from the house in future; but as he was in love with one of Mrs. Mott's pretty daughters, he found that his "principles" gave way to his affections. He renewed his visits, became a son-in-law, and, later, an ardent advocate of equality for the colored people.

Now the guests at the hospitable home were a mother and seven children, from England, who, meeting with disappointments, had become reduced to poverty. Now it was an escaped slave, who had come from Richmond, Va., in a dry-goods box, by Adams Express. This poor man, whose wife and three children had been sold from him, determined to seek his freedom, even if he died in the effort. Weighing nearly two hundred pounds, he was encased in a box two feet long, twenty-three inches wide, and three feet high, in a sitting posture. He was provided with a few crackers, and a bladder filled with water. With a small gimlet he bored holes in the box to let in fresh air, and fanned himself with his hat, to keep the air in motion. The box was covered with canvas, that no one might suspect its contents. His sufferings were almost unbearable. As the box was tossed from one place to another, he was badly bruised, and sometimes he rested for miles on his head and shoulders, when it seemed as though his veins would burst. Finally he reached the Mott home, and found shelter and comfort.

Their large house was always full. Mr. Mott had given up

a prosperous cotton business, because the cotton was the product of slave labor; but he had been equally successful in the wool trade, so that the days of privation had passed by long ago. Two of their six children, with their families, lived at home, and the harmony was remarked by everybody. Mrs. Mott rose early, and did much housework herself. She wrote to a friend: "I prepared mince for forty pies, doing every part myself, even to meat-chopping; picked over lots of apples, stewed a quantity, chopped some more, and made apple pudding; all of which kept me on my feet till almost two o'clock, having to come into the parlor every now and then to receive guests." As a rule, those women are the best housekeepers whose lives are varied by some outside interests.

In the broad hall of the house stood two armchairs, which the children called "beggars' chairs," because they were in constant use for all sorts of people, "waiting to see the missus." She never refused to see anybody. When letters came from all over the country, asking for all sorts of favors, bedding, silver spoons, a silk umbrella, or begging her to invest some money in the manufacture of an article, warranted "to take the kink out of the hair of the negro," she would always check the merriment of her family by saying, "Don't laugh too much; the poor souls meant well."

Mrs. Mott was now sixty-three years of age. For forty years she had been seen and loved by thousands. Strangers would stop her on the street and say, "God bless you, Lucretia Mott!" Once, when a slave was being tried for running away, Mrs. Mott sat near him in the court, her son-in-law, Mr. Edward Hopper, defending his case. The opposing counsel asked that her chair might be moved, as her face would influence the jury against him! Benjamin H. Brewster, afterwards United States Attorney-General, also counsel for the Southern master, said: "I have heard a great deal of your mother-in-law, Hopper; but I never saw her before to-day. She is an angel." Years after, when Mr. Brewster was asked

how he dared to change his political opinions, he replied, "Do you think there is anything I dare not do, after facing Lucretia Mott in that court-room?"

It seemed best at this time, in 1856, as Mrs. Mott was much worn with care, to sell the large house in town and move eight miles into the country, to a quaint, roomy house which they called Roadside. Before they went, however, at the last family gathering a long poem was read, ending with:—

"Who constantly will ring the bell,
And ask if they will please to tell
Where Mrs. Mott has gone to dwell?
The beggars.

"And who persistently will say,
'We cannot, cannot go away;
Here in the entry let us stay?'
Colored beggars.

"Who never, never, nevermore
Will see the 'lions' at the door
That they've so often seen before?
The neighbors.

"And who will miss, for months at least,
That place of rest for man and beast,
from North, and South, and West, and East?
Everybody."

Much of the shrubbery was cut down at Roadside, that Mrs. Mott might have the full sunlight. So cheery a nature must have sunshine. Here life went on quietly and happy. Many papers and books were on her table, and she read carefully and widely. She loved especially Milton and Cowper. Arnold's *Light of Asia* was a great favorite in later years. The papers were sent to hospitals and infirmaries, that no good

reading might be lost. She liked to read aloud; and if others were busy, she would copy extracts to read to them when they were at leisure. Who can measure the power of an educated, intellectual mother in a home?

The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Mott was celebrated in 1861, and a joyous season it was. James, the prosperous merchant, was proud of his gifted wife, and aided her in every way possible; while Lucretia loved and honored the true-hearted husband. Though Mrs. Mott was now seventy, she did not cease her benevolent work. Her carriage was always full of fruits, vegetables, and gifts for the poor. In buying goods she traded usually with the small stores, where things were dearer, but she knew that for many of the proprietors it was a struggle to make ends meet. A woman so considerate of others would of course be loved.

Once when riding on the street-cars in Philadelphia, when no black person was allowed to ride inside, every fifth car being reserved for their use, she saw a frail-looking and scantily-dressed colored woman, standing on the platform in the rain. The day was bitter cold, and Mrs. Mott begged the conductor to allow her to come inside. "The company's orders must be obeyed," was the reply. Whereupon the slight Quaker lady of seventy walked out and stood beside the colored woman. It would never do to have the famous Mrs. Mott seen in the rain on his car; so the conductor, in his turn, went out and begged her to come in.

"I cannot go in without this woman," said Mrs. Mott quietly. Nonplussed for a moment, he looked at the kindly face, and said, "Oh, well, bring her in then!" Soon the "company's orders" were changed in the interests of humanity, and colored people as well as white enjoyed their civil rights, as becomes a great nation.

With all this beauty of character, Lucretia Mott had her trials. Somewhat early in life she and her husband had joined the so-called Unitarian branch of Quakers, and for this they

were persecuted. So deep was the sectarian feeling, that once, when suffering from acute neuralgia, a physician who knew her well, when called to attend her, said, "Lucretia, I am so deeply afflicted by thy rebellious spirit, that I do not feel that I can prescribe for thee," and he left her to her sufferings. Such lack of toleration reads very strangely at this day.

In 1868, Mr. Mott and his wife, the one eighty, and the other seventy-five, went to Brooklyn, N.Y., to visit their grandchildren. He was taken ill of pneumonia, and expressed a wish to go home, but added, "I suppose I shall die here, and then I shall be at home; it is just as well." Mrs. Mott watched with him through the night, and at last, becoming weary, laid her head upon his pillow and went to sleep. In the morning, the daughter coming in, found the one resting from weariness, the other resting forever.

At the request of several colored men, who respected their benefactor, Mr. Mott was borne to his grave by their hands. Thus ended, for this world, what one who knew them well called "the most perfect wedded life to be found on earth."

Mrs. Mott said, "James and I loved each other more than ever since we worked together for a great cause." She carried out the old couplet:—

> "And be this thy pride, what but few have done,
> To hold fast the love thou hast early won."

After his death, she wrote to a friend, "I do not mourn, but rather remember my blessings, and the blessing of his long life with me."

For twelve years more she lived and did her various duties. She had seen the slave freed, and was thankful. The other reforms for which she labored were progressing. At eighty-five she still spoke in the great meetings. Each Christmas she carried turkeys, pies, and a gift for each man and woman at the "Aged Colored Home," in Philadelphia, driving twenty miles,

there and back. Each year she sent a box of candy to each conductor and brakeman on the North Pennsylvania Railroad, "Because," she said, "they never let me lift out my bundles, but catch them up so quickly, and they all seem to know me."

Finally the time came for her to go to meet James. As the end drew near, she seemed to think that she was conducting her own funeral, and said, as though addressing an audience, "If you resolve to follow the Lamb wherever you may be led, you will find all the ways pleasant and the paths peace. Let me go! Do take me!"

There was a large and almost silent funeral at the house, and at the cemetery several thousand persons were gathered. When friends were standing by the open grave, a low voice said, "Will no one say anything?" and another responded, "Who can speak? the preacher is dead!"

Memorial services were held in various cities. For such a woman as Lucretia Mott, with cultured mind, noble heart, and holy purpose, there are no sex limitations. Her field is the world.

Those who desire to know, more of this gifted woman will find it in a most interesting volume, *Lives of James and Lucretia Mott,* written by their grandaughter, Anna Davis Hallowell, West Medford, Mass.

CHAPTER IV
Mary A. Livermore

When a nation passes through a great struggle like our Civil War, great leaders are developed. Had it not been for this, probably Mrs. Livermore, like many other noble women, would be to-day living quietly in some pleasant home, doing the common duties of every-day life. She would not be the famous lecturer, the gifted writer, the leader of the Sanitary Commission in the West; a brilliant illustration of the work a woman may do in the world, and still retain the truest womanliness.

She was born in Boston, descended from ancestors who for six generations had been Welsh preachers, and reared by parents of the strictest Calvinistic faith. Mr. Rice, her father, was a man of honesty and integrity, while the mother was a woman of remarkable judgment and common sense.

Mary was an eager scholar, and a great favorite in school, because she took the part of all the poor children. If a little boy or girl was a cripple, or wore shabby clothes, or had scanty dinners, or was ridiculed, he or she found an earnest friend and defender in the courageous girl.

So fond was she of the five children in the home, younger than herself, and so much did she take upon herself the responsibility of their conversion, that when but ten years old, unable to sleep, she would rise from her bed and waken her father and mother that they might pray for the sisters. "It's no matter about me," she would say; "if they are saved, I can bear anything."

Mature in thought and care-taking beyond her years, she was still fond of out-door sports and merry times. Sliding on

the ice was her especial delight. One day, after a full hour's fun in the bracing air, she rushed into the house, the blood tingling in every vein, exclaiming, "It's splendid sliding!" "Yes," replied the father, "it's good fun, but wretched for shoes."

All at once the young girl saw how hard it was for her parents to buy shoes, with their limited means; and from that day to this she never slid upon the ice.

There were few playthings in the simple home, but her chief pastime was in holding meetings in her father's woodshed, with the other children. Great logs were laid out for benches, and split sticks were set upon them for people. Mary was always the leader, both in praying and preaching, and the others were good listeners. Mrs. Rice would be so much amused at the queer scene, that a smile would creep over her face; but Mr. Rice would look on reverently, and say, "I wish you had been a boy; you could have been trained for the ministry."

When she was twelve years old she began to be eager to earn something. She could not bear to see her father work so hard for her. Alas! how often young women, twice twelve, allow their father's hair to grow white from overwork, because they think society will look down upon them if they labor. Is work more a disgrace to a girl than a boy? Not at all. Unfortunate is the young man who marries a girl who is either afraid or ashamed to work.

Though not fond of sewing, Mary decided to learn dressmaking, because this would give her self-support. For three months she worked in a shop, that she might learn the trade, and then she stayed three months longer and earned thirty-seven cents a day. As this seemed meagre, she looked about her for more work. Going to a clothing establishment, she asked for a dozen red flannel shirts to make. The proprietor might have wondered who the child was, but he trusted her honest face, and gave her the bundle. She was to receive six

and a quarter cents apiece, and to return them on a certain day. Working night after night, sometimes till the early morning hours, she was able to finish only half at the time specified.

On that day a man came to the door and asked, "Does Mary Rice live here?"

The mother had gone to the door, and answered in the affirmative.

"Well, she took a dozen red flannel shirts from my shop to make, and she hain't returned 'em!"

"It can't be my daughter," said Mrs. Rice.

The man was sure he had the right number, but he looked perplexed. Just then Mary, who was in the sitting-room, appeared on the scene.

"Yes, mother, I got these shirts of the man."

"You promised to get 'em done, Miss," he said, "and we are in a great hurry."

"You shall have the shirts to-morrow night," said Mrs. Rice.

After the man left the house, the mother burst into tears, saying, "We are not so poor as that. My dear child, what is to become of you if you take all the cares of the world upon your shoulders?"

When the work was done, and the seventy-five cents received, Mary would take only half of it, because she had earned but half.

A brighter day was dawning for Mary Rice. A little later, longing for an education, Dr. Neale, their good minister, encouraged and assisted her to go to the Charlestown Female Seminary. Before the term closed one of the teachers died, and the bright, earnest pupil was asked to fill the vacancy. She accepted, reciting out of school to fit herself for her classes, earning enough by her teaching to pay her way, and taking the four years' course in two years. Before she was twenty she taught two years on a Virginia plantation as a governess, and came North with six hundred dollars and a

good supply of clothes. Probably she has never felt so rich since that day.

She was now asked to take charge of the Duxbury High School, where she became an inspiration to her scholars. Even the dullest learned under her enthusiasm. She took long walks to keep up her health and spirits, thus making her body as vigorous as her heart was sympathetic.

It was not to be wondered at that the bright young teacher had many admirers. Who ever knew an educated, genial girl who was not a favorite with young men? It is a libel on the sex to think that they prefer ignorant or idle girls.

Among those who saw the beauty of character and the mental power of Miss Rice was a young minister, whose church was near her schoolhouse. The first time she attended his services, he preached from the text, "And thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins." Her sister had died, and the family were in sorrow; but this gospel of love, which he preached with no allusion to eternal punishment, was full of comfort. What was the minister's surprise to have the young lady ask to take home the sermon and read it, and afterwards, some of his theological books. What was the teacher's surprise, a little later, to find that while she was interested in his sermons and books, he had become interested in her. The sequel can be guessed easily; she became the wife of Rev. D.P. Livermore at twenty-three.

He had idolized his mother; very naturally, with deep reverence for woman, he would make a devoted husband. For fifteen years the intelligent wife aided him in editing *The New Covenant,* a religious paper published in Chicago, in which city they had made their home. Her writings were always clear, strong, and helpful. Three children had been born into their home, and life, with its cares and its work, was a very happy one.

But the time came for the quiet life to be entirely changed. In 1861 the nation found itself plunged into war. The slave

question was to be settled once for all at the point of the bayonet. Like every other true-hearted woman, Mrs. Livermore had been deeply stirred by passing events. When Abraham Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand men was eagerly responded to, she was in Boston, and saw the troops, all unused to hardships, start for the battle-fields. The streets were crowded with tens of thousands. Bells rung, bands played, and women smiled and said good-bye, when their hearts were breaking. After the train moved out of the station, four women fainted; nature could no longer bear the terrible strain. Mrs. Livermore helped restore the women to consciousness. She had no sons to send; but when such partings were seen, and such sorrows were in the future, she could not rest.

What could women do to help in the dreadful struggle? A meeting of New York ladies was called, which resulted in the formation of an Aid Society, pledging loyalty to the Government, and promising assistance to soldiers and their families. Two gentlemen were sent to Washington to ask what work could be done, but word came back that there was no place for women at the front, nor no need for them in the hospitals. Such words were worse than wasted on American women. Since the day when men and women together breasted the storms of New England in the *Mayflower*, and together planted a new civilization, together they have worked side by side in all great matters. They were untiring in the Revolutionary War; they worked faithfully in the dark days of anti-slavery agitation, taking their very lives in their hands. And now their husbands and sons and brothers had gone from their homes. They would die on battle-fields, and in lonely camps untended, and the women simply said, "Some of us must follow our best-beloved."

The United States Sanitary Commission was soon organized, for working in hospitals, looking after camps, and providing comforts for the soldiers. Branch associations were

formed in ten large cities. The great Northwestern Branch was put under the leadership of Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. A.H. Hoge. Useful things began to pour in from all over the country—fruits, clothing, bedding, and all needed comforts for the army. Then Mrs. Livermore, now a woman of forty, with great executive ability, warm heart, courage, and perseverance, with a few others, went to Washington to talk with President Lincoln.

"Can no women go to the front?" they asked.

"No civilian, either man or woman, is permitted by law," said Mr. Lincoln. But the great heart of the greatest man in America was superior to the law, and he placed not a straw in their way. He was in favor of anything which helped the men who fought and bled for their country.

Mrs. Livermore's first broad experience in the war was after the battle of Fort Donelson. There were no hospitals for the men, and the wounded were hauled down the hillside in rough-board Tennessee wagons, most of them dying before they reached St. Louis. Some poor fellows lay with the frozen earth around them, chopped out after lying in the mud from Saturday morning until Sunday evening.

One blue-eyed lad of nineteen, with both legs and both arms shattered, when asked, "How did it happen that you were left so long?" said, "Why, you see, they couldn't stop to bother with us, *because they had to take the fort.* When they took it, we forgot our sufferings, and all over the battle-field cheers went up from the wounded, and even from the dying."

At the rear of the battle-fields the Sanitary Commission now began to keep its wagons with hot soup and hot coffee, women, fitly chosen, always joining in this work, in the midst of danger. After the first repulse at Vicksburg, there was great sickness and suffering. The Commission sent Mrs. Hoge, two gentlemen accompanying her, with a boat-load of supplies for the sick. One emaciated soldier, to whom she gave a little package of white sugar, with a lemon, some green tea, two

herrings, two onions, and some pepper, said, "Is that *all* for me?" She bowed assent. She says: "He covered his pinched face with his thin hands and burst into a low, sobbing cry. I laid my hand upon his shoulder, and said, 'Why do you weep?' 'God bless the women!' he sobbed out. 'What should we do but for them? I came from father's farm, where all knew plenty; I've lain sick these three months; I've seen no woman's face, nor heard her voice, nor felt her warm hand till to-day, and it unmans me; but don't think I rue my bargain, for I don't. I've suffered much and long, but don't let them know at home. Maybe I'll never have a chance to tell them how much; but I'd go through it all for the old flag.'"

Shortly after, accompanied by an officer, she went into the rifle-pits. The heat was stifling, and the minie-balls were whizzing. "Why, madam, where did you come from? Did you drop from heaven into these rifle-pits? You are the first lady we have seen here;" and then the voice was choked with tears.

"I have come from your friends at home, and bring messages of love and honor. I have come to bring you the comforts we owe you, and love to give. I've come to see if you receive what they send you," she replied.

"Do they think as much of as as that? Why, boys, we can fight another year on that, can't we?"

"Yes, yes!" they cried, and almost every hand was raised to brush away the tears.

She made them a kindly talk, shook the hard, honest hands, and said good-bye. "Madame," said the officer, "promise me that you'll visit my regiment to-morrow; 'twould be worth a victory to them. You don't know what good a lady's visit to the army does. These men whom you have seen to-day will talk of your visit for six months to come. Around the fires, in the rifle-pits, in the dark night, or on the march, they will repeat your words, describe your looks, voice, size, and dress; and all agree in one respect—that you look like an

angel, and exactly like each man's wife or mother. Ah! was there no work for women to do?

The Sanitary and Christian Commissions expended about fifty million dollars during the war, and of this, the women raised a generous portion. Each battle cost the Sanitary Commission about seventy-five thousand dollars, and the battle of Gettysburg, a half million dollars. Mrs. Livermore was one of the most efficient helpers in raising this money. She went among the people, and solicited funds and supplies of every kind.

One night it was arranged that she should speak in Dubuque, Iowa, that the people of that State might hear directly from their soldiers at the front. When she arrived, instead of finding a few women as she had expected, a large church was packed with both men and women, eager to listen. The governor of the State and other officials were present. She had never spoken in a mixed assembly. Her conservative training made her shrink from it, and, unfortunately, made her feel incapable of doing it.

"I cannot speak!" she said to the women who had asked her to come.

Disappointed and disheartened, they finally arranged with a prominent statesman to jot down the facts from her lips; and then, as best he could, tell to the audience the experiences of the woman who had been on battle-fields, amid the wounded and dying. Just as they were about to go upon the platform, the gentleman said, "Mrs. Livermore, I have heard you say at the front, that you would give your all for the soldiers—a foot, a hand, or a voice. Now is the time to give your voice, if you wish to do good."

She meditated a moment, and then she said, "I will try."

When she arose to speak, the sea of faces before her seemed blurred. She was talking into blank darkness. She could not even hear her own voice. But as she went on, and the needs of the soldiers crowded upon her mind, she forgot

all fear, and for two hours held the audience spell-bound. Men and women wept, and patriotism filled every heart. At eleven o'clock eight thousand dollars were pledged, and then, at the suggestion of the presiding officer, they remained until one o'clock to perfect plans for a fair, from which they cleared sixty thousand dollars. After this, Mrs. Livermore spoke in hundreds of towns, helping to organize many of the more than twelve thousand five hundred aid societies formed during eighteen months.

As money became more and more needed, Mrs. Livermore decided to try a sanitary commission fair in Chicago. The women said, "We will raise twenty-five thousand dollars," but the men laughed at such an impossibility. The farmers were visited, and solicited to give vegetables and grain, while the cities were not forgotten. Fourteen of Chicago's largest halls were hired. The women had gone into debt ten thousand dollars, and the men of the city began to think they were crazy. The Board of Trade called upon them and advised that the fair be given up; the debts should be paid, and the men would give the twenty-five thousand, when, in their judgment, it was needed! The women thanked them courteously, but pushed forward in the work.

It had been arranged that the farmers should come on the opening day, in a procession, with their gifts of vegetables. Of this plan the newspapers made great sport, calling it the "potato procession." The day came. The school children had a holiday, the bells were rung, one hundred guns were fired, and the whole city gathered to see the "potato procession." Finally it arrived—great loads of cabbages, onions, and over four thousand bushels of potatoes. The wagons each bore a motto, draped in black, with the words, "We buried a son at Donelson," "Our father lies at Stone River," and other similar ones. The flags on the horses' heads were bound with black; the women who rode beside a husband or son, were dressed in deep mourning. When the procession stopped before Mrs.

Livermore's house, the jeers were over, and the dense crowd wept like children.

Six of the public halls were filled with beautiful things for sale, while eight were closed so that no other attractions might compete with the fair. Instead of twenty-five thousand, the women cleared one hundred thousand dollars.

Then Cincinnati followed with a fair, making two hundred and twenty-five thousand; Boston, three hundred and eighty thousand; New York, one million; and Philadelphia, two hundred thousand more than New York. The women had found that there was work enough for them to do.

Mrs. Livermore was finally ordered to make a tour of the hospitals and military posts on the Mississippi River, and here her aid was invaluable. It required a remarkable woman to undertake such a work. At one point she found twenty-three men, sick and wounded, whose regiments had left them, and who could not be discharged because they had no descriptive lists. She went at once to General Grant, and said, "General, if you will give me authority to do so, *I* will agree to take these twenty-three wounded men home."

The officials respected the noble woman, and the red tape of army life was broken for her sake.

When the desolate company arrived in Chicago, on Saturday, the last train had left which could have taken a Wisconsin soldier home. She took him to the hotel, had a fire made for him, and called a doctor.

"Pull him through till Monday, Doctor," she said, "and I'll get him home." Then, to the lad, "You shall have a nurse, and Monday morning I will go with you to your mother."

"Oh! don't go away," he pleaded; "I never shall see you again."

"Well, then, I'll go home and see my family, and come back in two hours. The door shall be left open, and I'll put this bell beside you, so that the chambermaid will come when you ring."

He consented, and Mrs. Livermore came back in two hours. The soldier's face was turned toward the door, as though waiting for her, but he was dead. He had gone home, but not to Wisconsin.

After the close of the war, so eager were the people to hear her, that she entered the lecture field and has for years held the foremost place among women as a public speaker. She lectures five nights a week, for five months, travelling twenty-five thousand miles annually. Her fine voice, womanly, dignified manner, and able thought have brought crowded houses before her, year after year. She has earned money, and spent it generously for others. The energy and conscientiousness of little Mary Rice have borne their legitimate fruit.

Every year touching incidents came up concerning the war days. Once, after she had spoken at Fabyan's American Institute of Instruction, a military man, six feet tall, came up to her and said, "Do you remember at Memphis coming over to the officers' hospital?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Livermore.

While the officers were paid salaries, very often the paymasters could not find them when ill, and for months they would not have a penny, not even receiving army rations. Mrs. Livermore found many in great need, and carried them from the Sanitary Commission blankets, medicine, and food. Milk was greatly desired, and almost impossible to be obtained. One day she came into the wards, and said that a certain portion of the sick "could have two goblets of milk for every meal."

"Do you remember," said the tall man, who was then a major, "that one man cried bitterly and said, 'I want two glasses of milk,' and that you patted him on the head, as he lay on his cot? And that the man said, as he thought of the dear ones at home, whom he might not see again, 'Could you kiss me?' and the noble woman bent down and kissed him? I am that man, and God bless you for your kindness."

Mrs. Livermore wears on her third finger a plain gold ring which has a touching history.

After lecturing recently at Albion, Mich., a woman came up, who had driven eight miles, to thank her for a letter written for John, her son, as he was dying in the hospital. The first four lines were dictated by the dying soldier; then death came, and Mrs. Livermore finished the message. The faded letter had been kept for twenty years, and copies made of it. "Annie, my son's wife," said the mother, "never got over John's death. She kept about and worked, but the life had gone out of her. Eight years ago she died. One day she said, 'Mother, if you ever find Mrs. Livermore, or hear of her, I wish you would give her my wedding ring, which has never been off my finger since John put it there. Ask her to wear it for John's sake and mine, and tell her this was my dying request.'"

With tears in the eyes of both giver and receiver, Mrs. Livermore held out her hand, and the mother placed on the finger this memento of two precious lives.

Mrs. Livermore has spent ten years in the temperance reform. While she has shown the dreadful results of the liquor traffic, she has been kind both in word and deed. Some time ago, passing along a Boston street, she saw a man in the ditch, and a poor woman bending over him.

"Who is he?" she asked of the woman.

"He's my husband, ma'am. He's a good man when he is sober, and earns four dollars a day in the foundry. I keep a saloon."

Mrs. Livermore called a hack. "Will you carry this man to number ——?"

"No, madam, he's too dirty. I won't soil my carriage."

"Oh!" pleaded the wife, "I'll clean it all up for ye, if ye'll take him," and pulling off her dress-skirt, she tried to wrap it around her husband. Stepping to a saloon near by, Mrs. Livermore asked the men to come out and help lift him. At first they laughed, but were soon made ashamed, when they

saw that a lady was assisting. The drunken man was gotten upon his feet, wrapped in his wife's clothing, put into the hack, and then Mrs. Livermore and the wife got in beside him, and he was taken home. The next day the good Samaritan called, and brought the priest, from whom the man took the pledge. A changed family was the result.

Her life is filled with thousands of acts of kindness, on the cars, in poor homes, and in various charitable institutions. She is the author of two or more books, *What shall we do with Our Daughters?* and *Reminiscences of the War;* but her especial power has been her eloquent words, spoken all over the country, in pulpits, before colleges, in city and country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast. Like Abraham Lincoln, who said, "I go for all sharing the privileges of the government, who assist in bearing its burdens—by no means excluding women," she has advocated the enfranchisement of her sex, along with her other work.

Now, past sixty, her active, earnest life, in contact with the people, has kept her young in heart and in looks.

"A great authority on what constitutes beauty complains that the majority of women acquire a dull, vacant expression towards middle life, which makes them positively plain. He attributes it to their neglect of all mental culture, their lives having settled down to a monotonous routine of housekeeping, visiting, gossip, and shopping. Their thoughts become monotonous, too, for, though these things are all good enough in their way, they are powerless to keep up any mental life or any activity of thought."

Mrs. Livermore has been an inspiration to girls to make the most of themselves and their opportunities. She has been an ideal of womanhood, not only to "the boys" on the battlefields, but to tens of thousands who are fighting the scarcely less heroic battles of every-day life. May it be many years before she shall go out forever from her restful, happy home, at Melrose, Mass.

CHAPTER V
Margaret Fuller Ossoli

Margaret Fuller, in some respects the most remarkable of American women, lived a pathetic life and died a tragic death. Without money and without beauty, she became the idol of an immense circle of friends; men and women were alike her devotees. It is the old story: that the woman of brain makes lasting conquests of hearts, while the pretty face holds its sway only for a month or a year.

Margaret, born in Cambridgeport, Mass., May 23, 1810, was the oldest child of a scholarly lawyer, Mr. Timothy Fuller, and of a sweet-tempered, devoted mother. The father, with small means, had one absorbing purpose in life—to see that each of his children was finely educated. To do this, and make ends meet, was a struggle. His daughter said, years after, in writing of him: "His love for my mother was the green spot on which he stood apart from the commonplaces of a mere bread-winning existence. She was one of those fair and flower-like natures, which sometimes spring up even beside the most dusty highways of life. Of all persons whom I have known, she had in her most of the angelic—of that spontaneous love for every living thing, for man and beast and tree, which restores the Golden Age."

Very fond of his oldest child, Margaret, the father determined that she should be as well educated as his boys. In those days there were no colleges for girls, and none where they might enter with their brothers, so that Mr. Fuller was obliged to teach his daughter after the wearing work of the day. The bright child began to read Latin at six, but was necessarily kept up late for the recitation. When a little later she was

walking in her sleep, and dreaming strange dreams, he did not see that he was overtaxing both her body and brain. When the lessons had been learned, she would go into the library, and read eagerly. One Sunday afternoon, when she was eight years old, she took down Shakespeare from the shelves, opened at Romeo and Juliet, and soon became fascinated with the story.

"What are you reading?" asked her father.

"Shakespeare," was the answer, not lifting her eyes from the page.

"That won't do—that's no book for Sunday; go put it away, and take another."

Margaret did as she was bidden; but the temptation was too strong, and the book was soon in her hands again.

"What is that child about, that she don't hear a word we say?" said an aunt.

Seeing what she was reading, the father said, angrily, "Give me the book, and go directly to bed."

There could have been a wiser and gentler way of control, but he had not learned that it is better to lead children than to drive them.

When not reading, Margaret enjoyed her mother's little garden of flowers. "I loved," she says, "to gaze on the roses, the violets, the lilies, the pinks; my mother's hand had planted them, and they bloomed for me. I kissed them, and pressed them to my bosom with passionate emotions. An ambition swelled my heart to be as beautiful, as perfect as they."

Margaret grew to fifteen with an exuberance of life and affection, which the chilling atmosphere of that New England home somewhat suppressed, and with an increasing love for books and cultured people. "I rise a little before five," she writes, "walk an hour, and then practise on the piano till seven, when we breakfast. Next, I read French—Sismondi's *Literature of the South of Europe*—till eight; then two or three lectures in Brown's *Philosophy*. About half past nine I go to

Mr. Perkins's school, and study Greek till twelve, when, the school being dismissed, I recite, go home, and practise again till dinner, at two. Then, when I can, I read two hours in Italian."

And why all this hard work for a girl of fifteen? The "all-powerful motive of ambition," she says. "I am determined on distinction, which formerly I thought to win at an easy rate; but now I see that long years of labor must be given."

She had learned the secret of most prominent lives. The majority in this world will always be mediocre, because they lack high-minded ambition and the willingness to work.

Two years after, at seventeen, she writes: "I am studying Madame de Staël, Epictetus, Milton, Racine, and the Castilian ballads, with great delight… I am engrossed in reading the elder Italian poets, beginning with Berni, from whom I shall proceed to Pulci and Politian." How almost infinitely above "beaus and dresses" was such intellectual work as this!

It was impossible for such a girl not to influence the mind of every person she met. At nineteen she became the warm friend of Rev. James Freeman Clarke, "whose friendship," he says, "was to me a gift of the gods.... With what eagerness did she seek for knowledge! What fire, what exuberance, what reach, grasp, overflow of thought, shone in her conversation!... And what she thus was to me, she was to many others. Inexhaustible in power of insight, and with a good will 'broad as ether,' she could enter into the needs, and sympathize with the various excellences, of the greatest variety of characters. One thing only she demanded of all her friends, that they should not be satisfied with the common routine of life—that they should aspire to something higher, better, holier, than had now attained."

Witty, learned, imaginative, she was conceded to be the best conversationist in any circle. She possessed the charm that every woman may possess—appreciation of others, and interest in their welfare. This sympathy unlocked every heart

to her. She was made the confidante of thousands. All classes loved her. Now it was a serving girl who told Margaret her troubles and her cares; now it was a distinguished man of letters. She was always an inspiration. Men never talked idle, commonplace talk with her; she could appreciate the best of their minds and hearts, and they gave it. She was fond of social life, and no party seemed complete without her.

At twenty-two she began to study German, and in three months was reading with ease Goethe's *Faust*, *Tasso and Iphigenia,* Körner, Richter, and Schiller. She greatly admired Goethe, desiring, like him, "always to have some engrossing object of pursuit." Besides all this study she was teaching six little children, to help bear the expenses of the household.

The family at this time moved to Groton, a great privation for Margaret, who enjoyed and needed the culture of Boston society. But she says, "As, sad or merry, I must always be learning, I laid down a course of study at the beginning of the winter." This consisted of the history and geography of modern Europe, and of America, architecture, and the works of Alfieri, Goethe, and Schiller. The teaching was continued because her brothers must be sent to Harvard College, and this required money; not the first nor the last time that sisters have worked to give brothers an education superior to their own.

At last the constitution, never robust, broke down, and for nine days Margaret lay hovering between this world and the next. The tender mother called her "dear lamb," and watched her constantly, while the stern father, who never praised his children, lest it might harm them, said, "My dear, I have been thinking of you in the night, and I cannot remember that you have any *faults.* You have defects, of course, as all mortals have, but I do not know that you have a single fault."

"While Margaret recovered, the father was taken suddenly with cholera, and died after a two days' illness. He was

sadly missed, for at heart he was devoted to his family. When the estate was settled, there was little left for each; so for Margaret life would be more laborious than ever. She had expected to visit Europe with Harriet Martineau, who was just returning home from a visit to this country, but the father's death crushed this long-cherished and ardently-prayed-for journey. She must stay at home and work for others.

Books were read now more eagerly than ever—*Sartor Resartus,* Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Heine. But money must be earned. Ah! if genius could only develop in ease and prosperity. It rarely has the chance. The tree grows best when the dirt is oftenest stirred about the roots; perhaps the best in us comes only from such stirring.

Margaret now obtained a situation as teacher of French and Latin in Bronson Alcott's school. Here she was appreciated by both master and pupils. Mr. Alcott said, "I think her the most brilliant talker of the day. She has a quick and comprehensive wit, a firm command of her thoughts, and a speech to win the ear of the most cultivated." She taught advanced classes in German and Italian, besides having several private pupils.

Before this time she had become a valued friend of the Emerson family. Mr. Emerson says, "Sometimes she stayed a few days, often a week, more seldom a month, and all tasks that could be suspended were put aside to catch the favorable hour in walking, riding, or boating, to talk with this joyful guest, who brought wit, anecdotes, love-stories, tragedies, oracles with her… The day was never long enough to exhaust her opulent memory, and I, who knew her intimately for ten years, never saw her without surprise at her new powers."

She was passionately fond of music and of art, saying, "I have been very happy with four hundred and seventy designs of Raphael in my possession for a week." She loved nature like a friend, paying homage to rocks and woods and flowers. She

said, "I hate not to be beautiful when all around is so."

After teaching with Mr. Alcott, she became the principal teacher in a school at Providence, R.I. Here, as ever, she showed great wisdom both with children and adults. The little folks in the house were allowed to look at the gifts of many friends in her room, on condition that they would not touch them. One day a young visitor came, and insisted on taking down a microscope, and broke it. The child who belonged in the house was well-nigh heart-broken over the affair, and, though protesting her innocence, was suspected both of the deed and of falsehood. Miss Fuller took the weeping child upon her knee, saying, "Now, my dear little girl, tell me all about it; only remember that you must be careful, for I shall believe every word you say." Investigation showed that the child thus confided in told the whole truth.

After two years in Providence she returned to Boston, and in 1839 began a series of parlor lectures, or "conversations," as they were called. This seemed a strange thing for a woman, when public speaking by her sex was almost unknown. These talks were given weekly, from eleven o'clock till one, to twenty-five or thirty of the most cultivated women of the city. Now the subject of discussion was Grecian mythology; now it was fine arts, education, or the relations of woman to the family, the church, society, and literature. These meetings were continued through five winters, supplemented by evening "conversations," attended by both men and women. In these gatherings Margaret was at her best—brilliant, eloquent, charming.

During this time a few gifted men, Emerson, Channing, and others, decided to start a literary and philosophical magazine called the *Dial*. Probably no woman in the country would have been chosen as the editor, save Margaret Fuller. She accepted the position, and for four years managed the journal ably, writing for it some valuable essays. Some of these were published later in her book on *Literature and Art.* Her *Woman*

in the Nineteenth Century, a learned and vigorous essay on woman's place in the world, first appeared in part in the *Dial.* Of this work, she said, in closing it, "After taking a long walk, early one most exhilarating morning, I sat down to work, and did not give it the last stroke till near nine in the evening. Then I felt a delightful glow, as if I had put a good deal of my true life in it, and as if, should I go away now, the measure of my footprint would be left on the earth."

Miss Fuller had published, besides these works, two books of translations from the German, and a sketch of travel called *Summer on the Lakes.* Her experience was like that of most authors who are beginning—some fame, but no money realized. All this time she was frail in health, overworked, struggling against odds to make a living for herself and those she loved. But there were some compensations in this life of toil. One person wrote her, "What I am I owe in large measure to the stimulus you imparted. You roused my heart with high hopes; you raised my aims from paltry and vain pursuits to those which lasted and fed the soul; you inspired me with a great ambition, and made me see the worth and the meaning of life."

William Hunt, the renowned artist, was looking in a book that lay on the table of a friend. It was Mrs. Jameson's *Italian Painters.* In describing Correggio, she said he was "one of those superior beings of whom there are so few." Margaret had written on the margin, "And yet all might be such." Mr. Hunt said, "These words struck out a new strength in me. They revived resolutions long fallen away, and made me set my face like a flint."

Margaret was now thirty-four. The sister was married, the brothers had finished their college course, and she was about to accept an offer from the *New York Tribune* to become one of its constant contributors, an honor that few women would have received. Early in December, 1844, Margaret moved to New York and became a member of Mr. Greeley's family. Her

literary work here was that of, says Mr. Higginson, "the best literary critic whom America has yet seen."

Sometimes her reviews, like those on the poetry of Longfellow and Lowell, were censured, but she was impartial and able. Society opened wide its doors to her, as it had in Boston. Mrs. Greeley became her devoted friend, and their little son "Pickie," five years old, the idol of Mr. Greeley, her restful playmate.

A year and a half later an opportunity came for Margaret to go to Europe. Now, at last, she would see the art-galleries of the old world, and places rich in history, like Rome. Still there was the trouble of scanty means, and poor health from overwork. She said, "A noble career is yet before me, if I can be unimpeded by cares. If our family affairs could now be so arranged that I might be tolerably tranquil for the next six or eight years, I should go out of life better satisfied with the page I have turned in it than I shall if I must still toil on."

After two weeks on the ocean, the party of friends arrived in London, and Miss Fuller received a cordial welcome. Wordsworth, now seventy-six, showed her the lovely scenery of Rydal Mount, pointing out as his especial pride, his avenue of hollyhocks—crimson, straw-color, and white. De Quincey showed her many courtesies. Dr. Chalmers talked eloquently, while William and Mary Howitt seemed like old friends. Carlyle invited her to his home. "To interrupt him," she said, "is a physical impossibility. If you get a chance to remonstrate for a moment, he raises his voice and bears you down."

In Paris, Margaret attended the Academy lectures, saw much of George Sand, waded through melting snow at Avignon to see Laura's tomb, and at last was in Italy, the country she had longed to see. Here Mrs. Jameson, Powers, and Greenough, and the Brownings and Storys, were her warm friends. Here she settled down to systematic work, trying to keep her expenses for six months within four hundred dollars. Still, when most cramped for means herself, she

was always generous. Once, when living on a mere pittance, she loaned fifty dollars to a needy artist. In New York she gave an impecunious author five hundred dollars to publish his book, and, of course, never received a dollar in return. Yet the race for life was wearing her out. So tired was she that she said, "I should like to go to sleep, and be born again into a state where my young life should not be prematurely taxed."

Meantime the struggle for Italian unity was coming to its climax. Mazzini and his followers were eager for a republic. Pius IX. had given promises to the Liberal party, but afterwards abandoned it, and fled to Gaeta. Then Mazzini turned for help to the President of the French Republic, Louis Napoleon, who, in his heart, had no love for republics, but sent an army to reinstate the Pope. Rome, when she found herself betrayed, fought like a tiger. Men issued from the workshops with their tools for weapons, while women from the housetops urged them on. One night over one hundred and fifty bombs were thrown into the heart of the city.

Margaret was the friend of Mazzini, and enthusiastic for Roman liberty. All those dreadful months she ministered to the wounded and dying in the hospitals, and was their "saint," as they called her.

But there was another reason why Margaret Fuller loved Italy.

Soon after her arrival in Rome, as she was attending vespers at St. Peter's with a party of friends, she became separated from them. Failing to find them, seeing her anxious face, a young Italian came up to her, and politely offered to assist her. Unable to regain her friends, Angelo Ossoli walked with her to her home, though he could speak no English, and she almost no Italian. She learned afterward that he was of a noble and refined family; that his brothers were in the Papal army, and that he was highly respected.

After this he saw Margaret once or twice, when she left Rome for some months. On her return, he renewed the

acquaintance, shy and quiet though he was, for her influence seemed great over him. His father, the Marquis Ossoli, had just died, and Margaret, with her large heart, sympathized with him, as she alone knew how to sympathize. He joined the Liberals, thus separating himself from his family, and was made a captain of the Civic Guard.

Finally he confessed to Margaret that he loved her, and that he "must marry her or be miserable." She refused to listen to him as a lover, said he must marry a younger woman—she was thirty-seven, and he but thirty—but she would be his friend. For weeks he was dejected and unhappy. She debated the matter with her own heart. Should she, who had had many admirers, now marry a man her junior, and not of surpassing intellect, like her own? If she married him, it must be kept a secret till his father's estate was settled, for marriage with a Protestant would spoil all prospect of an equitable division.

Love conquered, and she married the young Marquis Ossoli in December, 1847. He gave to Margaret the kind of love which lasts after marriage, veneration of her ability and her goodness. "Such tender, unselfish love," writes Mrs. Story, "I have rarely before seen; it made green her days, and gave her an expression of peace and serenity which before was a stranger to her. When she was ill, he nursed and watched over her with the tenderness of a woman. No service was too trivial, no sacrifice too great for him. 'How sweet it is to do little things for you,' he would say."

To her mother, Margaret wrote, though she did not tell her secret, "I have not been so happy since I was a child, as during the last six weeks."

But days of anxiety soon came, with all the horrors of war. Ossoli was constantly exposed to death, in that dreadful siege of Rome. Then Rome fell, and with it the hopes of Ossoli and his wife. There would be neither fortune nor home for a Liberal now—only exile. Very sadly Margaret said goodbye to

the soldiers in the hospitals, brave fellows whom she honored, who in the midst of death itself, would cry "Viva l' Italia!"

But before leaving Rome, a day's journey must be made to Rieta, at the foot of the Umbrian Apennines. And for what? The most precious thing of Margaret's life was there—her baby. The fair child, with blue eyes and light hair like her own, had already been named by the people in the house, Angelino, from his beauty. She had always been fond of children. Emerson's Waldo, for whom *Threnody* was written was an especial favorite; then "Pickie," Mr. Greeley's beautiful boy, and now a new joy had come into her heart, a child of her own. She wrote to her mother: "In him I find satisfaction, for the first time, to the deep wants of my heart. Nothing but a child can take the worst bitterness out of life, and break the spell of loneliness. I shall not be alone in other worlds, whenever Eternity may call me… I wake in the night —I look at him. He is so beautiful and good, I could die for him!"

When Ossoli and Margaret reached Rieta, what was their horror to find their child worn to a skeleton, half starved through the falsity of a nurse. For four weeks the distressed parents coaxed him back to life, till the sweet beauty of the rounded face came again, and then they carried him to Florence, where, despite poverty and exile, they were happy.

"In the morning," she says, "as soon as dressed, he signs to come into our room; then draws our curtain with his little dimpled hand, kisses me rather violently, and pats my face… I feel so refreshed by his young life, and Ossoli diffuses such a power and sweetness over every day, that I cannot endure to think yet of our future… It is very sad we have no money, we could be so quietly happy a while. I rejoice in all Ossoli did; but the results, in this our earthly state, are disastrous, especially as my strength is now so impaired. This much I hope—in life or death, to be no more separated from Angelino."

Margaret's friends now urged her return to America. She

had nearly finished a history of Rome in this trying time, 1848, and could better attend to its publication in this country. Ossoli, though coming to a land of strangers, could find something to help, support the family.

To save expense, they started from Leghorn, May 17, 1850, in the *Elizabeth,* a sailing vessel, though Margaret dreaded the two months' voyage, and had premonitions of disaster. She wrote: "I have a vague expectation of some crisis—I know not what. But it has long seemed that, in the year 1850, I should stand on a plateau in the ascent of life, when I should be allowed to pause for a while, and take more clear and commanding views than ever before. Yet my life proceeds as regularly as the fates of a Greek tragedy, and I can but accept the pages as they turn… I shall embark, praying fervently that it may not be my lot to lose my boy at sea, either by unsolaced illness, or amid the howling waves; or, if so, that Ossoli, Angelo, and I may go together, and that the anguish may be brief."

For a few days all went well on shipboard; and then the noble Captain Hasty died of small-pox, and was buried at sea. Angelino took this dread disease, and for a time his life was despaired of, but he finally recovered, and became a great pet with the sailors. Margaret was putting the last touches to her book. Ossoli and young Sumner, brother of Charles, gave each other lessons in Italian and English, and thus the weeks went by.

On Thursday, July 18, after two months, the *Elizabeth* stood off the Jersey coast, between Cape May and Barnegat. Trunks were packed, good nights were spoken, and all were happy, for they would be in New York on the morrow. At nine that night a gale arose; at midnight it was a hurricane; at four o'clock, Friday morning, the ship struck Fire Island beach. The passengers sprung from their berths. "We must die!" said Sumner to Mrs. Hasty. "Let us die calmly, then!" was the response of the widow of the captain.

At first, as the billows swept over the vessel, Angelino, wet and afraid, began to cry; but his mother held him closely in her arms and sang him to sleep. Noble courage on a sinking ship! The Italian girl who had come with them was in terror; but after Ossoli prayed with her, she became calm. For hours they waited anxiously for help from the shore. They could see the life-boat, and the people collecting the spoils which had floated thither from the ship, but no relief came. One sailor and another sprang into the waves and saved themselves. Then Sumner jumped overboard, but sank.

One of the sailors suggested that if each passenger sit on a plank, holding on by ropes, they would attempt to push him or her to land. Mrs. Hasty was the first to venture, and after being twice washed off, half-drowned, reached the shore. Then Margaret was urged, but she hesitated, unless all three could be saved. Every moment the danger increased. The crew were finally ordered "to save themselves," but four remained with the passengers. It was useless to look longer to the people on shore for help, though it was now past three o'clock—twelve hours since the vessel struck.

Margaret had finally been induced to try the plank. The steward had taken Angelino in his arms, promising to save him or die with him, when a strong sea swept the forecastle, and all went down together. Ossoli caught the rigging for a moment, but Margaret sank at once. When last seen, she was seated at the foot of the foremast, still clad in her white night-dress, with her hair fallen loose upon her shoulders. Angelino and the steward were washed upon the beach twenty minutes later, both dead, though warm. Margaret's prayer was answered—that they "might go together, and that the anguish might be brief."

The pretty boy of two years was dressed in a child's frock taken from his mother's trunk, which had come to shore, laid in a seaman's chest, and buried in the sand, while the sailors, who loved him, stood around, weeping. His body was finally

removed to Mt. Auburn, and buried in the family lot. The bodies of Ossoli and Margaret were never recovered. The only papers of value which came to shore were their love letters, now deeply prized. The book ready for publication was never found.

When those on shore were asked why they did not launch the life-boat, they replied, "Oh! if we had known there were any such persons of importance on board, we should have tried to do our best!"

Thus, at forty, died one of the most gifted women in America, when her work seemed just begun. To us, who see how the world needed her, her death is a mystery; to Him who "worketh all things after the counsel of His own will" there is no mystery. She filled her life with charities and her mind with knowledge, and such are ready for the progress of Eternity.

CHAPTER VI
Maria Mitchell

In the quiet, picturesque island of Nantucket, in a simple home, lived William and Lydia Mitchell with their family of ten children. William had been a school-teacher, beginning when he was eighteen years of age, and receiving two dollars a week in winter, while in summer he kept soul and body together by working on a small farm, and fishing.

In this impecunious condition he had fallen in love with and married Lydia Coleman, a true-hearted Quaker girl, a descendant of Benjamin Franklin, one singularly fitted to help him make his way in life. She was quick, intelligent, and attractive in her usual dress of white, and was the clerk of the Friends' meeting where he attended. She was enthusiastic in reading, becoming librarian successively of two circulating libraries, till she had read every book upon the shelves, and then in the evenings repeating what she had read to her associates, her young lover among them.

When they were married, they had nothing but warm hearts and willing hands to work together. After a time William joined his father in converting a ship-load of whale oil into soap, and then a little money was made; but at the end of seven years he went back to school-teaching because he loved the work. At first he had charge of a fine grammar school established at Nantucket, and later, of a school of his own.

Into this school came his third child, Maria, shy and retiring, with all her mother's love of reading. Faithful at home, with, as she says, "an endless washing of dishes," not to be wondered at where there were ten little folks, she was not less

faithful at school. The teacher could not help seeing that his little daughter had a mind which would well repay all the time he could spend upon it.

While he was a good school-teacher, he was an equally good student of nature, born with a love of the heavens above him. When eight years old, his father called him to the door to look at the planet Saturn, and from that time the boy calculated his age from the position of the planet, year by year. Always striving to improve himself, when he became a man, he built a small observatory upon his own land, that he might study the stars. He was thus enabled to earn one hundred dollars a year in the work of the United States Coast Survey. Teaching at two dollars a week, and fishing, could not always cramp a man of such aspiring mind.

Brought up beside the sea, he was as broad as the sea in his thought and true nobility of character. He could see no reason why his daughters should not be just as well educated as his sons. He therefore taught Maria the same as his boys, giving her especial drill in navigation. Perhaps it is not strange that after such teaching, his daughter could have no taste for making worsted work or Kensington stitches. She often says to this day, "A woman might be learning seven languages while she is learning fancy work," and there is little doubt that the seven languages would make her seven times more valuable as a wife and mother. If teaching navigation to girls would give us a thousand Maria Mitchells in this country, by all means let it be taught.

Maria left the public school at sixteen, and for a year attended a private school; then, loving mathematics, and being deeply interested in her father's studies, she became at seventeen his helper in the work of the Coast Survey. This astronomical labor brought Professors Agassiz, Bache, and other noted men to the quiet Mitchell home, and thus the girl heard the stimulating conversation of superior minds.

But the family needed more money. Though Mr. Mitchell

wrote articles for *Silliman's Journal,* and delivered an able course of lectures before a Boston society of which Daniel Webster was president, scientific study did not put many dollars in a man's pocket. An elder sister was earning three hundred dollars yearly by teaching, and Maria felt that she too must help more largely to share the family burdens. She was offered the position of librarian at the Nantucket library, with a salary of sixty dollars the first year, and seventy-five the second. While a dollar and twenty cents a week seemed very little, there would be much time for study, for the small island did not afford a continuous stream of readers. She accepted the position, and for twenty years, till youth had been lost in middle life, Maria Mitchell worked for one hundred dollars a year, studying on, that she might do her noble work in the world.

Did not she who loved nature, long for the open air and the blue sky, and for some days of leisure which so many girls thoughtlessly waste? Yes, doubtless. However, the laws of life are as rigid as mathematics. A person cannot idle away the hours and come to prominence. No great singer, no great artist, no great scientist, comes to honor without continuous labor. Society devotees are heard of only for a day or a year, while those who develop minds and ennoble hearts have lasting remembrance.

Miss Mitchell says, "I was born of only ordinary capacity, but of extraordinary persistency," and herein is the secret of a great life. She did not dabble in French or music or painting and give it up; she went steadily on to success. Did she neglect home duties? Never. She knit stockings a yard long for her aged father till his death, usually studying while she knit. To those who learn to be industrious early in life, idleness is never enjoyable.

There was another secret of Miss Mitchell's success. She read good books early in life. She says: "We always had books, and were bookish people. There was a public library in

Nantucket before I was born. It was not a free library, but we always paid the subscription of one dollar per annum, and always read and studied from it. I remember among its volumes Hannah More's books and Rollin's *Ancient History*. I remember too that Charles Folger, the present Secretary of the Treasury, and I had both read this latter work through before we were ten years old, though neither of us spoke of it to the other until a later period."

All this study had made Miss Mitchell a superior woman. It was not strange, therefore, that fame should come to her. One autumn night, October, 1847, she was gazing through the telescope, as usual, when, lo! she was startled to perceive an unknown comet. She at once told her father, who thus wrote to Professor William C. Bond, director of the Observatory at Cambridge: —

> MY DEAR FRIEND—I write now merely to say that Maria discovered a telescopic comet at half-past ten on the evening of the first instant, at that hour nearly above Polaris five degrees. Last evening it had advanced westerly; this evening still further, and nearing the pole. It does not bear illumination. Maria has obtained its right ascension and declination, and will not suffer me to announce it. Pray tell me whether it is one of Georgi's, and whether it has been seen by anybody. Maria supposes it may be an old story. If quite convenient, just drop a line to her; it will oblige me much. I expect to leave home in a day or two, and shall be in Boston next week, and I would like to have her hear from you before I can meet you. I hope it will not give thee much trouble amidst thy close engagements. Our regards are to all of you most truly.
>
> WILLIAM MITCHELL.

The answer showed that Miss Mitchell had indeed made a new discovery. Frederick VI., King of Denmark, had,

sixteen years before, offered a gold medal of the value of twenty ducats to whoever should discover a telescopic comet. That no mistake might be made as to the real discoverer, the condition was made that word be sent at once to the Astronomer Royal of England. This the Mitchells had not done, on account of their isolated position. Hon. Edward Everett, then President of Harvard College, wrote to the American Minister at the Danish Court, who in turn presented the evidence to the King. "It would gratify me," said Mr. Mitchell, "that this generous monarch should know that there is a love of science even in this, to him, remote corner of the earth."

The medal was at last awarded, and the woman astronomer of Nantucket found herself in the scientific journals and in the press as the discoverer of "Miss Mitchell's Comet." Another had been added to the list of Mary Somervilles and Caroline Herschels. Perhaps there was additional zest now in the mathematical work in the Coast Survey. She also assisted in compiling the *American Nautical Almanac,* and wrote for the scientific periodicals. Did she break down from her unusual brain work? Oh, no! Probably astronomical work was not nearly so hard as her mother's—the care of a house and ten children!

For ten years more Miss Mitchell worked in the library, and in studying the heavens. But she had longed to see the observatories of Europe, and the great minds outside their quiet island. Therefore, in 1857, she visited England, and was at once welcomed to the most learned circles. Brains always find open doors. Had she been rich or beautiful simply, Sir John Herschel, and Lady Herschell as well, would not have reached out both hands, and said, "You are always welcome at this house," and given her some of his own calculations? and some of his Aunt Caroline's writing. Had she been rich or handsome simply, Alexander Von Humboldt would not have taken her to his home, and, seating himself beside her on the sofa, talked, as she says, "on all manner of subjects,

and on all varieties of people. He spoke of Kansas, India, China, observatories; of Bache, Maury, Gould, Ticknor, Buchanan, Jefferson, Hamilton, Brunow, Peters, Encke, Airy, Leverrier, Mrs. Somerville, and a host of others."

What, if he had said these things to some women who go abroad! It is safe for women who travel to read widely, for ignorance is quickly detected. Miss Mitchell said of Humboldt: "He is handsome—his hair is thin and white, his eyes very blue. He is a little deaf, and so is Mrs. Somerville. He asked me what instruments I had, and what I was doing; and when I told him that I was interested in the variable stars, he said I must go to Bonn and see Agelander."

There was no end of courtesies to the scholarly woman. Professor Adams, of Cambridge, who, with his charming wife, years afterward helped to make our own visit to the University a delight, showed her the spot on which he made his computations for Neptune, which he discovered at the same time as Leverrier. Sir George Airy, the Astronomer Royal of England, wrote to Leverrier in Paris to announce her coming. When they met, she said, "His English was worse than my French."

Later she visited Florence, where she met, several times, Mrs. Somerville, who, she says, "talks with all the readiness and clearness of a man," and is still "very gentle and womanly, without the least pretence or the least coldness." She gave Miss Mitchell two of her books, and desired a photographed star sent to Florence. "She had never heard of its being done, and saw at once the importance of such a step." She said with her Scotch accent, "Miss Mitchell, ye have done yeself great credit."

In Rome she saw much of the Hawthornes, of Miss Bremer, who was visiting there, and of the artists. From here she went to Venice, Vienna, and Berlin, where she met Encke, the astronomer, who took her to see the wedding presents of the Princess Royal.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in an admirable sketch of Miss Mitchell, tells how the practical woman, with her love of republican institutions, was impressed. "The presents were in two rooms," says Miss Mitchell, "ticketed and numbered, and a catalogue of them sold. All the manufacturing companies availed themselves of the opportunity to advertise their commodities, I suppose, as she had presents of all kinds. What she will do with sixty albums I can't see, but I can understand the use of two clothes-lines, because she can lend one to her mother, who must have a large Monday's wash!"

After a year, Miss Mitchell returned to her simple Nantucket home, as devoted to her parents and her scientific work as ever. Two years afterward, in 1860, her good mother died, and a year later, desiring to be near Boston, the family removed to Lynn. Here Miss Mitchell purchased a small house for sixteen hundred and fifty dollars. From her yearly salary of one hundred dollars, and what she could earn in her government work, she had saved enough to buy a home for her father! The rule is that the fathers wear themselves out for daughters; the rule was reversed in this case.

Miss Mitchell now earned five hundred dollars yearly for her government computations, while her father received a pension of three hundred more for his efficient services. Five years thus passed quietly and comfortably.

Meanwhile another life was carrying out its cherished plan, and Miss Mitchell, unknowingly, was to have an important part in it. Soon after the Revolutionary War there came to this country an English wool-grower and his family, and settled on a little farm near the Hudson River. The mother, a hard-working and intelligent woman, was eager in her help toward earning a living, and would drive the farm-wagon to market, with butter and eggs, and fowls, while her seven-year-old boy sat beside her. To increase the income some English ale was brewed. The lad grew up with an aversion to making beer, and when fourteen, his father insisting that he should

enter the business, his mother helped him to run away. Tying all his worldly possessions, a shirt and pair of stockings, in a cotton handkerchief, the mother and her boy walked eight miles below Poughkeepsie, when, giving him all the money she had, seventy-five cents, she kissed him, and with tears in her eyes saw him cross the ferry and land safely on the other side. He trudged on till a place was found in a country store, and here, for five years, he worked honestly and industriously, coming home to his now reconciled father with one hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket.

Changes had taken place. The father's brewery had burned, the oldest son had been killed in attempting to save something from the wreck, all were poorer than ever, and there seemed nothing before the boy of nineteen but to help support the parents, his two unmarried sisters, and two younger brothers. Whether he had the old dislike for the ale business or not, he saw therein a means of support, and adopted it. The world had not then thought so much about the misery which intoxicants cause, and had not learned that we are better off without stimulants than with them.

Every day the young man worked in his brewery, and in the evening till midnight tended a small oyster house, which he had opened. Two years later, an Englishman who had seen Matthew Vassar's untiring industry and honesty, offered to furnish all the capital which he needed. The long, hard road of poverty had opened at last into a field of plenty. Henceforward, while there was to be work and economy, there was to be continued prosperity, and finally, great wealth.

Realizing his lack of early education, he began to improve himself by reading science, art, history, poetry, and the Bible. He travelled in Europe, and being a close observer, was a constant learner.

One day, standing by the great London hospital, built by Thomas Guy, a relative, and endowed by him with over a million dollars, Mr. Vassar read these words on the pedestal

of the bronze statue:—

SOLE FOUNDER OF THE HOSPITAL.
IN HIS LIFETIME.

The last three words left a deep impression on his mind. He had no children. He desired to leave his money where it would be of permanent value to the world. He debated many plans in his own mind. It is said that his niece, a hard-working teacher, Lydia Booth, finally influenced him to his grand decision.

There was no real college for women in the land. He talked the matter over with his friends, but they were full of discouragements. "Women will never desire college training," said some. "They will be ruined in health, if they attempt it," said others. "Science is not needed by women; classical education is not needed; they must have something appropriate to their sphere," was constantly reiterated. Some wise heads thought they knew just what that education should be, and just what were the limits of woman's sphere; but Matthew Vassar had his own thoughts.

Calling together, Feb. 26, 1861, some twenty or thirty of the men in the State most conversant with educational matters, the white-haired man, now nearly seventy, laid his hand upon a round tin box, labelled "Vassar College Papers," containing four hundred thousand dollars in bonds and securities, and said: "It has long been my desire, after suitably providing for those of my kindred who have claims upon me, to make such a disposition of my means as should best honor God and benefit my fellow-men. At different periods I have regarded various plans with favor; but these have all been dismissed one after another, until the subject of erecting and endowing a college for the education of young women was presented for my consideration. The novelty, grandeur, and benignity of the idea arrested my attention.

"It occurred to me that woman, having received from the

Creator the same intellectual constitution as man, has the same right as man to intellectual culture and development.

"I considered that the mothers of a country mould its citizens, determine its institutions, and shape its destiny.

"It has also seemed to me that if woman was properly educated, some new avenues of useful and honorable employment, in entire harmony with the gentleness and modesty of her sex, might be opened to her.

"It further appeared, there is not in our country, there is not in the world, so far as known, a single fully endowed institution for the education of women… I have come to the conclusion that the establishment and endowment of a COLLEGE FOR THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG WOMEN is a work which will satisfy my highest aspirations, and will be, under God, a rich blessing to this city and State, to our country and the world.

"It is my hope to be the instrument in the hands of Providence, of founding and perpetuating an institution *which shall accomplish for young women what our colleges are accomplishing for young men.*"

For four years Matthew Vassar watched the great buildings take form and shape in the midst of two hundred acres of lake and river and green sward, near Poughkeepsie; the main building, five hundred feet long, two hundred broad, and five stories high; the museum of natural history, with school of art and library; the great observatory, three stories high, furnished with the then third largest telescope in the country.

In 1865 Vassar College was opened, and three hundred and fifty students came pouring in from all parts of the land. Girls, after all, did desire an education equal to that of young men. Matthew Vassar was right. His joy seemed complete. He visited the college daily, and always received the heartiest welcome. Each year his birthday was celebrated as "Founder's Day." On one of these occasions he said: "This is almost more happiness than I can bear. This one day more than repays me

for all I have done." An able and noble man, John Howard Raymond, was chosen president.

Mr. Vassar lived but three years after his beloved institution was opened. June 23, 1868, the day before commencement, he had called the members of the Board around him to listen to his customary address. Suddenly, when he had nearly finished, his voice ceased, the paper dropped from his hand, and—he was dead! His last gifts amounted to over five hundred thousand dollars, making in all $989,122.00 for the college. The poor lad wrought as he had hoped, a blessing "to the country and the world." His nephews, Matthew Vassar, Jr., and John Guy Vassar, have given over one hundred and forty thousand dollars.

After the observatory was completed, there was but one wish as to who should occupy it; of course, the person desired was Maria Mitchell. She hesitated to accept the position. Her father was seventy and needed her care, but he said, "Go, and I will go with you." So she left her Lynn home for the arduous position of a teacher. For four years Mr. Mitchell lived to enjoy the enthusiastic work of his gifted daughter. He said, "Among the teachers and pupils I have made acquaintances that a prince might covet."

Miss Mitchell makes the observatory her home. Here are her books, her pictures, her great astronomical clock, and a bust of Mrs. Somerville, the gift of Frances Power Cobbe. Here for twenty years she has helped to make Vassar College known and honored both at home and abroad. Hundreds have been drawn thither by her name and fame. A friend of mine who went, intending to stay two years, remained five, for her admiration of and enjoyment in Miss Mitchell. She says: "She is one of the few genuine persons I have ever known. There is not one particle of deceit about her. For girls who accomplish something, she has great respect; for idlers, none. She has no sentimentality, but much wit and common sense. No one can be long under her teaching without

learning dignity of manner and self-reliance."

She dresses simply, in black or gray, somewhat after the fashion of her Quaker ancestors. Once when urging economy upon the girls, she said, "All the clothing I have on cost but seventeen dollars, and four suits would last each of you a year." There was a quiet smile, but no audible expression of a purpose to adopt Miss Mitchell's style of dress.

The pupils greatly honor and love the undemonstrative woman, who, they well know, would make any sacrifices for their well-being. Each week the informal gatherings at her rooms, where various useful topics are discussed, are eagerly looked forward to. Chief of all, Miss Mitchell's own bright and sensible talk is enjoyed. Her "dome parties," held yearly in June, under the great dome of the observatory, with pupils coming back from all over the country, original poems read and songs sung, are among the joys of college life.

All these years the astronomer's fame has steadily increased. In 1868, in the great meteoric shower, she and her pupils recorded the paths of four thousand meteors, and gave valuable data of their height above the earth. In the summer of 1869 she joined the astronomers who went to Burlington, Iowa, to observe the total eclipse of the sun, Aug. 7. Her observations on the transit of Venus were also valuable. She has written much on the *Satellites of Saturn,* and has prepared a work on the *Satellites of Jupiter.*

In 1873 she again visited Europe, spending some time with the family of the Russian astronomer, Professor Struve, at the Imperial Observatory at Pultowa.

She is an honor to her sex, a striking example of what a quiet country girl can accomplish without money or fortuitous circumstances.

CHAPTER VII
Louisa M. Alcott

A dozen of us sat about the dinner-table at the Hotel Bellevue, Boston. One was the gifted wife of a gifted clergyman; one had written two or three novels; one was a journalist; one was on the eve of a long journey abroad; and one, whom we were all glad to honor, was the brilliant author of *Little Women.* She had a womanly face, bright, gray eyes, that looked full of merriment, and would not see the hard side of life, and an air of common sense that made all defer to her judgment. She told witty stories of the many who wrote her for advice or favors, and good-naturedly gave bits of her own personal experience. Nearly twenty years before, I had seen her, just after her *Hospital Sketches* were published, over which I, and thousands of others, had shed tears. Though but thirty years old then, Miss Alcott looked frail and tired. That was the day of her struggle with life. Now, at fifty, she looked happy and comfortable. The desire of her heart had been realized—to do good to tens of thousands, and earn enough money to care for those whom she loved.

Louisa Alcott's life, like that of so many famous women, has been full of obstacles. She was born in Germantown, Pa., Nov. 29, 1832, in the home of an extremely lovely mother and cultivated father, Amos Bronson Alcott. Beginning life poor, his desire for knowledge led him to obtain an education and become a teacher. In 1830 he married Miss May, a descendant of the well-known Sewells and Quincys, of Boston. Louise Chandler Moulton says, in her excellent sketch of Miss Alcott, "I have heard that the May family were strongly opposed to the union of their beautiful daughter with the

penniless teacher and philosopher;" but he made a devoted husband, though poverty was long their guest.

For eleven years, mostly in Boston, he was the earnest and successful teacher. Margaret Fuller was one of his assistants. Everybody respected his purity of life and his scholarship. His kindness of heart made him opposed to corporal punishment, and in favor of self-government. The world had not come then to his high ideal, but has been creeping toward it ever since, until whipping, both in schools and homes, is fortunately becoming one of the lost arts.

He believed in making studies interesting to pupils; not the dull, old-fashioned method of learning by rote, whereby, when a hymn was taught, such as, "A Charge to keep I have," the children went home to repeat to their astonished mothers, "Eight yards to keep I have," having learned by ear, with no knowledge of the meaning of the words. He had friendly talks with his pupils on all great subjects; and some of these Miss Elizabeth Peabody, the sister of Mrs. Hawthorne, so greatly enjoyed, that she took notes, and compiled them in a book.

New England, always alive to any theological discussion, at once pronounced the book unorthodox. Emerson had been through the same kind of a storm, and bravely came to the defence of his friend. Another charge was laid at Mr. Alcott's door: he was willing to admit colored children to his school, and such a thing was not countenanced, except by a few fanatics(?) like Whittier, and Phillips, and Garrison. The heated newspaper discussion lessened the attendance at the school; and finally, in 1839, it was discontinued, and the Alcott family moved to Concord.

Here were gifted men and women with whom the philosopher could feel at home, and rest. Here lived Emerson, in the two-story drab house, with horsechestnut-trees in front of it. Here lived Thoreau, near his beautiful Walden Lake, a restful place, with no sound save, perchance, the dipping of

an oar or the note of a bird, which the lonely man loved so well. Here he built his house, twelve feet square, and lived for two years and a half, giving to the world what he desired others to give—his inner self. Here was his bean-field, where he "used to hoe from five o'clock in the morning till noon," and made, as he said, an intimate acquaintance with weeds, and a pecuniary profit of eight dollars seventy-one and one-half cents! Here, too, was Hawthorne, "who," as Oliver Wendell Holmes says, "brooded himself into a dream-peopled solitude."

Here Mr. Alcott could live with little expense and teach his four daughters. Louisa, the eldest, was an active, enthusiastic child, getting into little troubles from her frankness and lack of policy, but making friends with her generous heart. Who can ever forget Jo in *Little Women,* who was really Louisa, the girl who, when reproved for whistling by Amy, the art-loving sister, says: "I hate affected, niminy-piminy chits! I'm not a young lady; and if turning up my hair makes me one, I'll wear it in two tails till I'm twenty. I hate to think I've got to grow up, and be Miss March, and wear long gowns, and look as prim as a china-aster! Its bad enough to be a girl, anyway, when I like boy's games and work and manners!"

At fifteen, "Jo was very tall, thin, and brown, and reminded one of a colt; for she never seemed to know what to do with her long limbs, which were very much in her way. She had a decided mouth, a comical nose, and sharp, gray eyes, which appeared to see everything, and were by turns fierce or funny or thoughtful. Her long, thick hair was her one beauty, but it was usually bundled into a net to be out of her way. Round shoulders had Jo, and big hands and feet, a fly-away look to her clothes, and the uncomfortable appearance of a girl who was rapidly shooting up into a woman, and didn't like it."

The four sisters lived a merry life in the Concord haunts, notwithstanding their scanty means. Now, at the dear

mother's suggestion, they ate bread and milk for breakfast, that they might carry their nicely prepared meal to a poor woman, with six children, who called them *Engel-kinder,* much to Louisa's delight. Now they improvised a stage, and produced real plays, while the neighbors looked in and enjoyed the fun.

Louisa was especially fond of reading Shakespeare, Goethe, Emerson, Margaret Fuller, Miss Edgeworth, and George Sand. As early as eight years of age she wrote a poem of eight lines, *To a Robin,* which her mother carefully preserved, telling her that "if she kept on in this hopeful way, she might be a second Shakespeare in time." Blessings on those people who have a kind smile or a word of encouragement as we struggle up the hard hills of life!

At thirteen she wrote *My Kingdom.* When, years afterward, Mrs. Eva Munson Smith wrote to her, asking for some poems for *Woman in Sacred Song,* Miss Alcott sent her this one, saying, "It is the only hymn I ever wrote. It was composed at thirteen, and as I still find the same difficulty in governing my kingdom, it still expresses my soul's desire, and I have nothing better to offer."

"A little kingdom I possess
Where thoughts and feelings dwell,
And very hard the task I find
Of governing it well;
For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads,
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my words and deeds.

"How can I learn to rule myself,
To be the child I should,
Honest and brave, and never tire
Of trying to be good?
How can I keep a sunny soul

To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my little heart
To sweetly sing all day?

"Dear Father, help me with the love
That casteth out my fear;
Teach me to lean on Thee, and feel
That Thou art very near:
That no temptation is unseen,
No childish grief too small,
Since Thou, with patience infinite,
Doth soothe and comfort all.

"I do not ask for any crown,
But that which all may win;
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within.
Be Thou my guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in myself,
And dare to take command."

Louisa was very imaginative, telling stories to her sisters and her mates, and at sixteen wrote a book for Miss Ellen Emerson, entitled *Flower Fables*. It was not published till six years later, and then, being florid in style, did not bring her any fame. She was now anxious to earn her support. She was not the person to sit down idly and wait for marriage, or for some rich relation to care for her; but she determined to make a place in the world for herself. She says in *Little Women*, "Jo's ambition was to do something very splendid; what it was she had no idea, as yet, but left it for time to tell her," and at sixteen the time had come to make the attempt.

She began to teach school with twenty pupils. Instead of the theological talks which her father gave his scholars, she told them stories, which she says made the one pleasant hour

in her school-day. Now the long years of work had begun—fifteen of them—which should give the girl such rich yet sometimes bitter experiences, that she could write the most fascinating books from her own history. Into her volume called *Work,* published when she had become famous, she put many of her own early sorrows in those of "Christie."

Much of this time was spent in Boston. Sometimes she cared for an invalid child; sometimes she was a governess; sometimes she did sewing, adding to her slender means by writing late at night. Occasionally she went to the house of Rev. Theodore Parker, where she met Emerson, Sumner, Garrison, and Julia Ward Howe. Emerson always had a kind word for the girl whom he had known in Concord, and Mr. Parker would take her by the hand and say, "How goes it, my child? God bless you; keep your heart up, Louisa," and then she would go home to her lonely room, brave and encouraged.

At nineteen, one of her early stories was published in *Gleason's Pictorial,* and for this she received five dollars. How welcome was this brain-money! Some months later she sent a story to the *Boston Saturday Gazette,* entitled *The Rival Prima Donnas,* and, to her great delight, received ten dollars; and what was almost better still, a request from the editor for another story. Miss Alcott made the *Rival Prima Donnas* into a drama, and it was accepted by a theatre, and would have been put upon the stage but for some disagreement among the actors. However, the young teacher received for her work a pass to the theatre for forty nights. She even meditated going upon the stage, but the manager quite opportunely broke his leg, and the contract was annulled. What would the boys and girls of America have lost, had their favorite turned actress!

A second story was, of course, written for the *Saturday Evening Gazette.* And now Louisa was catching a glimpse of fame. She says, "One of the memorial moments of my life is that in which, as I trudged to school on a wintry day, my eye

fell upon a large yellow poster with these delicious words, *'Bertha,* a new tale by the author of *The Rival Prima Donnas,* will appear in the *Saturday Evening Gazette.'* I was late; it was bitter cold; people jostled me; I was mortally afraid I should be recognized; but there I stood, feasting my eyes on the fascinating poster, and saying proudly to myself, in the words of the great Vincent Crummles, 'This, this is fame!' That day my pupils had an indulgent teacher; for, while they struggled with their pot-hooks, I was writing immortal works; and when they droned out the multiplication table, I was counting up the noble fortune my pen was to earn for me in the dim, delightful future. That afternoon my sisters made a pilgrimage to behold this famous placard, and finding it torn by the wind, boldly stole it, and came home to wave it like a triumphal banner in the bosom of the excited family. The tattered paper still exists, folded away with other relics of those early days, so hard and yet so sweet, when the first small victories were won, and the enthusiasm of youth lent romance to life's drudgery."

Finding that there was money in sensational stories, she set herself eagerly to work, and soon could write ten or twelve a month. She says in *Little Women:* "As long as *The Spread Eagle* paid her a dollar a column for her 'rubbish,' as she called it, Jo felt herself a woman of means, and spun her little romances diligently. But great plans fermented in her busy brain and ambitious mind, and the old tin kitchen in the garret held a slowly increasing pile of blotted manuscript, which was one day to place the name of March upon the roll of fame."

But sensational stories did not bring much fame, and the conscientious Louisa tired of them. A novel, *Moods,* written at eighteen, shared nearly the same fate as *Flower Fables.* Some critics praised, some condemned, but the great world was indifferent. After this, she offered a story to Mr. James T. Fields, at that time editor of the *Atlantic Monthly,* but it was

declined, with the kindly advice that she stick to her teaching. But Louisa Alcott had a strong will and a brave heart, and would not be overcome by obstacles.

The Civil War had begun, and the school-teacher's heart was deeply moved. She was now thirty, having had such experience as makes us very tender toward suffering. The perfume of natures does not usually come forth without bruising. She determined to go to Washington and offer herself as a nurse at the hospital for soldiers. After much official red tape, she found herself in the midst of scores of maimed and dying, just brought from the defeat at Fredericksburg. She says: "Round the great stove was gathered the dreariest group I ever saw—ragged, gaunt, and pale, mud to the knees, with bloody bandages untouched since put on days before; many bundled up in blankets, coats being lost or useless, and all wearing that disheartened look which proclaimed defeat more plainly than any telegram, of the Burnside blunder. I pitied them so much, I dared not speak to them. I yearned to serve the dreariest of them all.

"Presently there came an order, 'Tell them to take off socks, coats, and shirts; scrub them well, put on clean shirts, and the attendants will finish them off, and lay them in bed.'

"I chanced to light on a withered old Irishman," she says, "wounded in the head, which caused that portion of his frame to be tastefully laid out like a garden, the bandages being the walks, and his hair the shrubbery. He was so overpowered by the honor of having a lady wash him, as he expressed it, that he did nothing but roll up his eyes and bless me, in an irresistible style which was too much for my sense of the ludicrous, so we laughed together; and when I knelt down to take off his shoes, he wouldn't hear of my touching 'them dirty craters.' Some of them took the performance like sleepy children, leaning their tired heads against me as I worked; others looked grimly scandalized, and several of the roughest colored like bashful girls."

When food was brought, she fed one of the badly wounded men, and offered the same help to his neighbor. "Thank you, ma'am," he said, "I don't think I'll ever eat again, for I'm shot in the stomach. But I'd like a drink of water, if you ain't too busy."

"I rushed away," she says; "but the water pails were gone to be refilled, and it was some time before they reappeared. I did not forget my patient, meanwhile, and, with the first mugful, hurried back to him. He seemed asleep; but something in the tired white face caused me to listen at his lips for a breath. None came. I touched his forehead; it was cold; and then I knew that, while he waited, a better nurse than I had given him a cooler draught, and healed him with a touch. I laid the sheet over the quiet sleeper, whom no noise could now disturb; and, half an hour later, the bed was empty."

With cheerful face and warm heart she went among the soldiers, now writing letters, now washing faces, and now singing lullabies. One day a tall, manly fellow was brought in. He seldom spoke, and uttered no complaint. After a little, when his wounds were being dressed, Miss Alcott observed the big tears roll down his cheeks and drop on the floor.

She says: "My heart opened wide and took him in, as, gathering the bent head in my arms, as freely as if he had been a child, I said, 'Let me help you bear it, John!' Never on any human countenance have I seen so swift and beautiful a look of gratitude, surprise, and comfort as that which answered me more eloquently than the whispered—

"'Thank you, ma'am; this is right good! this is what I wanted.'

"'Then why not ask for it before?'

"'I didn't like to be a trouble, you seemed so busy, and I could manage to get on alone.'"

The doctors had told Miss Alcott that John must die, and she must take the message to him; but she had not the heart to do it. One evening he asked her to write a letter for him.

"Shall it be addressed to wife or mother, John?"

"Neither, ma'am; I've got no wife, and will write to mother myself when I get better. Mother's a widow; I'm the oldest child she has, and it wouldn't do for me to marry until Lizzy has a home of her own, and Jack's learned his trade; for we're not rich, and I must be father to the children and husband to the dear old woman, if I can."

"No doubt you are both, John; yet how came you to go to war, if you felt so?"

"I went because I couldn't help it. I didn't want the glory or the pay; I wanted the right thing done, and people kept saying the men who were in earnest ought to fight. I was in earnest, the Lord knows! but I held off as long as I could, not knowing which was my duty. Mother saw the case, gave me her ring to keep me steady, and said 'Go'; so I went."

"Do you ever regret that you came, when you lie here suffering so much?"

"Never, ma'am; I haven't helped a great deal, but I've shown I was willing to give my life, and perhaps I've got to… This is my first battle; do they think it's going to be my last?"

"I'm afraid they do, John."

He seemed startled at first, but desired Miss Alcott to write the letter to Jack, because he could best tell the sad news to the mother. With a sigh, John said, "I hope the answer will come in time for me to see it."

Two days later Miss Alcott was sent for. John stretched out both hands as he said, "I knew you'd come. I guess I'm moving on, ma'am." Then clasping her hand so close that the death marks remained long upon it, he slept the final sleep. An hour later John's letter came, and putting it in his hand, Miss Alcott kissed the dead brow of the Virginia blacksmith, for his aged mother's sake, and buried him in the government lot.

The noble teacher after a while became ill from overwork, and was obliged to return home, soon writing her book,

Hospital Sketches, published in 1865. This year, needing rest and change, she went to Europe as companion to an invalid lady, spending a year in Germany, Switzerland, Paris, and London. In the latter city she met Jean Ingelow, Frances Power Cobbe, John Stuart Mill, George Lewes, and others, who had known of the brilliant Concord coterie. Such persons did not ask if Miss Alcott were rich, nor did they care.

In 1868 her father took several of her more recent stories to Roberts Brothers to see about their publication in book form. Mr. Thomas Niles, a member of the firm, a man of refinement and good judgment, said: "We do not care just now for volumes of collected stories. Will not your daughter write us a new book consisting of a single story for girls?"

Miss Alcott feared she could not do it, and set herself to write *Little Women*, to show the publishers that she could not write a story for girls. But she did not succeed in convincing them or the world of her inability. In two months the first part was finished, and published October, 1868. It was a natural, graphic story of her three sisters and herself in that simple Concord home. How we, who are grown-up children, read with interest about the "Lawrence boy," especially if we had boys of our own, and sympathized with the little girl who wrote Miss Alcott, "I have cried quarts over Beth's sickness. If you don't have her marry Laurie in the second part, I shall never forgive you, and none of the girls in our school will ever read any more of your books. Do! do! have her, please."

The second part appeared in April, 1869, and Miss Alcott found herself famous. The "pile of blotted manuscript" had "placed the name of March upon the roll of fame." Some of us could not be reconciled to dear Jo's marriage with the German professor, and their school at Plumfield, when Laurie loved her so tenderly. "We cried over Beth, and felt how strangely like most young housekeepers was Meg. How the tired teacher, and tender-hearted nurse for the soldiers must have rejoiced at her success! "This year," she wrote her

publishers, "after toiling so many years along the uphill road, always a hard one to women writers, it is peculiarly grateful to me to find the way growing easier at last, with pleasant little surprises blossoming on either side, and the rough places made smooth."

When *Little Men* was announced, fifty thousand copies were ordered in advance of its publication! About this time Miss Alcott visited Rome with her artist sister May, the "Amy" of *Little Women*, and on her return, wrote Shawl-straps, a bright sketch of their journey, followed by an *Old-Fashioned Girl;* that charming book *Under the Lilacs,* where your heart goes out to Ben and his dog Sancho; six volumes of *Aunt Jo's Scrap-bag; Jack and Jill;* and others. From these books Miss Alcott has already received about one hundred thousand dollars.

She has ever been the most devoted of daughters. Till the mother went out of life, in 1877, she provided for her every want. May, the gifted youngest sister, who was married in Paris in 1878 to Ernst Nieriker, died a year and a half later, leaving her infant daughter, Louisa May Nieriker, to Miss Alcott's loving care. The father, who became paralyzed in 1882, now eighty-six years old, has had her constant ministries. How proud he has been of his Louisa! I heard him say, years ago, "I am riding in her golden chariot."

Miss Alcott now divides her time between Boston and Concord. "The Orchards," the Alcott home for twenty-five years, set in its frame of grand trees, its walls and doors daintily covered with May Alcott's sketches, has become the home of the "Summer School of Philosophy," and Miss Alcott and her father live in the house where Thoreau died.

Most of her stories have been written in Boston, where she finds more inspiration than at Concord. "She never had a study," says Mrs. Moulton; "any corner will answer to write in. She is not particular as to pens and paper, and an old atlas on her knee is all the desk she cares for. She has the wonderful

power to carry a dozen plots in her head at a time, thinking them over whenever she is in the mood. Often in the dead waste and middle of the night she lies awake and plans whole chapters. In her hardest working days she used to write fourteen hours in the twenty-four, sitting steadily at her work, and scarcely tasting food till her daily task was done. When she has a story to write, she goes to Boston, hires a quiet room, and shuts herself up in it. In a month or so the book will be done, and its author comes out 'tired, hungry, and cross,' and ready to go back to Concord and vegetate for a time."

Miss Alcott, like Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, is an earnest advocate of woman's suffrage, and temperance. When Meg in *Little Women* prevails upon Laurie to take the pledge on her wedding-day, the delighted Jo beams her approval. In 1883 she writes of the suffrage reform, "Every year gives me greater faith in it, greater hope of its success, a larger charity for those who cannot see its wisdom, and a more earnest wish to use what influence I possess for its advancement."

Miss Alcott has done a noble work for her generation. Her books have been translated into foreign languages, and expressions of affection have come to her from both east and west. She says, "As I turn my face toward sunset, I find so much to make the down-hill journey smooth and lovely, that, like Christian, I go on my way rejoicing with a cheerful heart."

CHAPTER VIII
Mary Lyon

There are two women whose memory the girls in this country should especially revere—Mary Lyon and Catharine Beecher. When it was unfashionable for women to know more than to read, write, and cipher (the "three R's," as reading, writing, and arithmetic were called), these two had the courage to ask that women have an education equal to men, a thing which was laughed at as impracticable and impossible. To these two pioneers we are greatly indebted for the grand educational advantages for women to-day in America.

Amid the mountains of Western Massachusetts, at Buckland, Feb. 28, 1797, the fifth of seven children, Mary Lyon came into the world, in obscurity. The little farm-house was but one story high, in the midst of rocks and sturdy trees. The father, Aaron Lyon, was a godly man, beloved by all his neighbors—"the peacemaker," he was called—who died at forty-five, leaving his little family well-nigh helpless—no, not helpless, because the mother was of the same material of which Eliza Garfields are made.

Such women are above circumstances. She saw to it that the farm yielded its best. She worked early and late, always cheerful, always observing the Sabbath most devotedly, always keeping the children clean and tidy. In her little garden the May pinks were the sweetest and the peonies the reddest of any in the neighborhood. One person begged to set a plant in the corner of her garden, sure that if Mrs. Lyon tended it, it could never die. "How is it," said the hard-working wife of a farmer, "that the widow can do more for me than any one else?" She had her trials, but she saw no use in

telling them to others, so with a brave heart she took up her daily tasks and performed them.

Little Mary was an energetic, frank, warm-hearted child, full of desire to help others. Her mind was eager in grasping new things, and curious in its investigations. Once, when her mother had given her some work to do, she climbed upon a chair to look at the hour-glass, and said, as she studied it, "I know I have found a way to make more time."

At the village school she showed a remarkable memory and the power of committing lessons easily. She was especially good in mathematics and grammar. In four days she learned all of Alexander's Grammar, which scholars were accustomed to commit, and recited it accurately to the astonished teacher.

When Mary was thirteen, the mother married a second time, and soon after removed to Ohio. The girl remained at the old homestead, keeping house for the only brother, and so well did she do the work, that he gave her a dollar a week for her services. This she used in buying books and clothes for school. Besides, she found opportunities to spin and weave for some of the neighbors, and thus added a little more to her purse.

After five years, the brother married and sought a home in New York State. Mary, thus thrown upon herself, began to teach school for seventy-five cents a week and her board. This amount would not buy many silks or embroideries, but Mary did not care much for these. "She is all intellect," said a friend who knew her well; "she does not know that she has a body to care for."

She had now saved enough money to enable her to spend one term at the Sanderson Academy at Ashfield. What an important event in life that seemed to the struggling country girl! The scholars watched her bright, intellectual face, and when she began to recite, laid aside their books to hear her. The teacher said, "I should like to see what she would make

if she could be sent to college." When the term ended, her little savings were all spent, and now she must teach again. If she only could go forward with her classmates! but the laws of poverty are inexorable. Just as she was leaving the school, the trustees came and offered the advantages of the academy free, for another term. Did ever such a gleam of sunshine come into a cloudy day?

But how could she pay her board? She owned a, bed and some table linen, and taking these to a boarding house, a bargain was made whereby she could have a room and board in exchange for her household articles.

Her red-letter days had indeed come. She might never have a chance for schooling again; so, without regard to health, she slept only four hours out of the twenty-four, ate her meals hurriedly, and gave all her time to her lessons. Not a scholar in the school could keep up with her. When the teacher gave her Adams' *Latin Grammar,* telling her to commit such portions as were usual in going over the book the first time, she learned them all in three days!

When the term closed, she had no difficulty in finding a place to teach. All the towns around had heard of the surprising scholar, Mary Lyon, and probably hoped she could inspire the same scholarship in her pupils, a matter in which she was most successful.

As soon as her schools were finished, she would spend the money in obtaining instruction in some particular study, in which she thought herself deficient. Now she would go into the family of Rev. Edward Hitchcock, afterward president of Amherst College, and study natural science of him, meantime taking lessons, of his wife in drawing and painting. Now she would study penmanship, following the copy as closely as a child. Once when a teacher, in deference to her reputation, wrote the copy in Latin, she handed it back and asked him to write in English, lest when the books were examined, she might be thought wiser than she really was. Thus

conscientious was the young school-teacher.

She was now twenty-four, and had laid up enough money to attend the school of Rev. Joseph Emerson, at Byfield. He was an unusual man in his gifts of teaching and broad views of life. He had been blest with a wife of splendid talents, and as Miss Lyon was wont to say, "Men judge of the whole sex by their own wives," so Mr. Emerson believed women could understand metaphysics and theology as well as men. He discussed science and religion with his pupils, and the result was a class of self-respecting, self-reliant, thinking women.

Miss Lyon's friends discouraged her going to Byfield, because they thought she knew enough already. "Why," said they, "you will never be a minister, and what is the need of going to school?" She improved her time here. One of her classmates wrote home, "Mary sends love to all; but time with her is too precious to spend it in writing letters. She is gaining knowledge by handfuls."

The next year, an assistant was wanted in the Sanderson Academy. The principal thought a man must be engaged. "Try Mary Lyon," said one of her friends, "and see if she is not sufficient," and he employed her, and found her a host. But she could not long be retained, for she was wanted in a larger field, at Derry, N.H. Miss Grant, one of the teachers at Mr. Emerson's school, had sent for her former bright pupil. Mary was glad to be associated with Miss Grant, for she was very fond of her; but before going, she must attend some lectures in chemistry and natural history by Professor Eaton at Amherst. Had she been a young man, how easily could she have secured a scholarship, and thus worked her way through college; but for a young woman, neither Amherst, nor Dartmouth, nor Williams, nor Harvard, nor Yale, with all their wealth, had an open door. Very fond of chemistry, she could only learn in the spare time which a busy professor could give.

Was the cheerful girl never despondent in these hard working years? Yes; because naturally she was easily

discouraged, and would have long fits of weeping; but she came to the conclusion that such seasons of depression were wrong, and that "there was too much to be done, for her to spend her time in that manner." She used to tell her pupils that "if they were unhappy, it was probably because they had so many thoughts about themselves, and so few about the happiness of others." The friend who had recommended her for the Sanderson Academy now became surety for her for forty dollars' worth of clothing, and the earnest young woman started for Derry. The school there numbered ninety pupils, and Mary Lyon was happy. She wrote her mother, "I do not number it among the least of my blessings that I am permitted to *do something*. Surely I ought to be thankful for an active life."

But the Derry school was held only in the summers, so Miss Lyon came back to teach at Ashfield and Buckland, her birthplace, for the winters. The first season she had twenty-five scholars; the last, one hundred. The families in the neighborhood took the students into their homes to board, charging them one dollar or one dollar and twenty-five cents per week, while the tuition was twenty-five cents a week. No one would grow very rich on such an income. So popular was Miss Lyon's teaching that a suitable building was erected for her school, and the Ministerial Association passed a resolution of praise, urging her to remain permanently in the western part of Massachusetts.

However, Miss Grant had removed to Ipswich, and had urged Miss Lyon to join her, which she did. For six years they taught a large and most successful school. Miss Lyon was singularly happy in her intercourse with the young ladies. She won them to her views, while they scarcely knew that they were being controlled. She would say to them: "Now, young ladies, you are here at great expense. Your board and tuition cost a great deal, and your time ought to be worth more than both; but, in order to get an equivalent for the money and

time you are spending, you must be systematic, and that is impossible, unless you have a regular hour for rising… Persons who run round all day after the half-hour they lost in the morning never accomplish much. You may know them by a rip in the glove, a string pinned to the bonnet, a shawl left on the balustrade, which they had no time to hang up, they were in such a hurry to catch their lost thirty minutes. You will see them opening their books and trying to study at the time of general exercises in school; but it is a fruitless race; they never will overtake their lost half-hour. Good men, from Abraham to Washington, have been early risers." Again, she would say, "Mind, wherever it is found, will secure respect… Educate the women, and the men will be educated. Let the ladies understand the great doctrine of seeking the greatest good, of loving their neighbors as themselves; let them indoctrinate their children in this fundamental truth, and we shall have wise legislators."

"You won't do so again, will you, dear?" was almost always sure to win a tender response from a pupil.

She would never allow a scholar to be laughed at. If a teacher spoke jestingly of a scholar's capacity, Miss Lyon would say, "Yes, I know she has a small mind, but we must do the best we can for her."

For nearly sixteen years she had been giving her life to the education of girls. She had saved no money for herself, giving it to her relatives or aiding poor girls in going to school. She was simple in her tastes, the blue cloth dress she generally wore having been spun and woven by herself. A friend tells how, standing before the mirror to tie her bonnet, she said, "Well, I *may* fail of Heaven, but I shall be very much disappointed if I do—very much disappointed;" and there was no thought of what she was doing with the ribbons.

Miss Lyon was now thirty-three years old. It would be strange indeed if a woman with her bright mind and sunshiny face should not have offers of marriage. One of her best

opportunities came, as is often the case, when about thirty, and Miss Lyon could have been made supremely happy by it, but she had in her mind one great purpose, and she felt that she must sacrifice home and love for it. This was the building of a high-grade school or college for women. Had she decided otherwise, there probably would have been no Mount Holyoke Seminary.

She had the tenderest sympathy for poor girls; they were the ones usually most desirous of an education, and they struggled the hardest for it. For them no educational societies were provided, and no scholarships. Could she, who had no money, build "a seminary which should be so moderate in its expenses as to be open to the daughters of farmers and artisans, and to teachers who might be mainly dependent for their support on their own exertions"?

In vain she tried to have the school at Ipswich established permanently by buildings and endowments. In vain she talked with college presidents and learned ministers. Nearly all were indifferent. They could see no need that women should study science or the classics. That women would be happier with knowledge, just as they themselves were made happier by it, seemed never to have occurred to them. That women were soon to do nine-tenths of the teaching in the schools of the country could not be foreseen. Oberlin and Cornell, Vassar and Wellesley, belonged to a golden age as yet undreamed of.

For two years she thought over it, and prayed over it, and when all seemed hopeless, she would walk the floor, and say over and over again, "Commit thy way unto the Lord. He will keep thee. Women *must* be educated; they *must* be." Finally a meeting was called in Boston at the same time as one of the religious anniversaries. She wrote to a friend, "Very few were present. The meeting was adjourned; and the adjourned meeting utterly failed. There were not enough present to organize, and there the business, in my view, has come to an end."

Still she carried the burden on her heart. She writes, in 1834, "During the past year my heart has so yearned over the adult female youth in the common walks of life, that it has sometimes seemed as though a fire were shut up in my bones." She conceived the idea of having the young women do the work of the house, partly to lessen expenses, partly to teach them useful things, and also because she says, "Might not this single feature do away much of the prejudice against female education among common people?"

At last the purpose in her heart became so strong that she resigned her position as a teacher, and went from house to house in Ipswich collecting funds. She wrote to her mother, "I hope and trust that this is of the Lord, and that He will prosper it. In this movement I have thought much more constantly, and have felt much more deeply, about doing that which shall be for the honor of Christ, and for the good of souls, than I ever did in any step in my life." She determined to raise her first thousand dollars from women. She talked in her good-natured way with the father or the mother. She asked if they wanted a new shawl or card-table or carpet, if they would not find a way to procure it. Usually they gave five or ten dollars; some, only a half-dollar. So interested did two ladies become that they gave one hundred dollars apiece, and later, when their house was burned, and the man who had their money in charge lost it, they worked with their own hands and earned the two hundred, that their portion might not fail in the great work.

In less than two months she had raised the thousand; but she wrote Miss Grant, "I do not recollect being so fatigued, even to prostration, as I have been for a few weeks past." She often quoted a remark of Dr. Lyman Beecher's, "The wear and tear of what I cannot do is a great deal more than the wear and tear of what I do." When she became quite worn, her habit was to sleep nearly all the time, for two or three days, till nature repaired the system.

She next went to Amherst, where good Dr. Hitchcock felt as deeply interested for girls as for the boys in his college. One January morning, with the thermometer below zero, three or four hours before sunrise, he and Miss Lyon started on the stage for Worcester. Each was wrapped in a buffalo robe, so that the long ride was not unpleasant. A meeting was to be held, and a decision made as to the location of the seminary, which, at last, was actually to be built. After a long conference, South Hadley was chosen, ten miles south of Amherst.

One by one, good men became interested in the matter, and one true-hearted minister became an agent for the raising of funds. Miss Lyon was also untiring in her solicitations. She spoke before ladies' meetings, and visited those in high station and low. So troubled were her friends about this public work for a woman, that they reasoned with her that it was in better taste to stay at home, and let gentlemen do the work.

"What do I that is wrong?" she replied. "I ride in the stage coach or cars without an escort. Other ladies do the same. I visit a family where I have been previously invited, and the minister's wife, or some leading woman, calls the ladies together to see me, and I lay our object before them. Is that wrong? I go with Mr. Hawks [the agent], and call on a gentleman of known liberality, at his own house, and converse with him about our enterprise. What harm is there in that? My heart is sick, my soul is pained, with this empty gentility, this genteel nothingness. I am doing a great work. I cannot come down." Pitiful, that so noble a woman should have been hampered by public opinion. How all this has changed! Now, the world and the church gladly welcome the voice, the hand, and the heart of woman in their philanthropic work.

At last, enough money was raised to begin the enterprise, and the corner-stone of Mount Holyoke Seminary was laid, Oct. 3, 1836. "It was a day of deep interest," writes Mary Lyon. "The stones and brick and mortar speak a language which vibrates through my very soul."

"With thankful heart and busy hands she watched the progress of the work. Every detail was under her careful eye. She said: "Had I a thousand lives, I could sacrifice them all in suffering and hardship, for the sake of Mount Holyoke Seminary. Did I possess the greatest fortune, I could readily relinquish it all, and become poor, and more than poor, if its prosperity should demand it."

Finally, in the autumn of 1837, the seminary was ready for pupils. The main building, four stories high, had been erected. An admirable course of study had been provided. For the forty weeks of the school year, the charges for board and tuition were sixty dollars—only one dollar and twenty-five cents per week. Miss Lyon's own salary was but two hundred a year and she never would receive anything higher. The accommodations were only for eighty pupils, but one hundred and sixteen came the first year.

While Miss Lyon was heartily loved by her scholars, they yet respected her good discipline. It was against the rules for any one to absent herself from meals without permission to do so. One of the young ladies, not feeling quite as fresh as usual, concluded not to go down stairs at tea time, and to remain silent on the subject. Miss Lyon's quick eye detected her absence. Calling the girl's room-mate to her, she asked, "Is Miss — ill?"

"Oh, no," was the reply, "only a little indisposed, and she commissioned me to carry her a cup of tea and cracker."

"Very well, I will see to it."

After supper, the young lady ascended to her room, in the fourth story, found her companion enjoying a glorious sunset, and seating herself beside her, they began an animated conversation. Presently there was a knock. "Come in!" both shouted gleefully, when lo! in walked Mary Lyon, with the tea and cracker. She had come up four flights of stairs; but she said every one was tired at night, and she could as well bring up the supper as anybody. She inquired with great kindness

about the young lady's health, who, greatly abashed, had nothing to say. She was ever after present at meal time, unless sick in bed.

The students never forgot Miss Lyon's plain, earnest words. When they entered, they were told that they were expected to do right without formal commands; if not, they better go to some smaller school, where they could receive the peculiar training needed by little girls. She urged loose clothing and thick shoes. "If you will persist in killing yourselves by reckless exposure," she would say, "we are not willing to take the responsibility of the act. We think, by all means, you better go home and die, in the arms of your dear mothers."

Miss Lyon had come to her fiftieth birthday. Her seminary had prospered beyond her fondest hopes. She had raised nearly seventy thousand dollars for her beloved school, and it was out of debt. Nearly two thousand pupils had been at South Hadley, of whom a large number had become missionaries and teachers. Not a single year had passed without a revival, and rarely did a girl leave the institution without professing Christianity.

She said to a friend shortly after this fiftieth birthday: "It was the most solemn day of my life. I devoted it to reflection and prayer. Of my active toils I then took leave. I was certain that before another fifty years should have elapsed, I should wake up amid far different scenes, and far other thoughts would fill my mind, and other employments would engage my attention. I felt it. There seemed to be no ladder between me and the world above. The gates were opened, and I seemed to stand on the threshold. I felt that the evening of my days had come, and that I needed repose."

And the repose came soon. The last of February, 1849, a young lady in the seminary died. Miss Lyon called the girls together and spoke tenderly to them, urging them not to fear death, but to be ready to meet it. She said, "There is nothing

in the universe that I am afraid of, but that I shall not know and do all my duty." Beautiful words! carved shortly after on her monument.

A few days later, Mary Lyon lay upon her death-bed. The brain had been congested, and she was often unconscious. In one of her lucid moments, her pastor said, "Christ precious?" Summoning all her energies, she raised both hands, clasped them, and said, "Yes." "Have you trusted Christ too much?" he asked. Seeing that she made an effort to speak, he said, "God can be glorified by silence." An indescribable smile lit up her face, and she was gone.

On the seminary grounds the beloved teacher was buried, her pupils singing about her open grave, "Why do we mourn departing friends?" A beautiful monument of Italian marble, square, and resting upon a granite pedestal, marks the spot. On the west side are the words:—

MARY LYON,
THE FOUNDER OF
MOUNT HOLYOKE FEMALE SEMINARY,
AND FOR TWELVE YEARS
ITS PRINCIPAL;
A TEACHER
FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS,
AND OF MORE THAN
THREE THOUSAND PUPILS.
BORN, FEBRUARY 28, 1797;
DIED, MARCH 5, 1849.

What a devoted, heroic life! and its results, who can estimate?

Her work has gone steadily on. The seminary grounds now cover twenty-five acres. The main structure has two large wings, while a gymnasium; a library building, with thirteen thousand volumes; the Lyman Williston Hall, with laboratories and art gallery; and the new observatory, with fine telescope, astronomical clock, and other appliances,

afford such admirable opportunities for higher education as noble Mary Lyon could hardly have dared to hope for. The property is worth about three hundred thousand dollars. How different from the days when half-dollars were given into Miss Lyon's willing hands! Nearly six thousand students have been educated here, three-fourths of whom have become teachers, and about two hundred foreign missionaries. Many have married ministers, presidents of colleges, and leading men in education and good works.

The board and tuition have become one hundred and seventy-five dollars a year, only enough to cover the cost. The range of study has been constantly increased and elevated to keep pace with the growing demand that women shall be as fully educated as men. Even Miss Lyon, in those early days, looked forward to the needs of the future, by placing in her course of study, Sullivan's *Political Class-Book,* and Wayland's *Political Economy.* The four years' course is solid and thorough, while the optional course in French, German, and Greek is admirable. Eventually, when our preparatory schools are higher, all our colleges for women will have as difficult entrance examinations as Harvard and Yale.

The housework at Mount Holyoke Seminary requires but half an hour each day for each of the two hundred and ninety-seven pupils. Much time is spent wisely in the gymnasium, and in boating on the lake near by. Habits of punctuality, thoroughness, and order are the outcome of life in this institution. An endowment of twenty thousand dollars, called "the Mary Lyon Fund," is now being raised by former students for the Chair of the Principal. Schools like the Lake Erie Seminary at Painesville, Ohio, have grown out of the school at South Hadley. Truly, Mary Lyon was doing a great work, and she could not come down. Between such a life and the ordinary social round there can be no comparison.

The English ivy grows thickly over Miss Lyon's grave, covering it like a mantle, and sending out its wealth of green

leaves in the spring. So each year her own handiwork flourishes, sending out into the world its strongest forces, the very foundation of the highest civilization—educated and Christian wives and mothers.

CHAPTER IX
Harriet G. Hosmer

Some years ago, in an art store in Boston, a crowd of persons stood gazing intently upon a famous piece of statuary. The red curtains were drawn aside, and the white marble seemed almost to speak. A group of girls stood together, and looked on in rapt admiration. One of them said, "Just to think that a woman did it!"

"It makes me proud and glad," said another.

"Who is Harriet Hosmer?" said a third. "I wish I knew about her."

And then one of us, who had stolen all the hours she could get from school life to read art books from the Hartford Athenaeum, and kept crude statues, made by herself from chalk and plaster, secreted in her room, told all she had read about the brilliant author of "Zenobia."

The statue was seven feet high, queenly in pose and face, yet delicate and beautiful, with the thoughts which genius had wrought in it. The left arm supported the elegant drapery, while the right hung listlessly by her side, both wrists chained; the captive of the Emperor Aurelian. Since that time, I have looked upon other masterpieces in all the great galleries of Europe, but perhaps none have ever made a stronger impression upon me than "Zenobia," in those early years.

And who was the artist of whom we girls were so proud? Born in Watertown, Mass., Oct. 9, 1830, Harriet Hosmer came into the welcome home of a leading physician, and a delicate mother, who soon died of consumption. Dr. Hosmer had also buried his only child besides Harriet, with the same disease, and he determined that this girl should live in

sunshine and air, that he might save her if possible. He used to say, "There is a whole life-time for the education of the mind, but the body develops in a few years; and during that time nothing should be allowed to interfere with its free and healthy growth."

As soon as the child was large enough, she was given a pet dog, which she decked with ribbons and bells. Then, as the Charles River flowed past their house, a boat was provided, and she was allowed to row at will. A Venetian gondola was also built for her, with silver prow and velvet cushions. "Too much spoiling—too much spoiling," said some of the neighbors; but Dr. Hosmer knew that he was keeping his little daughter on the earth instead of heaven.

A gun was now purchased, and the girl became an admirable marksman. Her room was a perfect museum. Here were birds, bats, beetles, snakes, and toads; some dissected, some preserved in spirits, and others stuffed, all gathered and prepared by her own hands. Now she made an inkstand from the egg of a sea-gull and the body of a kingfisher; now she climbed to the top of a tree and brought down a crow's nest. She could walk miles upon miles with no fatigue. She grew up like a boy, which is only another way of saying that she grew up healthy and strong physically. Probably polite society was shocked at Dr. Hosmer's methods. Would that there were many such fathers and mothers, that we might have a vigorous race of women, and consequently, a vigorous race of men!

When Harriet tired of books—for she was an eager reader—she found delight in a clay-pit in the garden, where she molded horses and dogs to her heart's content. Unused to restraint, she did not like the first school at which she was placed, the principal, the brother-in-law of Nathaniel Hawthorne, writing to her father that he "could do nothing with her."

She was then taken to Mrs. Sedgwick, who kept a famous school at Lenox, Berkshire County. She received "happy

Hatty," as she was called, with the remark, "I have a reputation for training wild colts, and I will try this one." And the wise woman succeeded. She won Harriet's confidence, not by the ten thousand times repeated "don't," which so many children hear in home and school, till life seems a prison-pen. She let her run wild, guiding her all the time with so much tact, that the girl scarcely knew she was guided at all. Blessed tact! How many thousands of young people are ruined for lack of it!

She remained here three years. Mrs. Sedgwick says, "She was the most difficult pupil to manage I ever had, but I think I never had one in whom I took so deep an interest, and whom I learned to love so well." About this time, not being quite as well as usual, Dr. Hosmer engaged a physician of, large practice to visit his daughter. The busy man could not be regular, which sadly interfered with Harriet's boating and driving. Complaining one day that it spoiled her pleasure, he said, "If I am alive, I will be here," naming the day and hour.

"Then if you are not here, I am to conclude that you are dead," was the reply.

As he did not come, Harriet drove to the newspaper offices in Boston that afternoon, and the next morning the community was startled to read of Dr. ——'s sudden death. Friends hastened to the house, and messages of condolence came pouring in. It is probable that he was more punctual after this.

On Harriet's return from Lenox, she began to take lessons in drawing, modeling, and anatomical studies, in Boston, frequently walking from home and back, a distance of fourteen miles. Feeling the need of a thorough course in anatomy, she applied to the Boston Medical School for admittance, and was refused because of her sex. The Medical College of St. Louis proved itself broader, glad to encourage talent wherever found, and received her.

Professor McDowell, under whom the artists Powers and

Clevenger studied anatomy, spared no pains to give her every advantage, while the students were uniformly courteous. "I remember him," says Miss Hosmer, "with great affection and gratitude as being a most thorough and patient teacher, as well as at all times a good, kind friend." In testimony of her appreciation, she cut, from a bust of Professor McDowell by Clevenger, a life-size medallion in marble, now treasured in the college museum.

While in St. Louis she made her home with the family of Wayman Crow, Esq., whose daughter had been her companion at Lenox. This gentleman proved himself a constant and encouraging friend, ordering her first statue from Rome, and helping in a thousand ways a girl who had chosen for herself an unusual work in life.

After completing her studies she made a trip to New Orleans, and then North to the Falls of St. Anthony, smoking the pipe of peace with the chief of the Dakota Indians, exploring lead mines in Dubuque, and scaling a high mountain that was soon after named for her. Did the wealthy girl go alone on these journeys? Yes. As a rule, no harm comes to a young woman who conducts herself with becoming reserve with men. Flirts usually are paid in their own coin.

On her return home, Dr. Hosmer fitted up a studio for his daughter, and her first work was to copy from the antique. Then she cut Canova's "Napoleon" in marble for her father, doing all the work, that he might especially value the gift. Her next statue was an ideal bust of Hesper, "with," said Lydia Maria Child, "the face of a lovely maiden gently falling asleep with the sound of distant music. Her hair is gracefully arranged, and intertwined with capsules of the poppy. A star shines on her forehead, and under her breast lies the crescent moon. The swell of the cheeks and the bust is like pure, young, healthy flesh, and the muscles of the beautiful mouth so delicately cut, it seems like a thing that breathes. She did every stroke of the work with her own small hands, except

knocking off the corners of the block of marble. She employed a man to do that; but as he was unused to work for sculptors, she did not venture to have him approach within several inches of the surface she intended to cut. Slight girl as she was, she wielded for eight or ten hours a day a leaden mallet weighing four pounds and a half. Had it not been for the strength and flexibility of muscle acquired by rowing and other athletic exercises, such arduous labor would have been impossible."

After "Hesper" was completed, she said to her father, "I am ready to go to Rome."

"You shall go, my child, this very autumn," was the response.

He would, of course, miss the genial companionship of his only child, but her welfare was to be consulted rather than his own. When autumn came, she rode on horseback to Wayland to say good-bye to Mrs. Child. "Shall you never be homesick for your museum-parlor in Watertown? Can you be contented in a foreign land?"

"I can be happy anywhere," said Miss Hosmer, "with good health and a bit of marble."

Late in the fall Dr. Hosmer and his daughter started for Europe, reaching Rome Nov. 12, 1852. She had greatly desired to study under John Gibson, the leading English sculptor, but he had taken young women into his studio who in a short time became discouraged or showed themselves afraid of hard work, and he feared Miss Hosmer might be of the same useless type.

When the photographs of "Hesper" were placed before him by an artist friend of the Hosmers, he looked at them carefully, and said, "Send the young lady to me, and whatever I know, and can teach her, she shall learn." He gave Miss Hosmer an upstairs room in his studio, and here for seven years she worked with delight, honored and encouraged by her noble teacher. She wrote to her friends: "The dearest wish

of my heart is gratified in that I am acknowledged by Gibson as a pupil. He has been resident in Rome thirty-four years, and leads the van. I am greatly in luck. He has just finished the model of the statue of the queen; and as his room is vacant, he permits me to use it, and I am now in his own studio. I have also a little room for work which was formerly occupied by Canova, and perhaps inspiration may be drawn from the walls."

The first work which she copied, to show Gibson whether she had correctness of eye and proper knowledge, was the Venus of Milo. When nearly finished, the iron which supported the clay snapped, and the figure lay spoiled upon the floor. She did not shrink nor cry, but immediately went to work cheerfully to shape it over again. This conduct Mr. Gibson greatly admired, and made up his mind to assist her all he could.

After this she copied the "Cupid" of Praxitiles and Tasso from the British Museum. Her first original work was Daphne, the beautiful girl whom Apollo loved, and who, rather than accept his addresses, was changed into laurel by the gods. Apollo crowned his head with laurel, and made the flower sacred to himself forever.

Next, Miss Hosmer produced "Medusa," famed for her beautiful hair, which Minerva turned into serpents because Neptune loved her. According to Grecian mythology, Perseus made himself immortal by conquering Medusa, whose head he cut off, and the blood dripping from it filled Africa with snakes. Miss Hosmer represents the beautiful maiden, when she finds, with horror, that her hair is turning into serpents.

Needing a real snake for her work, Miss Hosmer sent a man into the suburbs to bring her one alive. When it was obtained, she chloroformed it till she had made a cast, keeping it in plaster for three hours and a half. Then, instead of killing it, like a true-hearted woman, as she is, she sent it back into the country, glad to regain its liberty.

"Daphne" and "Medusa" were both exhibited in Boston the following year, 1853, and were much praised. Mr. Gibson said: "The power of imitating the roundness and softness of flesh, he had never seen surpassed." Rauch, the great Prussian, whose mausoleum at Charlottenburg of the beautiful queen Louise can never be forgotten, gave Miss Hosmer high praise.

Two years later she completed "Oenone," made for Mr. Crow of St. Louis. It is the full-length figure of the beautiful nymph of Mount Ida. The story is a familiar one. Before the birth of Paris, the son of Priam, it was foretold that he by his imprudence should cause the destruction of Troy. His father gave orders for him to be put to death, but possibly through the fondness of his mother, he was spared, and carried to Mount Ida, where he was brought up by the shepherds, and finally married Oenone. In time he became known to his family, who forgot the prophecy and cordially received him. For a decision in favor of Venus he was promised the most beautiful woman in the world for his wife. Forgetting Oenone, he fell in love with the beautiful Helen, already the wife of Menelaus, and persuaded her to fly with him to Troy, to his father's court. War resulted. When he found himself dying of his wounds, he fled to Oenone for help, but died just as he came into her presence. She bathed the body with her tears, and stabbed herself to the heart, a very foolish act for so faithless a man. Miss Hosmer represents her as a beautiful shepherdess, bowed with grief from her desertion.

This work was so much liked in America, that the St. Louis Mercantile Library made a liberal offer for some other statue. Accordingly, two years after, "Beatrice Cenci" was sent. The noble girl lies asleep, the night before her execution, after the terrible torture. "It was," says Mrs. Child, "the sleep of a body worn out with the wretchedness of the soul. On that innocent face suffering had left its traces. The arm that had been tossing in the grief tempest, had fallen heavily, too weary

to change itself into a more easy position. Those large eyes, now so closely veiled by their swollen lids, had evidently wept till the fountain of tears was dry. That lovely mouth was still the open portal of a sigh, which the mastery of sleep had left no time to close."

To make this natural, the sculptor caused several models to go to sleep in her studio, that she might study them. Gibson is said to have remarked upon seeing this, "I can teach her nothing." This was also exhibited in London and in several American cities.

For three years she had worked continuously, not leaving Rome even in the hot, unhealthy summers. She had said, "I will not be an amateur; I will work as if I had to earn my daily bread." However, as her health seemed somewhat impaired, at her father's earnest wish, she had decided to go to England for the season. Her trunks were packed, and she was ready to start, when lo! a message came that Dr. Hosmer had lost his property, that he could send her no more money, and suggested that she return home at once.

At first she seemed overwhelmed; then she said firmly, "I cannot go back, and give up my art." Her trunks were at once unpacked and a cheap room rented. Her handsome horse and saddle were sold, and she was now to work indeed "as if she earned her daily bread."

By a strange freak of human nature, by which we sometimes do our most humorous work when we are saddest, Miss Hosmer produced now in her sorrow her fun-loving "Puck." It represents a child about four years old seated on a toadstool which breaks beneath him. The left hand confines a lizard, while the right holds a beetle. The legs are crossed, and the great toe of the right foot turns up. The whole is full of merriment. The Crown Princess of Germany, on seeing it, exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Hosmer, you have such a talent for toes!" Very true, for this statue, with the several copies made from it, brought her thirty thousand dollars! The Prince of Wales

has a copy, the Duke of Hamilton also, and it has gone even to Australia and the West Indies. A companion piece is the "Will-o'-the-wisp."

About this time the lovely sixteen-year-old daughter of Madam Falconnet died at Rome, and for her monument in the Catholic church of San Andrea del Fratte, Miss Hosmer produced an exquisite figure resting upon a sarcophagus. Layard, the explorer of Babylon and Nineveh, wrote to Madam Falconnet: "I scarcely remember to have seen a monument which more completely commanded my sympathy and more deeply interested me. I really know of none, of modern days, which I would rather have placed over the remains of one who had been dear to me."

Miss Hosmer also modeled a fountain from the story of Hylas. The lower basin contains dolphins spouting jets, while in the upper basin, supported by swans, the youth Hylas stands, surrounded by the nymphs who admire his beauty, and who eventually draw him into the water, where he is drowned.

Miss Hosmer returned to America in 1857, five years after her departure. She was still young, twenty-seven, vivacious, hopeful, not wearied from her hard work, and famous. While here she determined upon a statue of Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, and read much concerning her and her times. She had touched fiction and poetry; now she would attempt history. She could scarcely have chosen a more heroic or pathetic subject. The brave leader of a brave people, a skilful warrior, marching at the head of her troops, now on foot, and now on horseback, beautiful in face, and cultured in mind, acquainted with Latin, Greek, Syriac, and Egyptian, finally captured by Aurelian, and borne through the streets of Rome, adorning his triumphal procession.

After Miss Hosmer's return to Rome, she worked on "Zenobia" with energy and enthusiasm, as she molded the clay, and then the plaster. When brought to this country, it

awakened the greatest interest; crowds gathered to see it. In Chicago it was exhibited at the Sanitary Fair in behalf of the soldiers. Whittier said: "It very fully expresses my conception of what historical sculpture should be. It tells its whole proud and melancholy story. In looking at it, I felt that the artist had been as truly serving her country while working out her magnificent design abroad, as our soldiers in the field, and our public officers in their departments." From its exhibition Miss Hosmer received five thousand dollars. It was purchased by Mr. A.W. Griswold, of New York. So great a work was the statue considered in London, that some of the papers declared Gibson to be its author. Miss Hosmer at once began suits for libel, and retractions were speedily made.

In 1860 Miss Hosmer again visited America, to see her father, who was seriously ill. How proud Dr. Hosmer must have been of his gifted daughter now that her fame was in two hemispheres! Surely he had not "spoiled" her. She could now spend for him as he had spent for her in her childhood. While here, she received a commission from St. Louis for a bronze portrait-statue of Missouri's famous statesman, Thomas Hart Benton. The world wondered if she could bring out of the marble a man with all his strength and dignity, as she had a woman with all her grace and nobility.

She visited St. Louis, to examine portraits and mementos of Colonel Benton, and then hastened across the ocean to her work. The next year a photograph of the model was sent to the friends, and the likeness pronounced good. The statue was cast at the great royal foundry at Munich, and in due time shipped to this country. May 27, 1868, it was unveiled in Lafayette Park, in the presence of an immense concourse of people, the daughter, Mrs. John C. Fremont, removing the covering. The statue is ten feet high, and weighs three and one-half tons. It rests on a granite pedestal, ten feet square, the whole being twenty-two feet square. On the west side of the pedestal are the words from Colonel Benton's famous

speech on the Pacific Railroad, "There is the East—there is India." Both press and people were heartily pleased with this statue, for which Miss Hosmer received ten thousand dollars, the whole costing thirty thousand.

She was now in the midst of busy and successful work. Orders crowded upon her. Her "Sleeping Faun," which was exhibited at the Dublin Exhibition in 1865, was sold on the day of opening for five thousand dollars, to Sir Benjamin Guinness. Some discussion having arisen about the sale, he offered ten thousand, saying, that if money could buy it, he would possess it. Miss Hosmer, however, would receive only the five thousand. The faun is represented reclining against the trunk of a tree, partly draped in the spoils of a tiger. A little faun, with mischievous look, is binding the faun to the tree with the tiger-skin. The newspapers were enthusiastic about the work.

The *London Times* said: "In the groups of statues are many works of exquisite beauty, but there is one which at once arrests attention and extorts admiration. It is a curious fact that amid all the statues in this court, contributed by the natives of lands in which the fine arts were naturalized thousands of years ago, one of the finest should be the production of an American artist." The French *Galignani* said, "The gem of the classical school, in its nobler style of composition, is due to an American lady, Miss Hosmer." The *London Art Journal* said, "The works of Miss Hosmer, Hiram Powers, and others we might name, have placed American on a level with the best modern sculptors of Europe." This work was repeated for the Prince of Wales and for Lady Ashburton, of England.

Not long ago I visited the studio of Miss Hosmer in the Via Margutta, at Rome, and saw her numerous works, many of them still unfinished. Here an arm seemed just reaching out from the rough block of marble; here a sweet face seemed like Pygmalion's statue, coming into life. In the centre of the studio was the "Siren Fountain," executed for Lady Marion

Alford. A siren sits in the upper basin and sings to the music of her lute. Three little cupids sit on dolphins, and listen to her music.

For some years Miss Hosmer has been preparing a golden gateway for an art gallery at Ashridge Hall, England, ordered by Earl Brownlow. These gates, seventeen feet high, are covered with bas-reliefs representing the Air, Earth, and Sea. The twelve hours of the night show "Aeolus subduing the Winds," the "Descent of the Zephyrs," "Iris descending with the Dew," "Night rising with the Stars," "The Rising Moon," "The Hour's Sleep," "The Dreams Descend," "The Falling Star," "Phosphor and Hesper," "The Hours Wake," "Aurora Veils the Stars," and "Morning." More than eighty figures are in the nineteen bas-reliefs. Miss Hosmer has done other important works, among them a statue of the beautiful Queen of Naples, who was a frequent visitor to the artist's studio, and several well-known monuments. With her girlish fondness for machinery, she has given much thought to mechanics in these later years, striving to find, like many another, the secret of producing perpetual motion. She spends much of her time now in England. She is still passionately fond of riding, the Empress of Austria, who owns more horses than any woman in the world, declaring "that there was nothing she looked forward to with more interest in Rome, than to see Miss Hosmer ride."

Many of the closing years of the sculptor's long life were spent in Rome, where she had a wide circle of eminent American and English friends, among whom were Hawthorne, Thackeray, George Eliot, and the Brownings. She made several discoveries in her work, one of which was a process of hardening limestone so that it resembled marble. She also wrote both prose and poetry, and would have been successful as an author, if she had not given the bulk of her time to her beloved sculpture.

After her long sojourn in Rome she spent several years in

England, executing important commissions, and then turned her face toward America. In Watertown, where she was born, she again made her home; and here she breathed her last, February 21, 1908, after an illness of three weeks. She was in her seventy-eighth year. By her long life of earnest work and self-reliant purpose, coupled with her high gift, she has made for herself an abiding place in the history of art.

CHAPTER X
Madame de Staël

It was the twentieth of September, 1881. The sun shone out mild and beautiful upon Lake Geneva, as we sailed up to Coppet. The banks were dotted with lovely homes, half hidden by the foliage, while brilliant flower-beds came close to the water's edge. Snow-covered Mont Blanc looked down upon the restful scene, which seemed as charming as anything in Europe.

We alighted from the boat, and walked up from the landing, between great rows of oaks, horsechestnuts, and sycamores, to the famous home we had come to look upon—that of Madame de Staël. It is a French chateau, two stories high, drab, with green blinds, surrounding an open square; vines clamber over the gate and the high walls, and lovely flowers blossom everywhere. As you enter, you stand in a long hall, with green curtains, with many busts, the finest of which is that of Monsieur Necker. The next room is the large library, with furniture of blue and white; and the next, hung with old Gobelin tapestry, is the room where Madame Recamier used to sit with Madame de Staël, and look out upon the exquisite scenery, restful even in their troubled lives. Here is the work-table of her whom Macaulay called "the greatest woman of her times," and of whom Byron said, "She is a woman by herself, and has done more than all the rest of them together, intellectually; she ought to have been a man."

Next we enter the drawing-room, with carpet woven in a single piece; the furniture red and white. We stop to look upon the picture of Monsieur Necker, the father, a strong, noble-looking man; of the mother, in white silk dress, with

powdered hair, and very beautiful; and De Staël herself, in a brownish yellow dress, with low neck and short sleeves, holding in her hand the branch of flowers, which she always carried, or a leaf, that thus her hands might be employed while she engaged in the conversation that astonished Europe. Here also are the pictures of the Baron, her husband, in white wig and military dress; here her idolized son and daughter, the latter beautiful, with mild, sad face, and dark hair and eyes.

What brings thousands to this quiet retreat every year? Because here lived and wrote and suffered the only person whom the great Napoleon feared, whom Galiffe, of Geneva, declared "the most remarkable woman that Europe has produced"; learned, rich, the author of *Corinne and Allemagne,* whose "talents in conversation," says George Ticknor, "were perhaps the most remarkable of any person that ever lived."

April 27, 1766, was the daughter of James Necker, Minister of Finance under Louis XVI., a man of fine intellect, the author of fifteen volumes; and Susanna, daughter of a Swiss pastor, beautiful, educated, and devotedly Christian. Necker had become rich in early life through banking, and had been made, by the republic of Geneva, her resident minister at the Court of Versailles.

When the throne of Louis seemed crumbling, because the people were tired of extravagance and heavy taxation, Necker was called to his aid, with the hope that economy and retrenchment would save the nation. He also loaned the government two million dollars. The home of the Neckers, in Paris, naturally became a social centre, which the mother of the family was well fitted to grace. Gibbon had been deeply in love with her.

He says: "I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance… At Crassier and

Lausanne I indulged my dream of felicity; but on my return to England I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that, without his consent, I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle, I yielded to my fate; I sighed as a lover; I obeyed as a son." Gibbon never married, but retained his life-long friendship and admiration for Madame Necker.

It was not strange, therefore, that Gibbon liked to be present in her *salon,* where Buffon, Hume, Diderot, and D'Alembert were wont to gather. The child of such parents could scarcely be other than intellectual, surrounded by such gifted minds. Her mother, too, was a most systematic teacher, and each day the girl was obliged to sit by her side, erect, on a wooden stool, and learn difficult lessons.

"She stood in great awe of her mother," wrote Simond, the traveller, "but was exceedingly familiar with and extravagantly fond of her father. Madame Necker had no sooner left the room one day, after dinner, than the young girl, till then timidly decorous, suddenly seized her napkin, and threw it across the table at the head of her father, and then flying round to him, hung upon his neck, suffocating all his reproofs by her kisses." Whenever her mother returned to the room, she at once became silent and restrained.

The child early began to show literary talent, writing dramas, and making paper kings and queens to act her tragedies. This the mother thought to be wrong, and it was discontinued. But when she was twelve, the mother having somewhat relented, she wrote a play, which she and her companions acted in the drawing-room. Grimm was so pleased with her attempts, that he sent extracts to his correspondents throughout Europe. At fifteen she wrote an essay on the *Revocation of the Edict of Nantes,* and another upon Montesquieu's *Spirit of Laws.*

Overtaxing the brain with her continuous study, she became ill, and the physician, greatly to her delight, prescribed

fresh air and sunshine. Here often she roamed from morning till night on their estate at St. Ouen. Madame Necker felt deeply the thwarting of her educational plans, and years after, when her daughter had acquired distinction, said, "It is absolutely nothing compared to what I would have made it."

Monsieur Necker's restriction of pensions and taxing of luxuries soon aroused the opposition of the aristocracy, and the weak but good-hearted King asked his minister to resign. Both wife and daughter felt the blow keenly, for both idolized him, so much so that the mother feared lest she be supplanted by her daughter. Madame de Staël says of her father, "From the moment of their marriage to her death, the thought of my mother dominated his life. He was not like other men in power, attentive to her by occasional tokens of regard, but by continual expressions of most tender and most delicate sentiment." Of herself she wrote, "Our destinies would have united us forever, if fate had only made us contemporaries." At his death she said, "If he could be restored to me, I would give all my remaining years for six months." To the last he was her idol.

For the next few years the family travelled most of the time, Necker bringing out a book on the *Finances,* which had a sale at once of a hundred thousand copies. A previous book, the *Compte Rendu au Roi,* showing how for years the moneys of France had been wasted, had also a large sale. For these books, and especially for other correspondence, he was banished forty leagues from Paris. The daughter's heart seemed well-nigh broken at this intelligence. Loving Paris, saying she would rather live there on "one hundred francs a year, and lodge in the fourth story," than anywhere else in the world, how could she bear for years the isolation of the country? Joseph II., King of Poland, and the King of Naples, offered Necker fine positions, but he declined.

Mademoiselle Necker had come to womanhood, not beautiful, but with wonderful fascination and tact. She could

compliment persons without flattery, was cordial and generous, and while the most brilliant talker, could draw to herself the thoughts and confidences of others. She had also written a book on *Rousseau,* which was much talked about. Pitt, of England, Count Fersen, of Sweden, and others, sought her in marriage, but she loved no person as well as her father. Her consent to marriage could be obtained only by the promise that she should never be obliged to leave him.

Baron de Staël, a man of learning and fine social position, ambassador from Sweden, and the warm friend of Gustavus, was ready to make any promises for the rich daughter of the Minister Necker. He was thirty-seven, she only a little more than half his age, twenty, but she accepted him because her parents were pleased. Going to Paris, she was, of course, received at Court, Marie Antoinette paying her much attention. Necker was soon recalled from exile to his old position.

The funds rose thirty per cent, and he became the idol of the people. Soon representative government was demanded, and then, though the King granted it, the breach was widened. Necker, unpopular with the bad advisers of the King, was again asked to leave Paris, and make no noise about it; but the people, hearing of it, soon demanded his recall, and he was hastily brought back from Brussels, riding through the streets like "the sovereign of a nation," said his daughter. The people were wild with delight.

But matters had gone too far to prevent a bloody Revolution. Soon a mob was marching toward Versailles; thousands of men, women, and even children armed with pikes. They reached the palace, killed the guards, and penetrated to the queen's apartments, while some filled the court-yard and demanded bread. The brave Marie Antoinette appeared on the balcony leading her two children, while Lafayette knelt by her side and kissed her hand. But the people could not be appeased.

Necker finding himself unable to serve his king longer,

fled to his Swiss retreat at Coppet, and there remained till his death. Madame de Staël, as the wife of the Swedish ambassador, continued in the turmoil, writing her father daily, and taking an active interest in politics. "In England," she said, "women are accustomed to be silent before men when political questions are discussed. In France, they direct all conversation, and their minds readily acquire the facility and talent which this privilege requires." Lafayette, Narbonne, and Talleyrand consulted with her. She wrote the principal part of Talleyrand's report on Public Instruction in 1790. She procured the appointment of Narbonne to the ministry; and later, when Talleyrand was in exile, obtained his appointment to the Department of Foreign Affairs.

Matters had gone from bad to worse. In 1792 the Swedish government suspended its embassy, and Madame de Staël prepared to fly, but stayed for a time to save her friends. The seven prisons of Paris were all crowded under the fearful reign of Danton and Marat. Great heaps of dead lay before every prison door. During that Reign of Terror it is estimated that eighteen thousand six hundred persons perished by the guillotine. Whole squares were shot down. "When the police visited her house, where some of the ministers were hidden, she met them graciously, urging that they must not violate the privacy of an ambassador's house. When her friends were arrested, she went to the barbarous leaders, and with her eloquence begged for their safety, and thus saved the lives of many.

At last she must leave the terror-stricken city. Supposing that her rank as the wife of a foreign ambassador would protect her, she started with a carriage and six horses, her servants in livery. At once a crowd of half-famished and haggard women crowded around, and threw themselves against the horses. The carriage was stopped, and the occupants were taken to the Assembly. She plead her case before the noted Robespierre, and then waited for six hours for the decision of

the Commune. Meantime she saw the hired assassins pass beneath the windows, their bare arms covered with the blood of the slain. The mob attempted to pillage her carriage, but a strong man mounted the box and defended it. She learned afterward that it was the notorious Santerre, the person who later superintended the execution of Louis XVI., ordering his drummers to drown the last words of the dying King. Santerre had seen Necker distribute corn to the poor of Paris in a time of famine, and now he was befriending the daughter for this noble act. Finally she was allowed to continue her journey, and reached Coppet with her baby, Auguste, well-nigh exhausted after this terrible ordeal.

The Swiss home soon became a place of refuge for those who were flying from the horrors of the Commune. She kept a faithful agent, who knew the mountain passes, busy in this work of mercy.

The following year, 1793, longing for a change from these dreadful times, she visited England, and received much attention from prominent persons, among them Fanny Burny, the author of *Evelina,* who owned "that she had never heard conversation before. The most animated eloquence, the keenest observation, the most sparkling wit, the most courtly grace, were united to charm her."

On Jan. 21 of this year, the unfortunate King had met his death on the scaffold before an immense throng of people. Six men bound him to the plank, and then his head was severed from his body amid the shouts and waving of hats of the blood-thirsty crowd. Necker had begged to go before the Convention and plead for his king, but was refused. Madame de Staël wrote a vigorous appeal to the nation in behalf of the beautiful and tenderhearted Marie Antoinette; but on Sept. 16, 1793, at four o'clock in the morning, in an open cart, in the midst of thirty thousand troops and a noisy rabble, she, too, was borne to the scaffold; and when her pale face was held up bleeding before the crowd, they jeered and shouted

themselves hoarse.

The next year 1794, Madame Necker died at Coppet, whispering to her husband, "We shall see each other in Heaven." "She looked heavenward," said Necker in a most affecting manner, "listening while I prayed; then, in dying, raised the finger of her left hand, which wore the ring I had given her, to remind me of the pledge engraved upon it, to love her forever." His devotion to her was beautiful. "No language," says his daughter, "can give any adequate idea of it. Exhausted by wakefulness at night, she slept often in the daytime, resting her head on his arm. I have seen him remain immovable, for hours together, standing in the same position for fear of awakening her by the least movement. Absent from her during a few hours of sleep, he inquired, on his return, of her attendant, if she had asked for him? She could no longer speak, but made an effort to say 'yes, yes.'"

When the Revolution was over, and France had become a republic, Sweden sent back her ambassador, Baron de Staël, and his wife returned to him at Paris. Again her *salon* became the centre for the great men of the time. She loved liberty, and believed in the republican form of government. She had written her book upon the *Influence of the Passions on the Happiness of Individuals and Nations,* prompted by the horrors of the Revolution, and it was considered "irresistible in energy and dazzling in thought."

She was also devoting much time to her child, Auguste, developing him without punishment, thinking that there had been too much rigor in her own childhood. He well repaid her for her gentleness and trust, and was inseparable from her through life, becoming a noble Christian man, and the helper of all good causes. Meantime Madame de Staël saw with alarm the growing influence of the young Corsican officer, Bonaparte. The chief executive power had been placed in the hands of the Directory, and he had control of the army. He had won brilliant victories in Italy, and had been made

commander-in-chief of the expedition against Egypt He now returned to Paris, turned out the Directory, drove out the Council of Five Hundred from the hall of the Assembly at the point of the bayonet, made the government into a consulate with three consuls, of whom he was the first, and lived at the Tuileries in almost royal style.

All this time Madame de Staël felt the egotism and heartlessness of Napoleon. Her *salon* became more crowded than ever with those who had their fears for the future. "The most eloquent of the Republican orators were those who borrowed from her most of their ideas and telling phrases. Most of them went forth from her door with speeches ready for the next day, and with resolution to pronounce them—a courage which was also derived from her." Lucien and Joseph Bonaparte, the brothers of Napoleon, were proud of her friendship, and often were guests at her house, until forbidden by their brother.

When Benjamin Constant made a speech against the "rising tyranny," Napoleon suspected that she had prompted it, and denounced her heartily, all the time declaring that he loved the Republic, and would always defend it! He said persons always came away from De Staël's home "less his friends than when they entered." About this time her book, *Literature considered in its Relation to Social Institutions,* was published, and made a surprising impression from its wealth of knowledge and power of thought. Its analysis of Greek and Latin literature, and the chief works in Italian, English, German, and French, astonished everybody, because written by a woman!

Soon after Necker published his *Last Views of Politics and Finance,* in which he wrote against the tyranny of a single man. At once Napoleon caused a sharp letter to be written to Necker advising him to leave politics to the First Consul, "who was alone able to govern France," and threatening his daughter with exile for her supposed aid in his book. She saw

the wisdom of escaping from France, lest she be imprisoned, and immediately hastened to Coppet. A few months later, in the winter of 1802, she returned to Paris to bring home Baron de Staël, who was ill, and from whom she had separated because he was spending all her fortune and that of her three children. He died on the journey.

Virtually banished from France, she now wrote her Delphine, a brilliant novel which was widely read. It received its name from a singular circumstance.

"Desirous of meeting the First Consul for some urgent reason," says Dr. Stevens in his charming biography of Madame de Staël, "she went to the villa of Madame de Montessan, whither he frequently resorted. She was alone in one of the salles when he arrived, accompanied by the consular court of brilliant young women. The latter knew the growing hostility of their master toward her, and passed, without noticing her, to the other end of the salle, leaving her entirely alone. Her position was becoming extremely painful, when a young lady, more courageous and more compassionate than her companions, crossed the salle and took a seat by her side. Madame de Staël was touched by this kindness, and asked for her Christian name. 'Delphine,' she responded. 'Ah, I will try to immortalize it,' exclaimed Madame de Staël; and she kept her word. This sensible young lady was the Comtesse de Custine."

Her home at Coppet became the home of many great people. Sismondi, the author of the *History of the Italian Republics,* and *Literature of Southern Europe,* encouraged by her, wrote here several of his famous works. Bonstetten made his home here for years. Schlegel, the greatest critic of his age, became the teacher of her children, and a most intimate friend. Benjamin Constant, the author and statesman, was here. All repaired to their rooms for work in the morning, and in the evening enjoyed philosophic, literary, and political discussions.

Bonstetten said: "In seeing her, in hearing her, I feel

myself electrified… She daily becomes greater and better; but souls of great talent have great sufferings: they are solitary in the world, like Mont Blanc."

In the autumn of 1803, longing for Paris, she ventured to within ten leagues and hired a quiet home. Word was soon borne to Napoleon that the road to her house was thronged with visitors. He at once sent an officer with a letter signed by himself, exiling her to forty leagues from Paris, and commanding her to leave within twenty-four hours.

At once she fled to Germany. At Frankfort her little daughter was dangerously ill. "I knew no person in the city," she writes. "I did not know the language; and the physician to whom I confided my child could not speak French. But my father shared my trouble; he consulted physicians at Geneva, and sent me their prescriptions. Oh, what would become of a mother trembling for the life of her child, if it were not for prayer!"

Going to Weimar, she met Goethe, Wieland, Schiller, and other noted men. At Berlin, the greatest attention was shown her. The beautiful Louise of Prussia welcomed her heartily. During this exile her father died, with his latest breath saying," She has loved me dearly! She has loved me dearly!" On his death-bed he wrote a letter to Bonaparte telling him that his daughter was in nowise responsible for his book, but it was never answered. It was enough for Napoleon to know that she did not flatter him; therefore he wished her out of the way.

Madame de Staël was for a time completely overcome by Necker's death. She wore his picture on her person as long as she lived. Only once did she part with it, and then she imagined it might console her daughter in her illness. Giving it to her, she said, "Gaze upon it, gaze upon it, when you are in pain."

She now sought repose in Italy, preparing those beautiful descriptions for her *Corinne,* and finally returning to Coppet,

spent a year in writing her book. It was published in Paris, and, says Sainte-Beuve, "its success was instantaneous and universal. As a work of art, as a poem, the romance of *Corinne* is an immortal monument." Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review,* called the author the greatest writer in France since Voltaire and Rousseau, and the greatest woman writer of any age or country. Napoleon, however, in his official paper, caused a scathing criticism on *Corinne* to appear; indeed, it was declared to be from his own pen. She was told by the Minister of Police, that she had but to insert some praise of Napoleon in *Corinne,* and she would be welcomed back to Paris. She could not, however, live a lie, and she feared Napoleon had evil designs upon France.

Again she visited Germany with her children, Schlegel, and Sismondi. So eager was everybody to see her and hear her talk, that Bettina von Arnim says in her correspondence with Goethe: "The gentlemen stood around the table and planted themselves behind us, elbowing one another. They leaned quite over me, and I said in French, 'Your adorers quite suffocate me.'"

While in Germany, her eldest son, then seventeen, had an interview with Bonaparte about the return of his mother. "Your mother," said Napoleon, "could not be six months in Paris before I should be compelled to send her to Bicêtre or the Temple. I should regret this necessity, for it would make a noise and might injure me a little in public opinion. Say, therefore, to her that as long as I live she cannot re-enter Paris. I see what you wish, but it cannot be; she will commit follies; she will have the world about her."

On her return to Coppet, she spent two years in writing her *Allemagne,* for which she had been making researches for four years. She wished it published in Paris, as *Corinne* had been, and submitted it to the censors of the Press. They crossed out whatever sentiments they thought might displease Napoleon, and then ten thousand copies were at once

printed, she meantime removing to France, within her proscribed limits, that she might correct the proof-sheets.

What was her astonishment to have Napoleon order the whole ten thousand destroyed, and her to leave France in three days! Her two sons attempted to see Bonaparte, who was at Fontainebleau, but were ordered to turn back, or they would be arrested. The only reason given for destroying the work was the fact that she had been silent about the great but egotistical Emperor.

Broken in spirit, she returned to Geneva. Amid all this darkness a new light was about to beam upon her life. In the social gatherings made for her, she observed a young army officer, Monsieur Rocca, broken in health from his many wounds, but handsome and noble in face, and, as she learned, of irreproachable life. Though only twenty-three and she forty-five, the young officer was fascinated by her conversation, and refreshed in spirits by her presence. She sympathized with his misfortunes in battle; she admired his courage. He was lofty in sentiments, tender in heart, and gave her what she had always needed, an unselfish and devoted love. When discouraged by his friends, he replied, "I will love her so much that I will finish by making her marry me."

They were married in 1811, and the marriage was a singularly happy one. The reason for it is not difficult to perceive. A marriage that has not a pretty face or a passing fancy for its foundation, but appreciation of a gifted mind and noble heart—such a marriage stands the test of time.

The marriage was kept secret from all save a few intimate friends, Madame de Staël fearing that if the news reached Napoleon, Rocca would be ordered back to France. Her fears were only too well founded. Schlegel, Madame Recamier, all who had shown any sympathy for her, began to be exiled. She was forbidden under any pretext whatever from travelling in Switzerland, or entering any region annexed to France. She was advised not to go two leagues from Coppet, lest she be

imprisoned, and this with Napoleon usually meant death.

The Emperor seemed about to conquer the whole world. Whither could she fly to escape his persecution? She longed to reach England, but there was an edict against any French subject entering that country without special permit. Truly his heel was upon France. The only way to reach that country was through Austria, Russia, and Sweden, two thousand leagues. But she must attempt it. She passed an hour in prayer by her parent's tomb, kissed his armchair and table, and took his cloak to wrap herself in should death come.

May 23, 1812, she, with Rocca and two of her children, began their flight by carriage, not telling the servants at the chateau, but that they should return for the next meal.

They reached Vienna June 6, and were at once put under surveillance. Everywhere she saw placards admonishing the officers to watch her sharply. Rocca had to make his way alone, because Bonaparte had ordered his arrest. They were permitted to remain only a few hours in any place. Once Madame de Staël was so overcome by this brutal treatment that she lost consciousness, and was obliged to be taken from her carriage to the roadside till she recovered. Every hour she expected arrest and death.

Finally, worn in body, she reached Russia, and was cordially received by Alexander and Empress Elizabeth. From here she went to Sweden, and had an equally cordial welcome from Bernadotte, the general who became king. Afterward she spent four months in England, bringing out *Allemagne*. Here she received a perfect ovation. At Lord Lansdowne's the first ladies in the kingdom mounted on chairs and tables to catch a glimpse of her. Sir James Mackintosh said: "The whole fashionable and literary world is occupied with Madame de Staël, the most celebrated woman of this, or perhaps of any age." Very rare must be the case where a woman of fine mind does not have many admirers among gentlemen.

Her *Allemagne* was published in 1813, the manuscript

having been secretly carried over Germany, Poland, Russia, Sweden, and the Baltic Sea. The first part treated of the manners of Germany; the second, its literature and art; the third, its philosophy and morals; the fourth, its religion. The book had a wonderful sale, and was soon translated into all the principal tongues of Europe. Lamartine said: "Her style, without losing any of its youthful vigor and splendor, seemed now to be illuminated with more lofty and eternal lights as she approached the evening of life, and the diviner mysteries of thought. This style no longer paints, no longer chants; it adores… Her name will live as long as literature, as long as the history of her country."

Meantime, great changes had taken place in France. Napoleon had been defeated at Leipsic, leaving a quarter of a million murdered on his battle-fields; he had abdicated, and was on his way to Elba. She immediately returned to Paris, with much the same feeling as Victor Hugo, when he wept as he came from his long exile under "Napoleon the Little." Again to her *salon* came kings and generals, Alexander of Russia, Wellington, and others.

But soon Napoleon returned, and she fled to Coppet. He sent her an invitation to come to Paris, declaring he would now live for the peace of Europe, but she could not trust him. She saw her daughter, lovely and beautiful, married to the Duc de Broglie, a leading statesman, and was happy in her happiness. Rocca's health was failing, and they repaired to Italy for a time.

In 1816 they returned to Paris, Napoleon having gone from his final defeat to St. Helena. But Madame de Staël was broken with her trials. She seemed to grow more and more frail, till the end came. She said frequently, "My father awaits me on the other shore." To Chateaubriand she said, "I have loved God, my father, and my country." She could not and would not go to sleep the last night, for fear she might never look upon Rocca again. He begged her to sleep and he would

awaken her often. "Good night," she said, and it was forever. She never wakened. They buried her beside her father at Coppet, under the grand old trees. Rocca died in seven months, at the age of thirty-one. "I hoped," he said, "to have died in her arms."

Her little son, and Rocca's, five years old, was cared for by Auguste and Albertine, her daughter. After Madame de Staël's death, her *Considerations on the French Revolution* and *Ten Years of Exile* were published. Of the former, Sainte-Beuve says: "Its publication was an event. It was the splendid public obsequies of the authoress. Its politics were destined to long and passionate discussions and a durable influence. She is perfect only from this day; the full influence of her star is only at her tomb."

Chateaubriand said, "Her death made one of those breaches which the fall of a superior intellect produces once in an age, and which can never be closed."

As kind as she was great, loving deeply and receiving love in return, she has left an imperishable name. No wonder that thousands visit that quiet grave beside Lake Geneva.

CHAPTER XI
Rosa Bonheur

In a simple home in Paris could have been seen, in 1829, Raymond Bonheur and his little family—Rosa, seven years old, August, Isadore, and Juliette. He was a man of fine talent in painting, but obliged to spend his time in giving drawing-lessons to support his children. His wife, Sophie, gave lessons on the piano, going from house to house all day long, and sometimes sewing half the night, to earn a little more for the necessities of life.

Hard work and poverty soon bore its usual fruit, and the tired young mother died in 1833. The three oldest children were sent to board with a plain woman, "La mère Cathérine," in the Champs Elysées, and the youngest was placed with relatives. For two years this good woman cared for the children, sending them to school, though she was greatly troubled because Rosa persisted in playing in the woods of the Bois de Boulogne, gathering her arms full of daisies and marigolds, rather than to be shut up in a schoolroom. "I never spent an hour of fine weather indoors during the whole of the two years," she has often said since those days.

Finally the father married again and brought the children home. The two boys were placed in school, and M. Bonheur paid their way by giving drawing lessons three times a week in the institution. If Rosa did not love school, she must be taught something useful, and she was accordingly placed in a sewing establishment to become a seamstress.

The child hated sewing, ran the needle into her fingers at every stitch, cried for the fresh air and sunshine, and finally, becoming pale and sickly, was taken back to the Bonheur

home. The anxious painter would try his child once more in school; so he arranged that she should attend, with compensation met in the same way as for his boys. Rosa soon became a favorite with the girls in the Fauborg St. Antoine School, especially because she could draw such witty caricatures of the teachers, which she pasted against the wall, with bread chewed into the consistency of putty. The teachers were not pleased, but so struck were they with the vigor and originality of the drawings, that they carefully preserved the sketches in an album.

The girl was far from happy. Naturally sensitive—as what poet or painter was ever born otherwise?—she could not bear to wear a calico dress and coarse shoes, and eat with an iron spoon from a tin cup, when the other girls wore handsome dresses, and had silver mugs and spoons. She grew melancholy, neglected her books, and finally became so ill that she was obliged to be taken home.

And now Raymond Bonheur very wisely decided not to make plans for his child for a time, but see what was her natural tendency. It was well that he made this decision in time, before she had been spoiled by his well-meant but poor intentions.

Left to herself, she constantly hung about her father's studio, now drawing, now modeling, copying whatever she saw him do. She seemed never to be tired, but sang at her work all the day long.

Monsieur Bonheur suddenly awoke to the fact that his daughter had great talent. He began to teach her carefully, to make her accurate in drawing, and correct in perspective. Then he sent her to the Louvre to copy the works of the old masters. Here she worked with the greatest industry and enthusiasm, not observing anything that was going on around her. Said the director of the Louvre, "I have never seen an example of such application and such ardor for work."

One day an elderly English gentleman stopped beside her

easel, and said: "Your copy, my child, is superb, faultless. Persevere as you have begun, and I prophesy that you will be a great artist." How glad those few words made her! She went home thinking over to herself the determination she had made in the school when she ate with her iron spoon, that sometime she would be as famous as her schoolmates, and have some of the comforts of life.

Her copies of the old masters were soon sold, and though they brought small prices, she gladly gave the money to her father, who needed it now more than ever. His second wife had two sons when he married her, and now they had a third, Germain, and every cent that Rosa could earn was needed to help support seven children. "La mamiche," as they called the new mother, was an excellent manager of the meagre finances, and filled her place well.

Rosa was now seventeen, loving landscape, historical, and genre painting, perhaps equally; but happening to paint a goat, she was so pleased in the work, that she determined to make animal painting a specialty. Having no money to procure models, she must needs make long walks into the country on foot to the farms. She would take a piece of bread in her pocket, and generally forget to eat it. After working all day, she would come home tired, often drenched with rain, and her shoes covered with mud.

She took other means to study animals. In the outskirts of Paris were great *abattoirs*, or slaughter-pens. Though the girl tenderly loved animals, and shrank from the sight of suffering, she forced herself to see the killing, that she might know how to depict the death agony on canvas. Though obliged to mingle more or less with drovers and butchers, no indignity was ever offered her. As she sat on a bundle of hay, with her colors about her, they would crowd around to look at the pictures, and regard her with honest pride. The world soon learns whether a girl is in earnest about her work, and treats her accordingly.

The Bonheur family had moved to the sixth story of a tenement house in the Rue Rumfort, now the Rue Malesherbes. The sons, Auguste and Isadore, had both become artists; the former a painter, the latter a sculptor. Even little Juliette was learning to paint. Rosa was working hard all day at her easel, and at night was illustrating books, or molding little groups of animals for the figure-dealers. All the family were happy despite their poverty, because they had congenial work.

On the roof, Rosa improvised a sort of garden, with honeysuckles, sweet-peas, and nasturtiums, and here they kept a sheep, with long, silky wool, for a model. Very often Isadore would take him on his back and carry him down the six flights of stairs—the day of elevators had not dawned—and after he had enjoyed grazing, would bring him back to his garden home. It was a docile creature, and much loved by the whole family. For Rosa's birds, the brothers constructed a net, which they hung outside the window, and then opened the cage into it.

At nineteen Rosa was to test the world, and see what the critics would say. She sent to the Fine Arts Exhibition two pictures, "Goats and Sheep" and "Two Rabbits." The public was pleased, and the press gave kind notices. The next year "Animals in a Pasture," a "Cow lying in a Meadow," and a "Horse for sale," attracted still more attention. Two years later she exhibited twelve pictures, some from her father and brother being hung on either side of hers, the first time they had been admitted. More and more the critics praised, and the pathway of the Bonheur family grew less thorny.

Then, in 1849, when she was twenty-seven, came the triumph. Her magnificent picture, "Cantal Oxen," took the gold medal, and was purchased by England. Horace Vernet, the president of the commission of awards, in the midst of a brilliant assembly, proclaimed the new laureate, and gave her, in behalf of the government, a superb Sèvres vase.

Raymond Bonheur seemed to become young again at this

fame of his child. It brought honors to him also, for he was at once made director of the government school of design for girls. But the release from poverty and anxiety came too late, and he died the same year, greatly lamented by his family. "He had grand ideas," said his daughter, "and had he not been obliged to give lessons for our support, he would have been more known, and to-day acknowledged with other masters."

Rosa was made director in his place, and Juliette became a professor in the school. This same year appeared her "Plowing Scene in the Nivernais," now in the Luxembourg Gallery, thought to be her most important work after her "Horse Fair." Orders now poured in upon her, so that she could not accede to half the requests for work. A rich Hollander offered her one thousand crowns for a painting which she could have wrought in two hours; but she refused.

Four years later, after eighteen long months of preparatory studies, her "Horse Fair" was painted. This created the greatest enthusiasm both in England and America. It was sold to a gentleman in England for eight thousand dollars, and was finally purchased by A. T. Stewart, of New York, for his famous collection. No one who has seen this picture will ever forget the action and vigor of these Normandy horses. In painting it, a petted horse, it is said, stepped back upon the canvas, putting his hoof through it, thus spoiling the work of months.

So greatly was this picture admired, that Napoleon III. was urged to bestow upon her the Cross of the Legion of Honor, entitled her from French usage. Though she was invited to the state dinner at the Tuileries, always given to artists to whom the Academy of Fine Arts has awarded its highest honors, Napoleon had not the courage to give it to her, lest public opinion might not agree with him in conferring it upon a woman. Possibly he felt, more than the world knew, the insecurity of his throne.

Henry Bacon, in the *Century*, thus describes the way in

which Rosa Bonheur finally received the badge of distinction. "The Emperor, leaving Paris for a short summer excursion in 1865, left the Empress as Regent. From the imperial residence at Fontainebleau it was only a short drive to By (the home of Mademoiselle Bonheur). The countersign at the gate was forced, and unannounced, the Empress entered the studio where Mademoiselle Rosa was at work. She rose to receive the visitor, who threw her arms about her neck and kissed her. It was only a short interview. The imperial vision had departed, the rumble of the carriage and the crack of the outriders' whips were lost in the distance. Then, and not till then, did the artist discover that as the Empress had given the kiss, she had pinned upon her blouse the Cross of the Legion of Honor." Since then she has received the Leopold Cross of Honor from the King of Belgium, said to be the first ever conferred upon a woman; also a decoration from the King of Spain. Her brother Auguste, now dead, received the Cross of the Legion of Honor in 1867, two years after Rosa.

In preparing to paint the "Horse Fair" and other similar pictures, which have brought her much into the company of men, she has found it wise to dress in male costume. A laughable incident is related of this mode of dress. One day when she returned from the country, she found a messenger awaiting to announce to her the sudden illness of one of her young friends. Rosa did not wait to change her male attire, but hastened to the bedside of the young lady. In a few minutes after her arrival, the doctor, who had been sent for, entered, and seeing a young man, as he supposed, seated on the side of the bed, with his arm round the neck of the sick girl, thought he was an intruder, and retreated with all possible speed. "Oh! run after him! He thinks you are my lover, and has gone and left me to die!" cried the sick girl. Rosa flew down stairs, and soon returned with the modest doctor.

She also needs this mannish costume, for her long journeys over the Pyrenees into Spain or in the Scottish

Highlands. She is always accompanied by her most intimate friend, Mademoiselle Micas, herself an artist of repute, whose mother, a widow, superintends the home for the two devoted friends.

Sometimes in the Pyrenees these two ladies see no one for six weeks but muleteers with their mules. The people in these lonely mountain passes live entirely upon the curdled milk of sheep. Once Rosa Bonheur and her friend were nearly starving, when Mademoiselle Micas obtained a quantity of frogs, and covering the hind legs with leaves, roasted them over a fire. On these they lived for two days.

In Scotland she painted her exquisite "Denizens of the Mountains," "Morning in the Highlands," and "Crossing a Loch in the Highlands." In England she was treated like a princess. Sir Edwin Landseer, whom some persons thought she would marry, is reported to have said, when he first looked upon her "Horse Fair," "It surpasses me, though it's a little hard to be beaten by a woman." On her return to France she brought a skye-terrier, named "Wasp," of which she is very fond, and for which she has learned several English phrases. When she speaks to him in English, he wags his tail most appreciatively.

Rosa Bonheur stands at the head of her profession, an acknowledged master. Her pictures bring enormous sums, and have brought her wealth. A "View in the Pyrenees" has been sold for ten thousand dollars, and some others for twice that sum.

She gives away much of her income. She has been known to send to the *Mont de Pieté* her gold medals to raise funds to assist poor artists. A woman artist, who had been refused help by several wealthy painters, applied to Rosa Bonheur, who at once took down from the wall a small but valuable painting, and gave it to her, from which she received a goodly sum. A young sculptor who greatly admired her work, enclosed twenty dollars, asking her for a small drawing, and saying that this

was all the money he possessed. She immediately sent him a sketch worth at least two hundred dollars. She has always provided most generously for her family, and for servants who have grown old in her employ.

She dresses very simply, always wearing black, brown, or gray, with a close fitting jacket over a plain skirt. When she accepts a social invitation, which is very rare, she adorns her dress with a lace collar, but without other ornament. Her working dress is usually a long gray linen or blue flannel blouse, reaching nearly from head to foot. She has learned that the conventional tight dress of women is not conducive to great mental or physical power. She is small in stature, with dainty hands and feet, blue eyes, and a noble and intelligent face.

She is an indefatigable worker, rising usually at six in the morning, and painting throughout the day.

So busy is she that she seldom permits herself any amusements. On one occasion she had tickets sent her for the theatre. She worked till the carriage was announced. *"Je suis prête,"* said Rosa, and went to the play in her working dress. A daintily gloved man in the box next to hers looked over in disdain, and finally went into the vestibule and found the manager.

"Who is this woman in the box next to mine?" he said, in a rage. "She's in an old calico dress, covered with paint and oil. The odor is terrible. Turn her out. If you do not, I will never enter your theatre again."

The manager went to the box, and returning, informed him that it was the great painter.

"Rosa Bonheur!" he gasped. "Who'd have thought it? Make my apology to her. I dare not enter her presence again."

She usually walks at the twilight, often thinking out new subjects for her brush, at that quiet hour. She said to a friend: "I have been a faithful student since I was ten years old. I have copied no master. I have studied Nature, and expressed to the

best of my ability the ideas and feelings with which she has inspired me. Art is an absorbent—a tyrant. It demands heart, brain, soul, body, the entireness of the votary. Nothing less will win its highest favor. I wed art. It is my husband, my world, my life-dream, the air I breathe. I know nothing else, feel nothing else, think nothing else, My soul finds in it the most complete satisfaction… I have no taste for general society—no interest in its frivolities. I only seek to be known through my works. If the world feel and understand them, I have succeeded… If I had got up a convention to debate the question of my ability to paint *'Marché au Chevaux'* [The Horse Fair], for which England paid me forty thousand francs, the decision would have been against me. I felt the power within me to paint; I cultivated it, and have produced works that have won the favorable verdicts of the great judges. I have no patience with women who ask *permission to think!"*

For years she lived in Rue d'Assas, a retired street half made up of gardens. Here she had one of the most beautiful studios of Paris, the room lighted from the ceiling, the walls covered with paintings, with here and there old armor, tapestry, hats, cloaks, sandals, and skins of tigers, leopards, foxes, and oxen on the floor. One Friday, the day on which she received guests, one of her friends, coming earlier than usual, found her fast asleep on her favorite skin, that of a magnificent ox, with stuffed head and spreading horns. She had come in tired from the School of Design, and had thrown herself down to rest. Usually after greeting her friends she would say, "Allow me to resume my brush; we can talk just as well together." For those who have any great work to do in this worlds there is little time for visiting; interruptions cannot be permitted. No wonder Carlyle groaned when some person had taken two hours of his time. He could better have spared money to the visitor.

For several years Rosa Bonheur has lived near Fontainebleau, in the Chateau By. Henry Bacon says: "The chateau

dates from the time of Louis XV., and the garden is still laid out in the style of Le Notre. Since it has been in the present proprietor's possession, a quaint, picturesque brick building, containing the carriage house and coachman's lodge on the first floor, and the studio on the second, has been added; the roof of the main building has been raised, and the chapel changed into an orangery: beside the main carriage-entrance, which is closed by iron gates and wooden blinds, is a postern gate, with a small grated opening, like those found in convents. The blinds to the gate and the slide to the grating are generally closed, and the only communication with the outside world is by the bell-wire, terminating in a ring beside the gate. Ring, and the jingle of the bell is at once echoed by the barking of numerous dogs—the hounds and bassets in chorus, the grand Saint Bernard in slow measure, like the bass-drum in an orchestra. After the first excitement among the dogs has begun to abate, a remarkably small house-pet that has been somewhere in the interior arrives upon the scene, and with his sharp, shrill voice again starts and leads the canine chorus. By this time the eagle in his cage has awakened, and the parrot, whose cage is built into the corner of the studio looking upon the street, adds to the racket.

"Behind the house is a large park divided from the forest by a high wall; a lawn and flower-beds are laid out near the buildings; and on the lawn, in pleasant weather, graze a magnificent bull and cow, which are kept as models. In a wire enclosure are two chamois from the Pyrenees, and further removed from the house, in the wooded part of the park, are enclosures for sheep and deer, each of which knows its mistress. Even the stag, bearing its six-branched antlers, receives her caresses like a pet dog. At the end of one of the linden avenues is a splendid bronze, by Isadore Bonheur, of a Gaul attacking a lion.

"The studio is very large, with a huge chimney at one end, the supports of which are life-size dogs, modeled by Isadore

Bonheur. Portraits of the father and mother in oval frames hang at each side, and a pair of gigantic horns ornaments the centre. The room is decorated with stuffed heads of animals of various kinds—boars, bears, wolves, and oxen; and birds perch in every convenient place."

When Prussia conquered France, and swept through this town, orders were given that Rosa Bonheur's home and paintings be carefully preserved. Even her servants went unmolested. The peasants idolized the great woman who lived in the chateau, and were eager to serve her. She always talked to them pleasantly. Rosa Bonheur died at her home at 11 P.M., Thursday, May 25, 1899.

CHAPTER XII
Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Ever since I had received in my girlhood, from my best friend, the works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in five volumes in blue and gold, I had read and re-read the pages, till I knew scores by heart. I had longed to see the face and home of her whom the English call "Shakespeare's daughter," and whom Edmund Clarence Stedman names "the passion-flower of the century."

I shall never forget that beautiful July morning spent in the Browning home in London. The poet-wife had gone out from it, and lay buried in Florence, but here were her books and her pictures. Here was a marble bust, the hair clustering about the face, and a smile on the lips that showed happiness. Near by was another bust of the idolized only child, of whom she wrote in *Casa Guidi Windows:*—

"The sun strikes through the windows, up the floor:
Stand out in it, my own young Florentine,
Not two years old, and let me see thee more!
It grows along thy amber curls to shine
Brighter than elsewhere. Now look straight before
And fix thy brave blue English eyes on mine,
And from thy soul, which fronts the future so
With unabashed and unabated gaze,
Teach me to hope for what the Angels know
When they smile clear as thou dost!"

Here was the breakfast-table at which they three had often sat together. Close beside it hung a picture of the room in Florence, where she lived so many years in a wedded bliss

as perfect as any known in history. Tears gathered in the eyes of Robert Browning, as he pointed out her chair, and sofa, and writing-table.

Of this room in Casa Guidi, Kate Field wrote in the *Atlantic Monthly,* September, 1861: "They who have been so favored can never forget the square ante-room, with its great picture and piano-forte, at which the boy Browning passed many an hour; the little dining room covered with tapestry, and where hung medallions of Tennyson, Carlyle, and Robert Browning; the long room filled with plaster casts and studies, which was Mr. Browning's retreat; and, dearest of all, the large drawing-room, where she always sat. It opens upon a balcony filled with plants, and looks out upon the old iron-gray church of Santa Felice. There was something about this room that seemed to make it a proper and especial haunt for poets. The dark shadows and subdued light gave it a dreamy look, which was enhanced by the tapestry-covered walls, and the old pictures of saints that looked out sadly from their carved frames of black wood. Large bookcases, constructed of specimens of Florentine carving selected by Mr. Browning, were brimming over with wise-looking books. Tables were covered with more gayly bound volumes, the gifts of brother authors. Dante's grave profile, a cast of Keats' face and brow taken after death, a pen-and-ink sketch of Tennyson, the genial face of John Kenyon, Mrs. Browning's good friend and relative, little paintings of the boy Browning, all attracted the eye in turn, and gave rise to a thousand musings. But the glory of all, and that which sanctified all, was seated in a low arm-chair near the door. A small table, strewn with writing materials, books and newspapers, was always by her side."

Then Mr. Browning, in the London home, showed us the room where he writes, containing his library and hers. The books are on simple shelves, choice, and many very old and rare. Here are her books, many in Greek and Hebrew. In the Greek, I saw her notes on the margin in Hebrew, and in the

Hebrew she had written her marginal notes in Greek. Here also are the five volumes of her writings, in blue and gold.

The small table at which she wrote still stands beside the larger where her husband composes. His table is covered with letters and papers and books; hers stands there unused, because it is a constant reminder of those companionable years, when they worked together. Close by hangs a picture of the "young Florentine," Robert Barrett Browning, now grown to manhood, an artist already famed. He has a refined face, as he sits in artist garb, before his easel, sketching in a peasant's house. The beloved poet who wrote at the little table, is endeared to all the world. Born in 1809, in the county of Durham, the daughter of wealthy parents, she passed her early years partly in the country in Herefordshire, and partly in the city. That she loved the country with its wild flowers and woods, her poem, *The Lost Bower,* plainly shows.

"Green the land is where my daily
Steps in jocund childhood played,
Dimpled close with hill and valley,
Dappled very close with shade;
Summer-snow of apple-blossoms running up from glade to glade.

• • • • • •

"But the wood, all close and clenching
Bough in bough and root in root,—
No more sky (for overbranching)
At your head than at your foot,—
Oh, the wood drew me within it, by a glamour past dispute.

"But my childish heart beat stronger
Than those thickets dared to grow:
I could pierce them! I could longer
Travel on, methought, than so.
Sheep for sheep-paths! braver children climb and creep

where they would go.

• • • • • •

"Tall the linden-tree, and near it
An old hawthorne also grew;
And wood-ivy like a spirit
Hovered dimly round the two,
Shaping thence that bower of beauty which I sing of thus to you.

"And the ivy veined and glossy
Was enwrought with eglantine;
And the wild hop fibred closely,
And the large-leaved columbine,
Arch of door and window mullion, did right sylvanly entwine.

• • • • • •

"I have lost—oh, many a pleasure,
Many a hope, and many a power—
Studious health, and merry leisure,
The first dew on the first flower!
But the first of all my losses was the losing of the bower.

• • • • • •

"Is the bower lost then? Who sayeth
That the bower indeed is lost?
Hark! my spirit in it prayeth
Through the sunshine and the frost,—
And the prayer preserves it greenly, to the last and uttermost.

"Till another open for me
In God's Eden-land unknown,
With an angel at the doorway,
White with gazing at His throne,
And a saint's voice in the palm-trees, singing, 'All is lost ... and won!'"

Elizabeth Barrett wrote poems at ten, and when

seventeen, published an *Essay on Mind, and Other Poems.* The essay was after the manner of Pope, and though showing good knowledge of Plato and Bacon, did not find favor with the critics. It was dedicated to her father, who was proud of a daughter who preferred Latin and Greek to the novels of the day.

Her teacher was the blind Hugh Stuart Boyd, whom she praises in her *Wine of Cyprus.*

"Then, what golden hours were for us!—
    While we sate together there;
• • • • • •
"Oh, our Aeschylus, the thunderous!
    How he drove the bolted breath
Through the cloud to wedge it ponderous
    In the gnarlèd oak beneath.
Oh, our Sophocles, the royal,
    Who was born to monarch's place,
And who made the whole world loyal,
    Less by kingly power than grace.

"Our Euripides, the human,
    With his droppings of warm tears,
And his touches of things common
    Till they rose to touch the spheres!
Our Theocritus, our Bion,
    And our Pindar's shining goals!—
These were cup-bearers undying,
    Of the wine that's meant for souls."

More fond of books than of social life, she was laying the necessary foundation for a noble fame. The lives of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, George Eliot, and Margaret Fuller, emphasize the necessity of almost unlimited knowledge, if woman would reach lasting fame. A great man or woman of letters, without great scholarship, is well-nigh an impossible

thing.

Nine years after her first book, *Prometheus Bound and Miscellaneous Poems* was published in 1835. She was now twenty-six. A translation from the Greek of *Aeschylus* by a woman caused much comment, but like the first book it received severe criticism. Several years afterward, when she brought her collected poems before the world, she wrote: "One early failure, a translation of the *Prometheus of Aeschylus,* which, though happily free of the current of publication, may be remembered against me by a few of my personal friends, I have replaced here by an entirely new version, made for them and my conscience, in expiation of a sin of my youth, with the sincerest application of my mature mind." "This latter version," says Mr. Stedman, "of a most sublime tragedy is more poetical than any other of equal correctness, and has the fire and vigor of a master-hand. No one has succeeded better than its author in capturing with rhymed measures the wilful rushing melody of the tragic chorus."

In 1835 Miss Barrett made the acquaintance of Mary Russell Mitford, and a life-long friendship resulted. Miss Mitford says: "She was certainly one of the most interesting persons I had ever seen. Everybody who then saw her said the same. Of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large tender eyes, richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness, that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend, in whose carriage we went together to Cheswick, that the translatress of the *Prometheus of Aeschylus,* the authoress of the *Essay on Mind,* was old enough to be introduced into company, in technical language, was out. We met so constantly and so familiarly that, in spite of the difference of age, intimacy ripened into friendship, and after my return into the country, we corresponded freely and frequently, her letters being just what letters ought to be—her

own talk put upon paper."

The next year Miss Barrett, never robust, broke a blood-vessel in the lungs. For a year she was ill, and then with her eldest and favorite brother, was carried to Torquay to try the effect of a warmer climate. After a year spent here, she greatly improved, and seemed likely to recover her usual health.

One beautiful summer morning she went on the balcony to watch her brother and two other young men who had gone out for a sail. Having had much experience, and understanding the coast, they allowed the boatman to return to land. Only a few minutes out, and in plain sight, as they were crossing the bar, the boat went down, and the three friends perished. Their bodies even were never recovered.

The whole town was in mourning. Posters were put upon every cliff and public place, offering large rewards "for linen cast ashore marked with the initials of the beloved dead; for it so chanced that all the three were of the dearest and the best: one, an only son; the other, the son of a widow"; but the sea was forever silent.

The sister, who had seen her brother sink before her eyes, was utterly prostrated. She blamed herself for his death, because he came to Torquay for her comfort. All winter long she heard the sound of waves ringing in her ears like the moans of the dying. From this time forward she never mentioned her brother's name, and later, exacted from Mr. Browning a promise that the subject should never be broached between them.

The following year she was removed to London in an invalid carriage, journeying twenty miles a day. And then for seven years, in a large darkened room, lying much of the time upon her couch, and seeing only a few most intimate friends, the frail woman lived and wrote. Books more than ever became her solace and joy. Miss Mitford says, "She read almost every book worth reading, in almost every language, and gave herself heart and soul to that poetry of which she

seem born to be the priestess." When Dr. Barry urged that she read light books, she had a small edition of Plato bound so as to resemble a novel, and the good man was satisfied. She understood her own needs better than he.

When she was twenty-nine, she published *The Seraphim and Other Poems.* The Seraphim was a reverential description of two angels watching the Crucifixion. Though the critics saw much that was strikingly original, they condemned the frequent obscurity of meaning and irregularity of rhyme. The next year, *The Romaunt of the Page* and other ballads appeared, and in 1844, when she was thirty-five, a complete edition of her poems, opening with the *Drama of Exile.* This was the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Eden, the first scene representing "the outer side of the gate of Eden shut fast with cloud, from the depth of which revolves a sword of fire self-moved. Adam and Eve are seen in the distance flying along the glare."

In one of her prefaces she said: "Poetry has been to me as serious a thing as life itself—and life has been a very serious thing; there has been no playing at skittles for me in either. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry, nor leisure for the hour of the poet. I have done my work, so far, as work—not as mere hand and head work, apart from the personal being, but as the completest expression of that being to which I could attain—and as work I offer it to the public, feeling its shortcomings more deeply than any of my readers, because measured from the height of my aspiration; but feeling also that the reverence and sincerity with which the work was done should give it some protection from the reverent and sincere."

While the *Drama of Exile* received some adverse criticism, the shorter poems became the delight of thousands. Who has not held his breath in reading the *Rhyme of the Duchess May?*—

"And her head was on his breast, where she smiled as one at rest,—
Toll slowly.
'Ring,' she cried, 'O vesper-bell, in the beech-wood's old chapelle!'
But the passing-bell rings best!

"They have caught out at the rein, which Sir Guy threw loose—in vain,—
Toll slowly.
For the horse in stark despair, with his front hoofs poised in air,
On the last verge rears amain.

"Now he hangs, he rocks between, and his nostrils curdle in!—
Toll slowly.
Now he shivers head and hoof, and the flakes of foam fall off,
And his face grows fierce and thin!

"And a look of human woe from his staring eyes did go,
Toll slowly.
And a sharp cry uttered he, in a foretold agony of the headlong death below."

Who can ever forget that immortal *Cry of the Children,* which awoke all England to the horrors of child-labor? That, and *Hood's Song of the Shirt,* will never die.

Who has not read and loved one of the most tender poems in any language, *Bertha in the Lane?*—

"Yes, and He too! let him stand
In thy thoughts, untouched by blame.
Could he help it, if my hand
He had claimed with hasty claim?

That was wrong perhaps—but then
Such things be—and will, again.
Women cannot judge for men.

• • • • • •

"And, dear Bertha, let me keep
On this hand this little ring,
Which at night, when others sleep,
I can still see glittering.
Let me wear it out of sight,
In the grave,—where it will light
All the Dark up, day and night."

No woman has ever understood better the fulness of love, or described it more purely and exquisitely.

One person among the many who had read Miss Barrett's poems, felt their genius, because he had genius in his own soul, and that person was Robert Browning. That she admired his poetic work was shown in *Lady Geraldine's Courtship,* when Bertram reads to his lady-love:—

"Or at times a modern volume,—Wordsworth's solemn-thoughted idyl,
Howitt's ballad verse, or Tennyson's enchanted reverie,
Or from Browning some *Pomegranate,* which, if cut deep down the middle,
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity."

Mr. Browning determined to meet the unknown singer. Years later he told the story to Elizabeth C. Kinney, when she had gone with the happy husband and wife on a day's excursion from Florence. She says: "Finding that the invalid did not receive strangers, he wrote her a letter, intense with his desire to see her. She reluctantly consented to an interview. He flew to her apartment, was admitted by the nurse, in whose presence only could he see the deity at whose shrine he had long

worshipped. But the golden opportunity was not to be lost; love became oblivious to any save the presence of the real of its ideal. Then and there Robert Browning poured his impassioned soul into hers; though his tale of love seemed only an enthusiast's dream. Infirmity had hitherto so hedged her about, that she deemed herself forever protected from all assaults of love. Indeed, she felt only injured that a fellow-poet should take advantage, as it were, of her indulgence in granting him an interview, and requested him to withdraw from her presence, not attempting any response to his proposal, which she could not believe in earnest. Of course, he withdrew from her sight, but not to withdraw the offer of his heart and hand; on the contrary, to repeat it by letter, and in such wise as to convince her how 'dead in earnest' he was. Her own heart, touched already when she knew it not, was this time fain to listen, be convinced, and overcome.

"As a filial daughter, Elizabeth told her father of the poet's love, and of the poet's love in return, and asked a parent's blessing to crown their happiness. At first he was incredulous of the strange story; but when the truth flashed on him from the new fire in her eyes, he kindled with rage, and forbade her ever seeing or communicating with her lover again, on the penalty of disinheritance and banishment forever from a father's love. This decision was founded on no dislike for Mr. Browning personally, or anything in him or his family; it was simply arbitrary. But the new love was stronger than the old in her—it conquered." Mr. Barrett never forgave his daughter, and died unreconciled, which to her was a great grief.

In 1846, Elizabeth Barrett arose from her sick-bed to marry the man of her choice, who took her at once to Italy, where she spent fifteen happy years. At once, love seemed to infuse new life into the delicate body and renew the saddened heart. She was thirty-seven. She had wisely waited till she found a person of congenial tastes and kindred pursuits. Had she married earlier, it is possible that the cares of life might

have deprived the world of some of her noblest works.

The marriage was an ideal one. Both had a grand purpose in life. Neither individual was merged in the other. George S. Hillard, in his *Six Months in Italy,* when he visited the Brownings the year after their marriage, says, "A happier home and a more perfect union than theirs it is not easy to imagine; and this completeness arises not only from the rare qualities which each possesses, but from their perfect adaptation to each other… Nor is she more remarkable for genius and learning, than for sweetness of temper and purity of spirit. It is a privilege to know such beings singly and separately, but to see their powers quickened, and their happiness rounded, by the sacred tie of marriage, is a cause for peculiar and lasting gratitude. A union so complete as theirs—in which the mind has nothing to crave nor the heart to sigh for—is cordial to behold and soothing to remember."

"Mr. Browning," says one who knew him well, "did not fear to speak of his wife's genius, which he did almost with awe, losing himself so entirely in her glory that one could see that he did not feel worthy to unloose her shoe-latchet, much less to call her his own."

When mothers teach their daughters to cultivate their minds as did Mrs. Browning, as well as to emulate her sweetness of temper, then will men venerate women for both mental and moral power. A love that has reverence for its foundation knows no change.

"Mrs. Browning's conversation was most interesting. She never made an insignificant remark. All that she said was *always* worth hearing; a greater compliment could not be paid her. She was a most conscientious listener, giving you her mind and heart, as well as her magnetic eyes. *Persons* were never her theme, unless public characters were under discussion, or friends were to be praised. One never dreamed of frivolities in Mrs. Browning's presence, and gossip felt itself out of place. Yourself, not herself, was always a pleasant

subject to her, calling out all her best sympathies in joy, and yet more in sorrow. Books and humanity, great deeds, and above all, politics, which include all the grand questions of the day, were foremost in her thoughts, and therefore oftenest on her lips. I speak not of religion, for with her everything was religion.

"Thoughtful in the smallest things for others, she seemed to give little thought to herself. The first to see merit, she was the last to censure faults, and gave the praise that she felt with a generous hand. No one so heartily rejoiced at the success of others, no one was so modest in her own triumphs. She loved all who offered her affection, and would solace and advise with any. Mrs. Browning belonged to no particular country; the world was inscribed upon the banner under which she fought. Wrong was her enemy; against this she wrestled, in whatever part of the globe it was to be found."

Three years after her marriage her only son was born. The Italians ever after called her "the mother of the beautiful child." And now some of her ablest and strongest work was done. Her *Casa Guidi Windows* appeared in 1851. It is the story of the struggle for Italian liberty. In the same volume were published the *Portuguese Sonnets,* really her own love-life. It would be difficult to find any thing more beautiful than these.

"First time he kissed me he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write,
And ever since, it grew more clean and white,
Slow to world-greetings, quick with its 'Oh, list,'
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here, plainer to my sight,
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half-missed
Half falling on the hair. O beyond meed!
That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown

With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,
I have been proud and said, 'My love, my own!'

• • • • • •

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways,
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right,
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death."

Mrs. Browning's next great poem, in 1856, was *Aurora Leigh,* a novel in blank verse, "the most mature," she says in the preface, "of my works, and the one into which my highest convictions upon Life and Art have entered." Walter Savage Landor said of it: "In many pages there is the wild imagination of Shakespeare. I had no idea that any one in this age was capable of such poetry."

For fifteen years this happy wedded life, with its work of brain and hand, had been lived, and now the bond was to be severed. In June, 1861, Mrs. Browning took a severe cold, and was ill for nearly a week. No one thought of danger, though Mr. Browning would not leave her bedside. On the night of June 29, toward morning she seemed to be in a sort of ecstasy. She told her husband of her love for him, gave him her blessing, and raised herself to die in his arms. "It is beautiful,"

were her last words as she caught a glimpse of some heavenly vision. On the evening of July 1, she was buried in the English cemetery, in the midst of sobbing friends, for who could carry out that request?—

"And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall,—
He giveth his beloved sleep!'"

The Italians, who loved her, placed on the doorway of Casa Guidi a white marble tablet, with the words:—

"Here wrote and died E.B. Browning, who, in the heart of a woman, united the science of a sage and the spirit of a poet, and made with her verse a golden ring binding Italy and England.

"Grateful Florence placed this memorial, 1861."

For twenty-five years Robert Browning and his artist-son have done their work, blessed with the memory of her whom Mr. Stedman calls "the most inspired woman, so far as known, of all who have composed in ancient or modern tongues, or flourished in any land or time."

CHAPTER XIII
George Eliot

Going to the Exposition at New Orleans, I took for reading on the journey, the life of George Eliot, by her husband, Mr. J.W. Cross, written with great delicacy and beauty. An accident delayed us, so that for three days I enjoyed this insight into a wonderful life. I copied the amazing list of books she had read, and transferred to my note-book many of her beautiful thoughts. To-day I have been reading the book again; a clear, vivid picture of a very great woman, whose works, says the *Spectator*, "are the best specimens of powerful, simple English, since Shakespeare."

What made her a superior woman? Not wealthy parentage; not congenial surroundings. She had a generous, sympathetic heart for a foundation, and on this she built a scholarship that even few men can equal. She loved science, and philosophy, and language, and mathematics, and grew broad enough to discuss great questions and think great thoughts. And yet she was affectionate, tender, and gentle.

Mary Ann Evans was born Nov. 22, 1819, at Arbury Farm, a mile from Griff, in Warwickshire, England. When four months old the family moved to Griff, where the girl lived till she was twenty-one, in a two-story, old-fashioned, red brick house, the walls covered with ivy. Two Norway firs and an old yew-tree shaded the lawn. The father, Robert Evans, a man of intelligence and good sense, was bred a builder and carpenter, afterward becoming a land-agent for one of the large estates. The mother was a woman of sterling character, practical and capable.

For the three children, Christiana, Isaac, and Mary Ann,

there was little variety in the commonplace life at Griff. Twice a day the coach from Birmingham to Stamford passed by the house, and the coachman and guard in scarlet were a great diversion. She thus describes, the locality in *Felix Holt:* "Here were powerful men walking queerly, with knees bent outward from squatting in the mine, going home to throw themselves down in their blackened flannel, and sleep through the daylight, then rise and spend much of their high wages at the alehouse with their fellows of the Benefit Club; here the pale, eager faces of handloom weavers, men and women, haggard from sitting up late at night to finish the week's work, hardly begun till the Wednesday. Everywhere the cottages and the small children were dirty, for the languid mothers gave their strength to the loom."

Mary Ann was an affectionate, sensitive child, fond of out-door sports, imitating everything she saw her brother do, and early in life feeling in her heart that she was to be "somebody." When but four years old, she would seat herself at the piano and play, though she did not know one note from another, that the servant might see that she was a distinguished person! Her life was a happy one, as is shown in her *Brother and Sister Sonnet:—*

> "But were another childhood's world my share,
> I would be born a little sister there."

At five, the mother being in poor health, the child was sent to a boarding-school with her sister, Chrissy, where she remained three or four years. The older scholars petted her, calling her "little mamma." At eight she went to a larger school, at Nuneaton, where one of the teachers, Miss Lewis, became her life-long friend. The child had the greatest fondness for reading, her first book, a *Linnet's Life,* being tenderly cared for all her days. *Aesop's Fables* were read and re-read. At this time a neighbor had loaned one of the Waverley novels to the older sister, who returned it before Mary Ann

had finished it. Distressed at this break in the story, she began to write out as nearly as she could remember, the whole volume for herself. Her amazed family re-borrowed the book, and the child was happy. The mother sometimes protested against the use of so many candles for night reading, and rightly feared that her eyes would be spoiled.

At the next school, at Coventry, Mary Ann so surpassed her comrades that they stood in awe of her, but managed to overcome this when a basket of dainties came in from the country home. In 1836 the excellent mother died. Mary Ann wrote to a friend in after life, "I began at sixteen to be acquainted with the unspeakable grief of a last parting, in the death of my mother." In the following spring Chrissy was married, and after a good cry with her brother over this breaking up of the home circle, Mary Ann took upon herself the household duties, and became the care-taker instead of the school-girl. Although so young she took a leading part in the benevolent work of the neighborhood.

Her love for books increased. She engaged a well-known teacher to come from Coventry and give her lessons in French, German, and Italian, while another helped her in music, of which she was passionately fond. Later, she studied Greek, Latin, Spanish, and Hebrew. Shut up in the farmhouse, hungering for knowledge, she applied herself with a persistency and earnestness that by-and-by were to bear their legitimate fruit. That she felt the privation of a collegiate course is undoubted. She says in *Daniel Deronda:* "You may try, but you can never imagine what it is to have a man's force of genius in you, and yet to suffer the slavery of being a girl."

She did not neglect her household duties. One of her hands, which were noticeable for their beauty of shape, was broader than the other, which, she used to say with some pride, was owing to the butter and cheese she had made. At twenty she was reading the *Life of Wilberforce,* Josephus' *History of the Jews,* Spenser's *Faery Queen, Don Quixote,* Milton,

Bacon, Mrs. Somerville's *Connection of the Physical Sciences,* and Wordsworth. The latter was always an especial favorite, and his life, by Frederick Myers in the *Men of Letters* series, was one of the last books she ever read.

Already she was learning the illimitableness of knowledge. "For my part," she says, "I am ready to sit down and weep at the impossibility of my understanding or barely knowing a fraction of the sum of objects that present themselves for our contemplation in books and in life."

About this time Mr. Evans left the farm, and moved to Foleshill, near Coventry. The poor people at Griff were very sorry, and said, "We shall never have another Mary Ann Evans." Marian, as she was now called, found at Foleshill a few intellectual and companionable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bray, both authors, and Miss Hennell, their sister.

Through the influence of these friends she gave up some of her evangelical views, but she never ceased to be a devoted student and lover of the Bible. She was happy in her communing with nature. "Delicious autumn," she said. "My very soul is wedded to it, and if I were a bird, I would fly about the earth, seeking the successive autumns… I have been revelling in Nichol's *Architecture of the Heavens and Phenomena of the Solar System,* and have been in imagination winging my flight from system to system, from universe to universe."

In 1844, when Miss Evans was twenty-five years old, she began the translation of Strauss' *Life of Jesus.* The lady who was to marry Miss Hennell's brother had partially done the work, and asked Miss Evans to finish it. For nearly three years she gave it all the time at her command, receiving only one hundred dollars for the labor.

It was a difficult and weary work. "When I can work fast," she said, "I am never weary, nor do I regret either that the work has been begun or that I have undertaken it. I am only inclined to vow that I will never translate again, if I live to correct the sheets for Strauss." When the book was finished,

it was declared to be "A faithful, elegant, and scholarlike translation…word for word, thought for thought, and sentence for sentence." Strauss himself was delighted with it.

The days passed as usual in the quiet home. Now she and her father, the latter in failing health, visited the Isle of Wight, and saw beautiful Alum Bay, with its "high precipice, the strata upheaved perpendicularly in rainbow—like streaks of the brightest maize, violet, pink, blue, red, brown, and brilliant white—worn by the weather into fantastic fretwork, the deep blue sky above, and the glorious sea below." Who of us has not felt this same delight in looking upon this picture, painted by nature?

Now Ralph Waldo Emerson, as well as other famous people, visited the Bray family. Miss Evans writes: "I have seen Emerson—the first *man* I have ever seen." High praise indeed from our "great, calm soul," as he called Miss Evans. "I am grateful for the Carlyle eulogium (on Emerson). I have shed some quite delicious tears over it. This is a world worth abiding in while one man can thus venerate and love another."

Each evening she played on the piano to her admiring father, and finally, through months of illness, carried him down tenderly to the grave. He died May 31, 1849.

Worn with care, Miss Evans went upon the Continent with the Brays, visiting Paris, Milan, the Italian lakes, and finally resting for some months at Geneva'. As her means were limited, she tried to sell her *Encyclopaedia Britannica* at half-price, so that she could have money for music lessons, and to attend a course of lectures on experimental physics, by the renowned Professor de la Rive. She was also carefully reading socialistic themes, Proudhon, Rousseau, and others. She wrote to friends: "The days are really only two hours long, and I have so many things to do that I go to bed every night miserable because I have left out something I meant to do.... I take a dose of mathematics every day to prevent my brain

from becoming quite soft."

On her return to England, she visited the Brays, and met Mr. Chapman, the editor of the *Westminster Review,* and Mr. Mackay, upon whose *Progress of the Intellect* she had just written a review. Mr. Chapman must have been deeply impressed with the learning and ability of Miss Evans, for he offered her the position of assistant editor of the magazine—a most unusual position for a woman, since its contributors were Froude, Carlyle, John Stuart Mill, and other able men.

Miss Evans accepted, and went to board with Mr. Chapman's family in London. How different this from the quiet life at Foleshill! The best society, that is, the greatest in mind, opened wide its doors to her. Herbert Spencer, who had just published *Social Statics,* became one of her best friends. Harriet Martineau came often to see her. Grote was very friendly.

The woman-editor was now thirty-two; her massive head covered with brown curls, blue-gray eyes, mobile, sympathetic mouth, strong chin, pale face, and soft, low voice, like Dorothea's in *Middlemarch*—"the voice of a soul that has once lived in an Aeolian harp." Mr. Bray thought that Miss Evans' head, after that of Napoleon, showed the largest development from brow to ear of any person's recorded.

She had extraordinary power of expression, and extraordinary psychological powers, but her chief attraction was her universal sympathy. "She essentially resembled Socrates," says Mathilde Blind, "in her manner of eliciting whatsoever capacity for thought might be latent in the people she came in contact with; were it only a shoemaker or day-laborer, she would never rest till she had found out in what points that particular man differed from other men of his class. She always rather educed what was in others than impressed herself on them; showing much kindliness of heart in drawing out people who were shy. Sympathy was the keynote of her nature, the source of her iridescent humor, of her subtle

knowledge of character, of her dramatic genius." No person attains to permanent fame without sympathy.

Miss Evans now found her heart and hands full of work. Her first article was a review of Carlyle's Life of John Sterling. She was fond of biography. She said: "We have often wished that genius would incline itself more frequently to the task of the biographer, that when some great or good person dies, instead of the dreary three-or-five volume compilation of letter and diary and detail, little to the purpose, which two-thirds of the public have not the chance, nor the other third the inclination, to read, we could have a real 'life,' setting forth briefly and vividly the man's inward and outward struggles, aims, and achievements, so as to make clear the meaning which his experience has for his fellows.

"A few such lives (chiefly autobiographies) the world possesses, and they have, perhaps, been more influential on the formation of character than any other kind of reading… It is a help to read such a life as Margaret Fuller's. How inexpressibly touching that passage from her journal, 'I shall always reign through the intellect, but the life! the life! O my God! shall that never be sweet?' I am thankful, as if for myself, that it was sweet at last."

The great minds which Miss Evans met made life a constant joy, though she was frail in health. Now Herbert Spencer took her to hear *William Tell* or the *Creation*. She wrote of him: "We have agreed that we are not in love with each other, and that there is no reason why we should not have as much of each other's society as we like. He is a good, delightful creature, and I always feel better for being with him… My brightest spot, next to my love of *old* friends, is the deliciously calm, *new* friendship that Herbert Spencer gives me. We see each other every day, and have a delightful *camaraderie* in everything. But for him my life would be desolate enough."

There is no telling what this happy friendship might have

resulted in, if Mr. Spencer had not introduced to Miss Evans, George Henry Lewes, a man of brilliant conversational powers, who had written a *History of Philosophy,* two novels, *Ranthorpe,* and *Rose, Blanche, and Violet,* and was a contributor to several reviews. Mr. Lewes was a witty and versatile man, a dramatic critic, an actor for a short time, unsuccessful as an editor of a newspaper, and unsuccessful in his domestic relations.

That he loved Miss Evans is not strange; that she admired him, while she pitied him and his three sons in their broken home-life, is perhaps not strange. At first she did not like him, nor did Margaret Fuller, but Miss Evans says: "Mr. Lewes is kind and attentive, and has quite won my regard, after having had a good deal of my vituperation. Like a few other people in the world, he is much better than he seems. A man of heart and conscience wearing a mask of flippancy."

Miss Evans tired of her hard work, as who does not in this working world? "I am bothered to death," she writes, "with article-reading and scrap-work of all sorts; it is clear my poor head will never produce anything under these circumstances; *but I am patient*… I had a long call from George Combe yesterday. He says he thinks the *Westminster* under my management the most important means of enlightenment of a literary nature in existence; the *Edinburgh,* under Jeffrey, nothing to it, etc. I wish *I* thought so too."

Sick with continued headaches, she went up to the English lakes to visit Miss Martineau. The coach, at half-past six in the evening, stopped at "The Knoll," and a beaming face came to welcome her. During the evening, she says, "Miss Martineau came behind me, put her hands round me, and kissed me in the prettiest way, telling me she was so glad she had got me here."

Meantime Miss Evans was writing learned and valuable articles on *Taxation, Woman in France, Evangelical Teaching,* etc. She received five hundred dollars yearly from her father's

estate, but she lived simply, that she might spend much of this for poor relations.

In 1854 she resigned her position on the *Westminster,* and went with Mr. Lewes to Germany, forming a union which thousands who love her must regard as the great mistake of a very great life.

Mr. Lewes was collecting materials for his *Life of Goethe.* This took them to Goethe's home at Weimar. "By the side of the bed," she says, "stands a stuffed chair where he used to sit and read while he drank his coffee in the morning. It was not until very late in his life that he adopted the luxury of an armchair. From the other side of the study one enters the library, which is fitted up in a very make-shift fashion, with rough deal shelves, and bits of paper, with Philosophy, History, etc., written on them, to mark the classification of the books. Among such memorials one breathes deeply, and the tears rush to one's eyes."

George Eliot met Liszt, and "for the first time in her life beheld real inspiration—for the first time heard the true tones of the piano." Rauch, the great sculptor, called upon them, and "won our hearts by his beautiful person and the benignant and intelligent charm of his conversation."

Both writers were hard at work. George Eliot was writing an article on *Weimar for Fraser,* on *Cumming for Westminster,* and translating Spinoza's *Ethics*. No name was signed to these productions, as it would not do to have it known that a woman wrote them. The education of most women was so meagre that the articles would have been considered of little value. Happily Girton and Newnham colleges are changing this estimate of the sex. Women do not like to be regarded as inferior; then they must educate themselves as thoroughly as the best men are educated.

Mr. Lewes was not well. "This is a terrible trial to us poor scribblers," she writes, "to whom health is money, as well as all other things worth having." They had but one sitting-room

between them, and the scratching of another pen so affected her nerves, as to drive her nearly wild. Pecuniarily, life was a harder struggle than ever, for there were four more mouths to be fed—Mr. Lewes' three sons and their mother.

"Our life is intensely occupied, and the days are far too short," she writes. They were reading in every spare moment, twelve plays of Shakespeare, Goethe's works, Wilhelm Meister, Götz von Berlichingen, Hermann and Dorothea, Iphigenia, Wanderjahre, Italianische Reise, and others; Heine's poems; Lessing's *Laocoön and Nathan the Wise;* Macaulay's *History of England;* Moore's *Life of Sheridan;* Brougham's *Lives of Men of Letters;* White's *History of Selborne;* Whewell's *History of Inductive Sciences;* Boswell; Carpenter's Comparative Physiology; Jones' *Animal Kingdom;* Alison's *History of Europe;* Kahnis' *History of German Protestantism;* Schrader's *German Mythology;* Kingsley's *Greek Heroes;* and the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in the original. She says, "If you want delightful reading, get Lowell's *My Study Windows,* and read the essays called *My Garden Acquaintances* and *Winter."* No wonder they were busy.

On their return from Germany they went to the sea-shore, that Mr. Lewes might perfect his *Sea-side Studies.* George Eliot entered heartily into the work. "We were immensely excited," she says, "by the discovery of this little red mesembryanthemum. It was a *crescendo* of delight when we found a 'strawberry,' and a *fortissimo* when I, for the first time, saw the pale, fawn-colored tentacles of an *Anthea cereus* viciously waving like little serpents in a low-tide pool." They read here Gosse's *Rambles on the Devonshire Coast,* Edward's *Zoology,* Harvey's sea-side book, and other scientific works.

And now at thirty-seven George Eliot was to begin her creative work. Mr. Lewes had often said to her, "You have wit, description, and philosophy—those go a good way towards the production of a novel." "It had always been a vague dream of mine," she says, "that sometime or other I might

write a novel…but I never went further toward the actual writing than an introductory chapter, describing a Staffordshire village, and the life of the neighboring farm-houses; and as the years passed on I lost any hope that. I should ever be able to write a novel, just as I desponded about everything else in my future life. I always thought I was deficient in dramatic power, both of construction and dialogue, but I felt I should be at my ease in the descriptive parts."

After she had written a portion of *Amos Barton* in her *Scenes of Clerical Life,* she read it to Mr. Lewes, who told her that now he was sure she could write good dialogue, but not as yet sure about her pathos. One evening, in his absence, she wrote the scene describing Milly's death, and read it to Mr. Lewes, on his return. "We both cried over it," she says, "and then he came up to me and kissed me, saying, 'I think your pathos is better than your fun!'"

Mr. Lewes sent the story to Blackwood, with the signature of "George Eliot"—the first name chosen because it was his own name, and the last because it pleased her fancy. Mr. Lewes wrote that this story by a friend of his, showed, according to his judgment, "such humor, pathos, vivid presentation, and nice observation as have not been exhibited, in this style, since the *Vicar of Wakefield."*

Mr. John Blackwood accepted the story, but made some comments which discouraged the author from trying another. Mr. Lewes wrote him the effects of his words, which he hastened to withdraw, as there was so much to be said in praise that he really desired more stories from the same pen, and sent her a check for two hundred and fifty dollars.

This was evidently soothing, as *Mr. Gilfil's Love Story* and *Janet's Repentance* were at once written. Much interest began to be expressed about the author. Some said Bulwer wrote the sketches. Thackeray praised them, and Arthur Helps said, "He is a great writer." Copies of the stories bound together, with the title *Scenes of Clerical Life,* were sent to Froude,

Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Ruskin, and Faraday. Dickens praised the humor and the pathos, and thought the author was a woman.

Jane Welch Carlyle thought it "a human book, written out of the heart of a live man, not merely out of the brain of an author, full of tenderness and pathos, without a scrap of sentimentality, of sense without dogmatism, of earnestness without twaddle—a book that makes one feel friends at once and for always with the man or woman who wrote it." She guessed the author was "a man of middle age, with a wife, from whom he has got those beautiful feminine touches in his book, a good many children, and a dog that he has as much fondness for as I have for my little Nero."

Mr. Lewes was delighted, and said, "Her fame is beginning." George Eliot was growing happier, for her nature had been somewhat despondent. She used to say, "Expecting disappointments is the only form of hope with which I am familiar." She said, "I feel a deep satisfaction in having done a bit of faithful work that will perhaps remain, like a primrose-root in the hedgerow, and gladden and chasten human hearts in years to come." "'Conscience goes to the hammering in of nails' is my gospel," she would say. "Writing is part of my religion, and I can write no word that is not prompted from within. At the same time I believe that almost all the best books in the world have been written with the hope of getting money for them."

"My life has deepened unspeakably during the last year: I feel a greater capacity for moral and intellectual enjoyment, a more acute sense of my deficiencies in the past, a more solemn desire to be faithful to coming duties."

For *Scenes of Clerical Life* she received six hundred dollars for the first edition, and much more after her other books appeared.

And now another work, a longer one, was growing in her mind, Adam Bede, the germ of which, she says, was an

anecdote told her by her aunt, Elizabeth Evans, the Dinah Morris of the book. A very ignorant girl had murdered her child, and refused to confess it. Mrs. Evans, who was a Methodist preacher, stayed with her all night, praying with her, and at last she burst into tears and confessed her crime. Mrs. Evans went with her in the cart to the place of execution, and ministered to the unhappy girl till death came.

When the first pages of *Adam Bede* were shown to Mr. Blackwood, he said, "That will do." George Eliot and Mr. Lewes went to Munich, Dresden, and Vienna for rest and change, and she prepared much of the book in this time. When it was finished, she wrote on the manuscript, *Jubilate.* "To my dear husband, George Henry Lewes, I give the Ms. of a work which would never have been written but for the happiness which his love has conferred on my life."

For this novel she received four thousand dollars for the copyright for four years. Fame had actually come. All the literary world were talking about it. John Murray said there had never been such a book. Charles Reade said, putting his finger on Lisbeth's account of her coming home with her husband from their marriage, "the finest thing since Shakespeare." A workingman wrote: "Forgive me, dear sir, my boldness in asking you to give us a cheap edition. You would confer on us a great boon. I can get plenty of trash for a few pence, but I am sick of it." Mr. Charles Buxton said, in the House of Commons: "As the farmer's wife says in *Adam Bede,* 'It wants to be hatched over again and hatched different.'" This of course greatly helped to popularize the book.

To George Eliot all this was cause for the deepest gratitude. They were able now to rent a home at Wandworth, and move to it at once. The poverty and the drudgery of life seemed over. She said: "I sing my *magnificat* in a quiet way, and have a great deal of deep, silent joy; but few authors, I suppose, who have had a real success, have known less of the flush and the sensations of triumph that are talked of as the

accompaniments of success. I often think of my dreams when I was four or five and twenty. I thought then how happy fame would make me… I am assured now that *Adam Bede* was worth writing—worth living through those long years to write. But now it seems impossible that I shall ever write anything so good and true again." Up to this time the world did not know who George Eliot was; but as a man by the name of Liggins laid claim to the authorship, and tried to borrow money for his needs because Blackwood would not pay him, the real name of the author had to be divulged.

Five thousand copies of *Adam Bede* were sold the first two weeks, and sixteen thousand the first year. So excellent was the sale that Mr. Blackwood sent her four thousand dollars in addition to the first four. The work was soon translated into French, German, and Hungarian. Mr. Lewes' *Physiology of Common Life* was now published, but it brought little pecuniary return.

The reading was carried on as usual by the two students. The *Life of George Stephenson;* the *Electra of Sophocles;* the *Agamemnon of Aeschylus,* Harriet Martineau's *British Empire in India;* and *History of the Thirty Years' Peace;* Béranger, *Modern Painters,* containing some of the finest writing of the age; Overbech on Greek art; Anna Mary Howitt's book on Munich; Carlyle's *Life of Frederick the Great;* Darwin's *Origin of Species;* Emerson's *Man the Reformer,* "which comes to me with fresh beauty and meaning"; Buckle's *History of Civilization;* Plato and Aristotle.

An American publisher now offered her six thousand dollars for a book, but she was obliged to decline, for she was writing the *Mill on the Floss,* in 1860, for which Blackwood gave her ten thousand dollars for the first edition of four thousand copies, and Harper & Brothers fifteen hundred dollars for using it also. Tauchnitz paid her five hundred for the German reprint.

She said: "I am grateful and yet rather sad to have

finished; sad that I shall live with my people on the banks of the Floss no longer. But it is time that I should go, and absorb some new life and gather fresh ideas." They went at once to Italy, where they spent several months in Florence, Venice, and Rome.

In the former city she made her studies for her great novel, *Romola.* She read Sismondi's *History of the Italian Republics,* Tenneman's *History of Philosophy,* T.A. Trollope's *Beata,* Hallam on the *Study of Roman Law in the Middle Ages,* Gibbon on the *Revival of Greek Learning,* Burlamachi's *Life of Savonarola;* also Villari's life of the great preacher, Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art,* Machiavelli's works, Petrarch's Letters, *Casa Guidi Windows,* Buhle's *History of Modern Philosophy,* Story's *Roba di Roma,* Liddell's *Rome,* Gibbon, Mosheim, and one might almost say the whole range of Italian literature in the original. Of Mommsen's *History of Rome* she said, "It is so fine that I count all minds graceless who read it without the deepest stirrings."

The study necessary to make one familiar with fifteenth century times was almost limitless. No wonder she told Mr. Cross, years afterward, "I began *Romola* a young woman, I finished it an old woman"; but that, with *Adam Bede* and *Middlemarch,* will be her monument. "What courage and patience," she says, "are wanted for every life that aims to produce anything!" "In authorship I hold carelessness to be a mortal sin." "I took unspeakable pains in preparing to write *Romola."*

For this one book, on which she spent a year and a half, *Cornhill Magazine* paid her the small fortune of thirty-five thousand dollars. She purchased a pleasant home, "The Priory," Regent's Park, where she made her friends welcome, though she never made calls upon any, for lack of time. She had found, like Victor Hugo, that time is a very precious thing for those who wish to succeed in life. Browning, Huxley, and Herbert Spencer often came to dine.

Says Mr. Cross, in his admirable life: "The entertainment was frequently varied by music when any good performer happened to be present. I think, however, that the majority of visitors delighted chiefly to come for the chance of a few words with George Eliot alone. When the drawing-room door of the Priory opened, a first glance revealed her always in the same low arm-chair on the left-hand side of the fire. On entering, a visitor's eye was at once arrested by the massive head. The abundant hair, streaked with gray now, was draped with lace, arranged mantilla fashion, coming to a point at the top of the forehead. If she were engaged in conversation, her body was usually bent forward with eager, anxious desire to get as close as possible to the person with whom she talked. She had a great dislike to raising her voice, and often became so wholly absorbed in conversation that the announcement of an in-coming visitor failed to attract her attention; but the moment the eyes were lifted up, and recognized a friend, they smiled a rare welcome—sincere, cordial, grave—a welcome that was felt to come straight from the heart, not graduated according to any social distinction."

After much reading of Fawcett, Mill, and other writers on political economy, Felix Holt was written, in 1866, and for this she received from Blackwood twenty-five thousand dollars.

Very much worn with her work, though Mr. Lewes relieved her in every way possible, by writing letters and looking over all criticisms of her books, which she never read, she was obliged to go to Germany for rest.

In 1868 she published her long poem, *The Spanish Gypsy,* reading Spanish literature carefully, and finally passing some time in Spain, that she might be the better able to make a lasting work. Had she given her life to poetry, doubtless she would have been a great poet.

Silas Marner, written before *Romola*, in 1861, had been well received, and *Middlemarch,* in 1872, made a great

sensation. It was translated into several languages. George Bancroft wrote her from Berlin that everybody was reading it. For this she received a much larger sum than the thirty-five thousand which she was paid for *Romola.*

A home was now purchased in Surrey, with eight or nine acres of pleasure grounds, for George Eliot had always longed for trees and flowers about her house. "Sunlight and sweet air," she said, "make a new creature of me." *Daniel Deronda* followed in 1876, for which, it is said, she read nearly a thousand volumes. Whether this be true or not, the list of books given in her life, of her reading in these later years, is as astonishing as it is helpful for any who desire real knowledge.

At Witley, in Surrey, they lived a quiet life, seeing only a few friends like the Tennysons, the Du Mauriers, and Sir Henry and Lady Holland. Both were growing older, and Mr. Lewes was in very poor health. Finally, after a ten days' illness, he died, Nov. 28, 1878.

To George Eliot this loss was immeasurable. She needed his help and his affection. She said, "I like not only to be loved, but also to be told that I am loved," and he had idolized her. He said: "I owe Spencer a debt of gratitude. It was through him that I learned to know Marian—to know her was to love her, and since then, my life has been a new birth. To her I owe all my prosperity and all my happiness. God bless her!"

Mr. John Walter Cross, for some time a wealthy banker in New York, had long been a friend of the family, and though many years younger than George Eliot, became her helper in these days of need. A George Henry Lewes studentship, of the value of one thousand dollars yearly, was to be given to Cambridge for some worthy student of either sex, in memory of the man she had loved. "I want to live a little time that I may do certain things for his sake," she said. She grew despondent, and the Cross family used every means to win her

away from her sorrow.

Mr. Cross' mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, had also died, and the loneliness of both made their companionship more comforting. They read Dante together in the original, and gradually the younger man found that his heart was deeply interested. It was the higher kind of love, the honor of mind for mind and soul for soul.

"I shall be," she said, "a better, more loving creature than I could have been in solitude. To be constantly, lovingly grateful for this gift of a perfect love is the best illumination of one's mind to all the possible good there may be in store for man on this troublous little planet."

Mr. Cross and George Eliot were married, May 6, 1880, a year and a half after Mr. Lewes' death, his son Charles giving her away, and went at once to Italy. She wrote: "Marriage has seemed to restore me to my old self… To feel daily the loveliness of a nature close to me, and to feel grateful for it, is the fountain of tenderness and strength to endure." Having passed through a severe illness, she wrote to a friend: "I have been cared for by something much better than angelic tenderness… If it is any good for me that my life has been prolonged till now, I believe it is owing to this miraculous affection that has chosen to watch over me."

She did not forget Mr. Lewes. In looking upon the Grande Chartreuse, she said, "I would still give up my own life willingly, if he could have the happiness instead of me."

On their return to London, they made their winter home at 4 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, a plain brick house. The days were gliding by happily. George Eliot was interested as ever in all great subjects, giving five hundred dollars for woman's higher education at Girton College, and helping many a struggling author, or providing for some poor friend of early times who was proud to be remembered.

She and Mr. Cross began their reading for the day with the Bible, she especially enjoying Isaiah, Jeremiah, and St.

Paul's Epistles. Then they read Max Muller's works, Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, and whatever was best in English, French, and German literature. Milton she called her demigod. Her husband says she had "a limitless persistency in application." Her health was better, and she gave promise of doing more great work. When urged to write her autobiography, she said, half sighing and half smiling: "The only thing I should care much to dwell on would be the absolute despair I suffered from, of ever being able to achieve anything. No one could ever have felt greater despair, and a knowledge of this might be a help to some other struggler."

Friday afternoon, Dec. 17, she went to see Agamemnon performed in Greek by Oxford students, and the next afternoon to a concert at St. James Hall. She took cold, and on Monday was treated for sore throat. On Wednesday evening the doctors came, and she whispered to her husband, "Tell them I have great pain in the left side." This was the last word. She died with every faculty bright, and her heart responsive to all noble things.

She loved knowledge to the end. She said, "My constant groan is that I must leave so much of the greatest writing which the centuries have sifted for me, unread for want of time."

She had the broadest charity for those whose views differed from hers. She said, "The best lesson of tolerance we have to learn, is to tolerate intolerance." She hoped for and "looked forward to the time when the impulse to help our fellows shall be as immediate and as irresistible as that which I feel to grasp something firm if I am falling."

One Sunday afternoon I went to her grave in Highgate Cemetery, London. A gray granite shaft, about twenty-five feet high, stands above it, with these beautiful words from her great poem:—

"O may I join the choir invisible,

Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence."

HERE LIES THE BODY
OF
GEORGE ELIOT,
MARY ANN CROSS.

BORN, 22d NOVEMBER, 1819;
DIED, 22d DECEMBER, 1880.

A stone coping is around this grave, and bouquets of yellow crocuses and hyacinths lie upon it. Next to her grave is a horizontal slab, with the name of George Henry Lewes upon the stone.

CHAPTER XIV
Elizabeth Fry

When a woman of beauty, great wealth, and the highest social position, devotes her life to the lifting of the lowly and the criminal, and preaches the Gospel from the north of Scotland to the south of France, it is not strange that the world admires, and that books are written in praise of her. Unselfishness makes a rare and radiant life, and this was the crowning beauty of the life of Elizabeth Fry.

Born in Norwich, England, May 21, 1780, Elizabeth was the third daughter of Mr. John Gurney, a wealthy London merchant. Mrs. Gurney, the mother, a descendant of the Barclays of Ury, was a woman of much personal beauty, singularly intellectual for those times, making her home a place where literary and scientific people loved to gather.

Elizabeth wellnigh idolized her mother, and used often to cry after going to bed, lest death should take away the precious parent. In the daytime, when the mother, not very robust, would sometimes lie down to rest, the child would creep to the bedside and watch tenderly and anxiously, to see if she were breathing. Well might Mrs. Gurney say,

"My dove-like Betsy scarcely ever offends, and is, in every sense of the word, truly engaging."

Mrs. Fry wrote years afterward: "My mother was most dear to me, and the walks she took with me in the old-fashioned garden are as fresh with me as if only just passed, and her telling me about Adam and Eve being driven out of Paradise. I always considered it must be just like our garden… I remember with pleasure my mother's beds of wild flowers, which, with delight, I used as a child to attend with her; it

gave me that pleasure in observing their beauties and varieties that, though I never have had time to become a botanist, few can imagine, in my many journeys, how I have been pleased and refreshed by observing and enjoying the wild flowers on my way."

The home, Earlham Hall, was one of much beauty and elegance, a seat of the Bacon family. The large house stood in the centre of a well-wooded park, the river Wensum flowing through it. On the south front of the house was a large lawn, flanked by great trees, underneath which wild flowers grew in profusion. The views about the house were so artistic that artists often came there to sketch.

In this restful and happy home, after a brief illness, Mrs. Gurney died in early womanhood, leaving eleven children, all young, the smallest but two years old. Elizabeth was twelve, old enough to feel the irreparable loss. To the day of her death the memory of this time was extremely sad.

She was a nervous and sensitive child, afraid of the dark, begging that a light be left in her room, and equally afraid to bathe in the sea. Her feelings were regarded as the whims of a child, and her nervous system was injured in consequence. She always felt the lack of wisdom in "hardening" children, and said, "I am now of opinion that my fear would have been much more subdued, and great suffering spared, by its having been still more yielded to: by having a light left in my room, not being long left alone, and never forced to bathe."

After her marriage she guided her children rather than attempt "to break their wills," and lived to see happy results from the good sense and Christian principle involved in such guiding. In her prison work she used the least possible governing, winning control by kindness and gentleness.

Elizabeth grew to young womanhood, with pleasing manners, slight and graceful in body, with a profusion of soft flaxen hair, and a bright, intelligent face. Her mind was quick, penetrating, and original. She was a skilful rider on horseback,

and made a fine impression in her scarlet riding-habit, for, while her family were Quakers, they did not adopt the gray dress.

She was attractive in society and much admired. She writes in her journal: "Company at dinner; I must beware of not being a flirt, it is an abominable character; I hope I shall never be one, and yet I fear I am one now a little… I think I am by degrees losing many excellent qualities. I lay it to my great love of gayety, and the world… I am now seventeen, and if some kind and great circumstance does not happen to me, I shall have my talents devoured by moth and rust. They will lose their brightness, and one day they will prove a curse instead of a blessing."

Before she was eighteen, William Savery, an American friend, came to England to spend two years in the British Isles, preaching. The seven beautiful Gurney sisters went to hear him, and sat on the front seat, Elizabeth, "with her smart boots, purple, laced with scarlet."

As the preacher proceeded, she was greatly moved, weeping during the service, and nearly all the way home. She had been thrown much among those who were Deists in thought, and this gospel-message seemed a revelation to her.

The next morning Mr. Savery came to Earlham Hall to breakfast. "From this day," say her daughters, in their interesting memoir of their mother, "her love of pleasure and the world seemed gone." She, herself, said, in her last illness, "Since my heart was touched, at the age of seventeen, I believe I never have awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being, how best I might serve my Lord."

Soon after she visited London, that she might, as she said, "try all things" and choose for herself what appeared to her "to be good." She wrote:

"I went to Drury Lane in the evening. I must own I was extremely disappointed; to be sure, the house is grand and

dazzling; but I had no other feeling whilst there than that of wishing it over… I called on Mrs. Siddons, who was not at home; then on Mrs. Twiss, who gave me some paint for the evening. I was painted a little, I had my hair dressed, and did look pretty for me."

On her return to Earlham Hall she found that the London pleasure had not been satisfying. She says, "I wholly gave up on my own ground, attending all places of public amusement; I saw they tended to promote evil; therefore, if I could attend them without being hurt myself, I felt in entering them I lent my aid to promote that which I was sure from what I saw hurt others."

She was also much exercised about dancing, thinking, while "in a family, it may be of use by the bodily exercise," that "the more the pleasures of life are given up, the less we love the world, and our hearts will be set upon better things."

The heretofore fashionable young girl began to visit the poor and the sick in the neighborhood, and at last decided to open a school for poor children. Only one boy came at first; but soon she had seventy. She lost none of her good cheer and charming manner, but rather grew more charming. She cultivated her mind as well, reading logic—Watts on Judgment, Lavater, etc.

The rules of life which she wrote for herself at eighteen are worth copying: "First—Never lose any time; I do not think that lost which is spent in amusement or recreation some time every day; but always be in the habit of being employed. Second—Never err the least in truth. Third—Never say an ill thing of a person when I can say a good thing of him; not only speak charitably, but feel so. Fourth—Never be irritable or unkind to anybody. Fifth—Never indulge myself in luxuries that are not necessary. Sixth—Do all things with consideration, and when my path to act right is most difficult, put confidence in that Power alone which is able to assist me, and exert my own powers as far as they go."

Gradually she laid aside all jewelry, then began to dress in quiet colors, and finally adopted the Quaker garb, feeling that she could do more good in it. At first her course did not altogether please her family, but they lived to idolize and bless her for her doings, and to thankfully enjoy her worldwide fame.

At twenty she received an offer of marriage from a wealthy London merchant, Mr. Joseph Fry. She hesitated for some time, lest her active duties in the church should conflict with the cares of a home of her own. She said, "My most anxious wish is, that I may not hinder my spiritual welfare, which I have so much feared as to make me often doubt if marriage were a desirable thing for me at this time, or even the thoughts of it."

However, she was soon married, and a happy life resulted. For most women this marriage, which made her the mother of eleven children, would have made all public work impossible; but to a woman of Elizabeth Fry's strong character nothing seemed impossible. Whether she would have accomplished more for the world had she remained unmarried, no one can tell.

Her husband's parents were "plain, consistent friends," and his sister became especially congenial to the young bride. A large and airy house was taken in London, St. Mildred's Court, which became a centre for "Friends" in both Great Britain and America.

With all her wealth and her fondness for her family, she wrote in her journal, "I have been married eight years yesterday; various trials of faith and patience have been permitted me; my course has been very different to what I had expected; instead of being, as I had hoped, a useful instrument in the Church Militant, here I am a careworn wife and mother outwardly, nearly devoted to the things of this life; though at times this difference in my destination has been trying to me, yet I believe those trials (which have certainly been very

pinching) that I have had to go through have been very useful, and have brought me to a feeling sense of what I am; and at the same time have taught me where power is, and in what we are to glory; not in ourselves nor in anything we can be or do, but we are alone to desire that He may be glorified, either through us or others, in our being something or nothing, as He may see best for us."

After eleven years the Fry family moved to a beautiful home in the country at Plashet. Changes had come in those eleven years. The father had died; one sister had married Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, and she herself had been made a "minister" by the Society of Friends. While her hands were very full with the care of her seven children, she had yet found time to do much outside Christian work.

Naturally shrinking, she says, "I find it an awful thing to rise amongst a large assembly, and, unless much covered with love and power, hardly know how to venture." But she seemed always to be "covered with love and power," for she prayed much and studied her Bible closely, and her preaching seemed to melt alike crowned heads and criminals in chains.

Opposite the Plashet House, with its great trees and flowers, was a dilapidated building occupied by an aged man and his sister. They had once been well-to-do, but were now very poor, earning a pittance by selling rabbits. The sister, shy and sorrowful from their reduced circumstances, was nearly inaccessible, but Mrs. Fry won her way to her heart. Then she asked how they would like to have a girls' school in a big room attached to the building. They consented, and soon seventy poor girls were in attendance.

"She had," says a friend, "the gentlest touch with children. She would win their hearts, if they had never seen her before, almost at the first glance, and by the first sound of her musical voice."

Then the young wife, now thirty-one, established a depot of calicoes and flannels for the poor, with a room full of drugs,

and another department where good soup was prepared all through the hard winters. She would go into the "Irish Colony," taking her two older daughters with her, that they might learn the sweetness of benevolence, "threading her way through children and pigs, up broken staircases, and by narrow passages; then she would listen to their tales of want and woe."

Now she would find a young mother dead, with a paper cross pinned upon her breast; now she visited a Gypsy camp to care for a sick child, and give them Bibles. Each year when the camp returned to Plashet, their chief pleasure was the visits of the lovely Quaker. Blessings on thee, beautiful Elizabeth Fry!

She now began to assist in the public meetings near London, but with some hesitation, as it took her from home; but after an absence of two weeks, she found her household "in very comfortable order; and so far from having suffered in my absence, it appears as if a better blessing had attended them than common."

She did not forget her home interests. One of her servants being ill, she watched by his bedside till he died. When she talked with him of the world to come, he said, "God bless you, ma'am." She said, "There is no set of people I feel so much about as servants, as I do not think they have generally justice done to them; they are too much considered as another race of beings, and we are apt to forget that the holy injunction holds good with them, 'Do as thou wouldst be done unto.'"

She who could dine with kings and queens, felt as regards servants, "that in the best sense we are all one, and though our paths here may be different, we have all souls equally valuable, and have all the same work to do; which, if properly considered, should lead us to great sympathy and love, and also to a constant care for their welfare, both here and hereafter."

When she was thirty-three, having moved to London for

the winter, she began her remarkable work in Newgate prison. The condition of prisoners was pitiable in the extreme. She found three hundred women, with their numerous children, huddled together, with no classification between the most and least depraved, without employment, in rags and dirt, and sleeping on the floor with no bedding, the boards simply being raised for a sort of pillow. Liquors were purchased openly at a bar in the prison; and swearing, gambling, obscenity, and pulling each other's hair were common. The walls, both in the men's and women's departments, were hung with chains and fetters.

When Mrs. Fry and two or three friends first visited the prison, the superintendent advised that they lay aside their watches before entering, which they declined to do. Mrs. Fry did not fear, nor need she, with her benign presence.

On her second visit she asked to be left alone with the women, and read to them the tenth chapter of Matthew, making a few observations on Christ's having come to save sinners. Some of the women asked who Christ was. Who shall forgive us for such ignorance in our very midst?

The children were almost naked, and ill from want of food, air, and exercise. Mrs. Fry told them that she would start a school for their children, which announcement was received with tears of joy. She asked that they select one from their own number for a governess. Mary Conner was chosen, a girl who had been put in prison for stealing a watch. So changed did the girl become under this new responsibility, that she was never known to infringe a rule of the prison. After fifteen months she was released, but died soon after of consumption.

When the school was opened for all under twenty-five, "the railing was crowded with half-naked women, struggling together for the front situations, with the most boisterous violence, and begging with the utmost vociferation."

Mrs. Fry saw at once the need of these women being

occupied, but the idea that these people could be induced to work was laughed at, as visionary, by the officials. They said the work would be destroyed or stolen at once. But the good woman did not rest till an association of twelve persons was formed for the "Improvement of the Female Prisoners of Newgate"; "to provide for the clothing, the instruction, and the employment of the women; to introduce them to a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures; and to form in them, as much as possible, those habits of order, sobriety, and industry, which may render them docile and peaceable whilst in prison, and respectable when they leave it."

It was decided that Botany Bay could be supplied with stockings, and indeed with all the articles needed by convicts, through the work of these women. A room was at once made ready, and matrons were appointed. A portion of the earnings was to be given the women for themselves and their children. In ten months they made twenty thousand articles of wearing apparel, and knit from sixty to one hundred pairs of stockings every month. The Bible was read to them twice each day. They received marks for good behavior, and were as pleased as children with the small prizes given them.

One of the girls who received a prize of clothing came to Mrs. Fry, and "hoped she would excuse her for being so forward, but if she might say it, she felt exceedingly disappointed; she little thought of having clothing given to her, but she had hoped I would have given her a Bible, that she might read the Scriptures herself."

No woman was ever punished under Mrs. Fry's management. They said, "it would be more terrible to be brought up before her than before the judge." When she told them she hoped they would not play cards, five packs were at once brought to her and burned.

The place was now so orderly and quiet, that "Newgate had become almost a show; the statesman and the noble, the city functionary and the foreign traveller, the high-bred

gentlewoman, the clergyman and the dissenting minister, flocked to witness the extraordinary change," and to listen to Mrs. Fry's beautiful Bible readings.

Letters poured in from all parts of the country, asking her to come to their prisons for a similar work, or to teach others how to work. A committee of the House of Commons summoned her before them to learn her suggestions, and to hear of her methods; and later the House of Lords.

Of course the name of Elizabeth Fry became known everywhere. Queen Victoria gave her audience, and when she appeared in public, everybody was eager to look at her. The newspapers spoke of her in the highest praise. Yet with a beautiful spirit she writes in her journal, "I am ready to say in the fulness of my heart, surely 'it is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes'; so many are the providential openings of various kinds. Oh! if good should result, may the praise and glory of the whole be entirely given where it is due by us, and by all, in deep humiliation and prostration of spirit."

Mrs. Fry's heart was constantly burdened with the scenes she witnessed. The penal laws were a caricature on justice. Men and women were hanged for theft, forgery, passing counterfeit money, and for almost every kind of fraud. One young woman, with a babe in her arms, was hanged for stealing a piece of cloth worth one dollar and twenty-five cents! Another was hanged for taking food to keep herself and little child from starving. It was no uncommon thing to see women hanging from the gibbet at Newgate, because they had passed a forged one-pound note (five dollars).

George Cruikshank in 1818 was so moved at one of these executions that he made a picture which represented eight men and three women hanging from the gallows, and a rope coiled around the faces of twelve others. Across the picture were the words, "I promise to perform during the issue of Bank-notes easily imitated…for the Governors and Company of the Bank of England."

He called the picture a "Bank-note, not to be imitated." It at once created a great sensation. Crowds blocked the street in front of the shop where it was hung. The pictures were in such demand that Cruikshank sat up all night to etch another plate. The Gurneys, Wilberforce, Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir James Mackintosh, all worked vigorously against capital punishment, save, possibly, for murder.

Among those who were to be executed was Harriet Skelton, who, for the man she loved, had passed forged notes. She was singularly open in face and manner, confiding, and well-behaved. When she was condemned to death, it was a surprise and horror to all who knew her. Mrs. Fry was deeply interested. Noblemen went to see her in her damp, dark cell, which was guarded by a heavy iron door. The Duke of Gloucester went with Mrs. Fry to the Directors of the Bank of England, and to Lord Sidmouth, to plead for her, but their hearts were not to be moved, and the poor young girl was hanged. The public was enthusiastic in its applause for Mrs. Fry, and unsparing in its denunciation of Sidmouth. At last the obnoxious laws were changed.

Mrs. Fry was heartily opposed to capital punishment. She said, "It hardens the hearts of men, and makes the loss of life appear light to them"; it does not lead to reformation, and "does not deter others from crime, because the crimes subject to capital punishment are gradually increasing."

When the world is more civilized than it is to-day, when we have closed the open saloon, that is the direct cause of nearly all the murders, then we shall probably do away with hanging; or, if men and women must be killed for the safety of society, a thing not easily proven, it will be done in the most humane manner, by chloroform.

Mrs. Fry was likewise strongly opposed to solitary confinement, which usually makes the subject a mental wreck, and, as regards moral action, an imbecile. How wonderfully in advance of her age was this gifted woman!

Mrs. Fry's thoughts now turned to another evil. When the women prisoners were transported to New South Wales, they were carried to the ships in open carts, the crowd jeering. She prevailed upon government to have them carried in coaches, and promised that she would go with them. When on board the ship, she knelt on the deck and prayed with them as they were going into banishment, and then bade them a tender good by. Truly woman can be an angel of light.

Says Captain Martin, "Who could resist this beautiful, persuasive, and heavenly-minded woman? To see her was to love her; to hear her was to feel as if a guardian angel had bid you follow that teaching which could alone subdue the temptations and evils of this life, and secure a Redeemer's love in eternity."

At this time Mrs. Fry and her brother Joseph visited Scotland and the north of England to ascertain the condition of the prisons. They found much that was inhuman; insane persons in prison, eighteen months in dungeons! Debtors confined night and day in dark, filthy cells, and never leaving them; men chained to the walls of their cells, or to rings in the floor, or with their limbs stretched apart till they fainted in agony; women with chains on hands, and feet, and body, while they slept on bundles of straw. On their return a book was published, which did much to arouse England.

Mrs. Fry was not yet forty, but her work was known round the world. The authorities of Russia, at the desire of the Empress, wrote Mrs. Fry as to the best plans for the St. Petersburg lunatic asylum and treatment of the inmates, and her suggestions were carried out to the letter.

Letters came from Amsterdam, Denmark, Paris, and elsewhere, asking counsel. The correspondence became so great that two of her daughters were obliged to attend to it.

Again she travelled all over England, forming "Ladies' Prison Associations," which should not only look after the inmates of prisons, but aid them to obtain work when they

were discharged, or "so provide for them that stealing should not seem a necessity."

About this time, 1828, one of the houses in which her husband was a partner failed, "which involved Elizabeth Fry and her family in a train of sorrows and perplexities which tinged the remaining years of her life."

They sold the house at Plashet, and moved again to Mildred Court, now the home of one of their sons. Her wealthy brothers and her children soon re-established the parents in comfort.

She now became deeply interested in the five hundred Coast-Guard stations in the United Kingdom, where the men and their families led a lonely life. Partly by private contributions and partly through the aid of government, she obtained enough money to buy more than twenty-five thousand volumes for libraries at these stations. The letters of gratitude were a sufficient reward for the hard work. She also obtained small libraries for all the packets that sailed from Falmouth.

In 1837, with some friends, she visited Paris, making a detailed examination of its prisons. Guizot entertained her, the Duchess de Broglie, M. de Pressensé, and others paid her much attention. The King and Queen sent for her, and had an earnest talk. At Nismes, where there were twelve hundred prisoners, she visited the cells, and when five armed soldiers wished to protect her and her friends, she requested that they be allowed to go without guard. In one dungeon she found two men, chained hand and foot. She told them she would plead for their liberation if they would promise good behavior. They promised, and kept it, praying every night for their benefactor thereafter. When she held a meeting in the prison, hundreds shed tears, and the good effects of her work were visible long after.

The next journey was made to Germany. At Brussels, the King held out both hands to receive her. In Denmark, the King and Queen invited her to dine, and she sat between

them. At Berlin, the royal family treated her like a sister, and all stood about her while she knelt and prayed for them.

The new penitentiaries were built after her suggestions, so perfect was thought to be her system. The royal family never forget her. When the King of Prussia visited England, to stand sponsor for the infant Prince of Wales, in 1842, he dined with her at her home. She presented to him her eight daughters and daughters-in-law, her seven sons and eldest grandson, and then their twenty-five grandchildren.

Finally, the great meetings, and the earnest plans, with their wonderful execution, were coming to an end for Elizabeth Fry.

There had been many breaks in the home circle. Her beloved son William, and his two children, had just died. Some years before she had buried a very precious child, Elizabeth, at the age of five, who shortly before her death said, "Mamma, I love everybody better than myself, and I love thee better than everybody, and I love Almighty much better than thee, and I hope thee loves Almighty much better than me." This was a severe stroke, Mrs. Fry saying, "My much-loved husband and I have drank this cup together, in close sympathy and unity of feeling. It has at times been very bitter to us both, but we have been in measure each other's joy and helpers in the Lord."

During her last sickness she said, "I believe this is not death, but it is as passing through the valley of the shadow of death, and perhaps with more suffering, from more sensitiveness; but the 'rock is here'; the distress is awful, but He has been with me."

The last morning came, Oct. 13, 1845. About nine o'clock, one of her daughters, sitting by her bedside, read from Isaiah: "I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, thou worm of Jacob, and ye men of Israel, I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel." The mother said slowly, "Oh! my dear Lord,

help and keep thy servant!" and never spoke afterward.

She was buried in the Friends' burying-ground at Barking, by the side of her little Elizabeth, a deep silence prevailing among the multitudes gathered there, broken only by the solemn prayer of her brother, Joseph John Gurney.

Thus closed one of the most beautiful lives among women. To the last she was doing good deeds. When she was wheeled along the beach in her chair, she gave books and counsel to the passers-by. When she stayed at hotels, she usually arranged a meeting for the servants. She was sent for, from far and near, to pray with the sick, and comfort the dying, who often begged to kiss her hand; no home was too desolate for her lovely and cheerful presence. No wonder Alexander of Russia called her "one of the wonders of the age."

Her only surviving son gives this interesting testimony of her home life: "I never recollect seeing her out of temper or hearing her speak a harsh word, yet still her word was law, but always the law of love."

Naturally timid, always in frail health, sometimes misunderstood, even with the highest motives, she lived a heroic life in the best sense, and died the death of a Christian. What grander sphere for woman than such philanthropy as this! And the needs of humanity are as great as ever, waiting for the ministration of such noble souls.

CHAPTER XV
Elizabeth Thompson Butler

While woman has not achieved such brilliant success in art, perhaps, as in literature, many names stand high on the lists. Early history has its noted women: Propersia di Rossi, of Bologna, whose romantic history Mrs. Hemans has immortalized; Elisabetta Sirani, painter, sculptor, and engraver on copper, herself called a "miracle of art," the honored of popes and princes, dying at twenty-six; Marietta Tintoretta, who was invited to be the artist at the courts of emperors and kings, dying at thirty, leaving her father inconsolable; Sophonisba Lomellini, invited by Philip II. of Spain to Madrid, to paint his portrait, and that of the Queen, concerning whom, though blind, Vandyck said he had received more instruction from a blind woman than from all his study of the old masters; and many more.

The first woman artist in England was Susannah Hornebolt, daughter of the principal painter who immediately preceded Hans Holbein, Gerard Hornebolt, a native of Ghent. Albrecht Dürer said of her, in 1521: "She has made a colored drawing of our Saviour, for which I gave her a florin [forty cents]. It is wonderful that a female should be able to do such work." Her brother Luke received a larger salary from King Henry VIII. than he ever gave to Holbein,—$13.87 per month. Susannah married an English sculptor, named Whorstly, and lived many years in great honor and esteem with all the court.

Arts flourished under Charles I. To Vandyck and Anne Carlisle he gave ultra-marine to the value of twenty-five hundred dollars. Artemisia Gentileschi, from Rome, realized

a splendid income from her work; and, although forty-five years old when she came to England, she was greatly admired, and history says made many conquests. This may be possible, as George IV. said a woman never reaches her highest powers of fascination till she is forty. Guido was her instructor, and one of her warmest eulogizers. She was an intimate friend of Domenichino and of Guercino, who gave all his wealth to philanthropies, and when in England was the warm friend of Vandyck. Some of her works are in the Pitti Palace, at Florence, and some at Madrid, in Spain.

Of Maria Varelst, the historical painter, the following story is told: At the theatre she sat next to six German gentlemen of high rank, who were so impressed with her beauty and manner that they expressed great admiration for her among each other. The young lady spoke to them in German, saying that such extravagant praise in the presence of a lady was no real compliment. One of the party immediately repeated what he had said in Latin. She replied in the same tongue "that it was unjust to endeavor to deprive the fair sex of the knowledge of that tongue which was the vehicle of true learning." The gentlemen begged to call upon her. Each sat for his portrait, and she was thus brought into great prominence.

The artist around whose beauty and talent romance adds a special charm, was Angelica Kauffman, the only child of Joseph Kauffman, born near Lake Constance, about 1741. At nine years of age she made wonderful pastel pictures. Removing to Lombardy, it is asserted that her father dressed her in boy's clothing, and smuggled her into the academy, that she might be improved in drawing. At eleven she went to Como, where the charming scenery had a great impression upon the young girl. No one who wishes to grow in taste and art can afford to live away from nature's best work. The Bishop of Como became interested in her, and asked her to paint his portrait. This was well done in crayon, and soon the wealthy

patronized her. Years after, she wrote: "Como is ever in my thoughts. It was at Como, in my most happy youth, that I tasted the first real enjoyment of life."

When she went to Milan, to study the great masters, the Duke of Modena was attracted by her beauty and devotion to her work. He introduced her to the Duchess of Massa Carrara, whose portrait she painted, as also that of the Austrian governor, and soon those of many of the nobility. When all seemed at its brightest, her mother, one of the best of women, died. Her father, broken-hearted, accepted the offer to decorate the church of his native town, and Angelica joined him in the frescoing. After much hard work, they returned to Milan. The constant work had worn on the delicate girl. She gave herself no time for rest. When not painting, she was making chalk and crayon drawings, mastering the harpsichord, or lost in the pages of French, German, or Italian. For a time she thought of becoming a singer; but finally gave herself wholly to art. After this she went to Florence, where she worked from sunrise to sunset, and in the evening at her crayons. In Rome, with her youth, beauty, fascinating manners, and varied reading, she gained a wide circle of friends. Her face was a Greek oval, her complexion fresh and clear, her eyes deep blue, her mouth pretty and always smiling. She was accused of being a coquette, and quite likely was such.

For three months she painted in the Royal Gallery at Naples, and then returned to Rome to study the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo. From thence she went to Bologna and beautiful Venice. Here she met Lady Wentworth, who took her to London, where she was introduced at once to the highest circles. Sir Joshua Reynolds had the greatest admiration for her, and, indeed, was said to have offered her his hand and heart. The whole world of art and letters united in her praise. Often she found laudatory verses pinned on her canvas. The great people of the land crowded

her studio for sittings. She lived in Golden Square, now a rather dilapidated place back of Regent Street. She was called the most fascinating woman in England. Sir Joshua painted her as "Design Listening to Poetry," and she, in turn, painted him. She was the pet of Buckingham House and Windsor Castle.

In the midst of all this unlimited attention, a man calling himself the Swedish Count, Frederic de Horn, with fine manners and handsome person, offered himself to Angelica. He represented that he was calumniated by his enemies and that the Swedish Government was about to demand his person. He assured her, if she were his wife, she could intercede with the Queen and save him. She blindly consented to the marriage, privately. At last, she confessed it to her father, who took steps at once to see if the man were true, and found that he was the vilest impostor. He had a young wife already in Germany, and would have been condemned to a felon's death if Angelica had been willing. She said, "He has betrayed me; but God will judge him."

She received several offers of marriage after this, but would accept no one. Years after, when her father, to whom she was deeply devoted, was about to die, he prevailed upon her to marry a friend of his, Antonio Zucchi, thirteen years her senior, with whom she went to Rome, and there died. He was a man of ability, and perhaps made her life happy. At her burial, one hundred priests accompanied the coffin, the pall being held by four young girls, dressed in white, the four tassels held by four members of the Academy. Two of her pictures were carried in triumph immediately after her coffin. Then followed a grand procession of illustrious persons, each bearing a lighted taper.

Goethe was one of her chosen friends. He said of her: "She has a most remarkable and, for a woman, really an unheard-of talent. No living painter excels her in dignity, or in the delicate taste with which she handles the pencil."

Miss Ellen C. Clayton, in her interesting volumes, *English Female Artists,* says, "No lady artist, from the days of Angelica Kauffman, ever created such a vivid interest as Elizabeth Thompson Butler. None had ever stepped into the front rank in so short a time, or had in England ever attained high celebrity at so early an age."

She was born in the Villa Clermont, Lausanne, Switzerland, a country beautiful enough to inspire artistic sentiments in all its inhabitants. Her father, Thomas James Thompson, a man of great culture and refinement, educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, was a warm friend of Charles Dickens, Lord Lytton, and their literary associates. Somewhat frail in health, he travelled much of the time, collecting pictures, of which he was extremely fond, and studying with the eye of an artist the beauties of each country, whether America, Italy, or France.

His first wife died early, leaving one son and daughter. The second wife was an enthusiastic, artistic girl, especially musical, a friend of Dickens, and every way fitted to be the intelligent companion of her husband.

After the birth of Elizabeth, the family resided in various parts of Southern Europe. Now they lived, says Mrs. Alice Meynell, her only sister, in the January, 1883, *St. Nicholas,* "within sight of the snow-capped peaks of the Apennines, in an old palace, the Villa de Franchi, immediately overlooking the Mediterranean, with olive-clad hills at the back; on the left, the great promontory of Porto Fino; on the right, the Bay of Genoa, some twelve miles away, and the long line of the Apennines sloping down into the sea. The palace garden descended, terrace by terrace, to the rocks, being, indeed, less a garden than what is called a *villa* in the Liguria, and a *podere* in Tuscany—a fascinating mixture of vine, olive, maize, flowers, and corn. A fountain in marble, lined with maidenhair, played at the junction of each flight of steps. A great billiard-room on the first floor, hung with Chinese designs,

was Elizabeth Thompson's first school-room; and there Charles Dickens, upon one of his Italian visits, burst in upon a lesson in multiplication.

"The two children never went to school, and had no other teacher than their father—except their mother for music, and the usual professors for 'accomplishments' in later years. And whether living happily in their beautiful Genoese home, or farther north among the picturesque Italian lakes, or in Switzerland, or among the Kentish hop-gardens and the parks of Surrey, Elizabeth's one central occupation of drawing was never abandoned—literally not for a day."

She was a close observer of nature, and especially fond of animals. When not out of doors sketching landscapes, she would sit in the house and draw, while her father read to her, as he believed the two things could be carried on beneficially.

She loved to draw horses running, soldiers, and everything which showed animation and energy. Her educated parents had the good sense not to curb her in these perhaps unusual tastes for a girl. They saw the sure hand and broad thought of their child, and, no doubt, had expectations of her future fame.

At fifteen, as the family had removed to England, Elizabeth joined the South Kensington School of Design, and, later, took lessons in oil painting, for a year, of Mr. Standish. Thus from the years of five to sixteen she had studied drawing carefully, so that now she was ready to touch oil-painting for the first time. How few young ladies would have been willing to study drawing for eleven years, before trying to paint in oil!

The Thompson family now moved to Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, staying for three years at Bonchurch, one of the loveliest places in the world. Ivy grows over walls and houses, roses and clematis bloom luxuriantly, and the balmy air and beautiful sea make the place as restful as it is beautiful. Here Elizabeth received lessons in water-color and landscape from Mr. Gray.

After another visit abroad the family returned to London, and the artist daughter attended the National Art School at South Kensington, studying in the life-class. The head master, Mr. Richard Burchett, saw her talent, and helped her in all ways possible.

Naturally anxious to test the world's opinion of her work, she sent some water-colors to the Society of British Artists for exhibition, and they were rejected. There is very little encouragement for beginners in any profession. However, "Bavarian Artillery going into Action" was exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, and received favorable notice from Mr. Tom Taylor, art critic of the *Times*.

Between two long courses at South Kensington Elizabeth spent a summer in Florence and a winter at Rome, studying in both places. At Florence she entered the studio of Signor Guiseppe Bellucci, an eminent historical painter and consummate draughtsman, a fellow-student of Sir Frederick Leighton at the Academy.

Here the girlish student was intensely interested in her work. She rose early, before the other members of the family, taking her breakfast alone, that she might hasten to her beloved labor. "On the day when she did not work with him," says Mrs. Meynell, "she copied passages from the frescoes in the cloisters of the Annunziata, masterpieces of Andrea del Sarto and Franciabigio, making a special study of the drapery of the last-named painter. The sacristans of the old church—the most popular church in Florence—knew and welcomed the young English girl, who sat for hours so intently at her work in the cloister, unheeding the coming and going of the long procession of congregations passing through the gates.

"Her studies in the galleries were also full of delight and profit, though she made no other copies, and she was wont to say that of all the influences of the Florentine school which stood her in good stead in her after-work, that of Andrea del Sarto was the most valuable and the most important. The

intense heat of a midsummer, which, day after day, showed a hundred degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, could not make her relax work, and her master, Florentine as he was, was obliged to beg her to spare him, at least for a week, if she would not spare herself. It was toward the end of October that artist and pupil parted, his confidence in her future being as unbounded as her gratitude for his admirable skill and minute carefulness."

During her seven months in Rome she painted, in 1870, for an ecclesiastical art exhibition, opened by Pope Pius IX., in the cloisters of the Carthusian Monastery, the "Visitation of the Blessed Virgin to St. Elizabeth," and the picture gained honorable mention.

On her return to England the painting was offered to the Royal Academy and rejected. And what was worse still, a large hole had been torn in the canvas, in the sky of the picture. Had she not been very persevering, and believed in her heart that she had talent, perhaps she would not have dared to try again, but she had worked steadily for too many years to fail now. Those only win who can bear refusal a thousand times if need be.

The next year, being at the Isle of Wight, she sent another picture to the Academy, and it was rejected. Merit does not always win the first, nor the second, nor the third time. It must have been a little consolation to Elizabeth Thompson, to know that each year the judges were reminded that a person by that name lived, and was painting pictures!

The next year a subject from the Franco-Prussian War was taken, as that was fresh in the minds of the people. The title was "Missing." "Two French officers, old and young, both wounded, and with one wounded horse between them, have lost their way after a disastrous defeat; their names will appear in the sad roll as missing, and the manner of their death will never be known."

The picture was received, but was "skyed," that is, placed

so high that nobody could well see it. During this year she received a commission from a wealthy art patron to paint a picture. What should it be? A battle scene, because into that she could put her heart.

A studio was taken in London, and the "Roll-Call" (calling the roll after an engagement—Crimea) was begun. She put life into the faces and the attitudes of the men, as she worked with eager heart and careful labor. In the spring of 1874 it was sent to the Royal Academy, with, we may suppose, not very enthusiastic hopes.

The stirring battle piece pleased the committee, and they cheered when it was received. Then it began to be talked at the clubs that a woman had painted a battle scene! Some had even heard that it was a great picture. When the Academy banquet was held, prior to the opening, the speeches of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge, both gave high praise to the "Roll-Call."

Such an honor was unusual. Everybody was eager to see the painting. It was the talk at the clubs, on the railway trains, and on the crowded thoroughfares. All day long crowds gathered before it, a policeman keeping guard over the painting, that it be not injured by its eager admirers. The Queen sent for it, and it was carried, for a few hours, to Buckingham Palace, for her to gaze upon. So much was she pleased that she desired to purchase it, and the person who had ordered it gave way to Her Majesty. The copyright was bought for fifteen times the original sum agreed upon as its value, and a steel-plate engraving made from it at a cost of nearly ten thousand dollars. After thirty-five hundred impressions, the plate was destroyed, that there might be no inferior engravings of the picture. The "Roll-Call" was for some time retained by the Fine Art Society, where it was seen by a quarter of a million persons. Besides this, it was shown in all the large towns of England. It is now at Windsor Castle.

Elizabeth Thompson had become famous in a day, but she

was not elated over it; for, young as she was, she did not forget that she had been working diligently for twenty years. The newspapers teemed with descriptions of her, and incidents of her life, many of which were, of course, purely imaginative. Whenever she appeared in society, people crowded to look at her.

Many a head would have been turned by all this praise; not so the well-bred student. She at once set to work on a more difficult subject, "The Twenty-eighth Regiment at Quatre Bras." When this appeared, in 1875, it drew an enormous crowd. The true critics praised heartily, but there were some persons who thought a woman could not possibly know about the smoke of a battle, or how men would act under fire. That she studied every detail of her work is shown by Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams, in his *Woman's Work and Worth.*

"The choice of subject," he says, "though some people called it a 'very shocking one for a young lady,' engaged the sympathy of military men, and she was generously aided in obtaining material and all kinds of data for the work. Infantry officers sent her photographs of 'squares.' But these would not do, the men were not in earnest; they would kneel in such positions as they found easiest for themselves; indeed, but for the help of a worthy sergeant-major, who saw that each individual assumed and maintained the attitude proper for the situation at whatever inconvenience, the artist could not possibly have impressed upon her picture that verisimilitude which it now presents.

"Through the kindness of the authorities, an amount of gunpowder was expended at Chatham, to make her see, as she said, how 'the men's faces looked through the smoke,' that would have justified the criticisms of a rigid parliamentary economist. Not satisfied with seeing how men *looked* in square, she desired to secure some faint idea of how they *felt* in square while 'receiving cavalry.' And accordingly she

repaired frequently to the Knightsbridge Barracks, where she would kneel to 'receive' the riding-master and a mounted sergeant of the Blues, while they thundered down upon her the full length of the riding-school, deftly pulling up, of course, to avoid accident. The fallen horse presented with such truth and vigor in 'Quatre Bras' was drawn from a Russian horse belonging to Hengler's Circus, the only one in England that could be trusted to remain for a sufficient time in the required position. A sore trial of patience was this to artist, to model, to Mr. Hengler, who held him down, and to the artist's father, who was present as spectator. Finally the rye—the 'particularly tall rye' in which, as Colonel Siborne says, the action was fought—was conscientiously sought for, and found, after much trouble, at Henly-on-Thames."

I saw this beautiful and stirring picture, as well as several others of Mrs. Butler's, while in England. Mr. Ruskin says of "Quatre Bras": "I never approached a picture with more iniquitous prejudice against it than I did Miss Thompson's; partly because I have always said that no woman could paint, and secondly, because I thought what the public made such a fuss about *must* be good for nothing. But it is Amazon's work, this, no doubt of it, and the first fine pre-raphaelite picture of battle we have had, profoundly interesting, and showing all manner of illustrative and realistic faculty. The sky is most tenderly painted, and with the truest outline of cloud of all in the exhibition; and the terrific piece of gallant wrath and ruin on the extreme left, where the cuirassier is catching round the neck of his horse as he falls, and the convulsed fallen horse, seen through the smoke below, is wrought through all the truth of its frantic passions with gradations of color and shade which I have not seen the like of since Turner's death."

This year, 1875, a figure from the picture, the "Tenth Bengal Lancers at Tent-pegging," was published as a supplement to the Christmas number of *London Graphic,* with the title "Missed." In 1876, "The Return from Balaklava" was

painted, and in 1877, "The Return from Inkerman," for which latter work the Fine Art Society paid her fifteen thousand dollars.

This year, 1877, on June 11, Miss Thompson was married to Major, now Colonel, William Francis Butler, K.C.B. He was then thirty-nine years of age, born in Ireland, educated in Dublin, and had received many honors. He served on the Red River expedition, was sent on a special mission to the Saskatchewan territories in 1870-71, and served on the Ashantee expedition in 1873. He has been honorably mentioned several times in the House of Lords by the Field-Marshal-Commanding-in-Chief. He wrote *The Great Lone Land* in 1872, *The Wild North Land* in 1873, and *A Kimfoo* in 1875.

After the marriage they spent much time in Ireland, where Mrs. Butler painted "Listed for the Connaught Rangers" in 1879. Her later works are "The Remnant of an Army," showing the arrival at Jellalabad, in 1842, of Dr. Brydon, the sole survivor of the sixteen thousand men under General Elphinstone, in the unfortunate Afghan campaign; the "Scots Greys Advancing," "The Defence of Rorke's Drift," an incident of the Zulu War, painted at the desire of the Queen and some others.

Still a young and very attractive woman, she has before her a bright future. She will have exceptional opportunities for battle studies in her husband's army life. She will probably spend much time in Africa, India, and other places where the English army will be stationed. Her husband now holds a prominent position in Africa.

In her studio, says her sister, "the walls are hung with old uniforms—the tall shako, the little coatee, and the stiff stock—which the visitor's imagination may stuff out with the form of the British soldier as he fought in the days of Waterloo. These are objects of use, not ornament; so are the relics from the fields of France in 1871, and the assegais and

spears and little sharp wooden maces from Zululand."

Mrs. Butler has perseverance, faithfulness in her work, and courage. She has won remarkable fame, but has proved herself deserving by her constant labor, and attention to details. Mrs. Butler's mother has also exhibited some fine paintings. The artist herself has illustrated a volume of poems, the work of her sister, Mrs. Meynell. A cultivated and artistic family have, of course, been an invaluable aid in Mrs. Butler's development.

Florence Nightingale.

Florence Nightingale—From the "Portrait Gallery of Eminent Men and Women."

One of the most interesting places in the whole of London, is St. Thomas' Hospital, an immense four-story structure of brick with stone trimmings. Here is the Nightingale Training School for nurses, established through the gift to Miss Nightingale of $250,000 by the government, for her wonderful work in the Crimean War. She would not take a cent for herself, but was glad to have this institution opened, that girls through her training might become valuable to the world as nurses, as she has been.

Here is the "Nightingale Home." The dining-room, with its three long tables, is an inviting apartment. The colors of wall and ceiling are in red and light shades. Here is a Swiss clock presented by the Grand Duchess of Baden; here a harpsichord, also a gift. Here is the marble face and figure I have come especially to see, that of lovely Florence Nightingale. It is a face full of sweetness and refinement, having withal an earnest look, as though life were well worth living.

What better work than to direct these girls how to be useful? Some are here from the highest social circles. The "probationers," or nurse pupils, must remain three years before they can become Protestant "sisters." Each ward is in charge of a sister; now it is Leopold, because the ward bears

that name; and now Victoria in respect to the Queen, who opened the institution.

The sisters look sunny and healthy, though they work hard. They have regular hours for being off duty, and exercise in the open air. The patients tell me how "homelike it seems to have women in the wards, and what a comfort it is in their agony, to be handled by their careful hands." Here are four hundred persons in all phases of suffering, in neat, cheerful wards, brightened by pots of flowers, and the faces of kind, devoted women.

And who is this woman to whom the government of Great Britain felt that it owed so much, and whom the whole world delights to honor?

Florence Nightingale, born in 1820, in the beautiful Italian city of that name, is the younger of two daughters of William Shore Nightingale, a wealthy land-owner, who inherited both the name and fortune of his granduncle, Peter Nightingale. The mother was the daughter of the eminent philanthropist and member of Parliament, William Smith.

Most of Miss Nightingale's life has been spent on their beautiful estate, Lea Hurst, in Derbyshire, a lovely home in the midst of picturesque scenery. In her youth her father instructed her carefully in the classics and higher mathematics; a few years later, partly through extensive travel, she became proficient in French, German, and Italian.

Rich, pretty, and well-educated, what was there more that she could wish for? Her heart, however, did not turn toward a fashionable life. Very early she began to visit the poor and the sick near Lea Hurst, and her father's other estate at Embly Park, Hampshire. Perhaps the mantle of the mother's father had fallen upon the young girl.

She had also the greatest tenderness toward dumb animals, and never could bear to see them injured. Miss Alldridge, in an interesting sketch of Miss Nightingale, quotes the following story from *Little Folks:*—

"Some years ago, when the celebrated Florence Nightingale was a little girl, living at her father's home, a large, old Elizabethan house, with great woods about it, in Hampshire, there was one thing that struck everybody who knew her. It was that she seemed to be always thinking what she could do to please or help any one who needed either help or comfort. She was very fond, too, of animals, and she was so gentle in her way, that even the shyest of them would come quite close to her, and pick up whatever she flung down for them to eat.

"There was, in the garden behind the house, a long walk with trees on each side, the abode of many squirrels; and when Florence came down the walk, dropping nuts as she went along, the squirrels would run down the trunks of their trees, and, hardly waiting until she passed by, would pick up the prize and dart away, with their little bushy tails curled over their backs, and their black eyes looking about as if terrified at the least noise, though they did not seem to be afraid of Florence.

"Then there was an old gray pony named Peggy, past work, living in a paddock, with nothing to do all day long but to amuse herself. Whenever Florence appeared at the gate, Peggy would come trotting up and put her nose into the dress pocket of her little mistress, and pick it of the apple or the roll of bread that she knew she would always find there, for this was a trick Florence had taught the pony. Florence was fond of riding, and her father's old friend, the clergyman of the parish, used often to come and take her for a ride with him when he went to the farm cottages at a distance. He was a good man and very kind to the poor.

"As he had studied medicine when a young man, he was able to tell the people what would do them good when they were ill, or had met with an accident. Little Florence took great delight in helping to nurse those who were ill; and whenever she went on these long rides, she had a small basket fastened to her saddle, filled with something nice which she

saved from her breakfast or dinner, or carried for her mother, who was very good to the poor.

"There lived in one of two or three solitary cottages in the wood an old shepherd of her father's, named Roger, who had a favorite sheep-dog called Cap. Roger had neither wife nor child, and Cap lived with him and kept him, and kept him company at night after he had penned his flock. Cap was a very sensible dog; indeed, people used to say he could do everything but speak. He kept the sheep in wonderfully good order, and thus saved his master a great deal of trouble. One day, as Florence and her old friend were out for a ride, they came to a field where they found the shepherd giving his sheep their night feed; but he was without the dog, and the sheep knew it, for they were scampering in every direction. Florence and her friend noticed that the old shepherd looked very sad, and they stopped to ask what was the matter, and what had become of his dog.

"'Oh,' said Roger, 'Cap will never be of any more use to me; I'll have to hang him, poor fellow, as soon as I go home to-night.'

"'Hang him!' said Florence. 'Oh, Roger, how wicked of you! What has dear old Cap done?'

"'He has done nothing,' replied Roger; 'but he will never be of any more use to me, and I cannot afford to keep him for nothing; one of the mischievous school-boys throwed a stone at him yesterday, and broke one of his legs.' And the old shepherd's eyes filled with tears, which he wiped away with his shirt-sleeve; then he drove his spade deep in the ground to hide what he felt, for he did not like to be seen crying.

"'Poor Cap!' he sighed; 'he was as knowing almost as a human being.'

"'But are you sure his leg is broken?' asked Florence.

"'Oh, yes, miss, it is broken safe enough; he has not put his foot to the ground since.'

"Florence and her friend rode on without saying anything

more to Roger.

"'We will go and see poor Cap,' said the vicar; 'I don't believe the leg is really broken. It would take a big stone and a hard blow to break the leg of a big dog like Cap.'

"'Oh, if you could but cure him, how glad Roger would be!' replied Florence.

"They soon reached the shepherd's cottage, but the door was fastened; and when they moved the latch, such a furious barking was heard that they drew back, startled. However, a little boy came out of the next cottage, and asked if they wanted to go in, as Roger had left the key with his mother. So the key was got, and the door opened; and there on the bare brick floor lay the dog, his hair dishevelled, and his eyes sparkling with anger at the intruders. But when he saw the little boy he grew peaceful, and when he looked at Florence, and heard her call him 'poor Cap,' he began to wag his short tail; and then crept from under the table, and lay down at her feet. She took hold of one of his paws, patted his old rough head, and talked to him, whilst her friend examined the injured leg. It was dreadfully swollen, and hurt very much to have it examined; but the dog knew it was meant kindly, and though he moaned and winced with pain, he licked the hands that were hurting him.

"'It's only a bad bruise; no bones are broken,' said her old friend; 'rest is all Cap needs; he will soon be well again.'

"'I am so glad,' said Florence; 'but can we do nothing for him? he seems in such pain.'

"'There is one thing that would ease the pain and heal the leg all the sooner, and that is plenty of hot water to foment the part.'

"Florence struck a light with the tinder-box, and lighted the fire, which was already laid. She then set off to the other cottage to get something to bathe the leg with. She found an old flannel petticoat hanging up to dry, and this she carried off, and tore up into slips, which she wrung out in warm water,

and laid them tenderly on Cap's swollen leg. It was not long before the poor dog felt the benefit of the application, and he looked grateful, wagging his little stump of a tail in thanks. On their way home they met the shepherd coming slowly along, with a piece of rope in his hand.

"'Oh, Roger,' cried Florence, 'you are not to hang poor old Cap; his leg is not broken at all.'

"'No, he will serve you yet,' said the vicar.

"'Well, I be main glad to hear it,' said the shepherd, 'and many thanks to you for going to see him.'

"On the next morning Florence was up early, and the first thing she did was to take two flannel petticoats to give to the poor woman whose skirt she had torn up to bathe Cap. Then she went to the dog, and was delighted to find the swelling of his leg much less. She bathed it again, and Cap was as grateful as before.

"Two or three days afterwards Florence and her friend were riding together, when they came up to Roger and his sheep. This time Cap was watching the sheep, though he was lying quite still, and pretending to be asleep. When he heard the voice of Florence speaking to his master, who was portioning out the usual food, his tail wagged and his eyes sparkled, but he did not get up, for he was on duty. The shepherd stopped his work, and as he glanced at the dog with a merry laugh, said, 'Do look at the dog, Miss; he be so pleased to hear your voice.' Cap's tail went faster and faster. 'I be glad,' continued the old man, 'I did not hang him. I be greatly obliged to you, Miss, and the vicar, for what you did. But for you I would have hanged the best dog I ever had in my life.'"

A girl who was made so happy in saving the life of an animal would naturally be interested to save human beings. Occasionally her family passed a season in London, and here, instead of giving much time to concerts or parties, she would visit hospitals and benevolent institutions. When the family travelled in Egypt, she attended several sick Arabs, who

recovered under her hands. They doubtless thought the English girl was a saint sent down from heaven.

The more she felt drawn toward the sick, the more she felt the need of study, and the more she saw the work that refined women could do in the hospitals. The Sisters of Charity were standing by sick-beds; why could there not be Protestant sisters? When they travelled in Germany, France, and Italy, she visited infirmaries, asylums, and hospitals, carefully noting the treatment given in each.

Finally she determined to spend some months at Kaiserwerth, near Dusseldorf, on the Rhine, in Pastor Fliedner's great Lutheran hospital. He had been a poor clergyman, the leader of a scanty flock, whose church was badly in debt. A man of much enterprise and warm heart, he could not see his work fail for lack of means; so he set out among the provinces, to tell the needs of his little parish. He collected funds, learned much about the poverty and ignorance of cities, preached in some of the prisons, because interested in criminals, and went back to his loyal people.

But so poor were they that they could not meet the yearly expenses, so he determined to raise an endowment fund. He visited Holland and Great Britain, and secured the needed money.

In England, in 1832, he became acquainted with Elizabeth Fry. How one good life influences another to the end of time! When he went back to Germany his heart was aglow with a desire to help humanity.

He at once opened an asylum for discharged prison-women. He saw how almost impossible it was for those who had been in prison to obtain situations. Then he opened a school for the children of such as worked in factories, for he realized how unfit for citizenship are those who grow up in ignorance. He did not have much money, but he seemed able to obtain what he really needed. Then he opened a hospital; a home for insane women; a home of rest for his nurses, or for

those who needed a place to live after their work was done. Soon the "Deaconesses" at Kaiserwerth became known the country over. Among the wildest Norwegian mountains we met some of these Kaiserwerth nurses, refined, educated ladies, getting in summer a new lease of life for their noble labors.

This Protestant sisterhood consists now of about seven hundred sisters, at about two hundred stations, the annual expense being about $150,000. What a grand work for one man, with no money, the pastor of a very humble church!

Into this work of Pastor Fliedner, Florence Nightingale heartily entered. Was it strange taste for a pretty and wealthy young woman, whose life had been one of sunshine and happiness? It was a saintlike taste, and the world is rendered a little like Paradise by the presence of such women. Back in London the papers were full of the great exhibition of 1851, but she was more interested in her Kaiserwerth work than to be at home. When she had finished her course of instruction, Pastor Fliedner said, since he had been director of that institution no one had ever passed so distinguished an examination, or shown herself so thoroughly mistress of all she had learned.

On her return to Lea Hurst, she could not rest very long, while there was so much work to be done in the world. In London, a hospital for sick governesses was about to fail, from lack of means and poor management. Nobody seemed very deeply interested for these overworked teachers. But Miss Nightingale was interested, and leaving her lovely home, she came to the dreary house in Harley Street, where she gave her time and her fortune for several years. Her own frail health sank for a time from the close confinement, but she had seen the institution placed on a sure foundation, and prosperous.

The Crimean War had begun. England had sent out shiploads of men to the Black Sea, to engage in war with Russia. Little thought seemed to have been taken, in the hurry and

enthusiasm of war, to provide proper clothing or food for the men in that changing climate. In the desolate country there was almost no means of transportation, and men and animals suffered from hunger. After the first winter cholera broke out, and in one camp twenty men died in twenty-four hours.

Matters grew from bad to worse. William Howard Russell, the *Times* correspondent, wrote home to England: "It is now pouring rain—the skies are black as ink—the wind is howling over the staggering tents—the trenches are turned into dykes —in the tents the water is sometimes a foot deep—our men have not either warm or waterproof clothing—they are out for twelve hours at a time in the trenches—they are plunged into the inevitable miseries of a winter campaign—and not a soul seems to care for their comfort, or even for their lives. These are hard truths, but the people of England must hear them. They must know that the wretched beggar who wanders about the streets of London in the rain, leads the life of a prince, compared with the British soldiers who are fighting out here for their country.

"The commonest accessories of a hospital are wanting; there is not the least attention paid to decency or cleanliness; the stench is appalling; the fetid air can barely struggle out to taint the atmosphere, save through the chinks in the walls and roofs; and, for all I can observe, these men die without the least effort being made to save them. There they lie, just as they were let gently down on the ground by the poor fellows, their comrades, who brought them on their backs from the camp with the greatest tenderness, but who are not allowed to remain with them. The sick appear to be tended by the sick, and the dying by the dying."

During the rigorous winter of 1854, with snow three feet thick, many were frozen in their tents. Out of nearly forty-five thousand, over eighteen thousand were reported in the hospitals. The English nation became aroused at this state of things, and in less than two weeks seventy-five thousand

dollars poured into the *Times* office for the suffering soldiers. A special commissioner, Mr. Macdonald, was sent to the Crimea with shirts, sheets, flannels, and necessary food.

But one of the greatest of all needs was woman's hand and brain, in the dreadful suffering and the confusion. The testimony of the world thus far has been that men everywhere need the help of women, and women everywhere need the help of men. Right Honorable Sydney Herbert, the Secretary of War, knew of but one woman who could bring order and comfort to those far-away hospitals, and that woman was Miss Nightingale. She had made herself ready at Kaiserwerth for a great work, and now a great work was ready for her.

But she was frail in health, and was it probable that a rich and refined lady would go thousands of miles from her kindred, to live in feverish wards where there were only men? A true woman dares do anything that helps the world.

Mr. Herbert wrote her, Oct. 15: "There is, as far as I know, only one person in England capable of organizing and directing such a plan, and I have been several times on the point of asking you if you would be disposed to make the attempt. That it will be difficult to form a corps of nurses, no one knows better than yourself… I have this simple question to put to you: Could you go out yourself, and take charge of everything? It is, of course, understood that you will have absolute authority over all the nurses, unlimited power to draw on the government for all you judge necessary to the success of your mission; and I think I may assure you of the co-operation of the medical staff. Your personal qualities, your knowledge, and your authority in administrative affairs, all fit you for this position."

It was a strange coincidence that on that same day, Oct. 15, Miss Nightingale, her heart stirred for the suffering soldiers, had written a letter to Mr. Herbert, offering her services to the government. A few days later the world read, with moistened eyes, this letter from the war office: "Miss

Nightingale, accompanied by thirty-four nurses, will leave this evening. Miss Nightingale, who has, I believe, greater practical experience of hospital administration and treatment than any other lady in this country, has, with a self-devotion for which I have no words to express my gratitude, undertaken this noble but arduous work."

The heart of the English nation followed the heroic woman. Mrs. Jameson wrote: "It is an undertaking wholly new to our English customs, much at variance with the usual education given to women in this country. If it succeeds, it will be the true, the lasting glory of Florence Nightingale and her band of devoted assistants, that they have broken down a Chinese wall of prejudices—religious, social, professional—and have established a precedent which will, indeed, multiply the good to all time." She did succeed, and the results can scarcely be overestimated.

As the band of nurses passed through France, hotel-keepers would take no pay for their accommodation; poor fisherwomen at Boulogne struggled for the honor of carrying their baggage to the railway station. They sailed in the Vectis across the Mediterranean, reaching Scutari, Nov. 5, the day of the battle of Inkerman.

They found in the great Barrack Hospital, which had been lent to the British by the Turkish government, and in another large hospital near by, about four thousand men. The corridors were filled with two rows of mattresses, so close that two persons could scarcely walk between them. There was work to be done at once.

One of the nurses wrote home, "The whole of yesterday one could only forget one's own existence, for it was spent, first in sewing the men's mattresses together, and then in washing them, and assisting the surgeons, when we could, in dressing their ghastly wounds after their five days' confinement on board ship, during which space their wounds had not been dressed. Hundreds of men with fever, dysentery, and

cholera (the wounded were the smaller portion) filled the wards in succession from the overcrowded transports."

Miss Nightingale, calm and unobtrusive, went quietly among the men, always with a smile of sympathy for the suffering. The soldiers often wept, as for the first time in months, even years, a woman's hand adjusted their pillows, and a woman's voice soothed their sorrows.

Miss Nightingale's pathway was not an easy one. Her coming did not meet the general approval of military or medical officials. Some thought women would be in the way; others felt that their coming was an interference. Possibly some did not like to have persons about who would be apt to tell the truth on their return to England. But with good sense and much tact she was able to overcome the disaffection, using her almost unlimited power with discretion.

As soon as the wounded were attended to, she established an invalid's kitchen, where appetizing food could be prepared—one of the essentials in convalescence. Here she overlooked the proper cooking for eight hundred men who could not eat ordinary food. Then she established a laundry. The beds and shirts of the men were in a filthy condition, some wearing the ragged clothing in which they were brought down from the Crimea. It was difficult to obtain either food or clothing, partly from the immense amount of "red tape" in official life.

Miss Nightingale seemed to be everywhere. Dr. Pincoffs said: "I believe that there never was a severe case of any kind that escaped her notice; and sometimes it was wonderful to see her at the bedside of a patient who had been admitted perhaps but an hour before, and of whose arrival one would hardly have supposed it possible she could already be cognizant."

She aided the senior chaplain in establishing a library and school-room, and in getting up evening lectures for the men. She supplied books and games, wrote letters for the sick, and

forwarded their little savings to their home-friends.

For a year and a half, till the close of the war, she did a wonderful work, reducing the death-rate in the Barrack Hospital from sixty per cent to a little above one per cent. Said the *Times* correspondent: "Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form, and the hand of the spoiler distressingly nigh, there is that incomparable woman sure to be seen; her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort even amid the struggles of expiring nature. She is a 'ministering angel,' without any exaggeration, in these hospitals, and as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon these miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed, alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds.

"With the heart of a true woman and the manner of a lady, accomplished and refined beyond most of her sex, she combines a surprising calmness of judgment and promptitude and decision of character. The popular instinct was not mistaken, which, when she set out from England on her mission of mercy, hailed her as a heroine; I trust she may not earn her title to a higher, though sadder, appellation. No one who has observed her fragile figure and delicate health can avoid misgivings lest these should fail."

One of the soldiers wrote home: "She would speak to one and another, and nod and smile to many more; but she could not do it to all, you know, for we lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on our pillows again content." Another wrote home: "Before she came there was such cussin' and swearin', and after that it was as holy as a church." No wonder she was called the "Angel of the Crimea." Once she was prostrated with fever, but recovered after a few weeks.

Finally the war came to an end. London was preparing to

give Miss Nightingale a royal welcome, when, lo! she took passage by design on a French steamer, and reached Lea Hurst, Aug. 15, 1856, unbeknown to any one. There was a murmur of disappointment at first, but the people could only honor all the more the woman who wished no blare of trumpets for her humane acts.

Queen Victoria sent for her to visit her at Balmoral, and presented her with a valuable jewel; a ruby-red enamel cross on a white field, encircled by a black band with the words, "Blessed are the merciful." The letters V. R., surmounted by a crown in diamonds, are impressed upon the centre of the cross. Green enamel branches of palm, tipped with gold, form the framework of the shield, while around their stems is a riband of the blue enamel with the single word "Crimea." On the top are three brilliant stars of diamonds. On the back is an inscription written by the Queen. The Sultan sent her a magnificent bracelet, and the government, $250,000, to found the school for nurses at St. Thomas' Hospital.

Since the war, Miss Nightingale has never been in strong health, but she has written several valuable books. Her *Hospital Notes,* published in 1859, have furnished plans for scores of new hospitals. Her *Notes on Nursing,* published in 1860, of which over one hundred thousand have been sold, deserve to be in every home. She is the most earnest advocate of sunlight and fresh air.

She says: "An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without, and foul night air from within. Most people prefer the latter—an unaccountable choice. What will they say if it be proved true that fully *one-half of all the disease we suffer from, is occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut?* An open window most nights of the year can never hurt any one. In great cities night air is often the best and purest to be had in the twenty-four hours.

"The five essentials, for healthy houses," she says, are "pure air, pure water, efficient drainage, cleanliness, and light… I have known whole houses and hospitals smell of the sink. I have met just as strong a stream of sewer air coming up the back staircase of a grand London house, from the sink, as I have ever met at Scutari; and I have seen the rooms in that house all ventilated by the open doors, and the passages all unventilated by the close windows, in order that as much of the sewer air as possible might be conducted into and retained in the bed-rooms. It is wonderful!"

Miss Nightingale has much humor, and she shows it in her writings. She is opposed to dark houses; says they promote scrofula; to old papered walls, and to carpets full of dust. An uninhabited room becomes full of foul air soon, and needs to have the windows opened often. She would keep sick people, or well, forever in the sunlight if possible, for sunlight is the greatest possible purifier of the atmosphere. "In the unsunned sides of narrow streets, there is degeneracy and weakliness of the human race—mind and body equally degenerating." Of the ruin wrought by bad air, she says: "Oh, the crowded national school, where so many children's epidemics have their origin, what a tale its air-test would tell! We should have parents saying, and saying rightly, 'I will not send my child to that school; the air-test stands at "horrid."' And the dormitories of our great boarding-schools! Scarlet fever would be no more ascribed to contagion, but to its right cause, the air-test standing at 'Foul.' We should hear no longer of 'Mysterious Dispensations' and of 'Plague and Pestilence' being in 'God's hands,' when, so far as we know, He has put them into our own." She urges much rubbing of the body, washing with warm water and soap. "The only way I know to *remove dust,* is to wipe everything with a damp cloth… If you must have a carpet, the only safety is to take it up two or three times a year, instead of once… The best wall now extant is oil paint."

"Nursing is an art; and if it is to be made an art, requires

as exclusive a devotion, as hard a preparation, as any painter's or sculptor's work; for what is the having to do with dead canvas or cold marble compared with having to do with the living body, the temple of God's Spirit? Nursing is one of the fine arts; I had almost said, the finest of the fine arts."

Miss Nightingale has also written *Observations on the Sanitary State of the Army in India,* 1863; *Life or Death in India,* read before the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, 1873, with an appendix on *Life or Death by Irrigation,* 1874.

She is constantly doing deeds of kindness. With a subscription sent recently by her to the Gordon Memorial Fund, she said: "Might but the example of this great and pure hero be made to tell, in that self no longer existed to him, but only God and duty, on the soldiers who have died to save him, and on boys who should live to follow him."

Miss Nightingale has helped to dignify labor and to elevate humanity, and has thus made her name immortal.

Florence Nightingale died August 13, 1910, at 2 P.M., of heart failure, at the age of ninety. She had received many distinguished honors: the freedom of the city of London in 1908, and from King Edward VII, a year previously, a membership in the Order of Merit, given only to a select few men; such as Field Marshal Roberts, Lord Kitchener, Alma Tadema, James Bryce, George Meredith, Lords Kelvin and Lister, and Admiral Togo.

Her funeral was a quiet one, according to her wishes.

Lady Brassey.

One of my pleasantest days in England was spent at old Battle Abbey, the scene of the ever-memorable Battle of Hastings, where William of Normandy conquered the Saxon Harold.

The abbey was built by William as a thank-offering for the victory, on the spot where Harold set up his standard. The

old gateway is one of the finest in England. Part of the ancient church remains, flowers and ivy growing out of the beautiful gothic arches.

As one stands upon the walls and looks out upon the sea, that great battle comes up before him. The Norman hosts disembark; first come the archers in short tunics, with bows as tall as themselves and quivers full of arrows; then the knights in coats of mail, with long lances and two-edged swords; Duke William steps out last from the ship, and falls foremost on both hands. His men gather about him in alarm, but he says, "See, my lords, I have taken possession of England with both my hands. It is now mine, and what is mine is yours."

Word is sent to Harold to surrender the throne, but he returns answer as haughty as is sent. Brave and noble, he plants his standard, a warrior sparkling with gold and precious stones, and thus addresses his men:—

"The Normans are good knights, and well used to war. If they pierce our ranks, we are lost. Cleave, and do not spare!" Then they build up a breastwork of shields, which no man can pass alive. William of Normandy is ready for action. He in turn addresses his men: "Spare not, and strike hard. There will be booty for all. It will be in vain to ask for peace; the English will not give it. Flight is impossible; at the sea you will find neither ship nor bridge; the English would overtake and annihilate you there. The victory is in our hands."

From nine till three the battle rages. The case becomes desperate. William orders the archers to fire into the air, as they cannot pierce English armor, and arrows fall down like rain upon the Saxons. Harold is pierced in the eye. He is soon overcome and trampled to death by the enemy, dying, it is said, with the words "Holy Cross" upon his lips.

Ten thousand are killed on either side, and the Saxons pass forever under foreign rule. Harold's mother comes and begs the body of her son, and pays for it, some historians say, its weight in gold.

Every foot of ground at Battle Abbey is historic, and all the country round most interesting. We drive over the smoothest of roads to a palace in the distance—Normanhurst, the home of Lady Brassey, the distinguished author and traveller. Towers are at either corner and in the centre, and ivy climbs over the spacious vestibule to the roof. Great buildings for waterworks, conservatories, and the like, are adjoining, in the midst of flower-gardens and acres of lawn and forest. It is a place fit for the abode of royalty itself.

In no home have I seen so much that is beautiful gathered from all parts of the world. The hall, as you enter, square and hung with crimson velvet, is adorned with valuable paintings. Two easy-chairs before the fireplace are made from ostriches, their backs forming the seats. These birds were gifts to Lady Brassey in her travels. In the rooms beyond are treasures from Japan, the South Sea Islands, South America, indeed from everywhere; cases of pottery, works in marble, Dresden candelabra, ancient armor, furs, silks, all arrayed with exquisite taste.

One room, called the Marie Antoinette room, has the curtains and furniture, in yellow, of this unfortunate queen. Here are pictures by Sir Frederick Leighton, Landseer, and others; stuffed birds and fishes and animals from every clime, with flowers in profusion. In the dining-room, with its gray walls and red furniture, is a large painting of the mistress of this superb home, with her favorite horse and dogs. The views from the windows are beautiful, Battle Abbey ruin in the distance, and rivers flowing to the sea. The house is rich in color, one room being blue, another red, a third yellow, while large mirrors seem to repeat the apartments again and again. As we leave the home, not the least of its attractions come up the grounds—a load of merry children, all in sailor hats; the Mabelle and Muriel and Marie whom we have learned to know in Lady Brassey's books.

The well-known author is the daughter of the late Mr.

John Alnutt of Berkley Square, London, who, as well as his father, was a patron of art, having made large collections of paintings. Reared in wealth and culture, it was but natural that the daughter, Annie, should find in the wealthy and cultured Sir Thomas Brassey a man worthy of her affections. In 1860, while both were quite young, they were married, and together they have travelled, written books, aided working men and women, and made for themselves a noble and lasting fame.

Sir Thomas is the eldest son of the late Mr. Brassey, "the leviathan contractor, the employer of untold thousands of navvies, the genie of the spade and pick, and almost the pioneer of railway builders, not only in his own country, but from one end of the continent to the other." Of superior education, having been at Rugby and University College, Oxford, Sir Thomas was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1864, and was elected to Parliament from Devonport the following year, and from Hastings three years later, in 1868, which position he has filled ever since.

Exceedingly fond of the sea, he determined to be a practical sailor, and qualified himself as a master-marine, by passing the requisite Board of Trade examination, and receiving a certificate as a seaman and navigator. In 1869 he was made Honorary Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve.

Besides his parliamentary work, he has been an able and voluminous writer. His *Foreign Work and English Wages* I purchased in England, and have found it valuable in facts and helpful in spirit. The statement in the preface that he "has had under consideration the expediency of retiring from Parliament, with the view of devoting an undivided attention to the elucidation of industrial problems, and the improvement of the relations between capital and labor," shows the heart of the man. In 1880 he was made Civil Lord of the Admiralty, and in 1881 was created by the Queen a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, for his important

services in connection with the organization of the Naval Reserve forces of the country.

In 1869, after Sir Thomas and Lady Brassey had been nine years married, they determined to take a sea-voyage in his yacht, and between this time and 1872 they made two cruises in the Mediterranean and the East. From her childhood the wife had kept a journal, and from fine powers of observation and much general knowledge was well fitted to see whatever was to be seen, and describe it graphically. She wrote long, journal-like letters to her father, and on her return *The Flight of the Meteor* was prepared for distribution among relatives and intimate friends.

In the year last mentioned, 1872, they took a trip to Canada and the United States, sailing up several of the long rivers, and on her return, *A Cruise in the Eothen* was published for friends.

Four years later they decided to go round the world, and for this purpose the beautiful yacht *Sunbeam* was built. The children, the animal pets, two dogs, three birds, and a Persian kitten for the baby, were all taken, and the happy family left England July 1, 1876. With the crew, the whole number of persons on board was forty-three. Almost at the beginning of the voyage they encountered a severe storm. Captain Lecky would have been lost but for the presence of mind of Mabelle Brassey, the oldest daughter, who has her mother's courage and calmness. When asked if she thought she was going overboard, she answered, "I did not think at all, mamma, but felt sure we were gone."

"Soon after this adventure," says Lady Brassey, "we all went to bed, full of thanksgiving that it had ended as well as it did; but, alas, not, so far as I was concerned, to rest in peace. In about two hours I was awakened by a tremendous weight of water suddenly descending upon me and flooding the bed. I immediately sprang out, only to find myself in another pool on the floor. It was pitch dark, and I could not think what had

happened; so I rushed on deck, and found that the weather having moderated a little, some kind sailor, knowing my love of fresh air, had opened the skylight rather too soon, and one of the angry waves had popped on board, deluging the cabin.

"I got a light, and proceeded to mop up, as best I could, and then endeavored to find a dry place to sleep in. This, however, was no easy task, for my own bed was drenched, and every other berth occupied. The deck, too, was ankle-deep in water, as I found when I tried to get across to the deck-house sofa. At last I lay down on the floor, wrapped in my ulster, and wedged between the foot stanchion of our swing bed and the wardrobe athwart-ship; so that as the yacht rolled heavily, my feet were often higher than my head."

No wonder that a woman who could make the best of such circumstances could make a year's trip on the *Sunbeam* a delight to all on board. Their first visits were to the Madeira, Teneriffe, and Cape de Verde Islands, off the coast of Africa. With simplicity, the charm of all writing, and naturalness, Lady Brassey describes the people, the bathing where the sharks were plentiful, and the masses of wild geranium, hydrangea, and fuchsia. They climb to the top of the lava Peak of Teneriffe, over twelve thousand feet high; they rise at five o'clock to see the beautiful sunrises; they watch the slaves at coffee-raising at Rio de Janeiro, in South America, and Lady Brassey is attracted toward the nineteen tiny babies by the side of their mothers; "the youngest, a dear, little woolly-headed thing, as black as jet, and only three weeks old."

In Belgrano, she says: "We saw for the first time the holes of the bizcachas, or prairie-dogs, outside which the little prairie-owls keep guard. There appeared to be always one, and generally two, of these birds, standing like sentinels, at the entrance to each hole, with their wise-looking heads on one side, pictures of prudence and watchfulness. The bird and the beast are great friends, and are seldom to be found apart." And then Lady Brassey, who understands photography as well

as how to write several languages, photographs this pretty scene of prairie-dogs guarded by owls, and puts it in her book.

On their way to the Straits of Magellan, they see a ship on fire. They send out a boat to her, and bring in the suffering crew of fifteen men, almost wild with joy to be rescued. Their cargo of coal had been on fire for four days. The men were exhausted, the fires beneath their feet were constantly growing hotter, and finally they gave up in despair and lay down to die. But the captain said, "There is One above who looks after us all," and again they took courage. They lashed the two apprentice boys in one of the little boats, for fear they would be washed overboard, for one was the "only son of his mother, and she a widow."

"The captain," says Lady Brassey, "drowned his favorite dog, a splendid Newfoundland, just before leaving the ship; for although a capital watchdog and very faithful, he was rather large and fierce; and when it was known that the *Sunbeam* was a yacht with ladies and children on board, he feared to introduce him. Poor fellow! I wish I had known about it in time to save his life!"

They "steamed past the low sandy coast of Patagonia and the rugged mountains of Tierra del Fuego, literally, Land of Fire, so called from the custom the inhabitants have of lighting fires on prominent points as signals of assembly." The people are cannibals, and naked. "Their food is of the most meagre description, and consists mainly of shell-fish, sea-eggs, for which the women dive with much dexterity, and fish, which they train their dogs to assist them in catching. These dogs are sent into the water at the entrance of a narrow creek or small bay, and they then bark and flounder about and drive the fish before them into shallow water, where they are caught."

Three of these Fuegians, a man, woman, and lad, come out to the yacht in a craft made of planks rudely tied together with the sinews of animals, and give otter skins for "tobáco

and galléta" (biscuit), for which they call. When Lady Brassey gives the lad and his mother some strings of blue, red, and green glass beads, they laugh and jabber most enthusiastically. Their paddles are "split branches of trees, with wider pieces tied on at one end, with the sinews of birds or beasts." At the various places where they land, all go armed, Lady Brassey herself being well skilled in their use.

She never forgets to do a kindness. In Chili she hears that a poor engine-driver, an Englishman, has met with a serious accident, and at once hastens to see him. He is delighted to hear about the trip of the *Sunbeam*, and forgets for a time his intense suffering in his joy at seeing her.

In Santiago she describes a visit to the ruin of the Jesuit church, where, Dec. 8, 1863, at the Feast of the Virgin, two thousand persons, mostly women and children, were burned to death. A few were drawn up through a hole in the roof and thus saved.

Their visit to the South Sea Islands is full of interest. At Bow Island Lady Brassey buys two tame pigs for twenty-five cents each, which are so docile that they follow her about the yacht with the dogs, to whom they took a decided fancy. She calls one Agag, because he walks so delicately on his toes. The native women break cocoanuts and offer them the milk to drink. At Maitea the natives are puzzled to know why the island is visited. "No sell brandy?" they ask. "No." "No stealy men?" "No." "No do what then?" The chief receives most courteously, cutting down a banana-tree for them, when they express a wish for bananas. He would receive no money for his presents to them.

In Tahiti a feast is given in their honor, in a house seemingly made of banana-trees, "the floor covered with the finest mats, and the centre strewn with broad green plantain leaves, to form the table-cloth… Before each guest was placed a half-cocoanut full of salt water, another full of chopped cocoanut, a third full of fresh water, and another full of milk, two pieces

of bamboo, a basket of poi, half a breadfruit, and a platter of green leaves, the latter being changed with each course. We took our seats on the ground round the green table. The first operation was to mix the salt water and the chopped cocoanut together, so as to make an appetizing sauce, into which we were supposed to dip each morsel we ate. We were tolerably successful in the use of our fingers as substitutes for knives and forks."

At the Sandwich Islands, in Hilo, they visit the volcano of Kilauea. They descend the precipice, three hundred feet, which forms the wall of the old crater. They ascend the present crater, and stand on the "edge of a precipice, overhanging a lake of molten fire, a hundred feet below us, and nearly a mile across. Dashing against the cliffs on the opposite side, with a noise like the roar of a stormy ocean, waves of blood-red, fiery liquid lava hurled their billows upon an iron-bound headland, and then rushed up the face of the cliffs to toss their gory spray high in the air."

They pass the island of Molokai, where the poor lepers end their days away from home and kindred. At Honolulu they are entertained by the Prince, and then sail for Japan, China, Ceylon, through Suez, stopping in Egypt, and then home. On their arrival, Lady Brassey says, "How can I describe the warm greetings that met us everywhere, or the crowd that surrounded us; how, along the whole ten miles from Hastings to Battle, people were standing by the roadside and at the cottage doors to welcome us; how the Battle bell-ringers never stopped ringing except during service time; or how the warmest of welcomes ended our delightful year of travel and made us feel we were home at last, with thankful hearts for the providential care which had watched over us whithersoever we roamed!"

The trip had been one of continued ovation. Crowds had gathered in every place to see the *Sunbeam*, and often trim her with flowers from stem to stern. Presents of parrots, and

kittens, and pigs abounded, and Lady Brassey had cared tenderly for them all. Christmas was observed on ship-board with gifts for everybody; thoughtfulness and kindness had made the trip a delight to the crew as well as the passengers.

The letters sent home from the *Sunbeam* were so thoroughly enjoyed by her father and friends, that they prevailed upon her to publish a book, which she did in 1878. It was found to be as full of interest to the world as it had been to the intimate friends, and it passed rapidly through four editions. An abridged edition appeared in the following year; then the call for it was so great that an edition was prepared for reading in schools, in 1880, and finally, in 1881, a twelve-cent edition, that the poor as well as the rich might have an opportunity of reading this fascinating book, *Around the World in the Yacht Sunbeam.* And now Lady Brassey found herself not only the accomplished and benevolent wife of a member of Parliament, but a famous author as well.

This year, July, 1881, the King of the Sandwich Islands, who had been greatly pleased with her description of his kingdom, was entertained at Normanhurst Castle, and invested Lady Brassey with the Order of Kapiolani.

The next trip made was to the far East, and a book followed in 1880, entitled, *Sunshine and Storm in the East;* or, *Cruises to Cyprus and Constantinople,* dedicated "to the brave, true-hearted sailors of England, of all ranks and services."

The book is intensely interesting. Now she describes the Sultan going to the mosque, which he does every Friday at twelve o'clock. "He appeared in a sort of undress uniform, with a flowing cloak over it, and with two or three large diamond stars on his breast. He was mounted on a superb white Arab charger, thirty-three years old, whose saddle-cloths and trappings blazed with gold and diamonds. The following of officers on foot was enormous; and then came two hundred of the fat blue and gold pashas, with their white horses and brilliant trappings, the rear being brought up by some troops

and a few carriages… Nobody dares address the Sultan, even if he speaks to them, except in monosyllables, with their foreheads almost touching the floor, the only exception being the grand vizier, who dares not look up, but stands almost bent double. He is entirely governed by his mother, who, having been a slave of the very lowest description, to whom his father, Mahmoud II., took a fancy as she was carrying wood to the bath, is naturally bigoted and ignorant… The Sultan is not allowed to marry, but the slaves who become mothers of his children are called sultanas, and not allowed to do any more work. They have a separate suite of apartments, a retinue of servants, besides carriages and horses, and each hopes some day to be the mother of the future Sultan, and therefore the most prominent woman in Turkey. The sultanas may not sit at table with their own children, on account of their having been slaves, while the children are princes and princesses in right of their father."

Lady Brassey tells the amusing story of a visit of Eugenie to the Sultan's mother, when the Empress of the French saluted her on the cheek. The Turkish woman was furious, and said she had never been so insulted in her life. "She retired to bed at once, was bled, and had several Turkish baths, to purify her from the pollution. Fancy the Empress' feelings when, after having so far condescended as to kiss the old woman, born one of the lowest of slaves, she had her embrace received in such a manner."

The habits and customs of the people are described by Lady Brassey with all the interest of a novel. On their return home, "again the Battle bells rang out a merry peal of gladness; again everybody rushed out to welcome us. At home once again, the servants and the animals seemed equally glad to see us back; the former looked the picture of happiness, while the dogs jumped and barked; the horses and ponies neighed and whinnied; the monkeys chattered; the cockatoos and parrots screamed; the birds chirped; the bullfinches piped

their little paean of welcome… Our old Sussex cowman says that even the cows eat their food 'kind of kinder like' when the family are at home. The deer and the ostriches too, the swans and the call ducks, all came running to meet us, as we drove round the place to see them." Kindness to both man and beast bears its legitimate fruit.

Two years later she prepared the letter-press to *Tahiti: a Series of Photographs,* taken by Colonel Stuart Wortley. He also is a gentleman of much culture and noble work, in whose home we saw beautiful things gathered from many lands.

The last long trip of Sir Thomas and Lady Brassey was made in the fall of 1883, and resulted in a charming book, *In the Trades, the Tropics, and the Roaring Forties,* with about three hundred illustrations. The route lay through Madeira, Trinidad, Venezuela, the Bahamas, and home by way of the Azores. The resources of the various islands, their history, and their natural formation, are ably told, showing much study as well as intelligent observation. The maps and charts are also valuable. At Trinidad they visit the fine Botanic Gardens, and see bamboos, mangoes, peach-palms, and cocoa-plants, from whose seeds chocolate is made. The quantity exported annually is 13,000,000 pounds.

They also visit great coffee plantations. "The leaves of the coffee-shrub," says Lady Brassey, "are of a rich, dark, glossy green; the flowers, which grow in dense white clusters, when in full bloom, giving the bushes the appearance of being covered with snow. The berries vary in color from pale green to reddish orange or dark red, according to their ripeness, and bear a strong resemblance to cherries. Each contains two seeds, which, when properly dried, become what is known to us as 'raw' coffee."

At Caracas they view with interest the place which, on March 26, 1812, was nearly destroyed by an earthquake, twelve thousand persons perishing, thousands of whom were buried alive by the opening of the ground. They study the

formation of coral-reefs, and witness the gathering of sponges in the Bahamas. "These are brought to the surface by hooked poles, or sometimes by diving. When first drawn from the water they are covered with a soft gelatinous substance, as black as tar and full of organic life, the sponge, as we know, being only the skeleton of the organism."

While all this travelling was being enjoyed, and made most useful as well, to hundreds of thousands of readers, Lady Brassey was not forgetting her works of philanthropy. For years she has been a leading spirit in the St. John's Ambulance Association. Last October she gave a valuable address to the members of the "Workingmen's Club and Institute Union," composed of several hundred societies of workingmen. Her desire was that each society take up the work of teaching its members how to care for the body in case of accidents. The association, now numbering over one hundred thousand persons, is an offshoot of the ancient order of St. John of Jerusalem, founded eight hundred years ago, to maintain a hospital for Christian pilgrims. She says: "The method of arresting bleeding from an artery is so easy that a child may learn it; yet thousands of lives have been lost through ignorance, the life-blood ebbing away in the presence of sorrowing spectators, perfectly helpless, because none among them had been taught one of the first rudiments of instruction of an ambulance pupil—the application of an extemporized tourniquet. Again, how frequent is the loss of life by drowning; yet how few persons, comparatively, understand the way to treat properly the apparently drowned." Lectures are given by this association on, first, aid to the injured; also on the general management of the sick-room.

Lady Brassey, with the assistance of medical men, has held classes in all the outlying villages about her home, and has arranged that simple but useful medical appliances, like plasters, bandages, and the like, be kept at some convenient centres.

At Trindad, and Bahamas, and Bermudas, when they stayed there in their travels, she caused to be held large meetings among the most influential residents; also at Madeira and in the Azores. A class was organized on board the *Sunbeam*, and lectures were delivered by a physician. In the Shetland Islands she has also organized these societies, and thus many lives have been saved. When the soldiers went to the Soudan, she arranged for these helpful lectures to them on their voyage East, and among much other reading-matter which she obtained for them, sent them books and papers on this essential medical knowledge.

She carries on correspondence with India, Australia, and New Zealand, where ambulance associations have been formed. For her valued services she was elected in 1881 a *Dame Chevaliere* of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

Her work among the poor in the East End of London is admirable. Too much of this cannot be done by those who are blessed with wealth and culture. She is also interested in all that helps to educate the people, as is shown by her Museum of Natural History and Ethnological Specimens, open for inspection in the School of Fine Art at Hastings. How valuable is such a life compared with one that uses its time and money for personal gratification alone.

In August, 1885, Sir Thomas and Lady Brassey took Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and a few other friends, in the *Sunbeam*, up the coast of Norway. When they landed at Stavanger, a quaint, clean little town, she says, in the October *Contemporary Review:* "The reception which we met in this comparatively out-of-the-way place, where our visit had been totally unexpected, was very striking. From early morning little groups of townspeople had been hovering about the quays, trying to get a distant glimpse of the world-renowned statesman who was among our passengers." When they walked through the town, "every window and doorway was filled with on-lookers, several flags had been hoisted in honor of the

occasion, and the church bells were set ringing. It was interesting and touching to see the ex-minister walking up the narrow street, his hat almost constantly raised in response to the salutations of the townspeople."

They sail up the fiords, they ride in stolkjoerres over the country, they climb mountains, they visit old churches, and they dine with the Prince of Wales on board the royal yacht *Osborne*. Before landing, Mr. Gladstone addresses the crew, thanking them that "the voyage has been made pleasant and safe by their high sense of duty, constant watchfulness, and arduous exertion." While he admires the "rare knowledge of practical seamanship of Sir Thomas Brassey," and thanks both him and his wife for their "genial and generous hospitality," he does not forget the sailors, for whom he "wishes health and happiness," and "prays that God may speed you in all you undertake." Lady Brassey is living a useful and noble as well as intellectual life. In London, Sir Thomas and herself recently gave a reception to over a thousand workingmen in the South Kensington Museum. Devoted to her family, she does not forget the best interests of her country, nor the welfare of those less fortunate than herself. Successful in authorship, she is equally successful in good works; loved at home and honored abroad.

CHAPTER XVI
Baroness Burdett-Coutts

We hear, with comparative frequency, of great gifts made by men: George Peabody and Johns Hopkins, Ezra Cornell and Matthew Vassar, Commodore Vanderbilt and Leland Stanford. But gifts of millions have been rare from women. Perhaps this is because they have not, as often as men, had the control of immense wealth.

It is estimated that Baroness Burdett-Coutts has already given away from fifteen to twenty million dollars, and is constantly dispensing her fortune. She is feeling, in her lifetime, the real joy of giving. How many benevolent persons lose all this joy, by waiting till death before they bestow their gifts.

This remarkable woman comes from a remarkable family. Her father, Sir Francis Burdett, was one of England's most prominent members of Parliament. So earnest and eloquent was he that Canning placed him "very nearly, if not quite, at the head of the orators of the day." His colleague from Westminster, Hobhouse, said, "Sir Francis Burdett was endowed with qualities rarely united. A manly understanding and a tender heart gave a charm to his society such as I have never derived in any other instance from a man whose principal pursuit was politics. He was the delight both of young and old."

He was of fine presence, with great command of language, natural, sincere, and impressive. After being educated at Oxford, he spent some time in Paris during the early part of the French Revolution, and came home with enlarged ideas of liberty. With as much courage as eloquence, he advocated

liberty of the press in England, and many Parliamentary reforms. Whenever there were misdeeds to be exposed, he exposed them. The abuses of Cold Bath Fields and other prisons were corrected through his searching public inquiries.

When one of his friends was shut up in Newgate for impugning the conduct of the House of Commons, Sir Francis took his part, and for this it was ordered that he too be arrested. Believing in free speech as he did, he denied the right of the House of Commons to arrest him, and for nearly three days barricaded his house, till the police forcibly entered, and carried him to the Tower. A riot resulted, the people assaulting the police and the soldiers, for the statesman was extremely popular. Several persons were killed in the tumult.

Nine years later, in 1819, because he condemned the proceedings of the Lancashire magistrates in a massacre case, he was again arrested for libel (?). His sentence was three months' imprisonment, and a fine of five thousand dollars. The banknote with which the money was paid is still preserved in the Bank of England, "with an inscription in Burdett's own writing, that to save his life, which further imprisonment threatened to destroy, he submitted to be robbed."

For thirty years he represented Westminster, fearless in what he considered right; strenuous for the abolition of slavery, and in all other reforms. Napoleon said at St. Helena, if he had invaded England as he had intended, he would have made it a republic, with Sir Francis Burdett, the popular idol, at its head.

Wealthy himself, Sir Francis married Sophia, the youngest daughter of the wealthy London banker, Thomas Coutts. One son and five daughters were born to them, the youngest Angela Georgina (April 21, 1814), now the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Mr. Coutts was an eccentric and independent man, who married for his first wife an excellent girl of very humble

position. Their children, from the great wealth of the father, married into the highest social rank, one being Marchioness of Bute, one countess of Guilford, and the third Lady Burdett.

When Thomas Coutts was eighty-four he married for the second time, a well-known actress, Harriet Mellon, who for seven years, till his death, took excellent care of him. He left her his whole fortune, amounting to several millions, feeling, perhaps, that he had provided sufficiently for his daughters at their marriage, by giving them a half-million each. But Harriet Mellon, with a fine sense of honor, felt that the fortune belonged to his children. Though she married five years later the Duke of St. Albans, twenty-four years old, about half her own age, at her death, in ten years, she left the whole property, some fifteen millions, to Mr. Coutts' granddaughter, Angela Burdett. Only one condition was imposed—that the young lady should add the name of Coutts to her own.

Miss Angela Burdett-Coutts became, therefore, at twenty-three, the sole proprietor of the great Coutts banking-house, which position she held for thirty years, and the owner of an immense fortune. Very many young men manifested a desire to help care for the property, and to share it with her, but she seems from the first to have had but one definite life-purpose—to spend her money for the good of the human race. She had her father's strength of character, was well educated, and was a friend of royalty itself. Alas, how many young women, with fifteen million dollars in hand, and the sum constantly increasing, would have preferred a life of display and self-aggrandizement rather than visiting the poor and the sorrowing!

Baroness Burdett-Coutts is now over seventy, and for fifty years her name has been one of the brightest and noblest in England, or, indeed, in the world. Crabb Robinson said, she is "the most generous, and delicately generous, person I ever knew."

Her charities have extended in every direction. Among

her first good works was the building of two large churches, one at Carlisle, and another, St. Stephen's, at Westminster, the latter having also three schools and a parsonage. But Great Britain did not require all her gifts. Gospel work was needed in Australia, Africa, and British America. She therefore endowed three colonial bishoprics, at Adelaide, Cape Town, and in British Columbia, with a quarter of a million dollars. In South Australia she also provided an institution for the improvement of the aborigines, who were ignorant, and for whom the world seemed to care little.

She has generously aided her own sex. Feeling that sewing and other household work should be taught in the national schools, as from her labors among the poor she had seen how often food was badly cooked, and mothers were ignorant of sewing, she gave liberally to the government for this purpose. Her heart also went out to children in the remote districts, who were missing all school privileges, and for these she arranged a plan of "travelling teachers," which was heartily approved by the English authorities. Even now in these later years the Baroness may often be seen at the night-schools of London, offering prizes, or encouraging the young men and women in their desire to gain knowledge after the hard day's work is done. She has opened "Reformatory Homes" for girls, and great good has resulted.

Like Peabody, she has transformed some of the most degraded portions of London by her improved tenement houses for the poor. One place, called Nova Scotia gardens—the term "gardens" was a misnomer—she purchased, tore down the old rookeries where people slept and ate in filth and rags, and built tasteful homes for two hundred families, charging for them low and weekly rentals. Close by she built Columbia Market, costing over a million dollars, intended for the convenience of small dealers and people in that locality, where clean, healthful food could be procured. She opened a museum and reading-room for the neighborhood, and brought

order and taste out of squalor and distress.

This building she presented to the city of London, and in acknowledgment of the munificent gift, the Common Council presented her, July, 1872, in a public ceremony, the freedom of the city, an uncommon honor to a woman. It was accompanied by a complimentary address, enclosed in a beautiful gold casket with several compartments. One bore the arms of the Baroness, while the other seven represented tableaux emblematic of her noble life, "Feeding the Hungry," "Giving Drink to the Thirsty," "Clothing the Naked," "Visiting the Captive," "Lodging the Homeless," "Visiting the Sick," and "Burying the Dead." The four cardinal virtues, Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, and Justice, supported the box at the four corners, while the lid was surmounted by the arms of the city.

The Baroness made an able response to the address of the Council, instead of asking some gentleman to reply for her. Women who can do valuable benevolent work should be able to read their own reports, or say what they desire to say in public speech, without feeling that they have in the slightest degree departed from the dignity and delicacy of their womanhood.

Two years later, 1874, Edinburgh, for her many charities, also presented the Baroness the freedom of the city. Queen Victoria, three years before this, in June, 1871, had made her a peer of the realm.

In Spitalfields, London, where the poverty was very great, she started a sewing-school for adult women, and provided not only work for them, but food as well, so that they might earn for themselves rather than receive charity. To furnish this work, she took contracts from the government. From this school she sent out nurses among the sick, giving them medical supplies, and clothes for the deserving. When servants needed outfits, the Baroness provided them, aiding in all ways those who were willing to work. All this required much

executive ability.

So interested is she in the welfare of poor children, that she has converted some of the very old burying-grounds of the city, where the bodies have long since gone back to dust, into playgrounds, with walks, and seats, and beds of flowers. Here the children can romp from morning till night, instead of living in the stifled air of the tenement houses. In old St. Pancras churchyard, now used as a playground, she has erected a sundial as a memorial to its illustrious dead.

Not alone does Lady Burdett-Coutts build churches, and help women and girls. She has fitted hundreds of boys for the Royal Navy; educated them on her training-ships. She usually tries them in a shoe-black brigade, and if they show a desire to be honest and trustworthy, she provides homes, either in the navy or in some good trade.

When men are out of work, she encourages them in various ways. When the East End weavers had become reduced to poverty by the decay of trade, she furnished funds for them to emigrate to Queensland, with their families. A large number went together, and formed a prosperous and happy colony, gratefully sending back thanks to their benefactor. They would have starved, or, what is more probable, gone into crime in London; now they were contented and satisfied in their new home.

When the inhabitants of Girvan, Scotland, were in distress, she advanced a large sum to take all the needy families to Australia. Here in America we talk every now and then of forming societies to help the poor to leave the cities and go West, and too often the matter ends in talk; while here is a woman who forms a society in and of herself, and sends the suffering to any part of the world, expecting no money return on the capital used. To see happy and contented homes grow from our expenditures is such an investment of capital as helps to bring on the millennium.

When the people near Skibbereen, Ireland, were in want,

she sent food, and clothing, and fishing-tackle, to enable them to carry on their daily employment of fishing. She supplied the necessary funds for Sir Henry James' topographical survey of Jerusalem, in the endeavor to discover the remains of King Solomon's temple, and offered to restore the ancient aqueduct, to supply the city with water. Deeply interested in art, she has aided many struggling artists. Her homes also contain many valuable pictures.

The heart of the Baroness seems open to distress from every clime. In 1877, when word reached England of the suffering through war of the Bulgarian and Turkish peasantry, she instituted the "Compassion Fund," by which one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in money and stores were sent, and thousands of lives saved from starvation and death. For this generosity the Sultan conferred upon her the Order of Medjidie, the first woman, it is said, who has received this distinction.

In all this benevolence she has not overlooked the animal creation. She has erected four handsome drinking fountains: one in Victoria Park, one at the entrance to the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, one near Columbia Market, and one in the city of Manchester. At the opening of the latter, the citizens gave Lady Burdett-Coutts a most enthusiastic reception. To the unique and interesting home for lost dogs in London, she has contributed very largely. If the poor animals could speak, how would they thank her for a warm bed to lie on, and proper food to eat!

Her private gifts to the poor have been numberless. Her city house, I Stratton Street, Piccadilly, and her country home at Holly Lodge, Highgate, are both well known. When, in 1868, the great Reform procession passed her house, and she was at the window, though half out of sight, says a person who was present, "in one instant a shout was raised. For upwards of two hours and a half the air rang with the reiterated huzzas—huzzas unanimous and heart-felt, as if representing a

national sentiment."

At Holly Lodge, which one passes in visiting the grave of George Eliot at Highgate Cemetery, the Baroness makes thousands of persons happy year by year. Now she invites two thousand Belgian volunteers to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales, with some five hundred royal and distinguished guests; now she throws open her beautiful gardens to hundreds of school-children, and lets them play at will under the oak and chestnut trees; and now she entertains at tea all her tenants, numbering about a thousand. So genial and considerate is she that all love her, both rich and poor. She has fine manners and an open, pleasant face.

For some years a young friend, about half her own age, Mr. William Ashmead-Bartlett, had assisted her in dispensing her charities, and in other financial matters. At one time he went to Turkey, at her request, using wisely the funds committed to his trust. Baroness Coutts had refused many offers of marriage, but she finally desired to bestow her hand upon this young but congenial man. On February 12, 1881, they were wedded in Christ Church, Piccadilly. Her husband took the name of Mr. Burdett-Coutts Bartlett, and has since become a capable member of Parliament. The marriage proved a happy one.

The final years of the Baroness' long, useful life were rather secluded, being spent at her London residence, or at her delightful country place near Highgate, where she formerly entertained largely.

On Christmas Eve, in 1906, she became ill of bronchitis, and though her wonderful vitality led her to revive somewhat, she finally succumbed on December 30, at the age of ninety-two. She was greatly beloved from the highest to the humblest citizens. Queen Alexandra sent repeated inquiries and messages. King Edward once said that he regarded the Baroness, after his mother, as the most remarkable woman in England. Her life was a link with the past, as it began during the reign

of Emperor Napoleon I, and witnessed the reigns of five British sovereigns. Throughout it was spent in doing good.

CHAPTER XVII
Jean Ingelow

The same friend who had given me Mrs. Browning's five volumes in blue and gold, came one day with a dainty volume just published by Roberts Brothers, of Boston. They had found a new poet, and one possessing a beautiful name. Possibly it was a nom de plume, for who had heard any real name so musical as that of Jean Ingelow?

I took the volume down by the quiet stream that flows below Amherst College, and day after day, under a grand old tree, read some of the most musical words, wedded to as pure thought as our century has produced.

The world was just beginning to know *The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire.* Eyes were dimming as they read—

"I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main:
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
'Elizabeth! Elizabeth!'
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife Elizabeth.)

"'The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place.'
He shook as one who looks on death:
'God save you, mother!' straight he saith;
'Where is my wife, Elizabeth?'"

And then the waters laid her body at his very door, and the sweet voice that called, "Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" was stilled forever.

The *Songs of Seven* soon became as household words, because they were a reflection of real life. Nobody ever pictured a child more exquisitely than the little seven-year-old, who, rich with the little knowledge that seems much to a child, looks down from superior heights upon

> "The lambs that play always, they know no better;
> They are only one times one."

So happy is she that she makes boon companions of the flowers:—

> "O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow,
> Give me your honey to hold!
>
> "O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
> Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
> O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
> That hangs in your clear green bell!"

At "seven times two," who of us has not waited for the great heavy curtains of the future to be drawn aside?

> "I wish and I wish that the spring would go faster,
> Nor long summer bide so late;
> And I could grow on, like the fox-glove and aster,
> For some things are ill to wait."

At twenty-one the girl's heart flutters with expectancy:—

> "I leaned out of window, I smelt the white clover,
> Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
> Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover;
> Hush nightingale, hush! O sweet nightingale wait
> Till I listen and hear
> If a step draweth near,

For my love he is late!"

At twenty-eight, the happy mother lives in a simple home, made beautiful by her children:—

"Heigho! daisies and buttercups!
Mother shall thread them a daisy chain."

At thirty-five a widow; at forty-two giving up her children to brighten other homes; at forty-nine, "Longing for Home."

"I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah, happy, happy I!
Right dearly I loved them, but when they were grown
They spread out their wings to fly.
O, one after another they flew away,
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And—I wish I was going too."

The *Songs of Seven* will be read and treasured as long as there are women in the world to be loved, and men in the world to love them.

My especial favorite in the volume was the poem *Divided*. Never have I seen more exquisite kinship with nature, or more delicate and tender feeling. Where is there so beautiful a picture as this?

"An empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of fox-glove, yellow of broom;
We two among them, wading together,
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

"Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

• • • • • •

"We two walk till the purple dieth,
And short, dry grass under foot is brown;
But one little streak at a distance lieth
Green like a ribbon to prank the down.

"Over the grass we stepped into it,
And God He knoweth how blithe we were!
Never a voice to bid us eschew it;
Hey the green ribbon that showed so fair!

• • • • • •

"A shady freshness, chafers whirring,
A little piping of leaf-hid birds;
A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring,
A cloud to the eastward, snowy as curds.

"Bare, glassy slopes, where kids are tethered;
Round valleys like nests all ferny lined;
Round hills, with fluttering tree-tops feathered,
Swell high in their freckled robes behind.

• • • • • •

"Glitters the dew and shines the river,
Up comes the lily and dries her bell;
But two are walking apart forever,
And wave their hands for a mute farewell.

• • • • • •

"And yet I know past all doubting, truly—
And knowledge greater than grief can dim—
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly—
Yea, better—e'en better than I love him.

"And as I walk by the vast calm river,
The awful river so dread to see,
I say, 'Thy breadth and thy depth forever
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me.'"

In what choice but simple language we are thus told that two loving hearts cannot be divided.

Years went by, and I was at last to see the author of the poems I had loved in girlhood. I had wondered how she looked, what was her manner, and what were her surroundings.

In Kensington, a suburb of London, in a two-story-and-a-half stone house, cream-colored, lives Jean Ingelow. Tasteful grounds are in front of the home, and in the rear a large lawn bordered with many flowers, and conservatories; a real English garden, soft as velvet, and fragrant as new-mown hay. The house is fit for a poet; roomy, cheerful, and filled with flowers. One end of the large, double parlors seemed a bank of azalias and honeysuckles, while great bunches of yellow primrose and blue forget-me-not were on the tables and in the bay-windows.

But most interesting of all was the poet herself, in middle life, with fine, womanly face, friendly manner, and cultivated mind. For an hour we talked of many things in both countries. Miss Ingelow showed great familiarity with American literature and with our national questions.

While everything about her indicated deep love for poetry, and a keen sense of the beautiful, her conversation, fluent and admirable, showed her to be eminently practical and sensible, without a touch of sentimentality. Her first work in life seems to be the making of her two brothers happy in the home. She usually spends her forenoons in writing. She does her literary work thoroughly, keeping her productions a long time before they are put into print. As she is never in robust health, she gives little time to society, and passes her winters in the South of France or Italy. A letter dated Feb. 25, from the Alps Maritime, at Cannes, says, "This lovely spot is full of flowers, birds, and butterflies." Who that recalls her *Songs on the Voices of Birds,* the blackbird, and the nightingale, will not appreciate her happiness with such surroundings?

With great fondness for, and pride in, her own country, she has the most kindly feelings toward America and her

people. She says in the preface of her novel, *Fated to be Free,* concerning this work and *Off the Skelligs,* "I am told that they are peculiar; and I feel that they must be so, for most stories of human life are, or at least aim at being, works of art—selections of interesting portions of life, and fitting incidents put together and presented as a picture is; and I have not aimed at producing a work of art at all, but a piece of nature." And then she goes on to explain her position to "her American friends," for, she says, "I am sure you more than deserve of me some efforts to please you. I seldom have an opportunity of saying how truly I think so."

Jean Ingelow's life has been a quiet but busy and earnest one. She was born in the quaint old city of Boston, England, in 1830. Her father was a well-to-do banker; her mother a cultivated woman of Scotch descent, from Aberdeenshire. Jean grew to womanhood in the midst of eleven brothers and sisters, without the fate of struggle and poverty, so common among the great.

She writes to a friend concerning her childhood:—

"As a child, I was very happy at times, and generally wondering at something… I was uncommonly like other children… I remember seeing a star, and that my mother told me of God who lived up there and made the star. This was on a summer evening. It was my first hearing of God, and made a great impression on my mind. I remember better than anything that certain ecstatic sensations of joy used to get hold of me, and that I used to creep into corners to think out my thoughts by myself. I was, however, extremely timid, and easily overawed by fear. We had a lofty nursery with a bow-window that overlooked the river. My brother and I were constantly wondering at this river. The coming up of the tides, and the ships, and the jolly gangs of towers ragging them on with a monotonous song made a daily delight for us. The washing of the water, the sunshine upon it, and the reflections of the waves on our nursery ceiling supplied hours of talk to

us, and days of pleasure. At this time, being three years old…I learned my letters… I used to think a good deal, especially about the origin of things. People said often that they had been in this world, that house, that nursery, before I came. I thought everything must have begun when I did… No doubt other children have such thoughts, but few remember them. Indeed, nothing is more remarkable among intelligent people than the recollections they retain of their early childhood. A few, as I do, remember it all. Many remember nothing whatever which occurred before they were five years old… I have suffered much from a feeling of shyness and reserve, and I have not been able to do things by trying to do them. What comes to me comes of its own accord, and almost in spite of me; and I have hardly any power when verses are once written to make them any better… There were no hardships in my youth, but care was bestowed on me and my brothers and sisters by a father and mother who were both cultivated people."

To another friend she writes: "I suppose I may take for granted that mine was the poetic temperament, and since there are no thrilling incidents to relate, you may think you should like to have my views as to what that means. I cannot tell you in an hour, or even in a day, for it means so much. I suppose it, of its absence or presence, to make far more difference between one person and another than any contrast of circumstances can do. The possessor does not have it for nothing. It isolates, particularly in childhood; it takes away some common blessings, but then it consoles for them all."

With this poetic temperament, that saw beauty in flower, and sky, and bird, that felt keenly all the sorrow and all the happiness of the world about her, that wrote of life rather than art, because to live rightly was the whole problem of human existence, with this poetic temperament, the girl grew to womanhood in the city bordering on the sea.

Boston, at the mouth of the Witham, was once a famous seaport, the rival of London in commercial prosperity, in the

thirteenth century. It was the site of the famous monastery of St. Botolph, built by a pious monk in 657. The town which grew up around it was called Botolph's town, contracted finally to Boston. From this town Reverend John Cotton came to America, and gave the name to the capital of Massachusetts, in which he settled. The present famous old church of St. Botolph was founded in 1309, having a bell-tower three hundred feet high, which supports a lantern visible at sea for forty miles.

The surrounding country is made up largely of marshes reclaimed from the sea, which are called fens, and slightly elevated tracts of land called moors. Here Jean Ingelow studied the green meadows and the ever-changing ocean.

Her first book, *A Rhyming Chronicle of Incidents and Feelings,* was published in 1850, when she was twenty, and a novel, *Allerton and Dreux,* in 1851; nine years later her *Tales of Orris.* But her fame came at thirty-three, when her first full book of *Poems* was published in 1863. This was dedicated to a much loved brother, George K. Ingelow:—

"YOUR LOVING SISTER
OFFERS YOU THESE POEMS, PARTLY AS
AN EXPRESSION OF HER AFFECTION, PARTLY FOR THE
PLEASURE OF CONNECTING HER EFFORT
WITH YOUR NAME."

The press everywhere gave flattering notices. A new singer had come; not one whose life had been spent in the study of Greek roots, simply, but one who had studied nature and humanity. She had a message to give the world, and she gave it well. It was a message of good cheer, of earnest purpose, of contentment and hope.

"What though unmarked the happy workman toil,
And break unthanked of man the stubborn clod?
It is enough, for sacred is the soil,
Dear are the hills of God.

"Far better in its place the lowliest bird
Should sing aright to him the lowliest song,
Than that a seraph strayed should take the word
And sing his glory wrong."

"But like a river, blest where'er it flows,
Be still receiving while it still bestows."

"That life
Goes best with those who take it best.
—it is well
For us to be as happy as we can!"

"Work is its own best earthly meed,
Else have we none more than the sea-born throng
Who wrought those marvellous isles that bloom afar."

The London press said: "Miss Ingelow's new volume exhibits abundant evidence that time, study, and devotion to her vocation have both elevated and welcomed the powers of the most gifted poetess we possess, now that Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Adelaide Proctor sing no more on earth. Lincolnshire has claims to be considered the Arcadia of England at present, having given birth to Mr. Tennyson and our present Lady Laureate."

The press of America was not less cordial. "Except Mrs. Browning, Jean Ingelow is first among the women whom the world calls poets," said the *Independent.*

The songs touched the popular heart, and some, set to music, were sung at numberless firesides. Who has not heard the *Sailing beyond Seas?*

"Methought the stars were blinking bright,
And the old brig's sails unfurled;
I said, 'I will sail to my love this night
At the other side of the world.'

I stepped aboard,—we sailed so fast,—
The sun shot up from the bourne;
But a dove that perched upon the mast
Did mourn, and mourn, and mourn.

O fair dove! O fond dove!
And dove with the white breast,
Let me alone, the dream is my own,
And my heart is full of rest.

"My love! He stood at my right hand,
His eyes were grave and sweet.
Methought he said, 'In this fair land,
O, is it thus we meet?
Ah, maid most dear, I am not here;
I have no place,—no part,—
No dwelling more by sea or shore!
But only in thy heart!'

O fair dove! O fond dove!
Till night rose over the bourne,
The dove on the mast as we sailed past,
Did mourn, and mourn, and mourn."

Edmund Clarence Stedman, one of the ablest and fairest among American critics, says: "As the voice of Mrs. Browning grew silent, the songs of Miss Ingelow began, and had instant and merited popularity. They sprang up suddenly and tunefully as skylarks from the daisy-spangled, hawthorn-bordered meadows of old England, with a blitheness long unknown, and in their idyllic underflights moved with the tenderest currents of human life. Miss Ingelow may be termed an idyllic lyrist, her lyrical pieces having always much idyllic beauty. High Tide, Winstanley, *Songs of Seven,* and the Long White Seam are lyrical treasures, and the author especially may be said to evince that sincerity which is poetry's most enduring warrant."

Winstanley is especially full of pathos and action. We watch this heroic man as he builds the lighthouse on the Eddystone rocks:—

"Then he and the sea began their strife,
And worked with power and might:
Whatever the man reared up by day
The sea broke down by night.

• • • • • •

"A Scottish schooner made the port
The thirteenth day at e'en:
'As I am a man,' the captain cried,
'A strange sight I have seen;

"'And a strange sound heard, my masters all,
At sea, in the fog and the rain,
Like shipwrights' hammers tapping low,
Then loud, then low again.

"'And a stately house one instant showed,
Through a rift, on the vessel's lea;
What manner of creatures may be those
That build upon the sea?'"

After the lighthouse was built, Winstanley went out again to see his precious tower. A fearful storm came up, and the tower and its builder went down together.

Several books have come from Miss Ingelow's pen since 1863. The following year, *Studies for Stories* was published, of which the *Athenaeum* said, "They are prose poems, carefully meditated, and exquisitely touched in by a teacher ready to sympathize with every joy and sorrow." The five stories are told in simple and clear language, and without slang, to which she heartily objects. For one so rich in imagination as Miss Ingelow, her prose is singularly free from obscurity and florid language.

Stories told to a Child was published in 1865, and *A Story*

of Doom, and Other Poems, in 1868, the principal poem being drawn from the time of the Deluge. *Mopsa the Fairy,* an exquisite story, followed a year later, with *A Sister's Bye-hours,* and since that time, *Off the Skelligs* in 1872, *Fated to be Free* in 1875, *Sarah de Berenger* in 1879, *Don John* in 1881, and *Poems of the Old Days and the New*, recently issued. Of the latter, the poet Stoddard says: "Beyond all the women of the Victorian era, she is the most of an Elizabethan… She has tracked the ocean journeyings of Drake, Raleigh, and Frobisher, and others to whom the Spanish main was a second home, the *El Dorado* of which Columbus and his followers dreamed in their stormy slumbers… The first of her poems in this volume, *Rosamund*, is a masterly battle idyl."

Her books have had large sale, both here and in Europe. It is stated that in this country one hundred thousand of her *Poems* have been sold, and half that number of her prose works.

Miss Ingelow has not been elated by her deserved success. She has told the world very little of herself in her books. She once wrote a friend: "I am far from agreeing with you 'that it is rather too bad when we read people's works, if they won't let us know anything about themselves.' I consider that an author should, during life, be as much as possible, impersonal. I never import myself into my writings, and am much better pleased that others should feel an interest in me, and wish to know something of me, than that they should complain of egotism."

It is said that the last of her *Songs with Preludes* refers to a brother who lies buried in Australia:—

"I stand on the bridge where last we stood
When delicate leaves were young;
The children called us from yonder wood,
While a mated blackbird sung.

• • • • • •

"But if all loved, as the few can love,
This world would seldom be well;
And who need wish, if he dwells above,
For a deep, a long death-knell?

"There are four or five, who, passing this place,
While they live will name me yet;
And when I am gone will think on my face,
And feel a kind of regret."

With all her literary work, she does not forget to do good personally. At one time she instituted a "copyright dinner," at her own expense, which she thus described to a friend: "I have set up a dinner-table for the sick poor, or rather, for such persons as are just out of the hospitals, and are hungry, and yet not strong enough to work. We have about twelve to dinner three times a week, and hope to continue the plan. It is such a comfort to see the good it does. I find it one of the great pleasures of writing, that it gives me more command of money for such purposes than falls to the lot of most women." Again, she writes to an American friend: "I should be much obliged to you if you would give in my name twenty-five dollars to some charity in Boston. I should prefer such a one as does not belong to any party in particular, such as a city infirmary or orphan school. I do not like to draw money from your country, and give none in charity."

Miss Ingelow is very fond of children, and herein is, perhaps, one secret of her success. In *Off the Skelligs* she says: "Some people appear to feel that they are much wiser, much nearer to the truth and to realities, than they were when they were children. They think of childhood as immeasurably beneath and behind them. I have never been able to join in such a notion. It often seems to me that we lose quite as much as we gain by our lengthened sojourn here. I should not at all wonder if the thoughts of our childhood, when we look back on it after the rending of this vail of our humanity, should

prove less unlike what we were intended to derive from the teaching of life, nature, and revelation, than the thoughts of our more sophisticated days."

Best of all, this true woman and true poet as well, like Emerson, sees and believes in the progress of the race.

> "Still humanity grows dearer,
> Being learned the more,"

she says, in that tender poem, *A Mother showing the Portrait of her Child.* Blessed optimism! that amid all the shortcomings of human nature sees the best, lifts souls upward, and helps to make the world sunny by its singing.